

THE LADIES' MIRROR

The Fashionable Ladies' Journal of New Zealand



1st DECEMBER
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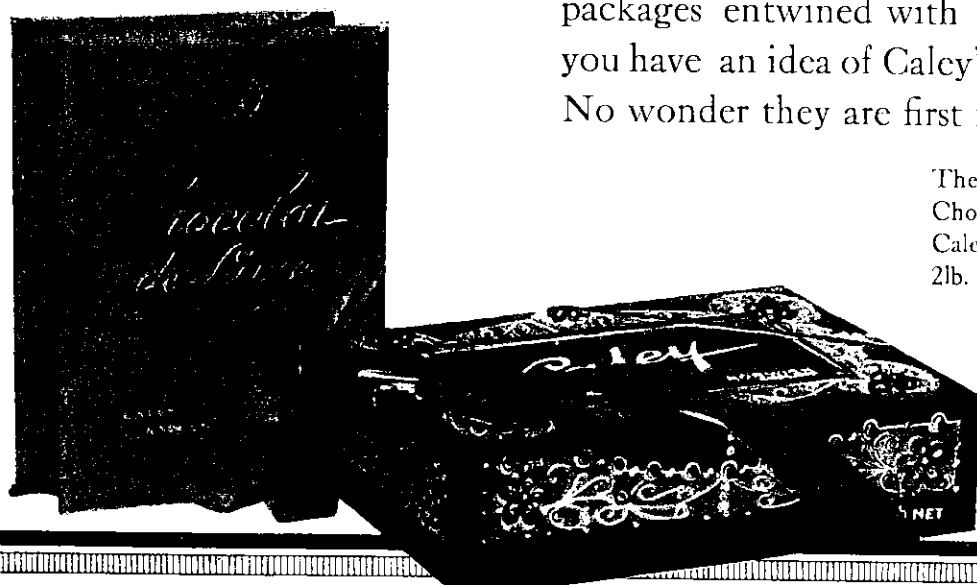


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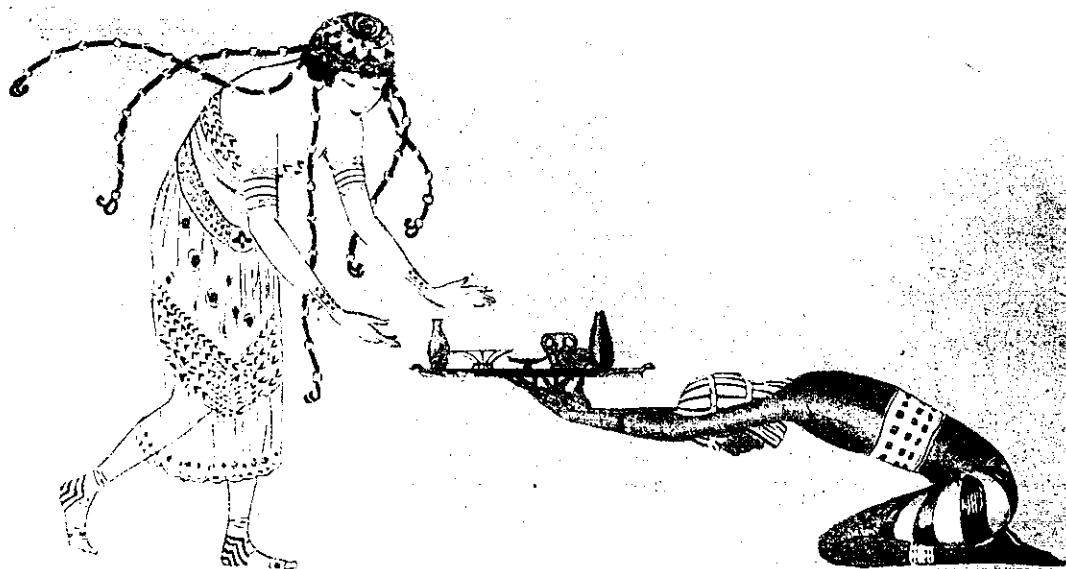
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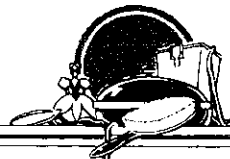


The LADIES' MIRROR

The Fashionable Ladies' Journal of New Zealand

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ONE SHILLING

Foreword

THE December issue comes in an essentially Christmas garb. A little in advance of the season, perhaps, but in time to remind our readers that the season of festivity approaches, and that preparations for its due observance must be taken in hand. Christmas under the Southern Cross, for climatic reasons alone, has developed along entirely different lines from the observances of the Mother Country. The Yule log and the skates are not for us, but their places are usurped by a thousand celebrations in the great outdoors and an infinitely wider scope for enjoyment and recreation is provided by the kindly conditions of midsummer. But there is one feature of England's Christmas which everyone who loves his kind preserves undiminished in this far outpost of Empire—the giving of gifts. Kindliness of heart and a desire to be kept in remembrance are limited by neither climate nor country, and Christmas is the true season for giving expression to these phases of human character. And so at this time we strive by our gifts to express something of our feeling.

Purely in a disinterested way we here make the

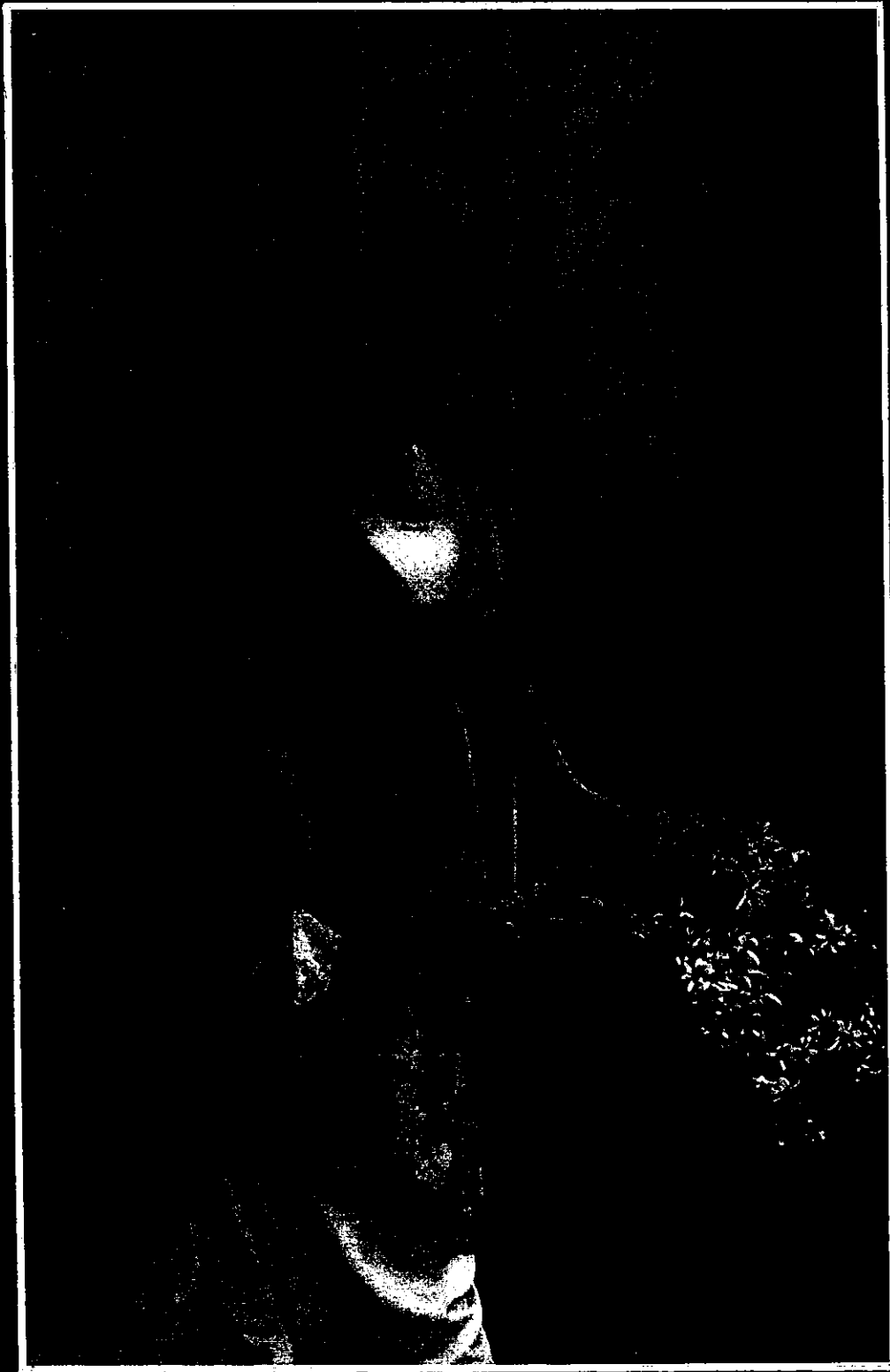
further suggestion that few gifts will so well serve to keep the giver in remembrance as a year's subscription to the LADIES' MIRROR. For a sum that is within the scope of the most moderate income one can have this journal sent along for the whole year, and thus at least twelve times in the twelve-month the gratified recipient will be pleasantly reminded of the giver. A useful gift and an ornamental, the MIRROR will combine the two greatest requirements of every seasonable gift, and we believe that the suggestion made upon the cover will be welcomed by many who already know and appreciate the helpfulness and charm of our journal. The reproductions of artistic photographs should enhance the pictorial interest of our journal. The beautiful view of a well-known church, with its congregation dispersing after service, has a peaceful and appealing charm, while the night pictures of Auckland Harbour, the gallant old sailing ship, and last, but by no means least, the fine study from the nude, make up a supplement with which we have much pleasure in wishing our many readers a very Happy Christmas.

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Havelock Williams, Timaru, photo.

Madame Gower-Burns, one of the leading vocalists of Christchurch, and a hostess of great social charm.

THE SOLIDARITY OF WOMEN

The National Councils & What They Are

IN the beginning of the last century it was a fearsome thing for a woman to step out of her sheltered, well-curtained home, and take part in a woman's meeting. To be a "woman's rights" advocate was not considered respectable, still, here and there were women with convictions strong enough to brave public opinion in trying to organise other women, and to stir them up to take a hand in doing some spring-cleaning outside their own homes. It was a big thing for those gentle, meek little ladies to do.



Dr. Hilda Northcroft, president of the Auckland branch of the National Council, secretary for the New Zealand National Council, and president of the local Federation of University Women.

They had magnificent courage, and it was owing to their quiet well-thought-out efforts that the women of all Christian nations are now linked together in that great organisation known as the International Council of women, under the headship of leaders noted for their tolerance, their wide sympathy and their infinite love for humanity.

How did it come about? Here is the story. In a few months it will be just three-quarters of a century since a little company of women met in a room at Seneca Falls, in the State of New York.



Standish and Preece, Christchurch, photo.

Miss Henderson, secretary of the New Zealand Women's National Council from its inception till this year, when she retired for health reasons.



Clifford, Christchurch, photo.

Mrs. K. W. Sheppard, Christchurch, through whose untiring efforts, extending over a number of years, the women of New Zealand obtained the suffrage in the year 1893.

You can picture that gathering. There was nothing masculine in the appearance of these pioneers. In their big coal-scuttle bonnets, their meekly falling ringlets framing gentle faces, their wide, closely-gathered skirts just clearing the ground, they were, outwardly at any rate, the very antipodes of the short-skirted feminine athlete of to-day. But they were made of fine and fearless stuff, and they prepared the way wisely and well, with the result that their great-grandchildren have now entered the land of promise which their clear old eyes saw so plainly from afar off.

They were very modest in their demands, too—those quaint little ladies. All they asked of Congress was educational, industrial, professional, political, and financial independence for themselves.

THAT was the first woman's suffrage meeting. The year was 1848—the occasion a historic one. At that moment was laid the foundation of an organisation which should represent many millions of women then unborn.

Followed much educative work. It took courage to come forward in those days. But bravehearted standard-bearers were not wanting. Suffrage societies were formed in many states, a few also in Great Britain, New Zealand, and Australia. The chief labour was in overcoming the lethargy of the great mass of comfortably placed women who neither knew nor cared if their less favoured sisters laboured under removable hardships.

And so the years passed. Then, when celebrating the fortieth anniversary of that first Suffrage Meeting, a great idea was born in the brains of one or two leading women. The objectives of that first meeting had been practically gained—in the United States, at least. Five years were still to elapse in New Zealand before Mrs. K. W. Sheppard's splendid efforts to obtain the Women's Franchise were rewarded with

success by the Hall Government, but the result was already a foregone conclusion. The principle was everywhere conceded. It only remained to bring it into the sphere of practical politics, and it took twenty-eight years longer and a fine record of war work to win the Franchise for the women of Great Britain.

BUT to go back to the year 1888 and that fortieth anniversary. At first the celebration was meant simply to bind up



Elizabeth Greenwood, Wellington, photo.

Miss N. E. Coad, M.A., is president of the Wellington branch of the Women's National Council, president of the New Zealand Women Teachers' Association, and member of the Council of Education.

the many Suffrage Societies then in existence. The women pre-eminent in the woman movement were Miss Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Wright Sewall, and to them is owing a debt of gratitude from all women. Miss Anthony summoned the meeting as an International Council of Women in Washington.

(Continued on page 26).



Armstrong, Dunedin, photo.

Mrs. Carmalt Jones, wife of Dr. Carmalt Jones, Professor at Otago University, is president of the Dunedin branch of the National Council of Women, secretary of the Women's Citizens' League, and a member of the Committee of the Plunket Society. When war broke out she offered her services as a trained nurse, and acted as matron of a hospital at Etaples, having 250 beds under her supervision.

Editorial Reflections

Equality of Citizenship

IT is a curious fact and one difficult of comprehension that in this virile and democratic country, progress along the lines of woman's enfranchisement promises to be much slower than in the Mother Country. This despite the fact that the first steps in the emancipation of women were taken here decades before they were forced upon Britain.

In the whole of New Zealand but three women have availed themselves of the opportunity of Parliamentary candidature, and neither of these has met with very strong support from women's organisations. At the British elections the women candidates were given a great deal more assistance from their own sex, which is to be accounted for by the fact that women's organisations have been formed for the express purpose of fighting the cause of woman, organisations which are full of energy and vitality.

These have kept up a continuous campaign in pressing their claims on the attention of the public and Parliament, thus by a process of attrition helping to wear down that double-dyed Conservatism which can see no good in anything new. Constant conferences and discussions on the best means of accomplishing their aims, keep the claims of women before the public, and will eventually end in a fair measure of justice being accorded the sex. Some of the women's institutions existent in this Dominion avow the same objects, but their efforts unfortunately are somewhat lacking in practicability.

Why We Want Women in Parliament

WOMEN comprise more than half of the total electors in the Dominion; is it not reasonable that they should take effective steps to have their views represented in Parliament? Some argue that there is no reason for putting women into Parliament, and that they should be satisfied with the way men look after their interests. That satisfaction should not be shared by the thousands of women who are struggling to keep a home going and to bring up sturdy children, in the face of a high cost of living that Parliament does nothing to reduce, and of all the dangers to the health and welfare of children against which Parliament does little to protect them. Women should be represented in our legislative assembly for the sufficient reason that there is hardly any question with which Parliament has to deal, that does not in a greater or less degree affect the interests of women and children.

Women know better than men what those interests are, how they are affected by legislative proposals, and how they can be ameliorated by common-sense treatment. But we fear there is much conservatism to be broken down, much inertia on the part of women themselves to overcome, before the sex takes its rightful place in the councils of the country. It is only by those possessed of real enthusiasm for the cause of women, and for the future of the race, maintaining a spirited campaign, that justice will be done to women in this regard; and we sincerely hope that those possessed of the missionary spirit will raise their voices without ceasing, and preach this particular gospel, in season and out of season, until precept becomes practice.

Prejudice, Not Reason

THE matter was debated recently by the Victorian National League, and there an extraordinary attitude was developed by some of the members. Alone in all women's organisations, members were found here, anxious to retain the old conservative attitude that believed men were the heaven-sent legislators of the nation, and that it was women's place not to reason why, or to find fault. An analysis of the voting lists showed that the division among the members was as between the older women and the younger, evidence in part that prejudice and not reason influenced the voting. It is difficult to conceive of anything in the way of strong opposition to the principle of women in Parliament in an educated democracy, in which women have for so long had political rights, and it is devoutly to be hoped that a lead in an absolutely opposite direction will be promptly given by New Zealand leaders of political thought. The women of this country should show the earnestness and sincerity of their desire to shoulder, for

their own sakes, and for the sake of the welfare of the community, the responsibilities that are the logical concomitants of the political privileges they possess. They should be content with nothing less than that which their sisters in other countries have taken—a direct and effective share in the moulding of legislation, and in the administration of the affairs of their country.

Are We Really Progressive?

APPARENTLY some great impetus is needed in this Dominion to stimulate the movement to which we have referred. In England the war gave the necessary impetus—an effect which was little felt out here. The claim for equal citizenship for women derived wide support from the way in which women helped to carry on the work of the nation when the men were called up to fight for their country. True, a noble response to the call of patriotism was given by New Zealand women, but it was less direct in nature than the women of England were privileged to offer. The most conservative of statesmen were driven to confess that the way women filled the places of men during the war, has converted them into supporters of women's claim to the franchise. But even then, Parliament did not place the sexes on an equality, for while males over twenty-one are entitled to vote, women voters must be over thirty years of age. It was not long after the granting of the franchise to women in England, that a bill was passed enabling women to be elected to the House of Commons, and within six months Lady Astor was returned for Plymouth, to be followed last year by a second woman, Mrs. Wintringham, elected in place of her husband, who died while a member of the House.

In New Zealand over thirty years of the franchise have not yet seen a woman win to Parliament.

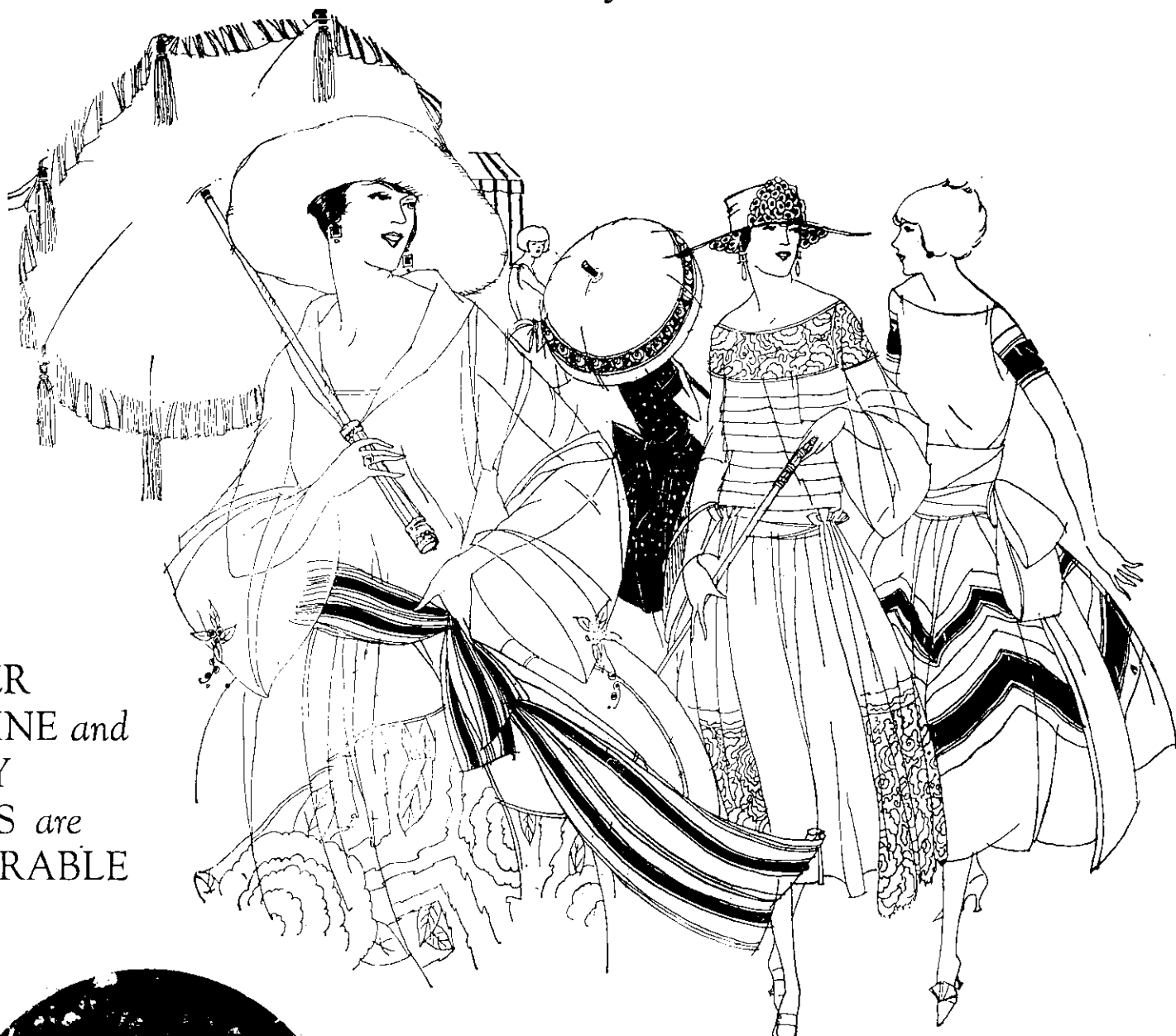
Fairies or Facts?

SHALL we banish the fairies from our children? Many very well-meaning people seem to think that the nursery rhyme and fairy tale are silly, nonsensical, time-wasting, and fantastic. "It is impossible to begin too early to fill a child's mind with facts," they say. That may be, but can one imagine any creature more pathetic than the child robbed of its childhood by being fed on facts while the imagination starved. Most of us have met the little professor or Master Know-all, who is usually a prig of the first order—utterly unchildlike, and not very lovable.

To the real child a fairy tale opens up a world in which imagination is trained and developed. "Clouds of glory" still float about his head, facts are alien to his nature, and imagination holds full sway. This love of a story is one of the child-like qualities that survive in the adult, otherwise the novelist would find his occupation gone, and the world of literature would be dreary indeed. The novel that appeals most to the child is, of course, the fairy tale, and surely there is no happier half-hour for mother and child than that spent by the fireside together, while she leads the little one through the amazing adventures of "Cinderella" or "Sinbad the Sailor."

After all, a child's belief in the fantastic is natural to its undeveloped mind. Like the savage, whom it resembles mentally, it has a profound belief in impossible beings. All primitive races are full of these beliefs. They peopled the unknown with monsters, giants and dwarfs, some gentle and tractable, others cruel, malignant, and fearsome. Nor did it seem strange to them that birds, beasts, and fishes should speak as humans, and often befriend their Big Brothers. Children not only pass through this stage of beliefs and imaginations, but to them it is the chief joy of their all too brief childhood. To them "Peter Pan" and his adventures are more real than those of the little boy next door; Santa Claus is a mysterious and well-beloved visitor, and the fairy godmother is forever invested with wonderful power. She has only to wave her magic wand, and what strange and beautiful things may then happen! In this way the youthful imagination is stimulated and developed, and who shall say whether the novelist, the musician, and the poet are not of those who keep the fairies near them all the days of their life?

THE MIRROR of FASHION



SUMMER
SUNSHINE and
DAINTY
FROCKS are
INSEPARABLE



SUMMER sunshine bids us throw away our lingering precaution and revel in the donning of the daintiest and lightest of garments. Foulards, oddly splashed and traced with design, and plain silken morocain of lovely hang and texture, vie with the charms of floral and cross-barred organdies and the crisp freshness of plaid gingham and sponge cloth.

One notices the prevalence of new and delicate tones of colour, that a few seasons ago were considered unserviceable—which fact is surely a feather in the cap of the dyers.

Linens are to be seen again. One charming little straight swinging French suit in white linen was beautifully embroidered in deep blue; a delightful garment for holiday wear, and when worn with white footwear and big blue hat, completing a toilette of undoubted good taste.

Footwear is fancifully attractive, and many unusual designs are slenderly strapped and buckled across one's instep, and heels seem to prefer to be either extremely high or extremely low.

For young girls there is a charm in a tinted crêpe de chine frock, tucked and cross-stitched, or slurred and corded, and cut with slim low waisted lines—and certainly there is nothing that combines daintiness and service so well—two qualities that are essential when one is holiday making.

TOM Gresham stood in the long, narrow hall, and waited.

He was not mistaken. In his fortnight's sojourn in the much-occupied boarding-house he had grown to know the light, quick, determined step of the girl upstairs. She was coming now, and Tom was watching her progress down the stairs.

She nodded gravely as her eyes met his, murmuring, "Good afternoon, Mr. Gresham," and then passed out into the wind-swept street.

Tom, chafing at the conventional beginning and ending she gave to any of his friendly advances, stood thinking for a few seconds, then suddenly put on his bowler hat and quickly followed her, his mind made up.

The motor-bus she was mounting at the corner of the street, although on the point of careering off, in no wise deterred him from his set purpose.

His sprint was a little record in itself, and he mounted triumphantly to the top of the bus and sat down on the seat beside her.

He looked at her, and smilingly raised his hat. "Good afternoon, Miss Webb," he said; "lovely afternoon, isn't it?"

"Yes, it certainly is," she replied, looking over the rail into the crowded street.

"Are you off out for the—?" Gresham was beginning, when the bus conductor broke in in quick, nasal staccato: "Fares, please!"

While the girl was fumbling in her bag, Tom seized another chance.

"Two tuppennies, please." "But I only wanted—" Miss Webb was beginning, but Tom held the tickets, and the conductor had passed on. I can't think—"the girl made another effort.

"No, it was strange, wasn't it," put in Tom smartly, no whit abashed by the freezing look from the dark blue eyes—he had never studied her from so near a place of vantage before—"both going the same way? I was going to ask you to take pity on me; I've felt so cramped since I came to London. Everyone seems on the rash and tear—there's no one to give a kind word or drop a friendly greeting to a cousin from the Colonies. I feel I must get out to somewhere, where I can expand a bit, or I shall get like some of those mummies in the British Museum. I've rushed round a whole lot of these fine old buildings, and so forth, in the fortnight I've been over, but it isn't much enjoyment when you haven't a soul to exchange a confidence with. I get a sort of heavy feeling when I go into a wonderful building like St. Paul's, for instance—as though I were a speck of dust tucked away in a corner somewhere, with a three-hundred-weight brick chucked down on top of me. When I saw you going out, I wondered if by any chance you might be going to Hampton Court. The chestnut trees are in bloom, and I guessed you'd want to see them."

Miss Webb's cheeks had grown pink, her blue eyes laughed. She made a little gurgling sound in her throat as though she had stopped a laugh there, and put up her hand to her neat little embroidered collar.

"I never heard such a singular expression before," she said, meeting the honest look in the grey eyes of the man. "I have known what it is to be lonely," she added; "but surely you are not the sort to want from friends? I always thought a man could find an 'Open Sesame' for such a want, which is debarred from a woman." "Upon my life, I haven't met a solitary friend since I've been in London, he said earnestly; since leaving the ship I haven't come across a soul I know."

"I should like to stay longer," she said, rising, "but I have to get down here."

"But Hampton Court?" he pleaded; "couldn't you spare the time?"

She shook her head smilingly, but decidedly. "To-morrow, perhaps, but I can't to-day."

THE HOLIDAY GUIDE

by HILDA F. MOORE

He followed her down the steps of the bus and walked by the side of her up the street, speaking rapidly, fearful lest she should go before he had explained all he wanted to—now that the long-wanted opportunity had arrived.

"I've always wanted to spend a holiday in England, and I've been doing so well that I found I could manage it this year. I'm an Australian sheep farmer, and it pays well, once you get going, you know. I've been exceptionally fortunate, too. I expect you know London well. I want to return primed up with some good impressions to think over and talk about when I'm back there. I wonder if you'd act as my guide in your spare time while I'm here? Treat it on a strict friendly basis, and charge me what you think, excluding any expense to yourself, of course. I've wanted to ask you this before, but haven't had a single blessed opportunity. Now it's here, I'm afraid I'm making you some startling suggestions, but I know you'll take them in the sense I mean."

The girl's eyes were wide open, but the expression in them was unreadable to the young man before her, who, at his own bold suggestions, had flushed redly beneath the tan of his healthy skin.

Miss Webb's manner was very quick and decided, and the lift of her pretty round chin showed good solid judgment and independence.

"I must go now," she said, "or I shall be late. I will think over your suggestion, and, if I can find the time, I will be ready to go to Hampton Court with you to-morrow afternoon at half-past two."

"Thank you," exclaimed Tom fervently, raising his hat; "I hope to goodness you will find the time."

Miss Webb laughed and hurried away.

THE next afternoon Tom was waiting in the hall again. It was half-past two, and, although he heard footsteps, they did not sound like Miss Webb's. Nevertheless, here was the young lady descending the stairs, pulling on her gloves as she came, her natty dark blue costume and hat, with its suspicion of red in the trimming, looking most fresh and effective.

"I thought at first that it couldn't be you," he said frankly, the smile of pleasure at the sight of her lingering in his eyes; "until my eyes contradicted my ears. I see," he continued, as they walked along the street together, "that my meaning is a bit obscure. I've a habit of studying the sound of footsteps, and I can usually pick yours out from anyone else's at Corton House."

"Can you, really?" she said a trifle breathlessly. "One of my habits is the study of people's voices. I think everyone, more or less, has a turn for some particular characteristic in other people, don't you?"

"Yes," he replied heartily, giving himself up to the wholesale pleasure of the time; "I agree with you. Now," reaching the corner of the street, "which shall we do—bus or taxi?"

"Oh, I think bus, don't you? It's ever so much more fun watching the people, I think. But, of course," suddenly, "you do which you like."

"I certainly shall," he replied promptly, "by doing as you wish."

Tom Gresham's capacity for enjoying his opportunities to the full was made manifest that sunny afternoon, and, his pretty guide entering into the novel spirit of the experience, they spent a most delightful time.

They chatted, laughed, exchanged a few broad confidences on their different lives and modes of earning a living. While sitting on a seat in

one of the beautiful walks of Hampton Court, in a sudden silence, Gresham found himself studying his companion intently. He did not do it furtively, but openly, as was his way with everything.

AWARE of his scrutiny, she turned a flushing face in his direction, and blue eyes met grey eyes for a moment in full contemplation before that silence was broken.

"What is it?" she asked, with a gravity that somehow suited the occasion.

"You must think I am abominably rude," said Tom, hastily apologetic, but not withdrawing his glance. "It's a bad habit of mine, he explained, bending forward, an elbow on his knee, his firm square chin resting in the palm of his hand, "to look at anyone or anything while I'm turning a problem over, concerning them, in my mind."

"And what is the problem concerning me?" she asked, lightly enough, although her hands, which had been clasped loosely in her lap, now tightened together in an involuntary gesture. Her eyes, too, had looked away from him, down the walk.

"Will you mind if I tell you?" he said.

"No," she replied, breathing quickly, and giving a little agitated laugh; "I suppose it can't be anything very dreadful, seeing that we are almost total strangers."

"Please don't say that," he said, swiftly impulsive; "I look upon you as my one friend in London, so don't deprive me of that great pleasure. No; what I was going to tell you is something that I expect will amuse you very much. It is simply that you seem different, somehow, from yesterday. You haven't got that air of independence to-day, and seem so shy every now and again, a characteristic that I should never have dreamt you had before."

"One can have moods," she said with a little smile, meeting his glance and swiftly looking away again.

She had grown pale, a fact that the short brim of her hat failed to hide.

"Certainly," he assented readily. "one can and does! I'm afraid," he added, "that I have tired you out. We certainly have made the most of our afternoon at Hampton Court. Shall we have tea now? It will be a good freshener up."

The girl gave a little sigh as they rose to go, whether it was caused by relief, or what, Tom at the time could not understand.

The air of shy diffidence that had fallen upon her on their walk lifted again in the congenial atmosphere of the busy tea-room. Nevertheless it puzzled Tom exceedingly.

"She struck me yesterday as being such an independent sort of girl," he thought to himself; "I don't know that I don't prefer her in this more dependent, shy sort of mood though. She's a splendid girl, anyway." His eyes were smiling as he took from her hand the cup of tea she had poured out for him.

"My third cup," he exclaimed in mock horror. "But I must own up to a weakness for an afternoon cup of tea. Besides," he added, "you must take into consideration that these are small cups."

She smiled and nodded gaily across the table at him.

"I like to see a man enjoy tea," she remarked; "it shows such a healthy enjoyment of things. I always think. Moreover, I do like to hear a man own to enjoying tea, not gulp it down and growl about it being a feminine weakness."

Tom chuckled. "said quite in the spirit of yesterday," he ejaculated.

"What? You mean—"

He nodded. "Yes, your independent spirit asserting itself."

"I'm glad to think you consider I have one," she said, not looking at him, and helping herself to a cake.

"Don't you think"—suddenly—"to return to the subject of tea, that you can enjoy it all the more if you drink it out of pretty china? I've enjoyed my tea so much this afternoon, because I've been admiring my cup in between whiles. Have you seen any china quite so pretty as this rosebud-sprinkled pattern?"

"I don't know that I've ever thought of it in that way," he said, keenly appreciative; "it's a pretty idea, and—like you, to think of it. I shall dwell upon it in future, when, in my bachelor establishment over yonder, I drink out of plain, substantial white."

Miss Webb had finished. She had pushed back her plate and put her elbows on the table, linking her hands beneath her chin.

"Why don't you invest in just such a pretty tea service before going back," she suggested, "to use on special occasions? You would enjoy it, and so would your friends."

"What a capital thought!" he exclaimed. "To be able to drink out of real English china, bought here myself, would be an everlasting novelty. Thanks for the suggestion. Would you go another notch of kindness farther and assist me in selecting a tea service in due course?"

"I shall be delighted to," she replied.

"I can't tell you how I've enjoyed my afternoon," he said, as she was drawing on her gloves, preparatory to going. "I was feeling the loneliest outsider in all England, but, thanks to you, the prospects are as bright as the sun."

"I am so glad you think so," she returned; then added demurely, "I had no idea my services as a guide would be considered such a success. It is quite a new departure for me, I assure you, and the most pleasant work I have done so far. I should put it under the heading of 'Recreative work,' with a capital R and a very small w."

"You call some of my ideas original," he said, laughing down at her, "but I think yours are top-hole. By the way, Miss Webb, to descend to business matters, how would you prefer me to pay you—by the day or the week?"

"By the day," she said thoughtfully; "I think it would be better, in case I couldn't manage some day in the week."

"But you can come to-morrow, can't you?" he inquired anxiously. "I've been building on the Tower of London for to-morrow. You can come, can't you?" still more anxiously; "I'd buy up your services as guide for any sum you'd like to name. I'm not a poor man, and it's honestly-acquired money, too. Besides, I'm here for a good holiday, and I mean to have one. Please say you can come."

"Yes, I can manage to-morrow."

"And the next day?"

"Yes, and the next day."

He heaved a sigh. "Thank heaven!"

he ejaculated. "And your charge?"

"Five shillings an afternoon."

"Rubbish!" he exclaimed; "why, your kindly services to such a lonely stranger as I are worth far more than that."

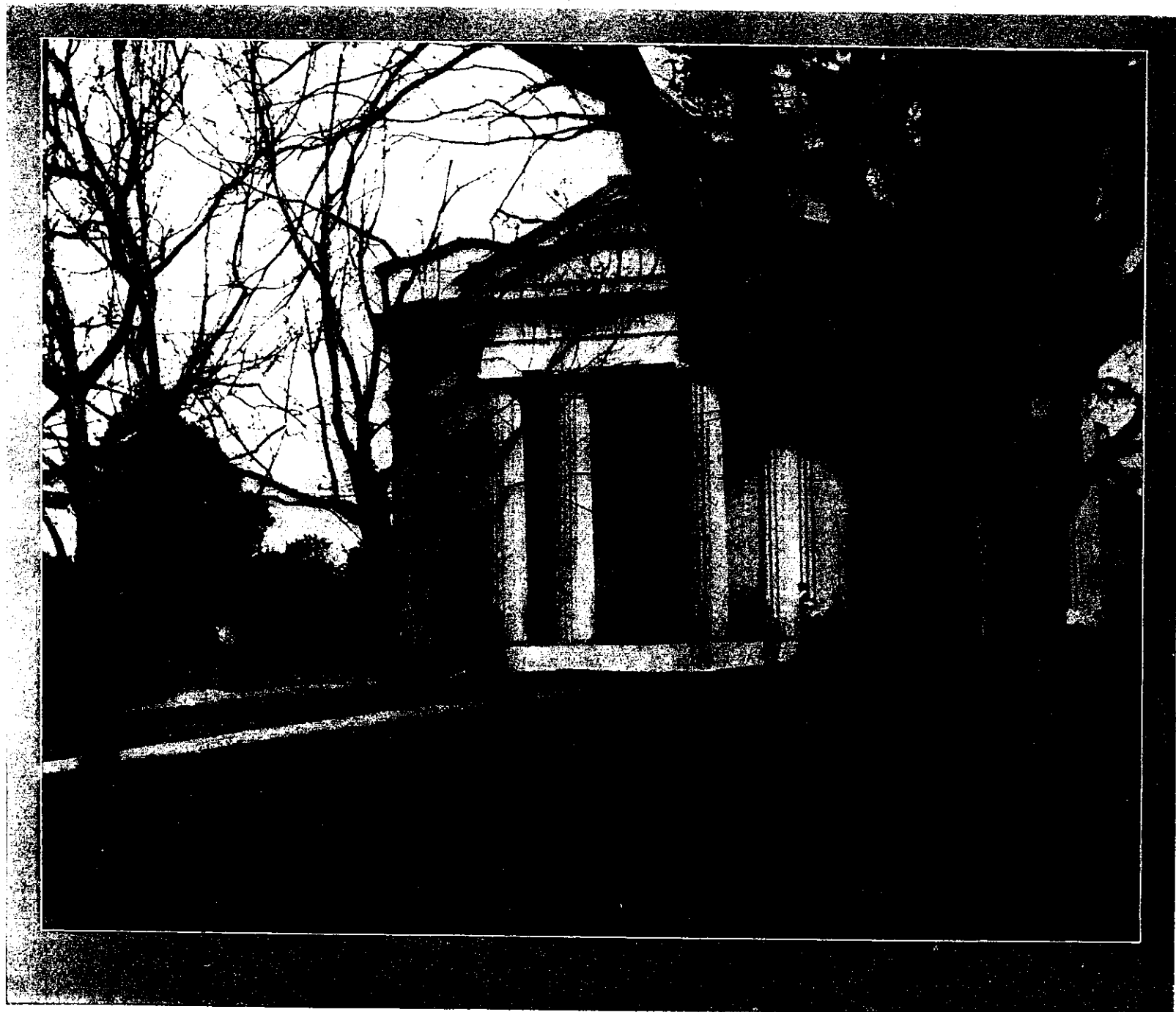
"But you pay the expenses," she said, "and my charge is five shillings an afternoon," she added imperturbably.

"I see," he said, smiling, but frowning slightly, "that that independent spirit of yours is latent at times, but ready to rear its head up on the least provocation. I have been thinking that as employer I should fix the wage. I do so accordingly. I fix it at a pound an afternoon, not a penny less! Moreover," quickly stopping an interruption by her, "if you don't accede to it, I shall feel reluctantly

(Continued on page 13).

THE ART OF THE CAMERA

Some Photographic Studies by New Zealanders



"The peace which passeth understanding."

AFTER MORNING SERVICE
Outside St. Andrew's, Auckland

A CAMERA STUDY by W. L. FLETCHER



A CHARMING PHOTOGRAPHIC
STUDY

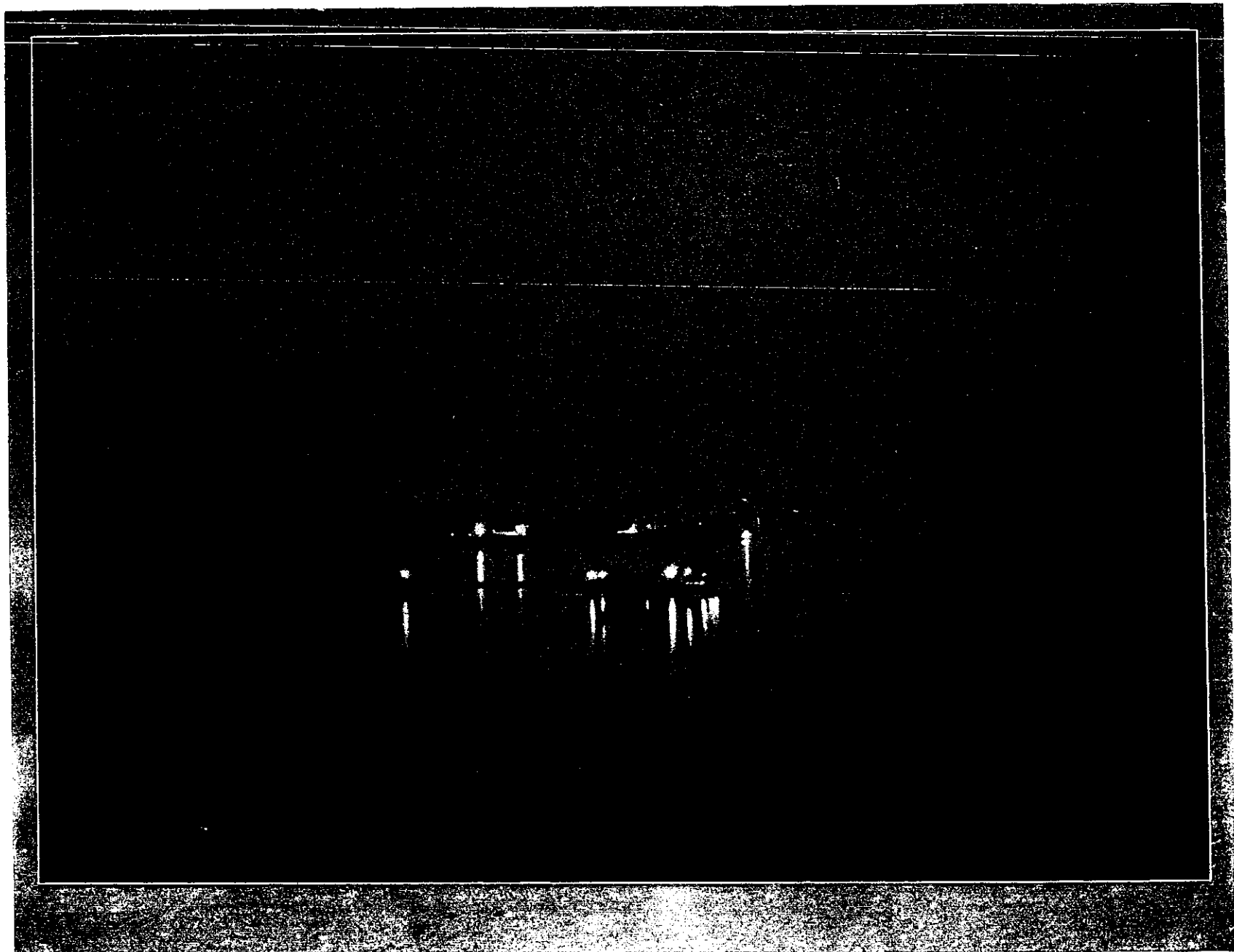
by D. J. PAYNE



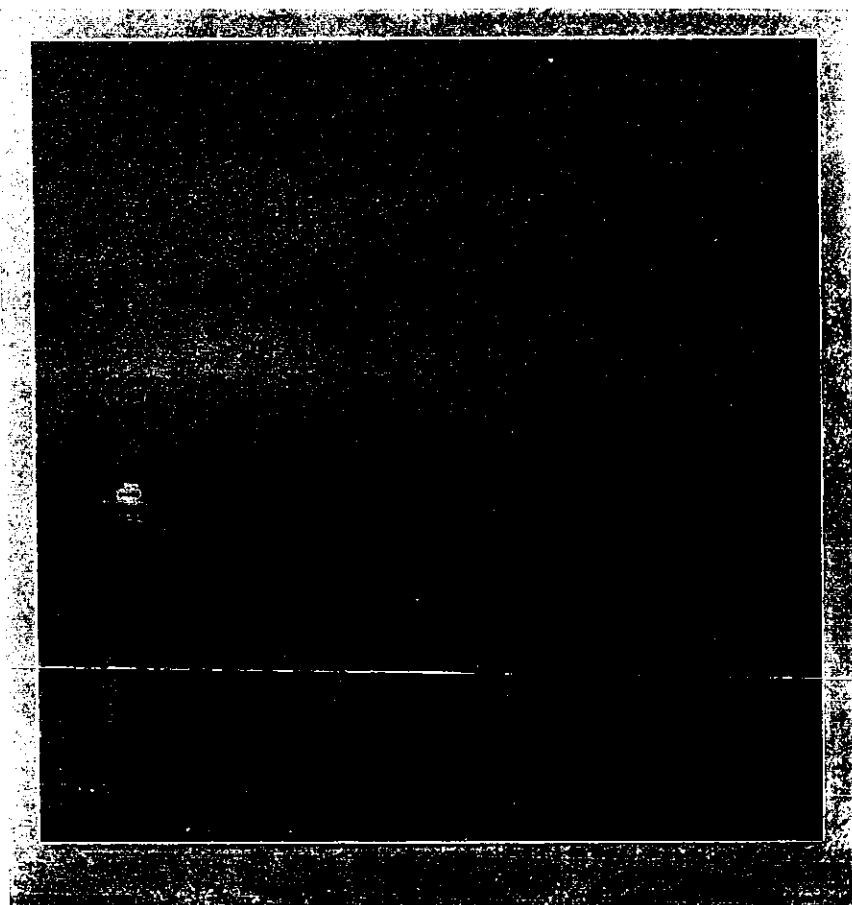
"MISSING"

The barque "Manurewa," commanded by Captain Holmes, which disappeared with all hands on her voyage from Australia to New Zealand.

A CAMERA STUDY by J. H. KINNEAR



*"When sounds of toil have died away,
And dreamful evening settles down."*



TWO CAMERA PICTURES OF
AUCKLAND HARBOUR FRONT
AT NIGHT by W. STEWART

THE HOLIDAY GUIDE

(Continued from page 8).

and sorrowfully compelled to resign your services. I couldn't possibly accept such excellent services and dole out for them such a miserable pittance as you name."

MISS Webb's cheeks were brightly flushed. "I can't argue the point as you do," she said, "I only wish I could. If—" then she stopped suddenly. "Very well. I'll agree, but I shall feel terribly overpaid, you know. Fancy a pound a day for just enjoying myself!"

"You deserve every stiver of it," said Tom heartily, "and I only wish you'd take more."

The afternoons that followed were sources of the greatest enjoyment to Tom and his guide, and, in that never-to-be-forgotten round of sight-seeing, the former grew to know that his bright, pretty companion had become something more precious to him than anything had ever been before in his three-and-thirty years of straightforward life.

It not being his habit to beat about the bush concerning matters of any sort, the avowal of his feelings came out with a blunt directness that startled his guide, while they were sitting down in a quiet corner of the Tate Gallery. Save for a straggler or two passing through, the room was empty.

"I wonder," said Tom, "if you feel as I do. Could you do it? You know what I mean, don't you? Would you—could you trust your tender life to a rough fellow like me? Could you marry me and return with me to Australia when I go?"

The girl, shrinking away from his eager, honest gaze, with wide blue eyes, of a sudden tear-filled and frightened, put up her hands as though to ward off his words. "Oh, don't! Please don't!" she exclaimed breathlessly, fearfully. "I—I hoped you wouldn't speak about it."

"Then if you had hoped that," said Tom, fiercely seizing her hands, and holding them in a tight, warm clasp, "you knew, you guessed, I was growing to care for you—and"—he moved nearer, searching the fathomless depths of the distressed blue eyes—"if you knew that, you—"

She wrenched her hands free and covered her face with them—a merciful shield from the eyes of the man who seemed to be able to read the very secrets of her heart.

"If you only knew," she said, her breath catching sobbingly on the words, "you would not ask. You you have been so honest with me over everything—and when you know how you have been deceived, you will never forgive me."

She sat up suddenly, wiped her eyes, and bravely met his glance of puzzled intensity.

"I—I am not the girl you think I am!" she said with quivering lips, "and I can't tell you about it until I am released from a promise I made."

"A promise? To whom?" asked Tom sternly. "And who else do you think I'm going to believe you are," his stern manner giving way to one of tenderness, as he regained possession of her hands, "but just the dearest little girl in all the world? I think I must have loved you from the first moment I saw you."

But she shook her head distressfully. "Oh, no, you couldn't," she said, "and, please, don't say any more about it until I can explain. And—then—if you still feel you can care for me after—you know everything. I—the colour rushed into her cheeks—"I will listen to you." This was in a whisper.

Tom bent his lips to the little black-gloved hands he held. "That is a promise," he said solemnly.

THE same evening he was not much astonished to receive a message via the landlady herself.

"Miss Webb has asked for the loan

of my sitting-room for a little while. Would you mind going in there?" She will be down in a minute or so."

TOM went promptly, and whiled away a few seconds with looking at the photos of Corton House boarders, past and present.

He turned as the door opened, and then stood aghast, as not one but two girls entered.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Tom, with a little whistle of dismay, and for a brief moment stood staring—staring. The two girls, now standing side by side, were so alike in features, hair, height, figure and dress that no one, surely, could ever tell them apart.

And yet—Tom took a step forward eagerly, decidedly—there was a difference; one that no casual observer would have noticed, but an infallible one to Tom. The shy diffidence in the droop of the head of the one twin was lacking in that of her sister. It was unmistakable to Tom. He put out his hands joyously.

"Is this the deception?" he cried. "Well, it's a real pretty one, then—but I couldn't mistake you, if I tried!"

The other twin laughed softly, and went out, closing the door behind her.

With Tom's arms round her, and Tom's shoulder to rest her cheek against, his guide, in little sobbing catches of the breath, made a few disjointed statements.

"I was out of work—and Marion wasn't—when you asked her about the guide business. Marion told me, and asked me to stay on at Corton House while she was away for a few days with a lady to whom she is amanuensis. Marion said she was sure you were a good fellow. Marion is engaged to a good fellow, and she said she was sure you were worth falling in love with." The frankness of the latter statement delighted Tom.

He hugged his guide rapturously. "Then God bless Marion," he replied.

THE GIRLS' REALM GUILD

THE Girls' Realm Guild is well known in Auckland for the good work, and for the help it gave in all branches of patriotic work during the war, and especially in the Allied Nations Fête held in the Town Hall in 1916, when nearly £1000 was made and expended on comforts for New Zealand soldiers. This year the Guild has been reorganised, and is again working in real earnest under its very capable president, Miss Veronica Walsh. Thirteen years ago Auckland formed a branch of the British Girls' Realm Guild, founded by the Bishop of London, with the object of showing girls in how many ways they could help others, especially girls who, through stress of circumstances, had to support themselves. The Auckland branch endeavours each year to help two or more girls, who could not otherwise afford it, to finish their education or train in some way that will enable them to earn a living. Also the Guild endeavours to relieve suffering and privation, and to supply means of restoring health to the sick.

The Guild is unsectarian, and has a motto to live up to: "What is worth having is worth sharing." This year the Guild has kept a girl at school and supplied her with a complete school outfit. Another is being helped to regain her health. The children of two families have been completely outfitted with clothes and several cases of distress relieved somewhat by gifts of large hampers of groceries.

Unfortunately this year's activities have been restricted, owing to shortness of funds, but the committee hope to remedy this by holding a large open air fête in the near future.

SOLIDARITY of WOMEN

(Continued from page 5).

MRS. Sewall had a vision of a permanent I.C.W. She wished to organise National Councils of Women. She wanted a movement of permanence, but a growing one also. To her came the idea of crystallising the results of that grand gathering into permanent organisations on the broadest possible basis for the uplifting of humanity. But to do so took time, and an infinite amount of labour to arrange, as well as imagination.

Elected first president of the National Council of Women of the United States of America, Mrs. Sewall took upon herself the task of making her dream a reality. During the five years which followed, she was in Europe, holding meetings, lecturing and organising, and by her vigorous and outstanding personality persuading women from many countries to attend the Chicago Congress in 1893.

It had been very difficult to break down the forts of conservatism and prejudice, but here at last began the real existence of the I.C.W. What had preceded was merely preparatory and educative.

With the election of the Marchioness of Aberdeen as president of the Chicago meeting the I.C.W. entered upon a new era. Her breadth of view, her large sympathy and splendid practical womanliness have for nearly thirty years directed the proceedings of the International Council, and have made it the great Mother of all the National Councils. The I.C.W. has now thirty countries closely connected with it, and these represent some thirty millions of women.

Has the International Council a Mission?

IT has a mission—a great and worthy one. In her presidential address at the Quinquennial Congress held two years ago in Christiania, Lady Aberdeen briefly outlined its aims and ideals.

Taking the Golden Rule as its motto, it desires to see it applied to Society, Custom, and Law. Service to humanity is its watchword. Throughout the world, by means of its National Councils, it upholds the principles of peace and arbitration between nations, and by meeting together and discussing matters of common vital interest, it aims at breaking down distrust and misunderstanding between nation and nation. In this it long ago foreshadowed the League of Nations, and by its dissemination of right principles and high ideals it made the League of Nations possible to-day.

No one can read the text of that memorable speech without a thrill. "The hour is come," she said, "when to us is committed the future of the world's history. Let us make no mistake. Are we to allow tradition and custom, and the old octopus of private greed and selfish nationalism to enchain us with their manacles under the specious arguments that human nature is human nature, that in the end after all might does prevail, that in all phases of our commercial, industrial, and national life the fittest must survive, and that it is only by the ordeal of struggle and war that the fittest are discovered and become triumphant for the ultimate good of all? If so, our opportunity will be gone."

Lady Aberdeen sees in the present day turmoil and unrest, in the striving and searching and craving after a better world, the call of the peoples to be "mothered" afresh. In this hour of its greatest need, the organised women of the world have a great mission—to guide and soothe and mother the sick nations, and to restore their lost faith.

THERE are now thirty countries representing some thirty millions of women united in the International

Council through their National Councils. Each National Council consists of branches within the country, and to each branch again are affiliated women's societies of various kinds. These societies have a perfectly free hand, they are subjected to no propaganda. All they receive from the Council is sympathy and suggestion. It simply unites all organised societies of women for mutual counsel and co-operation, and for the attainment of justice and freedom for women, and for all that makes for the good of humanity.

Here is an example of women's co-operation. When America entered the war in 1917-18 many large women's organisations offered their services to the Government. For a time it was puzzled how to utilise this wonderful new force in the best way. They finally appointed a Woman's War Board to consider and operate the women's defence work of the nation. And the work was well and thoroughly done.

Another example is to be found in the work of the Red Cross League at the close of the war. The International Council directed that instead of disbanding, it should retain its organised form and concentrate in fighting the typhus epidemic raging in Eastern Europe. This was done—quietly and unostentatiously—but with signal success.

And it was the International Council of Women, led by Lady Aberdeen, that organised the delegation of women to the League of Nations Commission, and secured the inclusion of the article in the Covenant providing that all positions under or in connection with the League of Nations, including the Secretariat, should be open to men and women equally.

The National Council of Women of New Zealand

AMONG ourselves we can watch the quiet work that is being done in our own National Council, which has now six branches, those of Auckland, Gisborne, Hamilton, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin. Affiliated to these are some seventy women's organisations in all parts of the Dominion.

At the Annual Conference held a few weeks ago in Christchurch, Miss Melville, in her able presidential address, impressed upon her hearers her Council's belief that the only ideal form of government consists of co-operation between men and women.

She pointed out that women are to-day taking their part in the making of laws in thirteen countries, and in none of these countries was there any sign that their help was not required. They had made good every time.

The chief business before the Council was concerned with Social Hygiene and the Children's Charter. This last, comprising every aspect of the education and instruction of young people has been sent to all National Councils for consideration and discussion. Then when each Council has adapted it to the needs of its own country, it is to be sent back to the I.C.W. for endorsement in its final form. It will then be transmitted to the League of Nations.

Although in the Dominion we are but a little group of women, we are keeping step with the women of older countries, and are in constant and close communication with the International Council of Women, of which Lady Aberdeen still remains the president. And it certainly was greatly to our satisfaction to discover on going through the Children's Charter that nearly every one of its clauses has already been adopted and carried out in our far way little New Zealand.

But much remains to be done. Prominent on the programme of the International Council are such matters as The Promotion of Peace and Universal Support of the League of Nations, Public Health and Hygiene, and the Children's Charter.



Femina Studio, Champs Elysées, Paris.

Mrs. Marshall Macdonald, member of the Otago Hospital Board. She is also on the Executive of the Society for the Protection of Women and Children. Mrs. Macdonald, who received her training as a nurse at the Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney, was in the American Ambulance at Neuilly and at Arc-en-Barrois, in the Argonne. She afterwards joined the American Army Nurse Corps, and had charge of a surgical section in the American Red Cross Military Hospital in Paris until the end of the war.

Mrs. Hall (Miss Dora Pope of Wellington), who took a leading part in "The Country Girl," produced recently in Whangarei. Mrs. Hall is the wife of Dr. J. W. Hall, Superintendent of the Public Hospital at Whangarei.



The Art Studios, Whangarei.



Mrs. Maxwell Walker, wife of Professor Maxwell Walker, with her sons and daughters.

Bartlett, Auckland, photo.



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.

Little Miss Tally Nicoll, daughter of Mrs. Nicoll and the late Captain G. McLean Niccoll, M.C., and granddaughter of Mr. Justice R. Reed and Mr. G. Niccoll, Remuera.



S. P. Andrews Studio, Wellington, photo.

Miss Ava Symons, the talented young Wellington violinist, who is assisting Mr. Bernard Page, the Wellington City Organist, in his recital at Auckland towards the end of November.



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.

Miss Freda Rathbone, daughter of Mrs. Wilfrid Rathbone, St. Stephen's Avenue, Parnell.



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.

Miss Sheila King. She is a clever musician, and a Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music, London.



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.

Miss Gwen Marriner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Marriner. Besides being a member of the Society of Arts, Miss Marriner is fond of music and private theatricals.

FROM HERE AND THERE

MISS Ricards, O.B.E., acts as head gardener in the church grounds of St. John's, Wimborne, Dorset.

"We wonder if any other church in England boasts an O.B.E. as honorary head gardener?" asks the vicar, acknowledging her services in the Parish Magazine.

A WRITER in *Life* (New York) contributes this tribute to Lady Astor's conquest of the British lion:

*Hail, beauteous lady, world renowned,
And hail to this, your latest capture*

*With Goldenrod and Roses crowned
Who pads at heel and purrs of rapture.*

*Can this sweet cat with fluffy pate
In blissful thralldom to your charms
Be the same beast that ramps irate
Upon Great Britain's arms!*

*'Tis proud indeed we'll be some day,
Who witnessed the incipient stages
Of your triumphal march, to say,
"We saw her started down the ages!"*

And by the way, dear, since you're quite

*Well headed for the Hall of Fame,
Don't hold your Lion's leash too tight
Lest he forget he's tame.*

*'Tis true he lets you cut his claws
And trim his beard or curl or shave it—*

*And knit wool mittens for his paws,
And bob his mane, or marvel-wave it,*

*But Lion's have their limits, take
"Life's" friendly tip upon the quiet
And don't attempt, for heaven's sake,
To "pussyfoot" his diet!*

WHEN Miss Paterson was in Poland in connection with Dr. Truby King's welfare work she was interested in a children's welfare hospital erected in Warsaw by a Mlle. Schauker as a permanent memorial. This Polish lady was a trainee of St. Thomas's Hospital, London, when recalled home on account of her mother's illness. Losing both parents—her father was a wealthy merchant—she devoted her life and money to this wonderful hospital, whose work, though somewhat interrupted through war conditions, was still carrying on on English lines.

HIGH up on a great jagged rock crest, 9345 feet above sea level, in Colorado, a woman sits watching for forest fires.

She is the only woman fire outlook in the world. Miss Helen Dowe is a slim-built woman with keen eyes and a lonely job. She lives in a cabin on the Devil's Crag, and far below her lies the great range of forest land called the Pike National Forest.

She wears high leather boots and breeches like a man, and a short, strong corduroy frock adds to her smart appearance. Her food is taken up to her at regular intervals from the camps below.

Every day, especially when the forest fire season has commenced in America, she stands with glasses or telescope at the cabin windows, which are built in all round the square, wooden shelter.

This outlook cabin is bolted down to the head of the rock, and contains remarkable instruments, by means of which she can communicate immediately any suspicion of a fire to the fire-fighters and locate for them exactly the spot where they should go.

ABOUT eighty women J.P.s entered as students the recent Summer School of the National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship in St. Hilda's College, Oxford.

QUITE a number of young Englishwomen of aristocratic connec-

tion are now writing for the papers. One of the first to launch out in this direction was Lady Violet Greville, and present-day imitators include Lord Gainsborough's daughter, Lady Norah Bentinck, Lady Kitty Vincent, and Lady Warwick's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Maynard Greville, formerly Miss Dora Pape. Lady Kitty Vincent, daughter of the Queen's "lady," Dowager Lady Airlie, and sister of the present peer, is a clever and versatile writer, whose versatility in her case stands for real excellence.



That "The Ladies' Mirror" travels far afield is clear from this snapshot taken at Lautoka, Fiji, by a friend of Mrs. G. N. Worledge (Miss Tozele, of Remuera, Auckland), who is enjoying the sunshine with her little son Ray. The Fijian evidently approves of our journal.

Her husband is Brigadier-General Berkeley Vincent.

PRINCESS Magaloff, sister-in-law of the Grand Duke Michael, and once worth millions, and a number of other Russian women of nobility are earning their living as mannequins. Several Russian princesses have become stenographers and chorus girls, while two Hungarian women of royal birth recently took positions as governesses.

THE most accomplished linguist among the royal women of Europe is said to be the Dowager Queen Margherita, mother of the King of Italy. She knows French, German, English, Spanish, Greek, Latin, and, of course, Italian.

THOUGH she is only eighteen years of age and has successfully passed the test for a lawyer, Miss Zonola Longstreth, of Little Rock, Ark., is prevented from practising her profession in that State because of her youth.

MRS. Henry Ford is said to use the most luxurious and complete private railway car ever built.

SOME of the girl experts employed in the United States Treasury Department in Washington are able to count pennies at the rate of 10,000 in forty-eight minutes.

AMONG the women outposts of Empire is Mrs. Mahony, planter, planter, and general adventurer, of Sudest Island, near New Guinea. She thinks nothing of knocking about the pearling fields in a tiny heaving sailing-cutter or of a seven days' tramp into the jungle-clad interior of Papua in search of labourers for her plantations. And she does it alone, save for a few more or less faithful savages. With equal facility she navigates a lugger, doctors an obstreperous motor-boat engine, and handles unruly cannibals.

Once when a native who was wanted for a particularly atrocious murder successfully defied the Government's attempts at capture, she went into the jungle, accompanied only by a pair of house-servants, did a fine bit of tracking and ran down the murderer, who had not suspected danger from a woman.

At the point of a rifle she forced him to her house, which was built high off the ground in true tropical fashion, fastened him underneath with a long chain, the other end of

have resulted in a dead loss. The girl decided to bring it to full bearing.

"I try to show a brave front when there's trouble about," she said when I called at her place recently and asked how she managed to face all those savages alone. "Once the natives thought I was afraid it would be the end of me. But oh, I have been scared to death—inwardly—many a time."

THERE is also a dear old lady who for many years has been the only European on an island in Torres Strait, several days' journey from the nearest white habitation. Only when the infrequent store-ship arrives does she see someone of her own skin. She is the Government official in charge of the island—governor, registrar, school-teacher, and a dozen other things. Besides isolation she has endured all kinds of privation and danger. There were times when she lay ill to the point of death with only semi-savage islanders to care for her. There were times when bad weather delayed the store-ship and she was forced to subsist as best she could on crude native foods.

Once, in the face of a threatened attack by cannibals from the adjacent New Guinea coast, the islanders deserted in their canoes, leaving her alone. All through one dreadful morning she hid above the beach and watched the approach of the attacking canoes, which were almost at the island when they were turned back by the sight of a gunboat's smoke.

The old lady has endured many such things as these; and now, white-haired and somewhat worn, her one desire is that when she is finally laid to rest it will be in the island she knows so well.

MISS Mary Grace Anderson is the latest blind girl to receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Edinburgh University. She is 23 years old, and has been blind from childhood, yet through the use of the Braille System she has proved herself a most capable pupil in English and French. Later she took up the study of metaphysics, in which she also proved successful. Miss Anderson is also a capable musician, and holds the L.R.A.M. degree for pianoforte playing. For the past two years she has been teaching in the blind school at Edinburgh.

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

address of the competitor, and the place at which the photograph was taken.

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

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

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

Photographs must be addressed
THE ART EDITOR.

The Ladies' Mirror,
43 City Chambers, Queen Street,
Auckland.

COUPON

"The Ladies' Mirror" Snapshot Competition

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

Name.....

Address.....

Age.....

12/22

WEDDINGS and ENGAGEMENTS

The Wilding—Westall Wedding Group

Seated (from the left)—Mrs. Westall, mother of the bride, Misses Janet and Judy Knight, Mrs. Alpers, Mrs. Wilding, mother of the bridegroom. Standing—Mrs. Frank Wilding, Mr. Frank Wilding, Mr. Edwin Wilding, Mr. P. Cooke, Mr. Mason Chambers, Mrs. Mason Chambers and Mr. O. T. J. Alpers. (Inset)—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilding leaving St. Luke's Church, Havelock North, after the ceremony.



(On the left)

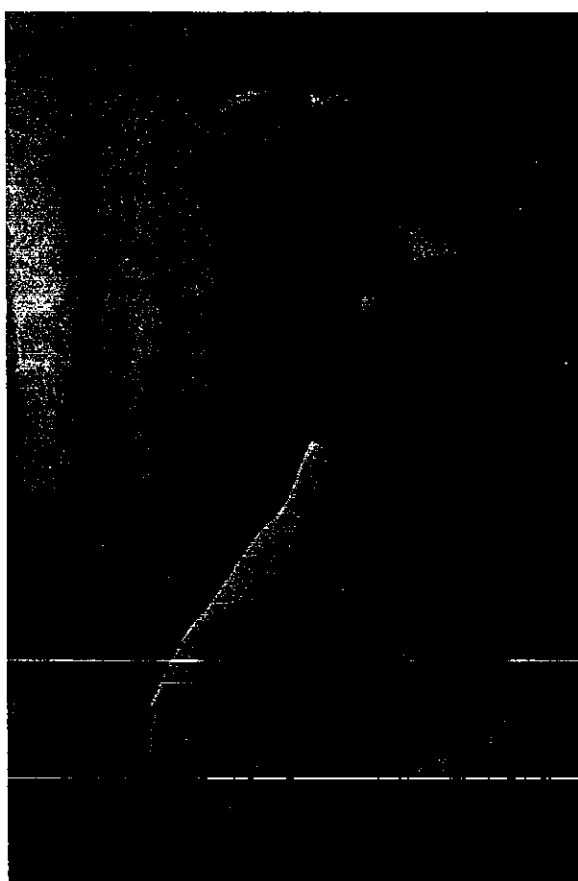
Deighton Studios, Napier, photo.

Miss Dorothy Clarke, M.Sc., only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Clarke, "Clarewood," Dunedin, whose engagement to Dr. C. E. Dollong, of Adelaide, South Australia, has recently been announced. Upon taking her degree in 1919, Miss Clarke went Home via America on holiday, and for three years travelled through the British Isles and on the Continent. At Leeds she spent three months at the University, coaching students for approaching examinations. Miss Clarke is at present tutor at the Students' Training College, Dunedin.



(On the right)

Miss Betty Kimbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Kimbell, of Wellington, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Frank Stephenson, son of Dr. and Mrs. Stephenson, St. Clair, Dunedin.



Gaze and Co., Hamilton, photo.



The Vivian—McDonald Wedding.
Mrs. Eric Vivian in her charming wedding gown.

Vivian—McDonald

AN interesting wedding took place at the Terrace Congregational Church, Wellington, when Miss Dorothy McDonald, second daughter of Captain and Mrs. C. McDonald, of Wellington, was married to Dr. Eric Vivian, second son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Vivian, of Auckland. The Rev. Robertson Orr officiated.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of ivory taffeta, with cascades of the same and drape of silver lace. A girdle of orange blossoms and silver leaves and an embroidered net veil with a coronet of orange blossoms completed her toilette. She carried a shower bouquet of white flowers with touches of pink, and maidenhair fern.

The bridesmaids, the Misses Flora and Mary McDonald, sisters of the bride, wore dainty frocks of pale blue charmeuse trimmed with pale blue ciré lace, and amber satin trimmed with brown and gold lace, relieved with touches of pale blue respectively. Both wore black picture hats and carried bouquets of pale pink roses, heliotrope and cream freezias and maidenhair fern. The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Mr. Huia Vivian, of Auckland.

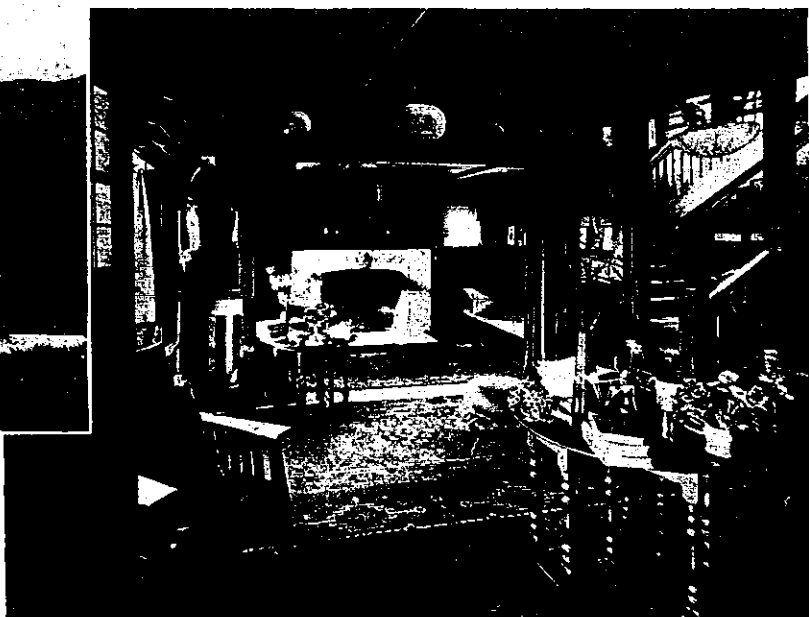
After the ceremony the guests gathered at the Holborn, where they were entertained at a wedding breakfast by Captain and Mrs. McDonald. Mrs. McDonald wearing a nigger brown silk braided costume, with blue hat and fur cape; Mrs. Vivian, mother of the bridegroom, wore a black taffeta costume with pretty toque to match and black feather boa, and both carried bouquets. Later in the afternoon, Dr. and Mrs. Vivian left for the North, the bride travelling in a nigger brown silk jersey cloth, coat frock embroidered with autumn tints, nigger brown picture hat to match, and kingfisher blue coat.

BEAUTIFUL NEW ZEALAND HOMES

The Residence of Mr. W. B. Lees
at Heretaunga, Wellington



The main entrance, facing north-east.



The lounge, with its cosy ingle nook.
Old china and some pewter plates
make an effective decoration.



Another view of the dining-room.
On the oak dresser may be seen some
pewter plates and old Spode china.
The quaint chairs are old Macclesfield.



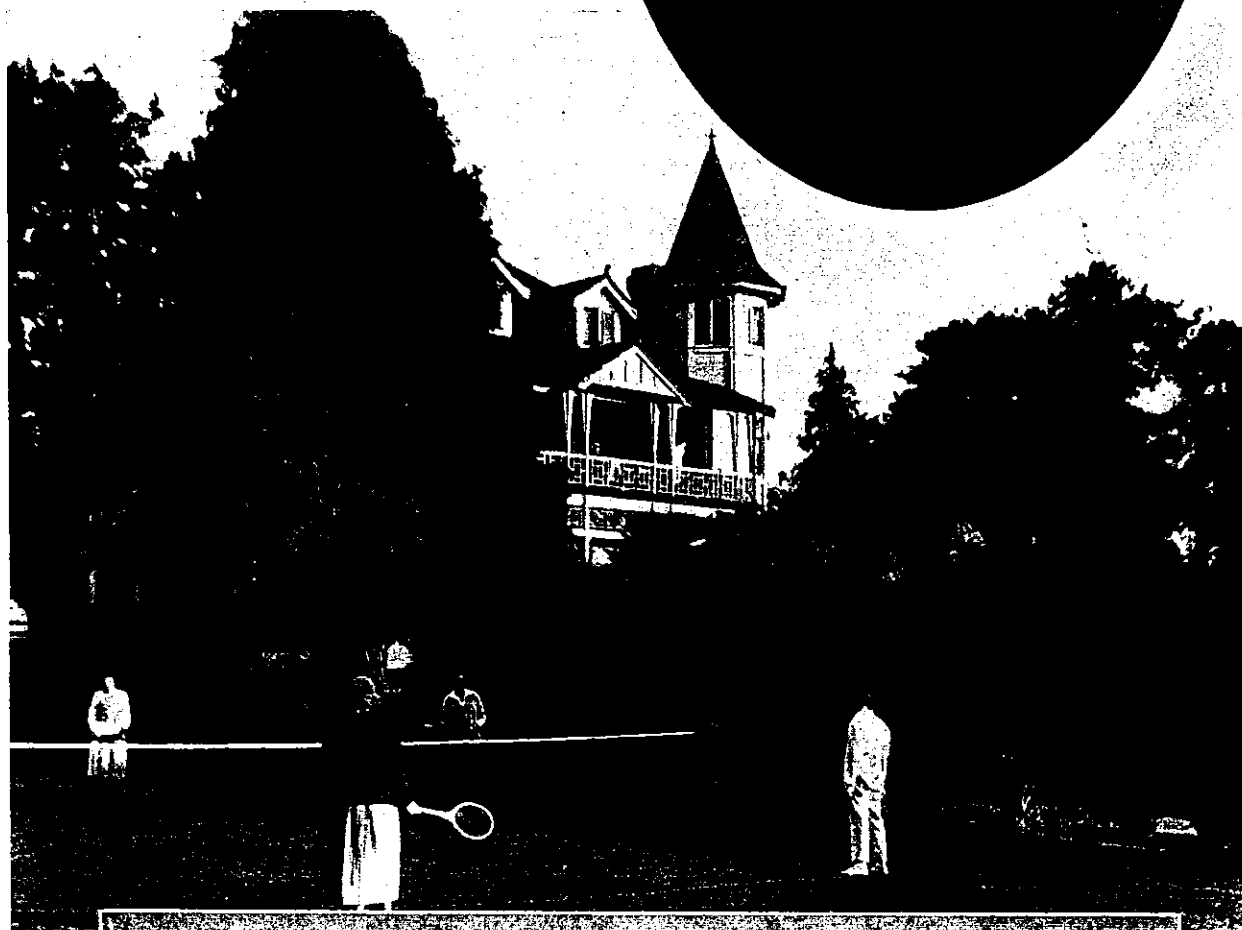
In the dining-room the candelabrum
standing on the curious oak table is
old, but the table is probably older
still, as it has done much faithful ser-
vice in a monastery in Europe.



Another view of the lounge opening
into the billiard and dining rooms. On
the fine Jacobean chest are some brass
pots with historic associations. The
grandfather's clock is an heirloom of
great age.

A BEAUTIFUL HOME NEAR HAMILTON

Mrs. H. J. Greenslade, O.B.E., who was President of the Hamilton Patriotic Committee during the whole period of the war. Below is a fine view of her residence from the shady tennis court, also of the garden sloping down to a picturesque curve of the Waikato River.



THE ROMANCE OF A KNITTING MACHINE

Widow as Pioneer

SIXTEEN years ago Newquay, in Cornwall, was a struggling village with a few hotels and small shops. To-day, says a contemporary, it is a large prosperous town, and is the only place in England where there is no unemployment.

This is due to the energy and self-reliance of one woman, who, finding herself a widow, penniless and with a young family to support and educate, set herself to earn money by her own efforts. Her only possession of any value was her knitting machine, and with it she laid the foundation of her present prosperity. In her eldest daughter she discovered a designer of considerable originality, and between them was built up an industry which after initial difficulties is now firmly established.

THOUGH it is only sixteen years since she laid the foundations of her business, she has no fewer than ten factories, the machines of which are turning out all sorts of knitted garments. Over a thousand girls are employed, and so great has been the success of this pioneer that the industry she founded is spreading to other towns in Cornwall.

Her factories are cleverly and thoughtfully built so as to ensure the health and comfort of the girls employed, and the construction is simple. The material is grey granite on a concrete foundation, lined with asbestos, so as to give fire no chance. In front are the office and girls' club room, behind stretch the two floors of machine and finishing rooms. From the grey and white of the exterior one passes into an immense hive full of multi-coloured wools, which are being manipulated by girls who, in the gay dresses worn to-day, look like a garden of bright flowers. These two rooms have the biggest floor area of any building in the West of England. They are light and lofty, with many wide windows looking over the sea—and this sea is the open Atlantic, breezy and bracing. The conditions seem ideal.

AFTER work, play. Outside are hard courts for tennis. Their dramatic society gives entertainments, and is helped by the girls' orchestra.

Little instances of the care with which the building was planned are to be seen everywhere. In the cloak-room hot-water pipes pass below the hanging garments, so that if girls come in wet from the weather their coats and cloaks shall be dry again by the time work is over. Also the drinking fountain has the latest hygienic improvement—bubbling water that obviates the necessity of a cup.

The work done is useful as well as beautiful, and it looks as if the knitted gown has come to stay. It has many advantages over the garment that is made from a woven material. It is light to wear, durable, and, as it allows the free passage of air, is more healthy than a tighter, stiffer type of gown. It can be varied in accordance with the fashions, and when the designer has a feeling for colour and smartness she can produce a garment entirely suitable for any climate.

MADAME Hawke, as she is called by her employees, is a middle-aged handsome grandmother. She is full of life and energy, sits on Grand Juries, takes a keen interest in politics, controls her large business with firmness and skill, and is looked upon by the townsfolk generally as a benefactress and friend.

FEMININE DEMANDS for many HOLIDAY ATTRAC- TIONS ARE EASILY MET

To keep your daintiness from the dust of summer race days, it is well to have a fine cloth scarf wrap deeply fringe trimmed and worn with a shady black and white hat.

From Rendells Limited.

The charm is apparent in this dainty frock of lemon organdie, enhanced by its big frilled bow, and worn with a crinoline hat, rust toned, and cherry trimmed.

From Smith and Caughey.

Dorée and Saché, photo.



Dorée and Saché, photo.



Dorée and Saché, photo.

The black lace brim widens out in front to shade milady's eyes, and is gathered into a big butterfly bow across the back, held in place by a fascinating bunch of cherries.

From Smith and Caughey.

The DAIN'TINESS of CRISP MUSLINS CONTRASTS with the GRACE of SILKEN FOLDS

Equally attractive for races or theatre wear, and fashioned of fluffy white wool brocade of feather weight, this garment lends itself to most fascinating and becoming lines.

From Smith and Caughey.

Powder blue in shade, and of heavy crêpe de chine, this graceful frock has a scarf cape, which ripples from shoulder to hem, and is worn with a hat of white tulle encircled with a single plume.

From Rendells Limited.



Dorée and Saché, photo.



Dorée and Saché, photo.

Miss Peggy Leslie defeats the sun's intent with a delightful hat of dove grey lace and shirred crêpe de chine.

From Rendells Limited.



Dorée and Saché, photo.

MANY SMALL SOCIAL OCCASIONS AT XMAS TIME DEMAND THE DAINTIEST of FROCKS

A filmy garment for summer evenings that carries the hall mark of hand work, is almost indispensable—especially when one realises that it will launder and keep renewed youth.

Crêpe de chine and shirrings, muslin and filet lace, net and tiny frills, give sufficient choice to satisfy the heart of any small maiden.



The charm of exclusive simplicity is well illustrated in this frock of leaf broen taffeta with its graceful collars of deep cream georgette.

From the House of Flackson.



*For the Christmas Vacation, or for Gift-Giving,
A Timely Featuring of the Finer Shoes &
Hosiery at the M.&C. Store*



Above.—Smartness and comfort are assured in these smart Summer Shoes in White Kid, featuring the Fancy Grecian Sandal Strap effect. The Hose, in rich White Silk, with triple-weave self stripe, are of fine quality and exquisite lustre.



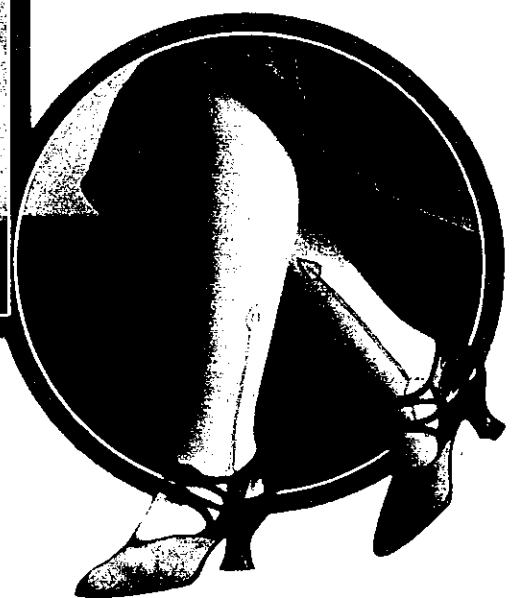
Above.—Newly arrived American Model Shoes in Black Satin. The single strap fastens with button and effective cluster of Brilliants. And one could scarcely wish for more beautiful Hose for afternoon or evening wear than the newest example in Milanese Silk also shown here.



Above.—The simple Court Styles always find favour; and more so the smart model in Black Suede here shown, which has an effective insertion tab at front, and Baby Louis Heels. This very neat footwear is from a reliable American maker. The Hosiery shown is of fine Drop Stitch in Heavy Milanese Silk, showing in Black, White, Grey, Nigger, and Beige.



Above.—These very shapely Two-strap Shoes in White Kid are from Selby's—sufficient guarantee of excellence. They are shown worn with Pure Silk Hose of new graduated Drop Stitch design.



Above.—An effective Combination Shoe from America, which has Patent Back, Grey Suede Front, Full Louis Heel, and the smart Grecian Sandal strap fastening. For wear with this shoe the Hose in best quality White Milanese Silk, with hand-embroidered two-tone Clox, are ideal.



At Left.—A very trim One-strap Shoe in Black Satin, with Beaded Front and Full Louis XV Heel. The striking Hose in Black Milanese with openwork self stripe are beautiful in lustre and quality.

Milne & Choyce Ltd.

Queen Street

Auckland

MANY OCCASIONS ARE SUGGESTED AND PROVIDED FOR



A dainty taffeta afternoon frock with velvet bands and écriu lace collar and cuffs enhances the charm of Betty Compson, Picture Paramount star.

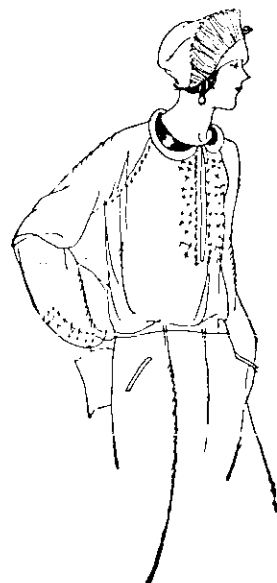
Lois Wilson, Paramount star, wears a delightful frock of lemon crêpe de chine, and petal collared cape of pale grey.



These graceful frocks illustrate the charm of loose simple lines and the wide open sleeve—and offer possibilities in the choice of materials and adornment.



The indispensable holiday item—a jumper—is shown in three attractive ways. Cross-stitch, fringe and embroidery all play their important part.





This is a photographic reproduction of our up-to-date Ladies' Footwear Department. It is situated on the ground floor, just to the left of the main entrance.

Lotus Shoes

This famous British make of fine footwear, so long favourably known to the ladies of Auckland, is obtainable at our establishment. The latest styles for Summer are now on display, and the numerous sizes, half sizes and widths issued by the makers enable us to promise an accurate fit for every foot.



R500



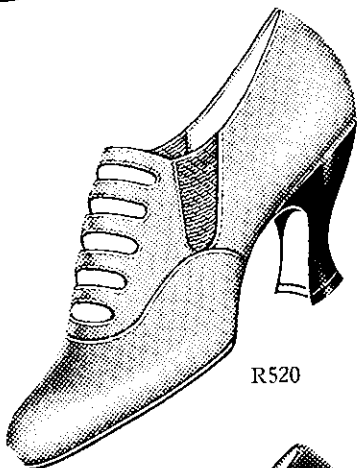
R570



R510



R580



R520

R500—"Lotus" Glace Oxford Shoe, with patent toe cap, Cuban heel, welted sole. 32/6

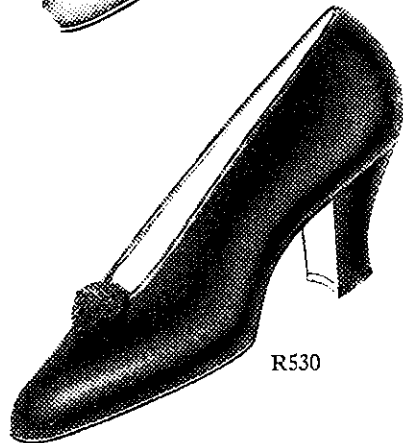
R570—"Lotus" Black Glace Oxford Shoe, patent cap, Cuban heel, welted sole. 35/6

R510—"Lotus" Black Glace Oxford Shoe, self cap, new military heel, welted sole. 28/6

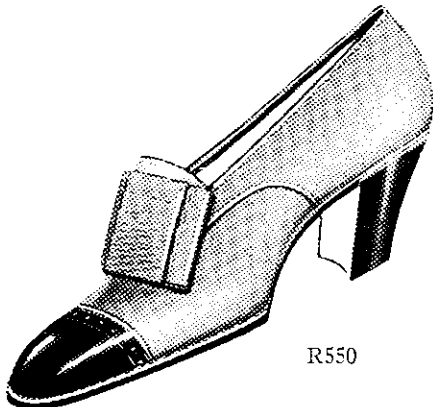
R580—"Lotus" Glace Kid Lace Shoe, patent cap Cuban heel, welted sole. 50/-

R520 "Lotus" Glace Kid Gussett Shoe, full Louis heel, pump sole. 52/6

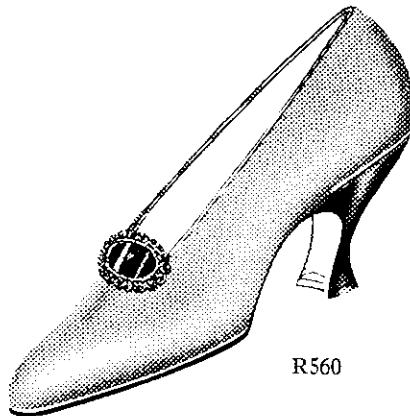
R590—"Lotus" Patent Court Shoe, toe cap and buckle, Cuban heel welted sole. 52/6



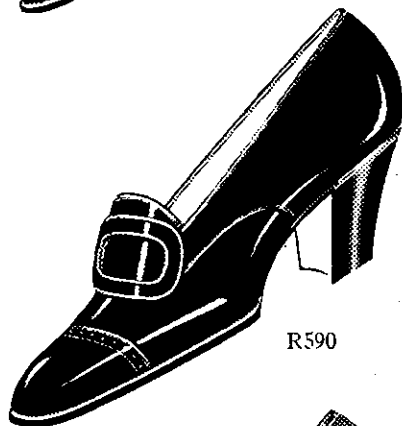
R530



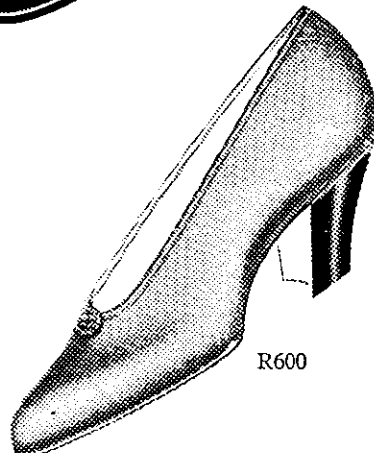
R550



R560



R590



R600

R530 "Lotus" Patent Leather Court Shoe, Cuban heel, pump sole. 53/6

R550—"Lotus" Black Glace Court Shoe, patent cap, flat bow, Cuban heel, welted sole. 50/-

R560—"Lotus" Glace Court Shoe, full Louis heel, pump sole 50/-

R600— Patent Court Shoe, medium heel, pump sole, beaded ornament. 52/6

Smith & Caughey Ltd.

Queen Street

Auckland



GIFTS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

WHAT a flutter of excitement always attends the arrival of the "new baby." Can you wonder? Such little bundles of daintiness, so sweetly appealing, and what pretty and useful items one can give them at Xmas or any other time! Hand-made garments are decidedly best; these in great variety and good reliable shapes are obtainable at Matthews & Andrews, 147 Symonds St., Auckland.

SANTA CLAUS' CAVE.

Again this year Santa Claus has filled a cave full of toys for the children in the basement of Short's Building, 156 Queen Street. Right from floor to ceiling, the cave is a wonderland of toys. If you want to gladden the heart of some happy kiddy this Xmas, don't fail to visit Santa Claus' Cave, where you find the latest toy novelties almost given way. Large assortment of toys for Dips and Christmas Trees. 10% given for bazaars.

XMAS SWEET NOVELTIES.

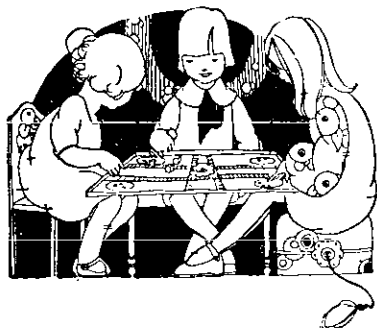
When you take the children shopping for Xmas, do not miss paying a visit to Mrs. J. W. Makin, Inverness Buildings, Karangahape Road (below Tivoli Theatre), Auckland. They will find it hard to choose between animals and boats and real scout outfits—all in the most delicious chocolate-filled cradles and baby prams. Mrs. Makin also has a special line of Xmas Bonbons at the reasonable price of 1/6 per dozen.

GOOD-TIME FROCKS FOR CHILDREN.

Xmas parties, and holiday time!—and Mother lets her three little maids enjoy themselves to their fullest capacity, knowing that their pretty art silk frocks—cream for Betty (aged 3), coral for June (aged 4), and saxe for Babs (aged 6), will not harm by being tumbled; and when soiled will launder well. She has wisely purchased them at Snedden's, corner of Khyber Pass and Symonds Street, Auckland, where they are reasonably priced from 19/11 to 25/-, in sizes ranging from 18in. to 24in.

JAZZ FROCKS FOR WEE GIRLS.

Ashley's Ltd., the A.B.C. Stores, are showing dainty styles in holiday frocks for juveniles, comprising plain, striped, and check gingham and zephyrs. All sizes, 8/6, 10/6, 12/9 to 14/6. Also a charmingly attractive style in Jazz frocks for the wee girls, all priced at 6/11. Sponge cloth frocks, too, to fit all ages, are most popular this season; they are most serviceable and at the same time dainty. Prices from 22/6 to 26/11.



RACE GOWNS.

SUMMER skies, sunshine, velvet lawns, and a lovely frock—and what more could feminine heart desire? The frock is really the most important, for even blue skies appear clouded when one's gown does not please.

To eliminate any such possibility, just step into "The Boudoir," Karangahape Road, Auckland, and see the exclusive gowns that are being shown there for the coming racing events.

Exquisite materials, designs, and colourings are used in originating gowns to suit every feminine type, so that each one gains that personal touch which is the secret of true style.

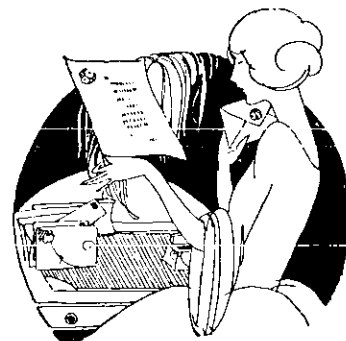
The quality is the best—the workmanship is excellent, and the prices are moderate.

SOMETHING NEW IN POTTERY WARE.

Auckland has long been in need of a place where shoppers may go and buy comparatively inexpensive yet beautiful things that are specially adapted for the purpose of Christmas, wedding and presentation gifts—both useful and ornamental—such as pieces of bronze or china, sets of crockery, tea or dinner sets, of the types that are apart from the general idea of these things. And at last, with the opening of Mennie's Buildings, in Symonds Street, there has come into being a business, aptly termed "The Potteries," which is specialising in these artistic goods. In this newly-opened shop will be found art pottery by Minton and Hollins, the celebrated Astra ware, Cloisonne and Satsuma ornaments, Royal Devon ware, and a multitude of other things that range in price from the most exquisite pieces, beautifully inlaid with filigree work, right down to comparatively inexpensive ornaments.



"When you take Baby by the hand, you take Mother by the heart." Similarly, a gift to Baby is a gift to Mother also. Then let your Xmas gift be of double value. A wider choice of baby clothes and nursery requisites would be hard to find outside Rendells Ltd. Baby's 101 needs present a wide choice for dainty and useful Xmas gifts, and are easily selected from such a stock as Rendells, who are Suppliers By Appointment to "His Majesty the Baby."



ITEMS OF INTEREST AT XMAS TIME

WHERE TO SHOP FOR XMAS.

EVERY thrifty shopper, who wants the best value for her outlay, will be well advised to visit Meikle's Valu House, on the corner of Queen and Wellesley Streets, Auckland.

"From small beginnings grow big endings"—and Mr. Meikle's business has grown in twelve years from a small fancy and millinery business to a modern and well-equipped shopping centre, where almost everything needed for the garbing of your family may be found.

DRESS MATERIALS.

Mr. Meikle's choice is not bewildering—it is just what you have been looking for—dainty and well-chosen textures and designs in all the modern summer materials—Plain, Striped, and Checked Sponge Cloth, moderately priced at from 3/6 per yard.

Foulards, Fuji Silk, Tricolet, and a wide range of attractive cotton materials for beach and holiday wear, are just a few of the well-stocked lines.

LINGERIE AND CORSETS.

And when you have chosen your frock, just take a peep at the lingerie section. If you pass by crêpe de chine and silk, you certainly will stop when you see the prettily fashioned garments of cotton crêpe—just the things to take for a camping holiday and to wear with a comfy sports corset.

MILLINERY.

And as Meikle's Valu House is celebrating its twelfth birthday, you are offered millinery for all occasions at special prices, and some very charming straw shapes. "Such a bother to trim!" "Why, no, here are all the flowers of summer to wreath them with."

FROCKS AND JUMPERS.

If there is no time to have your frocks made, you will be certain to find just what suits you among the many charming and stylish models in the Frock Department. Summer weight woollens are found in smart costumes for travelling needs, priced from £4/15/6, and stylish frocks for all occasions—from races to picnics—are in all the newest materials, not forgetting that indispensable garment, the jumper, and useful slip-on dust-coats, in silk and crash for motoring.

FANCY GOODS.

One could really go on indefinitely—but just a last mention of gloves, hosiery, veils, ribbons and a great variety of fancy articles suitable for Xmas gifts.

The Meikle slogan is, "You get it cheaper at Meikle's," but that is not quite all—you also find quality.



WHEN YOU ARE

NEW ZEALAND NOVELTIES

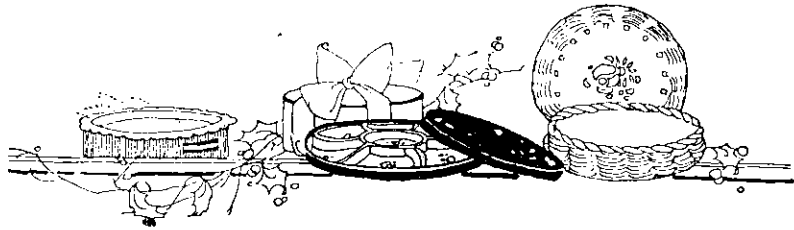
At the Oriental Tourist Depot, 159 Symonds Street, Auckland, there are some of the nicest artistic novelties which are truly New Zealand-y, and therefore most suitable for sending as gifts to friends abroad. There are quaint New Zealand leather goods, original Auckland views (all sizes), post cards, calendars, pen paintings and boudoir caps, all delightfully displayed in an original "where" window, which the Misses Morton, who control the Depot, have arranged themselves. Certainly it is worth a visit.

XMAS

SHOPPING FOR

THE CHOICE OF A CALENDAR.

Both artistic pleasure and practical use are combined in the gift of a well chosen calendar for the coming year, and, if for friends abroad, it is of double interest to send one showing the natural scenic beauties that are near your home, perhaps a glimpse of beautiful Takapuna, with its mysterious lake, or the wide open stretches of the North Shore—or—another choice, Mr. A. J. Harding, of Queen Street, Auckland, has also an excellent range of New Zealand Art Leather Goods, pocket books, cushions and pipe racks, etc., which are always acceptable for masculine friends.



GIFTS FOR THE HOME LOVER.

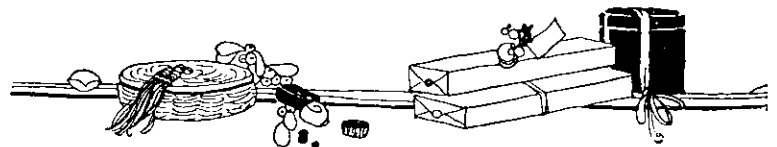
"Peggy, just listen; I've got no less than five prospective brides on my list; whatever can I give them for Xmas Gifts?" "Well, Norah, I saw the loveliest linen hand-embroidered doyleys and traycloths at 'De Collett,' Art Needlework Depot, 139 Symonds Street, Auckland, a few days ago, and also the sweetest embroidered novelties that add so to the charm of a guest room. I'm sure nothing could be more suitable—and, by the way, if you are wanting any new needlework yourself, they have some lovely ready traced goods, and every imaginable colour in silks and cottons to work them with.

FROCKS, JUMPERS AND FURS.

Many dainty and charming frocks and jumpers specially selected by their Melbourne buyer, are offered by the Melba Furriers and Costumiers, 338 Queen Street, a few doors from Tonson Garlick. They are exclusive and very moderately priced. Featured are all the favoured summer materials, silk foulards, cashmere de soie, crêpe de chine, and georgettes. Some beautiful furs, wraps, necklets, chokers, also some magnificent coats in Mole, Beaver and Chapelle have just been received by the Melba Furriers from abroad. There is also a fine selection of furred skins from which one may have a coat and wrap made up in one's own style.

DAINTY HANDKERCHIEFS.

These are always acceptable as Xmas presents. A wonderful variety of these charming little gifts is shown by Messrs. Falkner & Co., 282 Queen Street, in boxes of three, six or twelve dainty handkerchiefs, at from 1/6 to 42/- per box. Beautiful Guipure Lace Handkerchiefs may be purchased at from 1/9 to 8/11 each, and are put up in pretty gift envelopes, thus materially adding to the attractiveness of the gift.



LOVELY SILK STOCKINGS.

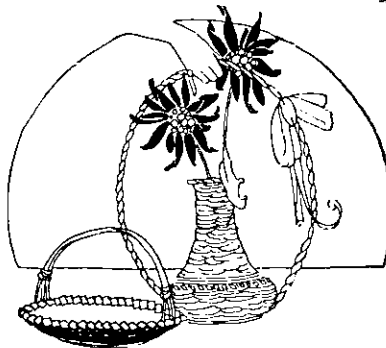
A Xmas gift that any lady will appreciate consists of a pair of silk stockings, together with a dainty Guipure Lace Handkerchief enclosed in a pretty box. These are supplied by Messrs. Falkner & Co., of 282 Queen Street, at from 6/6 to 21/- per box. The stockings are in black, white, or almost any shade desired. A dainty card of good wishes is enclosed in each box.

HOLIDAY FROCKS.

"Yes, don't you think my frocks are lovely? I hadn't a thing to wear when that invitation came, and not a moment to plan having them made, so I simply went to see Miss Coleman, the clever little lady who designs for Messrs. Louis H. Glass, near the Tivoli Theatre, Karangahape Road—and this is the result! Not a bit of bother. The only difficulty was in choosing among so many pretty garments—you know they have a special showing of styles for every holiday occasion, afternoon and evening.

"SWEET" GIFTS.

If Santa Claus were a woman, her "intuition" would tell her that nothing could be more welcome or acceptable than a dainty box of sweets for Mother, Sister, Cousin, Aunt—we all love sweets. In Queen Street, opposite the *Herald*, Miss Inglis has opened Le Grand Central; one would call it the sweet shop de luxe, filled with the most enticing high-grade sweets. There are plain and fancy boxes from 3/- to 50/-, also the largest assortment of choicest brands of imported and local chocolates to select from. We tasted some imported Chocolate Cherry Liqueurs—"Delicious" was the verdict. If you are out of town, Miss Inglis will pack and post to you a box of sweets having that festive look that suggests "A Happy Xmas."



SOMETHING UNIQUE AND DISTINCTIVE.

Right in your midst is to be seen one of the most interesting and beautiful Xmas Exhibitions for December, 1922. A surprise awaits you. It's a wonderfully pretty display, specially arranged of all the latest in dainty gifts too varied to mention. Ladies, be sure to visit this now most popular shopping centre on the 3rd floor of the Strand Arcade, Warren's.



TEA ON THE PORCH

Some Suggestions for your Table

by M. L. T.

CROCHET borders are always of use, and an especially good design is shown on this page, that will suggest many methods of application. It is quickly worked, and most effective. Use No. 6 hook, and about size 60 in Coats' mercerised thread. Sp. means space, other abbreviations being well known. To begin—Ch. 66, turn.

1st Row—4 tr., 11 ch., miss 5 ch., 4 tr., 2 sp., 4 tr., 11 ch., miss 5, 4 tr., 2 sp., 4 tr., 11 ch., miss 5, 4 tr., 11 ch., miss 5, 7 tr., 3 ch., 1 d. tr., into last chain, turn, last chain, turn.

2nd—5 ch., 4 tr., into 1st sp., 1 sp., 3 tr., 1 d.c. into 3rd sp., 11 ch., slip stitch 5 ch., 2 tr., 1 d.c. into 3rd sp., 11 ch., slip 5, 3 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr., 1 d.c. into 3rd sp., 11 ch., slip 5, 3 tr., turn.

3rd—13 tr., 2 sp., 13 tr., 2 sp., 22 tr., 2 sp., 4 tr., 3 ch., 1 d. tr., into next stitch, turn.

4th—5 ch., 4 tr., into 1st space, 12 sp., 4 tr., 11 ch., 4 tr., 2 sp., 4 tr., 11 ch., 4 tr., turn.

*5th—3 tr., 1 d.c. into 3rd ch., slip 5, 3 tr., 2 sp.; repeat from *; 13 sp., 4 tr., 3 ch., 1 d. tr., into last sp., turn.

6th—7 ch., 4 tr., into 1st sp., 5 sp., 40 tr., 2 sp., 13 tr., turn.

7th—4 tr., 11 ch., 3 tr., 2 sp., 4 tr., 11 ch., 4 times, 4 tr., 6 sp., 4 tr., 3 ch., 1 d. tr., into last sp., turn.

8th—7 ch., 4 tr., into 1st sp., 7 sp., *3 tr., 1 d.c. into 3rd ch., slip 5; repeat from * three times, 3 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr., 1 d.c. into 3rd ch., slip 5, 3 tr., turn.

9th—13 tr., 2 sp., 40 tr., 8 sp., 4 tr., 3 ch., 1 d. tr., turn.

10th—7 ch., 4 tr., into 1st sp., 24 sp., 4 tr., 11 ch., 4 tr., turn.

11th—3 tr., 1 d.c. into 3rd ch., slip 5, 3 tr., 25 sp., 4 tr., 3 ch., 1 d. tr., turn.

12th—7 ch., 4 tr., 11 sp., 58, turn.

13th—4 tr., 11 ch., six times, 3 tr., 12 sp., 4 tr., 3 ch., 1 d. tr., turn.

14th—7 ch., 4 tr., 13 sp., *3 tr., 1 d.c. into 3rd ch., slip 5; repeat from * five times; 3 tr., turn.

15th—58 tr., 14 sp., 4 tr., 3 ch., 1 d.t., turn.

16th—7 ch., 4 tr., into 1st sp., 10 tr., 2 sp., 13 tr., 2 sp., 13 tr., turn.

17th—4 tr., 11 ch., 4 tr., 2 sp., 4 tr., 11 ch., 4 tr., 2 sp., 4 tr., 11 ch., 4 tr., 1 sp., 4 tr., 3 ch., 1 d.t., turn.

18th—7 ch., 4 tr., 1 sp., *3 tr., 1 d.c.

point is finished, and returning to the inside end of 16th row to recommence the pattern as from beginning of directions.

BORDER.—To make the pointed edge chain 8, 1 d.c. three times into every inch all round. Then *9 d.c. into 1st loop, 4 d.c. into 2nd, 9 ch., back into 5th d.c. of 1st loop, turn, 5 d.c., 1 picot, 5 d.c. into 9 ch., 5 d.c. into rest of 8 ch.; repeat from *.

The doyley has an extra row of filet worked entirely round, and is finished with

3 d.c. into each sp., and a picot every inch.

A Dainty Idea

TO defeat the intent of many busy insects that are attracted by a laden tea-table, the following is a good idea, and also gives an added charm to the appearance of a tea-table or tray.

You will need sufficient organdie to cover your table or tray with a good margin to overhang. Make a narrow hem, and have it hem-stitched, or edge with a neat little narrow edging, and sew crystal beads at two-inch intervals, to weight it.

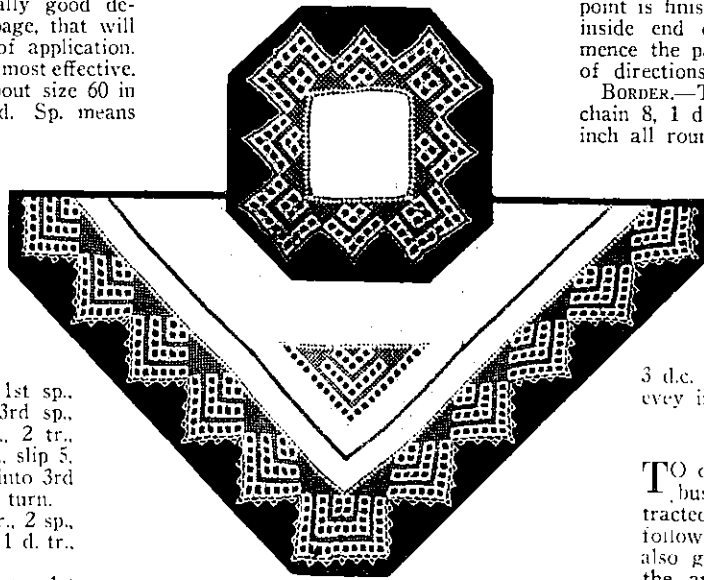
Draw or transfer a pretty butterfly (or several) on to a piece of double or treble muslin well tacked together, and embroider it over a well-padded outline in solid satin stitch. Pad the body very well, and make it firm and shapely, and fill in any markings on the wings.

A Fairylike Touch

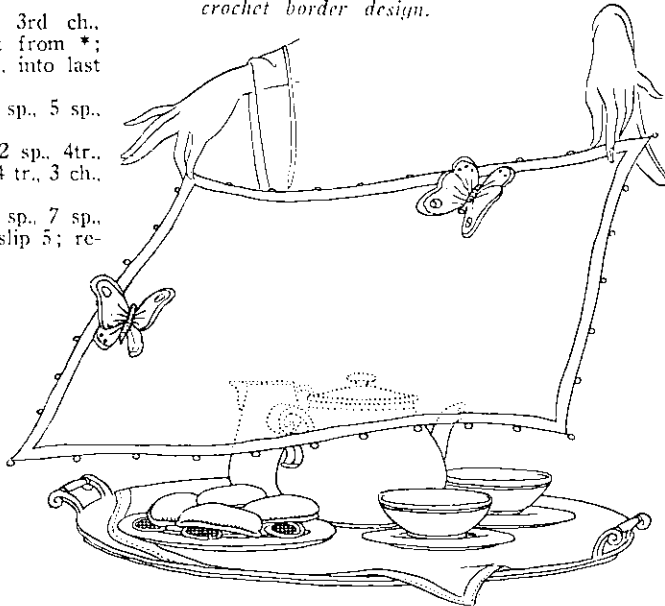
Then press, cut away all waste material, and fold the wings up so that the butterfly looks poised, then attach lightly to your tray cover.

Several butterflies of different sizes may be worked—and colours used also, but white gives the daintiest effect.

Doyleys may also be made to cover each plate of cakes; and you will no longer need to post a small member of the family beside the tray to "shoo" away summer insects.



A neat and effective crocheted border design.

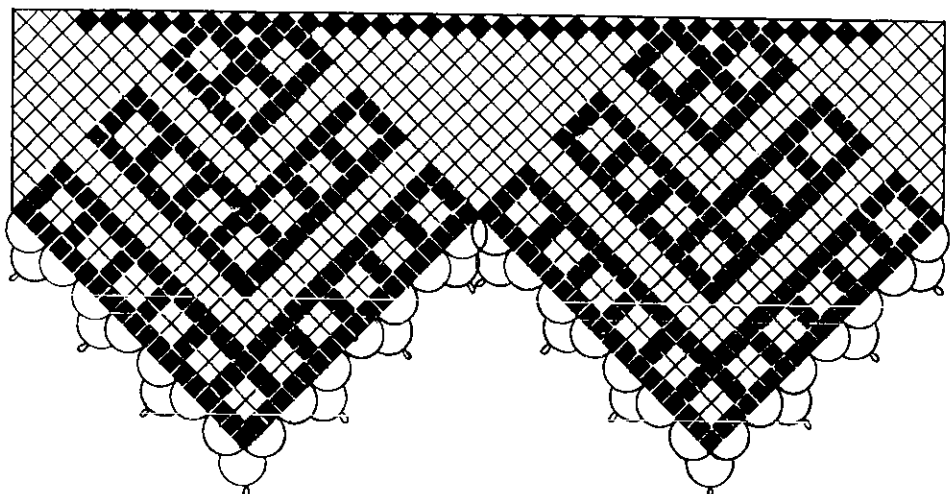


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into 3rd ch., slip 5, 3 tr., 2 sp.; repeat from * twice; turn.

19th—13 tr., 2 sp., 13 tr., 2 sp., 22 tr., 3 ch., 1 d. tr., into next stitch, turn.

This completes the pattern, and it can be repeated indefinitely, stopping the increasing on the inside edge at the 16th row, when you wish to turn a corner, breaking off when the



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Illustration on the left gives but a scant idea of the immensity of the assortment from which it is chosen. Karo nightdresses range in price from 12/6 to 35/-. The garment depicted is made in soft finish longcloth, and finished with fine Swiss embroidery and small tucks. Price, 25/-.

The illustration above shows a popular Karo longcloth nightdress. China Hand-made Lace and Insertion forms the trimming. This nightdress has a slotted and threaded waist, and is also obtainable with V neck and pin tucks at the waist. Price, 15/6.

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C1 — Dainty Cambric Karo Camisole, effectively trimmed China Lace and Insertion; Beading threaded with Ribbon. Square neck, short sleeves, finished to match; hand-sewn throughout. As illustration. 19/11.

C2—Voile Slip, trimmed Imitation Filet Lace and Insertion, square neck and lace-edged sleeves, dainty ribbon bow, elastic at waist. Made in White, Pink, or Sky. Sketch from actual garment. 6/11.

RENDELLS LIMITED

KARANGAHAPE ROAD



PARCELS—and PARCELS

by M.L.T.

THERE are parcels, and parcels—rather uninteresting information you will say; but if you consider a moment you will see that there is something in it.

There are, I repeat, parcels and parcels, in the same way that there are gifts and gifts.

The average person's idea of a parcel is an object wrapped in any piece of paper and tied with any piece of string, but such a finish does not add to the attraction of a birthday, Christmas, or any other gift. Of course, a string of pearls, for instance, would be equally welcome if sent wrapped in newspaper—but most of us do not "rise" to strings of pearls! and if our gifts are of necessity simple ones, there is an added satisfaction to the giver, and pleasure to the recipient when they are attractively wrapped—besides, the giving of a gift with an unattractive exterior always seems to say, "I had to give you something—well, here it is, and thank goodness that's over!"

The doing up of a parcel gives quite an amazing scope for the expression of one's own personality, as well as one's feelings towards the receiver of it.

You can make the parcel typical of the occasion, or simply a delight to the eye.

You can enhance your gift and give delight to the recipient with a very little, or a great deal, of trouble, as your mood leads you.

In the first place, a gift sent in a box is far more attractive than a floppy parcel—so, as the time approaches, save your boxes.

Coloured tissue paper costs little, and narrow coloured ribbons can be bought to match or contrast, or—if you are a luxurious person—you may "splash" in ribbons of wider make. Also, gold cords from chocolate boxes are useful.

A box of handkerchiefs for an elderly friend could be wrapped in lavender tissue, and tied with ribbon of a deeper tone—and if you have lavender growing and can tuck a few

sprigs into the ribbon, it will have added charm—or you may wrap in brown scarlet or white, tie with scarlet, and finish with a sprig of holly for a masculine friend.

If you give a rose sachet cut a single lovely rose out of wallpaper and paste on a pale blue tissue wrapped box and tie with old rose.

A fresh cut rose of perfect shape could also be used.

ANOTHER good idea is to cut out your friend's initials in quaint design and contrasting colour. A flight of birds on a background of blue, stripes and spots; moons and crescents all in many odd arrangements of colour and design—in fact, the parcel can be made so attractive that one hesitates to open it and destroy the work of art!

Trees of the poplar and cypress type are effective on long narrow parcels, cut out of dark green paper, while you will delight the children by cutting out white or yellow ducklings, black cats, and many other animals beloved by the small folk, and arranging them singly, in groups, or in single file, according to the shape of the box. Wallpaper samples are also of great resource—in fact, any figured paper will find its billet.

Round boxes (such as boxes of face powder) are dainty if wrapped in a big round of tissue (a shade to match the scent, perhaps), which is gathered up to the top and tied, and the edge fringed like a big chrysanthemum—or you may simply cut it in points.

Of course this all means a certain amount of trouble—but after all, where is the value of an obviously careless gift?

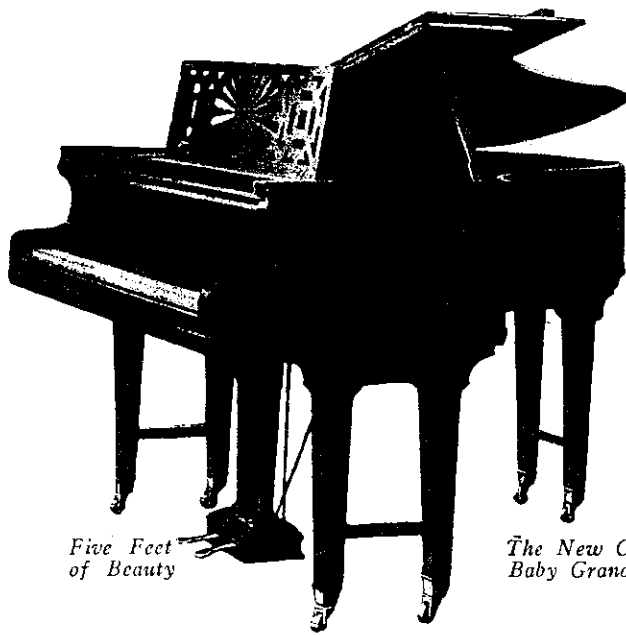
Since the majority of us have given up making presents with our own fair hands, as our grandmothers used to do, the least we can offer is a little forethought and care.

Appearances may be sometimes deceptive—but a charming exterior goes half the way—besides it is a pleasant task!



A few attractive suggestions for making up dainty gift parcels.

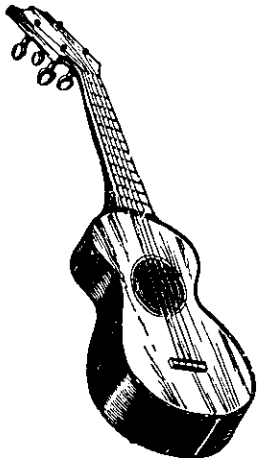
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Gifts



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of Beauty

The New Chappell
Baby Grand

Music is an
Inspiration to
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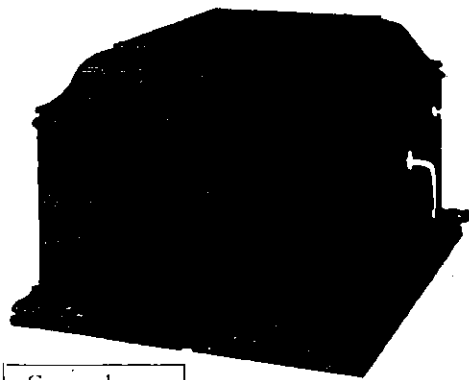
Of all the enjoyments you can think of, is there one that will give you such an endless amount of pleasure as music? Think of the fun and amusement you could have this Xmas, if you purchased a musical instrument of your own! Pianos and all instruments are cheaper now than they have been for the past five years, and we have a large stock of the very newest instruments, which we shall be pleased to show you. You can purchase on the easy payment system if you desire, and the first instalment will secure delivery of the instrument immediately.



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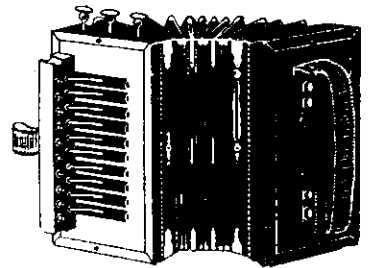
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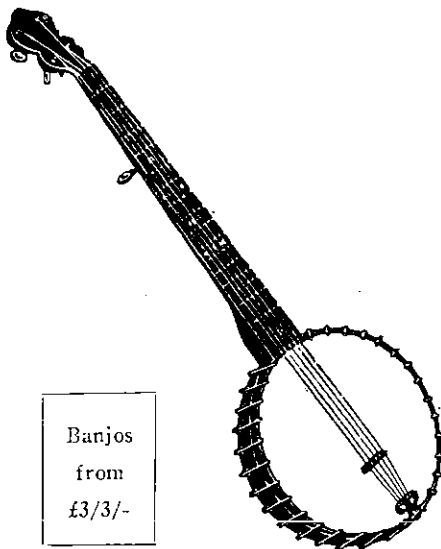
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THE CAREER of STELLA FRANE

by ISABEL MAUDE PEACOCKE



BOTH described the pocket-book and shirt shown them by Mr. Tarne, and repeated the account he had given them of his midnight experience.

After consultation with his client, Driscoll explained very plausibly the absence of their principal witness, and proposed to read his signed statement. It was read and obviously impressed the Court. This ended the case for the prosecution, and after a brief but pertinent summary of the points made in favour of the plaintiff, Driscoll sat down, and Frane's lawyer made a brief cross-examination with the rather doubtful result of eliciting the admission that Frane might have known of Tarne's possession of a large sum of money through a third person, who had been shown the notes by Tarne himself, but whose name it was hoped need not be published.

At this daring insinuation Stella turned pale and bit her lip nervously. She knew it was a veiled threat intended to intimidate her.

The defence was a complete denial of the charge, but cleverly padded as it was, it was a bare denial and had no evidence of any weight to support it. Frane being asked if he could call any witnesses in his defence, he answered briefly, "None."

Stella half rose. Her heart was beating in thick painful throbs, the colour had drained from her face, her very lips. Her beautiful eyes, dilated now with a frightened anguish, were fixed on the hard, clever, ugly face of Driscoll as if fascinated. In a moment now she must speak, must stand up in the face of this public assembly and confess that she had been in the plaintiff's rooms with him at nearly midnight, had been followed there by her husband and taken away by him, and in proof thereof must herself insist on the production of the scarf which Tarne held as a threat over her.

It was no light thing she had to do. In all her public career no breath of scandal had ever tarnished her name, and the "pretty Puritan" that Tarne had scoffed at in her was still alive and sensitive enough to shrink from a public pillorying.

Nevertheless Lester, her husband, was in trouble. Innocent or guilty, he must be rescued from the consequences her indiscretion had brought upon him. Driscoll was speaking.

"No doubt," he said with that suave insolence of his, and coldly-smiling eyes, "the defendant will have no difficulty in proving an *alibi* on the night of May 24. You can swear," he added, turning sharply to Frane, "you were not in the plaintiff's rooms on the night of the 4th?"

Stella held her breath. There was a momentary dead silence in the court and then came Frane's low, dogged reply:

"I will not swear to that."

Sensation! Heads were turned; necks craned forward, a low buzz of comment broke out.

"Silence! Order! Order!" came the voice of the crier.

"Ah!" said Driscoll significantly, and a slight pause followed. "The accused admits—or refuses to deny—that he was in the plaintiff's rooms on the night in question, my lord—"

Frane's counsel rose.

"My client admits the fact, but instructs me to say that he was there for a purpose far otherwise—"

"No doubt! No doubt!" broke in Driscoll with a derisive grin. "The accused was making a friendly call, we take it. Rather an odd hour for the social amenities, however."

Stella's fever-bright eyes fixed themselves on the powerful, coarse face of the man, her hands clenched as he proceeded in his half-sneering ironic way: "It is unfortunate for the accused, however, that he had no witness to testify to the entirely social nature of his late call."

"He had a witness!" the sweet nervously high-pitched voice broke with amazing clearness across the crowded court, and every man and woman in it started violently, and a general movement of heads began.

"Order! Order!" came the monotonous call.

STELLA was on her feet now. An exquisite flush burned on her thin cheek, her eyes were large and bright, one hand was clenched nervously against her heaving breast. There was anguish in her glance, but triumph too, for in that great moment, seeing Lester Frane stand there with his fine strong face so stoically calm, the overwhelming conviction of his innocence flooded her heart, and all thought of self died in the unspeakable comfort of that thought. She saw Godfrey Tarne staring at her, ashy pale, his black eyes like pin-points of flame, his mouth set hard; she was aware, it seemed, of hundreds of cold, curious, probing eyes; she saw her husband's face, horror-stricken, harsh, suffused with colour, all its stoicism gone, as he started forward, crying, "Silence. Stella, I command you!"

"Order! Order!" came the cry.

Heedless of all, Stella hurried on with her confession, almost breathless, lest some tiresome convention of the law might even now delay or hamper her.

"I am the wife of the prisoner. What I have to say I can swear to if necessary. On the night of May 24 Lester Frane came to Mr. Tarne's rooms because—because—a rich flood of colour dyed her soft cheek, but she hastened on—"I was there with Mr. Tarne. He—he persuaded me to conceal myself when we heard my husband on the stairs, but he forced Mr. Tarne to open the door, and after a few words he knocked him down. We thought—we feared and believed him dead, and after doing all we could to revive him we left the flat together. It was I who urged my husband to—to—leave the country, and for my sake he agreed to do so. For proof of what I say, ask Mr. Tarne to produce the scarf I left in his flat, and which he refused to return to me—"

The sweet tremulous tones ceased, and Stella gazed up at the judge in an agony of pleading; shame had died in the urgent necessity of that moment. Then her eyes, bright and large through unshed tears, sought

her husband's face. Lester Frane stood perfectly still, his hands gripping the rail in front of him with an intensity which whitened the knuckles, his chin was bowed upon his breast, his eyes lowered. Not all the shame or blame in prospect for him had power to lower that obstinately proud head of his, thought Stella with a pang, but she had brought it low.

"He will despise me now," she thought drearily. "Even though I did it to save him, his rigid views on a woman's honour will hold that I am cheapened now forever."

She saw the profound, if restrained excitement all about her, the turned heads, the curious eyes and whispering lips, the reporters scribbling away delightedly at this unexpectedly piquant "story," but she felt too numb, too weary to resent anything.

It was done now; she had smirched her good name, but she had saved her man's honour. Then she was aroused by the big booming voice of Driscoll asking permission to speak.

"What the lady has just told us throws an interesting sidelight on the case," he remarked urbanely. "My client admits her statement to be substantially true; only motives of natural delicacy prevented him from telling the same story. But what the lady does not state—probably is unaware of—is that the prisoner returned later with the hope of robbing the supposed corpse. There can be little doubt, gentlemen; here we have the double motive, desire for revenge and urgent need of funds to make good his escape. There is the fact that the plaintiff saw and recognised the prisoner and the valet actually tells of meeting a man on the stairs, of a description which closely tallies with the look of the prisoner."

Stella gave a little voiceless moan. Was her sacrifice to be in vain? Then to her relief she saw that Lester Frane's head was raised again. The old fighting look was in his eyes, that stubborn chin of his was up. Also she saw that a man who was quietly but resolutely making his way to the front of the Court, a slightly-built man, well dressed and decent looking, but something furtive and embarrassed in his look struck Stella as vaguely familiar, and she wondered a little absently where she had seen him before. Then she remembered. He was her little sick boy's father whom she had seen at the hospital, the man who had said he would go through fire and water for her. Now he had stopped under the judge's box, and she could hear him say low but distinctly:

"Sir, I have important evidence. Can I be sworn. My name is Medlow—James Medlow, Mr. Tarne's late valet."

A buzz of interest ran through the crowd. Here was the principal witness for the prosecution, the missing valet, the valet who was sick a-bed, here in the flesh to testify.

DISREGARDING a swift sign from Tarne, Medlow entered the witness box, was sworn, and told his story with down-cast eyes and hands which fidgetted nervously. He looked up once, his eyes strayed and then he hastily lowered his gaze again with an unmistakable shudder. Stella's

glance followed his and rested on the face of Godfrey Tarne, intent, malignant, staring, like a wild beast in chains, at the chief witness for the prosecution. She, too, shivered and averted her gaze.

Medlow told of his coming to Tarne's flat and finding his master asleep and much dishevelled, then of Tarne's story of the robbery, and his suggestion that the valet had seen Lester Frane upon the stairs as he came up.

"I want to say," said the valet in his colourless tones, "that every word in my supposed statement was dictated by Mr. Tarne, and I hope it'll do me no harm now, since I swear freely there isn't a word of truth in it. I'm telling this now because—because—whatever happens me I wouldn't do an ill turn to the lady who's been so good to my little crippled lad. I funk the telling so long because I hoped something 'ud turn up so it wouldn't be necessary. I only signed the cursed thing because he—Mr. Tarne—had—had a hold over me like. At first I believed he'd been robbed right enough, but when I found a roll of notes tucked away in his collar-box and brought 'em to him and he called me a "meddling fool," and got in a towering rage, I knew he'd trumped up the whole thing because—"

A strange, strangled cry drew the eyes of everyone in the court to Godfrey Tarne. Grey-white and gasping, his face was frightful in its baffled spite and malignant fury, as leaning on the back of his chair, one shaking finger levelled at James Medlow, he cried thickly:

"Judas! Treacherous dog! I'll have you put where you belong. Sergeant arrest—that man—he is—"

A sudden ghastly blueness overspread his face; he clawed convulsively at his side and fell forward without a groan. A thrill of wild excitement ran through the court; someone cried, "a doctor," a woman screamed.

It was a dead man they carried out of court, and this time there was no resurrection for Godfrey Tarne until that dread day when it is said the sea shall give up its dead, and the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

HOURS later Lester and Stella Frane sat together in their home, silent, hand clasping hand. Their mutual confessions had been made and absolution sought and granted. With bitter self-reproach Frane had told his wife of his conviction of her guilt and begged her forgiveness, and she, quick and generous in the granting of his pardon, had confessed, too, that she, for some time, had reluctantly believed him to have been a thief. So confession done and forgiveness granted, they sat silently thinking over the dramatic scenes of that day.

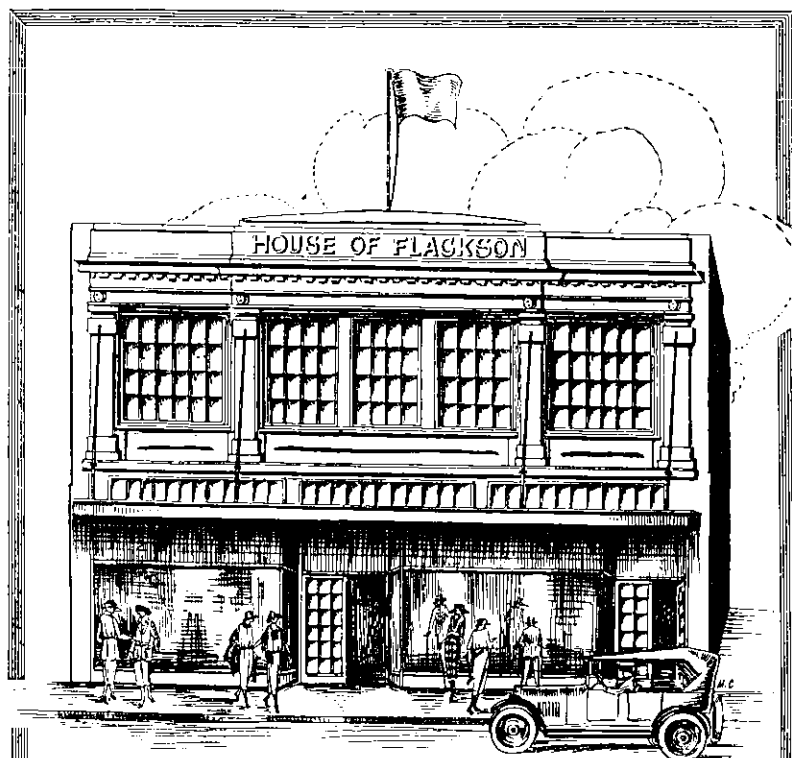
The trial had come to an abrupt end with the valet's evidence, and an unhesitating acquittal had been given by the jury without leaving the court. Frane had come out of court with old John Graham, to find Stella awaiting him with a half-pleading, half-proud look in her soft eyes.

Frane's face had whitened strangely as they met, but John Graham had stepped forward and clasped her hand, saying gently: "You're a brave lass—a good lass. Here, take her, Lester, lad; ye've reason to be proud of her, and remember what I told you, a place in my business is ready for you whenever you want it."

Then he had raised his hat and left them, and Stella found her trembling hand in Lester's, which was trembling too, but warm and close and protecting. She heard his broken murmur: "Stella! Stella! Forgive—my brave girl."

As in a dream they made their way to Stella's car, stopping only to speak a word to James Medlow, who was leaving the place also.

(Continued on page 56).



Have you Heard about "Flackson's"?

It seems but yesterday when the "House of Flackson" made its debut in Karangahape Road. Right in the heart of the busiest shopping zone, with towering competitive concerns on all sides, the House of Flackson opened its doors—the door of a cramped, one-window, one-storey shop. It did not have elaborate display facilities, spacious showrooms, or brilliant illuminating devices, BUT its policy of introducing fashionable apparel of the most exclusive order to Karangahape Road is responsible for its phenomenal growth.

Very soon now, the splendid new ferro-concrete building above illustrated—the new House of Flackson—will be completed.

The major portion of the ground floor will be the fashion showroom, where the latest creations will be exhibited. One of the new departments is that of Dress Fabrics, which will carry complete stocks of the popular weaves of the moment.

On the first floor will be the Millinery Salon. Here will be displayed the most gorgeous modes, faithful interpretations of charming Parisian and London styles, together with a bevy of original and distinctive models.

The remaining portion of the first floor will be devoted to the tea-room. A glimpse of the plans reveals that this will be the most modern and elaborate tea-room in the city.

THE OPENING DAY

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THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE

How to Educate Your Wife

by YE GENTYLE KNIGHTE

UNDOUBTEDLY knowledge is power, which is why woman is said to belong to the weaker sex. As far as knowledge goes, she is practically powerless. Even if she possesses it, she rarely knows how to use it. The problem, then, which we must consider, is the education of one's mate. How may we, the husbands, lead our beautiful but brainless companions up to our own high intellectual levels? How, indeed? And what is more, should we?

Perhaps a few women will be inclined to resent this assumption of male intellectual superiority, in which case let me hasten to state that my remarks are by no means intended in an uncomplimentary sense. I set no great store by mind; as a matter of fact, I fail to see, despite the outcry of many regarding the great liberation of man's spirit, that his science and inventions and mechanical contrivances have brought him any nearer to happiness, nor do I find in his poetry or art anything greater than the imagery of the old prophets or the perfection of the ancient's bas reliefs. No, ladies, you are to be envied your somewhat benighted condition, your delightful indefiniteness about what you really know. It is part of the lovely mystery which enshrouds you.

Proving the Rule

OF course, there are exceptions. Most women are intelligent, but not instructed. If they receive instruction, as they frequently do, they are well-nigh impervious to it; they shed it gracefully—and easily. But occasionally we meet a really instructed woman, one who is a compendium of useful, accurate information, who arrives at decisive and correct conclusions by a course of logical reasoning. The result is most disturbing.

We cry, "Ah, here is a most remarkable woman." But our emotion is not one of happiness, hardly even one of admiration. It is rather a feeling of surprise. "Can such things be?" we question. We are subconsciously shocked. Something ineffably feminine seems to have escaped.

It is not that the inner intellectual development so often finds expression in an unlovely outward appearance, though, this, too, is usually true. A more serious phase of the subject is that vital feminine instincts and functions are disarranged. They are not lovable. They do not marry readily. When they are offered in the marriage market there is frequently no bid. Once in a while we see the union of some super-intellectual woman with a gigantic male intellect. The result is appalling.

Their children, if any, are actually born with gold-rimmed glasses on. They enter college at the age of twelve, completely upset the standards of normal education, and are never heard of afterwards. How fortunate that these instances are rare!

Assuming as proved, therefore, the fact that wives in general must be rated at a lower mental candle-power than their husbands, we are again confronted by the question of just how far we should go in their education, so as to make them appear to the best advantage, and at the same time retain their companionable qualities. Also, how shall we go about it?

We certainly remember from our reading that the classic method of education, such as it was, was that of violence. The taming of Katherine by Petruchio was but one example of the brave old school. This would hardly pass to-day. The modern menage in which the mutton was thrown about the dining table would not last long. When wife-beating went out of fashion it was transferred to the children. The spared rod meant a spoiled child. The caning

and birching in our early schools make horrid reading, as well as do attacks by stern fathers on their offspring, all of which go to show that in the matter of assault and battery our forbears used the chivalrous slogan "Women and children first."

This plainly will not do. We have outgrown it.

And yet, incredible as it may seem, this old cruel way is still followed intellectually by many modern husbands. They do not use the whip or the fist, to be sure, but even more diabolically they use their own brains. With inconceivable fiendishness they forcibly feed their poor wives, until, unable to digest the knowledge, they go well-nigh insane.

SURELY we all know the type of intellectual male, who is married to a charming mate whose brain power must take two steps to his one and still lag behind. Does he wait for her? Does he slacken his pace? Does he suit the length of his steps to her tiny tread? No, alas! far too often he drags her along, he makes her run while he walks; perhaps he even picks her up and carries her until he grows tired, and then, far too often, throws her over the nearest fence, and strides off to seek another companion who he thinks may be longer-gaited. How much better it would be if he would only take his walks alone, leaving his lovely wife at home, to whom he might return and say, "Oh, my love, I had such a beautiful walk to-day! I saw this and that, and did thus and so!"

Art galleries, pictures, books, concerts, museums—these are profundities into which wives dip but lightly. They skim the surface. They know a landscape from a portrait; 'tis all they need to know.

More fatal still is the attempt to forcibly feed a wife with knowledge of the every-day affairs of mankind, with a conception of stock exchange transactions or the intricacies of business. These are the affairs which occupy nine-tenths of our male citizens. We are a business nation—that is, half of us are—but for the love of domestic relations let husbands be warned to refrain from attempts to educate their wives along the lines of finance and commerce. That way, madness lies, or at best unhappiness.

The Easiest Way

A BETTER plan by far is not to attempt the impossible, but to content ourselves with small gains well within the compass of the cerebral machinery with which we have to deal. We all know that when teaching the art of the piano to our little ones, we avail ourselves of special arrangements adapted "For Fairy Fingers," as the artistic cover states. There are no digital stretches beyond the tiny hand for which the music is intended. So with the cerebral development of our wives, we should set them tasks which are possible of accomplishment, and in which they may make a brave showing.

The musical analogy holds good also in the fact that we frequently hear one of the younger generations perform an apparently difficult piece with amazing dexterity. This is his or her show piece, the one special effort upon which much care has been lavished. It does not necessarily imply a fundamental knowledge of music, but it serves its turn admirably and creates a fine effect. In the same way a wife may be coached in one or two special departments of knowledge, to which the conversation may be diverted by a dexterous turn, enabling her to shine for a time in the social light.

Nothing can be urged more strongly than patience and gentleness in the first lessons. Let them be simple by all means—the very elements of

education. Mr. G. S. Chappell in one of his inimitable essays recalls the sad case of the young intellectual who married a young but uninstructed chorus girl from New York, whose lack of polite conversational topics was a source of constant sadness.

"When we are out together, my dear," he would say, "you must not always try to talk about the latest show, or the high price of wine. You should have some higher interest in life."

"I get-cha kid, but how can I?" she asked him.

Perceiving the justice of her question, he set himself about improving her mind. But he went too fast. He gave her English history to read. Came a lull in the dinner conversation at a later date, which his fair pupil bridged bravely by asking the company: "Say, ain't it just ter-

rible about Mary Queen of Scots?"

Thus I would really advise a starvation diet in matters intellectual for our wives. Do not forget that they are consummate actresses by nature, and readily make little appear much, or even nothing something.

Left to themselves, they acquire a vast amount of information, but no real knowledge. Indeed, the indefiniteness of a woman's mind is something astounding.

Only when the mistaken zeal of a too efficient and instructive husband brings order out of chaos do we get that most unattractive member of the most attractive sex, the super-intelligent female.

A little learning may be a dangerous thing; too much is highly dangerous. Just think! If they knew any more than they do, they probably wouldn't marry us at all!

WHAT IS THE QUERY CLUB?

IT is a girl's club. It is charitable. It is patriotic. At long intervals it is social. But above all things it is a helping hand club. The members are pledged to assist those engaged in works of charity—to render assistance in whatever direction it may be needed.

The membership is limited to fifty members, as it was considered better to have that number of keenly enthusiastic workers than a hundred or more uninterested ones, who might forget that the reasons for the club's existence is service and work.

Although so young—it is only six months since the Mayoress of Auckland, Mrs. J. H. Gunson, sponsored it, and Miss Muriel G. Jackson was made president—much good work has been done. The members are particularly interested in book renovation, and the third Friday in the month sees them working busily in the book room at the Town Hall, binding and renovating suitable books for the sick little folk in the hospitals. Naturally their skilful fingers require plenty of material, and the

president is always glad to receive children's magazines, "Chatterboxes," "Boys' Own Annuals," and indeed all "left-off" books or children's playthings, which are often burned or destroyed at spring-cleaning time. They should be sent or left addressed to The President, "Query Club," Book Room, Town Hall, Auckland. The Query Club needs them all. It can do nothing without them. No matter how dilapidated they may be, dainty fingers can turn them into very fascinating picture books for the giftless little ones, and thus bring forgetfulness of pain and a new interest into their lives. But, of course, the better preserved books and magazines are greatly appreciated by the Query members.

Among the various activities of this energetic little club was the making and selling of sweets in aid of the Book Fund at the Mayoress's War Memorial Library Committee Concert in the Town Hall. The members have also arranged and given two concerts to the disabled soldiers at the Evelyn Firth Home.



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Maker of
Dresses and Costumes

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Contrast the fresh green clad hills, the sandy beaches, the inviting sea and the cool shade of the beautiful native bush reserves of Surfdale with the dust and noise and bustle and breathless heat of the City. And then consider that this seaside paradise is only 60 minutes from Auckland, and that our easy terms of 8d. a day brings the ownership of a seaside section within the reach of all. You owe it to your wife, your children and yourself to purchase one of these sections. There your family can spend the summer in happiness and contentment, and if you buy now whilst the prices are low and the terms easy, you must reap the benefit of the enhanced land prices, which, as Surfdale grows and develops, are inevitable.

SURFDALE

THE KEY TO WAIHEKE

is going to be the most popular seaside resort this Summer. Already over 600 sections have been sold, and each day sees the number steadily increasing. To cope with the demand it has been necessary to sub-divide the third and final portion of the Estate. This new subdivision has two miles of ocean frontage, giving access to four beautiful beaches, besides Oneroa, the famous Surf Beach, which practically adjoins. Sections from £35, and every section a real money-maker. Write for plan and particulars to-day.

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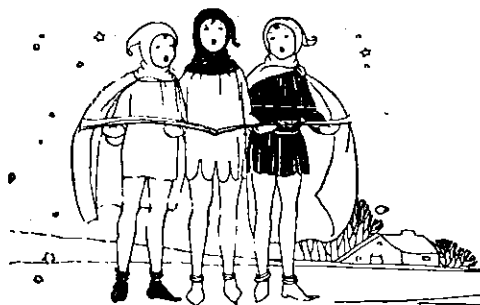
Wright's Bldgs., Fort St.
Cr. Commerce St., Auckland

or
154 Queen St.

CARLTON
STUDIO



CHRISTMAS BEDTIME STORIES



THE CHRISTMAS STORY

MANY hundreds of years ago God promised His chosen people a Great King, and as they waited for his coming they told stories and sang songs of this King who should rule all the earth and bring love and joy to the world. At last the promise came true, and the Great King did come to all the waiting people, but he did not come in splendour, as the people had imagined.

In those days the Romans ruled over all that part of the land, and they made a law that all the people should be taxed, and that each one should go to his native city to pay these taxes.

Now Joseph was a poor carpenter who lived in a humble little home in Nazareth, but Joseph belonged to the royal family of King David of Bethlehem-Judah; so when the rule went out that each should be taxed in his own city, Joseph was obliged to take his young wife Mary and go to his old home town of Bethlehem.

It was evening when they arrived, and the little city was filled with travellers, so that, when Joseph asked for a room at the inn, the innkeeper was forced to tell him that there was no place for them. Joseph did not know where to go, and the kind-hearted innkeeper felt so sorry that he said: "You may take your young wife to my hillside stable, and there you may find shelter for the night; it is all that I have to offer you."

And there in that humble stable God sent his Gift of Love to all the world, for there the little Christ Child was born, and his mother "wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger."

Now in that part of the country there were shepherds out upon the hillside keeping watch over their flocks by night, when they were startled by a bright light which shone about them, and an angel of the Lord came down to them. The shepherds were very frightened, but the angel spoke to them and said: "Fear not, for I bring to you good tidings which shall be of great joy to all people. For to-day, in the City of David is born a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord; and you will know the babe, for you will find him wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

And suddenly the heavens opened and there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host who were praising God, saying: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

When the angels were gone from them into heaven the shepherds said to one another: "Let us go to Bethlehem and see this Child of which the angel has told us." And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. The shepherds knelt before the little Christ Child and worshipped him, and they brought to him their gift of love, the tiniest lamb of the flock, and placed it at his feet. Then they went out and told everyone all that they had seen and heard.

In the distant East, far, far away from Palestine, there lived three wise men in different parts of the land. Each had heard the story of the promised King, and, as they read and studied the stars, they believed in the story and they watched for a star that should be a sign to them that the King had come.

At last one night they saw a brilliant star in the eastern sky. Then they started on their long ride across the desert. It was a hard, wearisome journey, but, as the star guided them, they felt happy, for they knew that the promise of God had come true, and that the "Light of the World" had come to lead them out of darkness.

When they reached the great city of Jerusalem they went at once to the palace of King Herod and asked: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship Him."

Now when Herod heard this he was troubled, for he was afraid that this Child might some day be made King in his place. So Herod called some of his scribes to him and he asked them: "Where should the Christ be born?" and the answered him saying: "In the City of Bethlehem-Judah, for thus it has been told by our prophets."

Then Herod questioned the wise men about the star, and he said: "Go to Bethlehem and search for the young Child, and when you have found Him, bring me word, so that I may come and worship Him also."

After Herod had talked with them the wise men left Jerusalem and went toward Bethlehem, and the star which they had seen in the east went before them until it came and stood over the place where the young Child was. When they came into the house they found the young Child with Mary his mother, and they bowed down and worshipped Him.

The wise men had expected to see a King dressed all in royal robes of splendour sitting upon a throne in a palace, and the star had led them to a tiny babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, whose throne was his mother's knee, and whose palace was a stable. Yet they never doubted that this little Christ Child was their promised King, and so they gave Him royal gifts—gold and frankincense and myrrh.

And so each Christmastide we give our gifts of love to the Christ Child. It may be that, like the shepherds, we have only the tiny lamb of the flock to offer, or it may be that we can give gold and the other precious presents of the wise men; but whether our gift is small or great, if it is given in the spirit of love and "In His Name," then it will be found acceptable in His sight.



THE ELVES and the SHOEMAKER

(Retold from Grimm's Fairy Tales)

THERE was a shoemaker, once upon a time, who through no fault of his own had become so poor that he could buy no more leather. At last he had only enough left to make one pair of shoes. That evening he cut out the shoes, laid them on his work-bench and went to bed. In the morning, when he made ready for the work of the day, he was amazed to find the pair of shoes all finished standing upon the table.

"Wife! Wife!" he called loudly. See, the leather that I cut out last evening is now all made up into shoes! How could it have happened? Who could have done this?"

"I don't know, I am sure," answered his good wife. "I can't understand it."

Then they examined the shoes very closely and found that they were beautifully made. Not long after a customer came in, and when he saw the beautiful shoes he was so pleased with them that he paid more than the usual price.

With this money the poor shoemaker was able to buy enough leather to make two pairs of shoes. So that evening he cut them out carefully, and the next day he went to his bench to work, but to his surprise there were the two pairs of shoes standing all finished, and they were as neatly made as the first pair.

And so it went on, day after day, until at last the good man had so many customers and so many pairs of shoes to sell that he was no longer poor.

Now it happened one evening, not long before Christmas, when the cobbler had cut out his shoes as usual, he said to his wife: "Let us sit up late to-night and watch to see who it is that comes and makes up the shoes for me."

"Yes, indeed, we will watch," agreed his wife.

So they hid behind a curtain in a corner of the room. Just as the clock struck twelve two little elves came dancing in, sat down upon the shoemaker's bench, took up all the work that was cut out, and began to pound and stitch. "Rap-tap-tap, rap-tap-tap," went their hammers; and as they worked they sang:

Oh, we are two elves who know well ourselves

How to make shoes so neat, you can wear on your feet.

So we stitch and we sew, and our hammers will go,

A rap-a-tap-tap, and a rap-a-tap-tap.

The elves worked busily through the night until the shoes stood on the table all ready to sell. And at day-break when all was done they ran swiftly away.

The next day the good wife said to the shoemaker: "Husband, those wee little men have made us rich, and we should try in some way to show our gratitude to them."

"You are right, my good wife," answered the man; "but what can we do for those little men?"

"Why, husband, didn't you notice last night that those poor little men ran around without any clothes on; they must be almost frozen with the cold. Now I will make each of them a nice warm shirt, a coat, a little waistcoat and a pair of trousers, and I will knit for each of them a pair of nice warm stockings and a little cap, while you shall make them each a pair of small shoes."

"That is a good plan, wife," said the man, "and we will go to work at once. So they worked busily for some time, and when everything was ready they laid all the presents on the table and then hid behind the curtain to wait and watch for the little men.

It was Christmas Eve, and just as the little elves came dancing in the clock struck twelve. "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" they shouted; and, taking hold of hands, they danced round and round. When they went to the table to find the leather to make into shoes they were very much surprised to see the charming little clothes.

"These garments must be meant for us," they said to each other. "Let us try them on and see if they will fit." So they put on the warm shirts and the little trousers, waistcoats and coats, they pulled on the stockings and shoes, and last of all they put on the little caps. They smoothed their new clothes down with great care, then they went skipping and prancing about the room, laughing and giggling with glee. They jumped over chairs and tables and then they rushed out of the door, and as they ran away they sang:

With a rap-a-tap-tap, good luck you'll not lack,

But we'll never come back with a rap-a-tap-tap.

And the happy elves, dressed all in their Christmas clothes, never came again to the home of the shoemaker. But their song came true, for the shoemaker and his wife had good luck ever after.

RIDDLES for the CHILDREN

Why is a gaoler like a musician?
Because he fingers the keys.

Why is a dog biting his tail like a good housewife?
Because he makes both ends meet.

Why are stars the best astronomers?
Because they have studded (studied) the heavens since the Creation.



A Bonnie Glaxo Girl, aged 16½ Months

Safeguard Your Baby against the Dangers of Impure Milk

Every summer, Glaxo safeguards the health and lives of an increasing army of Babies against the onslaught of summer complaints. For Glaxo—the super-milk, uncontaminated, unaffected by hot or thundery weather, protected against flies and dust—is Baby's best insurance against the dread summer diarrhoea.

The Annual Health Report of Rotherham, describing the epidemic in 1911, states:—

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Give your Baby Glaxo and you will protect him against the risk of summer diarrhoea and other milk-borne diseases. Glaxo is the nourishing solids of pure, fresh, creamy milk with its constituents re-adjusted to the proportions most suitable for Baby. It is this re-adjustment that makes Glaxo so infinitely superior to and different from ordinary milk and artificial

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Glaxo is tested every day by experienced analysts and bacteriologists to make certain that it is of the highest quality and free from disease germs. When mixed ready for use, there are fewer germs in thirty gallons of reconstituted Glaxo than in one teaspoonful of ordinary cow's milk.

Doctors and nurses recognise and appreciate these advantages of Glaxo. They not only recommend it, but also rear their own children on it. Don't let your precious little one run any risks this summer—Glaxo will safeguard him.

Ask Your Doctor!

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TO THE COURT
OF ITALY

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SLEEP:—Why baby cries—The way to master him—Times for sleep.

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BABY'S PROGRESS:—The danger of the comforter—Baby's first tooth—Teething—Treating the mouth—Baby off his feed—A bath that helps—Cleaning teeth—Preserving teeth.

BABY ON HIS TRAVELS.

BUILDING UP CHARACTER:—Baby's brain; its care and development—Unnecessary commands—Foolish threats—Habits—Lessons in breathing—Correct mastication—Slovenly lolling—To cure stammering.

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PREVENTION OF INFECTION:—Table to help mother to find out "What those spots mean."

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are the very things for the mother, who longs—and what true mother does not?—to have her treasure daintily clothed. Even the most inexperienced person can cut out and make these delightful garments. No pins are used in any Glaxo garment.

GLAXO WEIGHT CHART

enables a mother to keep a regular record of Baby's progress.

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GIVE the individual attention that a book cannot afford, and many hundreds of mothers every week find comfort and happiness in the practical motherwise counsel of the Glaxo Nurses. Note: The Bureaux do not give medical advice. "If you ought to consult a doctor do so at once," is the first teaching of the Bureaux. Auckland Bureau, Empire Buildings, Swanson Street; 'phone 505A. Wellington Bureau, 70 Cuba Street; 'phone 25/233.

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Address.....

Town.....

I have a Baby aged.....

I expect a Baby in.....(state month)

If an additional 3d. stamp is enclosed a trial tin of Glaxo will be sent.

PLAYTIME PICTURES AND PUZZLES

Tommy Topper in Story Book Land



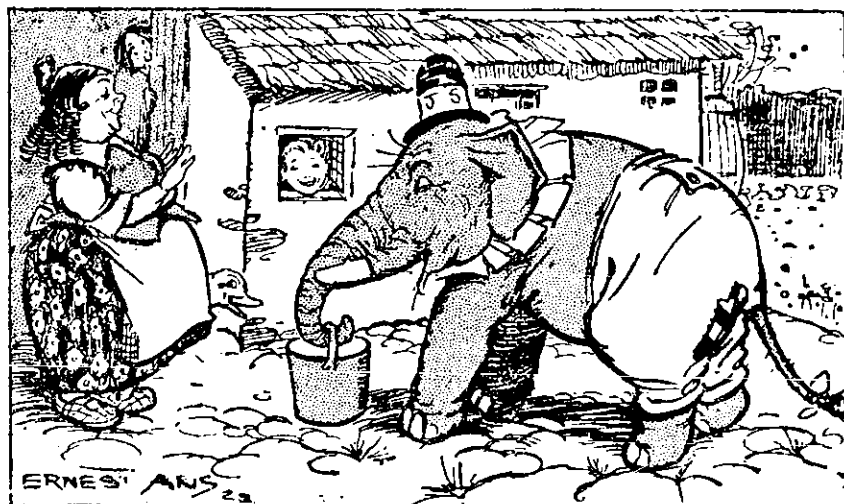
TOMMY Topper went a-visiting his many friends, who were pleased to see him and his companions, Sam the sailorman, Squork, and Tusks. When he came to Mrs. Sprat's door it suddenly opened and a very fat and jolly-faced dame came out. "Why, if it isn't Master Tommy Topper and his sailorman Sam," she cried, holding up her hands in amazement. "The very same," said Sam, giving a nod and a curtsy, "and it's very pleased I am to see you looking so plump and

well." "Thank you," said Mistress Sprat, for it was she. "I am happy to say that nothing ever ails me. You see, Mr. Sam, I am so passionately fond of fat. There's nothing like fat for making you look plump." "So I see," said Sam with a chuckle. "Well, well," continued the jolly dame, "now that you are here I hope that you will stay and have a brewing o' tea. Master Jack Sprat will not be long—he has just gone into the meadow to milk Polly the cow."

"Thank you," said Tommy. "we should just love to have tea with you and Master Jack Sprat."

So Tommy, Sam and Squork followed the good dame and were no sooner seated comfortably inside than they heard the sounds of running feet and cries.

"Help! Help! There's a mad bull with two tails and horns coming out of his mouth. Help. Dame Sprat!" "That sounds like Master Sprat," said the dame; he's always in some sort of trouble. Oh, I do wish he would eat fat." "I'm afraid Tiny Tusks, my pet elephant, is the cause of the mischief," said Tommy, hurrying towards the door. A very long and terribly thin man, in the quaintest of clothes, was running for his life. It was none other than good Master Jack Sprat. On catching sight of Tommy he gasped, "Out upon me for a sorry knave!" he cried.



A NEW PLACE-NAME COMPETITION FOR THE CHILDREN

Each of the pictures in the adjoining column represents a place in New Zealand—city, township, or district. Do you think that you can discover what the names of these places are? The first one is **PENROSE**.

For the complete set of correct answers of these and other pictures, which will appear in later issues, will be given a first prize of *One Guinea*.

For the next set of answers nearest to the correct solution will be given a second prize of ten shillings.

For the ten next best sets of correct answers will be given ten handsome book prizes.

Write your answers below each picture, and put your full name and address clearly in the space at the foot.

This competition is only open to children under 15 years of age.

Do not post your answers yet, but keep them until the competition closes, when they must be sent in addressed to **THE LADIES' MIRROR**, 43 City Chambers, Queen Street, Auckland. Mark your envelope, "Competition."

In the event of two or more competitors giving the correct solutions, the prizes will be awarded according to neatness.

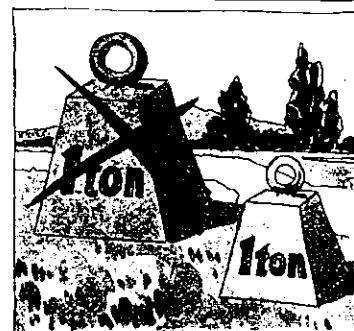
The Editor's decision is final.



1



2



3



4



5

The LADIES' MIRROR Place-Name Competition

Name.....

Address.....

Age..... Dec. 1922.

"Why, if it isn't Master Tommy Topper, and I've mistaken his elephant for a mad bull," cried Jack Sprat. "Master Tommy, how are you? I am pleased to see you." Then he took hold of Tommy's arm and hurried inside the cottage. "Well, you great boob," cried Mistress Sprat, "so you've been frightened out of your wits at the sight of dear little Tiny Tusks, have you? Out upon you for a sorry knave." What more the good dame might have said was interrupted by a loud "honk." "That's Tusks," cried Tommy, popping his head out of the window. "Well, I do declare," cried Mistress Sprat, "if the darling hasn't brought home the milk and my lord and master's hat. Come, you dear old thing; come with your Auntie Sprat to the stable, and we'll see what we can find for you." So Tusks, with a honk of joy, followed the good dame to the stable.



The Zealandia Shoe

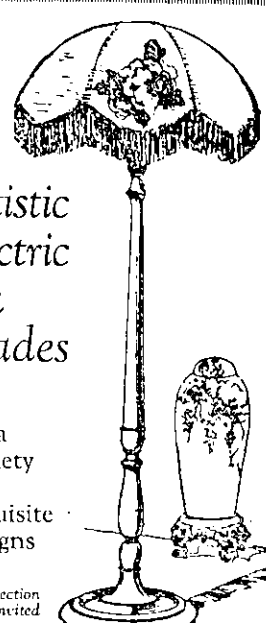
ABOVE we picture one of the latest Zealandia Shoe models—a neat and shapely walking shoe in black glaze kid. This is an excellent specimen of fine footwear—it is a shoe which Milady will wear with thorough satisfaction as to style, comfort, and wearing qualities. The "Princess Quality" Trade Mark, as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

Zealandia Shoes, as the name implies, are made in New Zealand.

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77/6 1/2



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And truly can say,
It cleans like a fairy,
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"THE ENEMY OF GREASE"

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Phone 1086A

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

A Review of Current Literature

"**L**OVE and Freindship," and other Early Works, by Jane Austen. Chatto and Windus, London.

Said to have been written at the age of seventeen, these *Juvenilia* are now printed from the original manuscript for the first time. It certainly seems almost too good to be true that work of such charm should have remained unvalued among the family papers of the Austen family until to-day. This, says G. K. Chesterton in his preface, "is something more than the discovery of a document; it is the discovery of an inspiration." And the inspiration was laughter—almost exuberant, always ironic, and genially satirical. These early writings anticipate the satire that pervades "Northanger Abbey," hence their value for Miss Austen's many admirers. Her sense of humour makes her ridicule everything she considers morbid, lax or silly. When Sophia is dying of galloping consumption, her friend nurses her as ineptly as might be expected from a woman of her "extreme sensibility." "I had wept over her every day," says Laura, "had bathed her sweet face with my tears, and had pressed her fair hands continually in mine."

The art of fainting on every possible occasion, which was supposed by the fiction writers of the day to be a feminine characteristic, is satirised with great neatness. Thus when Edward and Augustus meet after a separation of three weeks, they flew into each others' arms. "It was too pathetic for the feelings of Sophia and myself," says the young bride, "we fainted alternately on a sofa."

"The History of England," by a partial, prejudiced and ignorant historian, is full of neat sallies. Of Henry VIII she writes that "his last wife contrived to survive him, but with difficulty effected it." Charming miniatures of the sovereigns of England painted by Cassandra Austen, adorn the end papers in the book, and the frontispiece is a *fac simile* of a page of the original MS. Altogether the little volume is delightful.

"**M**Y Discovery of England," by Stephen Leacock, London: John Lane, the Bodley Head Limited.

In his latest book, Mr. Leacock sustains his reputation for genial humour and delicate satire. Though a Canadian and a loyal British subject, he sees England through Americanised spectacles, while he endeavours—in a sympathetically amused way—to let us see ourselves as others see us. Underneath his good humoured castigation of Britain's insularities it is easy to read his large pride in this England which he has so cleverly discovered.

His version of the inner history of the Washington Conference is full of humour. "It is whispered," he writes, "that immediately on his arrival, Mr. Balfour was given a cigar by President Harding. Mr. Balfour offered at once to scrap five ships, and invited the entire American Cabinet into the British Embassy, where Sir A. Geddes was rash enough to offer them champagne. The American delegates immediately offered to scrap ten ships. Mr. Balfour, who simply cannot be outdone in International courtesy, saw the ten and raised it to twenty. President Harding saw the twenty, raised it to thirty, and sent out for more poker chips. At the close of the play, Lord Beatty, who is urbanity itself, offered to scrap Portsmouth Dockyard, and asked if anybody present would like Canada."

But he mingles some undeniable shrewdness with his charming nonsense. He castigates the modern tendency to rely upon the State for everything—and to avoid individual effort at all costs.



"This vast new system of leaning on the Government is spreading like a blight over England and America, and everywhere we suffer from it. Government that in theory represents a union of effort and saving of force, sprawls like an octopus over the land. It has become a dead weight upon us. Wherever it touches industry it cripples it. It runs railways and makes a heavy deficit, it builds ships and loses more money, it piles up the taxes to fill up the vacuum, and where it has killed employment, opens a bureau of unemployment and issues a report on the depression of industry."

"**T**HIS Freedom," by A. S. M. Hutchinson. London: Hodder and Stoughton Limited.

Is this woman's era? With the women of Great Britain enfranchised and sitting in the House of Commons, Englishmen begin to envision women as about to enter any and every calling hitherto occupied by themselves only. The novelist finds here a rich and unexplored field of possibilities.

In "This Freedom" Mr. Hutchinson depicts with insight and understanding the aspirations of a woman, and her desire for the freedom enjoyed by men in building up a life career outside the home.

Rosalie, developed from a clever child into a beautiful brainy woman, kicks against the pricks of conventional domesticity. Men have a career—why not women too—if they wish it? Her dream was to become a banker, so she trained to fit herself for that career.

And she hated men—or thought she did, until she discovered that she loved one who was determined to make her his wife. Well, why not? But she is not going to shut herself in a house with a man and children. Agreed, says the man! Their marriage is to be a partnership. She is to have perfect freedom to attend her office in the city. Her home is to be organised so perfectly with efficient labour as to run itself. Then she reaches the summit of her ambition. A bank invites her to join its staff, and she becomes an official of importance. Children arrive, but nurses and servants are competent, and domestic affairs run on oiled wheels. Thoroughly up-to-date governesses educate the three children by the most scientific methods. Fairy tales and all imaginative lore is banished from the nursery. Such intellectual children, so well-informed, so good-looking, and so conscious of it, too. Happy and proud mother—so esteemed in banking circles! Happy father, on his way to a Judgeship! Everything going well—and then the bolt from the blue!

Rosalie learns through blinding tears that no hireling can take the place of a mother. While satisfying the intellect, she can starve the affections, and without affection and all it implies—given as only a mother can give—the child is an incomplete human being, and likely to lose his way in the world. The husband misses his home. The only person satisfied, for a time, is the woman who sates her desire for a business career at the expense of all that is worth while.

"**T**HE Home," Art in Australia Limited, Sydney. Whitcombe and Tombs, Limited.

This Australian quarterly for September maintains its reputation as a production of artistic value. Among its beautiful reproductions is that of the Normandy home of Mons. Jacques-Emile Blanche, the famous French portrait painter, while the illustrations of the art collection of Mons. and Madame Rene Turck, of Chiselhurst, Melbourne, contains much that will interest the connoisseur in old French and English furniture. Short stories and articles are brightly written, and the whole is a joy from beginning to end.

"**T**HE Altar Steps," by Compton Mackenzie. Cassell and Company, Limited. London and Melbourne.

This story of Mark Lidderdale is a sympathetic study of the High Church movement in the Anglican Church during the latter half of last century. Mark is the only child of a ritualistic curate, whose mental attitude forms a curious as well as a nauseating study. He blamed his wife for weaning him from the state of celibacy, and failed to reconcile his duty to her and to his son with his duty to his God.

The scene between the hollow-eyed, narrow-minded ascetic and the patient loving wife is probably unique in fiction.

The Missioner threw himself into his worn armchair and stared into the unlighted fire. His wife came behind him, and laid a white hand upon his forehead, but her touch seemed to madden him, and he sprang away from her.

"No more of that," he cried. "If I was weak when I married you, I will never be weak again. You have your child. Let that be enough for your tenderness. I want none of it myself. Do you hear? I wish to devote myself henceforth to my parish! The parish of a coward and a traitor!"

But his gentle wife refuses to make him a martyr.

She sets him free of her presence by returning to her childhood's home with her son, and her husband betakes himself on missionary work to Africa, where he finds an early grave.

Lack of means made an Oxford University training impossible for Mark, who in his way was a zealot like his father. He, too, is strongly attracted by the ritualistic section of the Church of England, but in the end sheds its more extreme views, and after a long probation attains happiness by taking holy orders.

"**S**AND," by Olive Wadsley. Cassell and Company, London and Melbourne.

This desert romance emphasises once more the peril in which a European woman places herself when she tacitly encourages the attentions of an Oriental. First in Paris, and later in Cairo, the irresistible charm of the handsome Egyptian Hamid-el-Alim intrigues Mrs. Cleveland in a way that might have troubled her peace of mind had it not been occupied by the memory of her fickle and forsworn husband. As a distraction, she accepts the devotion of the handsome Egyptian without realising that she is playing with fire. Hamid's English veneer deceives her, and, failing to realise the vast difference between the Eastern and Western points of view, she laughs to scorn the advice of her best friends, and—pays dearly for so doing.

The two last books are from Cassell and Company, Melbourne and Sydney. All the others from Whitcombe and Tombs Limited, Auckland.

Critical Notes on Manuscript

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

MARIETTA, Gisborne.—If you have scribbled verse from childhood, it really is time you began to study the rules of Prosody. It is true that poets are born and not made, but even the best poet must follow certain rules. You mix iambs with trochaics, and your ideas of rhyme and rhythm are so elementary, that it would be well to make a serious study of metre before writing any more. When you have done so, read some melodious verse—say Tennyson, or Kipling's "Songs of the Seven Seas," and note the music of the lines and the regularity of the rhythm.

C.P., Parnell.—"Mara" is a very pleasing story, but can scarcely be called Maori. In their self-restraint, both Mara and Hautane are certainly English—save in colour. The incident of the note sent to Moi in days when tribal fights and cannibalism were common cannot be considered true to life. Writing was taught by Europeans to the Maoris at a much later date. It is somewhat difficult to catch the spirit of the times of which you write, so why not keep to modern New Zealand? "That Charming Miss Trent" will not do. It is too full of fireworks. A short story needs some characterisation. Read criticisms on short story writing on the Book Page in the August number of this journal.

B.A.C.—"The New Vicar" is lacking in originality. We are looking for stories of New Zealand setting, combined with literary merit. There must be hundreds such waiting to be told in a bright interesting way.

N.H., Roto-o-Rangi.—"Knowledge" is an essay of promise. The language is good and meaning well expressed. It would be better to lean less on the opinions of other people, and you use quotations over-much. One or two to illustrate a meaning or to crystallise an idea have value, but it is well to be sparing in their use. Are you really wishful to be a writer? If so, I shall be very pleased to give you help and advice. "The Magic Tree" has imagination, your use of our bush flora is pleasing, but you can do much better, I feel sure.

V.D.W., Raurimu.—You have talent for rhyming, but it is evident that you have not studied the technique of versemaking. There are certain rules which must be observed if the result is to be poetry. These you will find in the chapter included in most grammars on prosody. Your lines:

"Was his message to his mate
For her his happy song,
Asking her not to be late
And leave him lonely long?"

would be very much better written as plain prose. The alliteration in the last line cheapens it. In the same verse you begin with an accented word and keep this trochaic measure fairly well for that line. In the next you use iambs, the accent falling on the second syllable alternately. That is like a change in the time of a tune. Study metrical rules before attempting to write any more verse—then send me the best you can do.

P.M.C., Parnell.—Yes, "Dot" is somewhat immature, but has the makings of a good story. Suppose you put it away for a few months, and then rewrite it, putting more force into it, some high lights here, and some elaboration there. At present the story is uniformly grey, and I know that after further study you will be able to do so much better with that material. So, too, with "The Little Snowdrop," which has good points among its weak ones. "The Waterfall" I shall probably use.



Solving your Gift-giving Problem

THE Christmas Season is fast approaching, and with it comes the task of selecting suitable presents for gift giving. An easy and pleasant way of settling this perplexing problem is by making Whitcombe's your headquarters for Christmas shopping. From the thousands of beautiful presentation books and exclusive range of leather and novelty gifts displayed at Whitcombe's you will be certain to find a pleasing and appropriate gift for every friend.

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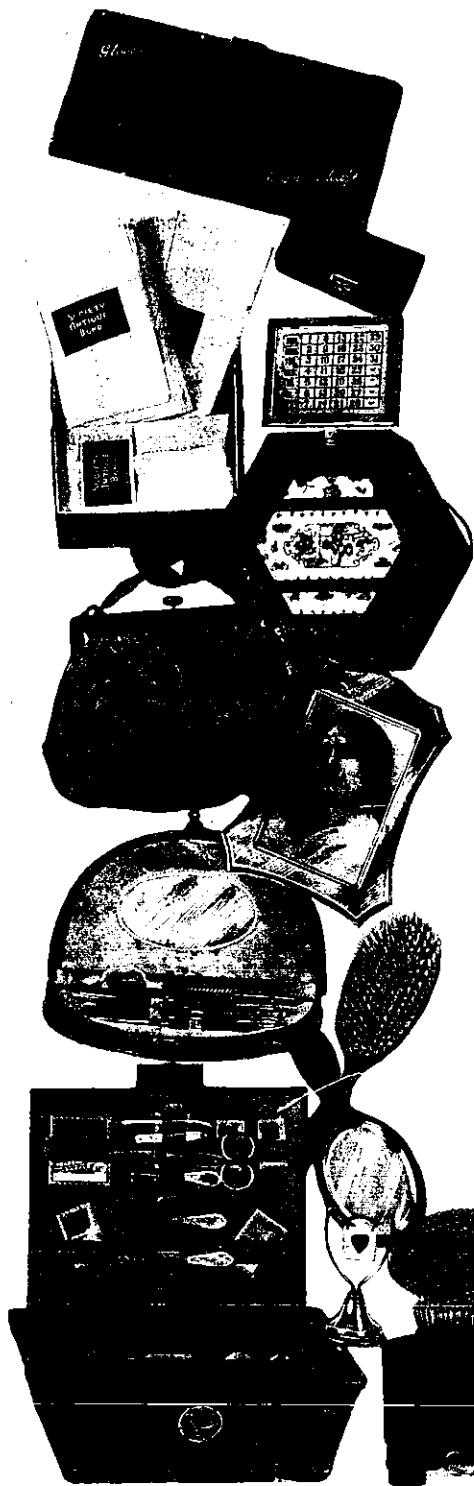
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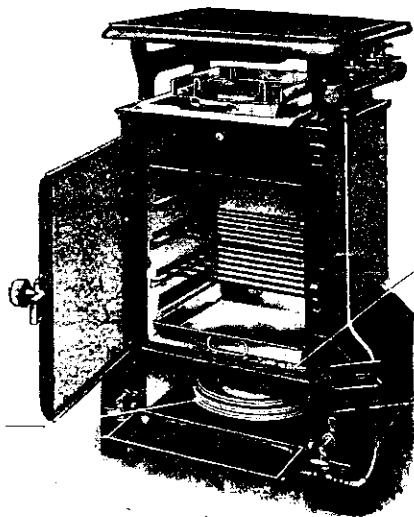
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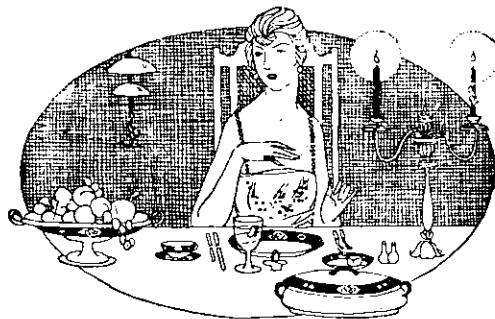
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"ARE you making Xmas Cakes and Puddings this year?"

"I should just say so! Why, my family wouldn't think it was a real Xmas at all if they didn't have a cake, and as for the pudding—well, it's worth all the trouble of making it to see the kiddies round the table, with their eyes simply fixed, in anticipation of a hidden glint of silver, as Dad cautiously serves each plate.

"I'm sure that those threepenny bits are worth more on Xmas Day than a whole shilling on any other day in the year, and don't you think it is true, even mince pies and plum pudding have an important part to play in the making of a very happy Xmas."

"This is my recipe for a Xmas cake, and it is a really good one."

A Good Xmas Cake

1oz. butter, 10oz. sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. flour, 6 eggs, 1lb. each of sultanas and seeded raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. currants, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. peel, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. almonds, 1 teaspoonful each of lemon and almond essence, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt, 1 large teaspoonful baking powder, one-third of a grated nutmeg, 1 teaspoonful grated lemon rind, 1 wineglass of brandy.

Method.—Prepare all fruit first, chop peel finely, blanch and chop almonds, wash, dry, and flour currants. Put all in a bowl and mix.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one by one, then lemon rind and essences, flour and fruit slowly and alternately, mixing well, and lastly, sprinkle with brandy. Bake in a paper-lined tin about $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours in a moderate oven.

Our Favourite Xmas Pudding

10oz. breadcrumbs, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, 1lb. each of raisins, currants and suet, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. peel, $\frac{1}{4}$ packet spice, one-third of nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt, 1 wineglass brandy, 6 eggs.

Method.—Chop and flour the suet, prepare and flour the fruit, blend all with the flour and spices, and mix with the beaten eggs and sprinkle with brandy.

Boil in a floured cloth or in a buttered mould for 5 hours, and again for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours on the day when wanted.

Real Old English Mincemeat

1lb each of currants, sultanas, raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mixed peel, 1lb. chopped apples, juice and rind of 1 lemon, half packet of spice, one-third grated nutmeg, 1 teaspoonful each of lemon and almond essence, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar.

Method.—Prepare all fruit carefully, and put it through a fairly fine mincer, with the spices, etc., mixed; blend with the brandy, and use a wooden spoon to press it into jars (stone for preference), and do not use before one month.

To Decorate the Cake

A simple and effective decoration is to ice the cake well and form a big snowball of icing on the top—with a small Xmas tree or Father Xmas surmounting it. From the top of the tree (or the hand of Father Xmas) fasten as many scarlet paper ribbons as there are people, and lead

one to each set place, terminating in a joy-bell of icing, silver painted, or if made larger, it can hold a small gift.

Arrange holly leaves radiating out from the ball and also round the cake on the cloth, and if holly berries or scarlet asparagus berries are to be obtained, ornament the sides of the cake with them. Scarlet geranium petals make a substitute, and leaves and petals can be fastened on with "pins" of straw.

To make the leaves sparkle like snow before using, glaze them with glue, and sprinkle with Epsom salts—but do not let them scatter on the cake!

Last Touches to the Pudding

To be conventional this should be stuck all over with split Jordan almonds (blanched), crowned with holly, sprinkled with brandy and set alight. The almonds may be stuck in to form the words "A Merry Xmas" round the pudding.

Cold Dishes—May be made before the day required

WITH extra folk in the house, and the shops holiday-making, extra planning has to be done to meet the needs of holiday appetites and to save labour as much as possible.

Following are a few seasonable suggestions.

A French Strawberry Tart

Line a shallow tin with pastry, short or flaky, and scatter with pellets of bread to prevent rising too much. When cooked, remove bread pellets and fill with strawberries and pour a strawberry jelly over. Served with whipped cream.

Fruit Mould

Raspberries or loganberries are best to use, but rhubarb or gooseberries will also do.

Cook your fruit with very little water (in case of raspberries or loganberries, use only about a tablespoonful), sweeten well, and cook till pulpy. Line a jelly mould with stale bread—cut to fit, and gently pour in the hot fruit—cover with another slice of bread, place a saucer on top, and a weight on that, and leave till next day in a cool place.

This should turn out, and be served with cream; it is most delicious, and a splendid children's dish.

An Unusual American Salad

1 lettuce, 3 bananas, 1 orange, 1 apple, a few turnip radishes, a few peanuts, mayonnaise, salt and pepper—1 red beet cooked.

Wash and prepare lettuce and radishes, peel and slice banana, chop apple and beet, add orange juice and chopped peanuts, and blend all together. Arrange lettuce leaves in a wide shallow bowl, and place a spoonful of the mixture in each leaf—then pour over each a spoonful of thick creamy dressing. Almost any vegetables may be used for this salad, cooked green peas, small carrots, etc., and it is surprisingly tasty.



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lion tins. This year it is confidently expected that sales in this Dominion will reach over two million tins. This enormous consumption averages over seven and a-half tins per annum for every family in New Zealand.

The secret of Edmonds' wonderful success lies in the fact that the greatest care has always been taken to maintain quality. Only the finest grape cream of tartar is used, and even during the war, when the utmost difficulty was experienced in maintaining regular supplies of this necessary ingredient, the Directors of the firm actually closed the factory down for periods totalling six months, sooner than lower the quality standard.

The new factory has an output capacity of over six million tins per year. Every modern appliance for labour saving has been introduced, and the utmost care has been taken by the architects to see that the greatest amount of light is secured. Modern machinery for filling and weighing has been installed, and the powder throughout the entire process of manufacture is untouched by hand.

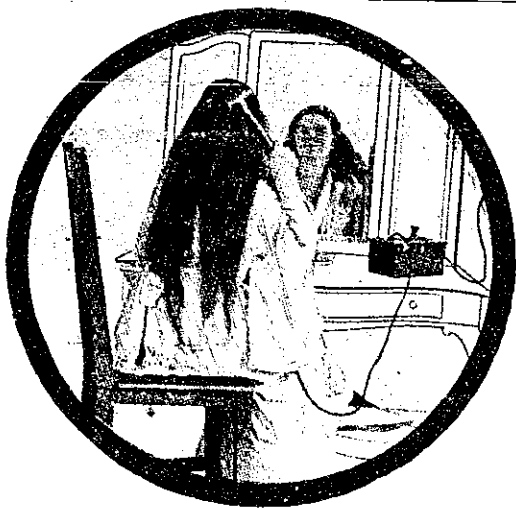
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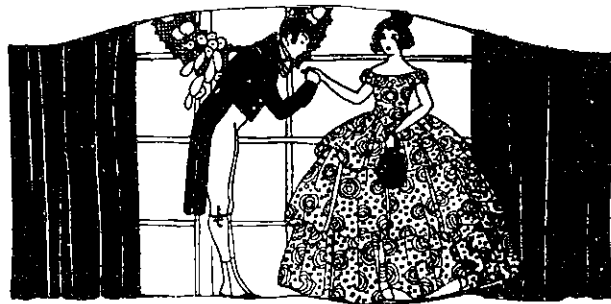
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THE QUEST AFTER BEAUTY



That Natural Wave—How to Beautify Straight Hair

HAIR with a natural wave is almost as rare as it is attractive, but there is no reason why it should be, and many a woman who goes through life bemoaning her straight, lank locks or resorting to artificial waving, could, with the exercise of a little trouble and a certain amount of patience, induce, if not an actual "water-wave," at least a pretty natural "kink" in her hair, and the result would be well worth the time and trouble expended.

The First Essential

Very greasy hair is always most difficult to keep in wave, even when the waves are artificially induced, and those who suffer in this way must correct the tendency before attempting to cultivate the wave. Very greasy hair is often due to a "run down" condition, and when this is the case the general health should receive careful attention. A tonic should be taken, and the hair shampooed regularly with a suitable shampoo every ten days or fortnight until it is restored to a normal condition. The treatment for inducing the wave can then be started.

When hair is straight and lank, and a wave is desired, it should be regularly combed, not brushed. Let the hair down, shake it out, dip a comb in warm water, shake it to remove all superfluous moisture, then pass it through the hair, re-dipping it occasionally in the water as it becomes dry. Do not make the hair damp, only slightly moist. Then take a dry tail-comb with fine teeth, and comb the hair till it becomes perfectly dry, parting it in the middle and combing first on one side and then on the other. Next comb over the head back from the forehead, and finally throw the hair over the face, and, bending the head, comb from the nape of the neck to the ends. The comb should not be used on the scalp, but merely passed through and through the hair with a light upward movement.

If this treatment is given regularly every night and morning for several months, a pretty wave will result in almost every case.

Regular Treatment

A wave which will remain in the hair for a couple of days can be induced by damping the hair slightly and arranging two or three rows of hairpins about two inches apart and drawing the hair out slightly between each row of pins. Leave for an hour or two, and then remove the pins, and pass a comb lightly through the hair.

The Care of the Hair in Hot Weather

HAIR, like teeth, is too often neglected in childhood. From the very beginning weak hair should be treated scientifically. Special dressings should be applied to the scalp to free the pores and allow them to throw off unhealthy secretions.

After such a dressing the hair should be well washed and the scalp massaged with a good lotion. It is a good thing to have the hair singed rather than cut, especially when the growth is weak. Even in hot weather the hair should not be washed more than once a week.

A French specialist claims that the habit of cutting the hair short is inclined to make it weaker, not stronger. When the hair is bobbed she suggests having the ends singed, as a method of strengthening the growth. But this is a matter of opinion.

All bleaching lotions should be used with great restraint, and a little pomade should be rubbed into the scalp after their use to prevent the roots of the hair from drying up. Clean brushes should always be used, and the hair should not be damped to keep it smooth.

Regular brushing and regular massage, allied to cleanliness of the scalp, are essential to keep the hair in condition.

After illness the hair should always be specially treated. When there is any sign of scurf on the scalp a visit should be made to a hair doctor. Nothing weakens the growth more than scurf.

With proper care, great patience, and reasonably good health, no one need go bald. Even when baldness has begun, a French specialist asserts that it can be cured.

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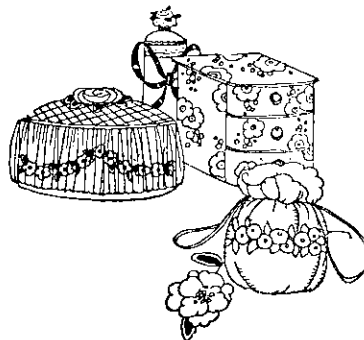
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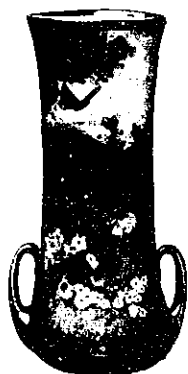
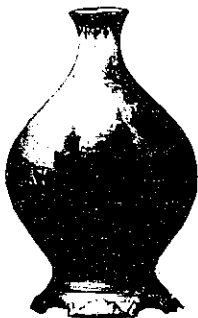
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GOLF DOINGS

by Putting Green



Mrs. Guy Williams, the New Zealand lady golf champion, who proposes to visit England early next year, where she will try conclusions with British players.

NOVEMBER sees the close of the golfing season at most of the clubs in the North Island, Heretaunga (Wellington) being perhaps the only one at which summer golf is played. This winter has been most favourable to good golf, and it is not surprising to find that the standard of play has improved considerably in consequence.

The Open Provincial Meetings have all been held now in the North, the results being:

Taranaki: Mrs. Guy Williams.
Auckland: Mrs. Guy Williams.
Manawatu: Miss Enid Bell.
Wellington: Miss Enid Bell.
Miramar: Miss Gambrell.

Hawkes Bay: Miss Eva Brown.
South Auckland: Mrs. Marshall.

Mrs. Guy Williams, winner of the N.Z. Championship, once more gets the place of honour as New Zealand's first lady golfer, and all who have seen her play during this season are of the opinion that never before has she played so well. Her intention to visit England early in 1923 has caused great satisfaction in all clubs. New Zealand's best woman player will now have an excellent opportunity of competing with the world's greatest golfers, and, in wishing her luck, one cannot help feeling that although perhaps there may be golfers of a higher standard on the other side of the world, there certainly can be no one who could be called "A better sport."

Miss Enid Bell, in winning both the Wellington and Manawatu Championships, quickly proved that her position as runner-up to the N.Z. Championship was no mere fluke. She has proved herself an excellent match player, a golfer of a high standard, and the possessor of a wonderful temperament, an equipment highly necessary for successful championship play.

In the various matches she played, she disposed of the following players:—Misses Wright (Timaru), Beadel (Christchurch), Brandon (Wellington), Withers (Miramar), Watson (Palmerston North), Brown (Napier), Mesdames McCarthy (Dunedin), Murphy and Spiers (Hutt), and Abraham (Palmerston North)—a "bag-full" worthy of a scratch player.

Miss Gambrell, the Miramar champion, has the proud position of being the only player in New Zealand this year to win a championship in which Mrs. Williams was also a competitor.

During the month the various Auckland clubs have been finishing off their last matches.

At Maungakiekie an open day was held, and brought many entries. The Senior Medal was won by Mrs. Bannister, 95—20=75, and the Junior by Mrs. Dignan, 97—24=73. The Foursomes were won by Mrs. Abbot and Miss Wily. In the C. Grade Match Miss Hay was the winner. In putting, Miss M. Harvey (jun.) and Mrs. Jacobsen.

IN the Mixed Foursomes played at One Tree Hill, six pairs were 4 down on bogey, viz., Miss Cornaga and Colonel Robinson, Mrs. Nixon and J. C. Wilson, Mrs. R. McIlwraith and H. R. Blackburn, Miss Fouhy and H. A. Randrup, Mrs. Deighton and R. D. Kelly, Mrs. J. Russell and R. George. The draw for the prize resulted in a win for the first-mentioned pair.

The last L.G.U. Handicap Medal was won by Miss M. Harvey, 105—24=81.

At Kohimarama, in the play for prizes given by Mrs. F. Browne and Mr. Blanc, Mrs. Dignan and Miss D. Walshe tied for first place, and the play-off was eventually won by Mrs. Dignan.

At Middlemore the Senior L.G.U. Medal was won by Mrs. Hodges, 88—10=78; Junior, by Mrs. Abbott, 105—32=73.

The Monthly Bogey was won by Mrs. J. Wilson, 4 down. In the C. Grade Match by Miss B. Fisher.

The result of the L.G.U. Medals are as follows:—

Silver: Miss E. M. Upton.
Bronze: Miss J. Williams.



At the Wanganui Golf House.
From the left—Miss E. Brown, Mrs. Hay (Napier), Miss L. Turton (Wellington), Miss Newcombe and Mrs. Russell Grace (Wanganui), Mrs. S. Weston and Miss M. Ward (Wellington).

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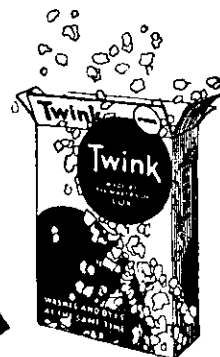
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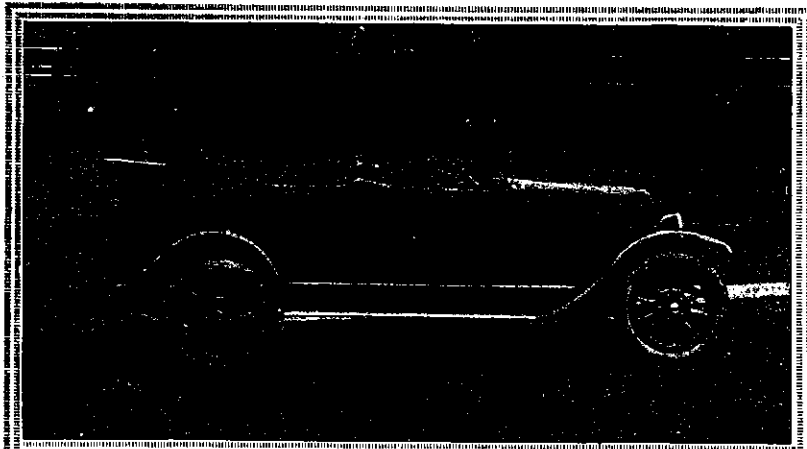
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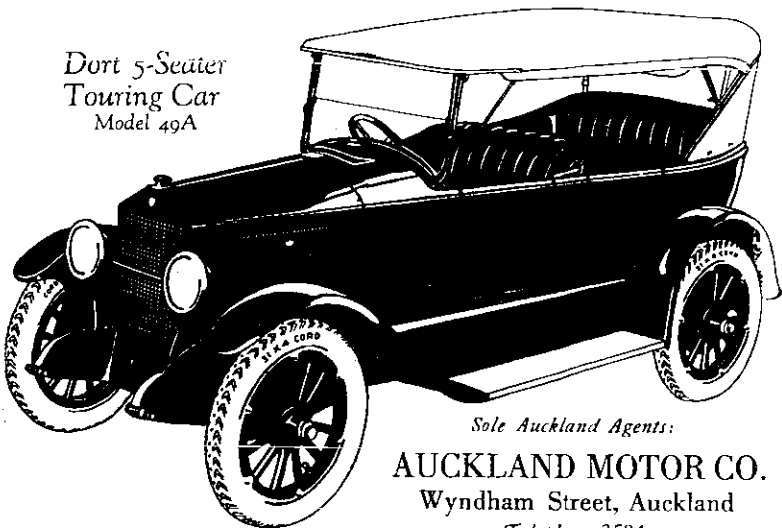
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WOMAN AND HER CAR

A Week-End Trip

by "PAMELA"

SINCE learning to drive I have become something of a motoring enthusiast. Not that I want to get the car out every time I go into the city to do a little shopping. That sort of thing does not appeal to me. But to get out into the open country, where one can enjoy the space, and a clear—fairly clear—road, that is a different thing, and so we are looking forward to a good many country runs this summer.

We greatly favour a week-end excursion with the highways and by-ways of this picturesque province. One such we took a week or two ago was particularly enjoyable, for two reasons. The first is that the day before I made a pretty thorough examination of the engine. I hate engine trouble on a journey. You waste time, lose your temper, get hot, and probably end by having to walk miles and miles in search of assistance.

So I, or the other motor experts of my family, take care to see to a few trifling matters that spell comfort in the long run.

Of course the engine drip-pan must be closed tight, so that dirt and mud cannot accumulate, and grease cannot get on to the ignition wiring and cables. We generally have the differential and transmission gears steam-cleaned—it is an excellent precaution.

I don't believe in ill-luck. If one is fairly well prepared beforehand, luck is generally pretty good. Punctures and tyre troubles are, of course, among the things one cannot hope to avoid, but one can always have a complete tool kit.

It is true that there are degrees of completeness in this respect, but there are just a few things that are indispensable on even a week-end trip. They are a pump and jack, oil-can, and spanners (enough to touch every nut on the car). Two or three adjustable ones would do. It is well to remember, too, that country garages will probably be closed during the week-end, and cannot be depended on.

We always take a spare set of sparking-plugs and—of course—an extra set of bulbs for the lamps.

We did not overload the car, a small tent, very light camp beds, provisions and benzine, not forgetting several thick travelling rugs—that was all, but it was quite enough, and we saw that everything was packed in the night before.

Leaving the garage at noon on Saturday we ran merrily down the Great South Road, with Papatoetoe, Manurewa, Papakura and Drury as landmarks of direction. At the Razor-back we made a detour by branching off to the right after passing through the townlet of Runciman, about a mile from Drury.

Thence an uphill climb across the dividing line between the Bombay district and Pukekohe brought us into interesting country. On the ridge of the hill overlooking a large basin-like formation stands the little church erected many years ago by the early settlers, and made historic by the plainly visible bullet-holes which remain as a memento of the fighting in 1863, or thereabouts, between the Maoris and the Pakhas.

We had a quick run from the city to the quaint little township of Tuakau, 36 miles out. The first settlement was situated on the bank of the Waikato, but the site occupied by the township is about four miles from the river. Old Tuakau was the scene of fighting during the Maori War.

From the township we followed the road towards the river, and after leaving the old village behind, the willow-fringed banks of the noble Waikato looked very inviting.

Here we chose a shady spot for

our first stop. Afternoon tea was soon made and enjoyed, and after replenishing the benzine and water tanks, and taking a few photographs, we made a fresh start.

ALMOST immediately the road crosses the bridge which gives access to Onewhero, Pukekawa and other settlements in the Raglan County. Taking the left hand turning after crossing the bridge, we traversed swamp country for some little distance before ascending the steep incline leading to Onewhero. At the summit is an area set apart as a game preserve, and from here we had a charming view of the Waikato, with here and there glimpses of the road we had traversed from Tuakau.

From Onewhero the road is for the greater part unmetalled, and should be avoided in very hot weather. A summer shower had fallen just before we reached it, but not sufficient to discourage us, so we pushed on towards Glen Murray. Here the road became more interesting, and after six or seven miles of winding and twisting, it unfolds into a long stretch, until the river intercepts it at Rangiriri.

Here we found a peaceful little spot that proved ideal for our overnight stay, and we soon had our tent pitched beside the river, not far from the road.

We spent the following morning in visiting the "Hill overlooking Rangiriri," the scene of so much strife during the early days of the Maori War. After lunch an opportunity presented itself for a trip down the river in a passing launch, and for some hours we enjoyed a delightful run. At various points along the river bank we came upon picturesque Maori wharves with little groups of their inhabitants shelling corn or sitting in the sun. The red of the women's red handkerchiefs and gay colours of the children's dresses, made a welcome contrast to the quiet green tints of their surroundings. Here and there were canoes drawn up alongside the banks, and as the launch stopped to land a couple of passengers, a group of girls coming down to the water's edge, sang some plaintive Maori songs. Towards evening the launch turned upstream, and after passing numerous islands in mid-stream, eventually returned us to our encampment, where preparations for the evening meal were soon in full swing. As the return journey was to begin at daybreak next morning, water and benzine supplies were replenished in anticipation of the early start. The return journey on the following morning, through Mercer, Pokeno and over the Razor-back, was made without incident, save for a puncture on entering Bombay. Here, however, we were able to procure a hot breakfast at the boarding-house, while the spare wheel was being fitted in place of the damaged tyre.

From the top of Bombay Hill we got a wonderful view of the country lying below us. To the west is the fine background of rugged hills, through which the river flows on its way to the Heads. Away to the north faintly seen through the morning haze, we saw the familiar landmarks of Rangitoto and the volcanic cones near the city. A fast run down through Runciman to Drury, and we are again well on our way home, and though the Great South Road is not among the best of Auckland's highways, we finished up at the garage with everything intact after a most enjoyable run. And by that time we were already planning another trip, one that should take us much further afield.



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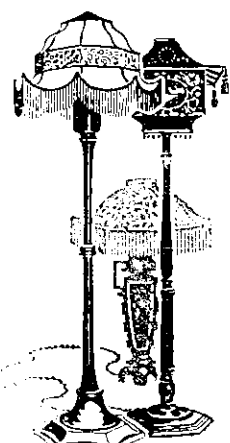
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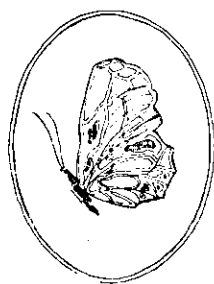
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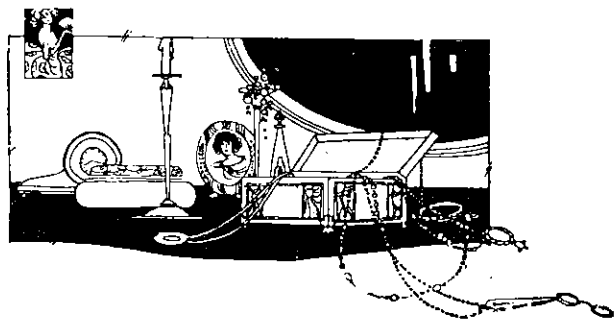
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WOMAN'S ADORNMENT



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Earrings of onyx and diamonds, or jet and crystal, mounted in the most expensive platinum settings, are very popular just now.

Circles and long rings that droop almost as low as the line of the shoulder are first in fashion, and it is astonishing to note how many varieties of these modes have been designed by the artist jewellers of to-day.

A particularly fascinating little jewel consists of a rose made in diamonds; this jewel rests on the back of the hand, a little platinum chain attaching it to the finger and also to the wrist. On a pretty hand this is most effective.

Jewelled flowers for the hair are another of the new decorations, and are made in a variety of colours. Flowers of every kind, natural, quaint, impossible, grotesque, are generally used and will be worn more than

ever. Hair-combs grow in size and distinction; some of the newest jewelled examples are enormous.

Variety of material is displayed in combs, and some give the impression of being made of silver filigree. These are especially decorative.

For evening wear the new shoe-buckles are most elaborate in design. They are often made of real stones. Jade and coral are used a great deal for the purpose.

New bracelets are found in delicately tinted ivory, carved in raised floral designs.

The tassel bracelet, consisting of a fairly wide band of filigree gold, to which are attached a number of tassels made of fine gold chains, is a rival to the popular Grecian key arm circlelet, which is made in varying widths. Another variety takes the form of a golden fringe, which falls softly over the wearer's wrist. Carved ivory medallions, each one showing a distinct and different design, are threaded on velvet to make upper-arm bracelets.

Coloured bracelets are most fashionable. Jade and amber in various shades compose these attractive dress accessories—for dress accessories they are, being a welcome touch of colour, bringing relief to the popular all-black toilette.

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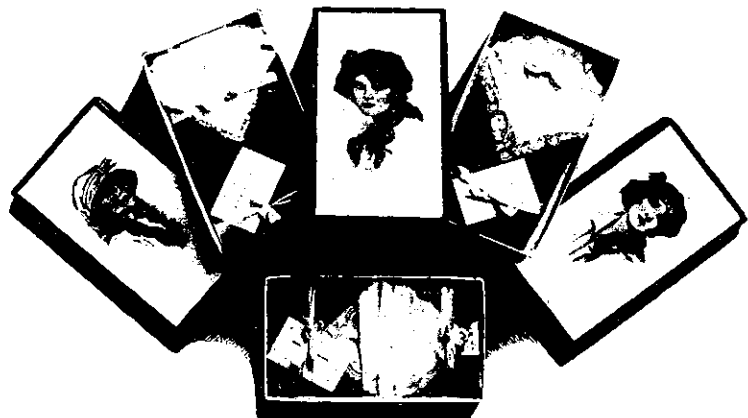
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"The Orphans of the Storm"

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Norma Talmadge in

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"Fair Lady"

From the novel by Rex Beach

Mary Pickford in

"Little Lord Fauntleroy"

ON THE SCREEN

Among the Film Stars



Lilian and Dorothy Gish in "The Orphans of the Storm."

DAVID Griffith has achieved another dramatic masterpiece in his "Orphans of the Storm," a tale of the French Revolution. It was running at the New Scala Theatre, London, when the last mail left, in association with an operetta, "L'Orage."

The reproduction of Paris, seen in "Orphans of the Storm," covered 14 acres of Mr. Griffith's studios at Mamaronock, and constituted the biggest "set" ever built. Three of the houses are exact reproductions of houses now standing in Paris, past which the death-carts rattled over one hundred years ago. The room in which the King appears is an exact replica in size, and in every other respect, including the wonderful paintings of the Grand Saloon in the Palace of Versailles. It is the biggest room ever built in a studio. The fountain in the Bel-Air scene weighed sixty tons and was valued at £18,000. The Bel-Air scene faithfully portrays the lavishness of its period. Many of the girls in the scene are famous beauties. The fountain of wine is an actual reality; real wine being used by special permission of the prohibition agents!

One of the most beautifully dressed women in America is Miss Rosemary Theby. She is a handsome brunette, stately and graceful. As the leading lady in the screen production of "Kismet," she won success, and this she establishes more firmly in "The Eternal Flame," Norma Talmadge's latest production. One of Miss Theby's most effective afternoon gowns is made of draped black crêpe de chine, the hem almost touching the ground on one side and reaching a height of ten inches at the other. With this she wears a picture hat of black taffeta with a large deep red rose at the side.

Princess Mary does not often get an opportunity to go to picture theatres, but the Princess Royal and Princess Maud are quite enthusiastic visitors.

When in London they go to the cinema near the Princess Royal's house in Portman Square, attended by one lady. In war time, during the lighting economies, they used to walk home in the dark with a butler following as escort.

Norma Talmadge airs some of her views—very sensible ones too. "I love nice things and I love shopping. But I do not shop indiscriminately. In Paris I saw the most gorgeous gown, tried it on, and wanted it. The price was exorbitant, and the gown too unusual to wear it on many occasions, so I didn't buy it. That gown is more pleasant in my memory than it would have been hanging in my wardrobe." Miss Talmadge's great ambition has always been to play the part of Du Barry in Balzac's "La Duchesse de Langeais." She has satisfied this desire, and we shall see her characterisation of a French "grande dame" in "The Eternal Flame"—the film title of Balzac's story.

Constance Talmadge makes an adorable little Chink in her latest picture, "East is West." She had planned an expedition to China for the production of this film, but the political disturbances there forced her to abandon the plan.

The career of Robin Hood is at present in the making. Douglas Fairbanks, it is understood, is cast as the famous archer of Arden Wood.

Constance Talmadge is at present making "East is West." The production is bringing more Oriental characters into the studios than have ever been seen before. Many Chinese have been imported from San Francisco.

There is much talk about a film planned by Elinor Glynn of the situation in Hollywood. It is understood Miss Glynn will write the story about the title "Eyes of Truth."

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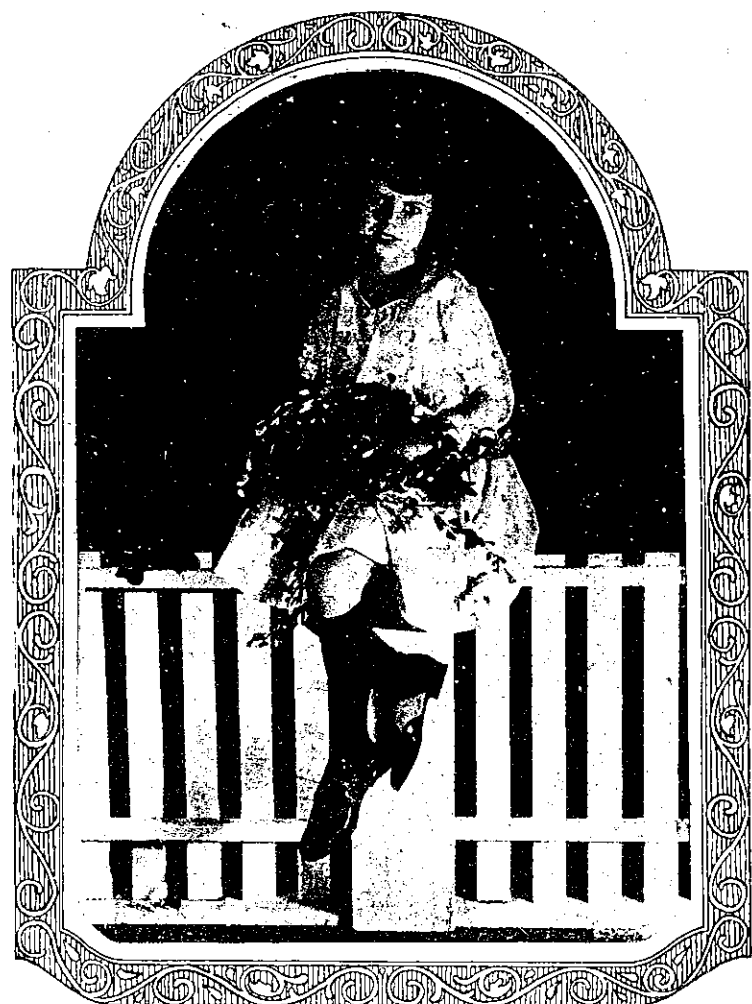
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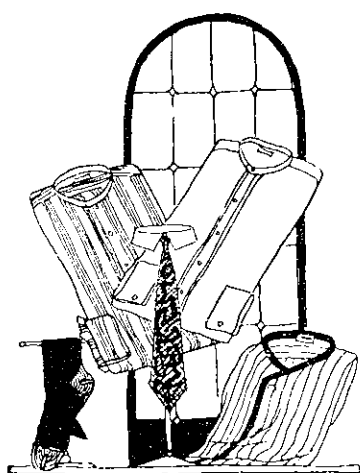
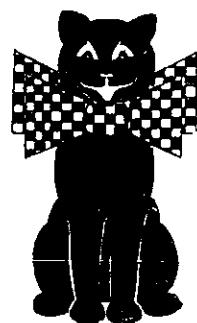
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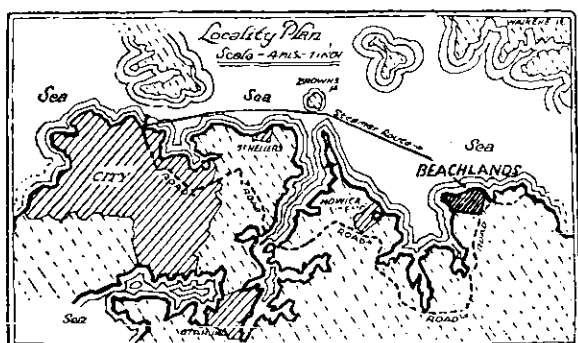
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DAHLIAS for the AUTUMN GARDEN

by "ACHIMENES"

IF there is one plant that has jumped into the forefront of the horticultural world in recent years, it is the dahlia. Years ago it was stiff, old-fashioned, and generally unattractive, but the newer and more modern types that have been developed are among the finest flowers that our gardens can produce.

The first improvement was seen in the cactus type, somewhat poor at first, but rapidly improving in form and petal. Following these came the gorgeous pæony, flaunting its large, bold, highly-coloured, immense flowers on long stems that looked almost incapable of holding such great blossoms. Then we were introduced to the handsome collarettes with their queerly formed flowers, followed by the dainty star dahlias and the wonderful decoratives.

ANOTHER class of an older type were the shapely little pompoms, which have now been improved out of all knowledge, and present a wonderful range of beautifully coloured varieties.

If you want really good dahlias, do not plant too early. In the writer's experience early planting is a great mistake, and those who plant in October and the early part of November cannot get the best results.

Dahlias grow very rapidly, and if planted early, they commence flowering during the early and middle summer, the consequence being that the flowers come out rapidly, do not develop well, and are therefore poor in form and size. In addition to this many of the blooms get scorched and spoilt, and they last for a very short time.

The best time for planting is late in November and up to mid-December. If early planting has been done, and the plants threaten to flower too early, the only remedy is to cut them back just a few joints above the ground. This causes them to break low down, and produce growth that will give late flowers. These cut-back plants do not, however, in my opinion, produce such good flowers as the plants that are put in later.

DAHLIAS make a tremendous lot of root growth, and they are also very gross feeders, so full preparation must be made to give them ample root room and plenty of rich food.

The ground should be well trenched, and a large quantity of well-rotted manure worked into the bottom spit, so that just as the roots get well down, and the plants are practically fully grown, they will have a plentiful supply of nourishment. When the plants start to produce flower buds, applications of liquid manure with a little soot will increase the size of the blooms, and assist in heightening the colours.

Whatever you do, do not rush the young plants into quick growth, or your results will be only mediocre. This is where the novice often spoils things. She wants to see her young plants develop quickly, and so she is too kind to them. The dahlia is like a man running a long distance race. All he wants to do is just to keep up with the others, and reserve his strength for the final run home.

If the plants are put in during late November or December, give them very little water, only just enough to keep them from flowering on hot days. Allow the plants to become hard and tough until February, and then push them for all you are worth by good cultivation, plenty of water and liquid manure.

If the plants have been struck from cuttings, or are raised from seed, nip out the centre as soon as they are about nine inches high. Un-

less this is done and side growths formed, the plants will become very tall, and a great deal of staking will have to be done. Put a light mulch round the plants to keep the soil cool, and to conserve the moisture.

Dahlias are easily raised from seed, and every plant will flower during the first year.

ALL classes can be purchased as seed, but only a few flowers come quite true to type. Nevertheless they are invariably interesting, and there is always the chance that you will secure a promising new variety.

Seed should be sown early in November, as the seedlings take a little longer to develop than the old plants.

Many people complain that dahlias, when cut, do not last well, but if immediately after cutting, the ends of the stems are charred, and the flowers put in a bucket up to their necks in water for an hour, little difficulty will be found in keeping them for a considerable time.

How to Manage the Shady Border

IN most home gardens there are some places where the sunlight never penetrates, and as a consequence difficulty is experienced in getting suitable flowering plants for such situations. Buildings, fences, tall trees, shrubs, or climbing plants, when they happen to be on the north side of a bed or border, may throw a shade that is perhaps only partly broken for a few weeks in the year.

In such places the majority of garden plants have but a precarious existence, becoming weak and spindly, and falling an easy prey to insect and fungus diseases. There are, however, a few plants that do really well in such positions, and the home gardener will derive much more satisfaction from the cultivation of these, than to attempt the growth of plants which are perhaps more popular, but less likely to succeed.

Foxgloves delight in such situations, and these plants when in bloom present a beautiful and stately appearance. They are biennials, and plants raised from seed would not bloom until the following summer. Most of the plants which are particularly suitable for such positions are biennial, but plants of many species may be purchased at the seed shops and satisfactory results may be had from these this season.

THE evening primrose is delightful for such positions. When grown in the shade the blooms open before the late evening hours, and its beauty is more in evidence. Balsams are suitable for situations where the shade is not too dense. Honesty is an old favourite, which is better for being grown in the shade. The varieties of Campanulas or Canterbury bells are excellent. So too are aquilegias, the varieties of the common columbine being most suitable.

Anemone Japonica is very useful for forming taller clumps, and fine effects may be produced by massing them. In many such positions various species of begonias may be grown satisfactorily, while in borders not too densely shaded pæonies, carnations, candytuft, many lilies, Solomon's seal, delphiniums, hellebores, and other choice subjects may be grown to perfection.

With a selection made from these plants, together with hardy ferns, the shady border, instead of being the despair of the gardener, may be made most attractive, and certainly most delightful, during hot summer weather.



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For everyone who writes about the benefit received from Hall's Wine there must be hundreds who do not take the trouble. But, judging from our files alone, its growth during over thirty years in favour of doctors, nurses and patients has been phenomenal. Hall's Wine is a scientific preparation—the prescription of a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and doctors not only recommend it but take it themselves.

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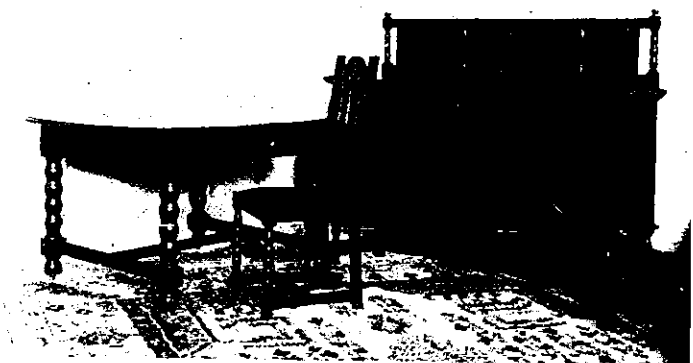
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FROM CHEMISTS AND STORES

The CAREER of STELLA FRANE

(Continued from page 32).

"Mr. Medlow, how can I thank you?" cried Stella, and the man dropped his eyes uneasily, as Frane held out his hand silently.

"That's—that's all right, sir," he muttered. "I don't say but what I might've let you down, you see; Mr. Tarne was making it worth my while, but Mrs. Frane here—well—I couldn't forget what she's done for my boy."

"And," said Stella warmly, "we'll never forget what you've done for us. I'll see you get employment. Never mind your past mistakes; your secret's safe now, and your boy will live to be proud of you."

So they parted from him, and soon the blessed silence and solitariness of their own home closed about them like warm protecting wings.

"Lester, darling," said Stella, breaking a long silence, filled with the dancing play of firelight on the slowly-darkening walls, "you look worn and tired, poor boy. You're not nearly strong yet, and I have a little plan."

"Yes, dearest," he smiled, and raised her hand to his lips.

"Well," she said, and gently stroked his hand, "I want you to take me away somewhere for a time, quite six months or a year, Lester. We'll

take a house in some quiet country place where we will have peace and freedom and leisure to knit up the unravelled ends of our lives again."

He was silent so long with bent head, that she asked timidly: "Lester, don't you like my plan?"

"Like it!" he said, and his voice trembled. "I'm not a religious chap, but I suppose everyone has his own idea of heaven, and that—that has been mine, Stella—a little house—the quiet countryside at evening—a lighted window—the world shut out—a warm fireside and you—my beloved, my wife—just you."

He bent and laid his cheek to hers a moment, and then with a start, he cried: "But—but, my girl, your career—your public life—that must not suffer through any selfishness of mine. You must not—shall not neglect that."

With a little sound between sobbing and laughter she caught his face between her two hands and kissed him on the lips.

"You're my career at present," she whispered, with a little tender smile. "After, we shall see—"

(The End).

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

MISS Edith Morton, who has ably assisted her brother, Mr. Fred Morton, in his business as agent for the Hinman Milking Machine and Separator, is a most capable demonstrator and a successful saleswoman. She also demonstrates the Violet Ray treatment, which cured her of neuritis, and she is a great believer in its powers. A new and wonderful instrument called the Telegraphone is now occupying Miss Morton's time. This invention will take a similar place to the Ediphone and Dictaphone. She and her two sisters are anticipating a trip to England early in the coming year.

For fifteen years Miss B. Robertson has been with Messrs. Smith and Caughey, and for the last twelve years she has been buyer for the Toilet Department. It is not surprising that during such a lengthy period this lady has gained the complete confidence of a vast number of customers. In 1917 Miss Robertson visited England on a combined business and pleasure trip. On this occasion she opened up negotiations with Messrs. Dubarry and company which ultimately resulted in Messrs. Smith and Caughey being appointed Auckland agents for the great perfumers. While in England, she visited the London houses and factories of the leading toilet requisite manufacturers,

among others those of Messrs. Bidwell, British Xylonite Company, Liberty's, Morny Frères, Yardleys, John Knights, Solports and Taylors.



Miss Farrell, who has just left for Australia on a business trip extending over several months.

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2 breakfast cups sugar	¼ lb. mixed peel
1 lb. butter	¼ lb. almonds
1 lb. currants	10 eggs
1 lb. raisins	1 teasp. baking powder
1 lb. sultanas	1 wine-glass brandy

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one by one; sift in flour; add fruit dredged with flour. Brandy. Cook 4½ hours in moderate oven.



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