



Photo. by S. P. Andrew, Auckland and Wellington.

Miss DOREEN CARR is the daughter of Mr. C. E. Carr, of Remuera Road, and one of the most popular members of younger society in Auckland.

OF A LADY

A POEM by LADY WILSON

*Her house is nearly in the town,
Yet lilac branches shade her door;
Her tea is always on the board
At half-past four.*

*Her fireside has a friendly look;
There's something happy in the air;
Her cream is such you rarely now
Meet anywhere.*

*I like her eyes, I like her hair,
I like that pretty, simple dress
(Paris, and cost five hundred francs,
No penny less).*

*Pardon my inconsiderate words;
I should not write on themes like
these.
(Her shoes are neat; you'd never think
They're No. 3's.)*

*She likes this shady corner best,
The rosy lamp, the Dresden set,
A friend or two, perhaps, a waltz
Of mignonne.*

*And someone touches in the gloom
The harp's mysterious waiting strings
And thoughts that never spoke in words
Take music's wings.*

*Dear friend, though tired and far away,
I still can seek your door in Spain,
Sit still beside your fire and drink
That tea again!*

SHOPPING CRAZES

BY A VICTIM

WHAT IS YOUR PARTICULAR SHOPPING VICE—
WHAT IS IT TO WHICH YOU FALL A VICTIM ON
NEARLY EVERY OCCASION? NEARLY EVERYONE
HAS A SPECIAL IDIOSYNCRASY OF THIS NATURE

WHAT is your special craze in shopping? Which are the shops you should be dragged past by force?

There are, of course, such obvious attractions as the draper's window to the woman, or the old bookshop for many men. I do not refer to those. I mean the little articles that most of us are unable to resist.

Let me illustrate. I cannot resist the contents of a stationer's window. I am sure to see there just the writing pad I want, the writing pad that is better than any I have ever possessed, the writing pad of such tempting appearance that if I took it home I should start at once to write a book of the year. . . . And such a collection of unused writing pads as I have at home! Yet I am always adding to their number.

As for pencils and fountain pens, I could set up a little shop of my own with the accumulation on my writing-table, but I know that if I stop to look in a stationer's window to-day I shall get at least one more.

A male friend has the same craze for ties. If he but looks in a hosiery window, he sees the one tie in all the world that will make life really complete, and even if he were down to his last shillings he would have to buy it. He will probably never wear it. If he were a man with a hundred necks, he would still be overstocked. But buy he must—it is his craze, his

fate, his doom, and he is always grateful to any lady friend who will accept a few dozen unused ties from his collection to make a patchwork quilt.



Miss NANCY GARDNER
A recent Wellington debutante.

LURE OF THE PIPE.

That man's brother buys pipes. Every day in any shop he sees the pipe of his dreams. It may cost anything from a shilling to a guinea, but he recognises it as the only pipe that will raise smoking to its proper place as the crowning triumph of life. So another pipe goes home. It is never smoked, for he is true to a couple of dirty old briars that were bought in an absent minded moment with no idea that they were to have the abiding place in his heart.

I know a woman who is sane and reasonable on every subject but soap. Soap should be but one of the ingredients of life; she makes it the whole menu. Soap in a shop window loosens her purse strings at once. She must buy.

It may be expensive toilet soap, delicately perfumed, nestling in velvet-lined caskets, or a bargain in long bars of homely yellow offered at a sacrifice if you take a hundredweight. Never a walk past the shops but she takes home soap, in one or another of its countless varieties and shapes. One of these days she may find a soap that she likes beyond all others, and life will never be quite the same again, but at present her days are given to the quest of an ideal, and that quest keeps her young.

And it is all very well for you to laugh, but what is your special craze in the shops?