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THE LADIES' MIRROR

The Fashionable Ladies' Journal of New Zealand

1st NOVEMBER

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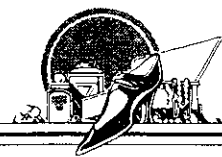
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1st NOVEMBER 1922

ONE SHILLING.

Foreword

AS pioneers in illustrated journalism, we have had the good fortune to find a waiting public, instant popularity, and the immediate favour of an ever-widening circle of readers.

It is therefore with very great pleasure that we take this early opportunity of expressing our warmest thanks for the cordiality of their welcome, and for the kindly manner in which they have referred to our efforts at interesting them.

From time to time, praise of the most generous kind has been bestowed upon this journal by many of our correspondents, and we hope that every reader who has an idea or a suggestion to make for its improvement will forward it to us.

In order to set free further space for general articles of interest to women, to broaden and deepen the appeal of the journal as a national organ for feminine expression, and to give more scope for articles and gossip about all that is newest in life and fashion, it is our intention to curtail our social notes in our next issue. They will in future be done more in the form of a pictorial record of the social doings of the month, showing the women who

from time to time have come forward as hostesses, or by reason of their social activities, their prominence in one or other of the departments of public life, or their success in one of the careers which now open their doors to the intelligent, cultured, and ambitious woman.

We cordially invite the co-operation of our readers either in the way of informing us of outstanding personalities in their midst, or by sending us portraits and brief particulars in any case where the publication of a portrait would be of interest, and perhaps in some cases an incentive to others to strive for something better, something which a fellow-woman has already achieved.

Our next issue will include an article on the inception, growth and activities of "The Women's National Council," accompanied by the portraits of New Zealand women who have associated themselves with its movements, among others that of Mrs. K. W. Sheppard, who by her untiring efforts extending over a number of years, obtained the enfranchisement of the women of New Zealand, and earned their undying gratitude.

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Bartlett and Andrew, Wellington, photo.

Dr. Platts Mills.

WOMEN IN THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

Lady Doctors in the Dominion

HALF a century ago there was but one woman practising medicine in Europe. Even when Dr. Garrett Anderson had wrested the right to qualify and practise from an unwilling university, it was considerably later that women were allowed to sit in the lecture rooms side by side with the men students. But even prejudice dies in time, and although it tries occasionally to lift its head, public opinion is decidedly on the side of the women.

In the Medical School of our own Otago University a thorough course of training is available, which is as complete as that provided in London or Edinburgh, and the standing of the graduate is equally good. The course is excellent as far as theory goes, and doctors are quite willing to take students under their *aegis* in any hospital in the large Dominion centres for instruction. Indeed, most surgeons, when holding an operation in a public hospital have no objection to an audience of young medicals for demonstration purposes.

The education of medical men and women here is identical, and their status is equal. When the student has passed the medical preliminary examination, she enters a university college, at any one of which she may begin her six years' course of study. Later, she must enter the Medical School in Dunedin, studying in the same classes as the men, and on a similar footing.

It is a long, strenuous, and costly course, and without good health and plenty of enthusiasm it is impossible to succeed. It is estimated that at least £1000 will be required in these days to cover the cost of training, and this includes books and instruments, but no luxuries. Before the war it was often done on much less, but to-day it would be impossible.

The minimum course of training is six years, but if specialising is intended, extra time is required, and European experience is necessary. There only are famous teachers and surgeons available, as well as the quantity of needful material. In Edinburgh, what is called the dispensary system is in use, and it is essential to the acquirement of valuable practical experience. Under it the young medical diagnoses and prescribes for the sick poor, and has to take all responsibility, but she can always refer in doubtful cases to her superior.

Students specialising may take posts during the holidays in mental hospitals, but not in term time; hence it is plain that it would require very careful management to make £1000 cover all the expenses of a protracted course of training.

Having graduated and registered, some women take up general practice, which for them becomes more or less confined to the diseases of women and children.

There is no doubt that women patients confide more freely in women doctors; they will mention details—often of the greatest

importance—to a woman rather than to a man, unless he happens to be very sympathetic. Children, too, are more at ease with a woman. They look on her as "mother's friend," but the man is "the doctor." In midwifery cases the woman doctor is preferred; but there is still much prejudice to be broken down in this direction.

In the Dominion there are women already specialising in midwifery, diseases of children, ophthalmology, tuberculosis, anaesthetics and surgery.

USUALLY the newly-qualified medical woman endeavours to get a resident post in one of the public hospitals. Timaru, Dunedin, Invercargill and a few other places have at length appointed women as house surgeons. Auckland and Wellington are less liberal in this respect, and it is to be hoped that every public hospital in the Dominion will before long consider the merits of men and women applicants for such positions solely on their merits. These resident posts are of great value in supplying facilities for obtaining a grasp of clinical work, and of undertaking its duties and responsibilities.

It is of interest in this connection to know that the present Medical Superintendent of the Auckland Mental Hospital was the first in the Dominion to engage a medical woman on his staff, and has already had three New Zealand graduates in that capacity.

School medical posts absorb a number of our medical women. The remuneration is at the rate of about £600 per annum. Medical Missions attract a few also. In organising and running child welfare centres a large field of work awaits women doctors, while in our public hospitals a further advance would be their appointment to honorary posts in medicine, surgery and children's diseases. Already a number are serving as honorary anaesthetists, and this is generally supposed to be the first step towards the honorary posts in medicine and surgery.



Gore, Dunedin, photo.

The Medical School of the Dominion, situated in King Street, opposite the Dunedin Hospital.

IN Great Britain, especially in Bradford and Durham, splendid work is being done by women in the infant welfare branch of public health. In those towns the doctors attend the consulting rooms, and see all the babies that come through. Just before the war, Dr. Balsille, in charge of the infants' welfare centre at Stoke-on-Trent, and Dr. Catherine McNeill in that of Leeds, were doing work of infinite value to the nation. Since then other centres have been established in most English towns under municipal direction.

In the Dominion, public health posts are at present held by men, but doubtless they will be opened to women as the country becomes more closely populated. These public posts are popular, on account of the definite hours of work, and though it is hard while it lasts, the evenings are free.

As a profession for women, medicine is only moderately popular. The course of training is long and costly, the work is hard, and makes great demands on the health. There is no social life at all, hours are irregular, and there is scant leisure for recreation.

IT must be remembered that the woman doctor is still a pioneer. She is still engaged in vanquishing prejudice, and her future success depends on the thoroughness which she puts into her work now, as well as the dignity with which she upholds this most honourable profession.

In a young country like New Zealand, where situation and climate combine to offer an environment conducive to the development of a healthy, well-balanced and intelligent race, the medical profession must play an important rôle. It must take an active part in preventing disease as well as in curing it. Only within the last decade or so has this altruistic aspect received the widespread attention it deserves.

For it is surprising after all how little the average human being knows about the body's needs, and its complex and extraordinarily delicate machinery. Very few of us have as yet mastered even the simplest rules with regard to the proper use of food, sleep, exercise, and suitable clothing, and until we have done so there is no doubt that Nature will continue to exact her revenge in the shape of preventible disorders and diseases.

Already in the Home Science Department of Dunedin University this phase of woman's work is receiving attention, and in conjunction with medical women is doing excellent pioneer work by means of Health Talks to Girls, particularly to business girls. In this way much health missionary work is being done, and the ground prepared for a better understanding of woman's duty to herself and to the next generation.

Editorial Reflections

Justices and the Woman

TWICE in successive years the Legislative Council, an anachronism representative of nothing but itself, and really something of an excrescence on the body politic, has had the effrontery to over-ride the decision of the elected representatives of the people, that the time has come for woman to take her share in the administration of justice. Secure in the fact that they have no female electorate to placate, the "Upper House" has decided that the Commission of the Peace must not be held by women. The amazing futility of the arguments brought against the proposal by some of the speakers would be amusing were it not that they formed a tragic revelation of the mentality of those who have the power to make and unmake laws for the government and control of the people of this Dominion. The discussion revealed a standard of intelligence so remarkable that one marvels a little at men capable of advancing such futile arguments being ever offered a place in their country's councils. Women were at home more than men, was one of the strangest arguments against, mark you, against the proposal to open the lists to women. To know just where a J.P. is to be found, especially in a country district, is regarded as a disability by these potent, grave and reverent gentlemen. An equally childish argument was that ladies on the Bench might have to listen to objectionable words when certain offences were alleged. Unless these words were used in the hearing of womenfolk it is not often that a charge is laid. Women know best their damaging effect, and are far more likely to mete out just and equitable punishment, and no woman who has the dignity and poise which should be the first qualifications for justiceship would hesitate for an instant in a duty, however painful, which would tend to the protection of her own sex.

One member voted against the Bill because he believed the attempt of women to enter into rivalry with men and leave their proper sphere—the sphere of home and motherhood—tended to the destruction of civilisation. This in the twentieth century! This "argument" has been used since the first faint effort of womankind to assert her position in the world of affairs, reiterated with childish persistence as a barrier against every fresh advance, but long since submerged by the practical proof of woman's capabilities to all but a few survivors of a bygone age.

Every day cases are heard in the Courts which require a woman's quick perception and sympathetic understanding; cases in which her powers of intuition would be of immense service in determining the best course to adopt with a wrong doer. It is the minor offence heard by Justices of the Peace that stands at the cross road of a career. Wrongly treated they may send the recalcitrant down the pathway of criminality; dealt with in the spirit of clemency, which women know how and when to exercise better than men, they may be brought back to common sense, and started once more upon the road of useful citizenship. Offenders of her own sex particularly should be dealt with by the woman justice.

In America women have long presided over the primary courts, and their work has proved a true adornment in many cases. Britain has recently followed this lead, and so have some of the Australian States. The intuitive faculties of women—it is the merest platitude to repeat it—vastly outweigh those of men, their sympathetic understanding of the errors of youth, and of their own sex, make it not only desirable, but absolutely necessary, that the decision of the Legislative Council should be promptly reversed.

Women to whom public service appeals are far more thorough in their acceptance of that service than are men. This is clearly proven by the action of women in this very matter in England. There have been male justices there from time immemorial, but no attempt has ever been made to fit them for their work. But shortly after women were appointed to the honorary bench of justices they took steps to fit themselves for their work, and recently a school for women justices was held during the long vacation at one of the Oxford colleges.

It remained for women to give men a lead in remedying

one of the most serious shortcomings in the magisterial system. Men following all manner of occupations are made Justices of the Peace. But though they may be of blameless repute and character, they may not have revealed the slightest capability for the work entrusted to them. The argument that only the less important cases are brought before justices has no application; justice must be even-handed to its remotest recesses, if no slur is to be cast upon the proud boast of the Empire that it leads the world in matters judicial. In recognition of this fact the English school provided for instruction in psychology and criminology, as well as in common law generally, so that when the woman justice takes her seat she may be armed with some knowledge befitting her position.

This is very striking proof that woman accepts with full seriousness public responsibilities, and the ardour with which the proposal was taken up is a sufficient answer to the stupid but unhappily successful objections offered in the Legislative Council. Not for long however will the tide be restrained, and Madam J.P. will surely prove as useful an adjunct to the magisterial bench as she has proved herself in other branches of the service of the people.

Woman's Work

OUR ancestors had flashes of genius in crystallising into a few words the outstanding facts of life—"Jewels, five words long that on the stretched forefinger of time, sparkle for ever." One of their axioms was that a man's work was finished at set of sun, but a woman's work was never done. This is an age of doubt; it is for ever testing old saws by modern instances, and such a test has recently been applied to the axiom formulated. "Marriage is not necessarily a full time job for a woman," was the statement of one feminist recently, which called its parent to the bar of justification. One supposes that it summed up the sad experience of many of her sex, maybe of herself, perhaps, for that matter—of many men as well. There is something of studied moderation in the assertion. It is notorious that married life has something about it which induces those who make known their investigations into the subject and its phenomena, to be absolute and universal. Their personal adventures have brought certain joys and sorrows, and certain expedients have been adopted as a result of their private ingenuity. These, they think, are for everybody, and the moderation of those who advance the present thesis in admitting somebody else's general rule and claiming their own exceptions must be applauded. All that is asked is that we should grant for some fraction of the sex—whether we should call them happy or unhappy takes some courage to decide—marriage is not a sufficient occupation. They demand that all careers should be open to talent, male or female, married or celibate.

There are difficulties in the way of this thesis. There are few married women, in this community at all events, who are sufficiently opulent to put upon other shoulders the care of their homes and children. A great majority of these find that marriage is to them, whether they state the fact with pride or regret, "a full time job," with a little bit over. The full time job of the married woman whose husband's weekly income runs well inside the double figure, is largely a matter of domestic science. But it does not follow that a woman who is well off will not find in marriage a sufficient outlet for the energies and her ambitions. There is a good deal of elasticity about the word "marriage," which means much more than housekeeping and motherhood.

Many wives share in the activities of their husbands. Most mothers can find some occupation in their children's fortunes, many find that the share which they feel impelled to take in the affairs of the community forms a sufficient obsession, without any demand for a permanent career outside the home. It is not necessary to believe, however, that these are propositions of universal truth. The principles of married conduct which are valid always, everywhere, and for everybody, are not many.

But probably the most useful general rule is to assume that marriage is an absorbing and exacting career.



"Where dripping rocks gleam, and the leafy pools glisten."
—Henry Kendall.

At Western Springs

A CAMERA STUDY
by W. L. Fletcher.

THE CAREER of STELLA FRANE

by ISABEL MAUDE PEACOCKE

CHAPTER IV.

HAVING arrived at the building, Frane stationed himself on the opposite side of the street, in the shadow of a doorway, and stared up at the great looming bulk of the Carlington.

The block was in darkness, save for one row of brilliantly lighted windows, the windows of Tarne's flat. And as Frane stared up at these, hesitating whether to go up or not, a woman's shadow flashed swiftly across the white blind and stayed silhouetted there, the shadow of Stella Frane.

Frane knew it in an instant, the perfect little head with its abundant hair, dressed low, the defiant up-lift of the rounded chin. Then as he stared in dumb amaze, a second shadow joined the first, the shadow of a man with impetuous outstretched hands, and the two shadows melted into one.

When the roaring red waves which blurred his vision had passed away, Frane passed his shaking hand across his eyes and looked again; but the white blind was blank now. But he had seen! God! He had seen his wife in Godfrey Tarne's arms, the man she had sworn she despised, the man she had believed dead two days ago. But had she believed him dead? The swift suspicion shot into his brain with an almost physical anguish. Was it not all a trick, a ruse on Stella's part to get rid of him, her husband? As has been said, Frane was not an imaginative man. What he saw he saw very definitely, and he had seen his wife in another man's arms, and out of that in his simple, direct way he drew his own conclusions.

She had been alone with Tarne in his private rooms, she had urged her husband's flight, and believing him well out of the way, she had gone back to the man she evidently cared for.

Betrayed! Tricked! Fooled! Frane ground his teeth, and clenched his hands in impotent fury. His first impulse was to storm his way into that room, tear those guilty lovers apart, and finish the work he had so bungled on Tarne the other night—and then hang for it. And the woman! She, whose soul he had believed to be as limpid as her eyes! Worthless! Worthless! He dropped his head in his hands. Suddenly a great weariness, a lassitude of soul and body fell upon him, and he turned away apathetically. It was beginning to rain heavily, but he did not heed. Almost light-headed as he was, from want of sleep and food, and his gnawing anxiety, he staggered away and passed from this quiet street into a roaring thoroughfare, full of noise and glare and whirling wheels. He started to cross the street blindly. There was a rattle of wheels, a clang, a shrill cry, and a confused sound of shouting. Then something monstrous, heavy and dark, with glowing eyes, seemed to leap out of the rainy drizzle of the street. He was conscious of a terrific blow, of pain and horror—then all sounds faded away into blessed peace and silence.



At the hospital, to which the hastily summoned ambulance conveyed him, they found his address on the letters in his pockets, and sent for his wife. Day after day Stella came to the hospital, only to hear the words "No change" to her agonised enquiries.

Frane lay between life and death, silent, speechless. To move him to his own home was out of the question, but Stella secured a private room in the hospital for him, and surrounded him with all the comforts and luxuries which love and money could procure.

Finally an operation was performed, and a piece of bone lifted from the brain, and

THE VOYAGER

*Soon will come the call;
And I shall grip the tiller once again;
The purple night shall heave upon the floor
Mile after mile; the dæwn invade the stars,
The stars the dæwn—How long? And following dæwn
The moon's long ripple, I shall hear again
The frigate-bird go whistling—see the flash—
The light on Guanahani! Salvador!*

—From "Columbus,"

by Quiller Couch.

he was reported conscious at last, but with slender hope of life.

Nevertheless, his splendid constitution triumphed, and he was pronounced out of danger and able to see his wife one day when she called.

To her anguished amazement and horror, the moment he caught sight of her, trembling and flushing with emotion at his bedside, he fell into such a piteous state of excitement and anger, that the scared nurse hustled her from the room, and the next day told her that her husband had begged that she be not admitted again.

"Don't worry," said the nurse, soothing her evident grief and surprise. "Head cases are queer sometimes, and often turn against their best friends. Give him time."

So poor Stella, mystified and unhappy, was obliged to submit. She ventured to send Lester a brief scribbled line, "You have nothing to fear; G.T. is alive and well,"

and received a terse acknowledgment, written on the back of her own note in shaky characters, "I know it."

MORE puzzled and distressed than ever, Stella went to her home to brood, heart-stricken, on this amazing development.

Though denied her husband's room, Stella continued to visit the hospital, in the rather pathetic hope that the inexplicable whim of the sick man might change.

Her own grief had softened and sweetened a nature which had been in danger of growing self-centred, and as she came and went through the long wards, she often stopped for a word or a smile at the bedside of some sufferer. Often she sang to them, little knowing that in his private room, which, unknown to himself, his wife's care and money had provided, Lester Frane lay with closed eyes, the tears of weakness and emotion on his thin cheeks, listening to that lovely voice singing the sweet, artless old songs with which Stella had sung herself into his heart so long ago, "Annie Laurie," "Allan Water," or "The Beating of My Own Heart."

Sometimes the yearning to see her face again, to feel the clasp of her soft hands, was so overpowering that he felt he must send for her; but in his utter weakness he shrank fretfully from the thought of the accusations and explanations involved, and all said and done, he would think, inexorably, she has proved that she no longer loves me. . . . So he would harden his heart again.

Among the patients who most eagerly welcomed Stella was a little bright-eyed six-year-old boy, the victim of infant paralysis, but a bright, merry youngster. Stella often sat and sang to him old nonsense rhymes and nursery songs; she told him stories and brought him toys and fruit, diverted from her own sad thoughts by his quaint chatter. Jimmy said to her one day, as he wistfully watched a crippled man propelling himself across the ward in a wheeled chair: "If only I could ride like that, I wouldn't mind me bad leg. I wouldn't need it then."

"Then you shall ride, dear," she promised with tears in her eyes, and the next day a handsome little wheeled chair, with his name on the label arrived at the hospital.

One day Stella found a man seated beside the child's bed when she came in, and the boy cried excitedly: "That's my lady. That's her, Dad!"

Stella paused with a smile, and the man rose. He was a quiet, decent-looking man, well dressed and well mannered, though with something furtive in his hurried glance at her, and he thanked her in a voice which trembled for her kindness to his son.

"My name's Medlow, ma'am," he said earnestly, "and my boy's told me what you've done for him. I—I am most grateful. Jimmy's all I have in the world. His poor mother died at his birth, and him like this since two years old. Thank you again, ma'am, and—and—if ever it's in my power to do you a good turn, which isn't likely, of course, I'd go through fire and water to serve you. If I might know your name, ma'am—"

"I am Mrs. Frane," replied Stella with a smile, "and I am only too pleased to have helped to make your boy a little happier. Jimmy and I are great friends." She passed on with a bow and a smile; but Medlow sat on silently by his son's bedside, and his face was grey.

Mrs. Frane, his son's friend and helper, and the wife of the man he had promised to ruin by a trumped-up lie. Medlow was not a radically bad man, but by environment and circumstance in the beginning he had been forced into crooked ways, and living by his wits, he had worked his way through life by many devious paths. The one pure influence in his life was his little crippled son, whom he adored, and ever since the child was born, he had, to use his own expression, "run straight."

But, unfortunately, his master Tarne had become aware of a dishonest episode in the man's life, for which he had not paid the penalty by law, and held the threat of exposure over him. Fear of gaol, and disgrace in the eyes of his child, who loved and admired him immensely, terrified Medlow. So he sat on by the boy's bedside thinking—thinking—thinking—"Through fire and water" he had vowed to go to repay his child's benefactor, and now he felt he was called upon to face far worse, the contempt and reproach of his son when he had grown old enough to understand.

Finally he rose with a sigh, kissed his boy silently and went away. He had a bitter battle to fight, and the issue was by no means certain.

IMEDIATELY on Lester Frane's discharge from hospital, he found himself under arrest on a charge of robbery and assault. He was too weak physically, and dazed mentally, to make any protest, knowing the uselessness of such a course, and he submitted apathetically enough.

Stella, who had not visited the hospital for several days on account of a heavy cold she had contracted, appeared there an hour or two after her husband's arrest, which had taken place in the hospital grounds, under the eyes of the indignant nurses.

"Didn't even wait till he got out of the grounds," said the warm-hearted hot-tempered charge nurse. "Well, if Mr. Frane's a bad man, then I'll believe it of any one."

Stella stood as if turned to stone, and the nurse, a warm partisan on whatever side she championed, and who had inclined to the belief that there must be "something" to account for her favourite patient's refusal to see his wife, now felt her heart melt in pity for the stricken girl, with her white face and tragic eyes.

But Stella was in no mood for sympathy. She was in a white heat of rage that Godfrey Tarne should dare to do this thing—should brand her husband a thief and midnight assassin. Her own belief wavered strangely. At times the very suggestion of Lester Frane being a thief was incredible, and she rejected it with scorn. Then would come the thought of his extremity of trouble and the damning evidence against him to breed doubts. But, innocent or guilty, she was resolved to save him, even though it might shame her forever in the eyes of the world.

She hastened away now to make arrangements for Lester's release on bail, only to find that a bondsman had already come forward and her husband was free. She knew the bondsman—John Graham, a friend of Lester's father, a dour old Scotchman of narrow views and rigid principles. He was one of Frane's few personal friends, and thought highly of the younger man, but Stella knew that he looked upon Lester's wife and her public career with disapproving eyes. She felt that indirectly he blamed her for Lester's business failure, and if he even had an inkling of the facts he would certainly hold her responsible for her husband's present situation.

OLD John Graham received her at his office civilly enough, but with a frosty stare through his horn-rimmed glasses. He said he had been glad to become Lester's surety, but refused point blank to shift his responsibility to herself.

"A good steady lad," he said, "and no more a thief than I am."

"Of course not," said Stella, the tears rushing to her eyes, and heartened by the confidence in his tones. "And now please may I see Lester?"

Graham shook his head. It seemed that Frane, still very weak from his illness, was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, the doctor had ordered him complete rest, and he himself had begged that he might see *no one*. The emphasis on that word made Stella's heart sink.

"But—but—I am his wife," she faltered.

If a slight trace of pity softened the hard grey eyes behind the convex glasses Stella did not see it; she only heard the cold finality of the tones which said:

"Better not. Lester seemed over-agitated at the mention of your name, and expressed no wish to see you. You might write, though—"

"I'll not write," said the girl proudly, and went out with her head held high. She was hurt and bewildered, her pride cut to the quick. What was there to explain her husband's persistent avoidance of her, except a bitter resentment for her share in that dreadful night's work, or else—the *knowledge of his guilt* and the shame of a thief.

Stella went home to bed, feeling ill and exhausted, and for some time was unable to leave it, a sharp nervous illness following on her heavy cold. She saw no one, cancelled all public engagements, and denied all private friends. Twice she heard from Tarne in letters which alternately implored and threatened, but she ignored them both. From Frane she heard not at all, and made no attempt to communicate with him; but John Graham, according to promise, wrote curtly, informing her of the date of the trial, that Lester was stronger, and a good lawyer had been engaged for him.

Ill or well, Stella was resolved to appear at the trial, and looking like the ghost of her former self, with delicately-hollowed cheeks unnaturally flushed, and fever-bright eyes, she came out to her waiting car on the eventful morning, defying her doctor's grave warning.

"A fresh chill might mean the permanent loss of your voice," he had said, employing the strongest argument he could think of; but Stella had replied listlessly:

"And if it does—is that such a great matter?" she said bitterly to herself.

WHEN Stella reached the Court it was packed with the idly-curious public, and she took her seat in the body of the hall inconspicuously, from which position she could plainly see her husband and also his accuser.

The sight of Lester in the prisoner's dock wrung her heart with indignation and compassion. Her big handsome husband, how thin and worn he looked, with the dark shadows of illness and sleeplessness beneath his fine steady eyes, but he held his head as high as ever, with its old free carriage of pride and independence.

From him Stella stole a glance at Godfrey Tarne, seemingly as imperturbable and well-groomed as usual, the flower in his button-hole, the horn-rimmed monocle in his eye, as he scanned the people in the court with careless interest. He turned to say a word to his lawyer, and careless as he might look, was in reality in some

uneasiness. Medlow, his principal witness, had not turned up, had indeed been missing since last night. It was true that Tarne, suspecting the likelihood of this from the man's obvious reluctance to corroborate the story of the robbery, had by dint of veiled threats, induced Medlow to sign a written statement, setting forth the "facts" as he had suggested them. If the worst came to the worst this statement must be made to serve in the place of spoken evidence, and he would declare Medlow to have been taken ill at the last minute.

Nevertheless Medlow's defection angered and disquieted him, and he kept glancing from time to time at the door with an eagerness he strove to cover with his usual air of nonchalance. But his face grew darker as the minutes ticked away.

Tarne's decision to persist in this prosecution, by which on its face it seemed he could gain little, and might lose much, supposing it to go against him, arose from mixed motives. At first, in his rage and spite, he had conceived the plan purely to revenge himself upon Frane; then it had occurred to him to coerce Stella by the threat of exposing her husband's guilt, and even now, he believed that in her heart Stella cared for him, and had no love for her husband, and that when Frane was held up to the world as a thief and would-be assassin, she would turn from him in contempt to take refuge in another's arms, and that other himself.

STELLA'S indignant disclaimer of any love for him and her refusal to see or speak with him, he put down to the Puritan strain in her nature, which long association with a dull virtuous clod like Frane had only intensified, but which Tarne was confident he could eventually break down.

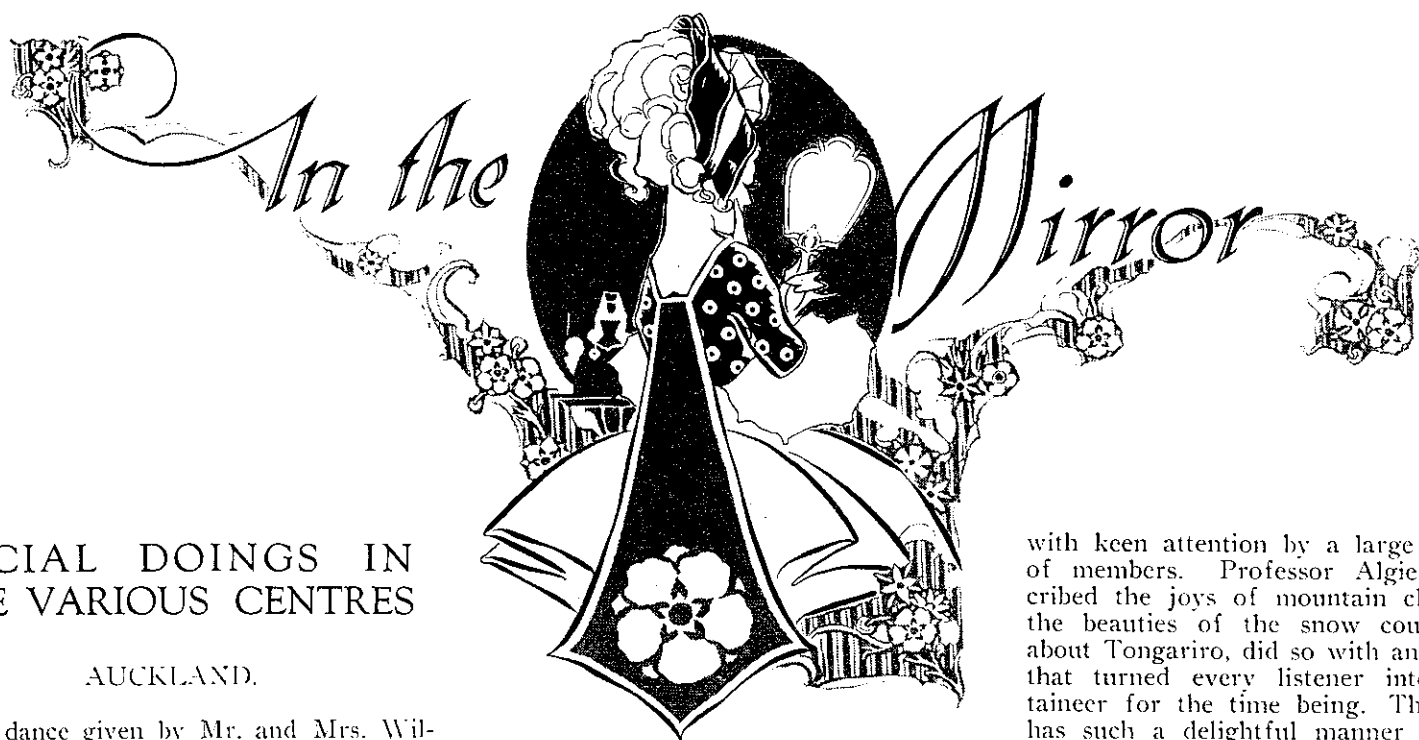
So he fed on his secret hopes, and alternately tormented and solaced himself with dreams of the fair woman he loved as passionately as he was capable of loving any but himself.

Nevertheless he kept Stella's scarf as a last resource, to be used in merciless castigation should she prove obdurate.

His lawyer, a big forceful bully, made a brief but telling speech for the prosecution, describing how the plaintiff had been alone in his rooms on the night of May 24, when a man, identified as the accused by a certain witness, as well as by plaintiff himself, had entered the room and garrotted him from behind as he sat at his piano, but not before he had obtained a full view of the man's face in a mirror which hung over the piano. The plaintiff, being subject to heart attacks, fainted, and on coming to himself, found his assailant gone, and himself robbed of about £200 in notes and his diamond studs, his pocket-book (produced) being flung aside after being broken or torn open. The sight of the empty pocket-book with broken straps and also the white dress shirt with buttonholes wrenched and torn, produced a distinct impression on the Court; they seemed to offer such damning evidence of guilt. Driscoll called the first witness for the prosecution, the caretaker of the Carlington, who deposed to hearing "queer" noises in Mr. Tarne's flat late on the night of May 24, voices and footsteps and a sound something like a "woman crying," but as all became quiet after a time, he had concluded that Mr. Tarne had late visitors, and "let it go at that."

His wife gave similar evidence, being disposed to enlarge on the turn it gave her next day when she found that murder had near been done.

(To be continued).



SOCIAL DOINGS IN THE VARIOUS CENTRES

AUCKLAND.

THE dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Williams, of "Ulverstone," Remuera, in honour of the coming of age of their eldest son, Mr. Lancelot Williams, was a gay affair. St. Mark's Hall had been effectively decorated for the occasion with the colours of Auckland College, King's College, and the Grammar School, and both supper and music were of the best.

The hostess received her son's guests, wearing a modish frock of black taffeta richly ornamented with blue and jet embroidery.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. F. Bach, Mr. and Mrs. G. Devore, Misses V. Wilson, Reeves, Aubin, Magill, Lockhart, Secombe, Culpan, Bull, Manning, Hume, Eddowes, Fullarton, Colebrook, Wright, Richards, Miller, Morris, Sutherland, Riley, Stonex, Brighton, Parker, Clark, Drs. Moore, Dreadon, Purchas and Kellaway, and Messrs. Wynyard, Lintott, Beattie, Stevenson, Peacock, Walklate, Noakes, S. de Clive Lowe, Manning and Goldwater.

THE girls of the Navy League gave a delightful little dance for the captain and officers of the *Whakatane* and *Whangaratta* in the Power Boat Association Pavilion. This made a pretty dance room, with its decorations and greenery mellowed and softened with rose-pink shaded lights. The chaperones were Mrs. A. W. Ferguson, wearing black taffeta, and Mrs. Ifwerson, in black georgette. Miss Wallace wore black taffeta; Miss Ferguson, black and white georgette; Miss A. McDougall, cream charmeuse; Miss Cairns, pink satin; Miss Dalton, jade green charmeuse. Also present were Misses Renaut, Wagstaff, McNeill, Olsen, Dawkins, Woodhouse, Masefield, Stewart, Edwards and Crawford.

THE Auckland Women's first club day was a pleasantly successful function. Artistic groups of arum lilies and anemones enhanced the undoubted charm of the handsome lounge, and the songs and duets contributed by Misses Mina Caldwell and Dawson were much enjoyed. A very instructive paper on the work of the Plunket Society in saving the babies was read by Nurse Gouldstone,

and listened to with much interest, after which afternoon tea was handed round.

Mrs. Parkes was looking well in a light brown coat and skirt, marabout feather stole and large hat; Mrs. Lucas Bloomfield wore a navy cloth coat frock and black hat; Mrs. Kinder, black georgette, blue velvet hat; Mrs. Lind-Mitchell, dark blue costume and hat to match; Mrs. F. Hellaby, pale fawn costume and pink hat; Mrs. Edger, navy blue cloth frock, black hat; Mrs. McGregor, grey frock, black furs and hat; Mrs. Overton Smith, navy blue, black hat; Mrs. Boulton, black taffeta, black hat; Mrs. Bush, brown coat and skirt, hat to match.

The second in the series of luncheon talks at the Women's Club was listened to

with keen attention by a large assemblage of members. Professor Algie, who described the joys of mountain climbing and the beauties of the snow country round about Tongariro, did so with an enthusiasm that turned every listener into a mountaineer for the time being. The professor has such a delightful manner of drawing word pictures of his beloved mountains, and of health benefits accruing from dwelling among them, that one could have listened to him much longer than the brief half hour allotted. These talks are both educative and enlarging to woman's horizon, and it was a very happy thought to inaugurate them. The next one is to be given by Professor Dettmann, and is to be on some aspects of life in Ancient Greece.

MRS. George Elliott gave a young people's dance at her residence, Remuera, during the school holidays. Daffodils and anemones made gay decorations in the drawing-rooms, while sweet peas lent charm to the dainty supper table.

Mrs. Elliott was wearing black charmeuse with overdress of jet; Mrs. A. M. Ferguson, black with touches of silver; Mrs. Firth, black with satin jet; Mrs. McCormick, black taffeta. Among the dancers were Misses J. Louison, M. Ferguson, Burns, L. Burns, Rainger, Boomfield, Horton, McCormick, C. Russell, Jackson (2), Sweet, Martin, Mitchelson and N. Russell.

MRS. Macindoe gave a most enjoyable dance at "Ayala," Westbourne Road, in honour of Miss Gill's marriage to Mr. Miller. Decorations and music were well chosen and effective.

The hostess wore a handsome black velvet gown with touches of cerise and gold tissue; Miss Macindoe, pale blue charmeuse; her sister was in pale yellow georgette; Mrs. McGregor Grant, black, embroidered in royal blue; Mrs. Tettley, rose pink charmeuse draped with georgette; Mrs. V. Meredith, black net with sequins; Mrs. F. Macky, yellow georgette; Mrs. E. Bush, black tulle over tangerine charmeuse; Mrs. G. Pierce, black charmeuse; Mrs. Prime, pink charmeuse, embroidered with black; Misses Miller (2), Brett, Coleman, Mason (2), Gilmour, Martin (2), Alderton, Rainger (2), Rathbone, Mitchelson, Jackson, Lawford Griffiths, Tracy Inglis, Ross and Robertson (2), were present.

MR. and Mrs. Walter Potter gave an "at home" at their residence, "The Priory," recently. The grounds



Elizabeth Greenwood, Wellington, photo.

Miss Ruth Parr, second daughter of the Hon. C. J. and Mrs. Parr, whose engagement to Mr. Eric Stevens, of Wellington, was announced recently.

looked very pretty, with many coloured lanterns, and the ballroom was charmingly decorated with rainbow coloured streamers and balloons suspended from rings, while the supper-room decorations were carried out in a scheme of mauve and yellow, with soft shaded lights. Mrs. Potter received her guests, wearing a charming gown of black satin with sequin trimmings. Miss Potter wore a dainty frock of coral pink charmeuse, finished with a girdle of flowers and mauve tulle. Amongst those present were Mrs. McCullough, Mrs. Hogan, and Misses L. Munro Wilson, M. Polson, E. White, M. Culpan, M. Philcox, E. Bull, M. B. Gilfillan, M. Kingswell, B. Witherow, D. Rainger, M. Griffith, V. Jackson, P. Anderson, S. Alderton, F. Maskell, S. Chambers, M. Jackson and L. Rathbone.

THE Auckland Branch of the Federation of University Women held its monthly meeting in the English Lecture Room at the University the other evening, when some very interesting papers were read by the members on vocations for University women. These were further enlarged upon by a number of professional women present, who were able to speak from first-hand knowledge and experience from the point of view of the doctor, the lawyer, the dentist, the teacher, the journalist and the social worker; and it was shown that in all of these professions the University woman may find plenty of scope, and an increasing demand for her services.

Our Auckland Federation of University women is but a branch of a movement which has spread over the world as the International Federation of University Women, binding up the British Federation of University Women with similar associations in Canada, the United States, Spain, France, India, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Australia, New Zealand, Czecho-Slovakia, Finland, Rumania, Serbia and Italy.

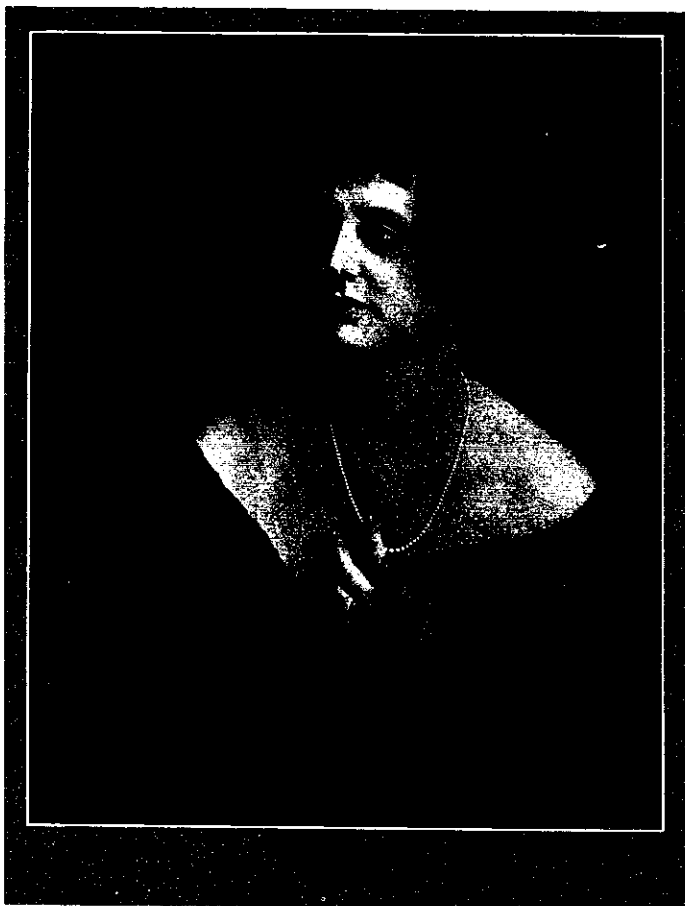
It is "for the purpose of promoting understanding and friendship between the University women of the world, and thereby furthering their interests and developing between their countries sympathy and mutual helpfulness."

WHANGAREI.

SOcial events have given pride of place to the opera produced here by enthusiastic amateurs. "The Country Girl" was evidently a good selection, for it proved quite a success. Mrs. Dobson took the name part, and her voice was heard to particular advantage in her "Coo" solo. Mrs. Gunn made a delightful Nan, and Mrs. Hall, who played Madame Sophie, the village dress-maker, charmed everyone with her versatility. Mr. Hosking made an imposing Rajah of Bhong, with Miss Drew as the Princess and Mr. C. S. Clarke as Barry. Mr. T. H. Kenny in the part of Sir Joseph Verity, the deputy steward, was good, while Mr. Lambert as Sir Geoffrey Challoner made the most of his part.

A most enjoyable dance was that held at the Grotto Hall. The dancing hall was gay

with decorations of coloured lanterns and streamers, and a spot light on a revolving disc gave a pretty effect while the dancing was in progress. Most of the guests were in fancy dress, as well as masked, and although pierrots were in the majority in floral, jazz, checked and striped costumes.



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.

Miss M. Nathan, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred N. Nathan.

there were many more picturesque ones. Among these were ladies in panniered frocks and powdered hair, a lovely Egyptian in blue and silver, a beggar maid, apache dancers, students, peasants, a fisher-girl, a Highland lassie, and several pierrettes.—MAXINE.

HAMILTON.

THE Hamilton Club ball took place in the Town Hall, and was a brilliant success. The decorations were splendidly carried out; a tall nikau, brought specially for the occasion from the Te Aroha bush, was fixed in the centre of the hall, and hung with native clematis and rose-coloured lanterns. The supper tables were artistically arranged with japonica and rose-coloured camellias, the silver candelabra looking particularly attractive with rose-pink shades. There was a large number of guests, and very lovely frocks were worn.

Mrs. Seddon, wife of the vice-president, acted as hostess, and with her stood M. J. Gordon, the club's president. Mrs. Seddon's frock was of black crêpe de chine, over which was worn a handsome wrap of blue silk and ninon. Mrs. Monckton wore black chiffon velvet, with panels of heavy white silk; Mrs. Fraser, black net heavily sequined over charmeuse; Mrs. F. C. Bond, deep blue satin charmeuse, with silver tissue; Mrs. D. Hay, black georgette and silk; Mrs. H. Gillies, maize georgette and charmeuse, with floral swathing; Mrs. Lusk, blue brocaded silk and crêpe de chine; Mrs. Magnus Johnstone, dainty frock of frilled black tulle over charmeuse, the corsage heavily embroidered with emerald sequins;

Mrs. J. W. Warren, black charmeuse and jet; Mrs. Strang, black jewelled net over satin; Mrs. Gifford, black net over taffeta; Mrs. Tudehope, sunset shaded taffeta; Mrs. Polson (Auckland), beautiful frock of black jewelled net and silk; Mrs. Yule, black charmeuse; Mrs. Carr-Rollett, black embroidered silk with gold lace; Mrs. Fowler, topaz coloured satin draped with ninon and embroidered with sequins; Mrs. Norman Taylor, nigger crêpe de chine, with henna embroideries; Mrs. H. J. Greenslade, black silk taffeta and beaten silver tissue; Mrs. Wallace Hunter, maize brocaded satin; Mrs. T. F. Jolly, rose coloured silk with black floral georgette; Mrs. W. C. Ring, navy satin charmeuse; Mrs. Clive Matthews, pale pink georgette and silk.

Mrs. H. Ferguson, lavender lace with panel of deep purple; Mrs. Green, black and emerald satin; Mrs. Gower, frock of black net and silk, with sequin embroideries; Mrs. A. J. Pond, frock of pink silk taffeta; Mrs. A. E. Manning, black satin charmeuse and beaten silver scarf; Mrs. H. Dixon, black net and silk; Mrs. Douglas, soft black silk and lace; Mrs. Wilkins, dark sapphire silk taffeta; Mrs. J. McKenzie, fringed frock of black silk and jet; Mrs. A. Miller, lemon coloured taffeta; Mrs. McFarland, ivory georgette and satin with silver tissue; Mrs. Vere Chitty, jade silk taffeta draped with black jewelled net; Mrs. E. Mears, turquoise charmeuse draped with lace; Mrs. A. E. Cox, black satin and gold brocaded corsage; Mrs. Hammond, black charmeuse and ninon.

Miss M. Bollard, cream brocade; Miss Provis, black ninon and silk with coloured fruit; Miss M. Carr, flame taffeta; Miss D. Manning, apricot silk and tulle; Miss McNichol, primrose satin with overdress of lace; Miss Del Yule, black satin; Miss D. Aitkin, silver crêpe de chine with jade fruit; Miss M. Cox (Cambridge), pale pink taffeta; Miss C. Hunter, ivory silk and draping of rose silk; Miss V. Brewis, black net embroidered with iridescent spangles; Miss R. Whyte, cream satin and lace; Miss Tully, shell pink satin; Miss D. Brewis, jade taffeta and silver; Miss F. Jolly, blue silk; Miss H. Taylor (Cambridge), black silk;



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.

Miss Cecille Larner, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. G. Larner, of Remuera, whose engagement to Mr. C. B. Wake was announced recently



Bartlett and Andrew, Wellington, photo.

Miss Lyra Taylor, Wellington's first woman solicitor.

Miss M. Manning, rose coloured silk; Miss E. Hammond, blue charmeuse; Miss B. Hunter, cream silk and lace; Miss I. Ranstead, flame taffeta; Miss T. Ring, peach coloured silk taffeta; Miss Rogerson, mauve satin charmeuse; Miss Wallnutt, blue crêpe de chine; Miss Seavil, lemon silk with black tulle and fur; Miss D. Ring, blue silk taffeta; Miss Coulthard, tomato coloured velvet; Miss Heywood, black net and emerald; Miss Lerner (Auckland), black net and silver.

MRS. and the Misses Hunter gave a delightful farewell afternoon party for Miss Enid Heywood, who is leaving shortly for Wanganui, and also in honour of the return to New Zealand of the Misses Brewis. Mrs. Hunter wore a robe of soft black silk and spangled embroideries; Miss B. Hunter, cream silk; Miss C. Hunter, dark sapphire georgette over primrose silk; Miss Heywood, navy tailored costume and hat to match; Miss R. Brewis, smart grey frock and small black hat; Miss V. Brewis, brown tailored costume and henna coloured straw hat; Miss D. Brewis, dark blue costume, small blue hat. Also present were Mesdames McLean, Polson (Auckland), Fenwick, Gillies, Magnus Johnstone, Tunks, Farrer, Douglas, W. Ranstead, Gower, McFarland, Joseph, A. Bond, Fraser, E. Stewart, Tudhope, Budd, N. Holden, J. Grey, Oliphant, and the Misses G. Tompkins, Roche, F. Jolly, Southey-Baker (3), Chadwick, Donney, McNichol, Valder, Lucas, Yule, A. McPherson, L. Cussen, Clayton-Greene, B. Jolly, Hammond, Jackson, Newell, R. Whyte, Cowie (2) and Beale.

THE Arts and Crafts Society gave a most enjoyable little afternoon in the Alexandra Hall recently in order to exhibit some of their handiwork. Effective decorations with Oriental scarves and masses of daffodils and spring flowers made a pretty setting for the paintings, stitchery and copper work, which were much appreciated by the visitors. These included Mrs. H. Valder, Mrs. Melville Bell, Mrs. E. P. Cowles, Mrs. Ashton, Mrs. H. J. Ferguson, Mrs. Kaber Harrison, Mrs. McKinnon, Mrs. Strang, Mrs. Lonsdale, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Hyde,

Mrs. Holloway, Mrs. Wyatt, and the Misses Roche, Pulliene, J. Dalzell, Roche, Grey, G. Tompkins, Verity, E. Bell and Robinson.—IMOGEN.

HAWKES BAY.

THE Returned Soldiers' Ball in Napier was the largest ever held in Hawkes Bay, over 1600 people being present. The hall was decorated with a great number of flags, and a profusion of greenery, specially brought from the bush. The supper-room was delightful with its groups of pink camellias, fruit blossoms and ferns, and balloons of all colours.

Lady Russell wore a handsome frock of black adorned with sequins; Mrs. Boxer, black taffeta, embroidered; Mrs. H. E. Troutbeck, gold lace over soft satin, a trail of flowers over the skirt making a pretty finish; Mrs. Gilray, bronze and black frock trimmed with fruit; Mrs. A. Falls, apricot georgette; Mrs. Braithwaite, rose coloured silk; Mrs. W. W. Moore, black with touches of gold; Mrs. Newbegin, apple green silk with gold lace; Mrs. A. McCarthy, black taffeta with fringe; Mrs. W. A. Russell, black beaded satin with sleeves of lace; Mrs. N. Beatson, black tulle and silk; Mrs. Harvey, black taffeta and lace; Mrs. Arbor, black beaded net and soft satin; Mrs. Mills, beautiful frock of Madonna blue and silver trimmed with fringe; Mrs. Hindmarsh, black ciré lace over silk; Mrs. Berman, black net and silk; Mrs. S. Hannah, radium lace and satin; Mrs. Simpson, heliotrope with bright overdress of pink; Miss Mary Crosse, moss green with radium lace; Miss Dolbel, black and silver; Miss Neill, apricot georgette trimmed with flowers; Miss Dyer, blue satin and net; Miss Curlett, black lace over white; Miss D. Lane, pretty frock of white with silver lace; Miss Armour, rose du Barri charmeuse; Miss Handiside, hyacinth blue and blush pink with gold effects; Miss Pinckney, corn-coloured silk and lace.

Miss Annie Kennedy, of Napier, is contemplating a visit to England early in the New Year.

Miss T. Glassford has left for South Africa, to visit her brother.

Miss Holland, of the Diocesan School, Auckland, is to succeed Miss Hodge, of Woodford House.—CYNTHIA.

WELLINGTON.

A VERY largely attended ball was given at Government House recently by Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Viscountess Jellicoe. It was particularly enjoyable, owing to the courtesy shown in introducing visitors to local residents, a somewhat unusual proceeding in these days of casual hospitality. The decorations were very charming, the top of the ballroom and all one side being massed with beautiful flowering pot plants, many of them being cinerarias. The portico, enclosed for the occasion, was arranged with couches and chairs, and groups of palms and tall foliage plants made it a charming sitting-out place. Opening from the large drawing-room is the conservatory, another very pleasant sitting-out place, the corridor and the staircase also being turned to this use. Supper was laid in the dining-room, the billiard-room, and the vestibule with narcissi and other flowers arranged upon the tables. Fires and electric radiators in the different rooms were very pleasant things to see and to feel, as the night, though fine, was bitterly cold.

At nine o'clock Their Excellencies entered the room, and the official set was at once formed, as follows:—Lord Jellicoe with Mrs. Coates, Lady Jellicoe and the Hon. Sir William Fraser; Lady Pomare and the Hon. J. G. Coates, Mrs. F. Seddon and Major-General Sir Edward Chaytor, Lady Chaytor and Mr. T. Seddon, Mrs. Gathorne Hardy and Captain Hamilton, R.N., Mrs. Hamilton and Colonel Gathorne Hardy, Miss Massey and Lieut.-Colonel Gardner.

Lady Jellicoe wore a gown of soft black satin with beaded panels and a slight train. Her ornaments were a rope of pearls and a diamond tiara, and she carried a black ostrich feather fan. Miss Massey wore shot pink and gold tissue with overdress of georgette made with long waisted effect; Lady Pomare's gown was of black tulle with scarlet flowers at the waist, and scarlet shoes; Lady Chaytor wore peacock green satin with Oriental embroideries; Mrs. Hamilton, emerald green georgette; Mrs. T. E. Y. Seddon, white satin with silk fringed overskirt; and Mrs. Gathorne Hardy, an uncommon frock of bronze brown lace over charmeuse, with passementerie embroideries to match. Many very handsome gowns were worn, and with the uniforms worn by naval and military officers the ballroom was a brilliant scene.

AN investiture is an interesting, if formal, occasion, and many guests were present at the investiture and reception which was held at Government House recently. At one time decorations for war services figured

(Continued on page 16).



Zenith Studio, Dunedin, photo.

Mrs. Spence Clark, President of the Dunedin Women's Citizens' League. During her husband's absence at the war Mrs. Clark carried on his business with great success.

WEDDINGS and ENGAGEMENTS

O'Riorden—Young

THE marriage of Miss Bertha Young, second daughter of the late Mr. R. O. Young, of Auckland, and Mrs. Young, to Surgeon Lieutenant Commander O'Riorden, R.N., of H.M.S. "Veronica," was quite private. The bride, given away by her uncle, Mr. J. Beale, looked very dainty in a gown of pale biscuit tinted georgette, over which fell her long veil. She carried a large cluster of pale pink sweet peas. Her bridesmaids, Misses L'Estrange Nolan and Macfarlane, were frocked in grey georgette and silver tissue, and wore hats of silver tissue. Lieutenant Dickson was best man, and Surgeon Lieutenant Joyce groomsmen.

The guests attended a reception after the ceremony at the residence of Mrs. J. B. Macfarlane, Gillies Avenue. Here the bride and bridegroom were received by the ship's officers at the entrance under an arch of swords. Mrs. Macfarlane wore a beautiful gown of lace over black charmeuse; Miss Marion Macfarlane, pale blue and grey charmeuse; Mrs. Young, black satin and georgette. Among the large number of guests present were Mrs. J. Beale and Miss Beale; Mrs. A. M. Ferguson, Mrs. R. Worley, Mrs. J. Banks, Mrs. Warwick Wilson, Mrs. Pollen, Mrs. and Miss Tole, Mrs. N. Hanna, Mrs. and Miss Nolan; Mrs. and Miss Rathbone; Mrs. O. Smith; Mrs. Knight; Mrs. Vaile; Mrs. Abbott; Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Sales.

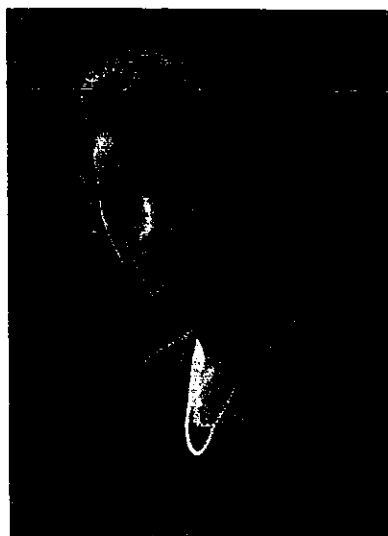
Wilding—Westall

A WEDDING of much interest to Christchurch people was celebrated at St. Luke's Church, Havelock North, when Miss Erica Westall, only daughter of Mrs. Westall, formerly of Hawkes Bay, and latterly of London, and the late Mr. J. C. Westall, was married to Mr. Frank S. Wilding, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Wilding, of "Fownhope," Christchurch. The Very Rev. Dean Mayne officiated. The bride, who was given away by Mr. C. O. Tanner, wore a frock of ivory charmeuse, with a train of old Limerick lace, which was worn by the bride's grandmother and great-grandmother, being a family heirloom. A veil of tulle was worn, while round the waist was a girdle of Parisian pearls. The frock was specially imported from London, simple in line, and was of remarkable beauty. White cherry blossoms and pink roses formed the

bouquet. Miss Nell Chambers, the chief bridesmaid, wore a frock of pale blue taffeta with mauve overdress, which was gathered at the waist with a silver girdle. A black picture hat completed her toilet, and a posy of pale pink and mauve flowers was carried. The train-bearers, Misses Janet and Judith Knight, carried posies of primroses and forget-me-nots, and were frocked in white frilled georgette, with pale pink and blue picture hats.

A reception was held at the residence of Mr. T. Mason Chambers, "Tauroa," the guests being received by Mesdames Westall and Mason Chambers in a room decorated with spring flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilding's future home will be in Christchurch. Mr. Wilding is the brother of the famous tennis champion, who lost his life on the French battlefield during the war.



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.



Van Dyck, London, photo.

Surgeon Lieutenant Commander O'Riorden, R.N., of H.M.S. "Veronica," and Mrs. O'Riorden.



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.

Mrs. Black (née Matthews), whose marriage to Mr. Wulric Black took place recently in Wellington.

Elmslie—Neill

A VERY pretty wedding, attended only by relatives and intimate friends, was celebrated by the Rev. Hubert Jones, Precentor of Christchurch Cathedral, at St. Mary's Church, Merivale, when M. Hamilton Burns Elmslie, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Elmslie, Orari, was married to Mrs. Neill, widow of the late Mr. Lionel Neill, and only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harper, formerly of Dunedin, who have been residing for some years in England, and are at present on their way to New Zealand.

After the ceremony at the church, a reception was held at the home of the bridegroom's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. G. Burns, Chester Street West. The drawing-room was gay with bowls of rose pink japonica and violets, and in the smaller adjoining dawning-room was a profusion of golden daffodils.

During the afternoon the guests were entertained with music. Miss Warren playing solos and accompanying Mrs. Gower Burns who sang with unusual charm.

Green—Burrow

A WEDDING of great interest in Auckland University circles took place recently at St. Barnabas Church, Mount Eden, when Miss Gwemeth Burrow, M.Sc., elder daughter of Mr. C. E. Burrow, of Mount Eden, was married to Mr. E. H. R. Green, M.Sc., second son of Mr. George A. Green, of Aratonga Avenue. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. Canon McFarlane, and Mr. C. J. White played the wedding march.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dainty frock of ivory brocade, trimmed with pearls. The bridesmaid, Miss Edna Burrow, sister of the bride, wore a dress frock of soft apricot georgette, and carried a bouquet of blue hyacinths. Two little cousins of the bride and bridegroom respectively, Misses Merle Hooker and Joyce Brown, were dressed in white net, the one trimmed with primrose ribbons and the other with pale mauve. They carried baskets of primroses and violets. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Allen Coulam, of Gisborne High School,



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.

Miss Freda Hellaby, of Remuera, and Lieut. L. R. Romer, R.N., of H.M.S. "Chatham," whose engagement was announced recently.

FROM HERE AND THERE

ONE of the foremost big game hunters in the world is a twenty-three-year-old girl, Miss Martha Miller. As a member of the Akeley party of the American Museum of Natural History to the jungles of Central Africa, Miss Miller carried off the hunting honours in competition with two experienced men. The only elephant bagged on the expedition was brought down by Miss Miller, who also has a lion or two to her credit.

MRS. Francis King has been awarded the George R. White Medal for eminent service to horticulture by the trustees of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. This is the highest horticultural honour in the United States, and Mrs. King is the first woman to receive it. Mrs. King is the author of several books on gardening.

LILY Elsie, England's most beautiful actress of a decade ago, who retired from the stage on her marriage to Ian Bullough, will reappear at Daly's, London, for the benefit of the deaf and dumb.

APROPOS of Lady Rhondla's claim to sit in the House of Lords, it is interesting to recall the fact that in the reign of Edward I the Abbess of Shaftesbury, the Abbess of Barking, the Abbess of St. Mary of Winchester, and the Abbess of Wilton were summoned to parliament, as were, in the reign of Edward III, the Countess of Norfolk, the Countess of Ormonde, the Countess of Pembroke, and the Countess of Oxford.

GLENN Collett is the infant phenomenon of the golf world. Though only nineteen, she has already won scores of important American golf titles. Miss Collett, who is from Providence, Rhode Island, recently won the Eastern golf championship for women.

MISS Charlotte Sharman, at the age of ninety, still actively manages the home for girl orphans she established in Southwark, London, some sixty years ago. Miss Sharman is far from old-fashioned. She personally types all her own letters and participates in the instruction of her two hundred wards.

ST. Pancras Borough Council has appointed Dr. Stella Churchill, a widow, to fill the post of assistant medical officer of health, rendered vacant by the dismissal of Dr. Gladys Miles Smith under the council's resolution not to employ married women whose husbands have salaries sufficient to support them.

LORD Plymouth is president, and Sir Aston Webb vice-president of a fund for a memorial to Lady Feodora Gleichen. They and a small committee of architects, sculptors, and others hope to build and endow a number of studios in London for the use of women sculptors, who, on completion of their studentship, may thus enter their profession equipped with the necessary facilities for the execution of large work. Hitherto women students of sculpture, who are generally of small means, have found their only opening in London among jewellers and silversmiths, and after taking up that small work seldom return to true sculpture, but after a time lose their ability, and are forgotten.

MRS. Anne Royal was the first woman journalist. She was declared to be "a great nuisance round Washington," and narrowly escaped

being ducked as a common scold, under a pleasant old law of the period.

WHITE-HAIRED, one-legged, 77 years of age, the indomitable Sarah Bernhardt is considering an American tour. "Good Heavens!"

MISS Ruth Loch has taken up her duties as Woman Establishment Officer at the Post Office in London, where she will supervise the work of some 70,000 women. The position carries with it a salary of £800 per year. She has served in the Post Office for many years, and has proved



Miss Edwina Ashley and Lord Louis Mountbatten, whose marriage took place at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, and was attended by the King, Queen and members of the Royal Family, the Prince of Wales acting as best man. The bride is the granddaughter of Sir Ernest Cassel, who was financial adviser to King Edward VII.



says someone. "Why doesn't the poor thing give up and retire in peace?" Principally, one would suppose, because she wants the money. But it is not difficult to realise that a person who has always been such a driving worker as Mme. Bernhardt is not willing to give up as long as there is still a public that wants her. It is, of course, her name and past fame that she can still conjure with. There is always a young public that will run to see a famous name that has ceased to be merely a name and become an entity.

Bernhardt, no doubt, believes that she will be proving her artistic value to the public if she goes, but one questions very much if the flame in the artist's soul survives to the age of seventy-seven. The technique is there, the trained voice of an artist of the stage has wonderful longevity, but the imagination, the magnetism of youth that reaches well into middle age—can even the divine Sarah retain this to the end?

MISS Violet Drummond, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Drummond of Megginch Castle, Forfarshire, having finished her apprenticeship as an engineer in Dundee, has accepted an appointment on the engineering staff of one of the Holt line steamers trading between Liverpool and Australia. Miss Drummond is the first woman to qualify thus.

her ability by managing successfully the women in the Money Order Department for fifteen years. She is not a feminist in her views. There is only one other woman, the Hon. Maude Lawrence, holding a similar position in the Civil Service, but it is expected that further appointments placing women in charge of women workers will shortly be made.

MISS Doris Fitt, who is the youngest woman councillor in England, is aged twenty-six. She has just been elected to the Norwich City Council, and is tall, with fair hair and blue eyes. Her presence will certainly brighten up the proceedings at council meetings. She is already well known in her native city, for she has for some time managed the Norwich Hippodrome and Theatre Royal. She is a fearless rider, and has won many prizes for horsemanship. Miss Fitt is not frightened at her new responsibilities. "I think that women of my age can be of great use in dealing with public problems," she said, "and I mean to work as hard as I can to help the women and children in Norwich."

AT present there are 145 women out of a total of 1569 serving on metropolitan borough councils in England. Since 1918 the number of women local government electors has increased from one million to over six millions.

DR. Amy Kaukonen was recently elected Mayor of Fairport, Ohio, on a "dry" ticket. Dr. Kaukonen, who is a petite blonde of 25, is the youngest woman graduate of the Women's Medical College in Philadelphia, and probably the youngest Mayor in the United States. Mrs. Harding, the wife of the President, was among those who congratulated her.

As a writer in an American paper observes, a woman mayor in any place is a novelty. But a woman mayor who has never been a suffragette, who has never read law, never fought for any pet bill, never made a single street-corner speech of any kind, but has danced, played the piano, shopped for alluring feminine clothes and read story books, makes the novelty deepen until everybody within a thousand-mile radius simply has to say, "What's up?"

Dr. Amy Kaukonen tells them in no uncertain terms just "What's up." "I'm out to clean up Fairport," she summarises the reform platform upon which she won. "I'm only one little woman, but this town is going to have its face, neck and ears washed before I get through with it."

NINE women have now passed the final examinations for the English bar, and one, Miss Ivy Williams, was among the candidates to be "called" on May 10. In the Easter term examinations twenty-one women passed various stages. Miss Helena Normanton is the only Englishwoman who has passed in Hindu and Mohammedan law. She petitioned the Lord Chancellor for the opening of the legal profession to women before the Sex Disqualification Removal Act became law.

With regard to women barristers' costume, a committee of Judges and Benchers of the Inns of Court "expressed a wish" that the dress of women barristers should conform to the following rule:—(1) Ordinary barristers' wigs should be worn and should completely cover and conceal the hair. (2) Ordinary barristers' gowns should be worn. (3) Dresses should be plain, black or very dark, high to the neck, with long sleeves, and not shorter than the gown, with high, plain white collar and barristers' bands; or plain coats and skirts may be worn, black or very dark, not shorter than the gown, with plain white shirt blouses and high collars.

The other women who have passed their finals have to complete their quota of dinners in hall before they can be "called."

A WOMAN producer has been appointed by the Carl Rosa Opera Company. This lady is Madame Doris Woodall, a former leading prima donna, and she will be the first woman to produce grand opera in Great Britain.

The directors have appointed her to the position of "artistic supervisor for the ensuing season."

DO schoolgirls get enough playtime?

According to Dr. W. H. Hamer, medical officer of health to the London County Council, in his annual report, they do not. Dr. Hamer is opposed to the idea of the girl being brought indoors to do the odd jobs while the boys go on with their play. He combats the theory that it is wrong for the male to do household work.

"Boys," he maintains, "should share necessary domestic tasks with the girls."

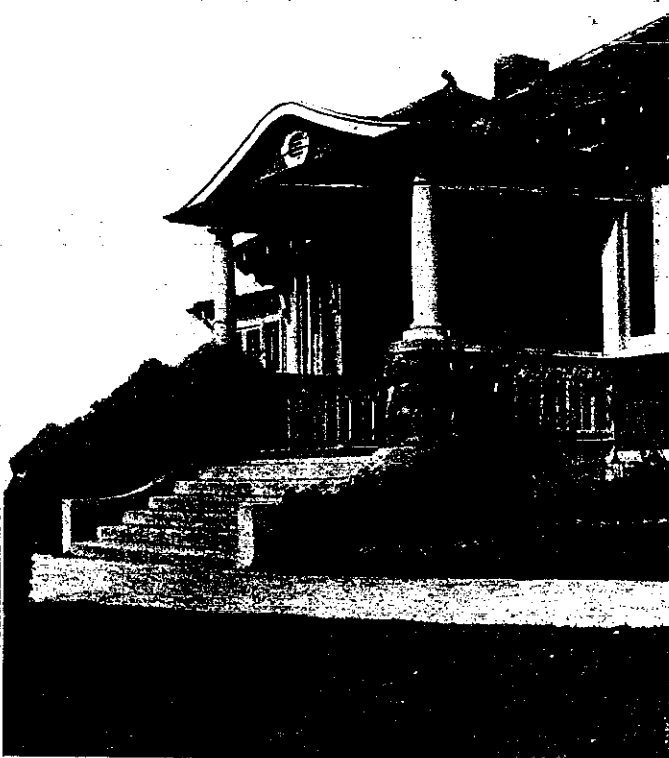
He quotes some significant figures in support of his contention that the health of the girls suffers as compared with that of the boys because they have less time in the open air.

In the case of heart defects, for instance, the figures for the boys is 3 per cent., whereas for the girls it is 4 per cent.

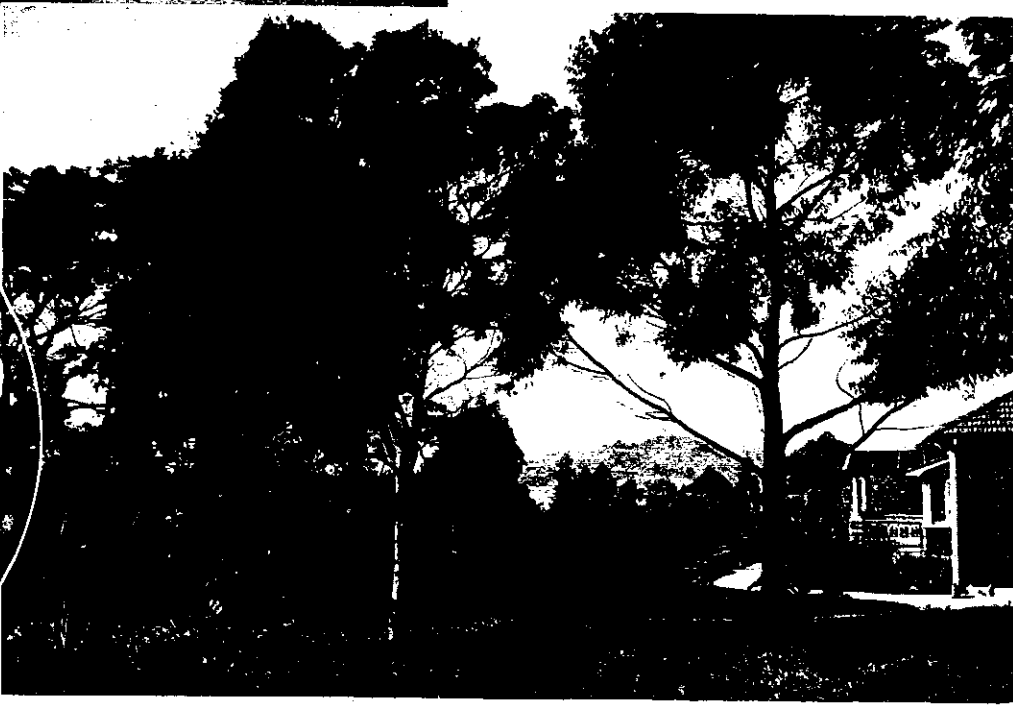
The figures in the case of anaemia are 3.4 per cent. for boys and 4.2 per cent. for girls.

BEAUTIFUL NEW ZEALAND HOMES

Some Glimpses of the Garden
and Grounds at the home of
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Gunson



Fine trees embower the house and drive.



The porch commands an extensive view which includes One Tree Hill in the distance.



A shady spot on the lawn.



BETTER HOMES FOR NEW ZEALAND

Suggestions from England and America

by HORACE L. MASSEY, A.R.I.B.A., A.M.T.P.I.



Example of six-roomed house in material to suit surroundings. Cost about £1500.



In this garden entrance the effect of the plain walls is set off by the proper use of flowering shrubs. Note stepping-stones on grass path.

Small house with appropriate garden arrangement. It contains a living-room, dining-room, three bedrooms and a kitchenette. Cost from £1100 to £1200.



IN no country has the art of building a home arrived at such a state of excellence that it cannot benefit by the study of the ways in which, in other countries and amongst other peoples, the same matters are dealt with and similar or dissimilar results achieved. It is the home that we are to study, to gaze at with a critical eye, and this must be kept to the forefront in our thoughts through all schemes for improvement. It will be generally conceded that it is possible for a small house to be a home, as opposed to merely containing one, but few of the enormous number built will fulfil the necessary conditions.

Home is largely formed of personal associations, but the actual fabric has more than a material bearing on the question, since it may add great enjoyment to life, and be a powerful influence in moulding our appreciation of the beautiful.

From this point of view we can glance over some of the types of domestic architecture of the past; for example, those of the Victorian era. In those days Architecture and Art were at their lowest ebb in the face of the wave of industrial and mechanical activity which swept over England. The public lost all artistic sense and power of criticism, while among architects each man was striving for individuality with no definite aim in sight. Domestic service was cheap and plentiful, so the architects of that day were not compelled to give much thought to the economical planning of the house. The people for whom houses were designed did not worry so long as their dwellings had an air of importance, and met their standards of personal comfort. What mattered it to them if domestics had to work early and late to keep the unwieldy, and often inconveniently planned home in order.

Looking at the internal arrangement of a house in those days we find long, narrow corridors often badly lit, and great waste of space. A room which would drive the modern housewife to despair was the kitchen, far away from the dining-room, with usually a passage between. Linked to the unnecessarily spacious and badly designed kitchen was usually a scullery, now generally recognised as a useless feature in small homes.

Ceilings were much too high, involving unnecessary expense in initial cost, and the decoration of rooms tended towards the cheerless, with uninteresting greens, greys and reds.

One room was set aside as sacred. This was the drawing-room, or parlour, to be used on special occasions merely, and filled with furniture which only a debased age could produce. The turning lathe was in evidence everywhere, and even the mantels were monuments to its reign. Table and chair legs bulged and diminished as though the turner had set out to produce as much dust collecting surface in their short length as possible. The mantel groaned under its load of strange ornaments and bric-a-brac, from the clock down to last year's Christmas cards, while to complete the miserable picture, the walls were covered with mediocre, sad-looking paintings and photos of relatives usually looking as sad as the room itself.

Unfortunately, it was this worst period of English art and architecture that had so much influence on New Zealand architecture. But the tide has turned, and we may ask what are the essentials of the houses of the future? They must be well planned, designed in beauty and built with truth. Houses, in fact, in which things appear to be what they are, which, while quite simple, are a joy for ever, and to which we may apply Tennyson's lines—

*"Through which the life-long day my soul did pass
Well pleased from room to room."*

DURING the last few years it has been clearly shown that it is possible to build such houses to meet the requirements of small and very moderate incomes.

Watching this development in both England and America, the need for careful selection of the good points, and elimination of the bad in these new types becomes apparent when we see some of the strange exotic buildings to be found for the most part in cheap American booklets got up by building companies. These for the most part illustrate only the poorest types of American homes or bungalows.

One hears nearly every type of country or suburban home called a bungalow in these days, provided only that it is very slightly informal or picturesque in its lines. Someone has facetiously remarked that in the new dictionaries a bungalow should be defined as "a house that looks as if it had been built for less money than it actually cost."

But before going on to the consideration of specific types we should consider the surroundings of our homes, because no matter how beautiful the house may be itself, it may be greatly improved if placed in a sympathetic setting, and for this we must look to the modern English garden village. Up to the present, England is far ahead of other countries in the charm and picturesque planning of its modern suburbs, and this is because it has been placed in the hands of men who by their training are able to take advantage of that beauty that Nature affords.

For example, let us take any road in New Zealand which is limited to a minimum width of sixty-six feet between fences. We see a wide metal road with wide tarred footpaths, which being expensive and uninteresting, are extremely dusty and dirty. Let us contrast this with the latest ideas in garden city planning in England.

Here we have a road of just sufficient width to accommodate the traffic, bordered on either side by pleasant grass plots of, say, five to eight feet wide, with shady trees and flowering shrubs flanked on either side by flagged or concreted footpaths.

We saw one charming road in California which was planted on either side with rose bushes. These were simply masses of bloom, and anything more delightful would be difficult to imagine. What a striking contrast these two types present, and how much more pleasant to have our homes situated in such surroundings. It is essential that, without delay, plans for the future growth of our cities and townships should be prepared by architects of repute who have given study to this branch of the profession, and suburbs should be encouraged to compete with each other for beauty of surroundings.

Again, the individual setting of the house has been too frequently neglected by both owners and architects. How seldom has any garden been planned with any thought of the houses on either side.

A GREAT deal may be said for the American system of omitting front garden fences, thus binding all the gardens into one, and encouraging everyone in the street to maintain a high horticultural standard.

Another point to be observed while dealing with the gardens and their settings is the general design of the house, and selection of building materials which necessarily must harmonise with the surroundings. For instance, do not make the common mistake of erecting a home quite out of sympathy with those adjoining; nothing would be more distressing than to see a bungalow flanked on one side by possibly a pretentious palace of Gothic influence, while on the other may be a restrained Georgian house, each doing its best to ignore its neighbour.

With regard to the planning of the home itself there is great scope for improvement. The modern housewife will not put up with the drudgery which the old types of homes necessitated, as illustrated in the earlier part of this article. Here we must turn to America for the greatest improvement. America, having long been faced with the lack of domestic help has revolutionised the inconvenient home, and with the sympathetic help of manufacturers of labour-saving devices has evolved what is generally known as the labour-saving house. It is impossible to adopt the American home entirely, as it has been designed to meet racial and climatic conditions very different from ours, except perhaps in parts of California. The idea behind this type is the elimination of all waste space, and the convenient and economical disposition of the various units of the house.

FIRST of all take the kitchen, which is the workroom and laboratory of the house, and on the correct placing of which depends the success of the working of the home. It should be easily accessible to the front and tradesmen's entrances, and at the same time should have direct access to the dining-room by way either of service pantry or connecting lobby. It should be just large enough to take care of the efficient and easy preparation of food, the washing of dirty dishes, etc. It should be designed so that the food from the delivery at the door should proceed in an orderly and direct way through the stages of preparation and cooking to the table, and unnecessary steps reduced to a minimum. All fittings should be built in, avoiding dust catching ledges, and all metal work necessitating cleaning should be eliminated. Floor and wall surfaces should be faced with easily cleaned materials requiring the minimum attention, and ventilation should

be given due consideration. The result will be a bright easily worked kitchen, the pride of any housewife.

Of the reception rooms the dining-room should be used for meals only, and therefore should be as small as practicable, while the living or music rooms should be large and roomy enough to meet all needs. This should be the real heart of the home, decorated in a bright cheerful manner with well made furniture of good design. What pictures and ornaments there are should be of good taste, carefully placed to get the best effect, and in perfect harmony with the furniture and colour scheme. This room might be designed so that sliding-doors will give direct access to the dining-room, so allowing for any large function, and the same applies to the reception hall, if any.

The bedrooms should be grouped so that while easily accessible from the reception part of the house, they will have the utmost privacy, and bathroom or bathrooms should be equally convenient to all bedrooms. Large roomy closets should open off each bedroom to obviate the necessity for bulky wardrobes, which usually do not fit into their surroundings. The decoration and the furnishing should be quiet and refined.

Where expense will allow, a cloak room and lavatory should be placed in close proximity to the front entrance, for the use of guests.

WITH regard to heating, it is probable that one of the various systems of central heating, as used in the States, would be a great improvement on the old fireplace system, common to New Zealand, although in America it is usual to have, in addition to the heating system, a large cheerful fire-



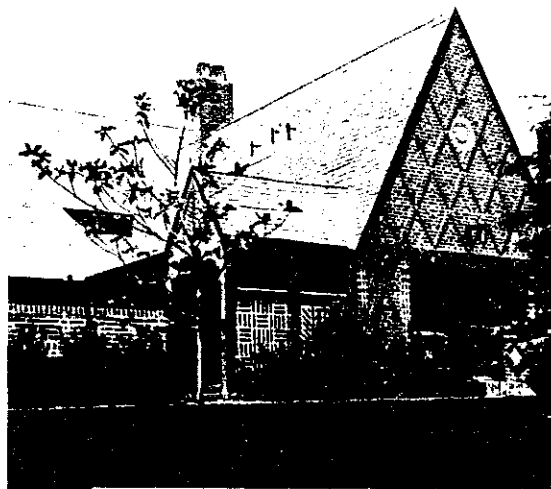
House at Hollywood, containing five rooms and a garage. Note absence of front fence. Cost about £1200.

place in the living rooms. The central heating system ensures uniform heat all over the house, and with our frame houses, which are extremely cold in winter, this would be a great advantage, especially as the cost of installation and upkeep is well within the average person's means.

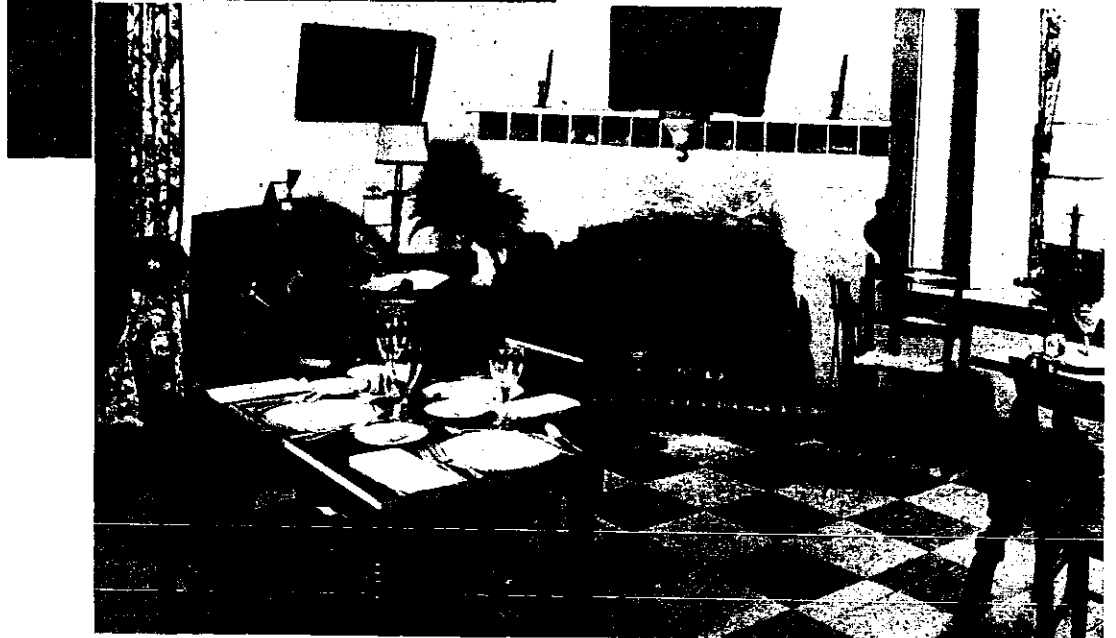
The success of the future Domestic Architecture of New Zealand lies in sound constructive criticism from the public, the co-operation of manu-

facturers and importers of building material, general publicity of the latest developments of housing design of the various countries of the world, and annual exhibitions of recent architectural work executed in our own country.

Public interest in architecture is of immense national importance, for architecture infallibly records the spirit of the community in which it is produced.



Dignified small brick house. Effect is simple and harmonious, relying on proportion and colour. Cost from £1500 to £1600.



Simple treatment of dining-room, showing restraint in the use of furnishings. The furniture shows taste in design. Note absence of useless ornaments.

A NEW ZEALAND POET

Mrs. I. M. Cooke (Marieda Batten)

IT is only very occasionally that our little band of New Zealand sweet singers receives a new recruit. This is somewhat surprising, for New Zealand is most happily circumstanced in many ways. In scenery as romantically beautiful as that of Italy, Switzerland or Norway, and in educational advantages equal to those of the Old World, our environment leaves little to be desired. Yet there is great hope in the quickening of spirit perceptible everywhere around us, and we may look forward to an outpouring of melody such as usually follows periods of prolonged strain and world stress. And it will find a warm welcome in a country like ours, where the audience, fit though few, makes up in culture what it lacks in number.

It is particularly pleasing to sponsor a woman poet in a journal that is woman's exclusive own.

Mrs. Cooke, of whom more will be heard in the literary world in the future, is a native of Reading, Berks, England. Her parents brought her as a child to New Zealand, and she lived in Wellington until nearly fifteen years old. Then her family settled in Taranaki, where she married, and on her husband's retirement from business five years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Cooke went to reside in Wellington.

"I was educated at the Wellington Girls' High School," she told the writer in a delightful chat. "Then I became a pupil teacher under the Taranaki Education Board, and later under the Wellington board, but resigned owing to ill-health. After a long rest at home in New Plymouth, I began teaching music, and continued it until my marriage. About eight years ago my two girls and I went to Gisborne to visit my mother, and, her health being feeble, I took over her pupils and stayed in Gisborne for three years.

"Until I came to live in Wellington, those three years in Gisborne were the happiest of my life. The Gisborne people were so friendly and warm-hearted, the beautiful, isolated little town by the sea made a strong appeal to me, and it was while I was there that I discovered my ability to rhyme. I had always wished to write, and had been slightly successful with short story writing, but this discovery gave me new hope, and altered the trend of ambition. All my spare time was spent in writing verse, and in three months my first little book was published—'Star-dust and Sea-foam' (Messrs. Whitcombe and Tombs Limited). It bristles with faults; for at that time I knew nothing of the rules of prosody, but had it been the most perfect poetry ever written, it could not have yielded more delight to me. To my surprise, the press notices of that faulty little book were astonishingly good and encouraging. Here was the proof, I thought, that there was something more in life for Woman than house-keeping, dress and trivialities. And Fancy made flights into realms of wonderful achievement. When I returned to New Plymouth, where I had unlimited leisure, my delight in verse-making grew. I read and studied all the poetical works available, and gradually realised that there was something very wrong with my own verse.

"I did not know what it was, for I was a stranger to metrical laws. I had written my verse only by ear. Then seeing an advertisement offering instruction in short story writing, I wrote to the advertiser, describing my needs, and decided to take a correspondence course from him on

Prosody. Although I never met my instructor, 'E.M.S.'—and to this day do not know whether he was "Mrs." or Mr.—he became a dear friend.



Marieda Batten

N. Carter, Gisborne, photo.

Mrs. I. M. Cooke, author of "Star-dust and Sea-foam," "Maori Love Legends," "Love-life," a "Sonnet Sequence," and numerous short poems.

When the course of instruction was ended, we continued our correspondence and exchanged views upon life, religion, philosophy and art. Since

FAREWELL

Pass on, Beloved, pass on, pass on,
Once thy soul spoke to mine,
But now its voice is mute, Beloved,
And silent is my shrine.
Yet it was sweet, O passing sweet,
To be awaked from sleep,
But I would slumber once again,
For when I wake, I weep.
I blame thee not, O my Beloved,
For silence deep and drear,
The echo does not blame the sound
That called it gently here.
And if the cadence of thy voice
Has lost the mystic charm,
That caused my soul to love again,
Thou needst not feel alarm.
I shall not weep when thou art gone,
Not think alone the fault
That something from our love has
fled—
But let me guard its vault.
To see thee try and always fail,
To list for music gone,
Is worse than death itself to me,
So Love, lost Love . . . pass on.

MARIEDA BATTEN.

then I have written numerous stray poems. Last year the Wellington Competition Society selected a poem of mine entitled "I Wonder" for recitation, and to me it was most interesting to hear the different interpretations of it.

"SOMETIMES I am asked when I write a difficult question to answer, because I have no set time; mostly when I can.

"Others ask me how I write, and I am reminded of Victor Hugo's words, 'The writing of poetry is either easy or impossible.' Sometimes an overheard remark will yield an idea for a poem, frequently music or a beautiful scene will awake the

craving to write. One has to be in the mood to write poetry, but it is difficult to decide what circumstances produce the mood. Excitement invariably does. At times I am so disgusted with my inability to write as I wish that I vow I will try no more. But the writing of verse has so subtly alluring a charm for me that invariably I try again. When I see my own work in print I never can realise that I wrote it. I wonder if others experience this feeling.

"Before I knew 'E.M.S.' 'Maori Love Legends' had been written, and, acting upon his advice, I revised and re-wrote the book; but it was not published until 1920, by Messrs. H. H. Tombs and Co., Wellington. In April of that year Miss Hardinge-Mahby produced 'Maori Love Legends' as a costume recital in the Concert Chamber, Wellington. It was a wonderful experience for me. With characteristic kindness, Lady Liverpool invited me, as the author of the book, to sit with the Vice-regal party, and spoke of my work with understanding interest and appreciation. Later, the Legends were again produced in aid of the Y.W.C.A.

"Before the publication of 'Maori Love Legends' I had written a sonnet-sequence, entitled 'Love-life,' which aimed to show my ideal of a wife's love. It was published during 1918 by the Australasian Authors' Agency, Melbourne. The Press reports of this little book were unexpectedly good; one critic actually calling 'Marieda Batten' a true poet! 'Love-life' was written while Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett-Adamson were visiting us, and he and I used to discuss each sonnet as it was finished. As he is a writer, and has the gift of kindly criticism, I respected and appreciated his opinion, and many happy hours we three spent in the sunshine discussing his and my verse and kindred subjects. He would sympathise with me for having been 'bitten by the poetry bug,' and whenever I saw him would ask me humorously if I had a sonnet concealed about my person.

"SOON after my first book was published I met an Englishwoman who was touring New Zealand. I asked her what she thought of our country, and she replied that she was entranced with its beauty, but shocked to find that, although we New Zealanders lived in so beautiful and romantic a country, we had not produced a poet. I was too astounded, and I hope, too modest, to inform her that I had ambition in that direction; so I simply agreed with her.

"In everyday life, as far as I know myself, I am just an ordinary woman, who all her life has walked with Sorrow; fond of the society of interesting friends; interested in every form of Art; possessed of some appreciation of humour; beneath the surface incorrigibly romantic; trying to cling to her ideal of life, but frequently failing; to sum up, she is just a human being, and not a scrap more interesting than any other human being.

"My poetry is my sanctuary, my *Garde Joyeuse*. If through my poetry I can help others, especially women, to recognise the beauty and the meaning of life, to learn the lessons Sorrow would teach, to realise that in spite of hardship, suffering and grief there really is a mystic Intention that is Love Absolute; in my opinion, I shall have achieved success."

SOCIAL DOINGS

(Continued from page 10).

very largely upon the list, but within the past two years or so they have naturally been decreasing. Still there were a few on this occasion—a purely Dominion decoration, I believe—and there were also two nurses, Miss Cumming, of Wellington, and Miss McCallum, of New Plymouth, who received the Royal Red Cross (second class). Lady Jellicoe was in black satin, with beaded panels and diamond ornaments. Among the relatives of those who were honoured were Lady Pomare and Miss Pomare, Miss Coates, Mrs. Molesworth Tolhurst, and Mrs. T. Young, Lady McGavin, Mrs. Manning, and Miss Carncross. The Prime Minister and Miss Massey were present.—DOROTHEA.

NELSON.

THE Nelson United Services Association recently enjoyed a most interesting and instructive lecture by Brigadier-General Richardson on the history of Military Service in New Zealand, in the Masonic Hall. Some of those present were Mesdames Thoms, Hume, Weeks, Keith, Barr, Sidney Gibbs, Sclanders, Misses Sclanders, Grace and Wright.—FLAMMETTA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

AT their home at Carlton Mill Road, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Beswick entertained a number of friends at a delightful dance. The billiard-room, with softly diffused lights from gaily coloured Japanese lanterns, was used as a ballroom; a large marquee was furnished as an additional drawing-room, and supper was served in the dining-room. The hostess wore a beautiful gown of blue brocade velvet, richly patterned with varicoloured flowers, and Miss Beswick wore a becoming pink georgette frock with crystal bead embroidery. Included amongst the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Algar Williams, Major and Mrs. Hutton, Mr. and Mrs. John Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Godby, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Gresson, Mr. and Mrs. James Deans, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deverell, Misses Hester Gould, Nancy Beadel, Helen Rich, Barbara Cowlshaw, Sybil Johnson, Rita Gibson, Betsy Reeves, Dorothy Bowden, M. Teschemaker, Fanny Fox, and Messrs. Peter Johnson, Cracroft-Wilson (2), W. Cowlshaw, C. Bridgeman, J. Courage, Hawkes, R. Blunt, D. Cotterill, T. Robinson, B. Boys, Nicoll, B. Dalgety, and Dr. Revan Brown.—ISOBEL.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS

In future issues of THE LADIES' MIRROR it is intended to discontinue the publication of social notes from various centres, but to enlarge the interest of this section of the paper by making it more a pictorial review of interesting personages and doings of the month—of special interest to women.

To this end, the editors of the paper will be glad to receive photographs of weddings and engagements, and of any woman whose recent activities, whether purely social or more directly relating to achievements in public life, music, art or literature, would be of general interest to the readers of the paper.

Owing to the exigencies of space, the editors respectfully request contributors to consider whether the photographs they send are of sufficient general interest to justify publication.

Photographs can be returned if desired, and in all cases should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, and brief particulars of the subject of the picture.

THE 'MIRROR of FASHION

SPRING WELCOMES
EARLY SUMMER WITH
A MULTITUDE OF DAINTY
FROCKS AND FABRICS



NEW DAINTINESS for EARLY SUMMER

SPRING gave promise of much loveliness in the world of frocks and furbelows, and summer more than confirms that promise with a wealth of such daintiness that it is difficult to refrain from extravagance. Everywhere one hears the outspoken thought—"Things are lovelier than ever this season."

Styles have altered little, but their simplicity is both a foil and an opportunity for the use of the new materials, among which are tinted and cross-barred organdies, foulards in all-over designs of beautifully blended colours, georgette crêpe, cross-barred sponge cloth and voiles in many new disguises, all lending themselves to the slim low-waisted line, and floating unevenness of skirt hem.

Hand-embroidered frocks of French voile, in écarle, cream, and fawn, suggest a fashionable and serviceable toilette, when worn with a large graceful brimmed hat of fine black crinoline straw.

Exquisite finishes are purchasable for washing frocks in sets of organdie collars and cuffs, white with shrimp pink, turretted edge; self lattice borders or insets; flat self-material blossoms laid in contrasting colours, and dainty pleated and looped edgings all offering their various attractions, and proving a delightful asset to the summer girl who fashions her own garments.



Dorée and Saché, photo.

Matching the flowers of summer in its many blended colours—this frock required to be cut in the simplest of styles to suit Miss Peggy Leslie to perfection.

From Rendells Limited.

THE CHARM OF ORGANDIE

Soft green with inset bands of écarl fashion this attractive frock of organdie, and hint of cool leaves and shadows.

From Gwen Smith.



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.



Doree and Such's, photo.

Apple blossoms inspired this dainty frock of pale pink organdie, worn over a deeper shade, and trimmed with many rows of pink blossoms. While field flowers encircle the shady hat.

From Smith and Caughy.



In Paris one attends the races in a gown of creamy tinted organdie and herzinkle blue taffeta adorned with many sedate little dull pink roses, and having a mere dainty apology for a sleeve. The hat is of organdie and hides one big posy on its brim.



Topical, photo.

SUMMER BRINGS TENNIS and New Ways of Looking Charming

Our lower illustration shows an ideal tennis frock of heavy crêpe de chine, striped with wedgewood blue, and designed for freedom of movement and lightness of weight. One could not wish for a more suitable or serviceable garment than this, and it will launder perfectly. The hat, of blended straw, is trimmed with shot moiré ribbon in attractive blends of colour.

Made for movement and summer breezes is this jumper frock of pale lavender, though if tennis is a serious matter to you, you may question the fringe on a tennis court, but not its charm.



Dorée and Saché, photo.

Frock and hat from Smith and Caughey.



Dorée and Saché, photo.

Frock from Gwen Smith.



DISTINCTION AND DAINTINESS WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE Should Characterise the New Zealand Girl



News of the Fashions for late spring and summer have been coming into New Zealand from overseas for some time past, and are now being demonstrated and continued in our leading shops, so that the woman of limited income is able to select her summer wardrobe with that wisdom of choice which is the best of all economies.

The problem which faces the woman who must set definite limit to the cost of her wardrobe is that of obtaining the frock which shall have the best elements of the prevailing mode, without its extremes, and which shall not be prohibitive in price.



Betty Compson, star in Paramount Pictures, in a dainty afternoon frock of French grey crêpe embroidered in old blue with filmy georgette collars and cuffs. The hat is old blue horse-hair with ostrich tips.



Our two upper illustrations show attractive garments for hot days. One in white organdie is cross-barred in deep blue, and bordered and girdled with strips and blocks darned in Oriental red, blue and yellow, and worn with a shady crinoline hat. The dainty apron-fronted garment is of shantung, hand embroidered in many coloured rings and attractively cool as to length of sleeve.

In the lower right hand corner is a frock of similar type, that would be equally suitable for home or street wear. It is so adaptable that it would repay its purchase many times over. It is of navy taffeta, and comes from Rendells Limited.



THE LADIES' MIRROR shows on this page the garments which have been selected as suitable for the requirements of most general occasions, and which are daintily fashionable without being extreme.

The three-piece street suit shown at the lower left hand corner is of crêpe de chine in the fashionable shade of grey trimmed with rather coarse grey lace. There are many of these coloured laces in the shops, and they are most attractive.

The underfrock has short sleeves, and slips on over the head without fastenings. The coat is magyar, and very cool and easy to wear on a hot day.



A Group of Summer Blouses and Skirt Styles Designed to Answer the Call for Smartness and Good Service



B.122—A distinctive jumper style of art silk in check effect. Obtainable in fawn and henna, fawn and sapphire, jade and white, or self white. Price, 75/6.

B.123—A nice light-weight art silk jumper, with girdle at waist. Obtainable in jade, salmon, navy. Price, 35/6.

B.124—The latest note in jumpers comes in this neat style in art tassel silk. Finished bands of crochet at hip. Showing in lemon, parma, sapphire, ivory. Price, 65/6.

B.126—Knitted from the finest white Shetland wool, this light-weight jumper style will prove a splendid investment for the summer wardrobe. A finish of wool in colour such as brown, jade, lemon, pink or black is seen at neck, cuffs and waist. Price, 19/6.

B.128—Extremely smart and serviceable is this blouse of heavy quality white Jap. silk. Tastefully hemstitched and embroidered. Price, 28/6.
B.129—Simple, yet quite original in effect is this blouse. Fuji silk in natural shade. Price, 19/6.

B.130—This neat little Magyar blouse is of white crêpe de chine, pin-tucked and daintily embroidered in white. Price, 32/6.

B.127—A smart jumper style of white crêpe de chine, neatly hemstitched and embroidered. Reasonably priced at 23/9.

S.125—Quite in accord with the latest fashion note is this beautifully pleated skirt of cream hopsack. The stripes round foot are in rainbow colours. Price, 25/6.

S.131—Just as serviceable as it is smart is this accordion pleated and striped skirt of cream ground twill flannel. Price, 89/6.

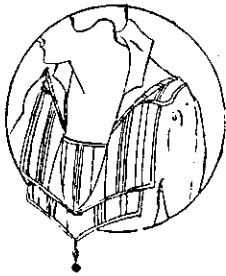
S.132—A smartly cut skirt of serviceable hopsack. Obtainable in black and white, black and fawn, black and lemon, and black and tan. Price, 49/6.

Milne & Choyce Ltd.
QUEEN STREET AUCKLAND

Of unusual design is this blouse set with the sleeve cut in one with the collar. Tiny appliqué flowers give a dainty finish.



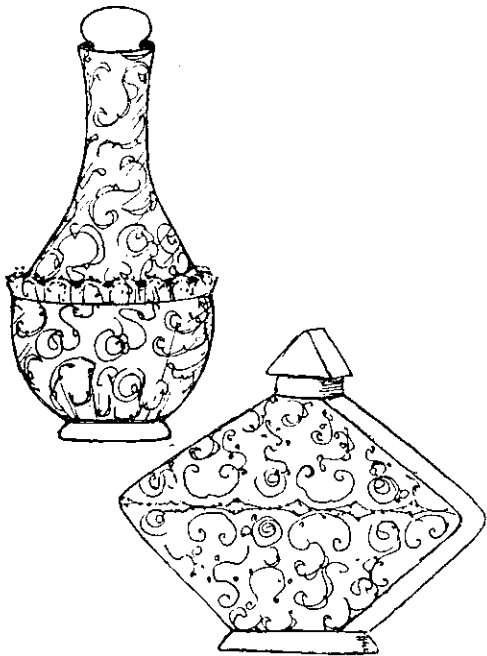
Not content with one, the dainty collars overlap in a most attractive way, and offer an opportunity to use many different colourings.



A dainty blouse set of lavender pleated organdie frills, bound in deep rose and finished with shaded organdie rosebuds.

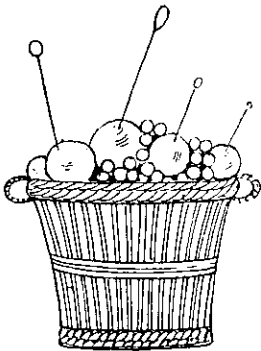
DAINTY GIFTS YOU MAY MAKE OR BUY

The Importance of Small Things

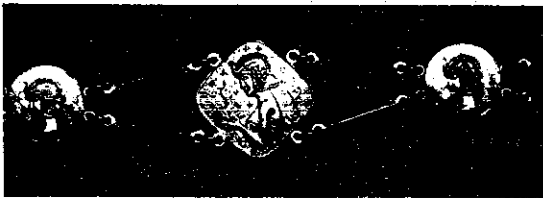


Those empty perfume bottles that seem too nice to throw away can be made into charming bureau accessories with the aid of the needle, scissors, some muslinage and odd bits of silver or gold lace. If the mesh is very open, it is well to back the lace with pastel silk.

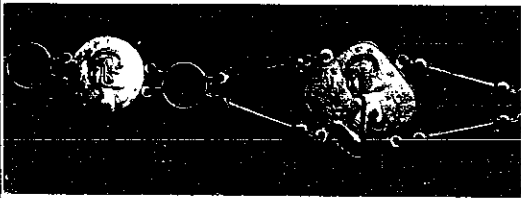
A dainty pair of Selby afternoon walking shoes in fawn suede and black patent, finished with a buckled strap.



It's a novel idea, this pin cushion shown above, made by enamelling a tiny basket in ivory, putting in an ivory satin bag loosely filled with bran, and topping it with fruits fashioned from leftover vari-coloured silks.



From Milne and Choyce.



Doreé and Saché, photo.

An exclusive design for the fashionable girdle of oxidised metal, the figures standing in relief

against a background of blue enamel, and connected by links of unusual design.

RICHELIEU OR CUTWORK EMBROIDERY

Selected by M.L.T.

WHATEVER attraction one may feel towards coloured embroideries, when it is a matter of decorating a dinner table, nothing equals the distinction and charm of pure white work.

Nothing will harmonise so well with cut-glass, silver and flowers, and nothing else is in such good taste.

There are many kinds of white work, but Richelieu embroidery is perhaps the most distinctive of any, lending itself, as it does, to such beauty of design. This is thrown into bold relief when the background is cut away, and reveals a perfect setting when used on a polished wood surface. Though it appears to be very elaborate in working, it is really quite simple, as it resolves itself into practically plain buttonhole stitch.

Materials

The material used should be a firmly woven linen, of not too fine a texture, and the thread should be a smooth finished even quality—such as Clark's embroidery cotton or pearl thread.

Directions

It is not necessary to use a frame, though some workers find one helpful, and many like to tack their work on to American oilcloth.

Do not use too long a needleful of thread, or you will lose the satin surface and finish.

The outline of the work is first followed in running stitch, making the connecting bars where necessary, as the work proceeds, by carrying the thread across to the opposite side, bringing it back to the starting point, and across again, making three threads to buttonhole back on, when the running stitch is continued, till another bar is met. When making these bars, buttonhole firmly, as a loose stitch will make an ugly, lumpy bar.

Wherever the lines of work appear on the surface of the material, they are either done by buttonhole stitch, or by a close satin whipping stitch, as in Fig. 1, worked over a padding thread. It is essential that the work should be

evenly done, and have no weak corners in it, otherwise, when the linen is cut away from the

back, you will find that your whole work will wear an untidy and unfinished look.

Pack your stitches close together, and never knot your thread to commence with; always run finely along and work over it, and use the same method when finishing off.

Cutting

Use sharp and finely pointed embroidery scissors. Never attempt to cut with a blunt tool, it will only

pull and drag the work. Also see that the points grip tight to the tip.

THERE is a great fascination in following out this work step by step, however monotonous the actual stitch may be, and it is difficult to gauge the soothing extent of its effect on tired nerves, a fact that men-folk always find difficult to understand.

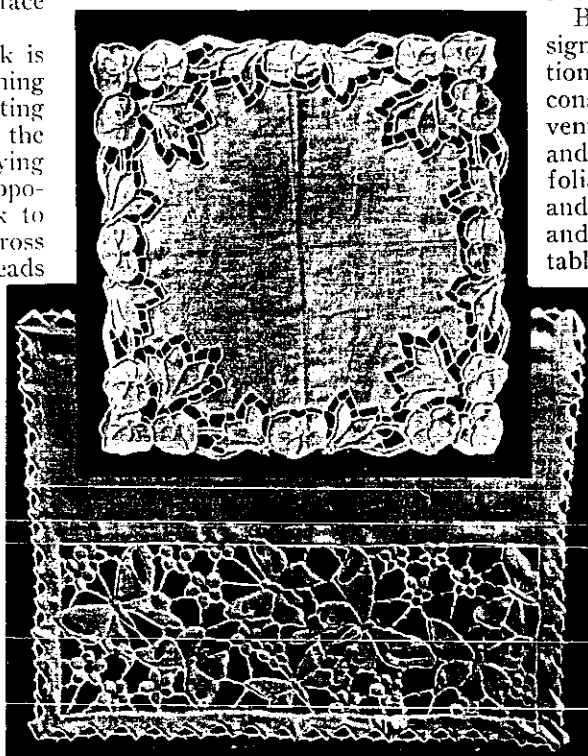
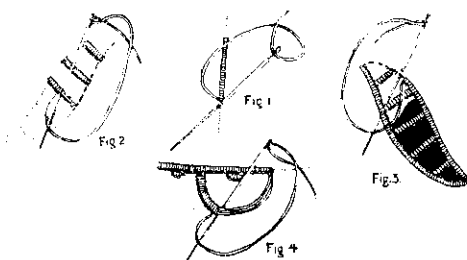
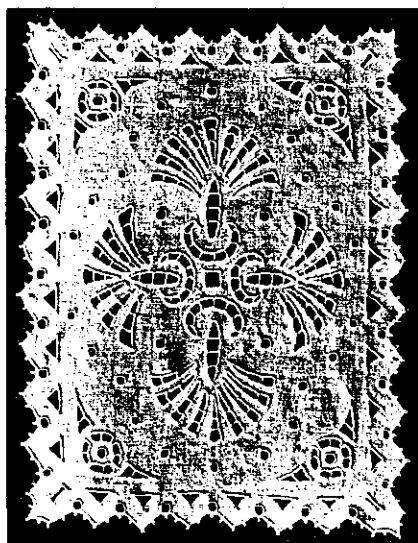
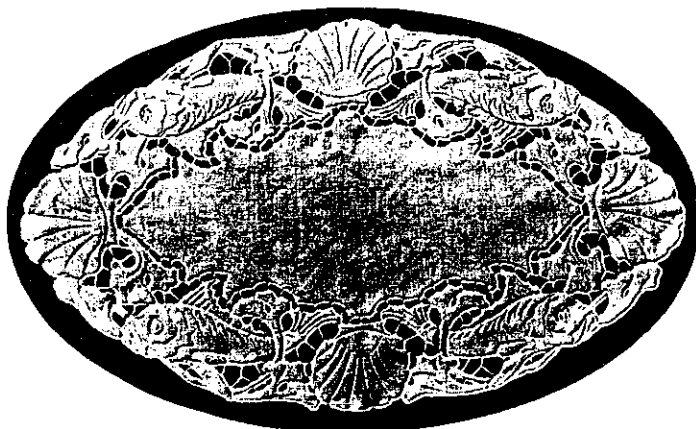
The accompanying beautiful specimens of embroidery were executed by an Auckland lady, following a severe illness, and helped to pass many a weary hour, which would otherwise have been almost unbearable.

If one is gifted with the power of designing one's own work, many beautiful articles may be made, whose originality cannot but greatly enhance them in the eyes of their owner, and if intended as a gift nothing could be more appropriate than exquisite work of this kind.

Broadly speaking, the design combines the conventional with the natural. It consists of a series of conventional shapes or motifs, and among these are forms of foliage, blossoms, butterflies, and shells—all very beautiful, and particularly suitable for table use.

It is a matter for regret that good needleworkers are so content to copy and re-copy designs, and that so few try to combine originality with skill.

If the two lower specimens of work are examined, it will be seen that the arrangement is an almost natural one, and could be applied to many of the beautiful sprays of blossom that one brings in from the garden and that fade so soon.

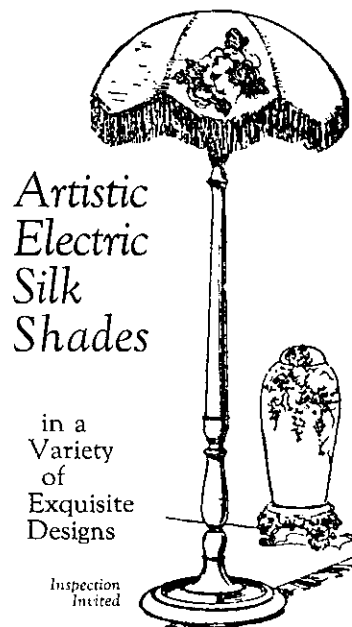


Doreé and Saché, photos.



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A Unique Display of

Silk Fabrics

at Smith and Caughey Ltd.

A feature of our Spring Display is the charming selection of Silk Fabrics which were personally selected in London and Paris by one of our Directors. . Included are a number of new weaves and the colourings are exceptionally beautiful. . All who inspect these charming materials will be agreeably surprised at our low prices. . . Included are

Foulards	Knitted Silks
Shantungs	Crepe-de-chines
Ninons	Chiffon Taffetas

It will be a pleasure to show these beautiful goods, and we extend to ladies a cordial invitation to call.

Smith & Caughey Ltd.
Queen Street Auckland

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER NOVELTIES

XMAS GIFTS for your GIRL FRIENDS

"XMAS Gifts!" you say. "Surely it isn't time to think of these yet?" But indeed it is; for as the time approaches, the days seem to gather speed, until, finally, there is one dominant (and sometimes despairing) note to be heard, "Whatever shall I give for Xmas?"—and no one really appreciates a gift that has so obviously been thought of at the last moment.

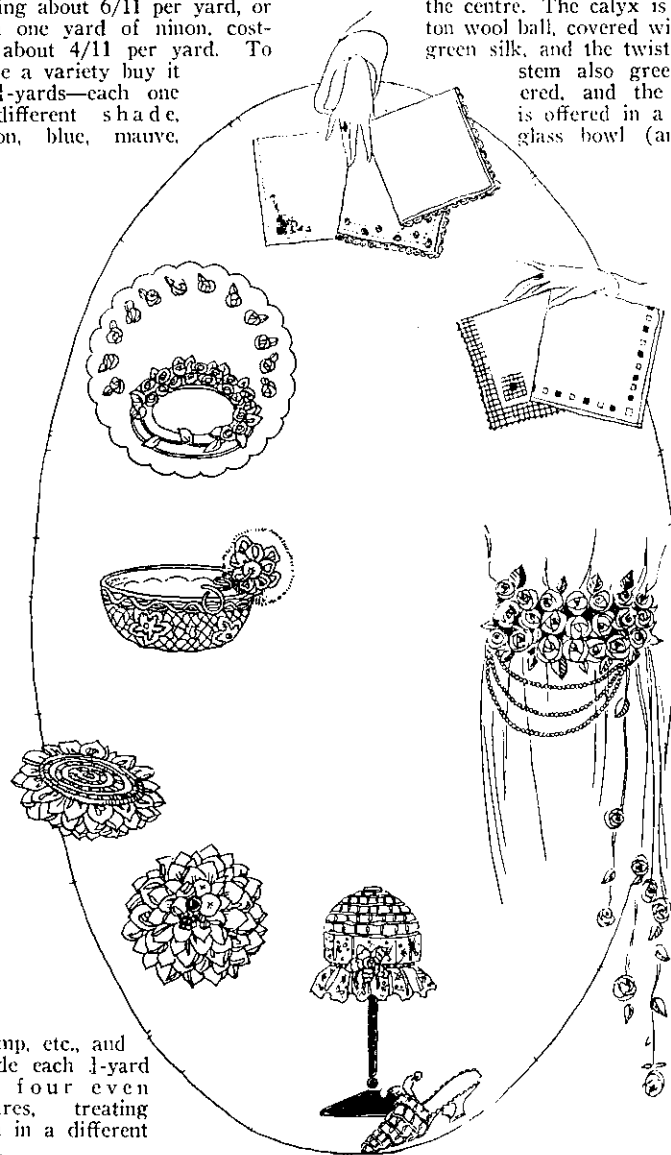
Here are a few ideas, which take little time, and are not expensive, which the average needlewoman can easily make.

One dozen dainty handkerchiefs may be made by purchasing one yard of crepe de chine of light weight, costing about 6/11 per yard, or with one yard of ninon, costing about 4/11 per yard. To make a variety buy it in 1-yards—each one a different shade, lemon, blue, mauve.

square—fold corner to corner, and then again to form a triangle, and as you fold them, slip the cut edge under the foot of the machine, and gather all loosely into a long string. Then begin from the outside of your piece of muslin and handsew the petal on (still connected) in rings, gathering to lie flat, and continuing till the centre is reached, when you can fill the last gap with stamens from artificial roses, or with tiny rosebuds.

Sew the crochet round on to the back, and fill with fluffy cotton wool.

A swansdown puff is backed by petals of old rose satin, made of squares, folded (on the straight) in half), and then each end folded into the centre. The calyx is a cotton wool ball, covered with dull green silk, and the twisty wire stem also green covered, and the whole is offered in a quaint glass bowl (an odd-



shrimp, etc., and divide each 1-yard into four even squares, treating each in a different way.

Here are a few suggestions.

1. Hemstitch by hand a narrow hem and applique a cluster of fruit or flowers in one corner, made of scraps of odd coloured silks.

2. Edge with narrow lace, and work lines of running stitch round in several different shades, broken occasionally by tiny flowers, embroidered.

3. Roll edge, and crochet edging in sewing silk of different shades:—1 d.c. into hem, 10 chain, 1 d.c. into fifth ch. to form picot, 5 ch. 1 d.c. into hem. One inch width of filet crochet all round, and small square into one corner, worked a contrasting sewing silk. Tiny chiffon rosebud on square inset.

5. Very narrow hem, and square spots of many vivid colours—this looks well in lemon or mauve.

paste jar will do) covered first with dull rose silk, and then with gold lace—all well pasted on—and finished with gold paint round the edge of the bowl.

A Dainty Cap

This can be made by crocheting a loose filet crown in pale blue silk, and threading it with mauve satin ribbons.

A length of filmy lace 5in. wide is gathered on and caught again round the head with a narrow filet crochet band, and a quaint lavender and blue crochet flower.

The mules are covered with mauve satin, and have crochet fronts to match the cap.

Flower finishings are among the very fashionable and most charming ideas this season, and an attractive girdle is shown of organdie roses picot edged and in all shades of pink and mauve, and mounted on a pale blue satin ribbon.

These are very simply made by having some strips of organdie hemstitched down the centre, cut through the middle of the hemstitch; then gather along the other edges, and swirl each length round and round into a rose.

Two Rose Puffs

One is for talc and one for face powder, and both are quite simple to make. For talc puff, cut a round of firm muslin five inches across and crochet loosely in fine cream wool a round to match. Cut several dozen little squares of pale pink silk 2½in.

FOR CHILLY DAYS IN SPRING

Dainty Knitted Underwear

A PLEASING combination of both daintiness and common sense is this pretty set of underwear, made of the finest Shetland wool.

The finished garments together only weigh about six ounces, and are so soft that they can be worn by the most fastidious and by those with the most delicate skin.

For evening, and for spring or early summer wear they are delightful, and can be worn under the simplest or most elaborate gown. For wearing when travelling, when one is subjected to many changes of temperature, and cannot avoid draughts, they are certainly ideal wear.

An all-over lace pattern is the most suitable for the camisole, and it can be adapted to suit the knickers and vest. Ribbon shoulder straps may be

gether, pass slipped stitch over, make 1, knit 3. Repeat all round.

Fifth.—Make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 1, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass slipped stitch over, knit 1.

Seventh.—Make 1, knit 3, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass slipped stitch over.

Eighth.—Plain.

Then knit plain for three rows and begin a row of holes to thread ribbon through. Knit 2, knit 2 together wool over needle twice, knit 2 together, knit 2. Repeat to end of row. Three rows plain.

Continue in pattern for desired depth, in this case about nine inches. Then work three plain rows and a row of holes for ribbon at waist, as at top of garment. Work eight more rows in pattern, and cast off loosely.



The camisole, vest and knickers are delicate as spider's web.

worn in place of knitted ones, if liked.

WHEN finished, the work should be placed in a clean linen towel or pillow slip and held over a steaming pan or kettle for some moments. Then all the points should be pinned out flat on a clean ironing sheet and allowed to dry, when it will be found to be quite lacy, and have a much more delicate appearance. It is also an improvement to lightly press the finished work with a warm iron (being most careful not to have it too hot) before removing the pins, first placing a thin towel or handkerchief over the garment.

Finally, thread the garments daintily with narrow palest pink ribbons.

Directions for knitting the camisole are as follows:—

Use white Shetland wool (from five to six ounces will make three garments), and a set of double pointed knitting needles, size No. 8. Start with 216 stitches, 72 on each of three needles. Knit one row plain, then begin pattern, which is as follows:—

First Round.—Make 1, knit 1, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass slipped stitch over knitted one, knit 1, make 1, knit 1. Repeat all round.

Second and all evenly numbered rows are knitted plain.

Third.—Make 1, slip 1, knit 2 to-

gether, pass slipped stitch over, make 1, knit 3. Repeat all round.

Cast on 9 stitches.

First Row.—Purl.

Second.—Make 1, by drawing a loop through first stitch, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass slip stitch over knitted one, *make 1 by putting wool over needle, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass slipped stitch over, and repeat from *.

Third Row.—Purl.

Repeat last two rows for length required, about ten inches, and sew into place.

To Make the Vest

CAST on 116 stitches on one needle.

Two bone needles No. 8 are required. Beginning at top of vest, knit in pattern like camisole, but as the row is turned, work every other row purl back instead of plain.

When eight rows have been knitted (one complete pattern), knit one row, purl one row, knit one row, then do a row of holes same as for camisole.

Now continue in stocking-web stitch (i.e., knit one row, purl one row) for 17 inches or desired length.

Now knit in pattern for 3 inches, as at top of vest, and cast off. Knit another piece to correspond, and sew up sides. Make straps same as for camisole, about 12 inches in length.



Smartness is Expressed in One Piece Frocks and Coat Frocks

These fashionable frocks more than ever in vogue, occupy a prominent place in our Showroom displays of summer time apparel.

The Cutting and tailoring is of the best, showing the newest trimming effects, and priced to meet the capacity of all purses. There is a decided preference for grey this season, and the coat frock model (on the right) is seen in a mid shade of pewter grey. The uniformity of line in the foundation is the dominant note. The shadow trimming is of navy. £9/9/-.



The model shown in the centre is one where smartness and quality go hand in hand, made in a supple quality of navy satin de luxe and banded with white on tunic and side panels, showing an irregular hem. The girdle is finished with navy fancy erinoid motifs. Price, £10/10/-.

This becoming fashionable frock (on the left) is made in a mid rose shade tricot, the brocaded design in self tonings on the sleeves and skirts are beautifully executed. The latest novelty girdle of galalith completes this new summer garment. Price, £12/12/-.

For the Smartest of Summer Apparel

RENDELLS
LIMITED

OF KARANGAHAPE ROAD

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE

THE NEWCOMER IN SUBURBIA

CERTAIN students of society have maintained that women are the real social members of a community; that it is they who are the moulders and creators of the polite forms and usages which we call etiquette, the playing rules of gregarious life. This is an erroneous assumption, based upon surface observation.

Women appear to carry the social banner, but it is men who really create the principles and write the slogans. If the actual evolution of a code of social usage had been left entirely to women we should still be in the Neolithic age, when calls were made with the exclusive intention of emptying the neighbour's larder, and incidentally bouncing a large rock off his skull. For women are essentially unsocial.

Perhaps one should use the more specific term "wives." An unmarried woman, be she maid or widow, is, of course, essentially social. She is a very whirlwind of social activity. For therein lies her hope of securing unto herself a more or less permanent mate. But once this is acquired, she sits down to watch him. She becomes the jealous watchdog of the heart, just as, in prehistoric ages, her wolf-pelt clothed sister stood ready to repel invaders in the affection of her lord with tooth and talon. And it is especially toward other women that wives adopt this unsocial attitude.

One can readily imagine Ug and Ik, long-armed, sinewy giants who had but lately battered each other with their stone clubs, finally becoming good friends. One can hear Ug saying to his wife, "Do you know, my dear, that fellow Ik is really not a bad sort. We chased a diplosaurus fourteen miles this morning, and I got quite well acquainted with him. What do you say to having them round to dinner some night?" And just as plainly, one can hear Mrs. Ug saying, "Have you seen her? Why, that Ik woman is impossible! She is wearing last year's lion skins, and looks a fright. No, thank you." Is not this much the situation to-day?

A Suburban Problem

MORE so than in flats or boarding-house, it is when the newcomers remove to a suburban community that they find themselves up against a wall of exclusion, the breaching of which requires the utmost skill and patience. For here it is, in these congregations of homes, that we find woman's cruelty to woman displayed in its most subtle form.

Man's entry into this new world is comparatively easy. If he is socially inclined, he meets his fellows at the golf club or the bowling green. If those more or less luxurious pastimes are not for him, he scrapes acquaintance on the 7.55 or whatever pet train or boat he peculiarly affects. He is soon calling them Bill or Jerry. He sits in a certain car, where he knows he will, each morning, find companions, friends! And all this is accomplished in a week or so.

But his wife? Pursuing her isolated way through the suburban streets, she is the cynosure of all eyes, an object of suspicion, that pitiable creature—a strange woman. Does anyone extend a welcoming hand or call a greeting? No, no. The very houses seem suspicious. The day has a thousand eyes, and you may be sure that Mrs. Thompson is never too busy with her jam-making to fail to note the passage of the stranger; Mrs. Smith, even though she is polishing her own floor, does not miss

an item of this fresh apparition.

At the next meeting of the Guild (a charitable organisation) she will be appraised. Her looks, clothes, gait, household, children and reputation will be added up in a column. The result will be against her. This is inevitable at first. She must be patient, she must wait. Perhaps . . . in time. . . .

The Guild referred to, being of a semi-religious nature, might be expected to open its arms with some cordiality to the newcomer, should she show a disposition to enlighten the South Sea Islanders with her needlework. She cannot be kept out, to be sure. But woe betide the ill-advised lady who attempts to use the Guild as a social shoe-horn. Nothing, in fact, so tends to lengthen one's term of probation as an attempt to shorten it.

There are other organisations, too, as a rule, into which the strange wife may creep timidly, but let her be careful to keep a civil tongue in her head, or it will be the worse for her. Even at church she should walk warily. Just because a lady kneels beside you is no sign that you are in her set.

Here it is that the husband must show that he is the real moulder of public opinion. With the other husbands he is naturally all right, one of the clan, a blood brother. It is now up to him to meet a few of the wives, the established hierarchy. It used to be supposed that the wife did that sort of thing, and that her husband was brought out only on show occasions, but that day has passed. By dancing with the right people, by the occasional genial chat in the porch of the church, by a thousand subtle methods of ingratiation the husband is in a position to win that tolerance which is the first nick in the high wall which surrounds him and his family. If he be of gracious presence, as most husbands are, it is surprising what charming results can be attained in this way. Sometimes an actual call results from this method.

Dont's for Wives

THE wife, on her side, should play the game with great care. A primary rule is that of avoiding any display of beauty. Some wives, even the wives of strangers, possess great personal attractions. We have all heard the expression "the fatal gift of beauty." Never is the gift more fatal than in the wife who stands on the outer threshold of a suburban set. To begin with, the men all notice it. Nothing so infuriates a wife. Even as Mrs. Ug spoke of Mrs. Ik do they assail this new menace. "You men are all alike," they say. "She is frightfully made up, and so common looking."

No; if one would help some charming woman to a pleasant relation with her own sex, let him carefully refrain from praising her beauty. Let him criticise it, saying, "What a strange looking creature she is!" Ten to one, his wife will disagree with him. "I thought she was quite attractive," she will say. Even this cold championship is an entering wedge. On the whole, however, it is safer for the newcomer to disguise and conceal any beauty she may possess.

Next to beauty, perhaps, brains are the most dangerous possession to introduce into a close corporation in the suburbs. By brains, one doesn't mean ordinary intelligence. That is naturally desirable; but care should be taken to keep it ordinary. Extraordinary brains—the power to think, to do anything extraordinarily well—invariably creates distrust. Such people are regarded as queer. Brainy people usually do things differently from people without brains, and this puts them in the freak class.

This is a fearful indictment, and very hard to live down. Brains, therefore, should be smuggled in, and carefully concealed, until one's position is firmly established.

So with material possessions, or even the lack of them; all display should be avoided.

There are young wives who make a boast of doing their own housework under the impression that it redounds to their credit. The more solid ladies of the community draw away from these interlopers, with whom they cannot talk servants, because there aren't any. The most favourable mental attitude to be adopted should be that of careful, conventional concealment, showing on its surface no unusual features of any kind, but only the drab, regular outline of the great human average.

Avoid eccentricity. Be banal. Be as average as possible.

A Ruse

THERE is more than one way to skin a cat, or a community of cats. A lovely lady of the writer's acquaintance proved this by a clever scheme of her own. Relying on the deeply feminine trait of curiosity, she followed the famous Ghandi principle of non-co-operation. In other words, she just wouldn't play. She made no efforts to go anywhere, meet anyone, or join any feminine organisation. And whenever she went out of doors she was heavily veiled. Her face was a dark mystery.

Who was she? What was she like? Have you ever met her?

These questions were on every tongue. At last the good ladies of the district could not stand it any longer. They descended upon her in a body, consumed by curiosity. They were surprised to find her charming, and lo! the day was hers.

WHY NOT ABOUT MEN?

by A. MANN

AN old commonplace of the newspaper world alleges that any reasonably well written article will find a journal to print it, provided it concerns women. The public avidly

The LADIES' MIRROR SNAPSHOT COMPETITION

SUMMER and holiday times are approaching, and soon cameras will be busy at all our beaches and seaside resorts.

To encourage young amateur photographers to obtain good pictures, *The Ladies' Mirror* offers three first-class cameras as prizes for the best holiday snapshots of children.

Children happily splashing in the water, racing on the shore, building sand-castles, gathering shells or indulging in any of the hundred and one pastimes which children love, all present attractive subjects for the camera.

The First Prize offered is a No. 1a Folding Autographic Kodak, valued at £5.

Second Prize, Vest Pocket Kodak, valued at £2 17s. 6d.

Third Prize, No. 2c Brownie, valued at £1 10s.

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

peruses information about women—their fashions, their ways, their adventures, their character, to say nothing of their lack of character—it likes to look at their photographs, and to read lists of their frocks.

This is strange, for the newspaper public is largely feminine. Why do women not dwell on the classic features of the male? Why at a marriage ceremony does nobody take details of their exotic socks?

It may be that men are uninteresting. Many women, and more men agree on that point. Probably it is the masculine lack of daintiness, and the fact that among men one misses the—let us say, the occasionally erratic emotion which makes women so magnificent a subject for description and debate.

All the same, it seems rather unfair, for there are many things about men that one might debate on with profit.

For instance, one might discuss, "Have men grown less moral?" It is a wonderful subject, lending itself to attack and defence. Why it is not treated I do not know, unless the cynical public assumes that men cannot be less moral than they were.

Or one might discuss, "Do the nicest men follow the fashions?" One might go deeply into the question of slits at the back of the coat, permanent turn-ups, tie and shirt colour schemes, the proper curl of the hat-brim. The subject is immense, and yet is apparently despised.

Again, here is a subject which has been used in hundreds of novels, and will be used again: "Will a man sacrifice his love or his career?" Men are continually being told by women that they give themselves entirely to their work, and take no heed of their sweethearts and wives.

If that is so, why is it not discussed? It is an intensely exciting subject, it lends itself to romance. But no; silence, deep—profound as that before the worlds were made.

The more I reflect on this, the more humiliated I am by the lack of popular interest in my sex. The above subjects are but a hint. We are also waiting to hear whether "Men are more religious than women?" "Male Logic: is it Logical?" "Is the toothbrush moustache going out?" "Is the American haircut going to stay in?" "Can men cook?" "The male bird and how to snare it."

The neglected subject "Man" awaits its epic—its Homer—its Sappho, perhaps—who knows? It is an inspiring subject—if anyone cares.

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.

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IN the days of Royal Egypt, merchants from distant countries brought, on camelback, jars and skins of the precious oils of the Palm and the Olive.

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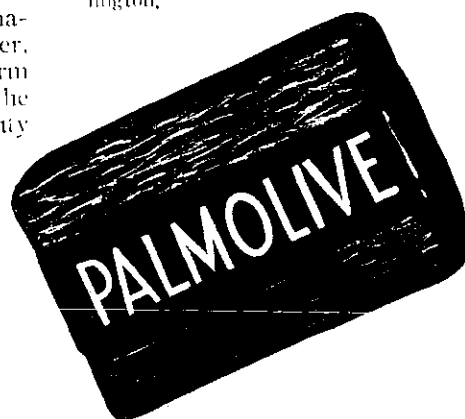
Slaves blended the oils, and to their use the regal women of the land of the Pharaohs owed the retention of their facial and bodily charm.

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"Here it is that the Calcutta traders sidle up."

THERE is a strange, half-subdued excitement in achieving intimate contact with the sea and its wayfarers for the first time. "Until now, I have known it merely as a casual acquaintance," you whisper to yourself. "But I shall now be admitted to its intimacy."

One can ask for nothing better; the sea herself is an eternal delight. But, in contact with the seafarers, romance dulls considerably. You have, in your innocence, reasoned thus: "These men have seen places that are mere spots on the map to the remainder of us, and have slept in towns whose very names tingle with romance; they are on easy terms with the most elemental of the elements, and they have seen mankind in the raw. It follows, then, that they will be philosophers and poets of sorts, good men to meet and talk with."

But, after a year or more of interviewing second officers and of sitting in pursers' cabins, you are driven to admit that they do not seem to have made the best use of their opportunities. You throw out leading questions about Madras, and the ports on the African Gold Coast, but your appetite for romance is blunted by "The last place on earth, old man; six houses and niggers," or, "Oh, it's not a bad hole; town a long way from the port, but there's a fair music hall."

Thus do they dispose of Accra and Abbazia. And you go home to Masefield, and Conrad, and "Port of Holy Peter," with an enhanced admiration for the minds that could create so gorgeous a tissue from skeins so grey.

Romance at Our Gates

AND so, if romance from across the waters be denied, you look for it nearer home. You need not seek far. The harbour front of Auckland has a personality distinct from that of any other port in New Zea-

AUCKLAND HARBOUR FRONT and the Spirit of It

by G. A. COLLARD

land; nor does it depend wholly upon the length of wharf frontage nor upon the amount of shed accommodation. Probably not one of the hundreds who use the wharves as a daily noontide promenade can define the peculiar spirit of the wharves and quays that they know so well; yet they are obviously responsive to it.

No one, of course, can deny pre-eminence to the Queen's Wharf, that important continuation of the principal street, with its wide, clean spaces and its berths that shelter the bloated Vancouver mail-boats. It is a prosperous, well-groomed wharf; but it is not proud, and will often give shelter to a seedy little phosphate steamer. With its motors and prosperous tourists, it is the least sea-impregnated of all the wharves, and it comes into its own only on mornings of storm and high wind, when the spaces between the sheds are deserts, and clean swathes of rain sweep it from end to end.

Wharves of Many Cargoes

HER shabbier sisters hold far more material for the seeker after romance. The Central Wharf has no special personality, and her charm is nondescript. All is grist that comes to her mill, from the lanky Canadian Importers and Canadian Raiders that make her their terminus, to the thick-set Japanese colliers with their courteous little officers, who will offer you beautifully made cigarettes, that are most unsatisfactory smoking, and a thin apple cider. This wharf, too, is the most frequent homing place of the *Southern Cross*, that strange,

high-decked vessel with the head of Christ upon her bows, and red-jerseyed natives upon her sides.

But you will find the real spirit, the frank open-handedness of the sea at its best, upon the King's Wharf. She is the busiest and yet the most aloof of them all. She stretches farther into the calm reaches of the harbour than the others, sheltering a drove of tiny boats upon the sea-wall. "Where the world is quiet" is a phrase that springs to the lips unasked at ten o'clock of a calm autumn morning, as one walks along the harbour side of this wharf. The sea fades, grey and very quiet, into the mist, while a charcoal brazier sends quivering flame into the air. Yet the wharf reeks with industry. The grains scattered underneath the coamings of the wharf show that a wheat boat from Melbourne has but recently sheered off; the unforgettable scent of copra tells of the nearness of an Island trader. The crunch of gritty dust and the hideous tearing noise that always attends the discharge of coal testifies to the presence of at least two colliers. Occasionally an Island steamer shelters here and huge bunches of unripe bananas can be seen within the sheds, while the air is heavy with the sickly scent of rotting oranges. It is a place for long halts to be made. Vessels are tucked away at this end of the harbour, and seem to be forgotten by the harbour authorities until, one morning, the berth is found empty. From the end of this wharf the signalmen watch the harbour from midnight to midnight.

Hobson Wharf is the Cinderella of the waterfront, but those who know

D. J. Payne, photo.

how to brush away the lady's ashes swear that she is the most beautiful of them all. You trudge past the launch anchorage, cross the muddiest patch of road in all Auckland, and find yourself in a land where it is always afternoon. Here it is that Calcutta traders sidle up, bringing to this sunny place an air of leisure and still more sun. She is drowsy with rattan and bales of Indian silk, while the names upon the cases read like a poem: Haidarabad, Kwala Kangsa, Mandalay and Rangoon. The Island boats know that they are always welcome here, and the eternal collier hides a grimy head from the town behind the wharf sheds. But even Hobson has been bitten with the progress bug, and her quaint charm is departing with her new glory.

If you push your explorations farther still, past Hobson, you will find a network of little quays, almost forgotten, asleep in the sun—Fitzroy, Albert, Nelson Wharf, Julian's Wall—where the trawlers dry their sails and skippers tell of heavy weather in the Bay of Plenty. At the other end of the quays, between Central and the King's Wharf is that of the Northern Company, a busy, commonplace quay enough during the week, at its best on a Saturday morning, when the greater part of the fleet returns from its weekly labour in Northern harbours and berths for a drowsy week-end. There is something appealing in the sight of these stout little vessels, each of them the principal link with the world to some stout river town. They return home to merge into nothing among the big liners.

But at night, when a blue mystery of darkness swathes the whole front, all individuality is lost, and it is a place of trembling light and of infinite distance. A boat berths, and all is life and bustle for a half-hour. Then the taxis depart, the gates are closed, and the wharf is left in the

charge of the lanterns which keep watch at the head of each silent gang-way for the men "enjoying life" on shore. Above the launch anchorage glows an orange of light, which dominates the entire scene. And the ferries with their freight of warm humanity are the only living things in the picture.

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IF you were told that you could have your choice of any article or assortment of articles advertised in THE LADIES' MIRROR up to the value of 10/- free of cost, what would you choose? Now, what should it be—a pair of silk stockings, a box of confectionery, a new novel or some tablets of soap. There are many other things you could select from, and all you have to do to get these things is to ask your friends to become subscribers to THE LADIES' MIRROR.

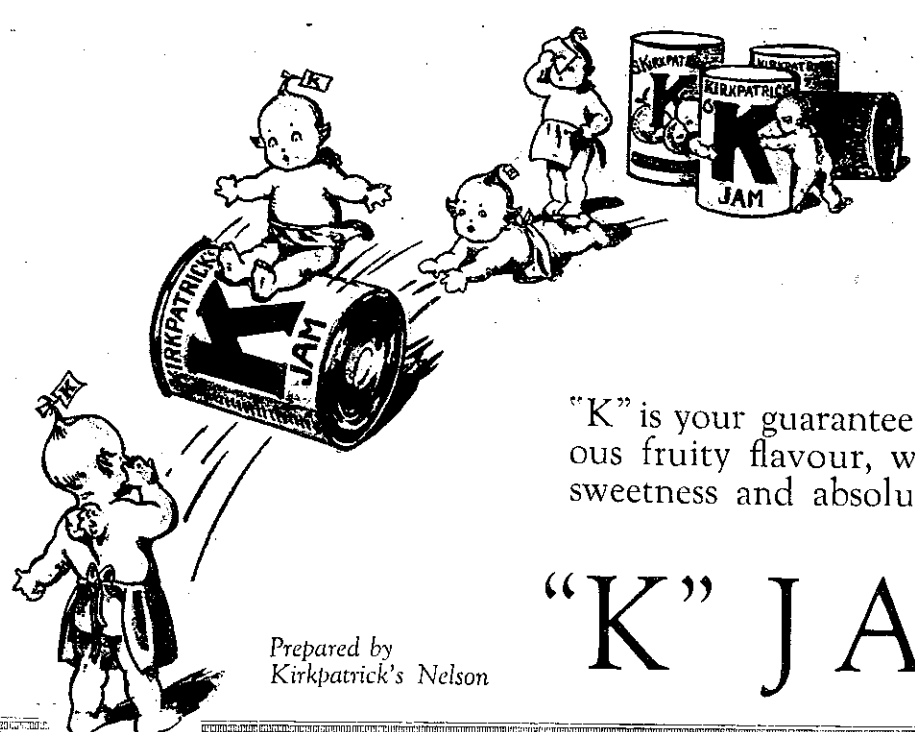
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A PAGE for the CHILDREN



QUITE recently I was walking among the stones and rushes at the edge of one of our bush creeks, when something at my left side moved slightly. Carefully eyeing the foot of the rushes, I noticed some unusual white marks upon what seemed a part of the leaves and the ground. Suddenly the white marks moved forward, a head, a body, a tail appeared, and a very bright piercing eye was turned upon me. . . . Cool though you know me to be, and resourceful, I was for the moment unnerved, and started away in fright; however I restrained the impulse to fly, and decided to examine at closer quarters the cause of my fright. It turned out to be a fair-sized lizard, a harmless creature, and I was glad indeed of the opportunity to learn something about him, as I had never before seen one of his kind. . . . He is to be found among the ferns and roots in just such a spot as I came across him, and his very bright light green dress is splendid. On each side, along the back from the head nearly to the end of the tail, is a single row of white streaks, and each streak has a black line round it. Very fine is the effect of this gorgeous coat seen against a grey stone. . . . Most wonderful is his eye, the brightest I have seen, light yellow grey, with a black slit very like your cat's eye seen in the sunshine. . . . For meals, he explained that he depended mainly upon flies, and very well they appeared to agree with him.

TALE OF AN EVENING STAR

by DEARMER MAC CORMAC

ONCE upon a time in the long ago, the bright-eyed daughter of the night dwelt alone in a great golden sky-castle in the West. At first she was very happy there, for the beautiful castle was filled with everything she could wish for, and, best of all, every evening, as soon as the sun had set, her stately gracious mother came to visit and talk with her.

But presently she grew tired of being always alone during the day. "Can you not stay with me, mother?" she asked.

"I cannot, daughter," replied the

Queen. "I have work to do that I may not neglect."

"Then may I not go with you and help you?" asked the Princess eagerly.

"Dear daughter, no," replied the Night Queen. "If you were to leave your castle the sun would see you, and wish to carry you off for his bride. Remember never to show yourself at evening at your great window till he has passed into the West, for I love you, and although he is great and good I cannot spare you to him."

The Princess promised to obey, but she was no longer happy; day by day

the great castle seemed more lonely, and each day seemed longer than the last.

At last one evening the sun saw her as he looked back to see that all was well with the earth before he left it. He smiled at the little Princess, who peeped out so shyly from behind the glowing sunset curtains, and from that moment the Princess loved him. "The sun smiled at me," she told her maidens, who came one by one to learn the cause of her joy.

The maidens crowded lovingly about her. "And why should he not?" they asked. "You are the loveliest of all the sky Princesses. But here you are hidden and unknown; leave this dull castle, and go to the sun's court in the East, where he cannot fail to see how beautiful you

are, and to love you and make you his bride."

At these words the Princess forgot her promise to her mother; she thought only of the sun. "Yes, I must go," she said. "Bring my richest robes, and my crown, and girdle of diamonds, that I may be beautiful when the sun sees me." They obeyed eagerly, and the Princess had never looked so lovely. So she set out with her maidens on the long journey.

The Lady Moon saw her and called a warning. "What will your mother think when she finds you gone?" she asked.

THE Princess remembered her mother with sorrow. "But it is too late to turn back now," she said to herself, "and surely my mother will forgive me when she learns that I am happy and beloved, as I know I shall be. I will send her a message." She went on, and her maidens went joyfully with her.

But after a time they began to grow weary. "It is such a long way to the East, Princess," they said, "will you not stop now and rest awhile?"

"I may not," the Princess replied. "I must reach the East before the dawn. Try and be patient a little while longer."

The maidens tried to go on, but they grew more and more weary, and one by one they drooped, and fell asleep.

Presently the Princess was alone, but she went on bravely. "I must be nearly there," she said to herself, and her eyes grew bright with hope.

But she had further to go than she thought, and when at last she saw the gates of the Sun's palace, she was so weary that she could scarcely walk.

She reached the gates, and sank down outside them. There the cloud fairies found her. They raised her tenderly and stroked her pale cold cheeks with their long, warm pink fingers. "She must have travelled far," they said. "See, her robes are torn, and she has lost the jewels from her girdle and crown."

The bright-faced sunbeams peeped over their shoulders. "How beautiful she is!" they cried. "Who can she be?"

At this moment the great sun came through the gates; the cloud fairies made way for him, and he bent over the little Princess.

"What is this?" he cried. "Why, it is the little Princess who peeps out every evening from the windows of the sunset castle. What can she be doing here?"

The sound of his voice roused the Princess, and she stirred and sighed, and opened her blue eyes.

The Sun smiled at her. "Do not be afraid, little Princess," he said kindly. "Do you want my help? Is there aught I or my servants can do for you?"

The Princess made no reply; she hung her bright head, and the soft shy colour covered her sweet face.

The Sun smiled at her again, for already he felt that he loved her.

"Little Princess," he said, "stay with me and be my bride, and I will never cease to love you and make you happy." He took her hand and led her, blushing with joy, into his beautiful castle. He sent a message to the Night Queen. "Tell her," he said, "that I love her daughter, and that we may all be happy together, I invite her to come and live in my kingdom."

But the Great Queen was grieved and angry, and would not listen. "Tell the Sun," she replied, "that I will come every evening as of old to visit my daughter, but that I will not forgive him for taking her from me."

And the Sun and the Princess cannot persuade her to change her mind. Every evening the Princess waits to tell her how happy she is, and to beg her to join them; but the Night Queen still refuses, and every morning the poor little Princess, pale and weary and sad, goes back to the Sun for comfort; for she loves him, and cannot bear to leave him.

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"JUST OUT"—BOOKS WORTH READING TO HELP YOUNG WRITERS

A Review of Current Literature

Critical Notes

"THE Practice of Auto-Suggestion By the Method of Emile Coué, by C. Harry Brookes. London: George Allen and Unwin Limited.

The boundless possibilities of auto-suggestion for the happiness and welfare of the human race as re-discovered by Emile Coué, are very clearly indicated in this valuable little book.

Mr. Brookes, who made a special visit to Nancy last year, made a careful study of Mons. Coué's methods and successful results in his clinic. Here, every day, this kindly old man, now verging on his seventieth year, sees scores of sick, faint-hearted and depressed men and women, and sends them away an hour or so later cheered, uplifted, and in some cases even healed. He imbues them with faith, stimulates their imagination and will, and gives them a new hope to live and grow strong. Often he is busy seeing patients for sixteen hours a day, for he never refuses help to anyone who seeks it.

His method of treatment, Mr. Brookes explains, is by means of suggestion. He teaches the patient to use auto or self suggestion, for Mons. Coué says frankly that he does not heal. He is merely the agent calling ideas of health into the mind of his patient, who must do the rest himself.

Children and infants are treated in a similar way by his assistant, Mdlle. Kauffmann, and she secures the invaluable co-operation of the mothers as well, and thus obtains excellent results. In addition to this she visits the poorest tenements in the slums, and is regarded, with Mons. Coué, as a worker of miracles. Both have given their private means and dedicated their lives to the service of those who require their help, yet neither accepts a single penny piece for the treatments they give.

Coué's treatment—this auto-suggestion which he makes his patients treat themselves by, is a purely scientific method. We often use it ourselves. If we wish to awaken at a certain hour in the morning we can do it. We have only to give the order—to make up our mind to do so, and precisely at the minute we awake. How it is done we do not know, save this—the unconscious mind obeys the order which we have given it. There is no charlatanism in it. It is based on the discoveries of psychology—discoveries which point to the most stupendous possibilities in the future self-development of mankind.

It hinges on the recognition by the scientist of the Unconscious—"that vast area of mental activity which exists outside the circle of our awareness." The Unconscious supervises and controls the various physical processes, such as digestion, assimilation, the circulation of the blood, the action of the lungs, and all the vital organs. All this is taken into account by Mons. Coué. As our conscious thoughts pass into the unconscious they partake of its energy, and determine our physical condition. So, if our thought is of disease or depression, we are the worse for it. If the thought is a hopeful, buoyant, healthful one, we are so much the better. The wise mother, kissing her child's sore finger to make it well, is practising Couéism—the child is quickly made well and happy.

It is not claimed that induced auto-suggestion is a substitute for medical practice, nor will it make us live for ever, but it should make us keep disease out of our life. How far we can succeed in doing so depends entirely upon ourselves—the conditions from which we start, and the regularity and correctness of our practice.

Among the wonderful possibilities opened up by Mons. Coué's method



is that of the treatment and cure of moral delinquents by suggestion and auto-suggestion, and so confident does he feel on this point that he is moving the powers that be to permit his introduction of it into the French State Reformatories. But Couéism may possibly achieve greater things than these. They are foreshadowed in this wonderful little book, which will abundantly repay close study.

"LIFE," by Johan Bojer. The Gyldendal Series. London, Christiania.

To Henrik Ibsen and his epoch-making novels in dramatic verse, Norwegian literature owes a debt of great magnitude. He was a moulding force, and he stamped upon it some strongly marked characteristics. Among these are his passion for sincerity and truth, his hatred of shams and all kinds of cant, and his fearlessness in uncovering them to the light of day. Above all, his clear comprehension of values has had a far-reaching influence upon his age and times. His work, forceful and dynamic in its serene strength, has given a great impetus and inspiration to the band of northern writers who are now coming forward into the world of literature.

It is not long since Björnson was busy tearing to tatters some of the hoary moss-covered superstitions that take strong hold of a people living much to itself, and, to a certain extent, isolated from their neighbours.

Quite a galaxy of Northern fiction writers has appeared since, followers of his—writers who produce fine studies of the peculiarities of the human mind, and set them in vividly distinct pictures with their country's blue fiords and magnificent snow-clad mountain peaks as a background. That they have greatly enriched the world's literature is undoubted. The award two years ago of the Nobel prize for literature to Knut Hamsun, the novelist, was a splendid recognition of the value of his work, and it is a striking commentary on the soul-destroying power of war, that this prize went to the nation that was least touched by the recent world upheaval.

In "Life," Johan Bojer tells a tale of human weakness and love, and a jealousy that destroys to the uttermost. He tells it so simply and with such delicacy that one can only wonder at the sureness of the artist's touch, and the vividness of the situation he portrays. But in this the Northern writers excel—they are prose poets always.

How a man, by feeding his insensate passion of jealousy, envy, and hatred for another can poison the atmosphere of his own home to the ruin and estrangement of wife, son and daughter, is told by a master's pen. And when the evil is complete, and the broken lives cannot be mended, the son sheds his fear, faces the old captain, and tells him the ugly truth—as he sees it. He wins belated freedom for his sister, and she marries the man of her heart—the son of her father's enemy. Her happiness then

seems complete—to others. From abject poverty she has become the beloved member of a proud family. Her heart is given utterly to her husband, and to him she is a peerless treasure. Her father, now reconciled and repentant, is a changed man. All she can desire is hers, but, like her mother, she has to pay dearly for what has been done in the past—when she was a sad and lonely child filled with a longing for the sympathy which her father had denied her. It is a story that will cause the reader to think to some purpose.

"THE Girl on the Boat," by P. G. Wodehouse. Herbert Jenkins, Limited, London.

Miss Billie Bennett was a red-haired girl with the beautiful ivory skin that goes with that particular make-up. She was extraordinarily pretty, and most men who saw her straightway lost their hearts. Sam Marlowe, struggling in a crowd of travellers to reach the gangway of the steamer on his way from America to England, suddenly finds himself face to face with the bewitching maiden. He is a sudden victim. Never before had he encountered such a personality, and he faces the stupendous fact that he is in love. Swift on the heels of his discovery an opportunity for attracting the divinity's notice is thrust upon him, and they become acquainted. But Billie is full of romantic notions. Her hero must be a combination of Sir Galahad and the admirable Crichton. Sam Marlowe is sanely commonplace, and he has a rival. And through various laughable adventures and schemings, Marlowe and Bream Mortimer alternately win the smiles of the uncertain lady. Although the parrot-faced Mortimer seemed about to succeed in his suit, Fate in the end arranges otherwise. It is a capital book for a wet day, there is not a dull paragraph in it, and there are smiles in plenty.

"AFTER Dinner Stories," by George Robey. Grant Richards, Limited, London.

This generous collection of anecdotes contains a few that are old friends, but there are quite a number that are new. To the after dinner speaker they will doubtless prove a mine of wealth, and to his audience a source of considerable amusement. And Mr. Robey can always be relied on to tell no story that can offend against good taste.

"THE Snowshoes Trail," by Edison Marshall. Hodder and Stoughton, Limited, London.

The author of "The Voice of the Pack," and other breezy romantic backwood stories gives in his latest a thrilling tale of human endeavour and hardy courage. With the sure knowledge of the Wild West, which he depicts with such vividness as to make it intensely real, he unites a fine sympathy and an intuitive and reverent understanding of nature in all her moods. The romantic element is introduced in such a masterly way as to make the story grip the attention till the last word is reached. The keynote is the splendid endurance that is born of the wild places of earth, and the courage to meet emergencies in a manly way. One is brought face to face with the majesty and the unrelenting cruelty of nature in the earth's wild places. Here existence narrows down to essentials—food and warmth. All other accessories fade into uselessness, and man amid such conditions obtains a truer estimate of the value of things that matter.

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FORESTER CLARKE—"Sarah" has the makings of a good character sketch. It needs snap, however, and a climax more in keeping with the main idea. Need she be such a rabid man-hater? She is a lonely and very pathetic figure—scarcely one to be held up to ridicule. With a sympathetic treatment something good might be made of the material.

CINDERELLA, Mount Eden.—I realise that your pen runs away with you, but it is a good fault—provided you can criticise the result very severely later on. "With Nature" is a thank-offering to Nature's bounty and loveliness, but it is entirely personal, and has no appeal for the general reader. In writing of this kind—semi-descriptive, semi-meditative—the use of general terms produce vagueness. You speak of "a bird singing." It would bring a vivid picture if you named it a tui or a thrush. In "Feathered Visitors" your comparison of the seagulls and tern with the falling snow settling lightly on the grass is very apposite. Have you read and studied such works as Lamb's "Essays of Elia" or "My Garden Acquaintance," by James Russell Lowell—both of them collections of essays of deathless charm and beauty—models for all time. In them accurate observation is mingled with quaint thoughts and flashes of poetry, that lift them infinitely above writing that is merely emotional and descriptive. The point of the "Joy of possessing a cow" is certainly clear.

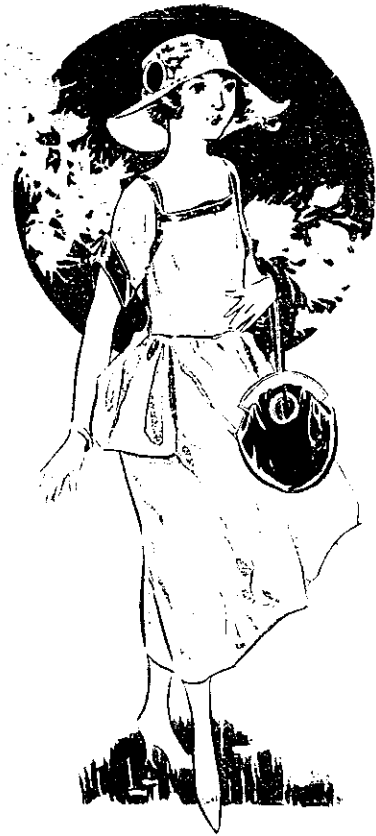
"MARY ASTOR."—"Baby's Great Aunt" has decided merit in style and workmanship, but the theme is somewhat hackneyed, and scarcely worthy of its setting. "Life's Colour in the Gray" is different. It is pleasing in subject and treatment, both of which show delicacy and an artistic sense of values. I shall probably use it in our journal.

D.M.N., Opoho, Dunedin.—You have not studied metre closely. In the lines:—

*"The pine-trees tap at my window,
Their music has entered my room,
Their voices are whispering and calling,*

Calling me through the long night"

you ignore rhyme altogether. There is smoothness of cadence in the first three lines which might pass, though end-rhymes are lacking, but you make a sudden change in the fourth. The accent alters from the second to the first syllable, and from that on the line does not scan. It is just plain prose, and the result is not pleasing. You would do well to study Prosody or the rules of verse writing and would find sufficient to help you in the chapter on metre which is included in our best English Grammars. Another point to watch is the meaning of your verse. Always have something to say when you write, and test the sense of it when written. Take the phrase "lady fairy" for instance. What is the "voice of lowering herds"—even "the voice of lowering herds" is a hackneyed expression—a reminiscence of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Do not try to write *Vers Libres*. They are the refuge of the would-be verse writer who cannot or will not take pains. Your lines on "Night" are just prose cut up into short lengths. Verse—good verse—is not written with ease. Poetry is much more difficult, but with study and application much may be accomplished.



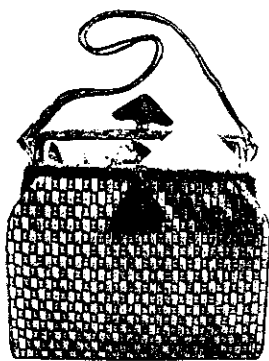
Fashionable Handbags

Distinctive and Pleasing
Designs for this Season

THE trend of fashion in handbags for present wear shows a distinct inclination towards the finer leather and suede bags. . . . Navy blue and black moroccos with white facings are very much in vogue. . . . Beaded bags are not in favour though silk and velvet in dainty pattern and exclusive design are quite as popular as ever. . . . The Handbags here illustrated, selected from Whitcombe's exclusive stock, are correct in every way and representative of prevailing modes. . . . The woman of fashion will find at Whitcombe's the desired handbag to match her new frock.



The exquisite deep-brown silk velvet shaping this bag is gathered softly together under the petals of the pine cone which forms its clasp. It is beautifully lined with old gold brocade flecked with deep blue. £8/6/6



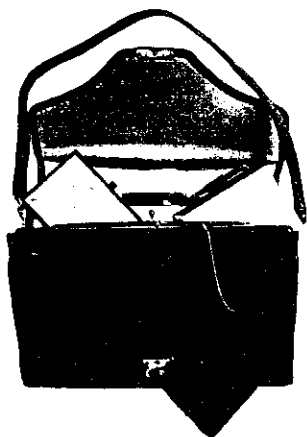
Most unusual and attractive is this dainty bag of embossed fawn leather. It is fitted with a purse and lined with distinctive flower patterned silk. The scarab clasp is most unusual and effective. 44/6



A fine-grained black morocco handbag. The white dashed fringe strikes a pleasing note of distinction. Daintily lined with silk, patterned with a white stripe on black ground. A purse and mirror are fitted. 87/6



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This is a most fashionable and serviceable bag in fine grey suede. The lining is of heavy grey moire, the fittings include a mirror, notehook and dainty chain purse. 78/6



An appealing purse vanity case of black morocco with white facings. It is daintily lined with striped silk and contains every necessary fitting. 60/-



Beautifully soft Pama suede of pleasing brown makes this a most attractive and serviceable bag, lined with watered silk and fitted with dainty purse, mirror and powder puff. 52/6



A distinctive and pleasing design in navy blue morocco faced with the fashionable white stripe. The inside is lined with heavy navy blue moire, whilst the clasp is of silver. 80/-

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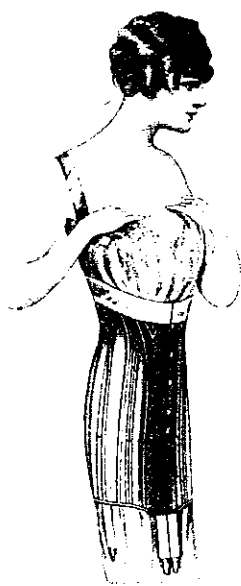
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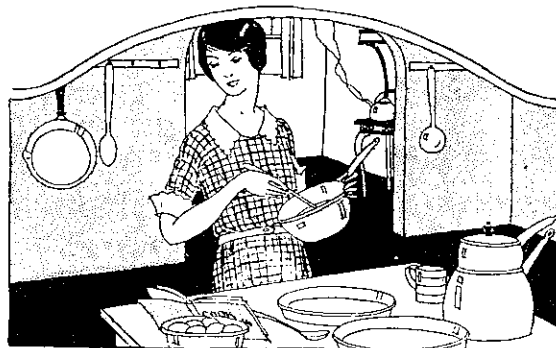
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DRIED FRUITS

New and Various Ways of Using Them

by "CUISINIÈRE"



IT is just at this season of the year, midway between spring and summer, that the load of bottled preserves on the store room shelves grows very attenuated, and the housewife thinks twice before she lifts down her last cherished jar of sliced peaches and wonders with a sigh how she will manage to think of puddings and sweets before the fresh fruits of the season appear.

But, after all, it is not such a difficult matter, and a little thought and a few new ideas, will fill the gap, and perhaps lift one out of the rut into which at times every cook falls.

If one cannot always have a plentiful supply of fresh fruit, there is at any rate a variety of dried fruit that will make many delicious dishes, and only lately it is being realised what splendid food value dried fruit contains.

Daintily cooked, some dried fruits almost equal the fresh ones, particularly the best brands of evaporated apples and dried apricots.

Well selected fruit, sun ripened, and sun dried—they are a highly concentrated form of food, and are splendid for children and adults alike.

Following are a few new and tried ways of using them:—

SWEETS

Prune Jelly

1oz. gelatine (best)
1lb. prunes
3 large tablespoons sugar
Rind (pared) of one lemon and juice of two
1½ pint water.

SOAK the prunes for several hours in the water, then boil gently with lemon rind till tender. Add lemon juice, some split almonds and gelatine (well soaked in one small cup water). Bring to boil and pour into mould.

NOTE.—If water boils down when cooking prunes, add more. There should be one quart of liquid, including the water used for soaking the gelatine.

Turn out and serve cold with whipped cream, and decorate with strips of angelica and split almonds.

Mock Poached Eggs

SOAK ¼lb. good dried apricots in cold water overnight, and then cook gently till tender. Add one tablespoonful sugar, and cook a few moments more.

Line a flat glass dish with small rounds of sponge cake (having cut away all brown edges) and place two or three apricots on each, one above the other, and cut side down.

Pour a little syrup over, and pile whipped and sweetened cream round (almond flavoured).

Put a tiny sprinkling of nutmeg on each apricot.

A light creamy blanc mange will do, if cream is scarce.

It is improved by adding a stiffly whipped white of egg.

Nasturtiums or yellow rose petals make a pretty garnish in season.

Ginger Cream

1 pint of cream (½-pint may be used)
½oz. of gelatine
White of 2 eggs
Some preserved ginger
¼-cup cold water.

SOAK gelatine in the cold water, and then dissolve over the fire; slightly cool and stir slowly into the cream; add ginger cut small or sliced, and a little of the syrup it has been preserved or cooked in; beat whites to stiff froth, and stir in lightly. Pour into a wet mould, and decorate with split almonds arranged as daisies with a tiny round of orange rind for centre. Set to cool.

Prune or Date Pudding

POUR boiling milk over 1½ cups bread crumbs, and whip up light and free from lumps (use plenty of milk when possible). Add a little grated lemon rind, a little grated nutmeg, and the yolks of two eggs, and finally the whites stiffly whipped.

Pour over prunes or dates that have been cooked in syrup, arrange in a buttered dish and bake a delicate brown in a moderate oven.

Dried Apple Tart

SOAK the apples overnight, and then cook till tender, add sugar to taste, a good lump of butter, rind and juice of one lemon, and cook again. Then add dates chopped and stoned, and bake all in an open dish lined with a short crust. This is delicious served cold, or hot with custard sauce.

Dried Apple Shorts

CREAM ½-cup butter with ½-cup brown sugar; add 2 eggs and beat well, then 3 cups flour sifted with ½-teaspoonful salt and 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder; next add 1 cupful of stewed and drained dried apples.

Roll out on floured baking board, cut in rounds, and bake 20 minutes in hot oven. Serve hot.

Peach and Raisin Roll

INTO a stewpan or double boiler put 1 cup stewed dried peaches, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 cup of boiling water, 2 tablespoonfuls orange juice, 2 tablespoonfuls honey or sugar, and cook over hot water till thick.

Cool and use as filling for sponge cake or roll, or sweet brown bread, bread.

Prune and Raisin Turnovers

CREAM ¼lb. butter, ½-cup brown sugar, add ½-cup each of orange and lemon peel shredded fine, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 cup chopped cooked prunes, ½-teaspoonful powdered ginger and mace, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, and 3 beaten yolks of eggs.

Roll out short pastry and cut in rounds. Wet round edges with water, put a teaspoonful of mixture in centre of each, and fold over. Brush over with milk and bake in hot oven 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold. Half the quantity of filling can be made if liked.



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SPONGES

Two Recipes

Sponge Sandwich

3 eggs, 1 cup sugar (small),
2 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

"How do you like my SELBY SHOES?"



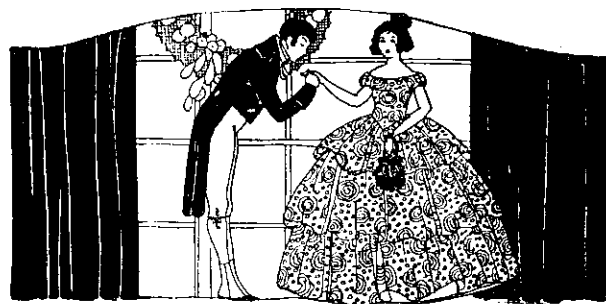
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THE QUEST AFTER BEAUTY



Are Your Arms Beautiful?

How to Make Them So

THE fashion for long transparent sleeves or no sleeves at all makes it essential that the modern girl should pay the greatest possible attention to the appearance of her arms.

The real key to the question lies, not so much in the development of the muscles as their even development, and the girl whose devotion to sport has developed some muscles more than others is as far from having the arms that a sculptor would admire as she who has the thin arm of a girl with no muscle at all.

Exercises should all aim at developing the muscles in order from the fingers upward. Friction in itself stimulates them, and it is not a bad plan to lay the arm out straight on a pillow on the table and simply stroke it from the wrist up to the shoulder and down again.

Then start the actual developing exercises by imitating the action of using the scissors. This doesn't stop with the fingers, but acts on the whole of the forearm. Rowing men have a very good exercise for the forearm and wrist in imitation of the end of the pull. They draw in the arms to the chest, with the wrists bent down, and shoot them out again with the wrists turned up as far as they will go. Everybody at some time has tested their biceps and triceps muscles by bringing the hands, with fists clenched, up to the shoulders and down to the sides again, and this movement will occur to them as an exercise at once, but they must realise that the arm is completely spoilt by a shoulder that is out of proportion to it. The muscle along the top of the shoulder, the deltoid, is quite as important as the arm muscles themselves, and should be trained by the ordinary Swedish drill movement of shooting the arms above the head and down to the shoulders again.

Of course, if a woman's work or play brings out any of these muscles it is essential to carefully avoid any exercise which touches them especially, or the balance will be lost, and the arm will never be round, but always too lumpy and masculine looking.

Beauty of Contour

THE greatest trouble a woman suffers from at a certain period of her life, when the first bloom of youth has passed its zenith, is the unfortunate little "hugbear" known as a double chin. If a woman will only realise in time that prevention is better than cure, that if prevention is beyond her for the moment, she must take the trouble to understand a proper method to carry out a cure.

Massage, judiciously carried out, is an absolute necessity, and to those who can afford to pay someone to do the work they themselves can do is a soothing luxury, but massage alone is not sufficient. To produce healthy tissues and eradicate adipose tissues, whereby muscles become strong and equal to their work, simple exercises

should be performed that will cause no headaches or other inconvenience, and can be carried out in a sitting posture in bed if necessary. Exercises and massage must be taken seriously, just as one takes a course of waters at a spa for a cure, and a certain length of time is always allowed until a cure is complete.

Flabby Muscles

The flabbiness of muscles by the temples and cheek bones causes ugly drooping lines from the nose to the chin. Therefore they need careful massage.

The tightening of the muscles behind the ears has the effect of removing an unsightly double chin and improving the contour of the face. The tightening of the muscles at the back of the neck has the effect of keeping the neck youthful and helping to improve the whole contour of neck and face, retaining its normal beauty.

Exercises for the neck are as follows:—

1. Bend the head well forward, chin resting on upper part of chest; place hands (fingers interlaced) on the upper part of the back of the head. Then slowly raise the head, resisting the movement with strong downward pressure of the hands until the head is as far back as possible. Repeat this movement backwards and forwards ten times.

2. Turn the head to the left as far over the shoulder as possible. Place right hand against the side of the head. Slowly turn the head until facing to centre, resisting with the hands in a contrary direction. Repeat exercise, turning head to right, resisting with left hand. This movement should be carried out ten times.

These exercises should be performed slowly without any jerking movement.

Massage

For massage, using a good massage cream, the following movement is excellent:—

The tips of the fingers should be placed on the temples, thumbs meeting under the chin. Pass thumbs round the contour of the face, when reaching temples remove thumbs and slowly massage with tips of fingers with circular movement the muscles by the temples. This massage should be carried out for quite two or three minutes.

NO one can arrest the approach of middle age, but any woman who takes an intelligent interest in making the best of herself can retard the moment when she must be classed among those who have bid farewell to youthfulness.

A few grey hairs, a wrinkle or two, do not necessarily prove that a woman is growing old; her apparent age is influenced very largely by her mental attitude towards life. Most of us have all, more or less, discovered the power of mind over matter. To retain youth one must "think young," cultivate the vitality, and take an intelligent and youthful interest in everything around you. Youth is always deeply interested in everything, and so is the woman who maintains her youth till late in life.



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Neckstrap, Tapes 36 x 28 5/9
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Child's slip-on 26 x 20 4/3
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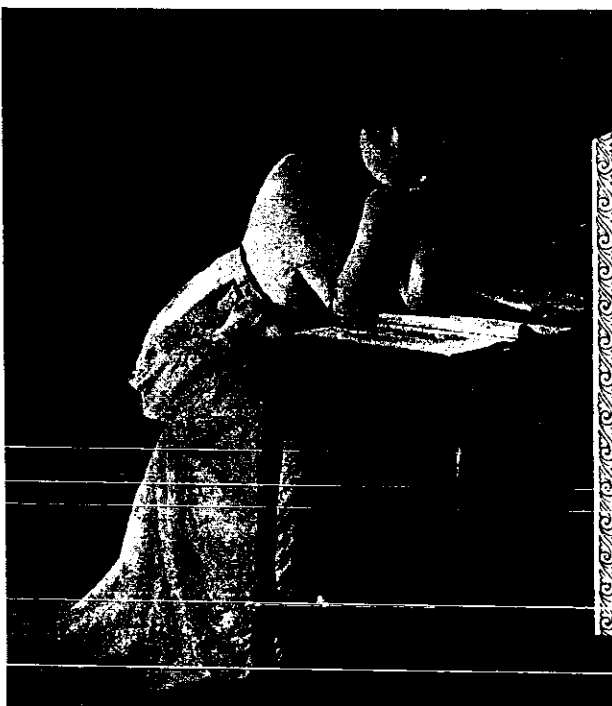
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Page 26.

GOLF DOINGS

by Putting Green



Mrs. Guy Williams, New Zealand Champion, and Mrs. P. R. Gardner discussing the games with a friend.

New Zealand Championship Meeting

THE N.Z. Golf Championship was played on the Wanganui links under perfect weather conditions, rain falling on one afternoon only.

The links were in beautiful order, the greens well-kept perfect, and the golf in consequence of a very high rank. The championship won by Mrs. Guy Williams was full of interest. Although it was expected that she would once more gain the title of New Zealand lady champion, there were many players who were able to give her some very close games. The tournament opened with the Inter-island match, which resulted in a draw, both sides winning two games, and two being square. The next match of importance was the Mellisop Cup, which was won by Mrs. Williams with a score of 260, with Miss Gambrill close behind, 262, and Miss Payton, 268.

The Coronation Medal was won by Mrs. Dodgshun, of Otago, who beat the entire field of players with a comparatively small handicap of 7, with Miss McCormick close behind. The L.G.U. Challenge Bowl was won by Mrs. Stewart, of Feilding, after a play-off with Miss Nolan.

The Donnelly Cup went to Miss Bloomfield, of Auckland, who beat "par" by no fewer than seven strokes, and in consequence considerably reduced her handicap.

The Rattray Cup, for the two best bogey scores, was won by Miss Culling, of Auckland, who was 1 down and 5 up on the two games, making her 4 up. It is interesting to note that this player has now won the cup twice.



Miss Culling (Middlemore), winner of the Rattray Cup.

The putting prizes were won by Mrs. Weston, Mrs. Hayman (2), Mrs. Plummer (2), Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Fowler.

The four players to come through to the semi-finals were: Mrs. Williams, and Misses Wright, Brown and Bell.

Both these games were full of interest, especially that between Mrs. Williams and Miss Wright, which was won by Mrs. Williams, 3 and 1. Play was even over the first few holes, but then Mrs. Williams got a lead, which she maintained all the way. Miss Bell's victory over Miss Brown was well deserved, and her sterling game in the final showed her ability to hold her own with the best.



Miss Bell (Wellington), runner-up for the New Zealand Championship, and winner of the Manawatu Championship.

The final was played under perfect weather conditions, and was full of interest all the way. Mrs. Williams was 3 up on the morning round, gained through her greater length in both irons and wooden clubs. This lead she kept, and gradually gained on Miss Bell in the afternoon, until the game was 6 up and 7 to play. However, she was forced to go another three holes before the game was over, the score being 5 up and 4 to play at the finish.

At the conclusion, the president of the Wanganui Ladies' Golf Club, Mrs. Neane, called upon Mrs. Mellisop, the president of the L.G. Union, to present the prizes.

The four ball bogey was won by Misses Cracroft-Wilson and Bristed, 5 up.

The teams' match was won by Wellington, and other prize-winners were: Mrs. Fowler, Misses Gambrill, Watson, Nolan, Dixon, Brandon and Bell.

Various matches with country clubs have been played. A party of eight players from the Ladies' Golf Club played a match at the Rangiora links against a team of local ladies, and after some exciting games, the Shirley players won by a narrow margin. The Rangiora players—Mrs. Leach and Misses Lynsky, Guy and Webster—with their club members, entertained the town ladies most hospitably. The Shirley players were: Mrs. S. Lawrence, Mrs. Tossell, Mrs. Vernon, and Misses Harley, Ronaldson, Enright, Bristed and Gerard.

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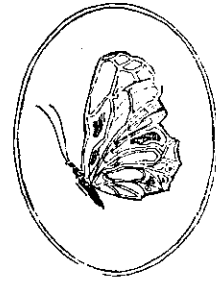
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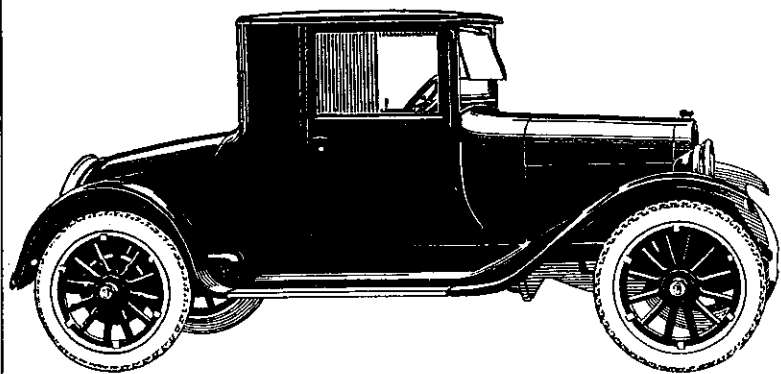
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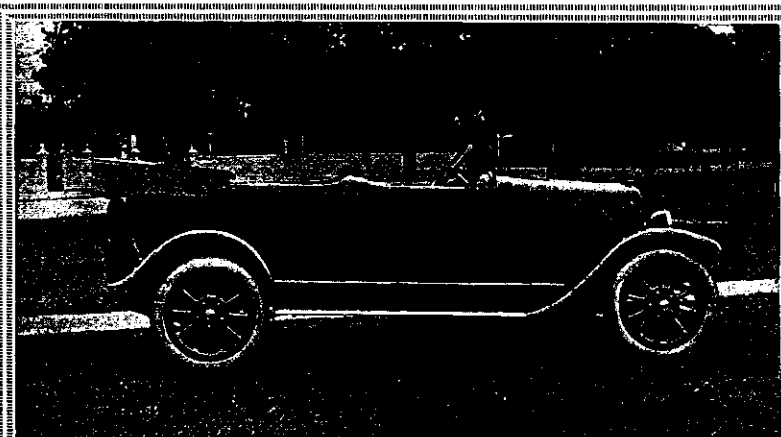


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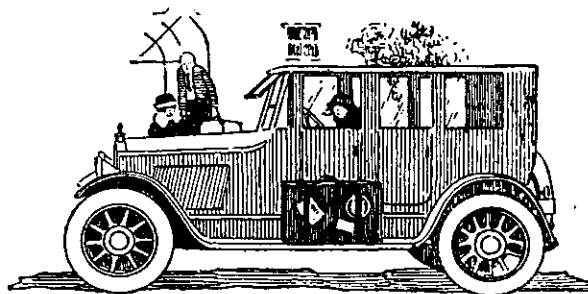
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WOMAN AND HER CAR

by SPARKING PLUG



To Motor in Comfort

IF you intend to spend any part of a holiday in a car, whether in the form of daily runs from a fixed centre or a motor tour lasting for several days, you should take thought for your comfort during the many hours you will spend sitting in the car.

Take a soft down cushion, or, still better, if you can, an air pillow, which can be tucked into the small of your back and save much stiffness after a long run. If the car is an open one don't forget your mackintosh and a rainproof felt or leather pull-on hat, which can be tucked into the pocket of the mackintosh in fine weather, and since our climate is so uncertain and chill winds often follow the warmest day, always take a rug.

The Motor Dressing Bag

Apart from any hand luggage you may have in the car, keep beside you a little despatch case containing a few useful aids to your well-being and comfort during the run. A veil and a few hairpins, in case the wind proves stronger than you had expected; cotton-wool for your ears in the same case, a wise precaution which may save you a bout of neuralgia; a mirror; a soft old handkerchief with which to remove the accumulated dust from your face before applying the cold cream which should also be included as a protection from wind and sun, and powder; lip salve, not necessarily carmine, will also be found soothing for dry lips on dusty days. A comb may be added, as an aid to the wayside toilet, and it is wise to put in some eye lotion in case of eye trouble from dust or wind.

When Riding in a Friend's Motor

THERE are no hard and fast rules regarding the division of the share of costs, etc., in running a car when a friend suggests that you should accompany her on a trip, or if, for your convenience, it is arranged that she should drive you to some destination.

Judgment is naturally required to decide whether the occasion and the circumstances warrant you making any offer, and tact is necessary in approaching the question, but in the case of the owner of a small car or a motor-cycle, to whom the cost of petrol and other extras are important items, a frank disclaimer of all intention to allow her to stand the whole expense is undoubtedly the fairest method of dealing with the matter.

In the case of a long run, the best arrangement is to agree to a half-and-half division of the running expenses, these including petrol, ordinary small repairs, garage fees, etc., but should the owner of the car insist that she is responsible for these items and you still wish to be under no obligation to her, suggest that you should balance the debt by paying for all meals for which you stop on the road, or, if it is a picnicking expedition, undertake to bring all that is necessary as your contribution to the trip.

If this satisfaction is still denied you, a thoughtfully chosen present made at the conclusion of the run

is a graceful way of showing your appreciation of her kindness.

When, however, you have either asked your friend to lend you her car or to drive you for any distance to save you having to travel in any other manner, it is generally understood that it will be your part to supply the petrol necessary, that her store may not be depleted. Burst tyres you would also pay for, and if any accident happens to the car while you are driving it or using it in the owner's absence, you will be responsible for the damage, unless, of course, her chauffeur is at the wheel at the time of the mishap. Always return a borrowed car complete with petrol and oil.

Some Little Courtesies that Count

NOT in any mood of superiority, but with a genuine desire to help the inexperienced motorist, I am setting down, writes a correspondent, a few "Do's" and "Don'ts" which twenty years of motoring have proved to me add so much to the enjoyment of the day's run.

Do not sound your horn more than necessary. A Klaxon in his right ear is irritating to the experienced driver and nerve-shaking to the beginner.

If travelling slowly don't stick in the middle of the road.

Keep your hands and feet ready on the controls at all crossings, even if you pass two hundred in the day's run. The driver who comes out of a turning may be a worse driver than yourself.

Always slow down for children and watch them carefully.

When descending a hill, always give way to the car ascending it, even if you have the right of way. You probably won't have to change gear, but he certainly will, if you hold him up.

In the country always ask the driver in trouble at the side of the road if you can help. Years ago this was always done, but I never see it now. It is such an easy little courtesy of the road. It may land you into helping with a tyre, but again, you may want a tin of petrol yourself some day.

If you must have an accident, refuse to move your car until a plan has been made—and witnessed—of its position on the road. You should be particularly firm on this point, of course, if you are in the right.

If you should transgress any, or all, of these rules and courtesies of the road, well, just apologise humbly and make a friend of the other driver instead of an enemy.

Tips That May Be Useful

WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF FIRE.

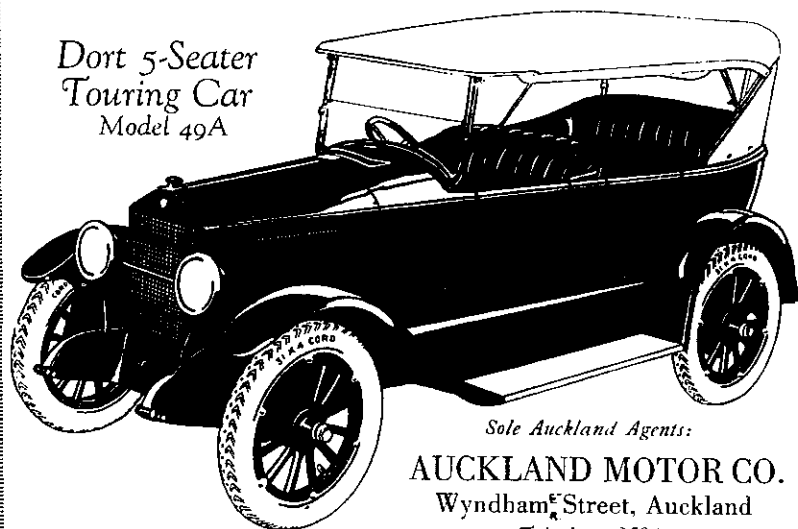
WHEN a car catches fire, the outcome often depends on what is done in the first three to five seconds immediately thereafter. If there is no fire extinguisher at hand, don't give up. Dirt, sand, or mud is usually close at hand, and if they are applied quickly and freely, the blaze in most cases will not live long. Don't be afraid of getting the engine dirty. Even though it may be thoroughly plastered, it will not take long to clean it. A good idea in the summer is always to carry an extinguisher.



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The New Dort is a handsome car. Its lines are restrained—it is not “freakish”—yet it impresses you at once as being thoroughly modern, smart and different from anything you have seen. Cleverly sprung, it rides so serenely smooth, you forget bad roads. Ladies especially appreciate the ultra-modern refinements and the perfect mechanical efficiency of the Dort. You are invited to enjoy the pleasure of a trial run

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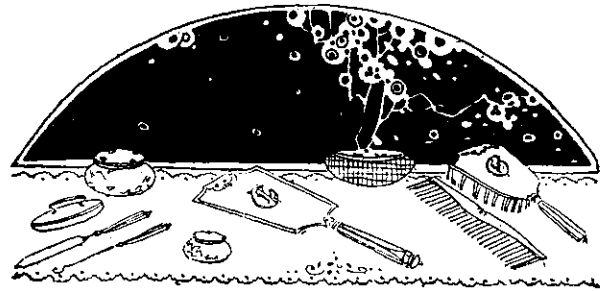


C548—EXTREMELY Dainty AFTER-NOON FROCK, modelled from exceptionally heavy English Crêpe de Chine, in all seasonable colours. A feature of this delightful frock is the novel apron effect, upon which are traced in steel beads the five sprays illustrated, and the pearl girdle which gives the gathered effect. Note the low waist, now so fashionable.

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Semi-transparent and the size and colour of a beautiful thin-skinned Kentish cherry, cornelians are really a form of agate.

Their value lies in their colour—the best beads are all cut from the heart of the stone, and are a deep orange, with a hint of pink in it.

While cornelian beads are made both round and oval, the ball-shaped ones are far the most effective.

The word "agate" is too apt to conjure up visions of hideous brooches and boxes made of the "marbled" semi-transparent stone. In reality there are many varieties of agate, most of which are very beautiful and of considerable value.

Chalcedony is agate's more poetic name, and the milky-blue variety is exquisite.

The milky-white variety is by no means inexpensive, an attractive string

costing as much as ten guineas, though if faceted its cost is proportionately higher.

Amethyst is in specially high favour just now. Its lovely translucent colour shades from an almost clear white—"the root," as it is technically known—to a deep violet centre in a perfect piece of stone.

The rarest and most beautiful Chinese pendants are usually carved from a block of amethyst, showing exquisite gradations of colour, while the finest beads are cut as a rule from the deep violet "heart" alone.

Beware of wearing a treasured amethyst pendant where it will catch the full rays of the summer sun. It has been known to act as "burning-glass," the concentrated rays shivering it to pieces.

Turquoise matrix should be chosen for its deep blue tint. The centre of the stone is of deepest turquoise blue, without the dark lines which run through the outer sections, and it is from this central "heart" that the stones destined to be set into rings, or used for the rarer Chinese carved pendants, are cut.

Turquoise, alas, is very apt to fade—even two or three years' wear will considerably change its colour, and it gains a paler, and often slightly greenish, shade.

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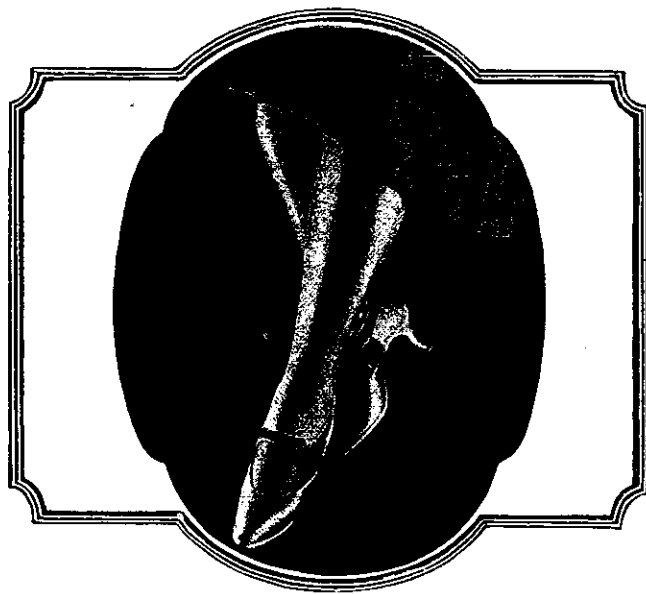
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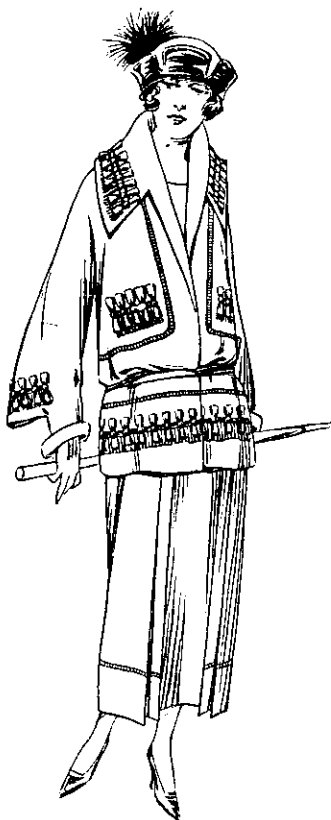
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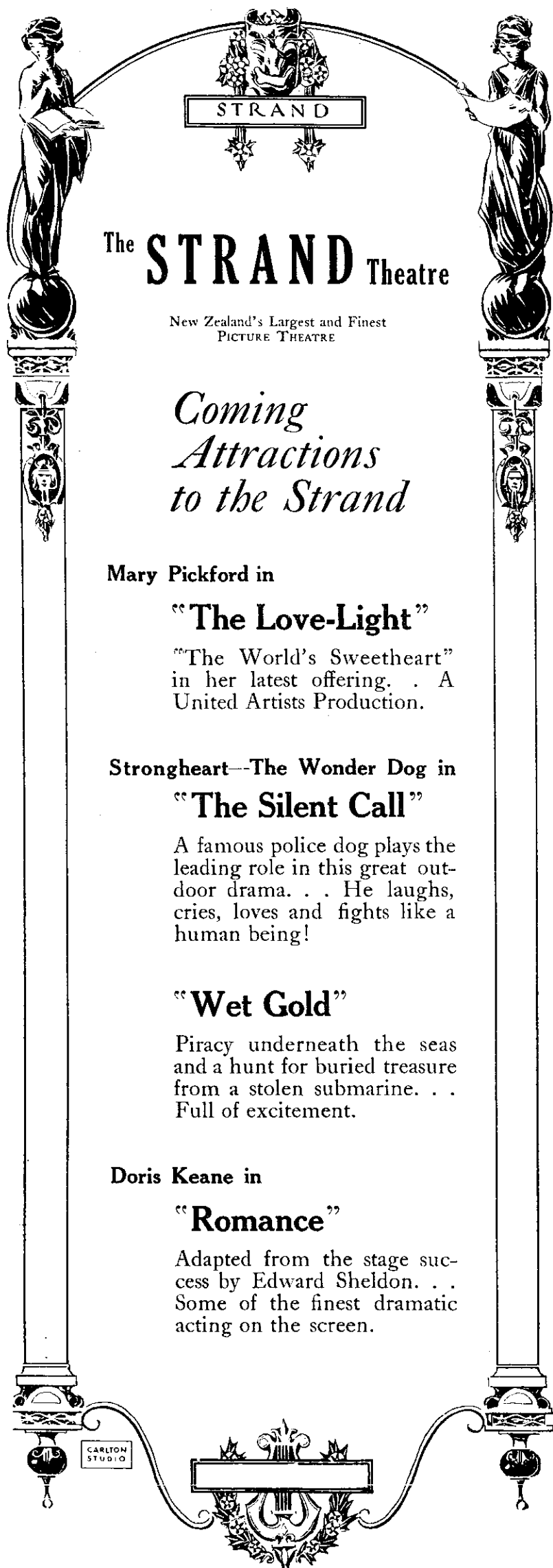
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"AT last, I am famous," says Sir James Barrie. "I've lived in London a good many years, but it was never until charming Mary Pickford visited me that the street outside my windows was packed with a cheering crowd."

It is just ten years ago that Sarah Bernhardt appeared in a photoplay as Queen Elizabeth. Screen drama was then in its infancy, and Madame Bernhardt's appearance raised its standard considerably. In ten years, the motion picture has grown from an experiment to a world's necessity.

Constance Talmadge cleverly fits her costume to her mood, and makes every detail of her dress express some phase of her personality. She declares that emotion is the great factor in the development of expressive and artistic dress.

The many readers of Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," will be delighted to know that Mary Pickford, in her reproduction of the story for the screen, has preserved all its quaintness and charm. The New York street scenes, the impressive castle of Dorincourt in all its ancient glory, Dorincourt

Lodge and the peasant home of Mrs. Higgins make interesting settings for the Victorian dresses with their puffed sleeves, bustles and long trains.

"Suds," Mary Pickford's forthcoming production for the United Artists, might well be termed "The Tale of a Shirt," for the scenes are set in a little laundry in the slums of London. Miss Pickford, as Amanda Afflick, weaves a romance about such a prosaic thing as a shirt, which has been left by a customer. "Lavender," the delivery horse, plays an appealing part.

HEREDITY and environment form the theme of Douglas Fairbanks's latest production, "The Mollycoddle." The finest "set" in this picture is an exact reproduction of Monte Carlo with its historic and famous casino. Mr. Fairbanks plays the part of the hero, who, after a sheltered childhood and youth, learns how to play the man under rough conditions.

As a real change from the usual screen drama, you should see "Sonny." It's a quiet, home-town film, and makes its appeal through the work of one actor, Dick Barthelmess. It's full of "human interest" and a veritable triumph of personality.

Pauline Frederick might be called "The Old Reliable," for she never disappoints. In a highly emotional rôle such as "Madame X" she is magnificent. In a scented rose garden at twilight, she is an ideal Juliet in "The Lure of Jade." Marion Orth's novel, "Houses of Glass" forms the basis of "The Lure of Jade," and the Southern Seas make some of its settings. Miss Frederick's admirers will be sorry to know that she is forsaking the screen for a while and returning to the stage. She has signed contracts to appear in both London and New York.

A few weeks ago Charlie Chaplin entertained Madame Anna Pavlova and members of her dancing organisation at his Hollywood studios. The guests were shown scenes from "Pay-Day," Mr. Chaplin's First National picture. The plant of the studio, and his anecdotes of visitors to his studio, which included the King of Belgium and other members of Royal Families, proved very interesting to his visitors.



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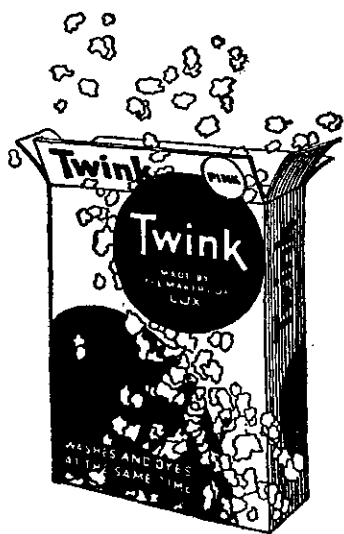
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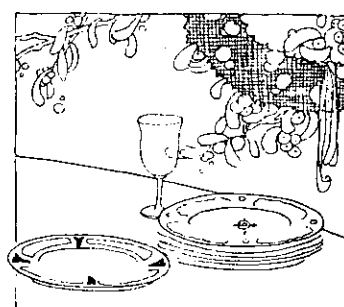
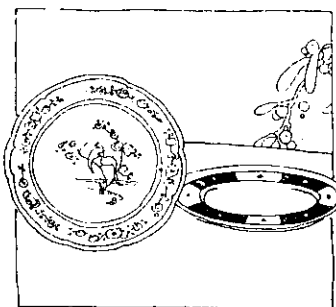
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THE CARE OF HOUSE PLANTS

by "ACHIMENES"

THE season for the general repotting and overhauling of pot plants is with us, and since almost every home-maker is interested in house plants, some general remarks upon the subject should be opportune. It is a comparatively rare thing to find house plants growing satisfactorily, in spite of all the attention they receive from careful treatment. New specimens bought from the nurseryman begin to lose their healthy green colour in a few weeks, and gradually die. A house plant should not be regarded as a decorative feature of the home, to be renewed from time to time, in the same manner as cut flowers. It gives the maximum of pleasure when it continues to grow and proves to be happy in its surroundings.

Ignorance of plant hygiene is the principal cause of failure. The dog, the cat, the canary or any other house pet is allowed fresh air and exercise in the open, but plants, which by nature also delight in out-door life, are confined to a shaded, sometimes well-darkened room. Such conditions are unnatural, and are sure to prove fatal. The plants selected for introduction to our living rooms, grow naturally in sheltered gullies and ravines, but do not extend into caves, even when the conditions of lighting and air circulation are equal to those of the average dwelling. A better understanding of the requirements of these plants is the first essential to success.

Quite one-half of the dry matter of plants consists of carbon, which is absorbed from the atmosphere. This is taken in by minute breathing pores upon the leaf surface; there may be 400,000 of them to each square inch. When ventilation is poor, the air surrounding the leaves is soon exhausted of its carbon dioxide, and the plants starve. Starvation of the plant is also caused when the leaf surface becomes clogged with dust and fluff from the daily sweeping and cleansing operations. Sponging the leaves with tepid, soapy water once a week will work wonders in keeping the plants healthy. This treatment will also destroy scale insects and other forms of life which suck the sap from the leaves, and choke the breathing apertures with sticky secretions.

Many plants require full exposure to the sun to enable them to develop, but shade-loving species are selected for house decoration. The degree of shade best suited to them is such as would be supplied by the foliage of larger trees and shrubs growing in full exposure to sunlight.

In order to thrive, house plants should be placed near a window upon which the sun shines occasionally. They should be allowed as much ventilation as possible on fine days, and should not be unduly exposed to cold draughts, or heat from fires, gas or electric radiators. To prevent the leaves being drawn to the light, the pot should be turned every other day. Even when all these conditions are fulfilled, the plant should have at least one full day's holiday every week, which should be spent in a place where fresh air and light shade may be had. Select a day when you feel it a pleasure to be out yourself.

THE ideal method of treatment of house plants is to have duplicate specimens, so that they may be interchanged more frequently, having one day in and one or more days out. To carry out this treatment successfully a warm verandah corner with glass protection against prevailing winds is advisable.

With palms and aspidistras the most important period for ventilation is during the spring, when new leaves



are forming. These develop very rapidly, the fleshy roots of the plants giving up a reserve of nourishment stored in them to provide the necessary raw material. Where a bush house is available, the plants will benefit greatly by being left out during the months of September, October and November. Rooms that are kept darkened during the summer months are not suitable for growing plants. Artificial plants would be just as decorative, and much less trouble.

Another frequent cause of failure with house plants is due to defective drainage in the soil, or perhaps more correctly, over watering. Plants growing indoors do not respire as freely as those in exposed positions, hence they are not able to use water with the same rapidity. No matter what provision is made for drainage, if the compost be unsuitable, the soil is apt to be too wet, even after the surplus moisture has drained out. A suitable compost should consist of one part of good loam, one part leaf mould or well-rotted manure, one part coarse sand, and about a quarter part of powdered charcoal. The chip soil from the wood-heap, tea leaves and decayed matter from old tree stumps should be avoided. To the whole mixture bonedust may be added at the rate of about a teaspoonful to a six-inch pot of soil.

Overpotting is responsible for many failures. It is more difficult to regulate the water supply when large pots are used. Indeed, palms do not succeed until the pots are well filled with roots. When a move becomes necessary, it should be to a pot just one size larger, carefully packing the prepared compost between the old ball of roots and the side of the pot with a thin flat stick. Plants in small pots are also much more serviceable for decorative purposes. During the growing period weekly applications of highly diluted liquid manure may be given.

Aspidistras may be treated similarly to palms. These are, without exception, the finest plants for house decoration, as they stand the lighting conditions better than any others. Palms may be placed next to the list. The Kentias are the most hardy, particularly *K. belmoreana* and *K. fosteriana*. Many varieties of ferns are satisfactory, but they require a well-lighted situation. The asparagus ferns make good house plants, but must have a well-lighted situation, and plenty of ventilation to succeed.



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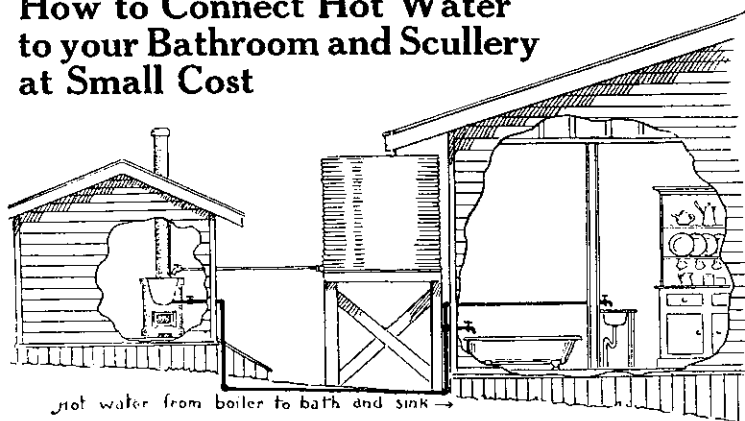


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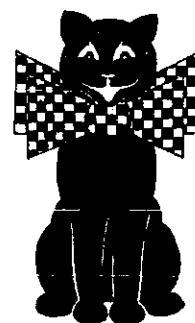
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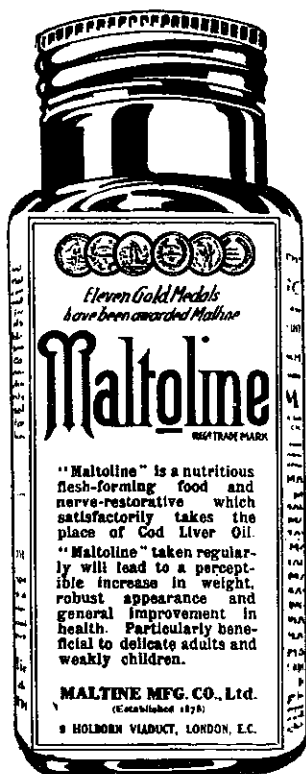


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IN THE BUSINESS WORLD



MISS Gertrude Blyth, whose photograph is inset, is a recent arrival from London, where she held responsible positions with several of the large business concerns. Before coming to Auckland she spent some time travelling round Australia, where she combined business with pleasure. After a six months' stay there she came to New Zealand, and is now employed as secretary to the Auckland Dixieland Cabaret, where she is happy, in spite of being always busy.

Miss R. Brabant, who is employed as typiste by Messrs. Samuel Vaile and Sons, Auckland, has recently become engaged to Mr. E. H. Hunter, of Auckland. She is a native of Napier, and is an excellent tennis player, having taken part in the tennis competitions at the Napier High School, where she was educated.

For three years Miss May Roberts was a member of the staff of the Motor Insurance Company, Wellington, but came to Auckland recently to join the United States Rubber Company Limited, which has opened a branch in Auckland. Her work is responsible, and she takes great interest in it.

Her recreations are dancing and swimming.

Miss Kathleen Morton, who has assisted in the management of her brother's business in Orehunga for many years, has visited America on two occasions to act as buyer of large and responsible consignments of hardware and drapery goods. Her abilities do not stop at business; she is an excellent hostess and musician.

Another girl venturing independently into Auckland's business world is Miss Daisy Bolton, who has taken up the profession of public stenographer. She is the daughter of Major Bolton, postmaster of Featherston, and was employed by the late firm of Messrs. Shearer and Eastgate, land agents, Auckland, for some years as stenographer. She is a splendid swimmer, and holds a championship for one mile.

The many friends and acquaintances of Miss Dorothy Drewe will regret her absence from Auckland, where she was quite popular. She has been transferred from the Edendale Public School to the Wellington Education Board. Miss Drewe was educated at Braemar High School, and later obtained her D Certificate with honour. She was fond of dancing, and took part in most of the University functions.

MISS Farrell, who has been travelling for various indent firms during the last eight years, will leave by the "Makura" on an extended business tour through Australia, visiting Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth, Fremantle, as well as the larger towns in the Federal States, including Hobart, on her way back to New Zealand.

Amidst artistic surroundings in Auckland, Miss Gwen Smith is to be found designing and making gowns for all occasions. She is assisted in her business by her sister, Mrs. Lawrence, and employs a staff of ten girls. Previous to opening her rooms she acted as designer to "Vogue," under the management of Mrs. Lawrence. Miss Smith was well known in Christchurch as a teacher of dramatic dancing.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS

DO you remember Mrs. Russell, who sold such charming models at her Queen Street shop two years ago? She has now opened in Upper Symonds Street, showing her artistry in the new Spring modes—you may also buy hose to match hats, also chic little silk jumpers. These are so reasonable. And, just a whisper. If you have a last year's straw, do not throw it away; Mrs. Russell will take that hat and a band, a ribbon, a flower, and hey presto! you have a new hat—for a few shillings. Your friends will exclaim: "What, another new hat?"

Ribbon Hats of the most delightful shades and shapes—so smart for night wear or motoring—are being shown at Sneddens Ltd., Upper Symonds Street. You know how difficult it is to find a hat which is useful and yet becoming, and what pleasure it gives one to be able to combine the two. Then do not miss trying on one of these pretty shapes. Messrs. Sneddens Ltd., the house which is noted for exclusive, yet reasonable, goods, have priced these hats at only 15/11.

Gowns for the Bride

If there is a time in one's life when one has the right to monopolise the centre of the stage, it is the occasion of one's wedding, and no effort one makes to create a charming effect would be too great. Next in importance to the right man, is the right wedding gown. "The Boudoir," Karangahape Road, is showing some

exquisite bridal gowns and accessories—orange blossom, pearl ornaments, and misty tulle veils, lovely enough for an angel, or the very smartest bride. "The Boudoir" has always been noted for its exclusive and beautiful modes.

Organdie for the Summer Girl

Some dainty frocks for the afternoon toilette, for dinner or for the innumerable informal little dances which will take place this season will be needed by the summer girl. Nothing could be more suitable or sweeter than white or coloured organdie. The daintiest little frocks imaginable are being shown in this material at Messrs. Louis H. Glass, Karangahape Road (near Tivoli). Organdie suggests summer, blue days, sunshine, happiness—and the *jeune fille*.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

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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It is the mothers whose hearts are well-nigh broken when they see their own boys under the influence of liquor for the first time. . Can any mother think of an excuse for allowing this terrible cause, the Liquor Traffic, to carry on its drunkard-making, home-breaking work? Does any mother wish to place her boys and girls within reach of the Liquor Traffic's greedy tentacles? Mothers of New Zealand, if you wish to make our Dominion a safer, happier and more prosperous place for your children,

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