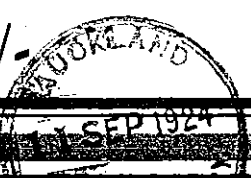


Price 1/-

VOLUME 3, No. 3.
[Registered as a Newspaper]

SEPTEMBER, 1924



THE LADIES'

MIRROR

The Home Journal of New Zealand



The Adventures of a Woman Journalist
Sound Advice on an Important Subject
What do you know about Your Children?

COLUMBUS DREAMS
THE ART OF MAKING LOVE
THE SCIENCE OF BEING A FATHER

By MISS A. M. KARLIN
By LOLA de LAREDO
A Special Article for Parents

SPECIAL MOTORING SUPPLEMENT



Selby Shoes

Look for the Selby Trade
Mark inside the Shoe.




BEAUTIFUL IN WEAR

Exclusive to the highest-class stores

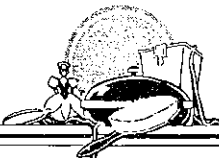
"Mirror" Advertised Shoes are the Mode.

CONTRIBUTORS.
Send Your Best Social
Notes, Most Artistic
Photographs, Original
Articles, Essays, Verse
and Stories to
THE LADIES' MIRROR.
New Zealand Talent
Generously Encouraged



The
LADIES' MIRROR
The fashionable ladies' Journal of New Zealand

SUBSCRIPTION
RATES:
Price One Shilling.
13/- per Annum
Post Free,
including Special
December (Christmas)
Number, price 2/-.



VOL. III.—No. 3.

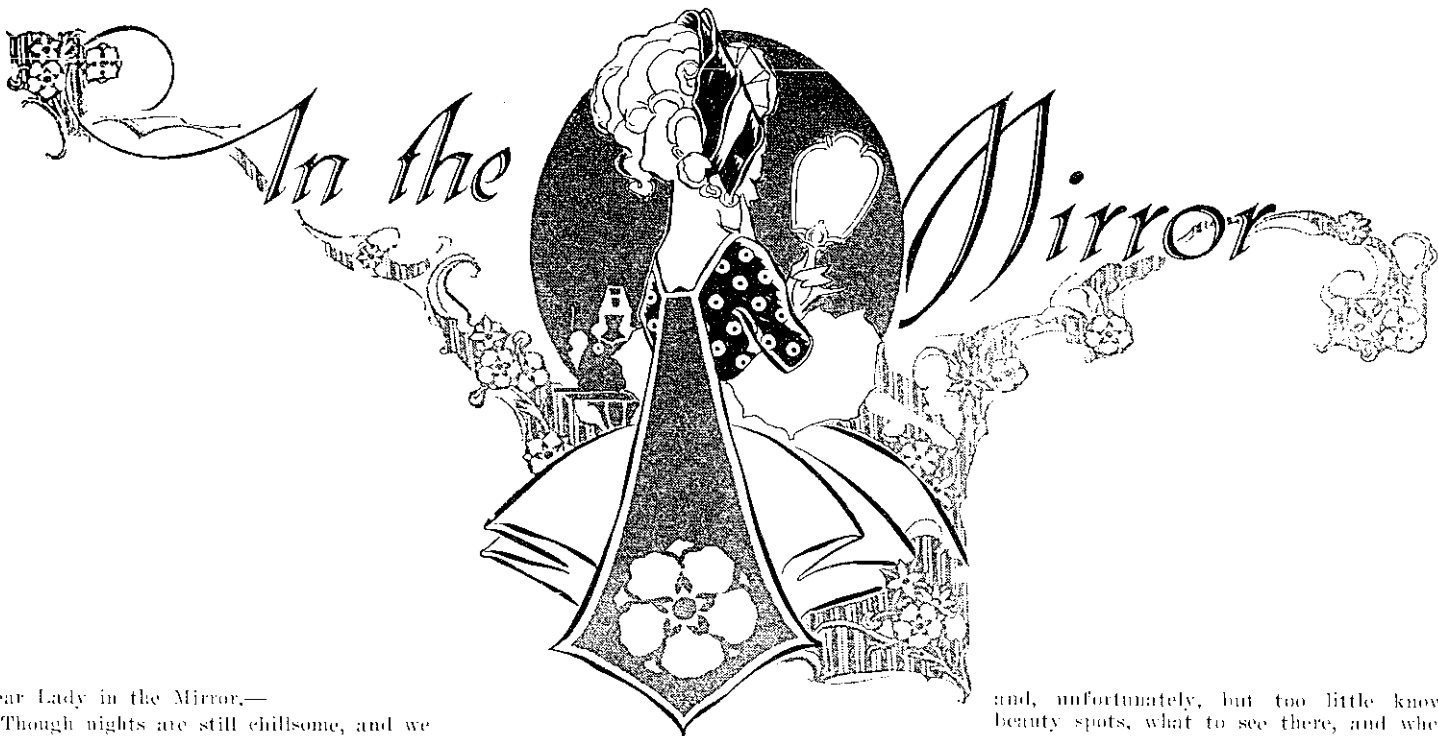
1st SEPTEMBER 1924

ONE SHILLING.



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

THE HON. LUCY JELlicoe
A charming study of Lord Jellicoe's elder
daughter, taken on her twenty-first birthday



Dear Lady in the Mirror,—

Though nights are still chillsome, and we still get an ample sufficiency of those damp (please be careful with the "p." printer), raw, and altogether unpleasant days that make us, while they are with us, wonder whether the enonniums that have been lavished on our climate are but travellers' tales, the calendar and some really glorious if, alas, intermittent periods of wonderful weather yield us the welcome promise of Spring's approach. Soon we shall, each according to our predilections, be indulging in the peculiar form of lunacy that affects even the most rational of us about the time when furs and overcoats begin to vanish from our streets.

Our Editor will wear a worried look as his mail-bag swells with masses and yet more masses of Spring poetry. The poet assures us that young men will find their fancies turning lightly towards the softer emotions, and our less-frequented and most ill lit by-ways will harbour many a budding romance. You, dear Lady, on the other hand, will doubtless find your glances lightly turning, much more reasonably, toward our Fashion Pages, which hold the real promise of Spring; and I can assure you that your wishes will be most amply catered for. Our next number (October) will be a special Spring Number, and will contain an enlarged Fashion section that will tell you all you want to know about that most important of all subjects besides a host of other special Spring features.

However, whether our longings turn lingeringly lovewards, or make us write rhymes ruthlessly, or whether Spring simply induces that normal and very understandable "new clothes" feeling, the great thing is that we begin once again to hear the call of the Great Out-of-Doors, and any help we can obtain towards making the most of the opportunities afforded by the fleeting days of summer should receive a rapturous welcome.

OUR NEW SUPPLEMENT

Therefore the innovation that this number inaugurates needs no apologies. Every future issue of the MIRROR will contain a special—and extra—section devoted to the joys of travel, and the motorist will be most amply catered for in a way that has not previously been attempted in the Dominion. The Supplement will contain numerous descriptions of possible runs and tours, illustrated by simple, understandable maps and photographs; these should be of the utmost value to every car owner, and, even to those who have not yet realised their ambitions and are as yet carless, should be full of interest and open up many new possibilities for joyous, healthy holidays and week-ends.

For the woman motorist, and for her husband, there will be many valuable features: Special articles on just the motoring matters you want to know about, help and advice about motoring troubles and needs;

REFLECTIONS ON VARIOUS THEMES
BY "KNAVE O' HEARTS"

PRINCIPAL
CONTENTS

LITERARY

"In the Mirror": Reflections by Knave o' Hearts	2
Plotsam and Jetsam—Collected from Various Sources	8
The Gentle Art of Making Love—By Lola de Laredo	10
Columbus Dreams—The Adventures of a Woman Journalist	16
Needlecraft—Some Useful Suggestions ..	18
Misadventure—A complete Story	19
The Science of Being a Father—By L. E. Hertzel	23
Vanitas Vanitatum—By Our Special Correspondent	25
The Importance of Ante-Natal Preparation—By a Plunket Nurse	29
Ring Up the Curtain—Notes on Plays and Players	31
Literary Page	33
Some Musical People	35
Recipes from Our Readers	37
Competition Results (July)	39
Naming Our Clothes	41
Authors' Tastes and Hobbies	43
Backward Babies	45
Chasing the Hours	46
The Great Husband Hunt (conclusion)—Serial by Mabel B. Grundy	47
Designing Your Shoes	53
Weddings Announced	54
Engagements Announced	55
Beauty Hints	56

SPECIAL MOTOR
SUPPLEMENT
Follows page 32

PHOTOGRAPHS

The following are full page plates:—	
The Hon. Lucy Jellicoe	1
Society Illustrated	3, 9
Young New Zealand—Beautiful New Zealand Children	5, 11
Recent Weddings	7, 15
Beautiful New Zealand Homes	13
And nearly 50 illustrations in the text.	

new models will be reported on, and thus the would-be car owner helped in the difficult matter of making the all-important selection—in fact, everything the car owner wants to know about will be given.

The Supplement will also contain many scenic photographs, with detailed instructions as to how to get to our most beautiful

and, unfortunately, but too little known beauty spots, what to see there, and where to stay.

If you know of picturesque runs in your own district, you will help us considerably by sending in particulars—while for photographers there is an interesting and remunerative competition announced in the Supplement.

RUHRAL AMENITIES

It really appears that at last the intolerable position in the Ruhr may be settled, and that a war-worn world may some day be allowed to commence to recover from the tragedy that began in 1914 and is not yet ended.

It, indeed, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has found some panacea to heal the wound that gapes across Europe, he deserves well of civilisation, though many of us are still sufficiently embittered to resent his apparent, in fact rather flamboyant, "forgive and forget" attitude to the Hun, and, while realising that some working agreement is a necessity, if the conquerors are not to bite off their noses in order to spite their own faces, can hardly see the necessity to kiss and be friends.

However, possibly the end justifies the means; for, while Germany refuses to make any effort while France occupies the Ruhr, and France refuses to quit the Ruhr until Germany makes an effort, the prospect of any betterment in world conditions is but small. One, however, is very dubious of any good result from an agreement that allows a year, in which all sorts of new difficulties and complications can arise, before it comes into effect. Nevertheless, we can but hope for the best, in full confidence that we have endured the worst, and the future can hold nothing more disastrous than the history of the war and the succeeding Peace. Perhaps poor consolation, but these are days when in stoic philosophy alone can comfort be found.

THE STUMBLING BLOCK

The Legislative Council has refused to allow women to become Justices of the Peace. Why? The ever more prominent part women are taking all over the world in public affairs makes such a decision retrograde to the point of absurdity. Women have proved that they are fully capable of filling practically every position with dignity and efficiency, and there is no possible sane reason why the Council should seek to delay the progress of the feminine movement towards complete equality. What they have refused to-day will be granted as a right to-morrow, and quibbling rejections of just demands of this nature cause but irritating and unnecessary delay.

In this instance, who will deny that women are very often in a far better position to judge the mentality that governed the actions of their own sex than any male Justice—and that in the case of juvenile offenders woman's experience and knowledge is invaluable?

CHRISTCHURCH

FOUR CHARMING CAMERA
STUDIES OF YOUNGER
SOCIETY IN THE SOUTH
I S L A N D C I T Y



Photo, by
Claude Ring,
Christchurch.



(Top Right)
A DANCER FOR "SWEET
CHARITY'S SAKE"
Miss Thelma Thompson, of the
Wanchope School of Dancing,
who has taken a prominent part
in charity productions in Christ
church, Timaru and Dunedin.

Photo, by
Standish & Preece
Christchurch.

Three Beautiful
Débutantes

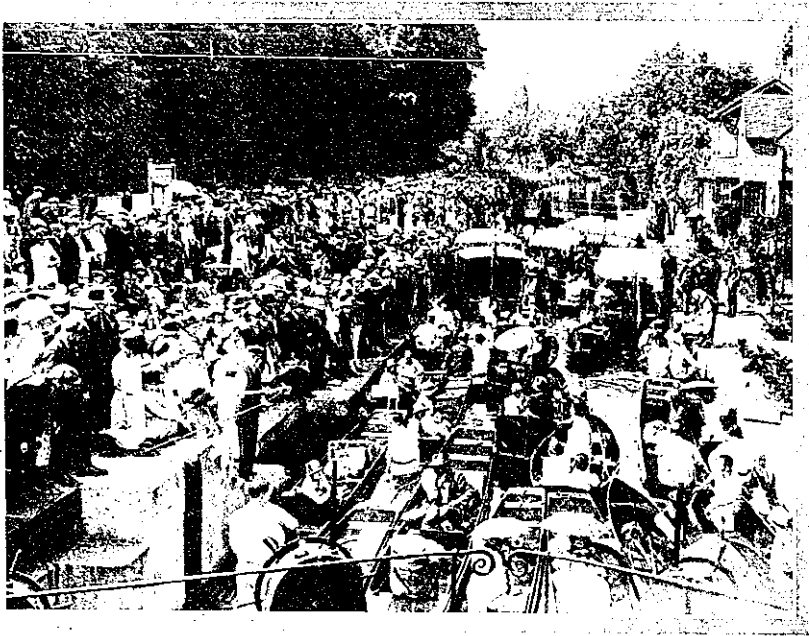
(Top Left)
Miss LETTICE CHOL-
MONDLEY TAPPER

(Over)
Miss DOREEN KIVER

(Right)
Miss FAY GIBSON



Photo, by Claude Ring, Christchurch.

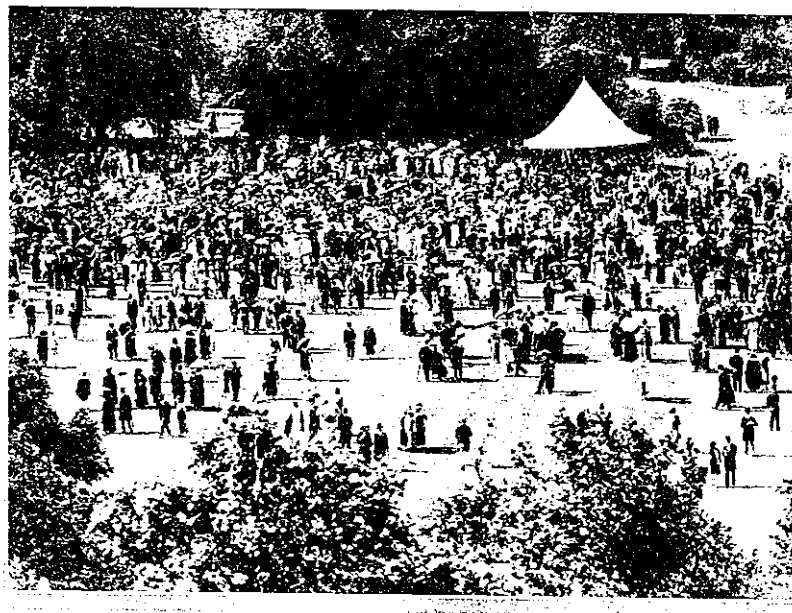


SUMMER IN ENGLAND
Ascot Sunday at Boulter's Lock, on the Thames, which was favoured by one of the few sunny days that this summer has granted.

and is taking steps to stamp out the spread of pernicious teaching and literature. The right of free speech is very precious, and quite properly jealously guarded, but when it is used to instil into the innocent mind of childhood doctrines advocating murder and immorality, it becomes criminal to the deepest degree. The evidence that was produced before the House of Lords recently is a terrible indictment of Communist methods, and it behoves us to see that New Zealand, which must undoubtedly strike the leaders of the movement as a promising field for the propaganda of their creed, is kept clear of this canker. Fortunately, however, we can rely on the good sense of the majority to see the folly and criminality of the movement.

WANTED—A GOVERNOR

One would think that the Governorship of one of the Dominions would be a coveted position sought after by those whose gifts and status render them eligible, but apparently, in these days, the inducement offered is not sufficient, and the problem of filling the dignified position of the King's Representative in more than one of the Dominions is proving a very difficult task.



GARDEN PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE
A record attendance of 10,000 guests was a feature of the first Garden Party held by the King and Queen this season. Eight hundred New Zealanders received invitations.

Photos. by Topical Press.

A BLACK OUTLOOK

NOT yet shall you be permitted to sleep peacefully in your bed, for all kinds of dreadful and chromatic perils surround you. The Yellow Peril has been with us for years, and recently received a new lease of life from the Singapore controversy, and now we have a Black Peril, which, if we are to believe Mr. Tom Mann and his Communist friends, is very real and imminent. When Moscow gives the word, six million negroes are ready to rise and blot out the white aristocrat—and, incidentally, anyone else who happens to come into their ken. The Fat Boy of Dingley Dell is not in it with our Bolshi and Communist friends when it comes to the gentle art of making our flesh creep—but, fortunately, their ability is not on a par with their blood-thirst, and they are inclined, too, to overestimate the credulity of those whom they wish to make their tools.

While, however, we need not lose a great deal of sleep in worrying over their more ambitious plots, their insidious advances amongst the more ignorant section of the populace, and especially amongst children, are a more serious and dangerous matter, and it is a matter of satisfaction that the British Government has at last realised the harm that is being done,



A "MAORI" WAR DANCE IN ENGLAND
The bluejackets from H.M.S. Resolution gave an imitation of a Maori War Dance during the Deal Aquatic Sports.

Our own case is particularly aggravating, for we are continually being semi-officially informed that the problem has been satisfactorily solved—and that just the right man for the job has been found. Then we hear no more for a few weeks, until a fresh rumour gives us to understand that some hitch has occurred. The suggestion that we should appoint our Governor from one of our own citizens hardly strikes me as a good one. The difficulties of the choice would be too great, and the possibilities of arousing all sorts of jealousies and competition too great. Few men who have played a sufficiently important part in public life to entitle them to consideration have failed to identify themselves with party politics, and he who represents the Sovereign should, like the Sovereign himself, be free from any political taint, and able to view the advice tendered him by the Prime Minister with an open and unbiassed mind.

No, surely some well-known sailor or soldier, if the suggestion that a member of the Royal Family should occupy the position is impracticable, should be willing to fill the breach. Certainly the remuneration attached to the position should adequately cover the cost entailed in upholding the dignity of the Governor-General of the Dominion—for the sake of our own pride.

A PAGE OF HAPPINESS

SOME OF AUCKLAND'S
BONNY BABIES



Photo. by
T. H. Ashe,
Talma Studios,
Orechunga.

CLARE
daughter of
Mr. and Mrs.
H. A. Adams,
Orechunga.



"JUNE"
Photo. by
T. H. Ashe,
Talma Studios,
Orechunga.



Photo. by
T. H. Ashe,
Talma Studios,
Orechunga.

LORNA
daughter of
Mr. and Mrs.
Frank Suth-
erland, Ore-
hunga.



Photo. by Broadway Studios, Newmarket, Auckland.



ESTELLE
daughter of
Mr. and Mrs.
Rupert Morton,
Remuera.

"The only man," but
he doesn't seem to mind!
GRAHAM, son of
Mr. and Mrs. Edward
Smith, Hercul Bay.

Photo. by
S. G. Dobson, Auckland

Possibly, if Lord Jellicoe would give a testimonial as to our amiability and general good qualities, it might help! If he thinks as highly of us as we do of him, the testimonial should indeed be a flattering one, and induce a veritable crowd of applicants.

TRAMS AND PRAMS

That mothers should be enabled to take babies' push-carts on trams has been previously advocated in these columns, and such a privilege would undoubtedly be a great boon. In Christchurch facilities are afforded on the trams, but apparently the matrons of



Photo. by
Armstrong, Dunedin.

A Prominent Social Worker

Mrs. G. M. BAKER, a prominent charitable worker in Dunedin, being actively associated with orphanage and child welfare work for the past nine years, is a member of the St. John Ambulance Executive, President of St. John's Ladies' Guild, and a member of the Committee of the Society for the Protection of Women and Children. Mrs. Baker was instrumental in raising large sums of money for patriotic purposes during the war, and took a very active part in nursing and relief work during the influenza epidemics in 1918 and 1920.

the South Island city do not do all they can to facilitate the transport and thus prove their appreciation of the Tramway Board's concession. Certainly it would appear reasonable that the push-cart should be folded ready for its journey, and thus delay be avoided—nor should it be expected from conductors that they should have to add to their duties the onerous task of folding up complicated carts, and, incidentally, pinching their fingers, for few men seem to be able to reduce a push-cart to a portable size without inflicting bodily injury on themselves and lurid epithets on the ears of bystanders.

THE NEED FOR REST-ROOMS

The Auckland City Council have frowned upon a suggestion that a petition should be organised in favour of a mothers' rest-room in the city, refusing to grant permission to allow women to stand in the streets to collect signatures. The Mayor explained that the Council were sympathetic to the movement, "and would do the right thing at the proper time." Unfortunately that does not give Auckland women this much-needed convenience, and I would suggest that the proper time is now: even if some more ambitious scheme for the future is being formulated, surely some temporary arrangement could be made?

The need for rest-rooms is so obvious, and their provision at the earliest possible date has been advocated for so long, that it certainly hardly appears necessary for a petition to be presented—but nothing has yet been done. Sympathy and schemes for the future on the most up-to-date lines are excellent, but do not afford rest for weary mothers to-day. I should like to see something more definite accomplished before the humid days of summer make the mothers' task even more arduous.

THE AUCKLAND MUSIC CONTEST

The first contest is to take place in Auckland on September 3rd. This is for school children only, and it will be followed by others for adults as well. Thus there will gradually be built up a large proportion of the community, particularly at the receptive age, who will gain a knowledge and appreciation of music which it would not be possible to attain otherwise. Look to your laurels, other cities of the Dominion! The Music Memory Contest is applicable to small communities, and inexpensive to organise. Piano and gramophone shops, picture theatre and tea room orchestras can all assist in spreading the good work.

THE HIGH TOLL OF MOTHERHOOD

Our July issue contained a criticism of the resolution recently passed by the Council of the British Medical Association on the Maternal Mortality problem.

Just as we are going to Press we have received from the Council a statement showing the attention that the Association has given to the question during the last three years.

Being at all times anxious to show both sides of any question, we are publishing this statement in our next issue.

THE INQUISITIVE SCIENTIST

Our modern scientists are nothing if not ambitious, and having, presumably, used up most of the interesting matter provided by this world are, like Alexander, sighing for new worlds to conquer and new spheres of knowledge to explore. The near approach of Mars was eagerly looked forward to, but the results obtained appear to be as nebulous as were the observations; and we still have to rely on the imagination of Mr. H. G. Wells for any interesting data concerning our nearest planetary neighbour. To most of us, however, this will give but little concern, for we can find enough worries on this world without seeking for those of others, and if the inhabitants of Mars, if such exist, are anything like those who figure in Mr. Wells's romance, they are not at all nice people to know and best left alone. I cannot quite understand why people want to interfere with other planets at all. Some years ago some genius wanted to fire giant rockets moonwards, without any consideration for the feelings

of the unfortunate lunar householder, whose section might be seriously disarranged by the arrival of the pyrotechnic visitor. Now we want to inflict wireless on the Martians—and some credulous experimenter even believed he had received cryptic radio messages from our neighbour.

FOOTBALL AND MANNERS

Much indignation has been aroused by the comments of the Manager of the English League Football Team on the behaviour of our crowds—especially rude was he to



Photo. by Fattillo, Dunedin.

A Member of Many Charitable Societies

Mrs. EUGENE O'NEILL, who is the wife of Dr. Eugene O'Neill, of Dunedin, is a well-known and popular hostess. Mrs. O'Neill is an energetic worker in every deserving cause.

the feminine section of the audience at football matches. I wonder when the lesson will be learnt that members of touring sides should be seen and not heard, and that while they are enjoying hospitality it is hardly courteous to criticise the manners of their hosts.

On the other hand, some of us might do well to remember that it would be more satisfactory if no cause for criticism be given. "Barracking" is an objectionable and an unsporting custom that reflects adversely on everyone connected with the game, and whereas I doubt if New Zealand crowds are worse than those in other parts of the world, one would like to see them, and expect to see them, a very great deal better.

THE ALL BLACKS IN CLOVER

Soon after these notes appear we shall all be agog to hear how the All Blacks have fared in their first engagement against Devon, and the impression the Home critics have gained from their performance. I certainly envy them their training quarters, for the Newton Abbot district is one of the most beautiful and salubrious parts of England, with any number of lovely seaside resorts within easy reach. Many's the happy pre-war day I've spent wandering in the Teign Valley, where the very names of the villages are rustic poems: Bishops Teignton, Kingsteignton, Bulleigh, Salterton, Chudleigh and the like. It will be a sad temptation for our boys to go out of training, for nowhere in the world (I apologise in advance to New Zealand!) can one find more luscious fare than the delectable dainties of Devon, the clotted cream, the cakes and the cider.

The winter climate of South Devon, too, is comparable to our own at its best, which is saying a great deal: so certainly there should be no complaints!

OUR COVER

The cheery youth whose smile radiates from our cover is Tom, the son of the late Lieutenant Brewer (who was killed in action), of Auckland. The photograph is by the Schmidt Studios, of Auckland.

KNAVE O' HEARTS.



Photo. by
Denton, Wanganui.

A Worker in the Cause of Art

Mrs. P. IZETT, who was one of the most prominent founders of the Wanganui Society of Arts and Crafts in 1901, and ever since has been its Hon. Secretary. Mrs. Izett has done a great deal to further a love of art in Wanganui.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

THREE BEAUTIFUL
CAMERA STUDIES
OF RECENT BRIDES



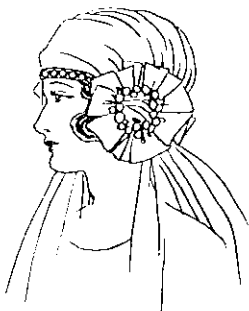
Mrs. FERGUSON,
of Christchurch.



Mrs. C. S. W. WILLIAMS,
of Ngatawhia.



Mrs. W. E. ANDREWS,
of St. Clair, Dunedin.



Photos. by C. W. Pattillo, Dunedin.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

COLLECTED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES



Photo. by Tornquist Portrait Studio, Auckland.

THE AUCKLAND POSTER BALL

Messrs. A. E. Goodwin and A. H. Hooper, who won the first prize for the most appropriate costume representing New Zealand Industries (Messrs. Brown, Barrett & Co.).

POTTED WISDOM

You would be surprised to discover how delightful some persons can be when they have their brains renovated.—Mrs. Rockefeller McCormick.

I have noticed that when the first-class brain does something stupid the stupidity of that occasion is colossal. Mr. Baldwin.

I am in sympathy with everything impractical.—Miss Rose Macaulay.

I want to know exactly who was having the good time in the good old days. Lady Astor.

There is much more to be said for democracy as a form of society than for democracy as a form of government.—Dean Inge.

If I had my way I would put a cradle beside the Flag on Empire Day, and make every girl salute the cradle.—The Bishop of Exeter.

Second Prize.
Most Appropriate Advertising Costume:
The Carlton Studio.

Photo. by Tornquist Studio, Auckland.



After a long rest, the "Best Girl" has come to life again. Miss Gillian Nicholson acted in this capacity to Miss Ethel Hill, who married Lord Glamusk's brother, Captain the Hon. Arthur Bailey, at St. Jude's Church, South Kensington. Instead of walking behind the bride, the only bridesmaid waited just like the best man does for the bridegroom, at the chancel steps. When the bride arrived, she stepped forward to take her sheaf of orange gladioli, which so cleverly contrived to match her own apricot gown.



Photo. by Schmidt Studios, Auckland.

Miss PEGGY ROBERTSON who is the daughter of Mr. R. M. Robertson, of Leeston, Canterbury, has been spending a holiday in Auckland.

Those for whom Empire wine is not good enough should be given water, and plenty of it.—Mr. Colebatch.

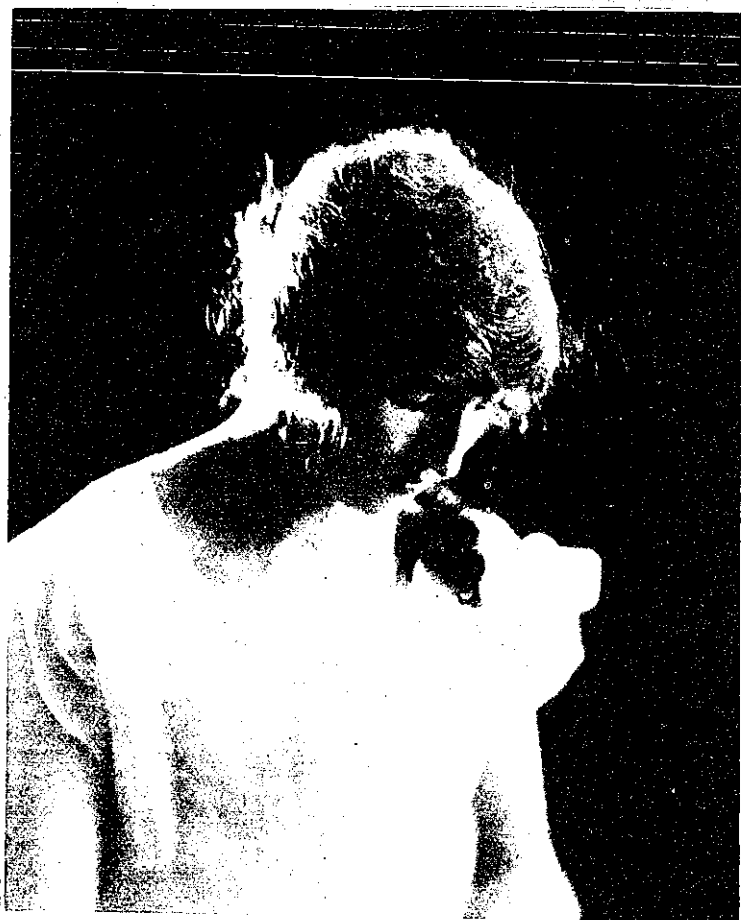
I have found that whenever I am right I am attacked, and whenever I am wrong I get universal praise. Mr. G. W. Stuart Banning.

We have reached the stage when we need no more organisations for the moment.—The Bishop of Oxford.



Photo. by Dorré and Saché.

WAIKATO HUNT GOLD CUP
A solid gold trophy, nine inches high, recently manufactured by Messrs. Walker & Hall, for the Waikato Hunt Club.



Miss
GRETCHEN BRICE,
who is very popular in
Nelson society.

Photo. by Broma Studios,
Nelson.



Photo. by Elizabeth Greenwood, Wellington.

Mrs. A. T. YOUNG—née Miss Elsie Kiehy, whose marriage took place recently, elder daughter of Mr. W. A. Kiehy, manager of the Union Bank of Australia, Wellington. Mr. A. T. Young is the eldest son of the late Mr. Thomas Young, and grandson of two old Wellington residents, Mr. T. W. Young, Brougham Street, and the late Mrs. G. E. Tolhurst.



Photo. by
J. & J. Webster,
Dunedin.

Miss WINIFRED BARDSLEY, who recently left New Zealand to be married to Mr. E. G. Nicol, of Long Island, New York. Miss Bardsley has many friends in the Dominion, especially in Dunedin, who will regret her departure.



Photo. by Elizabeth Greenwood, Wellington.

MAVIS, daughter of Mr. R. B. Ross, late M.P. for Pahiatua, and Mrs. R. B. Ross, "Otama," Porangahau, whose engagement to Mr. Reg. Fitzherbert Hogg, "Tauporae," Hunterville, appeared in a previous issue.



THE GENTLE ART OF MAKING LOVE

EVE TALKS FRANKLY TO ADAM

By LOLA de LAREDO

IT'S perfectly true, Adam, that there are as many ways of making love as there are of making soup, so that much as I should like to give you one simple recipe for life, I'm afraid it would be useless. You see, some girls like one method, some like another, whilst a few rare exceptions don't like any.

You need never hesitate over your love-making. You'll easily detect the type of girl who doesn't like it. She generally wears thick stockings, flat-heeled boots and high collars, and her figure would look just the same if her head were put on the other way round. I think we can leave her out of the reckoning, don't you?

As for the rest of us, you'll know by the way we receive your first kiss whether we'd like you to be all lukewarm affection or undiluted passion.

Kisses, my dear Adam, are the *hors d'œuvres* of Love's banquet. They either stimulate our interest or make us positively dislike you. In any case, you won't know how much you care for a girl until you've kissed her, so you may as well proceed to do so as soon as your heart beats irregularly in her presence.

Sometimes we imagine we're in love, until we kiss, and then we find ourselves unimpressed, stone-cold and disillusioned. Sometimes, on the other hand, we imagine we're "jolly good pals" until we kiss, and though it was only meant to be a very platonic caress, we find that it has played havoc with our hearts and left us with a sob in our throats.

That's the way with kisses, Adam—they often punish us for treating them too lightly.

They are about the most deliciously dangerous moves in the whole game of love. Yet they are worth risking, for after all, love-making without a spark of danger would be about as amusing as a gramophone without a record.

If ever you feel inclined to kiss a girl, take my advice and do so with the least possible delay. It's sheer madness to gaze at a pretty mouth in longing for years and years, and to continue to behave like a perfect gentleman every time you

meet its owner. Take my advice and behave like a man, and see what the gods will send you. Your Paradise may lie within the tiny compass of a kiss—you never know. Besides, a girl will always admire you the more for having made love to her, either because you do it so divinely or else because you were plucky enough to do it so badly.

You, of course, know that there's a tremendous variety in kisses, don't you? I mention the fact because you sometimes commit the mistake of treating the love-of-the-moment to the kisses which you invented to suit the temperament of last season's love. Never do this, Adam. Kisses that are worth having must be born of two people, not manufactured by one of them.

I once heard a man, who posed as an authority on the subject, recommend to a seventeen-year-old *ingénue* the kind of kisses that are "light as thistledown with whole volcanoes behind them," or words to that effect. But it's to be hoped that the *ingénue's* adorer would give her some evidence of the volcano's presence before treating her to the thistledown kisses, otherwise the poor child would be dreadfully disappointed.

Few girls would care to admit this, but I think you may take it as a general rule that we'd rather have the volcanic symptoms first and the tender kisses to help us recover. You see, Adam, we can get the mild, protective love from our parents, and if you weren't an adorable brute sometimes we'd never consider you worth

leaving our mothers for. You wouldn't be thrilling enough.

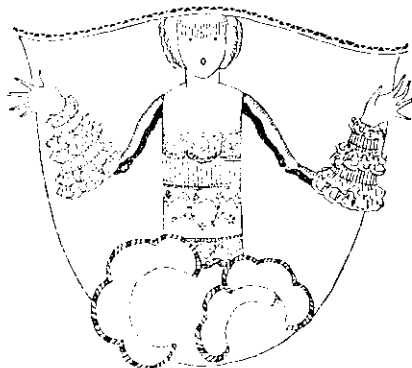
Perhaps I shouldn't tell you this, but I may as well confess that no girl would surrender to you if she were not convinced that you possess sufficient strength to *make* her. The savage streak in you always was, and always will be, rather attractive to us, so long as you preserve sufficient tenderness and understanding in your nature to hold our hearts after you've conquered them.

A woman may feel tremendous admiration for a man with a large brain and a narrow chest, and she may even be a little in love with his soul, but she won't want to feel his arms round her unless they are of the wrought steel variety. It is an indisputable fact, Adam dear, that where actual love-making is concerned the strongest character in the world could not compensate for inadequate arms.

In this respect we're dreadfully primitive. You may not think we notice the muscles beneath your carefully-cut coat, but we *do*. We are instinctively attracted to the man who cripples us with his hand-shake. We can't help it. So, if you want to be adored, Adam, persevere with your cold baths and physical exercises, for your strength is a great attraction despite all the nonsense you may hear to the contrary about spiritual and mental love and the insignificance of the body. Fiddlesticks!

Admittedly, a man's soul has a good deal to do with our affections, but we can't lean up against it when we're tired. We need someone tangible to put our arms around, to hold to our hearts.

You see, my dear, we're discussing love-making, which is a purely physical quality backed up to a certain extent by appropriate language, and, much as I hate to admit it, I'm afraid it's the natural law of things that the physical expression of love should count more than the verbal. For instance, I don't believe that the eloquence of Cyrano de Bergerac would have compensated adequately for such an unromantic exterior if it had come to



The YOUNGER GENERATION



Paeoa:
OLIVER HERBERT
the chubby son of Mr.
and Mrs. Hare, of
Paeoa.

Photo, by
Crown Studio,
Auckland.



Photo, by
Edward A. Milford,
Gisborne.

Gisborne:
RAY of the curly head
is the youngest
daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. D. C. Palmer, of
Gisborne.



Cambridge:
JUNE, who graces
Cambridge with her
smiles,
is the daughter of
Mrs. H. A. Nicholl.

Some of the CHARMS of the NORTH ISLAND

PHOTOGRAPHIC
STUDIES OF
NEW ZEALAND
CHILDHOOD

Hamilton:
NAN
in pensive mood
the daughter of
Mr. and Mrs.
Manning, of
Hamilton.



Photo, by Gaze & Co.



Miss Stubbs, winner Senior Medal Handicap on the Ladies' Opening Day.

Photos. by J. C. Holland, Junr.



Mrs. J. Stewart, Mrs. Dignan, Miss Horton, and (in front) Mrs. Miller.

GOLF IN AUCKLAND

AT THE MAUNGAKIEKIE LADIES' GOLF CLUB



Miss Marshall and Dr. Marshall. Dr. Marshall, who resides in Wanganui, is spending a holiday in Auckland.

actual love-making, and I think the author was wise in letting him die when he did. It sounds callous, but that's just life, I suppose.

I'm not suggesting that we want you to look like Apollo Belvedere with a sickeningly faultless face. It doesn't matter a scrap if you haven't a single presentable feature so long as you look solid, rough-cut, and masculine, and, above all, so long as you make love in a solid, masculine manner.

As for verbal love-making, so long as it comes from your heart, Adam, it will be very splendid. Never say anything purely for effect, in case you should be called upon to prove it. It's no use saying to a girl: "My God, you drive me mad!" unless you are prepared to show her how gracefully you *can* go mad. I once heard of a man who used to make these thrilling declarations when he was shaving, or eating asparagus, and somehow they didn't ring true. If a girl really drives you mad, don't treat her like a china doll. Take her in your arms and adore her until she cries out for mercy. Let her see that you're a man of your word, even if you're not awfully civilised!

You may protest that you couldn't be such a brute, that you always understood that women should be treated with respect. Well, so they should, within reason, but to treat a woman who loves you with nothing but respect is to invite murder and suicide. Respect is to love what soda is to whisky: sometimes we'd rather have it neat, if you don't mind.

Of course, darlingest Adam, all this may sound a little immodest and wicked, but I've promised to be perfectly frank with you and to put all my cards on the table, and anyway, the wicked things of life must be rather pleasant, otherwise they wouldn't have had to tell us not to do them. Now, have I shocked you?

Please don't run away with the idea that we want you to behave like a he-tiger untamed. What I'm trying to make you understand is that you need never take pains to behave like a gentlemanly fish when we'd much rather you behaved like an ordinary man.

It's all a question of suiting your mood to ours and *vice-versa*. There are occasions when nothing but outrageous love-making will convince us that you really love us, and there are other occasions when nothing but the tenderest kisses and magic words will do.

No girl, even then, will be quite sure of your love, Adam; if she were, you might cease to attract her. She will ask you every day of her life in a thousand subtle ways, if you love her, and she'll look for the answer in your eyes or try to read it in some trivial action of yours.

Some girls are cleverer at guessing the answer than others, and for this reason I think plain words always save a lot of anxiety and heart-ache. If you want to be the perfect lover, never economise over words. Don't imagine because you have told a girl once, or even twice, that you love her better than anything else in the world, that she will feed on that for ever. She knows your species too well. These declarations are like advertisements -- they have a cumulative value. They will be just twenty times more valuable at the twentieth time of telling than they were the first.

A girl will never grow tired of hearing you say you love her. She wants to hear you say it every day as long as you live, and she won't be happy until you've told her that your love, unlike anything else on earth, will never die, and that by some strange phenomenon it will grow stronger with the years and never any older. If she weeps a little when you tell her this, don't ask what's the matter, but just be very gentle and very sorry, and, above all, pretend that you understand.

Girls often cry when they are trying to believe the impossible and when nothing but the impossible would make them happy.

Lovers are never quite happy, Adam dear, because in love the more we receive from each other the more we demand, until in the end we demand everything, only to find that it is insufficient.

But the great attraction about love-making is that it permits us to cast our social masks to the wind and to surrender with a sense of victory.

Don't imagine, my poor Adam, that the whole success of loving rests with you. Indeed, the lady in the case will help you a great deal, but she'll try to make you feel that all the laurels are yours, and if you're really clever, you'll let her think that you think so.

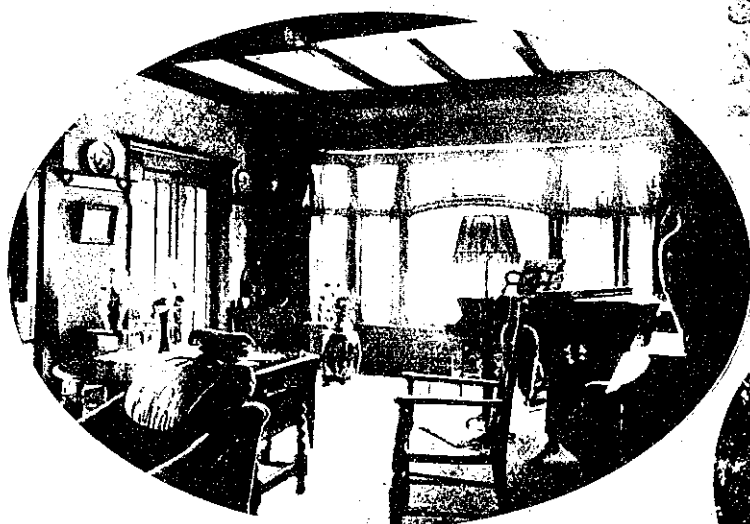
It's up to you to understand her various signals and to produce whatever offering she may want at any given moment. She may simply say "Darling!" and mean "Please kneel down and kiss my fingertips." At another time she may say "Darling!" in a slightly different tone of voice, and mean "Do run out and buy me a box of wonderful chocolates and some very curly chrysanthemums." Until you've learnt to interpret her real meaning you won't be the ideal lover.

What more can I tell you about the gentle art of love-making? I'm afraid I have conveyed the impression that it isn't necessarily gentle, and properly speaking, it isn't an art at all, but a very serious occupation for two, which demands an equal amount of give and take and a tremendous lot of sincerity.

As I said before, you will know by the way we receive your first kiss how we'd like to be made love to, and I will let you into another little secret. It is this, Adam: A woman will forgive you anything under the sun, so long as you make love the right way!

BEAUTIFUL NEW ZEALAND HOMES

The RESIDENCE of
MR. & MRS. GOUGH,
CHRISTCHURCH



A TYPICAL NEW ZEALAND HOME.

Surrounded by beautiful verdant grounds, noted for their lovely trees and avenues, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Gough might be taken as being a typical example of a better-class New Zealand home, where good taste is never allowed to degenerate into pretentiousness, and the first thought is for comfort.

Paragraphs About Prominent People

"THE FAN"



*A Beautiful
Camera Study by
Elizabeth Greenwood,
Wellington*

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

GENERAL Sir A. H. Russell and Lady Russell, who are recent arrivals in London from New Zealand, expect to spend about 18 months in Europe, and they are now staying at Petersfield, Hampshire. Their plans for the near future are not matured, but they anticipate spending some time on the Continent.

AT MOUNT COOK

Lady Lucy Jellicoe, of whom a photograph appears as a frontispiece to this issue, spent the earlier part of last month amidst the snows of Mt. Cook.

CHRISTCHURCH
NATIONAL WEEK

Amongst the visitors to Christchurch during National Week were Viscount and Viscountess Jellicoe, who stayed with Mr. J. F. Studholme; the Hon. Lucy Jellicoe, who was the guest of Mrs. George Gould, of Avonbank; Lady Ward, who stayed with her daughter, Mrs. R. B. Wood; Mr. and Mrs. Marmaduke Bethell, of Palan Pastures, who also stayed with Mrs. George Gould; Miss Nancy Wilson, of Bulls, who was the guest of Mrs. Walter Moore; Miss Ursula Gorton, of Feilding, who was entertained by Mrs. Wye-vern Wilson, of Fendalton; and the Misses Goring-Thompson, of Palmerston North, who were the guests of Lady Clifford, Avonholme.

"BLUEBELL IN FAIRY-
LAND" AT TIMARU

Mrs. George Rhodes, Miss Shona Rhodes, Mrs. Henry Cotterill and Miss Betty Cotterill, Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Tabu Rhodes visited Timaru for "Bluebell in Fairyland," which has

been produced there by "Charities Unlimited," in aid of South Canterbury orphanages. A substantial sum should be assured for charity, judging by the success of the production.

Miss Audrey Cracroft-Wilson and Miss Mary Cowlshaw, while in Timaru to take part in "Bluebell in Fairyland," were the guests of Mrs. Arthur Hope.

A NEW ZEALAND CINEMA STAR

Miss Nola Luxford has signed with the Independent Pictures Corporation to handle the feminine lead in their forthcoming production that has been tentatively titled "Man To Man."

Miss Luxford is the only representative from New Zealand in the picture colony who has risen above the ranks and become well known. Her characterisations in recent cinema attractions have established her as one of the coming featured players. These characterisations have clearly adumbrated her present popularity with the picture public at large.

A WELL-KNOWN DOCTOR

Dr. Carrick Robertson and Mrs. Robertson left Auckland last month by the Makara for England and America. Dr. Robertson, who is president of the Auckland division of the British Medical Association, was given a farewell dinner by the Association.

A FAMOUS TENOR

Mr. Charles Hackett, the famous tenor, who has just completed a most successful tour in New Zealand, where he was greeted by enthusiastic audiences everywhere, has had a meteoric career. He made his operatic debut in "La Traviata" and "Mignon" at Genoa in 1916. Immediately afterwards he was offered the part of "Wilhelm" in "Mignon" at the famous "La Scala" Opera House in Milan, and since then his career has consisted of triumph after triumph. His first appearance in London was in "La Boheme," with Madame Nellie Melba as Mimi.

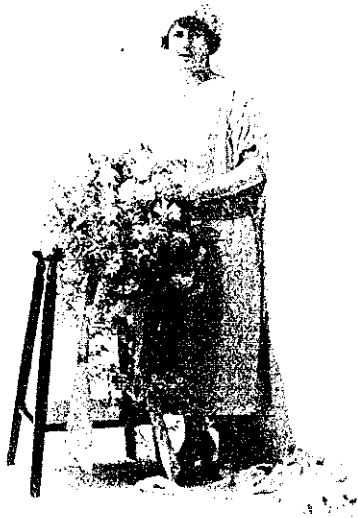


Photo. by Ream Studio, Nelson.

MISS EILEEN SIMMONS
winner of the first prize at a Nelson Fancy Dress Ball.
Her costume represents "The Wheel of Fashion."

FOUR NORTH ISLAND WEDDINGS

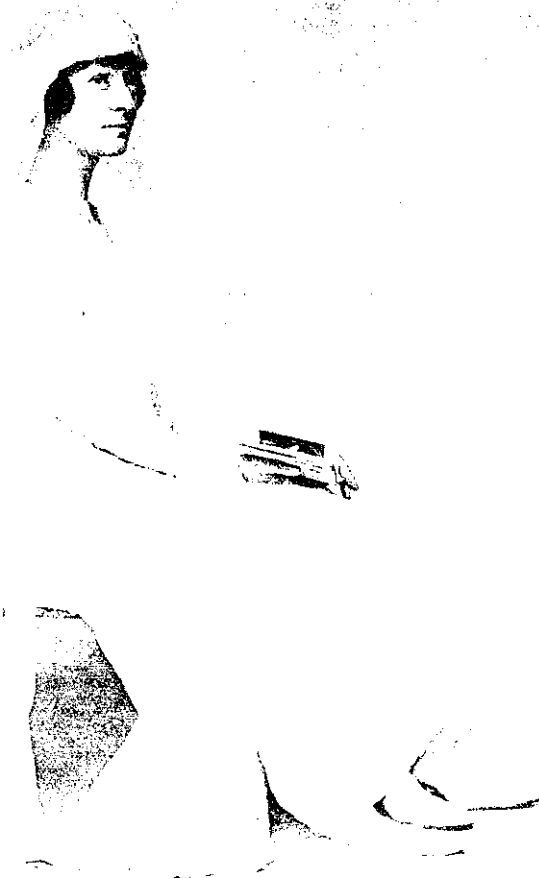
*Photo, by
F. H. Asher,
Tahuna Studio,
Ockinga.*



A N O N E H U N G A B R I D E
Miss Ada Ruth Constance, youngest daughter of
Mrs. Charles and the late Captain Constance, who
recently married Mr. John Henry Hopkins, eldest
son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hopkins, of Epsom.

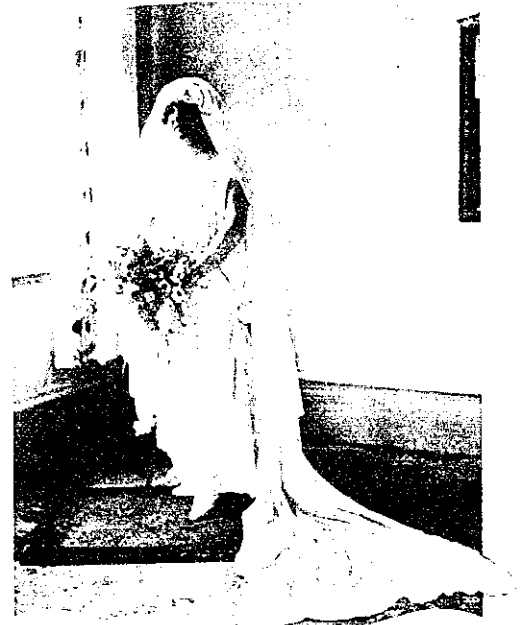


Photo, by A. C. Bartlett, Wanganui.



A M A R T I N B O R O U G H B R I D E
Miss Jessie Martin, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs.
William Martin, of Huarua, Martinborough, who re-
cently married Mr. Terence Skerman, of Pahiko, Otaki.

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



A W E L L I N G T O N W E D D I N G
Miss Nancy Rose Hume, only daughter of the late
Mr. George Hume and Mrs. Hume, of the Lower
Valley, Wairarapa, who was married to Mr. Miro
C. Corper, of Dannevirke.

(Top Right)
A W A N G A N U I W E D D I N G
Miss Dorothy Joyce Mackay, second daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Mackay, Wanganui, who has
recently married Mr. Cecil C. Moulder, elder son
of Mr. Moulder, of Nelson.

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

The Adventures of a Woman Journalist

COLUMBUS DREAMS

by A. M. KARLIN
(Special to "The Ladies' Mirror")

Miss Karlin, who is a gifted young Yugo-Slovakian journalist, recently arrived in New Zealand on her journey round the world. Our readers will find her account of her adventures in lesser known parts of the globe of great interest. English is but one of the eleven languages Miss Karlin speaks fluently.

WE all suffer, at one time or another, from that dreadful disease—swelled head; it is a state of mental aberration that makes us believe the impossible. No task is too difficult, no goal too high, and we dream our Columbus-dreams of discovering unknown worlds, of achieving things beyond the ken of man, of bestowing some wondrous gift on mankind. Five years ago I suffered severely from that dire disease; since then . . . but that is just what I wish to talk about.

I had decided to make a study trip round the world; I had watched European currencies that came down like shooting stars, and had invested money both wisely and unwisely; I held a police permit to export my typewriter and a few worn dresses; I held another stating that the money I carried was my own, and could be taken away; I was the proud possessor of a certificate to the effect that I was of sound mind (an opinion greatly disputed by all my relations, and rashly given in accordance with my own actual ideas), and of another one stating that I had never been in prison nor earned my livelihood by begging. I saw before me a thousand undiscovered countries, and felt intensely Columbus-like until I had to spend one night in a waiting-room where my hat was stolen off my head, and my purse returned to me by a pitying policeman before the severe-looking magistrate who interviewed me at early dawn—a shivering little figure, feverish and in slippers, whilst my stolen shoes were being inspected by the Powers-That-Be. The incident went a long way towards curing me, and taught me that knowledge was useless without wisdom. . . .

The success of a world-trip—if it is to be a true study trip at all—depends on our adaptability, for nothing is learned unless we live with the people and as the people. This is not always so easy as it sounds, as the following instances will prove.

MIXED COMPANY

I had been landed by crane, sitting in a little basket, to which I clung desperately while spinning through the air; I found myself, a lonely white girl, on the shore of Peru. A train of true coffee-mill-type, as far as the engine went,

waited for the "illustrious" passengers, all composed of Indians with vicuña-ponchos round their shoulders, coca-leaf bags pending from their belts, and nearly smothered by huge bundles; and hardly had we started when I became aware of the fact that all superfluous luggage (children, dogs, chickens, guinea pigs, and a multitude of other objects, both animate and inanimate) was stowed away under the seats, from where the live portion of it made safe and minute examination of all travellers' legs. Mine, being particularly interesting to all, were inspected with particular care and thoroughness, far too minutely for my comfort. After a few stations, small brown girls brought bundles of sugarcane, and soon I was told that "the custom of the country" demanded active participation in chewing. First I cut it alone, and incidentally also my finger; later it was cut by an old Indian, who gave me a look of mild despise, and afterwards I was expected to chew as hard as I could, and to let the residue fly out through the window in the most artistic manner possible under rather novel and somewhat trying circumstances. When we had reached the first fringe of the mighty Cordilleras we had "dinner"; that is, old women with formidable pigtailed laddled out some hot rice and Chili pepper, and handed each tin plate against ten centavos to a hungry traveller. If the portion had been too liberal the surplus was brushed back with the back of the hand into the earthenware pot, and became the property of the next customer. According to Indian politeness, each guest should be fed with the choice morsel of one's plate, and I soon saw myself forcibly fed with burning Chili pepper by a number of well-meaning brown fellows. I considered the matter, arrived at the conclusion that Columbus would have done the same, and swallowed bravely.

THE TOO ENTHUSIASTIC WOOLER

Another instance of adaptability had to be faced in the choice of a room;

everybody despises windows and loves to leave the door open. I was keen on a window, and quite determined to shut my door. I had seen very little of the interior of Peru as yet, but more than enough to make me realise the necessity of doors—with locks and bolts, too, if possible. At last I discovered one in the only house that boasted more than a ground floor, and the first few days there was quite a pilgrimage upstairs; people lay outside on the balcony, and tried desperately to see through a chance crack into my room, for in what wonderful and mysterious occupation must a mortal be engaged who actually shut a room door? I was most polite outside, even after politeness had become almost unendurable, but I guarded my threshold—not with a fiery sword, but with a very solid iron bar. How necessary was my safeguard, and how dangerous travelling may be for a white woman, I only need mention that in spite of my lock a man broke into my room, and I had to knock him down with my bar before I could jump from the first floor into the patio below. After that battle and that plunge into space all my Columbus-feeling vanished. "A sadder and a wiser" woman, I awoke to a readjustment of ideas; and incidentally of my itinerary as well. Where hearts are thrown at a woman like tennis balls it is best to beat an early retreat. . . .

After I had been robbed a few times, and nearly murdered half a dozen times or so—men in those parts take it mightily amiss when their glowing asbestos hearts are declined with thanks—I landed in Panama. I could mention a hundred beauties, from the stately silkeotton tree to the soft-coloured, jewel-like humming-birds, but these were the scant reward for many hardships and troubles. When I wanted drinking water, horrid and lukewarm at best, I had to go into a kitchen where three little servants, all negroes, were lying on the floor on dirty rags, while



A young Chinaman.



A five-storey pagoda, China.



A street in Japan.

over them huge brown cockroaches climbed, and down the wall hairy and enormous spiders descended; when I wanted to go to bed centipedes used to unroll and disappear through holes in the walls; if I did lie down at last, tired by work and the influx of new things, the heat would keep me awake for hours, and if I fled into the open and sketched there at early dawn, I used to return like a red Indian after a fierce battle—a mass of scratches, blisters, sores, knocks and burns; for in the Tropics all insects bite or sting, all bushes are thorny or nettle-like, all grasses as sharp as knives, and most flowers poisonous. We, who can lie down anywhere out of doors, find it hard to learn that a paddock is about the last thing a wise man ever steps into in the Tropics, for in the high and thorny grass hide dangerous insects, poisonous snakes, nettle-creepers and thorny brambles, while anything picked lets drop a poisonous and staining sap.

QUAINT VIANDS

Equally difficult it is to adapt oneself to the native food; yams mysteriously mixed with okra; reddish badu accompanying a fish whose transformation from fish to food took place in a liquid stated to be oil; soft, sweet sausages made of fresh syrup—a dish I greatly favoured until told that women spat into their hands to shape the sausages with greater ease; but nothing I have ever tasted quite upset me as an iguana egg. Negroes keep iguanas as we keep fowls, and many a time have I seen one chained to the leg of a table in a small room that was already full of naked children, half-fed puppies, kittens uncertain if they should try life or take the less troublesome course and pass out, and all kinds of Voodoo charms. One day my thirst of knowledge prompted me to buy a specially prepared egg. It tasted like nothing in particular, but it smelled like many unmentionable things; the egg only cost me a few centavos, but it took half a dollar's worth of medicine to chase the egg out of my system. After that I made a solemn vow that I would never taste an unknown egg again, not even in the interest of science.

While in the interior of Guatemala I was offered a strange dish. It was a dish of honour served by three ladies who had solved the problem of a minimum of dress down to the last item, and when I partook of it generously I was told that it was a snake, a nice, fat one, and not poisonous at all. A sweet thing just caught this very morning in the back-yard. Coral snakes were also quite tasty, I was assured, but sometimes liable to produce skin disease.

Reader, have you ever tasted poi while passing through the "Paradise of the Pacific"? If not, take my advice and let be. If you have already tried it you will be very eager to pass on your hard-won knowledge. It consists of a decomposed taro, rendered worse by a slight mixture of water. It should be eaten out of a coconut-dish with one's index finger only, and good Hawaiian manners require that the dish should be licked clean, as washing is considered wasteful. In former times a very attentive hostess made a poi ball in her own mouth and pushed it with her tongue into the favourite guest's mouth,

but the invincible dislike of the white visitor has brought about a decay of such good old-fashioned hospitality. Poi can be improved upon by a well-boiled devil-fish.

All this I have tasted, and then my friends ask me if I am a vegetarian!

COMMUNITY BATHING

Japan is a wonderful country, full of art, of beauty, of deep thought and curious ancient rites, as the fire-walking in the temples, the expulsion of ghosts by the scattering of beans (I don't wonder at a ghost's fright at those sweet dark-red Japanese beans), but even in Japan a Columbus in the making has a great deal to learn that no books mention.

Once I sat in a bath. It was a hot bath so frequently found in all hotels, and I rested in the big basin immersed in vapour, when the sliding doors opened, and a man ready for his bath entered. I could not, considering my birthday costume, jump out; I therefore splashed the water into foam and begged him to retire for a few minutes. He bowed politely in return and answered:

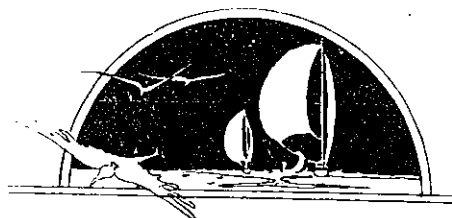
"Please, stay as long as you like; there is no hurry, none at all. I merely thought there was such a waste of space——"

I quite saw his point, but I let him have all the space to himself, nevertheless. Even with the vista of a Columbus-ambition one cannot broaden too quickly.

At first even sleeping in Japan is embarrassing. There are only paper sliding-doors that might open any moment—but never do—and there is no bed to sleep on when one is in the holiest of holies. A few quilts are pulled out of a hidden recess and thrown on to the floor. One is the mattress, the other is the counterpane. A wonderful wooden arrangement is meant to be a pillow. Only an ascetic or a Japanese can sleep on that machinery, but it looks ornamental. Once in the "futons" one can listen to all the sounds behind all other paper walls until in the early morning hours the house is "taken to pieces," that is, the outer wooden shutters pushed back into their respective grooves. The noise is like Doomsday, but one gets used to it in time.

CHINESE CUSTOMS

China has no end of strange customs, to which a student must get accustomed. If a sickness is spreading the drummers stay outside that gate and drum the disease away; if a wedding is impending they drum and flute; if a funeral they make more noise still. No food must be passed out of a house to beggars, for then they could "charm" anything out of that dwelling that they desired to possess; and no kitchen should be entered without bowing to the kitchen god, for on his yearly return to Heaven he would report the impolite one unfavourably. At the Yellow Temple outside one of the huge Peking gates there is the Tsan-tsan,



where a priest in dark brown garments and with endless finger-nails conducts the visitor to the silent temple, and shows him the boxes into which the dying monks creep, in order to assume the correct position on the lotus flower. These boxes stand in irregular rows, and the darkness, united to nasal impressions of the strongest kind, gives one just the desired thrill so necessary to a writer, and so unhealthy to the nervous system. The monk, if his palm is covered with a few coppers, quite willingly even lifts the lid, but there are limits to my thirst of knowledge. I hastened to assure him that the outside view sufficed—for me at any rate.

In Japan food is served in immaculate dishes on charming small and artistically lacquered tables. Every guest receives a table all to himself. In China, where hosts in olden times issued tickets to the next world, such a system is regarded with disfavour. All guests dip into one and the same dish, and carry the food in their china spoons or with their chopsticks to their lips. Bones are thrown under the table, and by the time all the strange dishes secured have been partaken of, the room in general, and the tablecloth in particular, leave much to be desired. Nevertheless, there is a wonderful charm about China; the slow camels in the north, each tail bound to the nose of the next one, and each "ship of the desert" emitting smells that recall solitary places and sandy, boundless plains; sampans in the south, rowed by women whose physical and mental horizon is the Pearl Stream alone. Oh! that Pearl Stream, near Canton, with all its swimming houses, boats that have huge eyes painted on them, boats with fish and worse drying all around, boats from which crackers are fired off to keep greedy ghosts away, boats where children and dogs are chained to a pole so as to be easily picked up again in case of accidents, and past these boats there are corpses floating seawards—of children that were superfluous, mostly girls; of soldiers who fell in a fight, the cause of which was unknown to them; of animals drowned or killed. And out of this water my morning tea and afternoon coffee was made. "Thrice filtered," my host assured me, but through it all I tasted "soldier."

CHARMING HEAD-HUNTERS

Finally I went to Formosa to look at the Tayal head-hunters. I found them a great deal nicer than the "heart-hunters" of South and Central America. They live in funny little houses—buts in which they cook, sleep, love and bury their dead, and which they decorate from time to time with a fresh head, without which even marriage or a proper festival becomes impossible. They spend their honeymoon in a special hut, high above the madding crowd (about thirty feet above ground), and women and men are free to choose their life-companion. The scenery is glorious, perhaps the most enchanting I ever saw, and I was quite willing to leave my head there, but the bodyguard that accompanied me had orders to bring me back, head and all, and to our mutual regret—the Tayals' and my own—my head was brought back in due time to Taihoku. It is not quite easy even to try to be a Columbus.



NEEDLE - CRAFT

SOME SIMPLE YET USEFUL SUGGESTIONS
THAT WILL INTEREST EVERY NEEDLEWOMAN

Venetian Ladder Work

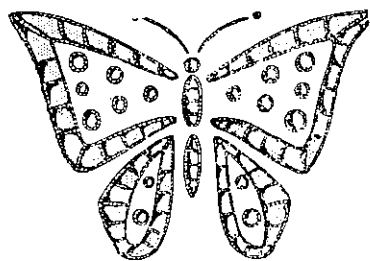
ONE of the prettiest and most effective decorations for underwear made of linen, lawn, or silk is Venetian ladder work—a pretty cut-work embroidery, of which a specimen is illustrated below.

Mercerised cotton, flax thread, or fine embroidery silk should be used for the embroidery, according to the material to be worked.

WORKING THE DESIGN

To do the work, closely buttonhole stitch or over-sew the material along the outer side of each shape, such as the wing of the butterfly illustrated. Then over-sew or buttonhole the inner line, but when the position for the first "rung" or "bar" is reached, carry the needle over to the outer line and slip it through the head of one of the stitches at this point. Over the thread connecting the two lines work buttonhole stitches, being careful not to take them through the material. When the inner line is reached, continue buttonholing or over-sewing as before until the position for the next "bar" or "rung" is reached. If a really strong "rung" or "bar" is wanted, two threads should be passed across the needle, carried back to the inner line and then over to the outer line again.

If there is only a single outline to the work, as in the case of the body portion of the butterfly, it is usual to buttonhole or over-sew along the left-hand side of the shape, then to turn the corner and



proceed along the right-hand side, making the "rungs" or "bars" from there.

When the shapes are done, take a small but sharp pair of scissors, and cut the material away underneath the bars close up to the over-sewn outlines.

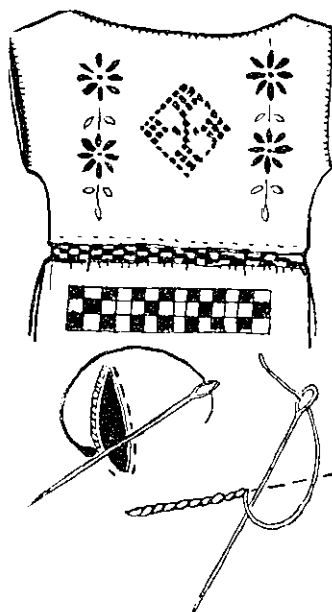
MAKING THE HOLES

To make round holes, pierce the material with a stiletto and over-sew or buttonhole them. If large round holes are to be made over-sew or buttonhole the outlines, and cut the material away from the centre. Another plan is to slit the material twice, in the form of a cross, turn the edges under and over-sew round the outline.

The antennae of the butterfly sketched consist of lines of fine over-sewing or satin-stitch.

A Nightdress Yoke in Broderie Anglaise and Filet

Whether your "nightie" be of silk or linen this design for its yoke will be found charmingly dainty, and as it is so simple a pattern no transfer is necessary. A sharp crease on each side of the centre, where the tiny bits of broderie anglaise



The small sketches show: (1) An enlarged drawing of the filet crochet for the band. (2) The method of working the petals of the flowers. (3) Stitches used for the stems.

come, will give you a centre line on which to work, and it will be found best to embroider in this centre stem first. Your flowers and five tiny leaves can easily be indicated by a small straight line, drawn in with a pencil where each is to come. You must then proceed as in the sketches. The small square in the centre can be either a filet lace one, to match the insertion used to link up the yoke of the nightgown with the skirt part, or if you crochet you will know how easily these can be made in the filet crochet which is having such a tremendous vogue to-day. The insertion is a design which permits of a tiny silk ribbon being run through it if you wish. You will notice that the buttonholed edges of the yoke and sleeves are devoid of scallops—this being the latest and smartest mode of finishing. A row of French knots or tiny spots embroidered in satin-stitch should be added above the insertion.

A New Way of Working Initials

We like to work initials on to our own belongings or on to gifts which we make to friends, and they are as pretty a decoration as anything. Everyone knows, however, that letters are not always easy to work. For most forms of embroidered letters, in fact, you need to be a skilled needlewoman. If, however, you follow the method indicated here, of leaving the actual material as the letter, and darning in the background to throw it in relief, all difficulties quickly melt away. Supposing that you cannot draw the letter you want, trace one from a box-lid advertisement or something similar, and cut it out in a strong piece of white or brown paper, snipping all round very carefully with sharp scissors to get the precise shape. Tack this carefully in the required position and then darn right up to it as you see the stitches placed in the sketches. When the paper pattern of the letter is taken away you will have it revealed, of course, in the material of the ground. Beads placed round the edge or at the corners make a pretty finish. Initials worked in this simple way will be found most effective, and can be used for linen shopping bags, nightdress cases, blotters, etc.



The Modish Monogram

First seen at Deauville, the fashion of having one's initials in the form of a monogram embroidered on one's blouses or frocks has achieved a great vogue. Miss Gladys Cooper has carried out the idea on her jumpers with great success. A West End shop is showing a delightful blouse model in heavy crêpe de chine with the monogram embroidered on the plain front panel. The blouse slips over the head, and has altogether rather a waist-coat effect, the monogram lending a delightfully feminine note.

A Brilliant Story of Student Life in Paris



MISADVENTURE

A ROMANCE OF THE LATIN QUARTER OF PARIS--WHERE ART, LOVE AND POVERTY GO HAND IN HAND. BY ONE OF THE CLEVEREST MODERN WRITERS OF SHORT STORIES: PERCIVAL GIBBONS

FROM where he watched upon the opposite side of the street, Guiseard, with his black coat folded romantically about him and his slouched hat pulled low, marked the lights at last go out in the top-floor windows where Bates had his rooms. He sighed with the patient relief of a man who sees a long vigil draw to its close; he had been watching for full a quarter of an hour. He waited yet to give Bates time to descend the five flights of stairs and stepped back to the ambush of a doorway as at length that American citizen came forth from the house and swung away down the street. Three minutes later Guiseard crossed the road and entered the building.

"Good evening, madame!" It was the concierge he addressed, knitting by candle-light in her tiny room, vast in her wooden arm-chair, and motionless as a lay figure but for her flitting fingers. "Monsieur Bates—is he at home?"

The fat, slow woman lifted her tyrannous and arrogant eyes at his cloak-draped figure and thin, conciliatory face.

"Gone out!" she replied, in tones harsh as a curse, and turned again to her knitting.

"Oh!" Guiseard "registered" disappointment; he had rehearsed this. "What a pity!" he seemed to ponder; then: "It is something I particularly wish him to receive to-night. You think, madame, I might just run up to his rooms and scribble a little note for him?"

"Please yourself!" she grated, and moved a huge shoulder in a shrug of disdainful indifference.

"Thanks, madame, thanks!" returned Guiseard, and got himself away to the stairs out of range of her scorn and hostility.

"And now," he said half-aloud, as he pushed open Bates's never-locked door, "and now the final act commences."

He was a smallish young man, meagre in the body, with a face under the wide-raked brim of his hat that flickered like a candle in the changing wind of his moods. He presented himself to himself and to all who would see with his eyes

as a poet—not merely a manufacturer of verses, but a poet on that grander, vaguer scale where genius starves and only mediocrity feeds full; and it was actually by verses, helped out by odds and ends of more prosaic journalism, that he contrived to live and maintain his posture. Outwardly he showed to the indifference of the Paris streets and cafés a cloaked and slouch-hatted figure, with a thin, self-conscious face and a promising beard, something like a reproduction in miniature of a bravo of melodrama.

He found the switch of the light, and Bates's untidy sitting-room sprang into view. The poet gazed round upon its comfortable disorder. It was all very familiar to him, for Bates was a hospitable soul; but now it merely required from him an attitude. He looked upon its details gravely, seeming to salute each one with his eyes; then lifted his head suddenly to the windows and the deepening evening beyond them. A pale star seemed to regard him with attention across the chimney-scape. He addressed it.

"Have patience!" he said. "I come!"

He had no difficulty in finding what he wanted; visitors to Bates's rooms soon learnt their way about them. The third drawer which he opened in the ramshackle bureau contained it—the big, blued-steel .45 Colt revolver which he knew Bates would not willingly have lent him.

Now, under the electric light, he had it to himself. He weighed it in his hands,

and was conscious of a curious thrill at the weight and mass of it. He lifted it so that the muzzle touched his forehead, and composed his face, for the inspection of the mirror, to a fitting intensity. Then he lowered it again.

"Not here!" he said. "Not here!"

He cleared himself a space among the books and papers on the table and sat down to gain a fresh emotion by writing the note to Bates. He threw back his cloak from his shoulders with the fine gesture of one who clears his sword arm for an encounter, thrust his hat from his forehead and sat to his writing.

"My friend Bates," he began in his minute decorative handwriting, "the hour is at hand, the hour of my release. How vain for you to mourn, since I do not mourn; rather, with clear eyes that begin to pierce already the mists that hem us in, I exult, I press on in haste; I am impatient to be one with my sisters, the stars, and my brother, the wind."

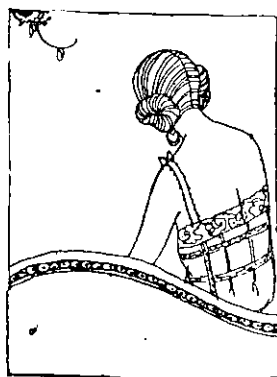
The last was a quotation from a poem of his own which had netted him twenty-one francs-foot-rule rates-only a week before.

"Briefly," he resumed, "it is that once again this life, this solitude in the peopled world which is my existence, and the home-sickness which overcomes me for Nirvana, that native land of my spirit, have prevailed. I am a stranger among you; I go. Lucille, too, recognises in me a foreigner."

He paused and reflected; Lucille, who sang at a *café chantant*, and had served to inspire much of his most esteemed work, had fallen foul of him the day before because of his failure to carry a trunk up three flights of stairs. Her manner of expressing herself had not been one that would fit into such a letter as this.

"For her, I lack the qualities that are familiar in men; those which I possess, when they do not chide her, are alien and unprofitable. I carry them back with me to my own country this night.

"For the precious loan of your revolver (not finding you at home, I



discovered for myself the weapon you would not have refused me) I thank you. You can recover it in the morning.

"My friend Bates, hail and farewell!"

He read the letter through again and approved it; he would have been hurt if anyone had told him he was enjoying himself. The last time he had decided on self-destruction, Lucille had dissuaded him, with tears and entreaties, most satisfactorily. If anything now chilled at all his pleasure in the situation, it was the dim inward sense, persistent through all his attitudinising, that this time there was no one to interfere with him.

He folded the letter, and, passing into the adjoining bedroom, pinned it to the turnover of the sheet. Then, pocketing the big revolver—it went with difficulty into his jacket pocket under the black cloak—he turned out the lights and departed.

The concierge, still knitting, glauced at him from her box as he passed out. To her indignant surprise he gave her a gentle, a comprehending, almost a tender smile of good-bye.

That dim inward sense of apprehension was stilled as he passed upon his way through the easy evening traffic of the streets; it was swamped and drowned out of his consciousness by a new impression. The folk who passed him unregarding, the big prosperous men who jostled him and the women whose eyes passed him over indifferently, how they would have stopped and turned and stared, how their voices would have ceased while he went by to break out behind him in a cackle of excitement and wonder, if they had known the truth! The big revolver was under his elbow as he went; the weight and the touch of it gave him a sense of vast superiority over these people who were content to go on living. They were the laity of the intellect; he was the initiate.

At the door of the café he was wont to frequent—one of the cafés, that is—he paused and reconnoitred. He saw that several of his acquaintances were there, and among them—yes!—the lean figure and long, shaven, horse-face of Bates! His new humour was irresistible; he must pass a final five minutes with these good people. Afterwards, they would remember it and be humble. He swung his cloak into position and entered.

At a near-by table two men looked up and nodded, and went on with their talk. Bates was one of a group of three, and Guiscard went across to them. Bates, a leathery cosmopolitan of thirty, nodded carelessly likewise, till something in the little poet's gait and manner, a complacency that was almost pompous, took his eye, and he broke into a slow grin.

"See who arrives," he said to his companions.

The poet stood over them. He, too, was smiling, with something of banter and condescension in his manner. "Good evening, messieurs," he greeted them. "You permit that I share your table for the brief time I have—which I have to spare?"

It was incense to him, their non-comprehension of his inner, his secret meaning; he shared it like a confidence with the big iron means of death that knocked

against his elbow as he held his cloak about him.

Bates was obtuse; he did not see that exquisite shade which the poet conveyed, that shade of one on the brink of the here and the hereafter.

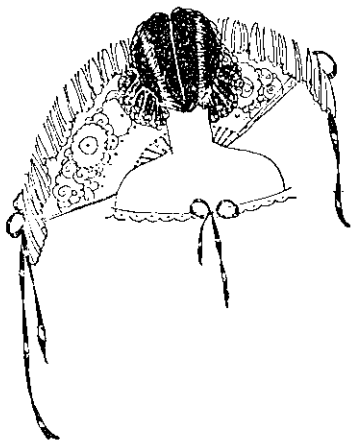
"Naturally," he said, his long man-of-the-earth's face widening in another infuriating grin. "Sit here for ten years, if you like, Gaston. We're leaving pretty soon."

The poet smiled again. "Me, too!" he said, as he chose a chair. "Sooner, perhaps, than you!"

He sat. "Have a drink?" invited Bates.

"A drink—why not? A stirrup-cup," replied Guiscard enthusiastically, his eyes rapt upon his host's face. "Me—I will pour out this libation to your friendship, dear Bates. I will drink—yes. An absinthe, then."

Bates gazed at him doubtfully. "You've had one or two already, haven't you?" he remarked. He beckoned the large blond waiter and gave the order.



THE poet sat above the apparatus of the drink, blissful, magnificent of spirit, superb in his secret knowledge of the brief future. It was charming to exhibit for the last time his proficiency in the exquisite art of the mixture—the arrangement of the filter-spoon above the tumbler with the flat tabloid of beetroot sugar in it, and then the drip-drip-drip of the cold water from the carafe, changing the cold stone-green of the absinthe below to shimmering hues of opalescence. In this art, too, there is scope for the soul of a poet, and he did it supremely conscious that they watched him.

"They will remember!" he boasted inwardly.

Bates, his long face dimly lit with the humour and kindness within, had to speak.

"You strike me, Guiscard," he said, his French failing a little as he translated literally the idioms of his thought, "you strike me, when you fix your drink, like a man practising the grip of the thirty-third degree. Why in hell don't you just dump the water in or else drink the dope straight, or else drink something that gives you less trouble?"

The poet concluded his alchemy and smiled again. Smiles came easily to him just then—wan, remote smiles whereof the suggestion found a repercussion in his vanity.

"Henceforth," he said complaisantly, "what I do will give me less trouble."

But Bates had the gross immediate mind. "What's the matter with you tonight?" he inquired crudely. "Grinning

an' giggling like a girl! Have you got a job, or what?"

His two companions, a sculptor of sorts and a decorative painter, laughed. Guiscard laughed also, and sipped from his now completed glass.

"I have an employment, it is true," he answered. Their eyes were on him, curious and amused; he was like a man who has prepared a deft practical joke. He relished their puzzlement, their doubt; the dim, inward sense was stilled. "I am provided for—yes, you will see!"

He drank again. The jewel-bued poison ran like rich blood through his arteries. The sculptor of sorts—he was really an architect of tombstones with a salary from the administration of Père-la-Chaise—turned to Bates.

"The animal has written a play," he said.

The eyes of the three of them turned with new interest on the poet. He, lifting his glass hither and thither, delighting in the play of lights through the swimming opal tints of the liquor, was aware of their regard.

"You been doing anything like that, Guiscard?" demanded Bates coarsely.

Guiscard made a motion with his glass equivalent to a hand which one waves. Everything was coming his way.

"Something like that," he replied in gentle, equable tones, and with the unusual smile which his companions found unbearable.

"There is—yes, there is a drama in question, it is true. But do not question me now, my friends, for I must not speak. You will hear of it in the morning. You will assuredly hear!"

HE was no longer aware of the big iron gun upon his hip, for his elbows were on the table. He had his mood and all about him was propitious to it; and the absinthe stood minister to his pose.

"Gosh!" said Bates, in the tongue of his native Massachusetts; and added, in French: "The pig is too proud for us already. Look at him snirking there!"

The poet had finished his drink; he rose and collected the slack of his cloak with a flourish.

"Proud!" He laughed—a strange, unfamiliar laugh. "I am proud, yes; but I am pitiful, too. I leave you, my friends; I leave you here, slaves to those small and ephemeral matters which engage and enchain you. But as for me, I go from your petty and squalid world. I renounce it."

He delivered himself of a gesture, wide, sweeping in its character, which should wipe their world away. They misunderstood it.

"Tiens!" exclaimed Bates disgustedly. "They've advanced him money. He's going to live on the Right Bank!"

The others were of the same opinion. "C'est évident! Cochon!"

Guiscard declined to reply. There was a large mirror upon the wall opposite to him, and he caught sight of himself, cloak-wrapped, hat slouched over one eye, a faint, indulgent smile upon his pale curved lips.

"Good luck to you!" he said tenderly.

"Oh, go to blazes!" replied Bates, sincerely.

Guiscard passed to the door, pacing soberly. He was very happy, though he did not know it. He was happy as a

tragedian is happy who totters from the stage, weeping with his feigned sorrows while the audience thunders its applause behind him. At the exit, his gait of sober dignity caused him to fumble with the swinging doors; and the big revolver in his jacket pocket hit him on the funny-bone. He came forth to the pavement reeling, with his right elbow passionately clutched in his left hand.

A couple of minutes sufficed to restore him. He hesitated, standing close to a brilliant shop window, to let the pavement-throng flow past him. His appetite was whetted by the encounter in the café; but the impact of the revolver-butt upon his sensitive elbow had re-awakened that dismal, dim, inward sense. He needed at least one more effective audience. His mind paved the air resourcefully. The idea came.

"Of course!" He nearly said it aloud—it was so obvious. "Lucille—a last, slow, significant glance; she merits that—in spite of all! A souvenir I leave her—I, who depart to—er—to the eternal harmony of the spheres!"

It heartened him like another artistically combined absinthe; he flourished his cloak again across his bosom and his shoulder, resettled his hat at a considered angle, and, with a dark and dominating look upon those human worms who shared the street with him, he strode in the direction of the abode of Lucille.

"Five minutes with her—perhaps ten—whatever she says; for to-morrow the news will shatter her. And then —"

His thought halted, brought up short by the stone wall of reality. He pondered.

"She's a good child," he reflected. "She'll see reason!" He brooded doubtfully upon that. "She *must*! Or else, damn it, I'll have to do it!"

He was a little subdued as he came to the large apartment-house, a honeycomb of tiny flats, in which Lucille had her dwelling. The front door was already shut, which made it easier, upon the Paris system, for him to gain admission. He passed the concierge's lair with a growl that might have been the name of a tenant, and ascended the long narrow stairs with the gait of a man deep in thought.

Lucille's door stood open for the width of a hand. What was strange was that no light shone through it from within. With a hand uplifted, and a thumb poised over the bell-push, Guiscard paused to listen. It seemed to him—but he could not be sure—that someone moved within. He thought he detected a sound of light feet; then came unmistakably the noise of a piece of furniture knocked against and shifting. Then silence.

The poet reflected. "She is at home," he concluded, "since the door is open. But the light is out. Is she walking in her sleep, then? Or—is it another, some usurper of my place, who awaits her in the dark? We shall see into this!"

He waited only to fling his cloak into place, to drag his hat-brim formidably over his brow, then pushing the door gently open, he entered the little hall-way. It seemed to him, as he did so, that feet moved swiftly in the little salon at the other end of it and as suddenly were still. With three strides he was across the hall; his intimate hand, reaching around the

pillar of the half-open door, touched the electric-light switch; the cluster of lamps in the ceiling blazed; and, beetling his brows, setting his mouth to the shape of tired and tolerant irony, he stepped within.

"*Sacré*—" he got no further. The showy oath upon his lips tailed off to a weak scream as the other occupant of the room hurtled toward him like a shell from a gun. He had only time to see it and recognise, in heart-stopping horror, the character and quality of it—the tight-waisted, baggy-trousered, livid-faced *Apache*, the murderous, house-robbing vermin of the city—and the knife in its lifted hand. His swiftly apprehending eyes took in the drug-bleached face, the lips red as a wound, the cold snake's eyes of the creature even while it rushed, famished for murder, with the thirsty blade fore-thrust for the plunge. All this he saw in a horrid fraction of an instant,



as a man might see the lightning-flash that blasts him; the taste of death was salt on his lips; and then—

THERE was a rug in the middle of the waxed parquet floor; the robber's second bound carried him to the centre of it; his third should have brought him to the grapple. But instead, the rug slid under him; there was a marvellous second in which he seemed to the paralysed poet to exhibit the combined qualities of a contortionist and an acrobat; he circled like a shaving planed from a board; and, with a skull-jarring thump, he landed on his back and came skidding to Guiscard's feet. The feet departed from under Guiscard and he fell—literally and quite involuntarily fell—upon the robber. The long lean knife, jarred loose from the hand that grasped it, went skating across the glass-smooth floor.

The thief uttered two quite unprintable words in tones of mild remonstrance and surprise; but there was nothing mild in the manner in which he grappled with the poet. From a living projectile he turned without a moment's interval to a human octopus, all tentacles and venom. He was as flimsy as a paper doll, as staunch as a piece of string; there was nothing to him but desperation and dope; and he fought like a pronged snake. His horrible hands, that seemed as great as shovel-blades upon his pipe-stem wrists, tore and gouged and struck; he battled with his feet like a wild cat that strikes

to eviscerate; the poet saw his blood-red lips writhe back over his teeth as he wormed in towards the neck to bite and worry. He was vile and dangerous and shuddersome as a venomous reptile.

GUISCARD, every nerve outraged and unstrung, was scarcely aware that he fought; he only knew that he screamed. He tried to decant his forces and his terror into yells, into articulate shrieks that should arouse the *Quartier* and bring help. His brain rang with the noise he thought he was making; but actually he uttered only occasional gasping yelps, while all that was instinctively resistant in him, all the atrophied battle-capacity of his body, was surging at his plunging, writhing antagonist. He had fallen squarely on top of the other, and thereby squeezed most of the wind out of him like a trodden bladder at the very onset; doubtless it was to that, in the first place, that he owed his salvation. And then, though there was not much of him, there was actually less of the thief; and as he squirmed and slapped, he chanced upon a telling blow or two.

The thief's dreadful hands, with fingers hard as claws, were for ever scratching about his neck and face. A stiff thumb jabbed about his cheeks, groping for his eyes; he knew in terror what it felt for as the cruel nail of it tore and scraped his skin. Still windmilling with all four limbs, he tried to tear away; the thumb, plunging blindly, took him squarely in the mouth.

Then, reaching down the ages with a ghostly hand, some ancestor, some remote progenitor far back in the scale of evolution, nudged into action what may—who can tell?—have been a family trait of the neolithic Guiscards. As the thumb, hard and hurtful, bit him upon the lips he opened his mouth and received it, clamped down his teeth upon it, and held on.

"Let go!" yelled the thief. He had not uttered a sound, save the two unprintable words, up till then. "Let go! Aaow! Help! Let go! H-e-e-elp!"

He, at any rate, was not uttering feeble windy yelps; he screamed like a woman. "H-E-E-ELP!" he howled in a high, piercing treble; and Guiscard, coming to himself with this encouragement to his prowess, held on the tighter. The howls bore him testimony.

Then, it seemed to him, there were other sounds—squeaks and wails. Out of a corner of one eye he was aware of Lucille, newly returned to her domesticity, staring at the arrangement on her salon floor with eyes of crazy amazement. And on the heels of her there came the help which no one desired more than the thief.

And presently, after explanations and congratulations, the police led the sobbing prisoner away. And Lucille—

"To think," she said tearfully, "that I should have reproached thee for thy weakness! Oh, Gaston!"

IT was very little after the hour of that triumphant reconciliation that Bates, having climbed into his bed, drew the sheets up around his neck and promptly threw them off again.

"Now what the—?" he began, and completed the phrase as with one hand he rubbed his neck where the poet's pin had

(Continued on page 32.)



KAYSER SILK HOSIERY

If you had unlimited money and could indulge your taste for clothes to plutocratic extremes, you could never buy a richer silk stocking than Kayser. Yet you CAN afford Kayser—NOW!

There are two kinds of Kayser Silk Hose—Kayser Silk Thread and Kayser Milanese. Both are sheer silk and full fashioned, and are obtainable at your draper's. They have the name Kayser on the foot or top.



SILK HOSIERY

Wholesale Distributors:
L. & E. MARKS & SAULWICK PTY.,
Foote's Buildings, Elliott Street, Auckland.



Become a Subscriber.
Fill up a Form
TO-DAY.

When Writing to Advertisers Please Mention the "Mirror."

ILOTT. W.

Wonderful Beauty Aids

Ladies everywhere will be pleased to learn that the Famous TOILET and BEAUTY Preparations of the Mystic Pharmacal Co. are now procurable in New Zealand. We will be pleased to post any of the following lines on receipt of price.

MYSTIC FRECKLE CREAM

This Cream is guaranteed to remove all freckles entirely. Apply a little each night and the freckles will vanish. Ladies everywhere are astonished at the marvellous results.—4/6 jar. Post Free.

MYSTIC HAIR HEALTH

This Scientific Hair Tonic thoroughly cleanses the Scalp, and thus allows the hair to grow as Nature intended. Splendid for Falling Hair, Dandruff and Premature Greyness. Scientifically prepared to suit both dry and oily scalps.—3/- bottle; Posted, 3/6.

MYSTIC BLACKHEAD CREAM

Anyone who is troubled with annoying Blackheads can be sure of a positive cure with this Cream. It is easy to use.—3/6 jar. Post Free.

NUT-OLIVE SHAMPOO POWDERS

Made from and possessing all the virtues of Coconut and Olive Oils. If you would like a bright head of hair give these Shampoos a trial.—6d. each; 6 pkts., 2/6. Post Free.

MYSTIC LIQUEFIED FACE POWDER

Simplifies powdering and ends all the difficulties. Makes the skin lovely to touch and beautiful to look upon.—2/6 bottle. Posted, 3/-.

MYSTIC GREY HAIR DARKENER

Quickly restores Grey or Faded Hair to as near original colour as possible.—3/- bottle. Posted, 3/6.

LILAC HAND AND SKIN BALM

A beautiful Skin preparation. Makes the skin like velvet. Splendid for Chapped Hands and removes roughness. You will use no other once you try this.—2/- bottle. Posted, 2/6.

For Instant Beauty use Saxol Skin Perfection Clay. 7/6 jar, posted 8/-

Send your order to the Head Office for New Zealand:

SAXOL (N.Z.) PROPRIETARY

456, Queen Street, AUCKLAND

P.O. Box 416



Ven-Yusa Cream is a most perfect complexion beautifier prepared only from the choicest ingredients. It is pure and wholesome and is a toilet aid and beauty preserver of charming fragrance and refinement. Sold in dainty opal jars enclosed in sealed carton as shown. Of all Chemists and high-class Drapers at 2/-.

THE WONDERFUL Oxygen Face Cream

Please pass this
copy on to your
friends.

Show this to your Husband

THE SCIENCE AND ART OF BEING A FATHER

By L. E. HERTSLET, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

WHAT IT MEANS

IT is the business of being an intelligent, interesting and satisfactory parent.

It is the science of maintaining the proper discipline of the home, including self-discipline.

It calls for the study of the development of the individual characters of children.

It means co-operation with the mother in the supreme work of home-making.

It involves concern for, and a share in, the physical, mental, moral and spiritual training of our girls and boys.

It demands the cultivation of the parental virtues, some of which are unselfishness, self-control, honesty, sympathy, patience, and above all, love.

It calls for a personal and practical interest in the general welfare of the community.

WHY IT IS SO IMPORTANT

For the following reasons:—

One of the chief reasons, if not the chief, for our continued existence is the propagation of our species.

A man's children ought to be better all round specimens than himself.

Directed study and conscious effort are essential if this is to be brought about.

No one is naturally fitted for the proper training of children and development of their characters.

The father's share in this work is as necessary as the mother's.

No man has the right to propagate his kind unless he is prepared to be a good father.

A man who neglects to do his share in the training of his children is a shirker, or a coward, or both.

Failure in this direction is a prime cause of the present deplorable lack of character among the rising generation.

Every father is personally responsible to God for seeing that his children have healthy bodies, pure minds, clean souls and strong characters.

WHY HAS IT BEEN NEGLECTED?

We have been lazy, and content to shelve our responsibilities. We have thought that the duty of training the children should devolve almost entirely on the mother.

We have left the rest to chance: the Bioscope, the Minister, and the School-teacher.

Business has fascinated us, and absorbed most of our time, thought and energy.

The love of pleasure (games, theatres, races, and the like) has gripped us and we have forgotten our children.

The rush of modern life has left us little time to think about our home duties.

Money-making, finding the cash for clothes, and food, and school, and pleasure, has taken the place of the higher things of life. Honestly, we have not thought about this business of being a father, as we ought to have done.



WHAT CAN BE DONE?

Here are some suggestions with regard to the theory of the Science of Fatherhood:

Study

Try and get hold of some modern literature on the subject. Most of it is written for mothers, but there are many useful points for fathers in these books and magazines.

Study some of them with your wife.

Self-Education

(a) Give the matter some serious thought. Consider what would be your ideal (a) father, (b) home, (c) girl, (d) boy, and then compare your ideal with the actual as it exists in your home.

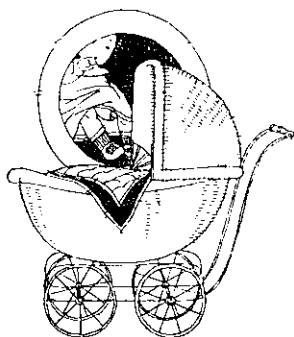
(b) Study each of your children as much as you can. Get to know them thoroughly.

Their Habits: Speech, table manners, tidiness, cleanliness, greediness, etc.

Their Characters: Honesty, obedience, sympathy, affection, usefulness, reverence, thoughtfulness, punctuality, industry, thrift, dependability, purity, teachability, imagination, jealousy, lying, conceit, temper, rudeness, quarrelling, gambling, laziness, obstinacy, and so on.

(c) Exactly how much time a week have you given to the study of your children, to training them, to playing with them, to walking with them? How much time you spend in reading the paper, in unnecessary work, in your own pleasure, and so forth: surely some of this could be more profitably spent in developing your children's characters?

(d) What have you done during the past year to improve the heredity and environment of your family along the following lines?



- (a) *Personal Habits* (your own). Language, drink, smoking, laziness, irritability, pleasure, self-restraint, sympathy, patience.
- (b) *Home*. Provision of healthy house and garden. Suitable nursery, furniture, pictures, wallpapers, etc., proper recreations.
- (c) *Control*. Choice of school (moral tone). Supervision of friends, books, pictures, magazines, etc.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PRACTISING THE ART

We ought to look on the job of being a father as the finest, biggest, most difficult and most fascinating Man's job in the world.

We have brought children into the world, we are responsible to God, to the world, and to them, to see to it that they go out into the battle of life with healthy bodies, keen, clean minds, strong characters, and hearts that want to serve God and do the right.

We ought to love our children, not with a sloppy sentiment, or mere parental pride, but with a constant, conscious, consistent, strong love.

We must make this father business the prime interest of our lives, make it our hobby, our recreation, and let money-making and pleasure-seeking be subordinated to this important matter of fathercraft.

We should pity the man who does not know the joy of being the father of several children, for he has missed much of the pleasure of life and lost some of its discipline.

It is absolutely essential to remember that the training, influence and discipline of the father and mother must be co-ordinated, complementary and consistent.

But don't overdo it. Hothouse culture and too much spoon feeding are bad for strong and healthy growth.

The following detailed suggestions are put in somewhat dogmatic form for the sake of brevity. Most of them have been tried and found to work.

MORAL AND MENTAL TRAINING

Watch the books, magazines, and papers that your children read. Develop a good taste by supplying good, sensible literature. Let them invite their friends to tea, so that you may know if they are suitable.

Purity of mind is a rare flower to be carefully cultivated. Tell your children the facts of life in a clean way, before they can learn them in an unclean one.

Take an interest in their lessons.

Teach them what you know of Nature, science, the facts of life.

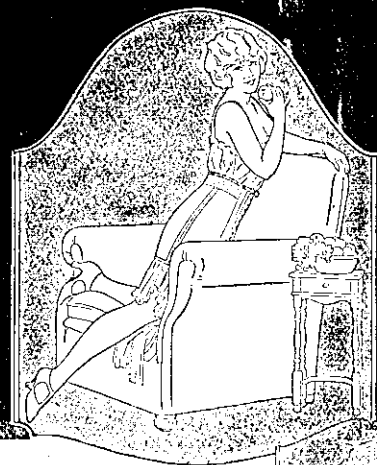
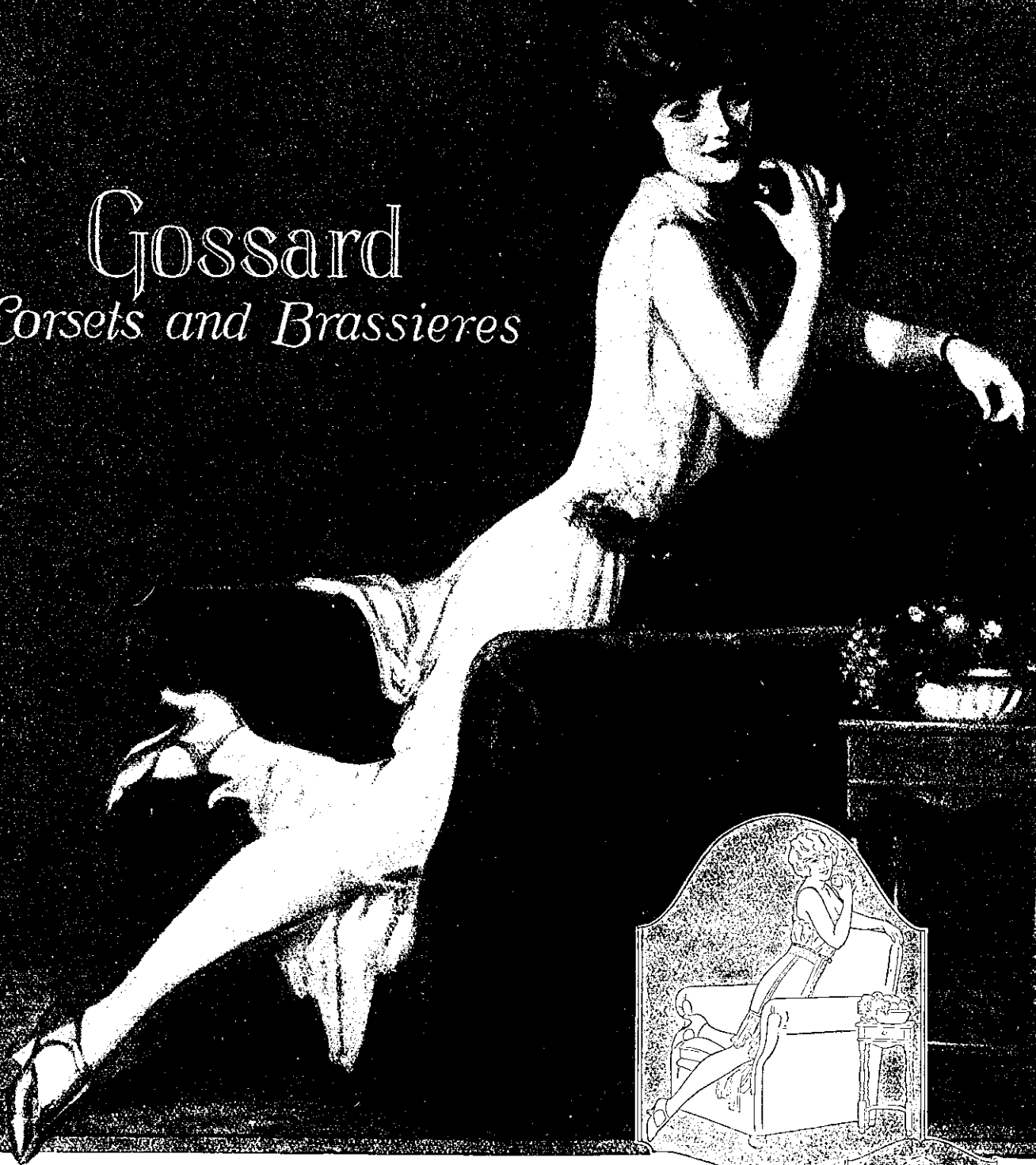
Tell them about your own trade or profession.

Encourage habits of observation. Take them to museums, art galleries, factories, botanical gardens, docks, fields, forests, beaches, rivers, etc.

Watch development of their minds.

Gossard

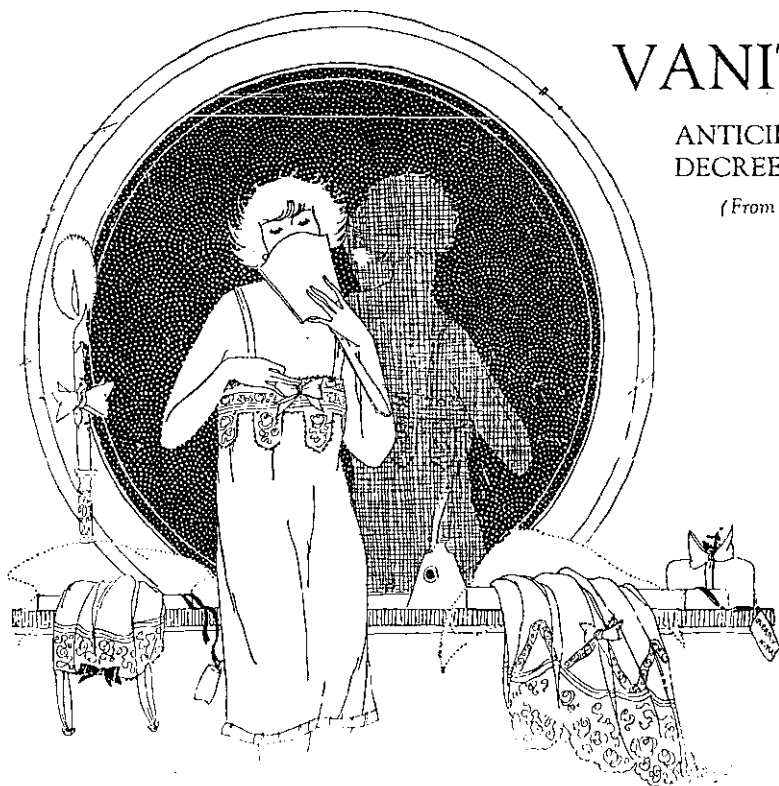
Corsets and Brassieres



The Gossard Line of Beauty

The Gossard line of beauty is the possession of every woman who wears Gossard Corsets and Brassieres. There is a Gossard for each of the nine ideal figure types—your type, your size. Exquisite in materials, dainty in finish, the new Gossard is truly beautiful—wonderful in its effect when worn. An expert corsetiere in your favourite store will give you a perfect Gossard fitting.

THE CANADIAN H. W. GOSSARD CO.
114 Castlereagh Street
Sydney, N. S. W.



VANITAS VANITATUM

ANTICIPATING SPRING'S ADVENT, PARIS
DECREES THE MODE FOR SUNNY DAYS

(From "The Ladies' Mirror" Special Correspondent)

the "tailleur" catches the infection, and flares out in a basque. That coat is *more* than three-quarter length, and carries out the idea of simplicity of line so dear to the Parisienne. And that reminds me—why is it that the ordinary male will persist in imagining that the simple gown is always inexpensive? Paris says otherwise, and you, *ma chère*, being a wise woman, will be gowned in fashionable simplicity this season.

Apropos of basques, they are very popular, and you can have them either flared or pleated, according to your fancy. But they have not yet ousted the tailored model of severely classical lines. Here's one I saw in the Champs Elysées the other day: Tailleur of chestnut brown drapella; coat with long, straight revers, and long, flaring basque, and bronze stitching. It had a quaint little breast pocket; and that reminds me that pockets are now a favourite form of adornment. They multiply like household worries, even on the most informal models, and we shall soon be in the same plight as

Chère Amie,—

Of course you are waiting eagerly for word from me as to what is or is not being worn in Paris this season. Well, to tell you the truth, *ma mie*, I am a little

puzzled to know exactly where to begin. Fashions are so bewilderingly fascinating, and the differences between this season's styles and last so subtle, that I am afraid you will get but a feeble idea of the world of beauty that is brightening Paris.

The long, straight line still holds its own, and we must all try to be as slender as we can, if not more so!

But though the line is slimmer than ever, more material goes to the making of the models. 'Course that doesn't sound easy, but this is how it is done. Either you insert at sides or front closely pleated panels; or you let the skirt flare below the hips or towards the hem; or you lift the skirt in front, giving a draping effect, which is very attractive.

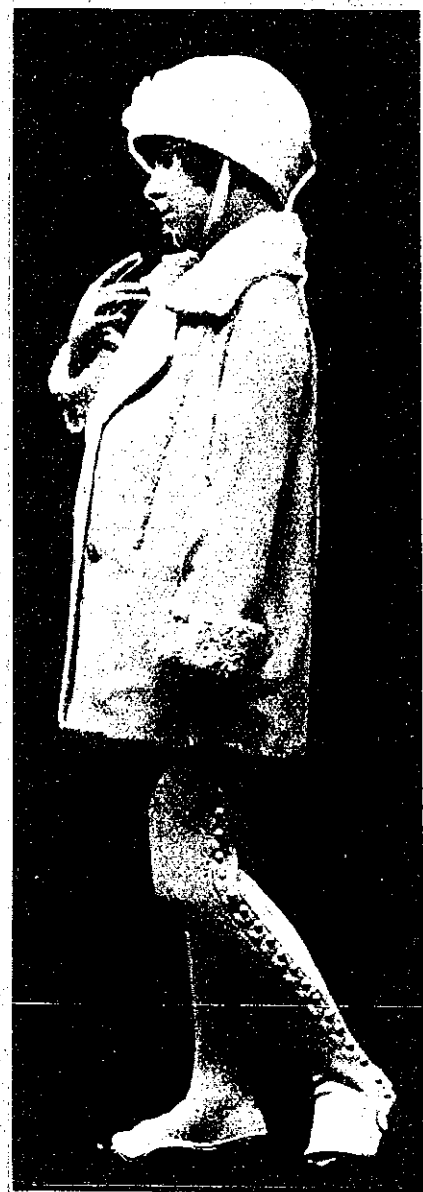
Speaking of draping, though; it is no longer *dernier cri*, and will not be worn so much as it was last season, though Worth and Callot still hold to it for grander occasions. But the hand on the dial of Fashion seems to have moved a bit. Seems a pity, doesn't it, when it was so becoming to many of us, and proved a solution of lots of our dressmaking difficulties? In place of the draped model, Paris decrees the gown closely moulded to the form, but moulded easily, without any appearance of strain to spoil the effect. It often flares at the knees, too, in the much-discussed "bell-flare." D'you remember that, 'way back in the Dark Ages of 1915, or thereabouts, we had an abomination called the umbrella skirt? Well, it has come back to us in the bell-flare, but no longer an abomination. It spreads only from the knees in most models, and sometimes the long coat of

One could play at one's ease, without fear of crumpled and soiled frocks, in a little suit of navy gingham, trimmed with bizarre borders of red, blue and yellow. Mlle. Regine Dumieu certainly thinks so.

In a coat of white velour cloth trimmed with white Astrakhan, and long white cloth gaiters, Mlle. Regine Dumieu has no need to fear the wintriest blast. The cap of white cloth and Astrakhan has a Hussar strap, also of cloth, under the chin.

—A l'Enseigne de Mignafrouf.

—A l'Enseigne de Mignafrouf.



AZALEA FLOSS

KNITTING WOOL

A PERFECT PRODUCT OF THE BALDWIN MILLS



Azalea Floss is a scientific blend of artificial silk and special Beehive Wool. It is soft and smooth to the touch, delightful to the eye, and extremely durable.

Dresses, Coatees, Jumpers, Caps, Scarves and Children's Garments made from Azalea Floss always please the wearer. Card No. 55, charmingly illustrated, gives the recipe for a child's Knitted Dress, "frene" design (Length 22 inches). Copies, 4d. each, post free.

Tassel Samples—Sixteen Dainty Colours—Free on Request
Samples only from PATONS & BALDWIN (A/SIA) LTD.,
230 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.
Baldwins Wools are sold by most Drapers and Storekeepers.

KLEXEMA TREATMENT

for Psoriasis, Eczema, Acne, and Scalp Troubles.
Successfully treated, instant relief from first treatment.

MRS. H. H. GAUDIN, Principal of the Klexema treatment, has opened a Branch in Auckland, and will be pleased to explain the treatment, which is beneficial to general health. *Baby Eczema a Speciality.* I can help you with your skin trouble, no matter how longstanding. Varicose Veins and Varicose Ulcers make steady progress, and are soon made well by the Klexema method.

We not only advise, but we keep in touch with our patients, and help them to get well.

"WHITEHALL"

UPPER QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND (next to Howie's)

And at Dune lin, Christchurch and Wellington

Hours of Consultation: 10-4 Daily.
Tuesday & Friday Evenings 7-8.30

Why not become a Subscriber to "The Mirror"?



When you Require

Dainty Handkerchiefs

send to

Messrs. Falkner & Co.,
82 Queen St., Auckland,

Handkerchief Specialists

The Largest and Best Selection
in the Dominion.

Beautiful Guipure Lace Handkerchiefs

Pretty Designs, 1/-, 1/3, 1/6, 1/9,
1/11, 2/6 each.
Choice Qualities, 2/11, 3/6, 3/11,
4/6, 4/11 each.
Very Handsome Designs, heavily
trimmed with rich Guipure Lace,
5/6, 5/11, 6/6, 6/11 each.

Just the Gift for a Bride — a
box of pretty Handkerchiefs.

"Dorcas" Handkerchiefs

Made from the celebrated "Dorcas"
Cambric. Exquisite in quality.
Plain Hemstitched. Ladies', size
12 x 12, 1/- each; box of six, 5/11.
Gentlemen's, size 20 x 20, 2/- Box
of six, 12/-. Postage Free.

A Pretty Gift Handkerchief
enclosed free if you mention THE
MIRROR.

FALKNER & CO.
AUCKLAND

The Medicinal value of Pure Olive Oil

In Mediterranean Countries Pure Olive Oil is valuable for good health, for abnormal thinness, as an intestinal lubricant in constipation, to expel uric acid in rheumatic troubles where salts and pills fail. London Physicians recommend Pure Olive Oil in place of Cod Liver Oil.

Olive Oil is more valuable when incorporated with a good nutrient. The Maltine Manufacturing Co. Ltd. supply a combination of Pure Olive Oil with "Maltine" and the nerve tonic Glycero-phosphates, known by the trade mark "MALTOLINE." This preparation in powder form is extremely delicious and easily digested. It is a protective for the chest and lungs, creates stamina, and invigorates the nerve system. For delicate adults and children, also valuable for nursing mothers while breast-feeding.

Supplied by all leading Chemists.

Maltoline
REG. TRADE MARK.

FATTENING AND FLESH FORMING

The Charm of Youth MAY BE YOURS!

It is not necessary to look old:
The marvellous beauty secrets
of Ancient Egypt preserve and
restore youth.

Grey Hair—restored without Dyes.
Falling Hair and Baldness cured.
Superfluous Hair removed permanently.
A Brilliant Complexion ensured.

Country Clients treated by mail.
Preparations for Sale.

Consult **Egyptus**

WILLIAMSON'S CHAMBERS
Shortland Street AUCKLAND

WE SPECIALISE IN

Renovating, Sterilising,
and Cleaning

CARPETS,
RUGS, etc.

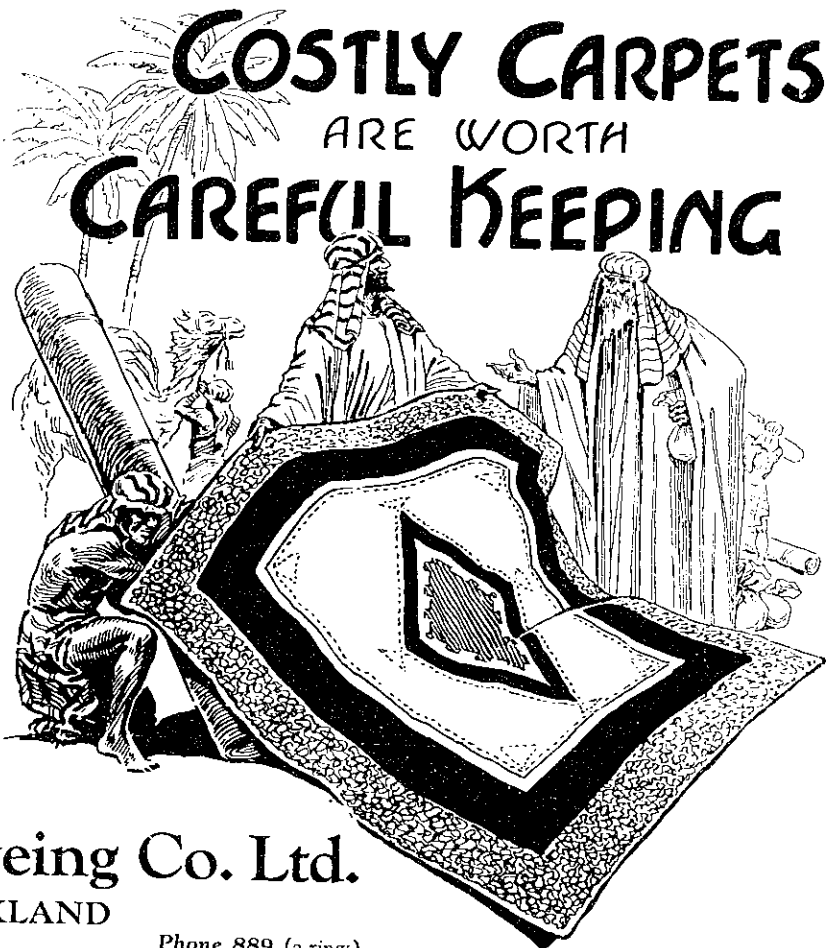
AT SHORTEST NOTICE

OUR VAN WILL CALL



N.Z. Dry Cleaning & Dyeing Co. Ltd.
1 HOWE STREET, AUCKLAND

Phone 889 (2 rings)



COSTLY CARPETS
ARE WORTH
CAREFUL KEEPING



What can be more attractive than a frock of soft blue marocain, with its slender line and original apron-like drape? Trimmed with a rich embroidery of small pearls and large crystals, it is absolutely irresistible for afternoon wear.—Maison Glad.

In a gown of mauve georgette thickly embroidered in white, with panels and collar of the same material "au naturel," who would not look dainty? This charming model shows the new "flair" which adds such grace to the line.—Maison Alouge.



Very smart and becoming is this hat of almond straw, with wide moiré ribbon of the same shade.—Maison Lewis.



the man who can never find his matches.

D'you know, *ma mie*, that we are not to have even a ceinture this season? It has dropped lower and lower. By the way, do you know why skirts were so long last season? To prevent the waist-line falling below the hem! Well, it got so low at last that it disappeared altogether in most models, mostly evening frocks. That is rather an unfortunate decree for many, isn't it?—'cos only the slimmest women can wear that with effect.

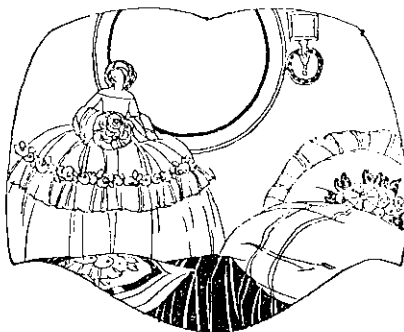
Sleeves are not going to be much trouble to us—in fact, in most cases they don't exist, or very little of them when they do. But you need not really bare your arms to the spring zephyr, and this is how you avoid it: Over a frock of foulard or patterned crêpe you wear a smart little three-quarter length coat in silk of a blending colour, lined by the same material as the frock; or a straight little paletot carried out in bright coloured materials. But if you want sleeves, 'course you can have them. They can be long and close-fitting, with a straight, loose frock, or loose floating draperies on a frock moulded to the figure.

As for trimmings, *ma chère*, there you have a free hand. The decree goes forth that they be both unusual and original. Pleatings, frills and fronzies anywhere where they will not break the "*ligne de sveltesse*"; panels and apron-like draperies floating from the most unexpected places; stitchings in self or contrasting colours; leather in bright shades—scarlet on navy, jade on beige, gold on grey, etc.—in all sorts of quaint designs; embroideries in wool and even in straw. And pockets! wherever you can put them with effect. And, of course, collars—of lace, linen, organdi—anything, in fact, that suits our fancy and the frock.

Has it ever struck you, *cherie*, that new shades, or rather, variations on the original theme, are for ever appearing to bewilder us with their fascination? They can't be described, and they have to be seen to be fully realised. But the Parisienne is eminently sensible, and in



Charming in its simplicity is this turban of corded silk, in nut brown shade.—Maison Lucy et Gaby.



Photos. by Studio Rahma, Paris.

the street here you see mostly beiges, greys, blues and browns. But in the afternoon and evening she allows herself unlimited revels in soft, seductive shades.

Seriously, however, kashas, reps and serges hold their own for morning and general wear. This season, though, we are to extend the glad band of welcome to silk alpaca. It is ideal for spring and summer "tailleurs," as it does not get dusty, and won't crush. Our old friends, crêpe satin, crêpe georgette, etc., are still with us for afternoon wear, and the shades in which they appear are more bewildering and fascinating than ever. Evening gowns show a more luxurious surface, with rich astarté satins, lamès, broché silks and satins, and lace—whole frocks of it, or tunics or draperies.

By the way, the tunic has come back for all sorts of models, and is very popular. In evening gowns it is generally semi-transparent, over a soft, shaded, supple material, and the effect is altogether delightful.

Of course, the well-dressed, when devoting her attention to a really effective turnout, never forgets the hat. This season, with tailleurs and street frocks, she wears small cloche or turn-up shapes, adorned with ribbon ruchings or bows. In the afternoon, and with lighter frocks, she has large hats of lace, crinoline or light straw, with long floating ribbons, rosettes or large bows. Flowers, too, of course, but not so much now as later on in the year.

Well, *cherie*, it's a bit dazing, isn't it, this world of Parisian fashion. But if you sit back, knit your brows and take it in, it amounts to this: Shorter and fuller skirts—twelve inches from the ground for tailleurs and street frocks, eight to ten for afternoon, and six for evening; the same straight graceful lines as of yore; and trimmings of every form of originality, from buttons and pockets to a dado of bright-coloured leather.

Have I satisfied your curiosity, *ma chère*? I hope so.

Yours fashionably,

FEMINA.



*Another
bonnie
member of
Glaxociety*

"Most beautiful baby he had ever seen." Read the letter from her mother.

The unique value of Glaxo as a food for nursing and expectant mothers receives eloquent testimony in a letter written by the grateful mother of "Joan," whose photograph appears above:

The following letter is in no way exceptional: it is typical of thousands which reach this office every few months. Read it and note its significance in your own case:

"Our baby Joan was a breast-fed baby, but the mother, during the time of feeding, was recommended by several people to take Glaxo, owing to the milk being very poor. She gave your food a trial, which improved the milk wonderfully — after that the baby thrived every week, until she grew to a beautiful girl. She was given Glaxo also after weaning. She won her first beauty prize on the S.S. Baltic crossing the Atlantic. She was chosen out of four hundred babies. She has never failed to bring off the highest honours. Mr. R. W. Chandler, the famous American artist, stated that she was the most beautiful child he had ever seen . . . people often asked how she obtained such beauty, which I did not forget to mention was partly due to your wonderful food."

and now —

**Glaxo
MALTED FOOD**

At the time of Baby's first tooth, half a teaspoonful of the Malted Food should be added once daily to a feed of Glaxo, and the quantity must be increased gradually as directed on the tin. Later still, a teaspoonful of raw yolk of eggs may be added to a feed of Glaxo, to be taken alternately with the Malted Food.

When the Malted Food is used, Baby will require less Glaxo, and remember always that the Malted Food should be used with Glaxo. Those mothers to whom the flavour of Glaxo does not appeal will find that Glaxo Malted Food is delicious, especially if a pinch of salt is added. Your chemist can supply you with a small tin: make the trial.

**Baby's
second step
to health:**

Glaxo Malted Food serves the useful purpose, as weaning time approaches, of enabling Baby to take safely the first step in the change from the bottle to solid food. The little stomach that has so far had only to deal with milk assimilates Glaxo Malted Food, added once daily to a feed of Glaxo, with the utmost ease. Glaxo Malted Food is also the ideal galactagogue and sustaining food for nursing and expectant mothers. Its delicious flavour, too, makes an immediate appeal to the palate.

Send postcard to Glaxo, Dept. 5, P.O. Box 1509, Wellington, for free copy of famous Glaxo booklet, "Before Baby Comes."

Booklet will be sent in plain sealed wrapper.

Of Importance to Every Mother



THE IMPORTANCE OF ANTE-NATAL PREPARATION

IN THIS ARTICLE A PLUNKET NURSE EMPHASISES THE VITAL IMPORTANCE TO THE EXPECTANT MOTHER OF REGULATED EXERCISE, AND ADDS A FEW SIMPLE RULES THAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD BEAR IN MIND

LET me first refer to the importance of the special exercises advocated for expectant mothers.

No athlete prepares for any race by resting only; he exercises and gradually increases the special exercise daily, up to the actual event he is preparing for.

Now, in the case of the expectant mother, a special task is to be undertaken, and certain of her abdominal muscles will have an extra strain put on them, especially during the actual expulsion. As all muscles are strengthened by regular, consistent exercise, these exercises specially selected to strengthen and develop these abdominal muscles in particular, are advocated.

Many women assert that they have abundant exercise in fulfilling their regular household duties, but that general form of exercise does not fulfil this special purpose.

THE PERIL OF MUSCULAR INERTIA.

All midwives will tell you that muscular inertia is one of the bugbears of successful labour, and of the great benefit obtained by those women who have good muscular tone, and thus can assist themselves during the contractions and bearing down pains, working with them and not against them. It has been a contention by many nurses, also members of the medical profession, that these exercises tend to cause miscarriage, and thus are dangerous. In answer to this contention, I can state that I have personally questioned forty-one mothers who had a miscarriage; of this number thirty-nine had never done exercises, one said she had done them "on and off," and one for two weeks. From this investigation one could hardly conclude that the special exercises were a contributing factor in the production of miscarriages; lack of muscular tone is more likely to be a factor.

Naturally these exercises need to be commenced gradually, not done when the mother is physically tired or exhausted, but preferably early in the day; and the mother should always stop short of fatigue.

SIMPLE RULES FOR HEALTH.

In order to assure that her blood supply keep pure and good as possible, the mother should drink plenty of pure water, take regular meals containing fresh fruits and vegetables daily, also keep the windows well open night and day, and take some outdoor exercise daily: the two latter are to assure the blood supply being kept well oxygenated all the time. The water drinking assists in quicker elimination of waste products, which is a necessity to a pure blood supply. Fresh fruits and vegetables taken daily help to prevent constipation, also supply mineral salts, and that vitalising fresh element proven to be such a necessity and benefit in the growth of all young things.

A cool or cold sponge over every day stimulates good circulation and raises the muscular tone. Stimulating exercise assists digestion of food and elimination of waste products, as well as generally increasing muscular tone.

Naturally, if a mother's blood supply is pure and good, also her muscular tone and circulation vigorous, her general resistance to infection is materially raised.

I am addressing these few points to the mothers themselves, as they are matters which lie entirely within their own province.

Such a factor as decayed teeth should be attended to as early as possible in pregnancy, and never neglected. Any other abnormalities which may arise should be guarded against or dealt with by keeping in close touch with the doctor and nurse.



A TRIBUTE TO THE SYSTEM.

The following is a copy of the latest of many of the same kind, frequently received by our Society. This mother, who was also a nurse, had had three previous difficult abnormal confinements, and then was over nine years without giving birth to a child.

The fact of the previous abnormal pregnancies and confinements naturally makes the result attained in this instance very much more valuable and significant.

Private Hospital,
June, 1924.

Dear —,

I thought you would be interested to hear that I have another little son born on the 14th June.

I am very proud of myself, as I had such an easy confinement. As soon as I suspected I was pregnant I started the special Plunket exercises advocated, and kept them up throughout the whole time, also, of course, lived an absolute normal life. I had medical supervision from the early stages, as in previous pregnancies I had had kidney trouble and very abnormal confinements. For a short time I had slight albuminuria, but fortunately that soon cleared up, and at the last I was particularly well; in fact, during the whole pregnancy I could hardly have wished for better health.

Last Thursday morning I found that labour had started, but had no pain; after a while almost painless contractions set in, and I came into hospital. I kept having very slight pains occasionally until about 5 a.m. Saturday morning, and then they became regular, but not really painful. At ten past six I felt very uncomfortable, so called Sister, and told her I was coming on, and then baby was born at twenty past six, with practically no pain. The doctor was surprised to find baby was born.

I am so well, do not feel I have had a baby, and I give all the credit to the Plunket teachings. The doctor says he has never had such a good case.

You will think this a long preamble, but I did want to let you know how much good the Society's teachings have done me, as my previous confinements were dreadful.

Yours sincerely,



"La Naturelle"

PARTINGS

are the special feature
of our

TRANSFORMATIONS
and TOUPEES

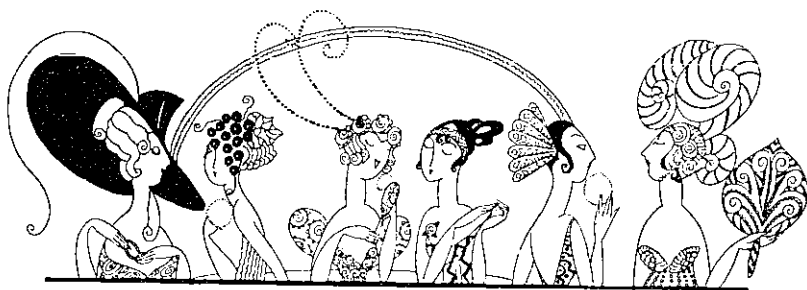
©

SPACIOUS SALONS for the following Treatments:

Electric, Vibro or Violet Ray Massage for the Hair and Face. Cutting, Shampooing, Marcel Waving, Water Waving, Hairdressing, Manicuring, Surgical Chiropody and all Foot Treatments. (Mrs. Knight, London Diplomas).

STAMFORD & CO., 68 Willis St., WELLINGTON

Telephone 21-220.



DIXIELAND

CABARET - DE - LUXE

Auckland's Social Centre

ADMISSION

2/6

SATURDAYS

5/-

Monday to Friday,
8 to 11

Saturday, 8 to 12
Afternoon Sessions,
3 to 5



Reservations receive
Special Attention:
'PHONE 1535

Manager: IVAN D. FINDLAY

UPPER QUEEN ST.,
AUCKLAND

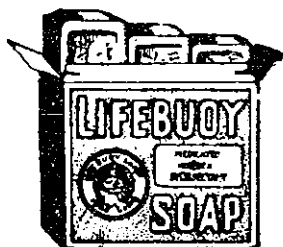


The All-round Girl.

SHE is the embodiment of Health. She can dance, swim, play tennis, knit a jumper, or cook a meal. Her cheeks have a natural bloom, due to a healthy life and to the use of Lifebuoy Soap for the toilet and bath.

She uses **LIFEBUOY SOAP** because its antiseptic properties keep her skin clear and healthy. With so much dust whirling about in these days of quick transport, the pores of the skin need the antiseptic protection which Lifebuoy gives. There is no better soap for bath or shampoo.

The name **LEVER** on
Soap is a Guarantee of
Purity and Excellence.



LIFEBUOY SOAP

LEVER BROTHERS (NEW ZEALAND) LIMITED, PETONE.

327

Become a Subscriber.
Fill up a Form
TO-DAY.

When Writing to Advertisers Please Mention the "Mirror."

Please pass this
copy on to your
friends.

Hotpoint

SERVANTS

MAKE LIFE MUCH HAPPIER

Make your home more cosy—your housework easier—with the Hotpoint Electrical aids. There are Hotpoint servants to do your cooking and ironing and heating more economically—let us give you full particulars.

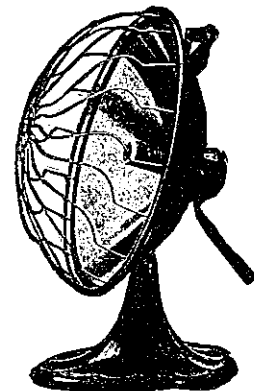


Hotpoint

Hedlite Heater

Wherever there is an electric heating socket in your home, there you may connect this handsome, economical heater. It is the one heater for all rooms—Bedroom, Bathroom, Drawing-room, Dining-room. Unequalled for safety and convenience—the greatest home comfort you could have this Winter.

See the Hotpoint Hedlite Heater and
feel its cheery warmth at our Showrooms.



**The NATIONAL ELECTRICAL & ENGINEERING
CO. LTD.**

WELLESLEY STREET W., AUCKLAND, and at Hamilton and Whangarei
P.O. Box 445
Telephones 800, 2440 and 2510

RING UP THE NOTES ON PLAYS

WHAT a wonderful producer and creator of picture stars D. W. Griffith must be! By that I mean a "creator" in the literal sense of the term. Who doesn't remember the fine work of the Gish Sisters, the late Bobbie Harron, and May Marsh in two or three of the really worth-while pictures made under the direction of Griffith? The Gish girls (particularly Dorothy) occasionally appear before us on the silver sheet in more or less interesting pictures, but both these ladies appear to have forgotten lots of little subtleties of technique that Griffith seemed to instil into his principals. The reason is that they no longer have the guiding hand of the master with them, and being left, as it were, to their own devices, they do not achieve the results of the old Griffith days. Which is a pity. May Marsh is also appearing in pictures under other directors now, with the result that her work has deteriorated to an amazing extent. I saw her the other week in a film called "A Woman's Secret," and it would have been much better, I think, had the said woman kept it. "Brazen Banality" is a distressingly alliterative term, I know, but it expresses "A Woman's Secret" to a nicety. The motif of the affair is just crude sex, and it's a mystery to me how on earth it passed the censor. Practically the whole cast would give one the impression that they had never appeared in a film before, and the hefty chap who played villain oscillated his lower jaw and beetled his brows right throughout the dreary business, evidently intent on leaving no doubt in the minds of his beholders that he was really trooly had. Altogether a shocking affair, and someone ought to write a sharp letter to Miss Marsh about it.

It is probable that we shall soon be seeing a Williamson Vaudeville Company over here, as J.C.W. have now entered the field against Fuller's to cater for lovers of Variety, and the Theatres Royal in Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide have been converted into vaudeville houses. It is hard to know exactly whether this latest move of the Williamson firm is a sign of strength or weakness. On the one hand, J.C.W. Ltd. is having its prestige seriously assailed by Hugh J. Ward, and the excellent productions put on by that gentleman in three of the Australian capitals have left a very agreeable flavour in the mouths of musical comedy lovers in those places. Then again, Fuller's are undismayed at the thought of what ap-



Mr. Reg. Hawthorne.
The Popular Comedian in Jim Gerald's Revue Company.

pears to be tremendous opposition, perhaps because they are confident that their admission charges will have a more popular appeal than those of the Williamson firm. But, on the other hand, the fact that Musgrove is no longer to be considered as a vaudeville proposition (he having departed, and left Sol. Green, the bookmaker, to carry on for the time being) may have encouraged the enterprising Taits to go ahead with the idea which has been in their heads for about two years, and a merger with what is left of the Musgrove firm does not seem to be outside the bounds of possibility.

An Australian contemporary places the following to the credit of Gustave Slap-poffski, but years ago I read somewhere of Sir W. S. Gilbert having perpetrated it. Anyway, it will bear re-telling. A budding soprano was anxious to give a voice trial, but modestly explained that she didn't expect to become a Melba; the greatest she could wish for was to keep the wolf from the door. After hearing a few bars sung by the lady, Slap. took the song from the piano and handed it to her. "My dear," he said kindly, "set your mind at rest about the wolf. You will always be able to keep it from the door by singing."

All of us are familiar with the fable about the frog who tried to be so big that he puffed himself up till he burst with a bang. At the moment of writing this, the J. C. Williamson Company are running two vaudeville houses in Melbourne

CURTAIN AND PLAYERS

(Tivoli and Royal) directly opposite each other in Bourke Street. *Cui bono?*

Let's hope that the Hugh J. Ward Musical Company will play a New Zealand season, though at present it does not seem definite whether they will or not. If they do come this way, though, we are going to be treated to some of the brightest and most joyous musical comedies ever produced in these latitudes. One of the outstanding features of the shows is that everyone can dance, and dance mighty well, too. Up till the Hugh J. Ward regime, chorus gentlemen were merely required to stand upstage in pretty uniforms and sing hail to the princess, or, at most, to fall on one knee and ask a pretty maiden were there any more at home similar to her. But in this company all the young men dance like masculine Pavlovas, and what is more wonderful still, they sing while they are dancing!

Recently, at Covent Garden, Richard Strauss's "Salome" was performed by a German opera company with a Swedish lady in the title role, yeleft Gota Ljungberg. In order to pander to the "naice" people who were present, there was no head of John the Baptist used, so poor Salome had to address her delirious song to an empty plate with a serviette on it! A sense of humour, we are told, is a gift from the gods, so it is no wonder that even grave old musical critics were compelled to grin in their beards at the spectacle of Salome, who ought to have known better, writhing and addressing savage maledictions to an empty plate. The head is such a conventional stage "property" in "Salome," that anybody going to a performance of this classic would expect to see it, so it is a matter for wonder that it should be cut out in this instance.

This is as true as true: Some years ago a Costume Comedy Company, which shall be nameless, was playing a winter season in the Queen's Hall, Adelaide, and being encouraged by the good business they were doing, decided to have a holiday matinee on King's Birthday. The curtain was advertised to rise at 2.30, but when half-past two chimed there was one solitary person in the hall . . . it was the sergeant of police, who had come to see that there was no overcrowding! So the Costume Comedy Company wiped off its grease-paint and went home.

MISADVENTURE

(Continued from page 21)

lacerated it and with the other detached the note which it held attached to the bedclothes.

He read it through twice, arose, went into his sitting-room and verified the absence of the revolver. Then he grinned and returned to bed.

At a decent hour next morning he presented himself at Guiscard's door. Lucille, clad for the street, opened to his ring.

"Hul-lo!" exclaimed Bates. "You here, Lucille? What are you doing here at this time in the morning?"

Lucille gave him the cold supercilious look of the entrenched official who replies to a mere member of the public. She was a slim, gold-hued little thing, kissable as a baby, and her manner of austerity sat on her strangely.

"Me?" she answered coldly. "I look after our poor brave one, here. I go forth to obtain fresh dressings for his wounds."

"Eh?" Bates gaped at her with astonishment. "Wounds, did you say? But—"

From within came the voice of the poet, directing that Bates should be admitted. "But at once, my heart!" called Lucille in answer, and to Bates: "You are to go in, he says. Do not excite him."

The poet was in bed, propped up on a structure of carefully-arranged pillows. A bedside table had flowers and two medicine bottles on it and a breakfast tray. The everyday disorder of the room had been violently repaired; from a den and a home, it had been transformed into

a sick-room of the most approved and sanitary bleakness. But it was not at this miracle that Bates, halting abruptly in the door, stared in amaze.

"But how—?" he began to ask.

It was as though the little face of Guiscard looked at him through an intricate lattice, so liberally was it criss-crossed with strips of sticking-plaster. A bandage crossed his forehead diagonally and blotted out one eye; the other stared at the visitor as through a peep-hole. A thumb that had been clenched in an expert fist was now secured in a hand-splint and a sling. And yet, something like a restrained but rebellious smirk seemed to trickle through the wreck of the features and play about the scaffolding of plaster that upheld them.

"You must have loaded it with a keg of nails," said Bates. "Or—did it burst, or what? You aren't dying, are you, Guiscard?"

Lucille replied with onteries. "Dying? What a thing to say! Of course he is not dying, the poor little heroic one!"

"Well," said Bates, when presently he was able to speak, "when I found your note—by the pin you made it fast with—I didn't worry. I never dreamt you'd go and load the thing. Didn't imagine you even knew how to do it. What happened, anyhow?"

"There was"—the poet struggled for fluency through the meshes of the sticking-plaster—"there was, in effect, a little change of programme. Since it appeared,

finally, that Lucille here was not wholly indifferent to me—"

"My heart—my little brave one adored!" Lucille corroborated with outcries and kisses upon the islands of face that dotted the sea of plaster.

And presently Bates, alternately agape and strangling with suppressed laughter, got the story. It was a duet, changing from narrative mumbles through the lattice on the poet's face to the voluble and inaccurate details of Lucille.

"Well," said the American at last, "you've come out of it well, Guiscard. And if Lucille's satisfied, I guess you think it was worth your while. Still—" he grinned at the grotesque wreck on the pillow.

THAT running gleam of satisfaction played again upon Guiscard's countenance.

"The man," he said as carelessly as he could, "the thief was well known to the police, it seems."

"No doubt," said Bates.

The poet heaved an invalid sigh and commenced to turn over upon his side. Lucille hastened to aid him. But his unbandaged eye continued to rest upon Bates.

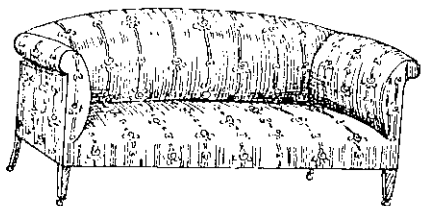
"And there was," he murmured weakly, "I am informed—this morning—there was a certain reward for his capture."

He laid his battered head upon his pillow contentedly.

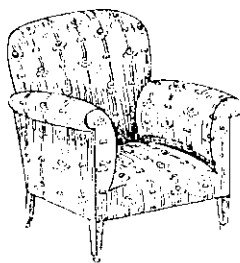
"You must go now," whispered Lucille. And Bates went.

WARMAN'S Faithful Values in Chesterfield Suites

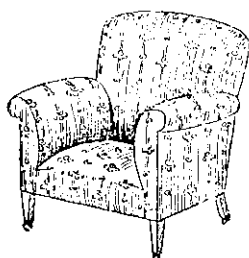
3 Pieces in good Moquette for
£24 10 0



The CHESTER SETTEE as illustrated is 5ft. 6in. wide x 30in. deep and is a nest of comfort seldom found in a suite at this low price.



TWO EASY CHAIRS in suite are 34in. wide x 30in. deep, with those heavy rolled Arms which mean added comfort.



THIS Suite is well and strongly constructed and we guarantee good work under the cover. Let us quote you for your blindings, carpets, rugs, furnishings, cutlery, as we are always handling newest goods in these lines.

NOTE: We pack free and deliver to rail or boat. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

G. B. WARMAN & SONS

79-81 HOBSON STREET
Phone 1958

VICTORIA ST., HAMILTON
Phone 1507



*I never worry about
baking now!*

"I always get
Adams Bell
CAKE"

THIS means a lot to the busy housewife and hostess—to have a supply of rich, wholesome, tempting cake always on hand, yet not have the trouble and time-wasting of baking.

Adams Bell Cake is obtainable in over 20 delectable varieties, baked on the home-made principle from the purest and freshest of high-grade ingredients.

There are depots in every Auckland suburb and agents throughout the North Island.

ADAMS, BELL & CO. LTD.

Auckland's Leading Cake Specialists

124 QUEEN ST., 75 KARANGAHAPE RD., THREE LAMPS, PONSONBY

Depots in
every suburb

AUCKLAND

Agents throughout
North Island

will be doubly welcome. In short, any assistance you can give us toward making the Motoring Supplement really useful to the ordinary motorist we shall gladly receive and pay for if accepted. The rules governing contributions are the same as those for THE LADIES' MIRROR, and are fully set out on page 37.

A great deal of the future of New Zealand is bound up with the car—the better New Zealand is known the more rapidly it will advance, and it would be no bad suggestion for the motor trade if they were to adopt the same slogan as one of the English railways: "See Your Own Country First!"

THE EDITOR, Motoring Supplement.

HERE AND THERE

Unsold American Cars

Figures have been published showing that the total production of motor cars in the U.S.A. for 1923 amounted to four millions, of which 2½ millions were Fords. It is reported that one million cars remain unsold, of which 650,000 are Fords.

The Misuse of Four-wheel Brakes

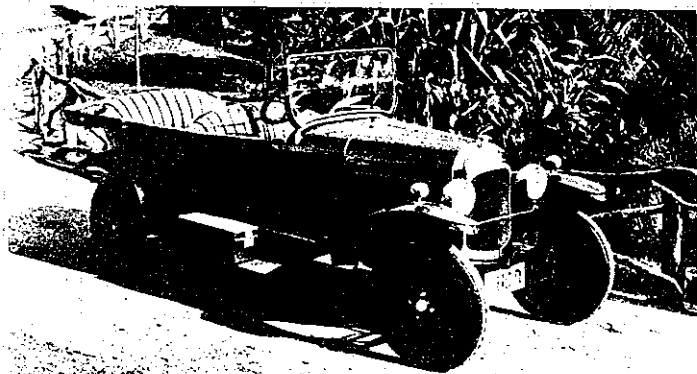
As a result of this latest refinement the traffic of Paris is gradually assuming the character of a series of open sprint handicaps. The office of "starter" is ably performed by the point-duty policeman. The traffic piles up behind him throbbing and palpitating, the white baton drops, clutches are let in with a bang, sparks fly, and, with a roar of exhausts, they are off. Everybody goes hell for leather, the prize being the best position at the next cross-roads for the start of a further sprint. One of these days, sooner or later, the traffic will jam up solid in one of the narrower streets of Paris, and as the jam will undoubtedly be made at speed it will be a good one. The resulting mass will probably have something of the consistency of concrete, and it will take the authorities some considerable time to clear it with gun-cotton.

Nothing Like Paper

The latest idea in the U.S.A. is to protect cars which are being stored by means of deep-sided covers made of stout paper. It is said that the covers are easily adjusted, and available in various sizes to fit standard models of American cars.

CITROËN

Built and Designed by The EMINENT French Engineer
ANDRE CITROËN

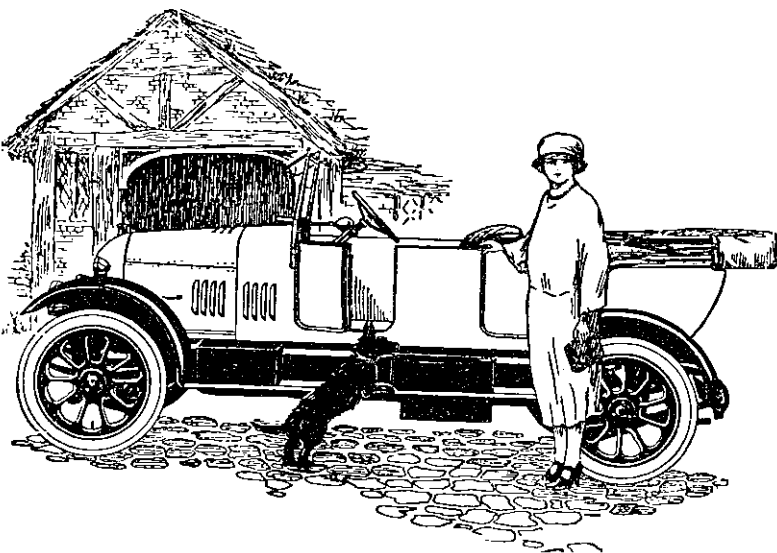


The Ideal Lady's Car . . . £395

The Most Economical Car in the World.
Will run for less than threepence per mile,
including Tyres, Benzine and Oil. 35-40 miles
per gallon of Benzine.

JAMES TOMBS & CO. LTD.

Importers
CITROËN and STUDEBAKER Motor Cars
37 Albert St., AUCKLAND And at Collingwood St., HAMILTON



MORRIS-COWLEY
ENGLAND'S LEADING LIGHT CAR

PRICE: 3-seater £325, 4-seater £365

Body painted grey and upholstered in grey antique leather cloth, double screen, hood bag, and hood with side curtains which open with the door, and can be used indefinitely as side screens.

Self-starter and dash-board equipment, including speedometer, 8-day clock, petrol gauge, and oil gauge, spare petrol can and carrier.

There is no kind of motorist to whom one or other of the Morris models does not appeal.

• RING FOR DEMONSTRATION

HARRISON & GASH

KHYBER PASS ROAD (Phone 1057) NEWMARKET

PHOTOGRAPHIC
COMPETITION

We offer a prize of
ONE GUINEA

For the Best Photograph, in the opinion of the Editor,
received before September 25th, depicting

ANY OUT-OF-DOORS SCENE

The Photographs may be of any size, and black, glossy prints are preferable. The motorist must find many opportunities to secure snaps of beautiful scenery, amusing road incidents, etc., and these are just what we require. Full details should be given on the back of each print.

The Editor reserves the right to purchase any Photograph submitted at our normal rates. Prints cannot be returned, but will not be used unless paid for.

All entries must be accompanied by this Form:—

"PHOTO" Competition

ONLY ONE PHOTOGRAPH CAN BE SENT WITH EACH FORM.

I enclose herewith a Photograph, entitled

and agree to abide by the published conditions.

Name

Address

"SURE TO RISE"



*The fruits of the
earth are produced
and developed for the
benefit of mankind.*

*In course of that
development the
nation has hailed with
delight the advent of*

EDMONDS
BAKING
POWDER
"SURE TO RISE"

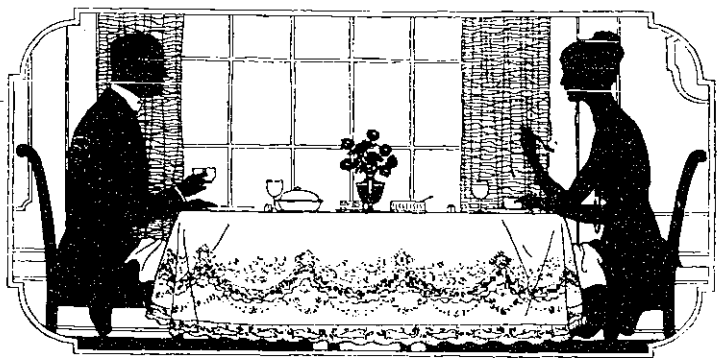
ILOTT STUDIO

7997

Become a Subscriber.
Fill up a Form
TO-DAY.

When Writing to Advertisers Please Mention the "Mirror."

Please pass this
copy on to your
friends.



RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

THE FOLLOWING ARE A FEW OF THE RECIPES SELECTED FROM THE LARGE NUMBER RECEIVED IN RESPONSE TO OUR OFFER CONTAINED IN THE JULY ISSUE. MANY OTHER EXCELLENT RECIPES WERE RECEIVED, AND SELECTIONS FROM THESE WILL BE PUBLISHED FROM TIME TO TIME

Cinnamon Rolls

The following ingredients will make eighteen rolls:—

FOR THE DOUGH: 1lb. flour, 1 tablespoonful sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2ozs. butter, and a little sweet milk.

FOR THE FILLING: 2ozs. butter, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cinnamon, and 1lb. currants.

METHOD: Prepare the ingredients for the filling. Put 2ozs. butter into a warm basin, and beat it until soft and creamy. Pick and wash the currants, and leave in a warm place to dry. Sieve the sugar and cinnamon together on to a sheet of paper. Next, proceed with the making of the dough. Sieve all the dry ingredients into a basin. Add the 2ozs. butter, and rub it lightly in, till the mixture looks like coarse meal. Add gradually enough milk to make a soft dough. Turn the dough on to a well-floured board, knead it very lightly and quickly, and roll out to an oblong sheet, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in thickness, and twice as long as it is wide. Now spread this lightly and evenly with the creamed butter, sprinkle the entire surface with the cinnamon and sugar, and lastly sprinkle on the currants. Next roll the dough carefully and lightly away from you, wet the farthest end of the dough and press the edge down lightly to prevent unrolling. Cut the dough into pieces about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in thickness. Use a sharp knife, and if in cutting the slices become slightly flat-

tened, shape them lightly into rounds. Place on a greased tin with edges just touching, and cut surfaces up. Bake in a quick oven (400 deg. Fah.) for about 15 minutes, or until golden brown. Let the process of making the cinnamon rolls be as quick as possible, particularly after the milk has been added, for therein lies the secret of light, delicate cakes.

There are some cakes and buns which are specially pleasing to children, and these delicious Cinnamon Rolls will be easily first. Perhaps there is no other simple cake which, for the effort expended, will give so much all-round pleasure. They are really only a simple variation of the homely scone, but a specially good variation, and they require no eggs.

Mrs. Cecil Stanley, Malwe.

Sponge Gingerbread

INGREDIENTS: 1 cup of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter, 1 tablespoonful ginger, 1 cup of treacle, $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour, 1 tablespoonful of cinnamon, 1 cup of fresh milk, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ a nutmeg, 2 teaspoonfuls of soda.

METHOD: Beat sugar, butter and eggs together, then add treacle, milk, flour, etc. Dissolve two teaspoonfuls of soda in boiling water and add last of all. Bake 1 hour. N.B.—No cream of tartar.

(Miss) Nora Cosseboom, Tuakau.

(Continued on page 37)



The Favourite Sandwich Paste

When a girl spreads biscuit or bread with butter and the merest speck of Marmite, when she bites and eats it, she does more than enjoy the taste. Unique, delicious, different though this is. She is eating food that will restore her energy, enrich her blood, help her to achieve and maintain the healthy, clear complexion all the world envies.

Marmite

Marmite, the pure vegetable extract, is rich in Vitamin-B and other properties the body needs. Try it in a sandwich, and try it this way:—a teaspoonful of Marmite in a cup with boiling water added—the finest restorative drink in the world.

Obtainable at all leading grocers throughout New Zealand, and at all Sanitarium Health Food Shops.

Sole Agents for New Zealand

SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD CO.

Papanui, Christchurch



MB.1

HAMILTON BUTTER

Always have the Best of Butter on your Table

The choice of a good reliable Brand of First Grade Dairy Butter is essential to the enjoyment of a meal. Ensure satisfaction and insist always on HAMILTON Brand.

GRIFFITHS LTD.,

Phone 3705 (2 rings)

GILLIES AVENUE, NEWMARKET

Delicious MAZAWATTEE GOLDEN TIPS TEA

Inexpressibly Delightful

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. and 1lb. Packets, and 3lb., 6lb., and 10lb. handsomely decorated canisters

Sold Throughout New Zealand

J. W. BAYLEY & CO. LTD., Sole Agents in New Zealand



SUPERIOR PORTRAIT STUDIES

MADE BY NEW METHODS INTRODUCED
BY THE TORNQUIST BROTHERS
late of The Fine Art Institute and the exclusive Moffett
Studio of Chicago. Portraits made independent of daylight.

Evening sittings by appointment

168 QUEEN ST.
(opposite "His
Majesty's")

Tornquist
PORTRAIT
STUDIO

AUCKLAND

MADAME GOVER CORSETIERE

Late of Sydney

Announces

A large variety of
Corsets, fitting
rooms, and ex-
pert attendance.
Surgical Corsets,
Abdominal Sup-
ports. Corsets
made to measure
at twelve hours'
notice. Satisfac-
tion guaranteed.

NO. 5
COLOSSEUM
BUILDINGS
Queen Street
AUCKLAND



GOITRE

Chemist, 25 years' experience in ex-
tensive research work, has prepared a
certain remedy for Goitre. It can be
used in own home at little cost.

Write to-day for particulars.
Robert MUIR, Chemist, Dominion Rd., Auckland

Q-TOL

KEEPS HANDS
WHITE and
SMOOTH.

Double Size 2/-

Diluted Q-tol is delightfully cleansing, and
refreshes the scalp and improves the ap-
pearance of the hair.

Apply to children's heads to keep away Nits.

LOOK AT YOURSELF IN THE MIRROR

and note the condition of your
skin. If freckles, brown-stains,
etc., appear, these blemishes can
be removed and the skin made
White, Smooth and Clear, by
simply washing with

Thorburn's Soap

and applying

Thorburn's Salve
at bedtime

This Treatment 5/6 Post Free

Obtainable only from

The Dispensary

53a. Queen St. Auckland
(Opposite Waverley Hotel)

LABODEX SANITARY KNICKERS

Dainty, Reliable, Washable

A BOON TO LADIES

It is a closed garment yet it allows absolute
freedom of movement & is perfectly ventilated
Nainsook, trimmed with lace, 12/6.
Post free.

French Lawn, trimmed with lace,
15/- Post free.

All sizes stocked

Are you one of the thousands of satisfied wearers?
Correspondence invited

HILDA SMITH,

P.O. Box 450 - - - WELLINGTON



Include "Old Dutch"
in your order.

There is nothing like "OLD
DUTCH" Cleanser for quick,
easy, economical cleaning. The
soft powder lies flat on the sur-
face and covers a great area.
That is why it goes so far. It
contains no hard, gritty substance
to scratch or grind in the dirt,
and NO CAUSTIC OR ACID
to injure the surface or harm
the hands. "OLD DUTCH" is
most economical because a little
goes a long way.



9d. A TIN

At all Grocers and Stores.

Send for free Booklet to the Sales Agents
for N.Z.
S. A. SMITH & CO., Ltd., Auckland.

For Spring 1924—

A FURTHER SHIPMENT OF MADRAS MUSLINS

has just arrived, so before
you make your final de-
cision regarding the kind
of Muslins your home re-
quires, be sure you see
OUR selection.

A very wide range of re-
splendent and exclusive
designs and colourings is
offered, and each line re-
presents the utmost in
high quality and low pricing.

If it is inconvenient for you to call in and
see our goods, write for our FREE Patterns.

Andrews & Clark
FURNISHING SPECIALISTS

Queen St. Auckland.

GOLDBERG

Become a Subscriber.
Fill up a Form
TO-DAY.

When Writing to Advertisers Please Mention the "Mirror."

Please pass this
copy on to your
friends.

Goldberg 9

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

(Continued from page 35)

Mince Fingers

Mince some cooked meat, add a little water, and a flavouring of herbs, salt and pepper. Roll out some pastry, cut into pieces about 4in. square. Put some of the meat on each, roll up and pinch the edges of the pastry together. Roll in egg and breadcrumbs and fry in boiling fat.

(Miss) C. M. Buckland,
"The Glen," Akaroa.

Cheese and Onions

For people who are fond of cheese, the following recipe makes a nice, tasty luncheon dish for wintry days:—

Peel and slice 4 large onions, cover with water, and simmer till tender; then strain and add 1 tablespoonful of butter, 3 tablespoonfuls of grated or thinly sliced cheese, pepper and salt to taste. Stand saucepan over moderate heat till cheese is melted. Serve at once on buttered toast.

Mrs. Burton, Tauranga.

Boiled Fowl with Oysters

Truss a young fowl as for boiling, and fill the inside with oysters that have been bearded and washed in their own liquor. Secure the ends of the fowl, put it into a jar, and the jar into a saucepan of boiling water. Keep it boiling for an hour and a half, or rather longer. Take the gravy and all that has flowed from the fowl, and stir in the yolks of 2 eggs, adding a few more oysters scalded in their liquor. Allow the sauce to become hot, but do not on any account let it boil. Pour some over the fowl and the rest serve in a tureen.

L. M. Diamond,
Victoria Road, Dargaville.

Suet

Mrs. Erle, in her "Pot Pourri from a Surrey Garden," says that no French housekeeper who at all respects herself would ever allow lard to come into her house. Everything is fried in what they call "graisse" and we call suet. Though we may not go as far as to exclude lard from our kitchens, it is certainly a cheap and good plan to keep in store jars of desiccated suet ready for frying, for suet puddings of all sorts, and even for pastry. Five or six lbs. of suet are bought from the butcher. This is boiled for two or three hours, skimmed, strained, poured into jars and tied down for future use. In this condition the suet can easily be shredded for Christmas puddings.

Mrs. H. Thomson,
46 The Esplanade, Sumner.

COMPETITION RESULTS

BELOW WILL BE FOUND
THE RESULTS OF THE COM-
PETITIONS ANNOUNCED IN
OUR JULY ISSUE:—

HOUSEHOLD HINTS COMPETITION

The First Prize of £1 1s. has been awarded to

MRS. COLES,

2 Argyle Street, Hamilton,

for her Hint entitled "Fuel Saving," to whom a cheque has been forwarded.

A selection from the Hints received will be published in our October issue, to the senders of which consolation prizes of 2s. 6d. will be awarded.

CHILDREN'S COMPETITIONS

EASTER ESSAY

The winner of the Essay Competition announced in our May number was Aisla Varcoe, who lives in Palmerston North, to whom five shillings has been sent.

DRAWING COMPETITION

(Announced July).

The Prize of 5s. has been awarded to PATRICIA BUCKLAND (aged 10 yrs.), Waimui, Banks Peninsula,

who sent in an excellent drawing of her home.

A consolation prize has been forwarded to Jean Laird (aged 12½), 9 Brunswick Street, Timaru, whose drawing, though not quite as good as the winner's, was a very creditable effort.

COOKERY HINTS—July

The best Hint received was from

MRS. CECIL STANLEY,

Malwe, R. D. Kimbolton, near Feilding, to whom 5s. has been forwarded.

A selection from the Hints received will be found on pages 37 and 39.

This Competition is run monthly, and another 5s. is offered this month.

5/-
FOR THE BEST
RECIPE

EACH MONTH WE GIVE 5/- FOR
THE BEST RECIPE AND 2/6 FOR
ANY OTHER RECEIVED THAT
WE MAY USE.

ADDRESS: "COOKERY PAGE"

Miss M. King

(Late with R. Eagleton)

I do Hairwork of every description, special-
ising in high-class work. Switches, Puffs,
Transformations. I invite consultation.
Toilet Rooms, over Snedden's, top of Symonds St.,
AUCKLAND Phone 3238 (2 rings)

The LADIES' MIRROR

THE HOME JOURNAL OF
NEW ZEALAND



Published by THE MIRROR PUBLISHING COM-
PANY LIMITED, Mercantile Chambers, Cus-
toms Street East, Auckland, New Zealand.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.
(In Advance, Only.)

Posted to ANY ADDRESS IN NEW ZEALAND—
12 months, 13/-; 6 months, 7/6.

To ANY ADDRESS OVERSEAS—

12 months, 16/-; 6 months, 9/-.

These rates include the Special Enlarged
Christmas Annual (2/-).

Cheques, drafts, etc., which should be
crossed, and all Business Communications to
be addressed to the Manager.

Special Notice.

All correspondence regarding the editorial
side of the paper should be addressed to
"The Editor," and not to any individual by
name.

The Editor will carefully read and, where
so desired, criticise in the Literary Page all
contributions submitted, whether in the form
of Political, Social or other Articles, Verse,
Short Tales or Sketches (those dealing with
New Zealand subjects, and articles of a
practical nature on Home Management,
Decoration, Architecture, Hygiene, Children,
Education and similar subjects are specially
acceptable). All communications will be re-
garded as strictly confidential.

The Editor will return all unsuitable MS.
when the address is specified and stamps are
enclosed. The name and address of the
correspondent should be written on the
actual MS., and accompanying letters should
mention the MS. by its title, but no MS. will
be returned or preserved unless these condi-
tions are observed. When MS. is forwarded
without stamps for return it will be under-
stood that the copy is to be destroyed if not
acceptable. Personal applications for return
of MS. cannot receive attention. Further,
THE LADIES' MIRROR desires those sending
MS. to distinctly understand that it is not
responsible for the preservation or transmis-
sion of MS.

To Photographers
and those sending Photographs.

The full name and as complete details as
possible should be pasted on to the back of
the print, and not enclosed loose with prints.
Black, glossy prints are especially desirable
for reproduction purposes. When specially
requested, and stamps enclosed for postage,
every effort is made to return photographs,
but it is preferable to have an extra un-
mounted print made for reproduction, the re-
turn of which is not desired. No responsi-
bility can be accepted for photographs.

Postage Rates.

Single copies of THE LADIES' MIRROR
(registered as a newspaper):—New Zealand,
½d.; Overseas, 1d.

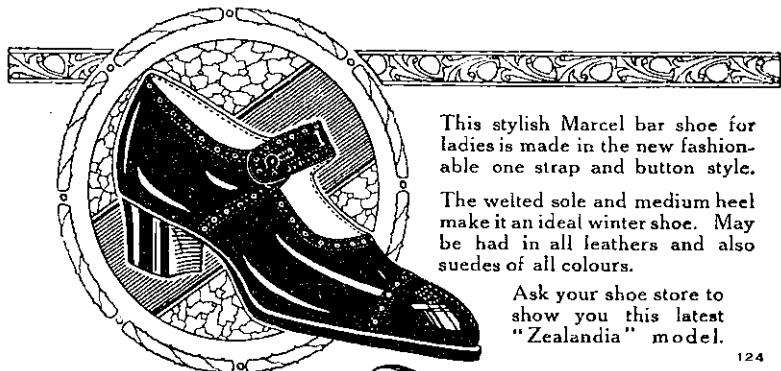
A chronic cold poor Peeper had,
And in a most despondent mood
He hied to town with anxious frown
"In search of Something Good."
A chum exclaimed—"Cheer Up, Old Top!"
"Your fears are quite absurd be sure—
Just try the nearest chemist's shop
For Woods' Great Peppermint Cure."

How to Wash Crepe de Chine, Ninon,
Georgette, Charmeuse, Delaine, etc.

Rub-a-dub methods destroy the deli-
cate fabric. Lux makes a beautiful
lather, which coaxes rather than forces
the dirt from the clothes. Lux cannot
harm a silken thread, yet it draws out
every suspicion of dirt. Use Lux.

Toraline

for COUGHS & COLDS
1/6 & 2/6
of all Chemists and Stores



This stylish Marcel bar shoe for ladies is made in the new fashionable one strap and button style. The welted sole and medium heel make it an ideal winter shoe. May be had in all leathers and also suedes of all colours.

Ask your shoe store to show you this latest "Zealandia" model.

124

Zealandia Boots & Shoes

Made by:
Skelton, Frostick & Co., Ltd., Christchurch.

Auckland Competitions Society (Inc.)

Under the Distinguished Patronage of His Worship the Mayor.

Organisation of Music and its kindred Arts means much to Auckland.

It means—

1. The training of the younger generation in good music.
2. The discovery and encouragement of talent.
3. Encouragement of the Arts of Literature and Elocution.
4. Revival of folk singing and dancing.
5. Co-ordination of efforts towards a higher standard of artistic appreciation.

YOU CAN HELP BY BECOMING A MEMBER.

Membership costs you £1 18. per year, and gives you a Double Ticket to all activities of the Society during that year, except to Demonstration Concert after Competitions. This is not a profit-making concern. All accumulated funds go to establish Scholarships.

Phone 2672A. All information from Secretary, R. H. MARRYATT, 714 N.Z. Insurance Buildings.

High-class Millinery at Reasonable Prices

Miss Hatchwell

TABERNACLE BUILDINGS (up stairs)
Karangahape Road - - - AUCKLAND



"SARTOL"

Cleaned this Costume!

YES—cleaned it quickly and thoroughly, removing all stains, spots, and shininess, and leaving absolutely no odour.

THINK WHAT "SARTOL" CAN SAVE YOU.
WRITE FOR A BOTTLE TO-DAY

Post Free for 1/9 and 2/9 from
"SARTOL" MFG. CO.,
P.O. Box 577 - - Nathan's Bldgs.
Phone 2423 - - WELLINGTON



"OVALTINE"

Prepared from ripe barley malt, creamy milk and fresh eggs, "Ovaltine" presents the concentrated nutriment and nerve-restoring elements extracted from these natural tonic foods.

Independent analysis certifies that one cup of "Ovaltine" contains more nourishment than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa or 3 eggs.

"Ovaltine" is also a valuable source of strength, giving health and vitality and restoring in fatigue.

Sold by all Chemists at
2/6, 4/6 and 8/-

Sound Sleep

Sleeplessness is frequently due to nervous debility and digestive unrest. "Ovaltine" is rich in those elements which restore the nerves and correct digestion. Taken just before retiring, a cupful of "Ovaltine" promotes sound and refreshing slumber.

OVALTINE

TOMIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds up Brain, Nerve and Body

A generous trial sample of delicious "Ovaltine" will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps.

Apply to New Zealand Agents:
Salmon & Spraggon Ltd., Wellington, N.Z.

Every Lady Likes a Well Dressed Man

and by exerting their influence the ladies can encourage their men-folk to take a pride in their appearance.

Both in business and social life the wearing of good clothes counts for a great deal.

It is mainly preoccupation & procrastination which prevents men from giving that attention to their clothes which they should.

We are at the service of men who care.

The FIRM & FOWLDS

OUTFITTERS,
AUCKLAND

SOME MUSICAL PEOPLE CONNECTED WITH NEW ZEALAND

Mr. and Mrs. Boris Hambourg
THE photos. of Mr. and Mrs. Boris Hambourg should be interesting to New Zealanders, for Mrs. Hambourg has many friends in this country. Before her marriage Mrs. Hambourg was Miss Maria Bauchop, and she was well known in Wellington. She sends us news of her wedding last December and of a reception which her brother-in-law, Mr. Mark Hambourg, came to Toronto to give to her and her husband a few days afterwards.

The Hambourgs are a remarkable family. Mr. Mark Hambourg, to whose name one does not need to add "the celebrated pianist," his name is so well known, is the eldest son of a Russian pianist, Michael Hambourg, who taught in London for twenty years, and in 1911, with



MISS VERA MOORE
of Dunedin, who has given many
successful recitals in London.

Rosina Buckman on her last tour, we have learnt to appreciate our world-famous sweet-singer, but even she met with but poor enthusiasm on her first visit home after her early successes in Europe.

I wonder how many people knew of, or were interested in, the short visit that Miss Vera Moore paid to her own country recently. Perhaps it was owing to the fact that her visit was more for her family's sake than for professional purposes, that she gave no recitals in Wellington or Auckland, but those of us who know what an accomplished young lady she is are left disappointed, for we have heard no woman pianiste of her stamp for many years, and our piano

ing of some of the most exacting pianoforte pieces ever written. Miss Moore's choice of programme would satisfy the



Mr. BORIS HAMBOURG
the well-known 'cellist, a
brother of Mr. Mark Ham-
bourg, the famous pianist.

most exacting audience, and her appearance of ease, entire lack of mannerisms, and her unobtrusive personality, leave one free to enjoy her intelligent playing of majestic Bach works, brilliant Chopin Etudes, thoughtful slow movements, and delicately interpreted impressionistic music of the modern school—all her playing, in all the moods the music demands, given with such facility that admiration of the pianist is lost for the time in love of the music, until one wakes and knows that human hands have made it possible for us to hear it so.

Miss Moore has studied for several years with Leonard Borwick, who toured this country several years ago. She has given several recitals in London, one of them in conjunction with Miss Stella Murray, when many distinguished musicians and aristocratic patrons were present, and always her concerts meet with the approbation of the critics, awe-inspiring ogres who have to be placated. We hope that they will treat her well at her next recital there in October. And next time, please, will she come to the North Island, and give our students the benefit of hearing some of her extensive repertoire?

Mr. Frederick Moore, who has lived in London for some years, is highly thought of as a lecturer and professor at the Royal Academy of Music, and at the Matthay School of Pianoforte Playing. He has visited his home several times since he has settled in England, and occasionally is sent here as examiner to the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M.

Miss Etta Field

Aucklanders, who were charmed with Miss Etta Field's voice when she returned from Sydney last year, will be pleased to hear of her progress in her musical studies in England, for which country she sailed last January. Mr. I. Schneideman sends us good news of her. She is studying under Professor Raphael, and is to receive her final preparation from Mullin, a great authority on voice production, after which she intends to give her first recital in London.



Mrs. BORIS HAMBOURG
who before her recent marriage
in Toronto was well known in
New Zealand as Miss Maria
Bauchop.

his sons Jan, an eminent violinist, and Boris, a famous 'cellist, went to Toronto to conduct a school of music there. Mr. Mark Hambourg and his brother Boris toured this country together in 1904. Mr. and Mrs. Boris Hambourg are now living in Toronto.

Mr. Frederick Moore and Miss Vera Moore

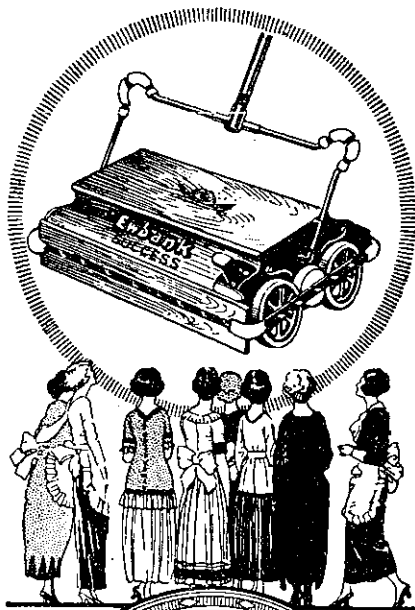
Not only Dunedin residents, but the whole of New Zealand should be proud of the family which has given to the world such a noted professor of the pianoforte as Mr. Frederick Moore, and such a pianiste as his youngest sister, Miss Vera Moore. The South Island knows a little of the work of other members of the family, several of whom are teachers of music, but few realise the heights to which these two have risen in musical circles in London, and indeed, all Britain.

It is sad that we have not a large enough nor rich enough population to provide scope for our cleverest musicians, who leave us always for an older and musically wiser country. We have to be contented with occasional Press cuttings about their musical activities elsewhere, and once in a while they return for a visit, often to find that a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country. Judging by the reception given to Miss



Miss ETTA FIELD
the daughter of Mr. Schneide-
man, of Auckland, to whom
musical critics promise a very
successful future as a vocalist.
Miss Field is at present study-
ing in London.

students have had little to inspire them except an occasional visit of a Russian virtuoso. Dunedin, of course, heard her, and congratulated themselves, for she is theirs; they have watched her career from her earliest successes in their competitions, and all her preparatory work was done there. Now that Miss Moore has again returned to her brother's house in London, Dunedin, Invercargill, Christchurch, and a few honoured towns in the South, are left with recollections of some wonderful concerts, when a quiet, frail-looking girl kept them enthralled for two hours at a time, never leaving the piano, amazing them with her masterly render-



See THE BRITISH Ewbank first!

Ask the hardware dealer to show you The Sweeper that cleans its own Brush—the Rolls Royce among Carpet Sweepers—the Ewbank.

Get him to show you the ingenious metal comb inside the case which automatically cleans the long-life brush every time it revolves on its smooth, silent ball-bearings.

Test the Ewbank on a thoroughly dirty piece of carpet. One sweep cleans it! Look at the *seven safety cushions* which protect the handsome oak case of the Ewbank itself, and which make it impossible to scratch your furniture, or blister your hand.

Seven highly resilient rubber cushions protect case, baits and handle. Impossible to scratch or damage furniture or to blister your hand.



The Ewbank operates as smoothly as a bicycle. The brush revolves on ball bearing and cleans itself on the metal comb. The brass armoured pulley can never wear out.



Ewbank

AND THE
WITH THE 7 SAFETY CUSHIONS
SELF CLEANING
BRUSH

Sold by all hardware dealers and department stores.

New Zealand Agents:
Guthrie & Norton Limited.
P.O. Box 473 - Auckland.

E.S. 5

11077

Kiddies Love Chocolates

—So They'll Love

LAXETTES

"They're Chocolates."

Satisfy their tastes and give a medicine that is necessary in the interests of health. "Laxettes" are aperient chocolates—recognised as efficient medicine for all stomach and liver disorders.

1/6 a Tin

All Chemists
and Stores.

Goldberg 17

Write to the N.Z.
Agents—
SALMOND
and
SPRAGGON
Ltd.,
Dept.
P.O. Box 662,
Wellington,
for Free Sample.

SMELL UP, GARGLE or SWALLOW

FLUENZOL



"FLUENZOL" absolutely cures influenza, sore throats and catarrh. Don't waste time with narcotics and mere soothing syrups.

Photographers!

SEE PAGE 33
for an

INTERESTING COMPETITION

GOITRE!

A LADY who tried every remedy in vain, and at last discovered a simple self cure, will send particulars FREE to sufferers.

Send address to ALICE MAY, Box 482
Bristchurch N.Z. Don't send stamps.
MENTION THIS PAPER

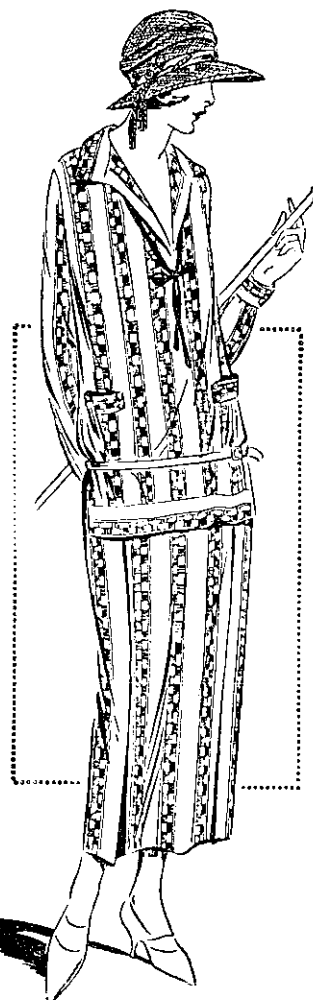


HATS
GOWNS

Rooms 23-24 Brunswick
Buildings, Queen Street,
AUCKLAND

Gowns

Mabel Lawrence
(Late Vogue, A.M.P. Buildings)



Inexpensive

Summer frocks in Striped Fuji, French Voiles, Linens, and Fancy Crepe Marocains suitable for tennis and croquet wear.

Prices £3 3 0 and £4 4 0

Frocks sent on approval to country clients

I have been appointed Auckland Agent for
CASTEL-JALOUX LTD. GOWNS
(Miss H. Chapman, Wellington)

An Invitation

Ladies are cordially invited to inspect my unique stock of

HAND-MADE CLUNY & VENICE LACE

Being a direct importer, purchasing from the actual peasant lace workers, my prices are exceedingly low, whilst the quality is the finest procurable.

Tea and Supper cloths, medallions, mats, handkerchiefs, curtains, camisole tops, princess petticoats, babies' bonnets and dresses.

New models in fancy Combs.

Madame

SEUX

DIRECT IMPORTER OF
HAND-MADE LACE

414 Queen St., AUCKLAND

Become a Subscriber.
Fill up a Form
TO-DAY.

When Writing to Advertisers Please Mention the "Mirror."

Please pass this
copy on to your
friends.

NAMING OUR CLOTHES

"SILK" was born in China, where the Seres first manufactured it for their own garments (Sericae Vestes). To a street in Bagdad, "Atab" by name, we owe our crisp, rustling "taffeta." Long centuries ago the Eastern merchants residing in this street manufactured it under the name of "Atabi," which we have corrupted to "Taffeta," states C. Marton in the *Daily News*.

The Saracens gave us Sarcenet, and Moussul, near to the Eastern capital of the Caliphs, Muslin.

Jersey coats had a romantic birth. The women of Jersey, while sons and husbands toiled at sea, plied their needles to fashion the first sample.

We order our tweeds for the shooting season, but had it not been for a mistaken reading of an invoice in the early days of its weaving, we might still be calling them "Twill." Because a colony of cloth workers settled on the banks of the River Tonques in Normandy, centuries ago, we added to our language "Tucks," white "Duck" trousers, "Tuckers" for children, as well as bed "Ticks."

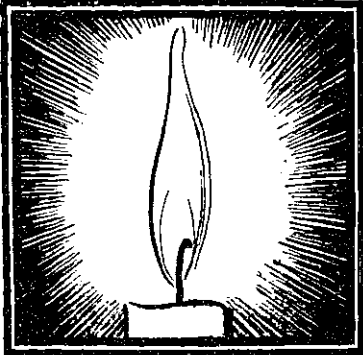
The "Shawls" of our factory lasses have for god-parent the valley of Shawl in Afghanistan. Though now made largely in Paisley, the famous Kashmir shawls were bred in this valley. The weavers' "Fustian" trousers were even transmuted from the suburb of Cairo called Fostat.

The shepherd princes of Spain (the Emirs) were sponsors for our "Merino" wool, while the Spanish Moors christened our "Moire" skirt.

"Spruce" meant originally "In the Prussian fashion." "Tawdry," we say of our neighbour's new costume, but St. Ethelreda might not like the scorn we put into the words. For St. Ethelreda (or St. Awdrey) died of a swelling in the throat, which she believed to be a judgment on her for her youthful love of finery. After her death the pilgrims to her shrine visited the fairs and decorated their persons with cheap imitations of chains and beads.

"NOW, Tommy," said his mother, giving her final instructions before he left for the Christmas party, "remember, if you're asked to have something you want, you must say, 'Yes, thank you,' and if you don't want it—"

Tommy raised his hand. "That's all right, Ma," he said, "you needn't bother about that part of it."



Baby's life is like a Flame


Cherish that tender flame—it is so easily extinguished. The tiny delicate organism needs the most careful nourishment. While you are feeding Baby yourself, enrich the vital food by taking Virol. And at the critical time of weaning, give Baby a little Virol in his milk. It will make ordinary cows' milk a complete and well-balanced food. Virol builds firm flesh, strong bones, and enriches the blood.

More than 3,000 Infant Clinics use Virol regularly.

VIROL

On sale everywhere.

Wholesale Agents: Wright, Stephenson & Co., Ltd.
P.O. Box 1520, WELLINGTON, N.Z.



BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.R.H.
THE PRINCE OF WALES

Something - to write home about

YES, something to write home about—the first experience of Kolynos Dental Cream. A small matter, you'll say? So is the toothache, until you yourself fall a victim.

It's the little things that count, for in reality it is a very big matter indeed to have discovered the perfect dentifrice, to have come suddenly upon the secret of clean, healthy teeth. When you realise how important the teeth are, how many ills begin with dental decay, then you understand why.

So, when you have proved the efficiency, economy and perfection of Kolynos for yourself, shout about it, enthuse all your friends with the Kolynos habit, and thus set them on the road to complete dental protection.

KOLYNOS

DENTAL CREAM

(Made in England)

Send this
COUPON
for FREE
SAMPLE

Messrs. Kempthorne, Prosser & Co,
Box 809, Auckland

Mr. Mrs. or Miss _____

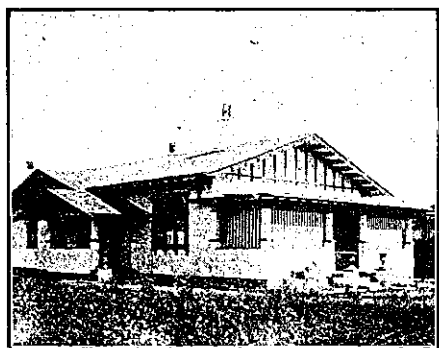
Address _____

[L.M. 1.0.24]

"KONKA" for Permanence

Build your new Home and Garage with
"KONKA"

Fire-proof
Borer-proof
Weather-proof



Less
Insurance
No Painting

"Konka" is a patented concrete sheet supplied in sections 3 ft. x 2 ft. 6 in. x 1/2 in. thick. It is easily sawn or nailed, and soon combines with the plaster coating into a thick, permanent, unbreakable, rough stucco exterior, producing a very attractive finish.

OVER 1000 "KONKA" HOMES ERECTED

Architects have chosen "Konka" for their own houses.
The Government has also specified "Konka."

Write for full particulars to

Hudson's Concrete Boiler Casing Company Ltd.

Sanford's Buildings, corner Customs and Albert Streets, Auckland.

Office 'Phones: 2752 A. and 1787.

Works: Remuera, 'Phone 1755 A

Beauty

may be more than skin-deep, but the care of the skin goes a long way towards making beauty. . . . The right skin tonic and one which gets well into the skin cells, nourishes them, and makes the complexion glow with vivid health and beauty, is

**BEETHAM'S
La-rola**

(As Pre-War)

It effectually removes all Roughness, Redness, Tan, Irritation, etc., and is delightfully Soothing and Refreshing at all times.

Manufactured by **M. BEETHAM & SON**

Cheltenham Of all High-Class England
Chemists & Stores



AUTHORS' TASTES and HOBBIES

HOW THEY MAY BE GATHERED FROM
THEIR BOOKS

AS one who browses, in desultory fashion, among books the notion often strikes the mind that one's author knows more on a certain subject than he could have learnt as a spectator. Obviously, it interests him for its own sake.

George Eliot's mastery of music is revealed on many occasions in her works as clearly as is Anthony Trollope's partiality for hunting in his. Among living authors, who can doubt that Mr. Compton Mackenzie is both gardener and botanist? His pen actually drops posies of flowers: wild ones in this sumptuous bit from "Guy and Pauline":—

"Under hawthorns, past the golden fleur-de-lys, past the scented flags, past the early meadowsweet and the flowering rush, past comfrey and watermint, figwort, forget-me-not and blue cranesbill that shimmered in the sun like steely mail."

Patron of Irises

And who must not adore that incomparable gardener, the Rector of Wychford, patron of incarnilleas and of irises, and of water-lilies, too?—

"To each floating cup, tawny or damasked white or deepest crimson, the Rector called their attention. Nymphs they were to him, fountain divinities that one after the other he flattered with courteous praise."

Mr. Arnold Bennett might be a harassed housewife, such a fancy has he for labour-saving appliances. Even as long ago as "The Old Wives' Tale," Sophia insists on the instalment of an up-to-date cooking stove in the old home in Bursley. Alice, the heroine of "Buried Alive," is convinced that a gas cooker is essential to feminine content, and the immortal Denry of "The Card" "collected all kinds of dodges for doing without servants."

Patent Door-step Cleaner

Remarked Denry's mother:—

"This is a funny doorstep." "It's of marble," said Denry. "What's that for?" asked his mother. "So much easier to keep clean," said Denry. "Well," said Mrs. Machin, "it's pretty dirty now, anyway." "Quite simple to clean," said Denry, bending down. "You just turn this tap at the side. You see it's arranged that it sends a flat jet along the step. Stand off for a second." He turned the tap, and the step was washed pure in a moment.

Then later:—

"Every wall, floor, ceiling and fixture could be washed, and all the furniture was enamelled and could be wiped with a cloth in a moment instead of having to be polished with three cloths and many odours in a day and a half. The bathroom was absolutely waterproof: you could spray it with a hose, and by means of a gas apparatus you could produce an endless supply of hot water independent of the general supply. The ladies lauded Mr. Wilbraham's wisdom in eschewing silver. Everything of the table service that could be of earthenware was of earthenware. The forks and spoons were electro-plate."

So intimate is Mr. Bennett's acquaintance with domestic needs.

Mr. Wells, in his stories, frequently introduces an athletic contest in which his hero, as likely as not, plays a humiliating part. For instance, concerning cricket in "The Passionate Friends":—

"Moreover, I had a shameful secret, that I did not really know where a ball ought to pitch. I wasn't clear about it and I did not dare to ask. Also until I was nearly thirteen I couldn't bowl overarm."

In "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," a game of hockey is played for the first time by the American visitor, Mr. Dreck, and tennis intrudes constantly into his love episodes. Isabel of "The New Machiavelli" wins the affection of its hero when playing tennis, and to quote once more from "The Passionate Friends," Lady Mary "had a low close serve I remember that seemed perfectly straightforward and simple, and was very difficult to return."



Amberley House

Girls Collegiate School

Amberley North Canterbury

Beautiful situation near
sea and hills.

Principal: Miss D. M. King-Church
B.A. (Hon.) London

Prospectus and full particulars
may be obtained from the Principal
or from the Secretary

A. McKELLAR, Esq.
77 Hereford St. Christchurch

Mr. Galsworthy

Mr. Galsworthy invariably includes a dog as a completion of the human scene. Everyone must recollect the spaniel John of "The Country House," and here is a scene from "The Patrician":—

"Lord Valleys stood with his head man, caressing the wet noses of his favourite pointers, with something of the feeling of a boy out of school. Those pleasant creatures, cowering and quivering with pride against his legs, and turning up at him their yellow Chinese eyes, gave him that sense of warmth and comfort which visits men in the presence of their hobbies. With this pair, inbred to the uttermost, he had successfully surmounted a great risk. It was touch and go whether he dared venture on one more cross to the original strain, in the hope of eliminating the last clinging of liver colour. It was a gamble, and it was just that which rendered it so vastly interesting."

Dogs

Fleur, the charming daughter of Soames Forsyte, in "To Let" (who, by the by, owns a black retriever), was surely uttering her creator's sentiments with her own in the following denunciation:—

"She spoke of dogs and the way people teased them. It was wicked to keep them on chains. She would like to flog people who did that. She knew a dog which some farmer near her home kept chained up at the end of his chicken run in all weathers, till it had almost lost its voice from barking. 'And the misery is,' she said vehemently, 'that if the poor thing didn't bark at everyone who passes it wouldn't be kept there. I do think men are cunning brutes. I've let it go twice, on the sly: it's nearly bitten me both times, and then it goes simply mad with joy; but it always runs back home at last, and they chain it up again.'"

By the way, with reference to dogs, one wonders how it happened that Sir Walter Scott, who had a passion for them, so rarely betrayed it in his books.

Women authors are more elusive or impersonal than the men, and rarely can one trace a hidden hobby. One might suspect Miss Clemence Dane of an interest in cooking and Miss Rose Macaulay of one in swimming, and feel convinced, from internal evidence, that Miss Marjorie Bowen loves beautiful clothes and rich colours, but the evidence is not conclusive.

Increased Size of Oven
16" W. x 14" H.
x 15" D.

Only 2 Flues to Clean

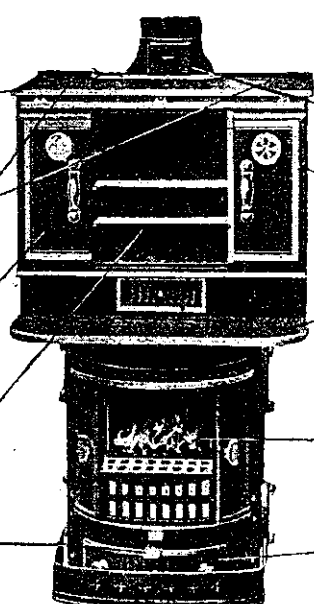
SLIDING OVEN DOORS.
An entirely new feature.

Increased Hot Plate Surface.
29" W. x 16" D.

Shaking Grate.

Two New Improved Models

THERMOSTOVE



Soot Door for Access to Flue.

N.P. Towel Rail on both sides.

Increased Hot Plate Service,
28" W. x 11" D.

OPEN FIRE.
13" H. x 10" W.,
with Sliding Doors.
No unsightly Hinged Doors.

Removable Ash Pan.

Models 5 & 6 are exactly alike except for boiler capacity.

HALF THE FUEL BILL—DOUBLE THE EFFICIENCY

The two new models—5 and 6—are both greatly in advance of previous models.

Larger Boiler Capacity, Bigger Oven, Sliding Oven Doors, Towel Rail, Hot Plates, Shaking Grate, Economy in Floor Space.

The placing of "Thermostoves" on the market marked the opening of a new era in kitchen stoves. Thousands are now in use, and the many letters of appreciation received testify to their popularity. The ordinary kitchen range is being superseded at a great pace by this modern combination.

For Cooking, for Hot Water Service to Bath, Lavatory and Kitchen Taps, and for Warming the Hall, Landing and Bathroom by Radiator.

Sole Distributors for Auckland

HARDLEY'S LTD.

CUSTOMS ST. WEST, AUCKLAND

Call and see new models, also letters of appreciation from Auckland users.

Manufactured by - HARTLEY & SUGDEN LTD., Halifax, ENGLAND

Australasian Representative: MR. C. M. MUSKETT, N.Z. Express Coy.'s Building, Fort St., AUCKLAND



MR. J. R. McKENZIE, who controls numerous Toilet Depots in all the principal towns throughout New Zealand, says that among all the hair preparations sold at his stores, either locally manufactured or imported, none have given such entire satisfaction as

DR. WILSON'S REGENERATOR

the British Specific for checking premature Greyness

The reason is not far to seek; the assistants find pleasure in recommending it because they know its reliability, and are confident that purchasers will be thoroughly satisfied with results. It is not a dye, but a perfectly harmless tonic, and never fails to do what it states, viz., to completely restore faded and grey hair to its natural shade, and is also excellent for itchy scalps, dandruff, and loss of hair from sickness.

"I use it"

All reputable chemists and toilet stores stock it

If any difficulty in procuring send direct to J. R. McKenzie or

A. M. HENDY, Hair Specialist, Dunedin,
who controls the Australasian Agency

Price 4/-; if posted 4/6, or 3 bottles for 12/6 post free

Wholesale Supplies may be had from:

Kempthorne, Prosser and Co. Young's Chemical Co. Sharlands Ltd.
H. F. Stevens, Christchurch, or Fairbairn, Wright & Co., Merchants



BRITISH MADE

CORSETS

EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED

EVERY model of the extensive "Twilfit" range is so trustworthy in style, material and excellence of finish that ladies everywhere have the highest possible opinion of them. Even the newest fashion changes are reflected in Twilfit Corsets, and no matter what model is chosen—of course assuming the style is selected to suit the figure—there the lady will find comfort and durability.

Every Twilfit Corset is guaranteed to be

RUSTLESS & UNBREAKABLE

POPULAR PRICES



Obtainable in the following towns only from:

Auckland	Geo. Court & Sons Ltd.	Feliding	John Cobbe & Co.
Christchurch	W. Strange & Co. Ltd.	Oamaru	Otago Farmers' Whites Ltd.
Dunedin	A. & T. Inglis	New Plymouth	Whites Ltd.
Palmerston North	Collinson & Cunningham	Thames, Te Aroha, & Waihi	Hetheringtons Ltd.
Invercargill & Gore	H. & J. Smith Ltd.	Gisborne	W. Pettie & Co. Ltd.

Trade Only Twilfit Corsets, Box 829, Auckland

KOTEX



One problem less— A New Sanitary Towel.

ELECTRIC lamp instead of candles
—printed books instead of written
parchment—women welcomed at instead
of barred from schools of higher learning.

Habits and customs change—living
conditions improve. Today a new
addition to the toilet essentials of the
modern woman has been made possible
by Kotex.

Kotex is a sanitary towel that does
away with many embarrassments. It is
easy to buy without saying "sanitary
towels" by simply asking for Kotex.
It comes in a blue box which has no
printing except the name Kotex.

Kotex solves an age-old laundry prob-
lem by removing it for Kotex is cheap
enough to throw away and to dispose
of by following simple directions found
in the box. Two size packets, regular,
and hospital size (extra large). Many
find it economical to have a supply of
each. No comparison between Kotex
and old-fashioned cheaper "towels."

The first box usually—the second box
always—results in the discovery of a
new comfort, a new convenience, a new
economy, a new habit.

Keep Kotex always on hand. Ask
by name for Kotex.



Regular Size 5/6 per dozen
Hospital Size 8/- " "
Sold by Chemists and
Drapers.

FREE BOOKLET!

The Manageress,
"Kotex,"
P.O. Box 662, Wellington.
Please send me enclosed in envelope, full
descriptive booklet regarding Kotex.

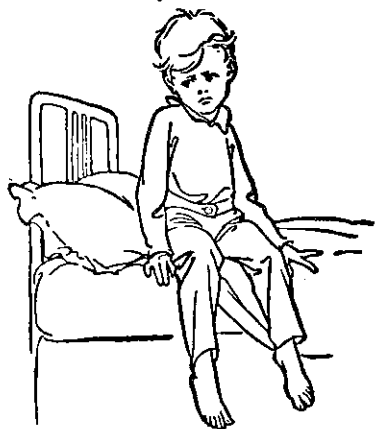
Name
Address

INEXPENSIVE, COMFORTABLE, HYGIENIC and SAFE—KOTEX.

MOTHER!

'California Syrup of Figs'

Dependable Laxative for Poorly
Baby or Child



Hurry, Mother! Even constipated, bilious, feverish, or sick, colic Babies and Children love to take genuine California Syrup of Figs—"Califig." No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and starts the liver and bowels without griping. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs. Of all chemists and stores 1/9, or 2 1/4 times the quantity for 3/-. Insist upon "Califig"—California Syrup of Figs, which contains directions.

If you wish to obtain
Fresh Creamery Milk for
the Baby, why not try

The Auckland Milk Coy., Ltd.

Our milk goes into nearly 7000 homes in the City and Suburbs of Auckland, which speaks well for quality and service.

Any of the following
Branches will attend to
you:

Head Office, Newmarket	A538
Lilybank Dairy, Karaka Street	1445
Dominion Dairy, Dominion Road	A3220
No. 11 Ponsonby Road	A615
No. 14 Jervois Road	A581
Hobson Street	1512
Remuera Branch	-4040 (2 rings)
Kelvin Dairy, Epsom	-1426 (3 rings)
Wakefield Street	-A2459
Karangahape Road	-A1159
Devonport	-105 or 341

"Babette" (Regd.)

(The Misses Smith)

BABY LINEN = UNDERCLOTHING

Complete Baby Outfits
from £2-9-6

We have a wonderful selection of Fancy
Knit & Honeycomb Shawls, 6/11 to 39/6

Postage Paid 3 Waterproof Pants
on Country Orders from 2/6

115 KARANGAHAPE ROAD,
AUCKLAND



BACKWARD BABIES

SOME USEFUL ADVICE TO MOTHERS

SOME mothers are distressed when other women's babies are apparently more advanced than their own children. They often worry quite unnecessarily, not really knowing what constitutes a thoroughly healthy baby.

Normal Progress

Many mothers, for instance, boast about the abnormal weight of a baby in relation to its age. But excessive fat is not a sign of good health, and excessive weight is very frequently a sign of constant overfeeding. The healthy baby doubles its birth weight at six months, and trebles it at a year. Mothers should not worry if baby remains stationary in weight now and again. Anxiety is justified when a baby begins losing weight.

Babies vary in the rate at which they cut their teeth and begin to walk and talk. Provided a baby eats well, sleeps well, is muscular, active, alert, contented, and regular in all his habits, his mother need not worry. A normal baby should begin to cut teeth during the sixth or seventh month, and should have six teeth when a year old and sixteen when he is two years old. He should be able to stand at the end of his first year, and walk alone by the fifteenth month. By his second birthday he should be able to say little sentences. Very many babies reach these landmarks at much earlier dates than those indicated. Other equally intelligent and healthy babies may be late in development in one respect or another.

Mothers should consult a doctor if baby has no teeth at all by the tenth or twelfth month; if he is markedly lacking in muscular activity; if there is torpor or lethargy during the wakeful hours; if baby seems unable to make or hear sounds; or if the soft spot or fontanelle in the front of the head is not completely closed by the second year.

Exceptionally early talking, walking, or "knowingness" may only be signs of a quick, nervous temperament on the part of the baby, or forcing and over-stimulation on the part of the mother.

Nothing to be Gained

In any case there is nothing to be gained from a too early development. A mother can have no prouder possession than a normal baby who has perfect health, average development, and a happy disposition. Only the foolish will envy a precocious, advanced, or abnormal child.

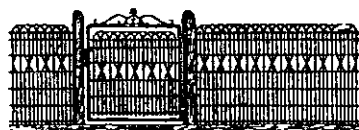
THE PREVENTION OF MISHAPS

One accident occurring in a second of time, or one serious fall, may deform or disable a child for life. Yet babies just beginning to walk and tots of two and three are frequently exposed hourly and daily to the most dangerous risks. Their mothers seem quite unable to realise the necessity for taking precautions.

A Necessary Safeguard

No baby should ever be left alone in a room where there is an open fire. One minute is enough for baby to be able to crawl into the fireplace and set himself alight. A strong fireguard should always be provided.

Similarly, no baby who is able to pull himself up in his cot and lean over the side should be left to sleep without the protection of a net over the top of his cot. One never knows when he may wake, get up in his cot, stretch out for some coveted object, and fall out of bed on to his head. When a net is used baby cannot come to harm, whereas if he be tied in with a sash or some similar arrangement he may tighten the sash with his struggles so that it does him harm.



FENCING. GATES

New Designs for Garden or Farm.
Catalogues posted free. Send to-day.

ECLIPSE FENCE CO.
351 Colombo Street, Christchurch
McW. & S.

Our Nut Bowls, Plates, Vases, Boxes, etc.
make unique Wedding and Birthday Gifts

MISS AYLING ART DEPOT

4 Strand Arcade
AUCKLAND
Telephone 748

Materials and Tools supplied for Leatherwork,
Basketwork, Pokerwork, Carving, Stencilling,
Raffiawork, and Pen-painting

Send for our Catalogue

'Safety First'

Use

"IDEAL" MILK For Baby!

Pure and Free from Harmful
Bacteria.

CHILDREN may suffer from overfeeding, or from being fed with food too rich and nutritive, no less than from receiving too little nourishment. As the amount proper for one child may be too much or too little for another, a hard and fast rule cannot be laid down. The doctor, nurse or mother must determine in each case the strength and quantity of food to be given.

With the instructions below you can make humanised milk that is pure and free from injurious bacteria.

To make Humanised Milk.

To make a quart of milk which is as near in composition as possible to human milk, take:

One 11-oz. Tin "Ideal" Milk
Half ounce Milk Sugar (One Tablespoon)
Two ounces Cream (Two Tablespoons)

Place in receptacle, add sufficient boiling water to make one quart, and cool immediately. When made up, the milk must be kept in a cool place and used within twenty-four hours.

When required for the bottle, warm to new milk temperature (95 degrees Fahrenheit) and add a few drops of orange or other fresh fruit juice.

When starting to feed an Infant on "Ideal" humanised milk it is advisable to add more water for the first few days and gradually work up to the full strength.

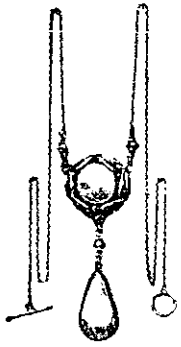
"Ideal" Milk is also put up in half-size tins, which, with half the quantity of the other ingredients, will make one pint of Humanised milk.

Haines 1

Become a Subscriber.
Fill up a Form
TO-DAY.

The "Mirror" Tells You How and Where to Shop.

Please pass this
copy on to your
friends.



Hand-Wrought Jewellery

In Oxidised Silver and Gold

STONES RE-SET IN
ORIGINAL DESIGNS

Elsie Reeve

21 H.B. Bldgs. (3rd Floor) QUEEN ST.
Phone 2259 AUCKLAND

One of "Teofani's" Best
SONIA
Cigarettes
are delicately perfumed and perfectly delightful

CHASING THE HOURS

IN the ordinary woman's life there are about ten hours in the day over which she has "dominion." She may have many calls on her during this time. Calls about which the ordinary stupid man who says "What on earth do you do with yourself?" is devastatingly and irritatingly ignorant—but the fact remains that for that 10 hours she is in supreme command.

Now, nothing brings wrinkles and other signs of age more quickly than worry and fuss, and no form of worry or fuss is more exhausting than a perpetual race against time. The unwise woman sets out upon her day like a ship without a chart or a compass. She has a vague idea that there are a very great many things she ought to do, and she drifts forth to do them without any settled plan and without any clear calculation as to the time each item will take to perform, and the necessary period that must be allowed for in getting from place to place for each engagement.

Often and often I have watched women at corners where buses stop, on tube platforms, in shops, chafing horribly against little delays. They make noises of despair with their tongues, glance fussily at every clock within sight, and are too restless to sit or stand with any appearance of repose. This chasing of the hours is a disaster; the woman is conscious of exhausting inefficiency, and her friends soon learn to regard her as incapable of keeping time.

The cure is easy. First recognise that your hours of "dominion" are ten each day and no more. Certain duties or pleasures are inevitable, such as meals, the ordering of your household, the care of your children, writing letters, etc.

Then make out a little time chart of your day, allowing sufficient time for the "inevitables." And in the making of your chart, especially where social matters are concerned, give yourself reasonable time and a little over to get from place to place, for trains will be missed and buses will be full. And forget not that the putting on of a hat is not—as with a man—a momentary affair. It is rather momentous. Allow for it! M.T.

25 FOR 1/6

A SCIENTIFIC TRIUMPH



CONCENTRATED HEALING POWER IN TABLET FORM

—that's the big factor behind ASPRO. You don't buy water or colouring matter—just condensed medicine. In every tablet you obtain full effectiveness. One small tablet will give **SIGNS of Relief for Pain** and two tablets will give **DEFINITE RELIEF** in from five to ten minutes. Average two tablets to a 2-oz. bottle of medicine and you'll find that

OVER 350 TONS OF MEDICINE IN 2-OUNCE BOTTLES WOULD BE REQUIRED EACH MONTH TO TAKE THE PLACE OF ASPRO TABLETS.

(Based on our sales of 14,000,000 Tablets each month).

Doesn't that visualise to you the wonderful importance of

ASPRO

TRY THEM FOR

HEADACHES INFLUENZA RHEUMATISM
SLEEPLESSNESS COLDS DENGUE FEVER
LUMBAGO SCIATICA NEURITIS MALARIA
NEURALGIA TOOTHACHE ASTHMA

THEY NEVER FAIL!



Photo of Federal Parliament House, Melbourne where "ASPRO" Tablets were declared a Necessary Commodity by the Australian Commonwealth Government.

MINIMUM PRICES
1/ 1/6 2/6 4/6
OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

ASPRO is now made in New Zealand by ASPRO LTD., 15-17 Marion Street, Wellington (P.O. Box 29), under direction of the holder of the original Australian formula.

Carpet Slippers



They are a symbol. Nowadays other materials may replace carpet in their fabrication, but the idea for which carpet slippers stand is unchanged—the idea of well-earned rest after worth-while achievement.

Yet both achievement and rest depend upon physical and mental vigour, and the way Britishers the world over keep themselves at concert pitch is through the Golden Rule of Health—by drinking first thing every morning a glass of water sparkling with a dash of

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

Adopt this simple plan and you will always feel keen and alert, ready to welcome strenuous work or vigorous play. Eno's purifies the bloodstream, stimulates the digestive organs, and fortifies the whole system against attacks of those minor disorders which are often so disturbing.

ENO'S benefits young and old, the strong or the delicate.
Creates no harmful "habit"; has no lowering effects.

ENO'S—for fifty years the world's standard saline—is sold throughout the Dominion at all Chemists and Stores.

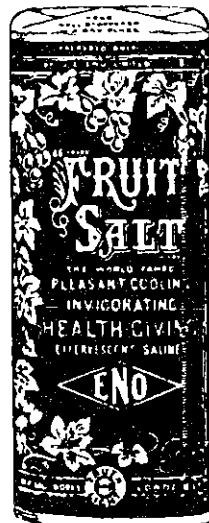
HANDY SIZE—Widely used by travellers, for office use and week-end bag, 2/6

HOUSEHOLD SIZE—Best for family use; most economical - 4/-

The words "FRUIT SALT" and "ENO" are the registered trade marks of J. C. ENO LIMITED, LONDON, S.E. 14, ENGLAND.

Sales Representatives in New Zealand—

The British Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 20 Brandon Street, Wellington.



Become a Subscriber.
Fill up a Form
TO-DAY.

When Writing to Advertisers Please Mention the "Mirror."

Please pass this
copy on to your
friends.

THE GREAT HUSBAND HUNT

by MABEL BARNES-GRUNDY

PART XII.

THAT he should have elected to go first for a wash was unpardonable, Miss Oakwood considered. "He saw that we were ready, yet he brushed past us with his towel and soap and sponge. You are going to have a more selfish husband than I imagined, Peronelle. I had always thought Martin a particularly considerate, unselfish young man, but—what was that?" The sound of angry voices and the kicking of a door came to our ears along the corridor. "Why, it's Martin!"

She tore out. I tore after her; and I noticed the people in the next compartment, aroused from their slumber, were peering through their windows.

Martin, his face purple with temper, was shouting outside a door at the end of the corridor, rattling the handle and kicking the lower panels with his boot.

"Come out of this, sir! Have you taken this place for good? Remember there are other people on the train who will be glad of a wash. . . . What's that?" (A sound of an aggrieved, choking voice from within.) "You say you haven't been five minutes! Well, I say it's a lie!"

"Martin, Martin!" Miss Oakwood had flung herself upon him, reasoning with him, expostulating; but firmly, though gently, he pushed her away.

"Please don't interfere. This gentleman, no, unmannerly cub, within, must be taught a lesson. I say, sir, are you coming out?" Again he assaulted the door with heavy kicks (several persons by this time had arrived with bulging eyes and open mouths to find out the cause of the disturbance). "Or are you not? If you've not finished having your bath in ten seconds from now, I shall summon an attendant. Please, Miss Oakwood, don't interfere. This is my affair and not yours. This scoundrel must be made to understand there are other people in the universe besides himself. You are waiting, Peronelle is waiting. I am waiting. All these patient persons are waiting."

"But," reasoned Miss Oakwood, "there's another lavatory at the other end."

"That, too, is occupied by another blighted blighter."

"I beg your pardon, sir," came a shrill voice from a pointed-nosed, freckled lady, whose head was tied up in purple tulle, "it is occupied by my daughter, who has not been there a couple of minutes. I must ask you immediately to withdraw your most outrageous and unmannerly assertion."

Martin apologised, and the freckled lady snifflingly withdrew. Again he attacked the door, and then nearly fell forward on to his nose as it suddenly opened and a furious-looking young man emerged and brandished his sponge in Martin's face. "How dare you, sir?" he shouted, "how dare you insult me in this monstrous fashion?"

"Insult you! Why, your behaviour calls for more than words. If we

were not so unfortunately placed in the confined space of this train I should ask, nay, insist, upon settling it in a more practical fashion. In fact—" he squared his fists.

"Martin, oh, Martin," screamed Miss Oakwood, "don't! You can't fight here. What are you thinking of? And this poor young man hasn't been very long."

"I have not been five minutes, madam. I think your friend, if friend he is, is demented." The young man's nostrils dilated with suppressed anger, and his face was scarlet. "I have never been so insulted in my life, never, and for two pints I would give him in charge when we reach Paris."

"Oh, don't! Let me entreat you! It would be terrible!" In her emotion Miss Oakwood pressed her sponge-bag to her eyes. "Believe me, Mr. Sygne is usually most peaceable and polite and considerate to everybody. I cannot imagine what has come over him."

To my dismay I saw Martin's lips begin of a sudden to quiver and his chest to heave, and then the young stranger's did the same, and I knew they were threatened with laughter. Each turned his back on Miss Oakwood, and I shivered with apprehension. Were they going to give the show away? Miss Oakwood was staring anxiously at Martin's back. I believe she thought he was about to have a fit, the result of his outburst of passion.

"What is it?" she inquired. "Martin, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

In a rather shaky voice Martin answered: "I think I am. This has been rather too much for me. I must sit down." He staggered toward the carriage, and with an expression of immense relief, Miss Oakwood followed him. The young man, with one look at me, disappeared as fast as his legs would carry him, the audience melted away, and I went and had a wash.

The only comment Miss Oakwood made to me about the affair was that she thought Martin had temporarily gone off his head, another phase of his queer moods, another distressing result of the War. "I had a serious talk with him, and he was very penitent and ashamed. He said he felt he could not bear that you and I should be kept waiting, that he had conceived the idea I was a little impatient as a traveller—I suppose because I was annoyed at the waiter refusing me tea—and so forth, and the very thought of that poor young man keeping us standing in the corridor made him 'see red.' I believe he has apologised to him, but the whole affair has been very distressing. I only hope he won't give way to these sudden gusts of temper with you." I replied that I sincerely hoped he wouldn't.

Her behaviour throughout the remainder of the journey was so exemplary that Martin and I were quite touched.

I make my Confession

IT was over. I had screwed up my courage between Dover and London, and told them my reason for taking a companionship and going to Mentone. For some moments they sat round-eyed, open-mouthed, and stared at me. They stared till my pulses beat convulsively, my chest heaved, and I felt as though a stream of liquid fire had poured into my cheeks, staining them as scarlet as a pillar-box. How were they going to take it?

"Oh," I cried at length, "say something! Don't look like that. I know how you must feel and think, but just say it, or—I shall sob."

And Martin then, regardless of Miss Oakwood, and with an "Oh, my dear, my dear!" took me in his arms and kissed me. And then if he didn't fall into laughter, and if Miss Oakwood didn't join him, and if they didn't laugh so much—Martin's convulsive movements actually caused me to bob up and down—that I felt compelled to join them, and we all laughed together!

It was Martin who was the first to regain control of himself; mopping his eyes, he murmured: "I know you'll be the death of me some day, Peronelle!"

Miss Oakwood agreed. "And all for the sake of supplying her with an endless succession of silk stockings. To think you have been caught for that! Deliberately hunted, pursued, caught, landed, Martin! And she looked so innocent."

"I know. Those eyes, that air of ingenuousness, that candid manner! And all the time she was viewing me through a foreground, a setting, a background, a framework of silk stockings! And when silk stockings possibly palled through their ubiquity—I can conceive that the mental eye might tire even of silken hose—a thousand pounds has filled the visionary outlook."

"And you, like the proverbial pound of tea, have been thrown in, as a husband, because the other two—the stockings and thousand pounds—would have been unobtainable without you," chipped in Miss Oakwood. "Poor Martin! I've heard of the eup of humiliation being drunk to the dregs, but this . . .!"

"I know," he sighed.

I said nothing.

They continued in this strain, till, becoming bored, I essayed to get up, but Martin clutched at me.

"And you have nothing to say—no apology?"

"None."

"You're hardened, just hardened!"

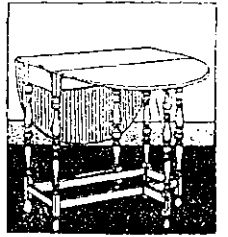
"Yes, if you like to put it that way."

"What other way can it be put?"

"Any other, because it's not true. I'm not hardened. I'm not even ashamed. I am ashamed that I accepted Uncle Tom's challenge and went out to Mentone solely to look for a husband, but I'm not ashamed of what happened after."

"And what did?"

"I met you. I could hunt no longer. I wrote to tell Agatha so."



ALL THE

Delightful Things

ABOUT THE HOME

Card & Mah Jongg Tables
(to any period)

COFFEE TABLES
TEA TABLES
TEAPOYS & LAMPSTANDS
(Table and Standard)

Every piece is hand-made by a master craftsman—its charm will endure for more than one generation.

Whether you seek a complete set, or an odd piece, you will not only find superbly beautiful selections at Donns', but you will find their prices extremely moderate.

Write for full particulars if you cannot call.

DONNS'

The Superior Furniture People
59 Victoria St. (opposite Goss')
CHRISTCHURCH

FLOWERING SHRUBS

20/- Cash

We will post you the most beautiful Collection of Flowering Shrubs obtainable in N.Z. Value 45/-. All Hardy.

SCARLET FLOWERING GUM
PAGODA TREE
LILY OF VALLEY TREE
JAPANESE MAPLE
LANTANA
BRAZIL CHERRY
LIQUIDAMBER
LASSIANDERA
CREAM KOWHAI
SOLANUM FIREBALL
HYBISCUS
SCENTED ERIOSTEMON
PINK BROOM
MANETTA WAXINIFOLIA (CREEP.)
BLUE ROSE

Other species can be substituted for any of the above if desired.

Send for List of High Quality Hedge and Shelter Trees.

W. MITCHINSON
WHOLESALE GROWER
NEW PLYMOUTH



for LINOS & FURNITURE

Easiest to polish - - never goes dull
Cheapest in the long run

6d. and 1/- tins everywhere

Free Sample from P.O. Box 1346 Auckland

Become a Subscriber.
Fill up a Form
TO-DAY.

Dainty Women Buy "Mirror" Advertised Goods.

Please pass this
copy on to your
friends.



**Here is the way
to the health you need.**

**Don't remain Weak,
Anæmic, Nervous, Run-down.**

The way to health is the Wincarnis way—because it has been proved to be the best way. During the past 30 years Wincarnis has brought the priceless gift of new health to countless hundreds of thousands of persons who were weak—whose blood was impoverished—who were nervous and depressed—who were run-down—and who were striving, vainly, to regain strength after an exhausting illness.

Over 10,000 Doctors have recommended Wincarnis

because they have proved that Wincarnis is the World's greatest Tonic and Restorative and Blood-builder, and Nerve invigorator. Don't remain weak, anæmic, nervous or run-down—take advantage of the new health and new vitality Wincarnis offers you. You can confidently rely upon Wincarnis, because it has been proved to be the best way to health.

Sold in two sizes—5/6 and (double quantity) 9/-
Distributing Agents—Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., Sydney, N.S.W.

WINGARNIS

"The Wine of Life."



**Do Justice to a Good Dinner !!
Drink a Good Wine !!**

Our lists of old Imported Wines include :

MADEIRA	- Imported Direct
MARSALA	- Straight from Sicily
SHERRY	- Spanish, Australian & South African
BURGUNDY	"Glen Royal." A blood-making tonic
CLARET	- French & Australian
HOCK	- Cawarra Special & Hardy's

WRITE FOR OUR SPECIAL PRICE LIST

JOHN REID & CO., LTD.

Wine, Spirit, Tea & Tobacco Merchants

43-45 Fort Street AUCKLAND

"You mean—?" Martin's bantering, teasing manner fell away from him as his eyes looked into mine.

"I learnt to love you," For a moment my gaze met his unflinchingly, then my eyelids drooped.

"Oh, my dear one," he whispered, "and to think how nearly I lost you!"

Softly, upon some pretext or other, Miss Oakwood slipped out into the corridor and left us to ourselves.

But for the remainder of the journey every now and again she broke into gentle little chuckles, and only ceased when she met my eye.

The Winner of the Prize

WE were seated, the four of us—Agatha, Eleanor, Honesty, and I—(this, it will be recollected, was how my story opened) in the drawing-room, around a wood fire, as the April evening was chilly.

Agatha was patching, not a camisole on this occasion, but a fine lawn nightgown, which had "gone" beneath the right arm. Eleanor, clad in the weird, straight, green tea-gown, stood, as of old, in front of the fire, and we all wished she wouldn't. Honesty, reclining on the couch, was knitting a new kind of jumper, unattractive in colour, but of a better shape and less lumpy than those she had been accustomed to knit, and I was doing nothing.

It was between six and seven. I had arrived at four o'clock. Martin and I had taken an early train down from town; we had stayed the previous night with Miss Oakwood at her house in South Kensington.

At the junction, a couple of stations before Silvertarn, I requested him to get out and come on by a later train. There was one at half-past six, which would enable him to reach us in time for dinner. "I want to tell them alone," I explained.

He rather demurred. What was he to do, he demanded, for over three hours by himself?

"Why, go for a walk," I said, firmly. "Our country is lovely, and look at the spring green. If you liked you could walk over to Silvertarn across the moors, and your luggage could come on by train. Good-bye!" Laughingly I waved and kissed my hand to him as a porter banged the door, and he was left disconsolate on the platform.

Now the great moment had arrived, or nearly arrived. Uncle Tom, after tea, had gone out as usual with the dogs, informing us he would be back between six and seven, "to hear our confessions."

Eleanor and Honesty had returned the previous day. On hearing of my impending arrival, he had summoned them home.

"As you both are returning," he had written, "you might as well come at once, and get the disturbance of a family reunion and settling-in effected at one go."

To this they made no demur. They were pining for home.

Uncle Tom, it appeared, had refrained from questioning them anent their matrimonial prospects till my return. "We will get it over all at once, take you each in turn. I could not stand the ploughing up and harrowing of my feelings twice," Agatha told me he had remarked, with a twinkle, and when Eleanor said they had nothing to tell he merely whistled and marched away in a hurry.

My heart, I must confess, was beating a little excitedly as I watched the hands of the clock, and the moment in which I was to make my momentous announcement came nearer and nearer. My cheeks became hotter and hotter, and my head seemed to swim. Asking the others if they objected, I opened a window, and a scent of cool, sweet wallflowers was wafted into the room. Putting my head out, I drank it in, while trying to compose the words I should use when telling them that Uncle Tom's Prize would be mine. I would say, "The thousand pounds I care not a jot about. It's the man that matters, and oh, he is nice! You will all love him, and I am so happy!"

"Peronelle, I wish you'd shut that window. It's downright cold, and there's an awful draught." It was Eleanor, of course, who spoke, and she sounded cross.

"If you like fuggy rooms, of course—" I retorted, drawing in my head, but my sentence remained uncompleted, for Uncle Tom had arrived.

He sat in his old corner of the couch. I sat as close to him as I could get. This time he did not repulse me and jerk me over to the other end; indeed, he allowed me to snuggle under one of his heather-tweed arms. One is always kind to people who are newly returned. Agatha continued her patching, Honesty her knitting, Eleanor to block the fire till she was requested by all of us in a breath to sit down.


"Now," said Uncle Tom, and he beamed upon us, "here we all are again! Aren't we?" As this statement was incontrovertible, none of us spoke. "And very glad I am to see you. I may mention I've missed you."

We thanked him.

"Following the usual precedent, Agatha being the eldest, I should question her first as to her matrimonial prospects, but, seeing she has never left this house for a night since your departure, and knowing that not a single young man has crossed this threshold but Mike in the same period of time, I think we may safely rule her out of the running for my prize—eh, Agatha girl?—and pass on to Eleanor."

"By the way, where is Mike?" I inquired.

"He returned home, poor chap, yesterday, to make room for you girls. We enjoyed having him, didn't we,



KINGFISHER

LUSTRE WOOL

A Baldwin Combination of Art Silk and Wool.

The artificial silk gives the brightness and the wool gives the warmth to Coatees, Jumpers, Scarves and Children's Garments knitted or crocheted with "Kingfisher" Lustre Wool.

"Kingfisher" Lustre Wool is easy to work, delightful to the eye, and is entirely satisfactory for all kinds of dainty and distinguished Knitted Wear.

In Balls and Packets—Twenty Colours—Tassel Samples Free on Request.

Samples only from **PATONS & BALDWIN (A/SIA) LTD.**,
230 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

Baldwins Wools are sold by most Drapers and Storekeepers.

Agatha, and I think we managed to cheer him up. Now, Eleanor, speak up. Any young man in tow?"

"No. And, as I think you are all quite aware, I didn't go away to search for one, so it is no disappointment. The very idea was repugnant to me—horrible!"

Honesty and I looked at each other and smiled; Eleanor caught it and became indignant.

"It's true. I went away for a change of scene and to see how I liked work. I don't like it—at least, not work amongst goats and hens. I stuck it out for the sake of Mrs. Barton, who was not a bad sort. I never saw a young man—"

"What about the one in corduroys—a gentleman, who, you said, was rather attentive to you?" inquired Agatha, gently.

"He was not a man; he was an agricultural text-book that had materialised. One evening he talked to me for a solid hour of phosphates." Her scorn was intense. "I would rather be single for ever than listen to a man talk of phosphates."

In our hearts we agreed with her. It seemed a dull subject.

"So I take it you have not secured a husband?" Uncle Tom's face was very grave, but I, being so close to him, detected the twinkle in the corner of his eye nearest to me.

"No," she snapped, "and if to secure one, as you so crudely and horribly put it, he has to be hunted, I shall remain Eleanor Dobson till I die. Even in the twentieth century there are a few girls left with some delicacy and refinement of feeling, I'm proud to say." In her vehemence she had again stood up and was blocking the fire, and once again we begged her to sit down.

"Humph!" observed Uncle Tom, but in so quaint a manner I had difficulty in suppressing my laughter.

"Now, Honesty, you come next."

"Nothing doing!" Evenly she continued her knitting. "I told you

so. The Dobson nose is too much for any young man. A mouth one may alter, eyes, or their expression, one may alter, hair one may alter, but a nose is a fixture. Always it is there, immovable, immutable, never varying but in tint." She sighed, and we sighed in sympathy. "I received one small attention from one young man during the whole of my stay in Liverpool. I choked in a ward, and he offered me a jujube. He was a medical student with a propensity to colds, hence his jujube equipment. I don't regret my experience; it has taught me the value of my home."

Luxuriously she nestled down amongst her cushions.

Then Uncle Tom turned to me, and, with the inquiry: "And what has Peronelle found?" he pinched my cheek.

My moment had come, but I could find no words to speak, so suffocating were the beats of my heart, so mad was the racing of my pulses.

They awaited my reply. Agatha put down her nightgown, Honesty her jumper, Eleanor, who was about to poke the fire, sat with the poker arrested in mid-air, Uncle Tom, on the point of altering the position of his legs, didn't alter it. They continued to wait, immobile they sat, attentive.

Suddenly I laughed, and the joyousness of the sound, the happiness, the triumphant note it contained, startled even my own ears, and I felt ashamed. How could I give vent to such exaltation in the face of Eleanor's and Honesty's admitted failure? It was heartless of me, cruel. I must subdue my ecstasies.

I found my voice, and succeeded, if not actually rendering it lugubrious, at least free from elation; Agatha, Eleanor and Honesty should bring no charge of unmaidenly and immodest puffed-upness against me. Casting my eyelids down, I said:

"Your prize has been won, dear Uncle Tom. I'm going to be married

"BRITISH EVERY STITCH."



C.B.

British Every Stich.

There is a Model to fit every Figure to Perfection

—yours is among them.

C.B. CORSETS are made to fit with that incomparable nicety of detail which can only come from artistic skill wedded to perfect workmanship. You will be delighted with the grace, elegance and unique comfort they impart.

C.B. Corsets

British Every Stitch.

are British-made throughout, embodying the accumulated experience of over 50 years of scientific corset-making. There is a model for every figure—a model that will improve *your* figure. From all up-to-date Drapery Emporiums and Stores at Prices ranging from 6/11 to 63/- per pair.

Should you experience any difficulty in obtaining the correct C.B. Model write direct to

Charles Bayer & Co., Ltd., 201, Tuam Street, Christchurch, for name of nearest agent.

"BRITISH EVERY STITCH"



The Modern Kitchen

The modern Kitchen is a vastly different place from the kitchens our mothers and grandmothers had.

It is perhaps smaller than its predecessors, but vastly more convenient, brighter and cooler. And its most noticeable feature is the Cooker.

The old-fashioned, sweltering coal range is replaced by

The "ERA" GAS COOKER

Compact, convenient, labour-saving, economical

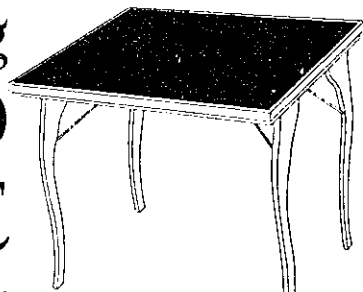
The "Era" is the perfect family Cooker, and is fitted with the new HIGH-EFFICIENCY BURNERS, which mean QUICKER HEATING, and SMALLER GAS BILLS.

See the "Era" Cooker at your nearest Branch of the

AUCKLAND GAS CO., LTD.
 Wyndham Street - - - AUCKLAND
 BRANCHES: Onehunga, Devonport, St. Helier's, Otahuhu

What is Needed in Every Home—

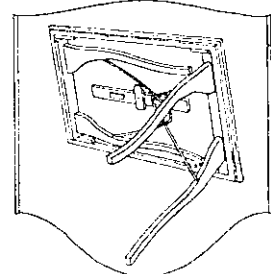
A "PORTLAND" Folding CARD TABLE



It enables card-players to concentrate fully on their game without interruption from other sources at the sametable

It is a handsome, compact and rigid table of Fumed Oak with inlet green cloth top, and size when erected is 24" x 32" x 27" high.

A "Portland" is a sound acquisition to any home, because of its manifold uses—and when not in service can be folded up in a few moments. No legs project, and there are no detachable parts.



RIGID—COMPACT—PORTABLE
"An Indispensable Piece of Furniture"

Price **42/6** Carriage paid to any address

Games Supply Coy.
 P.O. Box 1312 AUCKLAND



Stylish FURS

Correctness of style and good taste are manifest in the Furs sold by Madame Menere, for many years associated with George Nicholas, the famous Court Furrier, of London.

Madame Menere imports all her Furs direct from London, Paris, and New York, with the result that she is able to afford the New Zealand public the opportunity of securing the latest advanced styles at wholesale prices—representing a saving of many pounds.

Write for a copy of Madame Menere's booklet, "VALUABLE HINTS IN THE CARE OF FURS"—it is free.

MADAME MENERE

FURRIER,
Corner Cashel and Colombo Streets,
CHRISTCHURCH

to the man I've referred to once or twice in my letters—Martin Synge."

"Martin Synge!" I wish it lay in my power to express in words the varied intonations of my cousins' voices and Uncle Tom's exclamation of: "Great Jupiter!"

I nodded.

"You said he was engaged!"

"You said you were too busy to pursue any man."

"Oh, Peronelle darling, I am glad!"

Thus Honesty, Eleanor, and Agatha.

"He was engaged. I did not pursue him. Thank you, Agatha."

They sat staring at me till their astonished senses returned to them. Then Uncle Tom began to laugh, and his big shoulders heaved up and down, causing me to heave with him. Finally he raised my chin and planted a hearty kiss upon my lips. At this all my power of restraint went to the winds, and I just let myself go.

"Isn't it too lovely, darling?" I whispered. "I am so happy I can scarcely bear it. You can't imagine what Martin is like. He's too wonderful, and I love him so!"

"Speak up," commanded Honesty from the other couch; "it's silly to whisper it all into Uncle Tom's ear. We've got to hear about it, Peronelle, sooner or later, so it might as well be now. Are you really speaking the truth, or are you 'having us on?'"

"The absolute truth!" Disengaging myself from Uncle Tom's arm, I got up and stood before them. "Martin was engaged to a very beautiful girl named Elisabeth Jefferson, so beautiful that when you came to look in your own glass you nearly cried as you thought of her—and she is just as nice as she is beautiful. But Martin and she discovered they did not love each other enough to get married, and Martin does love me and I love him, so we're going to be married."

"And where is he?" Eleanor asked.

"He will be here in less than an hour. He is walking over from Little St. Martha. I wanted to arrive alone, and that we should be by ourselves round the fire with Uncle Tom while we told him of our—our experiences. And while we are about it I have something else to tell you, something not nice, and I hope you won't be too hard on me. Uncle Tom already knows part of it—"

"One minute," interrupted Agatha. "Do you say Mr. Synge will be here in time for dinner?"

"Yes."

"And will stay the night?"

"Of course; several, I hope."

Agatha rose and rang the bell. When Rachel appeared, she gave instructions for an extra cover to be laid and the spare room to be prepared.

"Now," she said, "go on."

But I found it more difficult after this interruption. Before I was wound up; now such practical directions as to hemstitched linen pillow-cases, and opening a tin of peaches to help out the sweet, dried up the words on my lips.

"Well," I said badly, "I lost a hundred pounds in gambling at Monte Carlo, and I nearly went off with a man to Paris—at least, I didn't nearly go, but I might have gone, and probably should, but for you, Agatha."

"J?" She looked white and scared, and as for the others. . . ! Bits of their bodies lay about the room, so to speak.

"Yes." I had usurped Eleanor's place and was standing with my back to the fire, confronting them defiantly. I didn't feel defiant. I felt like crawling to Uncle Tom and hiding my face on his chest and begging him to forgive me, but, without the assumed defiance, I knew I should never get through with it, never tell them all the wicked part of my story till I



Hayward Ltd.

cordially invite you to call and inspect their full showing of

SPRING APPAREL & Millinery

If you are unable to visit Wellington at present, write your requirements. All mail orders personally supervised by Mrs. Oxspring.

A Representative visits Hawke's Bay and Manawatu twice a year with all the latest fashion novelties.

HAYWARD LTD.

226 Lambton Quay, WELLINGTON

There's a baby's smile in every drop

of Woodward's "Gripe Water."

Happiness is your baby's birth-right. It is only when worried by wind, a new tooth, or some other baby ailment, that he resorts to tears and fretting in order to let you know he is in pain. All the remedy he needs is a little Woodward's "Gripe Water," a safe and pleasant combination of soothing ingredients which dispels wind and stops griping and stomachache instantly; soothes tender gums, makes teething easy, and enables baby to enjoy his natural sleep.

Woodward's "Gripe Water" is free from opiates and can safely be given to new born infants.

All children love the taste of it.

Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.



WOODWARD'S "Gripe Water"

KEEPS BABY WELL

Col. S.-C. M & Co Ltd.

eventually arrived at Martin and happiness.

"Yes," I repeated, "you, Agatha, because of your own goodness. All the time I was gambling and doing things with Louis—that was the man's name—I knew I shouldn't, you danced before my eyes. I got quite tired of you, Agatha; always I could hear your voice and your wise advice and your admonitions, always I saw you doing nice, unselfish things and thinking about me, while I . . . Well, never mind. Here I am safe and sound and undeservedly happy, while you—" I stopped in consternation, for I saw that Agatha's eyes were full of tears. "What's the matter?" I asked.

"Don't!" she cried, holding up her hand. "Don't say things like that, for they are not true. I've not been thinking of you lately. My thoughts and heart were very occupied with somebody else—my future husband, for I, too, am engaged to be married. I ought to have told you at the beginning, but you passed me over." She looked at Uncle Tom with a smile hovering in the corners of her mouth. "You said you knew that I was out of the running, and so you passed me over, and I bided my time. I am engaged to be married! I can scarcely believe it myself, but it's true."

I don't know who pronounced the words "To whom?" but somebody did, faintly, as one speaks with lungs deflated and holding one's heart, but distinctly; and when Agatha softly replied, "Mike Thaxted," a silence fell upon the room, and only the ticking of the old grandfather in the corner could be heard for quite a considerable interval of time.

"I know about you and Mike," continued Agatha presently, addressing me. "He told me he'd asked you to marry him"—she ignored Eleanor's and Honesty's separate jumps—"the night that Uncle Tom challenged us to find husbands."

"He didn't care a rap about me."

"No," agreed Agatha, evenly. "He did it to save you from some other man."

"I know. He offered himself to me out of pure altruism. It was very kind of Mike. I was grateful to him, though his relief at my refusing him was rather unflattering. I'm glad he's going to be your husband, Agatha. He deserves a nice wife." I went across and kissed her, and warmly she returned it.

"I'm so glad about you and Martin." She whispered several other loving things into my ear, till Uncle Tom broke in.

"May I speak now?" he asked. "Have you two quite finished? Because, if so, I'd like to get in a word. You seem entirely to forget I am here—I, your uncle and guardian, and who can refuse admittance to either of these fellows you calmly announce are to be your husbands. I've been tricked—yes, tricked, and I'm not feeling too pleased about it." He glowered at us, or tried to glower. "Here has Agatha, the quiet, shy, modest, retiring Agatha, got engaged right beneath my very nose and said not a word about it. Deceit, I call it, deceit!"

"But you might have seen had you looked."

"Looked! My eyes can't be everywhere, and I was busy with Peronelle, answering anguished telegrams, receiving anguished letters." He got up and walked testily about the room, the dogs walking after him.

"But aren't you pleased?" Agatha got in front of him and placed her two small hands—she only takes a five and a half glove—in his, and looked up into his face.

He hesitated, then smiles irradiated his dear countenance, and with an "Of course I am, Agatha girl. I love Mike as much as if he were my own

To Radio Fans!

A drop of "3-IN-ONE" Oil on your detector-crystal keeps it sensitive and in good condition.

Fine for keeping the wood and metal work polished.



FREE BOTTLE!

We're Broadcasting Free Bottles! Write to Reid & Reid, P.O. Box 51, Wellington, and ask for a Free Sample Bottle. It'll mean better radio results.

"3-IN-ONE" OIL

The Handy Can is specially convenient and economical.





Have a beauty bath before going to bed

After the nightly wash which removes surface dirt only, have a beauty bath with Icilma Cream.

Rub it *freely* over the face, neck, shoulders, arms and hands and note how cleansed and refreshed your skin feels.

This is due to the wonderful skin-*tonic* Natural Water contained in Icilma Cream.

Now wipe off with a clean towel and smear on some more cream. While you sleep this foamy, fragrant, NON-GREASY cream will *beautify* your complexion and make your skin soft, smooth and supple.

Icilma Cream

Price - 2/6 per pot.

Manufactured by International Icilma Trading Co., Ltd., London, England. Agents for New Zealand: Salmond & Spraggon, Baker's Buildings, Featherston Street, Wellington.

Use it daily and look your best.

HARDY BROS. LTD.

The House of Exclusive Jewellery

13 Hunter Street SYDNEY 116-118 Queen Street BRISBANE 298-300 Collins Street MELBOURNE



Onyx and Diamond Double-End Brooch . . . £25
Jade, Onyx and Diamond Double-End Brooch. £42

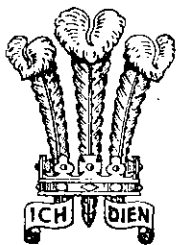
Fashionable Brooches

BEAUTIFULLY designed Brooches in the latest Paris and London styles give scope for an infinite variety of choice at Hardy Brothers' establishments in Australia's three Eastern Capitals.

The designs illustrated here are typical of an assortment which offers gems of finest quality mounted with an exquisite daintiness of workmanship and finish.

New Zealand Visitors to the Commonwealth should make a special point of inspecting Hardy's superb Displays.

BY
APPOINTMENT
TO



H.R.H.
THE PRINCE OF
WALES

Bite on to this



OUR teeth are worth all the thought and care you can give them.

You want to keep them as long as you can—your health and appearance demand it. So, to be safe, use Kolynos, whose virtues briefly are these:

Kolynos cleans thoroughly and efficiently.

Kolynos contains no grit, therefore does not injure the precious protective tooth enamel and—Kolynos is the sworn enemy to all germs of decay and disease that enter through the mouth. . . .

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

(Made in England)

Agents in New Zealand

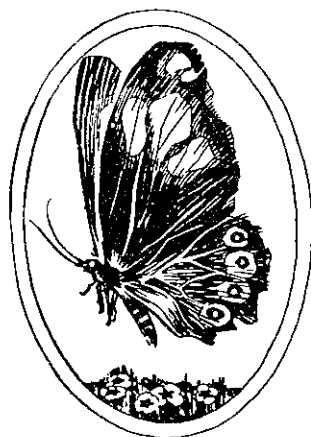
KEMPTHORNE PROSSER & CO.'S
NEW ZEALAND DRUG CO., LTD.

AUCKLAND
DUNEDIN

CHRISTCHURCH
WELLINGTON

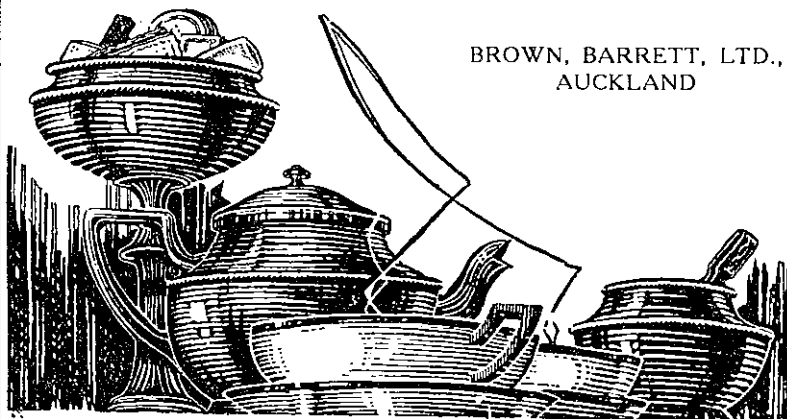
Butterfly TEA

Whether you take tea without sugar and milk - with sugar - with milk - with both - you'll enjoy "Butterfly" Flavour

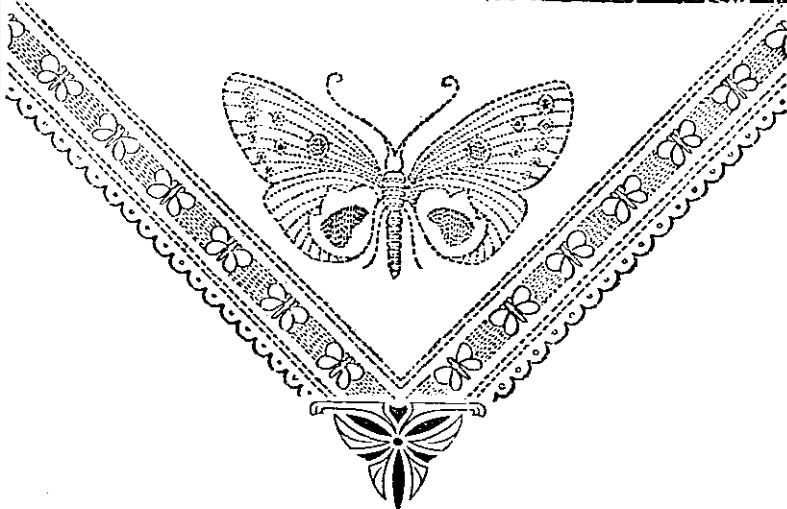


The perfect blend of fresh and fragrant young leaf

Write "Butterfly Tea" on your Groceries List



BROWN, BARRETT, LTD.,
AUCKLAND



son," he stooped and gave her a resounding kiss.

Agatha won the prize, and not I! I became engaged to Martin on a Thursday at four o'clock in the afternoon, Agatha to Mike at two o'clock of the same day. She beat me by a couple of hours, and I think I was more pleased than she.

When Uncle Tom handed a cheque to her for £1,000 we all clustered about her like bees, and hummed. Agatha! A thousand pounds! Mike! A rich husband! And she patched

nightgowns! One was rolled in a bundle in her arms now! She stood, a grey-clad modest figure, a smile on her sweet face, happiness in her eyes. "You don't mind, Peronelle?" she whispered.

"Mind!" I replied, as I nearly hugged the breath out of her body. "I mind nothing on earth now I've got Martin."

"I think," said she, "I hear him coming. Mike, too, will be here for dinner."

They came into the house together. (THE END.)

DESIGNING YOUR SHOES

Fashions in women's shoes now are quite as important as dress and millinery fashions, for since the arrival of the short skirt practically all women are well shod.

Before submitting his range of samples to the buyers a designer must carefully consider the following details:—1. What shape and length of toe will women prefer this summer—long and pointed, medium length and rounded, or short and stumpy? 2. What height of heel will be most fashionable, and also what shape—Cuban, Louis, or Württemberg? 3. The shapes of tabs, ornaments, and trimmings. 4. Will symmetrical curves and graceful lines or blunt and contrasting lines be the vogue?

All these things having been carefully considered, the designer gets his designs and patterns prepared, and usually has trial shoes made, seeing that all the operations incidental to the manufacture are carefully done.

When these shoes are finished a number of shoe experts usually meet and discuss them, suggesting alterations, modifications, and colours, until all are agreed as to what each sample shoe shall be in shape of toe, heel, design, and colour.

Then the designer gets out a complete range of samples ready for the travellers, who will place them before the buyers.

These buyers, being footwear experts and able to anticipate changes of fashion, may buy from only four or five samples out of a range of perhaps forty or fifty, the remainder, representing weeks—perhaps months—of careful study, then being worthless.

A successful designer of footwear must therefore be not only an artist in his designing, but also a thoroughly practical shoemaker, for no matter how carefully a shoe is designed, if it is not made and finished as the designer wishes, it is, in most cases, time and material wasted.

Delicious
Del Monte
Asparagus

Order Now
from
Hutchinsons'

Plump and juicy, DEL MONTE ASPARAGUS—unquestionably the finest obtainable—is a delicacy indeed. You can send to Hutchinsons' and secure some of this delightfully flavoured tender asparagus now—in midwinter, as in midsummer. For your guests and your family, you can prepare delectable asparagus dishes, by having Hutchinsons' send you DEL MONTE Asparagus—cultivated with consummate skill and care in the world's most fertile Asparagus beds.

Asparagus—De Luxe—DEL MONTE

New Season's shipments have just arrived and you may purchase now the freshest and best from any of the Hutchinsons' Depots. Mammoth, 3/9; Large White, 3/6; Large Tips, 3/6; Picnic Tips, 1/10; Small Tins Colton's Asparagus, 2/-.

DEL MONTE
APRICOTS
and PEACHES,
2/3 per tin.

Hutchinsons'
HUTCHINSON BROS LTD
AUCKLAND
LEADING GROCERS
WE SERVE YOU WELL

Seven Auckland
Depots

Queen Street
Khyber Pass Road
Strand Corner (Takapuna)
Great South Road (Tram Terminus)
Broadway (Newmarket)
Ponsonby Road
Milford

Become a Subscriber.
Fill up a Form
TO-DAY.

The "Mirror" Tells You How and Where to Shop.

Please pass this
copy on to your
friends.



Perfect Development

is shown by this photograph of
'Betty' who has been brought
up from birth entirely by the

'Allenburys'
Progressive System of Infant Feeding

During the first few months of her infancy she was given the 'Allenburys' Milk Food No. 1, which is practically identical with mother's milk at its best. At three months this was replaced by the 'Allenburys' Milk Food No. 2, which is essentially the same in composition as the No. 1 Food, but contains additional nutritive elements to promote healthy growth and development which take place rapidly at this stage. At six months of age when she was entering a new stage in her progress the 'Allenburys' Malted Food No. 3 was given. The next step was the 'Allenburys' Malted Rusks, which lead up to other forms of solid food.

A FREE OFFER

Upon receipt of a postcard mentioning Baby's age, Messrs. Sharland & Co. will be pleased to send you free of all charge, a sample of the 'Allenburys' Foods together with a copy of their book on 'Infant Feeding and Management.' The work has been compiled by a medical man, a specialist in all that concerns baby's welfare. The book is a veritable mine of valuable information; it deals exhaustively with the many doubts and difficulties which arise from day to day, the solution of which is necessary to ensure baby's health and future well-being.

Sharland & Co.

LORNE ST., AUCKLAND

OR

DIXON ST., WELLINGTON.



Engagement Rings

SEND FOR OUR

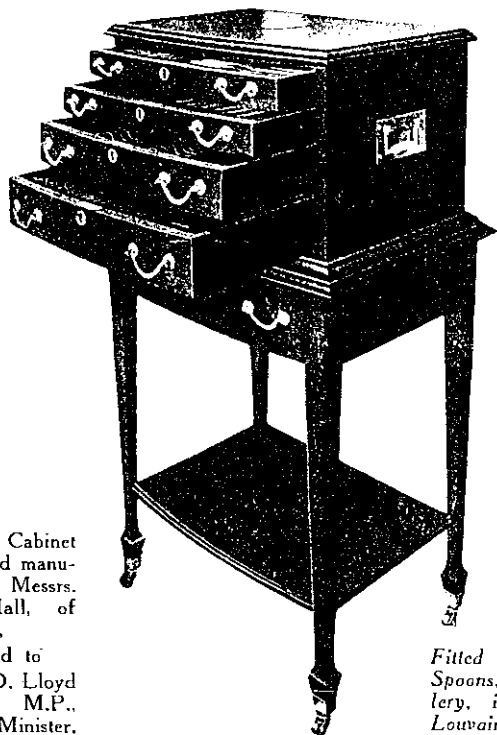
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

H. J. Grieve & Co.
Quality Jewellers
Queen St.

P.O. Box 446

Auckland.

Fumed Oak Cabinet on Stand



This beautiful Cabinet was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Walker & Hall, of Sheffield, and presented to The Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George, O.M., M.P., when Prime Minister, with the Freedom of the City of Sheffield.

Fitted with Solid Silver Spoons, Forks and Cutlery, in Old English, Louvain, Queen Anne and New Lily patterns. £210.

WE EXTEND A CORDIAL INVITATION TO VISIT OUR SHOWROOMS

WALKER & HALL

BRUNSWICK BUILDINGS, 170-174 QUEEN STREET,
AUCKLAND

WEDDINGS

Announcements are inserted under this heading at a minimum charge of 7/6 for seven lines, 3/6 for every subsequent three lines. Announcements should reach this office not later than the last day of the month preceding publication.

HOPKINS—CONSTANCE

A wedding was recently solemnised at the Congregational Church, Onehunga, the Rev. Frank Tucker officiating, when Miss Ada Ruth Constance, youngest daughter of Mrs. Charles and the late Captain Constance, married Mr. John Henry Hopkins, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hopkins, of St. Andrew's Road, Epsom.

MOULDER—MACKAY

A pretty wedding took place at Christ Church, Wanganui, when Miss Dorothy Joyce Mackay, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Mackay, of Wanganui, was married to Mr. Cecil O. Moulder, elder son of Mr. W. Moulder, of Nelson. The Rev. Archdeacon Reeve conducted the ceremony. (Photograph in this issue.)

SKERMAN—MARTIN

The wedding took place recently of Miss Jessie Martin, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Martin, of Huanarua, Martinborough, to Mr. Terence Skerman, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Skerman, of Pahiko, Otaki. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. Raine. (Photograph in this issue.)

COWPER—HUME

An interesting wedding was solemnised recently at St. Paul's Cathedral, Wellington, between Miss Nancy Rose Hume, only daughter of the late Mr. George Hume and Mrs. Hume, of the Lower Valley, Wairarapa, and Mr. Miro M. Cowper, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Cowper, of Dannevirke. The Ven. Archdeacon officiated. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. W. Hume. (Photograph in this issue.)

TOURELL—KNUDSON

A pretty wedding was celebrated lately at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, the contracting parties being Miss May Knudson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Knudson, of South Dunedin, and Mr. Alfred Tourell, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Tourell, of Caversham. The Rev. Father Tyler conducted the marriage ceremony.

YOUNG—HENDERSON

The marriage took place at St. John's Anglican Church, Northcote, Auckland, of Mr. W. G. Young, eldest son of Mr. Ernest Young, of Whangarei, and Miss Loveday Henderson, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Thomas Henderson, M.S.G., Auckland. The bridesmaid was Miss Clara Meadmore, and the best man Mr. Vincent A. Ryder. Following the ceremony, a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Northcote.

CONNELL—RAYMOND

A wedding of considerable local interest was held in London recently, when Audrey, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Raymond, late of Invercargill, was married to Mr. Charles Connell, of Glasgow. Many New Zealanders were present, including Lady and Miss Russell, Lady Hardwick, Mr. and Mrs. R. Mill, of the Bank of New Zealand, Mr. and Mrs. W. Young, of Dunedin, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, of Auckland, and Miss Peggy Wilson, who acted as one of the bridesmaids, Miss Rhonna Allen, and Mr. and Mrs. Leo Myers. Mr. Raymond, although at the time recovering from a serious illness, was able to be present at the ceremony. The bride and bridegroom spent their honeymoon motoring in the South of England.

Here is the new "Zealandia" patent leather and matt kid combination bar shoe with latest "cut outs."

This model has Louis heel and may be had with either Pump or machine sewn sole.

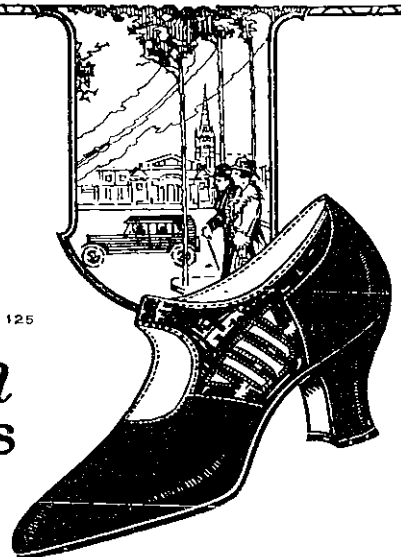
Your shoe store can supply this stylish shoe in practically any leathers you fancy.

125

Zealandia Boots & Shoes

Made by:

Skelton, Frostick & Co. Ltd.,
CHRISTCHURCH.



Become a Subscriber.
Fill up a Form
TO-DAY.

When Writing to Advertisers Please Mention the "Mirror."

Please pass this
copy on to your
friends.

ENGAGEMENTS

Announcements are inserted under this heading at a minimum charge of 7/6 for seven lines, 3/6 for every subsequent three lines. Announcements should reach this office not later than the last day of the month preceding publication.



Miss Esmée Merle le Decke, whose engagement to Mr. Charles Haselden has been recently announced.

Photo. by Hudson, Auckland.

The engagement is announced

Of Sybil Alexandra (Alex.), younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Montgomerie, of Taukoro, Makirikiri, Wanganui, to David Rayney Jackson, of Waverley, only son of Mr. E. Rayney Jackson, of Wanganui.

Of Jean Walton, youngest daughter of Mrs. Walton, Edinburgh, to Dr. R. L. A. Kitchen, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Kiteben.

Of Lorna Buckland, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Buckland, Somerset Street, Frankton, to Mr. A. P. Wylie, only son of Mrs. and the late Mr. J. Wylie, Herne Bay, Auckland.

Of Sara, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Paterson, Littlebourne, Dunedin, to Mr. W. A. Sims, B.Sc., of Wanganui.

Of Clare, third daughter of Mr. E. S. Dimond, Christchurch, to Captain D. Le E. Davies (late West Yorkshire Regiment), son of the Rev. D. and Mrs. Davies, St. Michael's and All Angels' Vicarage, Bradford, Yorkshire.

Of Mona, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Riehdale, to Mr. Thomas McNabb, third son of Captain and Mrs. McNabb, Domett Street, Port Ahuriri.

Of Nettie, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Cameron, Fitzroy, to Mr. C. H. Wynyard, New Plymouth.

EACH Rogers Piano is made with the same care as a fine violin. Expert craftsmanship, the choicest materials, and the utmost attention to detail, go to the making of every part. The result is an instrument of superlative quality that is a delight to the most fastidious pianist.



Insist on investigating the merits of the Rogers before making your final choice.



Chas. Begg & Co.
LIMITED
DUNEDIN
WELLINGTON
CHRISTCHURCH
OAMARU
TIMARU
INVERCARGILL
NELSON
LONDON


Auckland Agents—
JETHRO LOCK.
Gisborne—
E. CHRISP & SON.
Napier—
H. L. HARSTON & Co.
Hastings—
DONS, LTD.
Dannevirke—
E. H. A. WATTS.
Palmerston North—
A. J. BERRYMAN.
New Plymouth—
G. H. VINNICOMBE.
Wanganui—
J. UPTON.
Hawera—
E. DIXON & Co.
Masterton—
MCLEOD & YOUNG.
Morrinsville—
OATES & SANDS.
Te Kuiti—
MRS. M. T. CLARK.
Levin—
K. AITKEN.

"Begg's"

N.Z. Agents and Distributors for
ROGERS PIANOS

Become a
SUBSCRIBER

Your Annual Subscription costs you
only 13/-, including enlarged
December (Christmas)
number, price 2/-.



WRITE TO THE "MIRROR" TO-DAY

STAND PHONES: 519 & 3802 CUSTOMS ST. EAST



AMBROSE LEWIS
CLOSED CAR SERVICE

Weddings a Speciality

13 Glasgow Terrace Phone 2225A.

Become a Subscriber.
Fill up a Form
TO-DAY.

"Mirror" Goods are Fashion's Choice.

Please pass this
copy on to your
friends.

La Parisienne

(Mrs. Didsbury)

Ladies are invited to inspect the latest importations of exquisite **GOWNS** and **FROCKS** in new and exclusive designs.



La Parisienne

212 Lambton Quay
WELLINGTON

(opp. Kirkcaldie & Stains)



BEAUTY HINTS

ABOUT FACE POWDERS AND "MAKE-UP"

IF "make-up" must be resorted to—no matter how slightly—the skin should be especially prepared before it is added.

It is useless to try to apply "make-up" on a rough, blotchy skin hoping that the powder will conceal any defects, and the woman who wishes to aid Nature, whether under artificial or day light, must be careful to keep her skin as soft and smooth as possible, so that it may form a good foundation for whatever powder or cream she may use. She must consider her colouring carefully, for the shade of powder which would suit an ash blonde would spoil the appearance of a brunette, and there are nowadays so many shades available that every woman can find one to suit her own colouring. Besides the white, cream, and pink powders which are familiar to us all there are two comparatively new shades which have been tried with such success in Paris that they are now being used in London—pale mauve and faint green, the latter being particularly suited to very fair women and the former to brunettes.

Before applying powder a little good cream should be rubbed into the face, neck and shoulders, and the skin wiped with a silk handkerchief to remove any superfluous cream. The powder should then be dusted on, left for a few minutes, and then rubbed lightly over with a piece of chamois leather.

Some Parisiennes who use these new powders darken their eye-lashes and add a faint "shadow" round the eyes. With green powder they use black cosmetic for shading their eyes and touching up the eyelashes, while with mauve powder they put dark blue shadows around the eyes and black or very dark brown for touching up the eyelashes and eyebrows.

For Pale Skins

Girls with black hair and a pale skin use white powder under artificial light, with royal blue shadows under their eyes and scarlet lip salve. This shade of blue, when rubbed into the skin with the finger, tones down to violet.

When applying a liquid powder be careful to rub it thoroughly in, so that it produces a soft, velvety appearance.

After applying "make-up" to the eyelashes take a soft clean brush and brush the eyelash upwards, with the eyes closed, to prevent the lashes from sticking together. This is most important when a liquid darkener has been used.

The eyebrows must be kept well brushed, and, by persistent care, can be pinched into graceful lines. A heavy eyebrow can be trained with very little effort. The brush should be small and rather stiff and firm. It will at once cleanse and invigorate.

Sage tea, with a few drops of alcohol added, will darken the eyebrows without injury. Coconut oil makes an excellent tonic to increase the growth.

Cocoa-butter is excellent for massaging a dry skin. So is lanoline, and it is more easily absorbed.

Many doctors maintain that uric acid is a deadly enemy to beauty, and that meat should therefore be eaten not oftener than once a day.

Keep your hair alive and, no matter what the colour, it will be beautiful if healthy; brush it nightly; massage the scalp (or use an electric vibrator), and once in a while, should your hair appear dull and lifeless, apply a good tonic.

A lip-stick is a most handy adjunct to every woman. It is a toilet necessary of great importance, though, of course, it should never be used in public, despite the example that so many women are setting.

BEAUTY COLLECTION

CUTTINGS FROM BEAUTY ARTICLES.

THE CREAM OF MODERN BEAUTY ADVICE.

REMOVING BAD COMPLEXIONS.

Cosmetics can never really help a poor complexion; often they are positively harmful. The sensible, rational way is to actually remove the thin veil of stifling, half-dead scarf skin from the face, and give the fresh, vigorous, and beautiful young skin *underneath* a chance to show itself and to breathe.

This is best done in a very simple way, by merely applying mercolised wax at night, like cold cream, and washing it off in the morning. It absorbs the disfiguring cuticle gradually and harmlessly, leaving a brilliant natural complexion. Of course, this also takes with it all such facial blemishes as red blotches, tan, moth patches, sallowness, liver spots, etc.

The new skin is usually several degrees lighter, and finer in texture.

TO KILL HAIR ROOTS.

Women annoyed with disfiguring growths of superfluous hair wish to know not merely how to temporarily remove the hair, but how to kill the roots permanently. For this purpose pure powdered pheninol may be applied directly to the objectionable hair growth. The recommended treatment is designed not only to instantly remove the hair, but also to actually kill the roots, so that the growth will not return. About an ounce of pheninol should be sufficient.

HOW TO HAVE THICK AND PRETTY HAIR.

Soaps and artificial shampoos ruin many beautiful heads of hair. Few people know that a teaspoonful of good stallax dissolved in a cup of hot water has a natural affinity for the hair, and makes the most delightful shampoo imaginable. It leaves the hair brilliant, soft and wavy, cleanses the scalp completely and greatly stimulates the hair growth. The only drawback is that stallax seems rather expensive. It comes to the chemist only in sealed ½-lb. packages. However, this is sufficient for twenty-five or thirty shampoos, and it really works out very cheaply in the end.

Dry Cleaning and Dyeing

Ring 'Phone 1741
or 1483 A.

and our van will call for your order.

Our Speciality

MEN'S SUITS

Cleaned and Pressed 7/6

MEN'S HATS

Cleaned and Blocked 2/6

COSTUMES

Cleaned and Pressed 7/6

PORTER'S DYE WORKS

Tabernacle Buildings
Karangahape Road
AUCKLAND

BEAUTY!

A COMPLEXION SECRET.

USE Galasborough's 1924 Face Cream.
Fosters fine skin texture. Gives youth's bloom. Non-greasy. Vanishes instantly.

Send 2/6 for Sample Jar to
BOX 595, WELLINGTON

HIGH-CLASS HAIR WORK

Transformations, Partings, Toupets.
Switches, Doll's Wigs, etc.
Faded hair work tinted or renovated

MISS HANSEN

Phone 3012 A 55 City Chambers, Auckland

BAD LEGS

are cured rapidly and painlessly by

VAREX

"Varex" cures the worst varicose ulcer permanently—it heals with SKIN, not scab.
Write for particulars of Varex to ERNEST HEALEY, Chemist, Foxton, N.Z., or call on Sydney Agent, Nurse Vane-Wallace, 76a Oxford Street.

ELSIE M. FELL

MARCEL WAVING A SPECIALITY

From the Clifton Toilet Salon,
LONDON W.

55 Courtenay Place

'Phone 20-323

Wellington

Orange Lily

For weakly women to obtain
Health, Vigour and Vivacity.

Inecto

The well-known HAIR DYE
for Grey Hair.

Madame Yale's

Unsurpassed Toilet Specialties
for young & old, weak & strong.

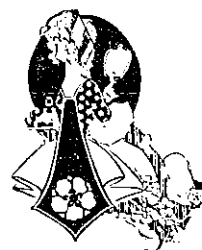
All procurable at

DEWAR'S,

5 Strand Arcade - Auckland.



The LADIES' MIRROR MOTORING SUPPLEMENT

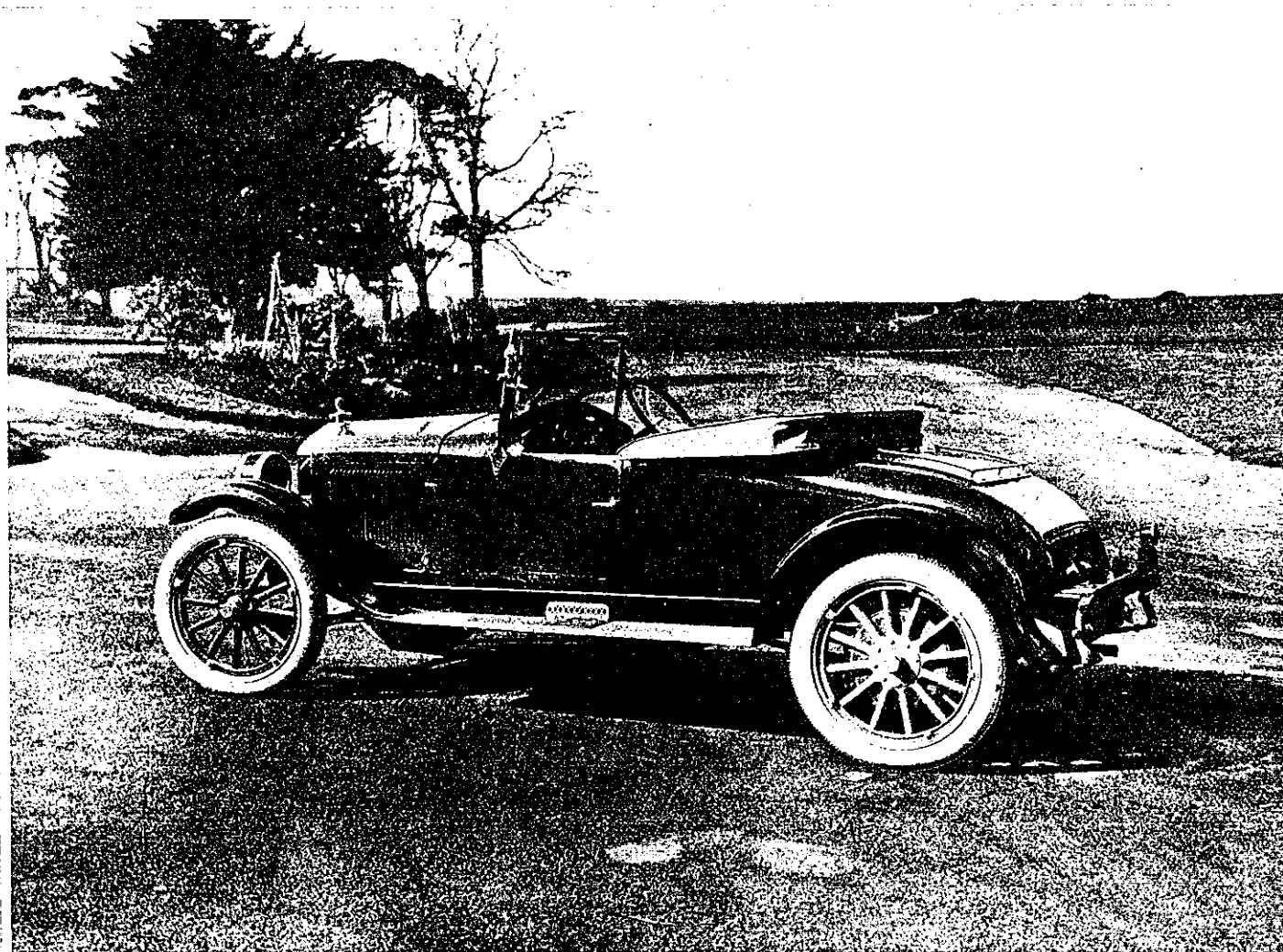


DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CAR
OWNER AND THE PROSPECTIVE CAR OWNER

Incorporated in
"The LADIES'
MIRROR," the
Home Journal of
New Zealand.

SEPTEMBER, 1924

HEUDSON



CARS LIMITED

LATE
PULLAN, ARMITAGE LTD.

Our Policy—Efficient Service

A RECONSTRUCTED ORGANISATION WITH A DIFFERENT
CONTROL AND AN ENTIRELY NEW MANAGEMENT

Telephones: 124 Office & Sales Department, Albert St.
1760 Factory, Federal St.
P.O. BOX 1231

Telegraphic and Cable Address: "HECAR"
Codes: ABC 5th Edition and Bentley's

DURANT PRODUCTS

RUGBY

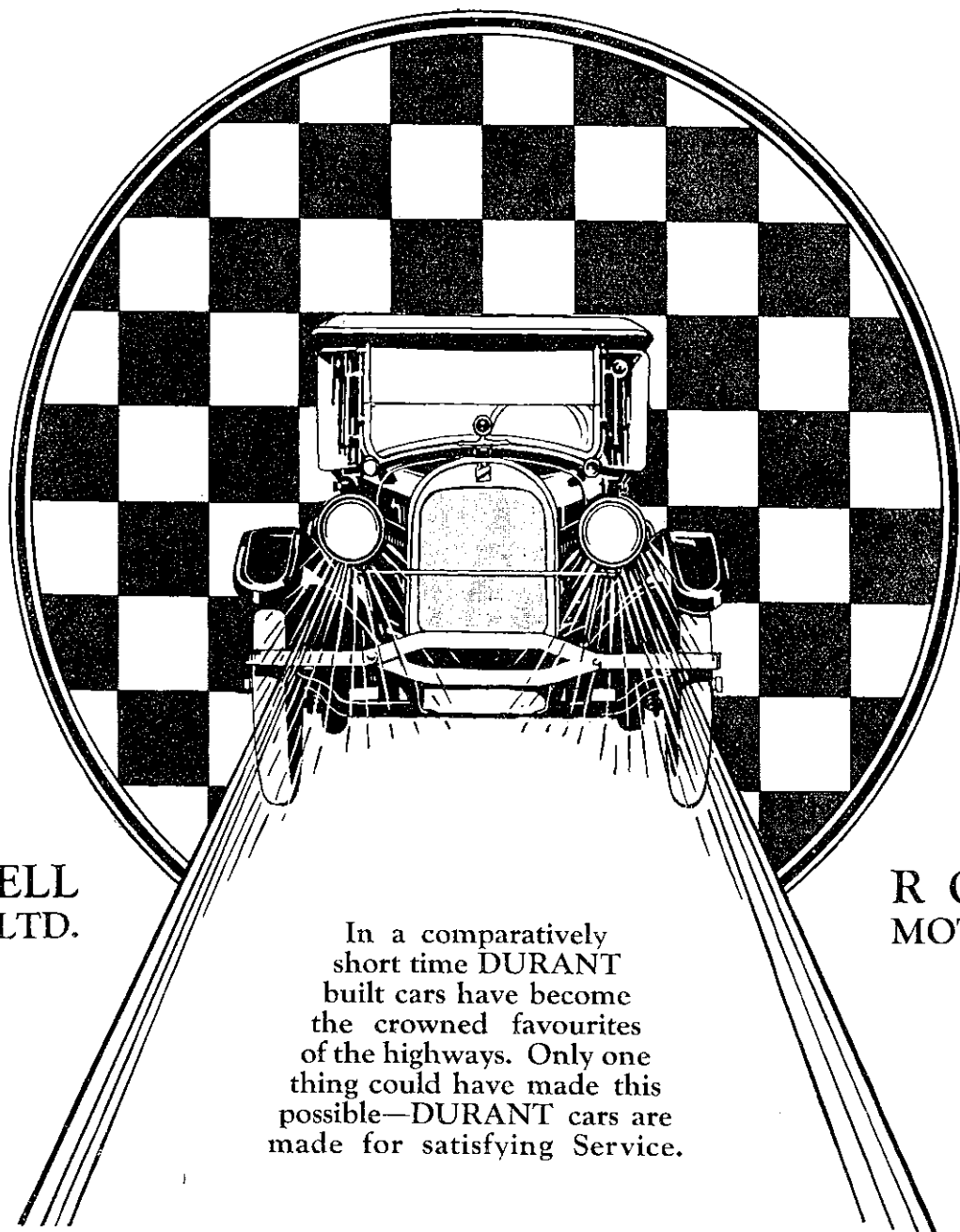
The Universal Economy Car.
A wonderful car for the money

DURANT

Outstanding in its Class.
Power, Strength and Durability

FLINT

W. C. Durant says, "When anything
is perfect, it is good enough—The
Flint is perfect"



NORTH ISLAND
DISTRIBUTORS

**CAMPBELL
MOTORS LTD.**
AUCKLAND

SOUTH ISLAND
DISTRIBUTORS

**R O Y D S
MOTORS LTD.**
CHRISTCHURCH

In a comparatively
short time DURANT
built cars have become
the crowned favourites
of the highways. Only one
thing could have made this
possible—DURANT cars are
made for satisfying Service.



AGENTS :

WHANGAREI - Northern Bus Co.
AUCKLAND - Holliday Motors
HAMILTON - A. J. Grant
TAURANGA - M. P. Munro
GISBORNE - Redstone & Sons
NAPIER - H. C. Franklin

NEW PLYMOUTH - Stainton & Co.
WANGANUI - A. P. London & Co.
WELLINGTON - Lambton Garage
ASHBURTON - Page Motors Ltd.
TIMARU - F. R. Dennison & Co.
OAMARU - Carter Rhodes Pty. Ltd.

DUNEDIN - Carter Rhodes Pty. Ltd.
GORE - Cormack & Pettigrew
INVERCARGILL - H. Mason
GREYMOUTH - T. B. Baty
WESTPORT - R. H. Betts
and in many of the smaller towns

*A Beautiful New Zealand Stream.*

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A CAUSERIE ON MOTORING MATTERS

MATTERS motoring at the time of writing boil themselves down to the dismal subject of taxation, and the equally dismal subject of the state of the roads. The long-promised Motor Vehicles Bill contains few surprises, and is not greatly changed from what it was on its former appearance in 1921, though when one compares the two editions it is noticeable that a number of minor changes have been made, and in nearly every case, alas, imposing additional obligations on car owners, such, for example, as that queer provision requiring us to report at the nearest police station after an accident—apropos of which I notice it has been satirically pointed out that on no other class of criminals is this duty imposed: all the others can wait to be fetched!

What all motordom was anxiously awaiting was information as to the amount of the annual motor tax. Originally the Government proposed £5 per annum per private car. The South Island motor associations, being quite satisfied with their roads as they are, were violently indignant, wanted no tax at all, and contended that the 25 per cent. tyre duty was ample taxation for good roads. The North Island suggested £3, and, though the South at first refused to budge beyond £1, a united stand was eventually taken on the modest figure of £2, the amount now appearing in the schedule of the Bill. Our chief tax, of course, is the tyre duty which we have been paying for over two years past, and a shockingly expensive way it is of raising money when you come to think about it. The importer adds the 25 per cent. duty on to the landed cost of a tyre, and then puts on, say, a 20 per cent. profit on to the whole. The retailer next adds, say, another 20 per cent. profit. The net result is that we pay on a £5 tyre about 25s. on account of tyre tax plus trade profits, whereas all that reaches the Highways Board to spend on good roads is about 12s. 6d. There ought to be a better way of doing things than this.

So much for the Motor Bill. As for the state of the roads, first and foremost we have the Manawatu Gorge (at present advice) indefinitely blocked. It seems that

in the splendiferous improvement scheme in the Gorge (and a fine road it will eventually provide) they started cutting back the mountain side, and travellers return with tales of the whole Taranaki Range being ever since on the move. Anyway, one gathers that the engineers are encouraging everything that is likely ever to move to come down now and make a job of it. On the main Wellington-Taranaki-Auckland route there is the usual winter morass between Tongaporutu and Awakino. Last year the impassable winter gap was 27 miles in length, but this year it is only 14 miles, thanks to the fine new metalled surface in the Awakino Valley. Next winter, with luck, one may be able to motor right through to Auckland on a good hard road.

The only winter route through the Island at present open is that via Napier, Taupo, Putaruru and Hamilton, and this has an exceedingly sticky stretch between Atiamuri and Putaruru, and also, of course, the fearsome Rangiriri Hills. The Wellington-New Plymouth and Wellington-Napier roads are both in fair winter state, the worst portions being probably in the vicinity of Wellington, loud complaints arising as to the execrable condition of the road from Wellington to Paekakariki.



New cars continue to be in great evidence, and to a patriotic Britisher it is pleasing to note a sprinkling of English-made vehicles among the newcomers on the road. It cannot be said that the British manufacturer, however, is going to any particular pains either to push his wares (with a rare exception or two) or to provide us with a car built with any special regard to our conditions. The small car is all the vogue in Britain nowadays, and excellent little vehicles the best of these are, with remarkable efficiency and economy. For our conditions, however, most of them could, with advantage, have their springing strengthened.

The taste for the closed car develops, and recent price reductions are greatly increasing the number of these on the road. The closed car is undoubtedly an attractive proposition for town work, and makes a strong appeal to the ladies by reason of the comfort, not to say luxury, of its interior. In buying a car, however, it is the "innards" that take one there and bring one home again, and when price is a consideration mere man in selecting a car would be wise not to allow his better half's predilections in the way of upholstery to warp his judgment unduly. Apropos of closed cars, it is very noticeable that the great majority of touring cars encountered nowadays appear to be almost invariably run by their owners with the hood up, irrespective of the weather. This scribe's own taste is for all the air and sunshine that is going, but there is no doubt one absorbs with it much dust in summer and mud in winter, and indications are that the car with no hood up will ere long be as rare a bird among motors as the member of the hatless brigade is among pedestrians.

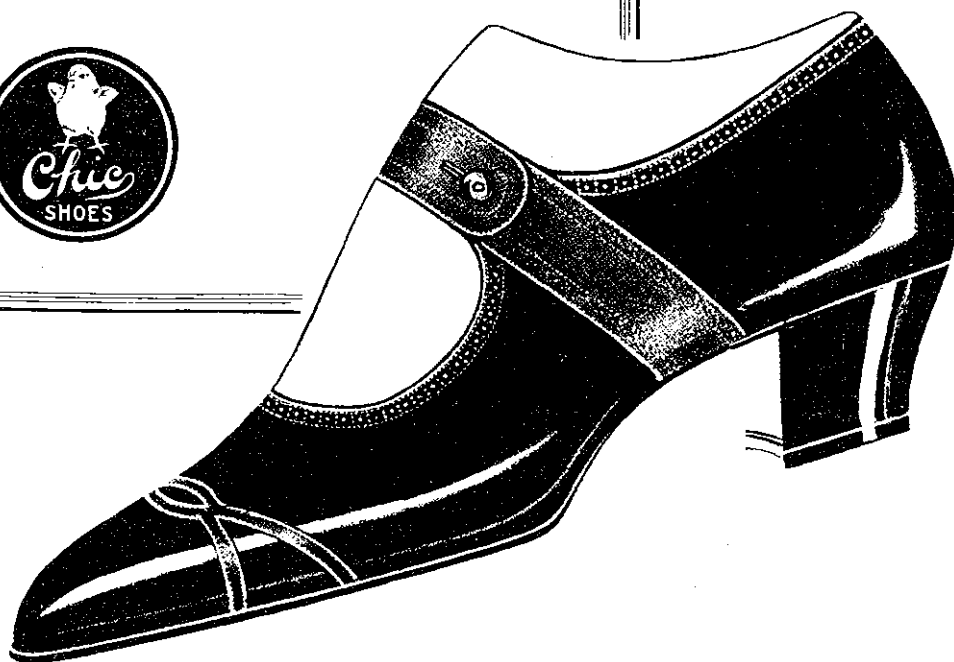
The move inaugurated by the Wellington Automobile Club for securing the services of a first-class man as organising secretary and executive officer for the North Island Union is thoroughly sound. It is high time that motorists took effective steps to keep their end up, and there is no doubt they could secure many benefits for themselves by combination. A New Zealand engineer lately in the United States has come back singing the praises

Chic Shoes

"ALL THAT THE NAME IMPLIES"

"CHIC" Shoes are carefully designed to meet the demand for ladies' fashion footwear, and they may be worn with every assurance that their smartness is combined with good quality.

Whether for Promenade or Evening Wear, distinctive and good-fitting shoes are assured when you ask for "CHIC."



Ask to be shown the new
"CHIC" Models—Moderately
priced at leading stores.

"CHIC" Shoe Models cover a wide variety of styles in all the fashionable leathers and fabrics, with Louis or Cuban Heels, and introducing the latest notes in strap effects.

MADE IN ENGLAND BY SEXTON SON & EVERARD LTD.



Reflecting the desire of every woman's heart.

TO the uninitiated the tiled roof immediately suggests expense. Probably the reason is that it is unusual to get value without paying in full for it. We want it widely known that a WINSTONE TILED ROOF costs little more than iron, and the advantages of a tiled roof need little explaining. Artistic, everlasting, no upkeep, warm in winter, cool in summer, noiseless in wind and storm, they give the home that refined, comfortable and distinctive appearance so lacking in the old style roof.

WINSTONE'S Tiles

WINSTONE LTD.—Roofing, Tile and Brick Manufacturers, 69-77 Queen Street, Auckland; 324 Lambton Quay, Wellington; & Taumarunui.

of the Automobile Association of South California. This possesses 80,000 members, and has some 650 employees. It has a staff of highly-paid engineers watching every development affecting motorists, and supplying local bodies with expert reports on road matters, a branch of activity of the utmost benefit to motorists, who gain greatly by every stimulus given to road improvement work. We cannot work on this huge scale in New Zealand yet awhile, but we can do much more than at present.

Talking with a well-known motor importer the other day, he told me he never used lubricant on the springs of his car, nor did he enclose them in gaiters. Before he started using the car he had had the springs taken down and a strip of zinc put between each of the leaves. This, he said, stopped the leaves from rusting

together in a way that applications of grease never really did, and he contended that he got the fullest possible sliding action of the springs, and avoided altogether any mess of grease, or need for unsightly baggy gaiters. The only thing that is not apparent is how it is that, if this treatment of the springs has all these virtues, no maker has adopted it as standard. It would appear to be fairly expensive to insert zinc slips through a set of springs, but the motorist in question was most positive as to the advantages, and he is one of the oldest hands on the road in the Dominion. Perhaps some reader can tell us where the catch is?

Mascots for motors being so much in demand with a view to giving one's car an individuality of its own, it is surprising how few people bestow names upon their cars. Every motor launch has a

name of its own, and a car surely has as much individuality as a launch. In France, it is said, nearly everybody christens his or her car. The writer knows of one trusty little two-seater which answers to the name of "Ginger," being short for "Frisky Ginger," a soubriquet earned partly on account of its colour, and partly on account of the unusual "pep" in its inside. To its owner "Ginger" seems to be as much a pal as a dog could ever be, and one wonders whether these intimate personal relations between car and owner could ever have been established had it remained simply that nondescript entity, "the bus." There are disadvantages. This owner confessed that he put "Ginger" on a dealer's list for sale, but it felt like treachery parting with his old pal for filthy lucre, and he sneaked down next day and withdrew it from sale!

SANCIO.



Cornwall Park, Auckland.

Photo. by courtesy of "The Municipal Record."

AUCKLAND AS A MOTORING CENTRE

POSSIBILITIES OF THE "QUEEN CITY"
THE NEED FOR BETTER ROADS

"Summer is women in," and the thoughts of every motorist are turning towards those happy months when the countryside is his kingdom: when roads cease to be mud-pools and become traversable, and when he and his family may reap the full benefit from the car.

Many, however, are the car owners who, from lack of knowledge of local roads and conditions, do not obtain all the pleasure that their car is ready to give them, and the dread of unpleasant adventure deters all but the boldest from venturing on fresh roads and districts new. The number of people who know the country well and are able to jot down a series of tours or even short trips without the aid of a map and much anxious inquiry is but few, and, with this in mind, we are publishing from month to month descriptions and maps of trips and tours suitable to the season, around various centres, which we believe will prove a boon to the ordinary car-owner.

Of all towns in New Zealand, Auckland can probably claim to be in the possession of the most varied scenic beauty within a



At the top of Titirangi.

short half-day's trip from the centre of the city, but, unfortunately, the motorist is handicapped by the fact that the roads to some of the most enticing beauty spots are impassable except after a spell of fine, dry weather. To give the Auckland

motorist a comprehensive map showing all the main roads, and describing how to reach the many delectable beaches and lovely countryside within easy radius would appear to be easy, and such a map would appear to be of great use. Its usefulness, however, would be negated by the fact that to attempt many of the roads shown would be simply asking for disaster. We have, therefore, included in the map on the opposite page three trips that are at present available—probably these will be known to many, but to an equally large number they will be new. As the season advances, so will the scope of the motorist, and we shall publish further maps of this nature, giving more extended itineraries, with full descriptions of what to see and the facilities available.

The motorist must not expect, as yet, even on the trips shown, roads that permit of speeding—careful driving is always necessary, but the enjoyment to be derived will outweigh the disadvantages, and later, when the clay roads become available, the number of excursions open to him will be very considerably augmented.



Tour No. 3

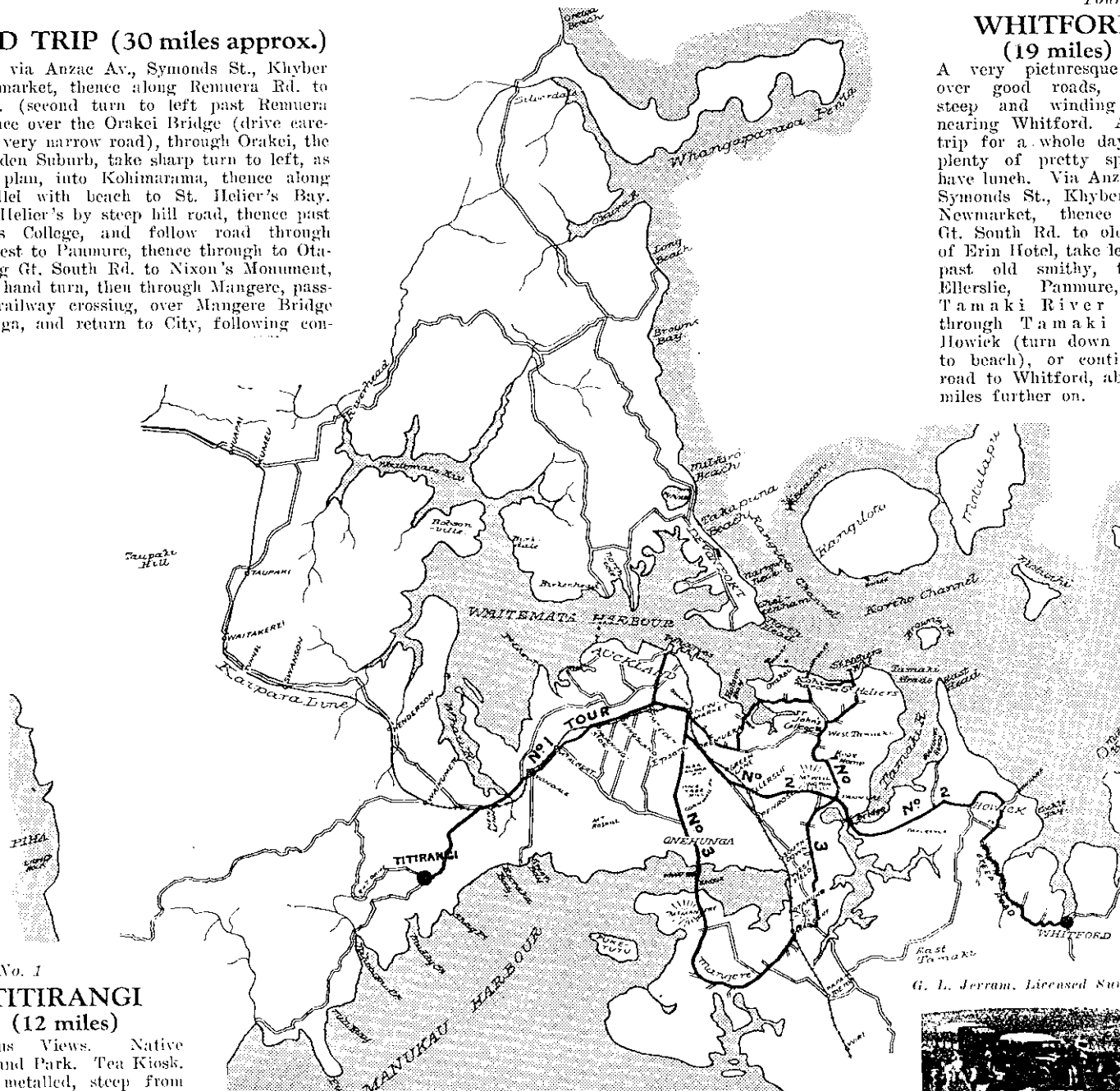
ROUND TRIP (30 miles approx.)

Leave City via Anzac Av., Symonds St., Khyber Pass, Newmarket, thence along Remuera Rd. to Orakei Rd. (second turn to left past Remuera P.O.), thence over the Orakei Bridge (drive carefully here, very narrow road), through Orakei, the future Garden Suburb, take sharp turn to left, as shown on plan, into Kohimarama, thence along road parallel with beach to St. Helier's Bay. Leave St. Helier's by steep hill road, thence past St. John's College, and follow road through Tamaki West to Paumotu, thence through to Otahuhu, along Gt. South Rd. to Nixon's Monument, take right hand turn, then through Mangere, passing over railway crossing, over Mangere Bridge to Onehunga, and return to City, following concrete road.

Tour No. 2

WHITFORD (19 miles)

A very picturesque drive over good roads, though steep and winding when nearing Whitford. A good trip for a whole day, with plenty of pretty spots to have lunch. Via Anzac Av., Symonds St., Khyber Pass, Newmarket, thence along Gt. South Rd. to old Harp of Erin Hotel, take left turn past old smithy, through Ellerslie, Paumotu, over Tamaki River Bridge, through Tamaki East, Howick (turn down if time to beach), or continue on road to Whitford, about six miles further on.



Tour No. 1

TITIRANGI (12 miles)

Glorious Views. Native Bush and Park. Tea Kiosk. Road metalled, steep from New Lynn, very rough. Leave Auckland G.P.O. via Anzac Avenue, Symonds St., New North Rd., passing through Eden Terrace, Kingsland, Mt. Albert, Avondale. Beware railway crossing, New Lynn.



In the Titirangis (Tour No. 1).



Mangere Bridge (Tour No. 3).



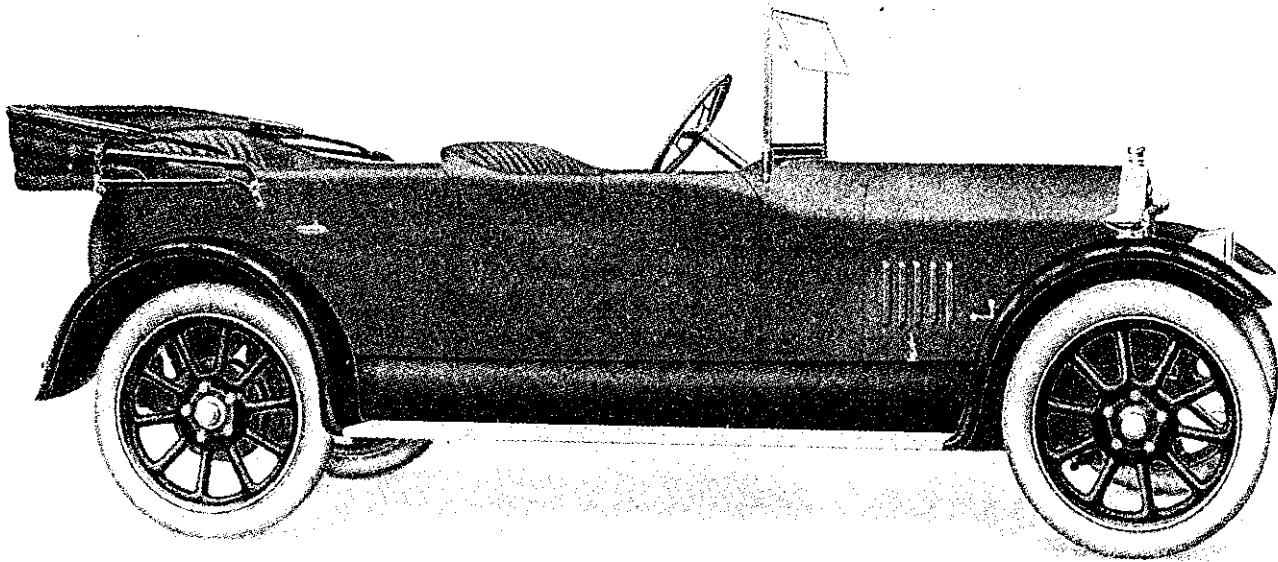
Buckland's (Tour No. 2).

G. L. Jerram, Licensed Surveyor.

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 itineraries marked on plan in heavy line, all cross roads shown in double lines.

A Real Touring Car

The
"WOLSELEY"
FOURTEEN



The Wolseley Fourteen is a full-sized touring car—roomy, comfortable and fully equipped with every necessary requirement. It gives a really first-class road performance, being particularly good on hills, and at the same time is very economical to run. At £575 it undoubtedly represents the best value yet offered in a modern touring car.

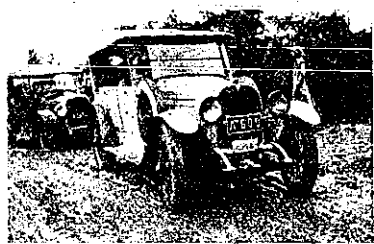
The equipment includes: Electric starting and lighting (5 lamps), 815 x 105 mm. Dunlop cord tyres, spare wheel and tyre, all-weather curtains, speedometer, clock, valances, spring gaiters, electric horn, foot rest, etc.

Price - £575

AUCKLAND AGENT:

G. W. SPRAGG

Showrooms: AUCKLAND GARAGE
corner Lorne and Rutland Streets



Two Views on the Renaults.

Photos. by courtesy of Aard Service.

THE WOMAN AND THE CAR

THE VOGUE OF THE LIGHT CAR—THE EVER-INCREASING KINGDOM OF MOTORDOM—THE SELF-STARTER—WOMAN'S FRIEND IN NEED—CARS DESIGNED FOR WOMEN—OVERSIZE TYRES—CARRYING GOLF CLUBS

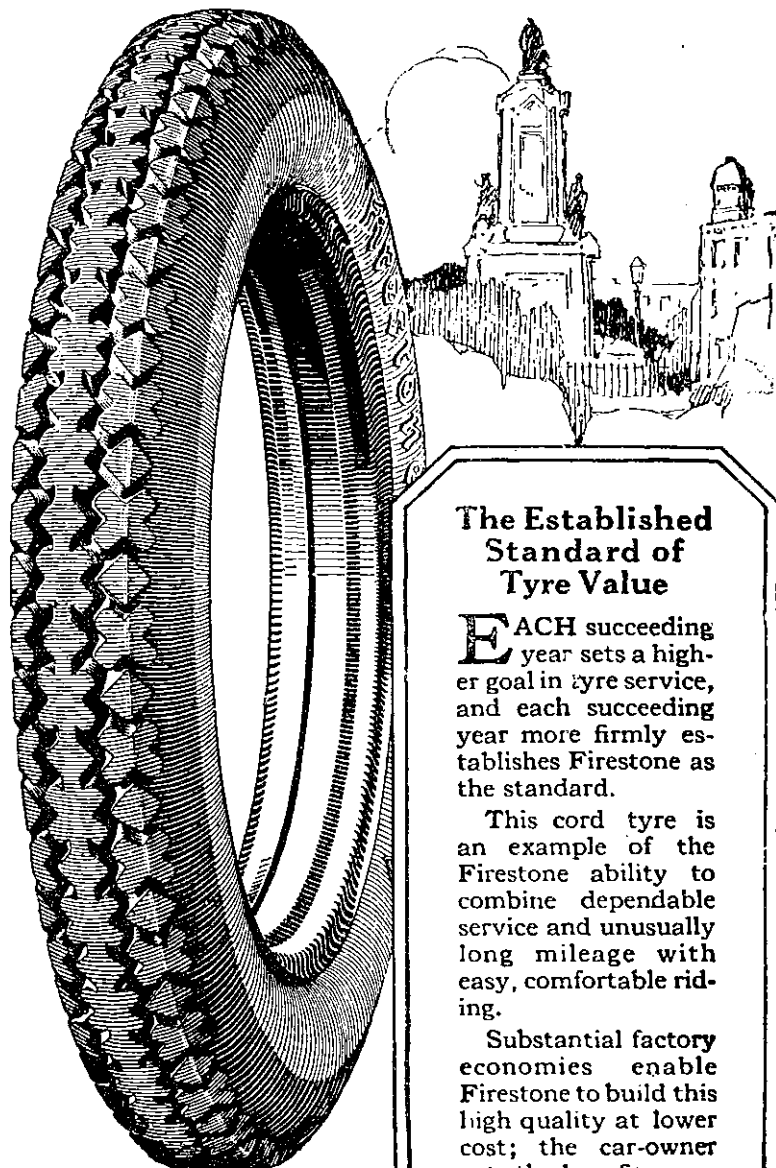
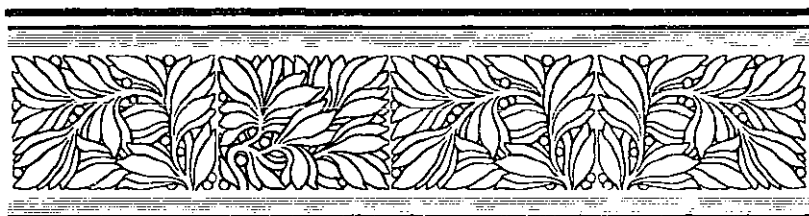
GENERALLY it is not surprising to hear that, despite a certain depression in business affairs, a great motoring season is expected. No doubt a certain number of owners have discovered that they cannot run powerful and costly cars, but it is too often forgotten that a small car makes but a moderate demand upon the purse, while the fascinations of the pastime are so well understood that many will forego actual necessities to enjoy them. Particularly have women discovered how much happiness and freedom is represented by the possession of a good "two-seater," and I am not surprised to hear that the makers of smaller models varying in price between £250 and £500 receive most of their inquiries nowadays from would-be women motorists. These little cars make but a rare call upon the mechanical ingenuity of their owners, and a great deal of pleasure at a relatively small cost can be obtained by their manipulation. They open the "far horizon" as surely as does a carriage of fifty horse-power, and it is even possible that those who drive them derive more gratification from the pursuit than others who boast of more splendid possessions.

Physical Strength and the Car

Apropos this multiplication of women amateurs at the wheels of little cars, we note an article in a contemporary which deplores the purely physical development which often attends the pursuit of games in our day. Women golfers, says the writer, women who play lawn tennis, who ride astride, who motor—all are "masculinised" in a way that is deplorable. Monstrous muscles, over-developed figures and unnatural enlargement of the limbs are the marks of a race no longer feminine, but wearing, as Sergeant Buzzfuzz would have said, "the shape and aspect of a man." Whatever be the truth of the contention where the active sports are in question—and that we have no intention to discuss—it is quite certain that unusual physical strength is not necessary to the woman motorist, and that many of the cleverest drivers have been physically among the frailest. Especially is this the case since every car worth its name has been fitted with a self-starter and there is no longer need to go out into the roadway to set the engine going. In the bad old days, when we had to traipse in the mud and often to swing a starting handle, which needed a man's strength to turn it at all, the possession of a car of any considerable horse-power was useless to a woman. Happily, all this kind of thing has gone into the ewigkeit, and nowadays starting presents no terrors.

No Heavy Controls for Women

When a woman goes to buy a small car, she should stipulate for a trial, during which she may learn the extent of the claim it will make upon her physical strength. She needs especially to be sure that the gear levers operate smoothly, and that no tricks, requiring a certain amount of force, have to be performed to change from one speed to another. This may not trouble us on short town runs, possibly, but we shall find it exceedingly wearing upon a long day's run, and a car so defaulting can never be a pleasure to its owner. Similarly, it is absurd for a woman to have to drive a machine fitted with monstrously heavy pedals and a clutch mechanism which requires real strength to depress. These faults are characteristic of certain small models of the day, and they are serious enough to render such types taboo. A woman needs everything to be as light and easy as it can be made with safety, and while there is no comfort in a little pedal *per se*, the large flat variety may properly require but a slight effort to depress them, while the gears should always be so fitted that mere strength has nothing to do with their manipulation.



The Established Standard of Tyre Value

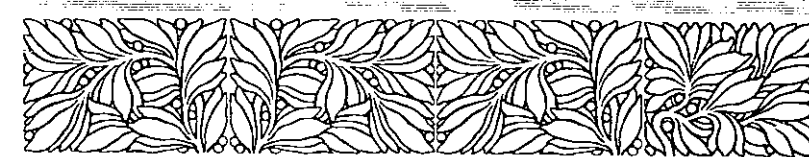
EACH succeeding year sets a higher goal in tyre service, and each succeeding year more firmly establishes Firestone as the standard.

This cord tyre is an example of the Firestone ability to combine dependable service and unusually long mileage with easy, comfortable riding.

Substantial factory economies enable Firestone to build this high quality at lower cost; the car-owner gets the benefit.

Most Miles per Shilling

Firestone



See Page 33 for

SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

The Car Built for Women

There was a great deal of talk at the end of last year about the possibility of a car designed and built by some enterprising firm especially for woman's use. Unfortunately, we have heard little of it lately, and it would seem that the majority of manufacturers has the mere male in its eye, whatever the class of car it is building. This would not matter so much if men were at the pains to make the driving-seat adjustable, but when it is not adjustable a woman must resort to cushions and other undesirable contrivances to get any kind of comfort at all. In other respects, also, we see this masculine bias, especially where the small car is concerned, and while it is true that the interiors of the larger saloons and cabriolets are often luxurious enough, the smaller models appear to be built largely for "sportsmen" and those who pretend to despise the little adornments which help a woman upon a journey. All of which seems to say that a fortune awaits the man who will build a coupé wholly for woman's use and will remember her limitations and her needs from the beginning.

Large Tyres on Small Chassis

While we are talking of those cars which are owned and driven by women, it is impossible to forget the important subject of covers and tubes. Many a season's motoring has been ruined by a car which is under-tyred, and we are acquainted with no outlay which is so well repaid as that upon covers large enough to carry without risk of frequent bursts and punctures the chassis we decide upon. We are of the opinion that an owner is nearly always right in fitting to her chassis a cover one size larger than the makers recommend. The comfort ensured is quite remarkable, and the freedom from worry more than worth the slight extra cost entailed. All, indeed, who suffer from tyre troubles should think first of this obvious remedy.

Golf Clubs on Cars

Very many women are motoring to the links just now, and some of them find the storage of their golf clubs not a little troublesome. One word of caution is wisely uttered, and it refers to the practice of strapping the clubs flat upon the luggage platform at the rear of the "two-seater." This is an unwise thing to do, for we have known instances where the clubs have been shaken on to the high road one by one—and even the whole bagful left behind. If clubs are to be carried on a luggage grid the straps of their own bags should be used, and the bags themselves should always possess a hood, which can be firmly strapped down to ensure that the precious implements of inefficiency are not scattered upon the whole high road.

AN EDITORIAL NOTE

Convention demands that a new publication must needs apologise for its appearance, but in the case of THE LADIES' MIRROR Motoring Supplement our apologies need not be of great profuseness.

THE LADIES' MIRROR has, in the short space of two years, established itself as the Home Journal of New Zealand—and though we have not yet reached that desirable stage which is being rapidly attained in America, where the equipment of every real home will include a car as naturally as it now includes a cooking stove, the convenience and health and pleasure giving properties that the possession of a car yields are being more and more appreciated.

Therefore a Supplement that avowedly states as its *raison d'être* the object of giving to present and future car owners information that will enable them to extract the greatest amount of benefit from their possession should have no fears for its popularity.

It is not our intention to make the Supplement a technical treatise on motor mechanics, nor do we intend it to be a newspaper recording the internal affairs of the motor trade. Our idea is to keep motorists acquainted with current affairs as they affect the owner, to publish descriptions of suitable tours and trips that the state of the roads allows the ordinary motorist to undertake without braving perils that would have daunted our early, hardy pioneers, and to describe and illustrate the yet but too little known beauty spots of both islands that are reachable by car, with full details as to how to get to them in comfort.

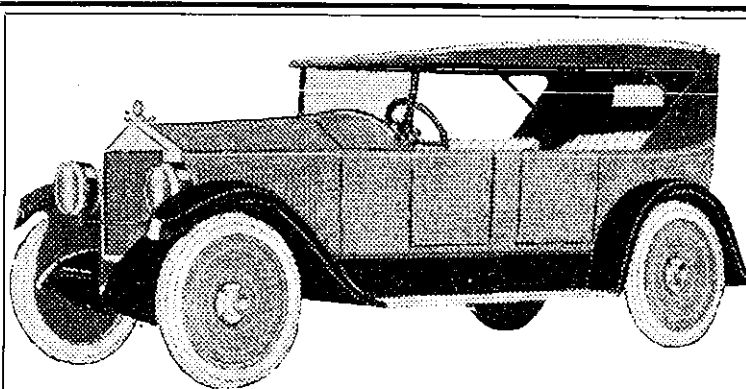
In this endeavour we shall appreciate the aid of our readers wherever they may reside. Send us descriptions and photographs of your local beauty spots, reports on the roads in your neighbourhood, and accounts of motor trips that you have undertaken and of which you can speak from experience. If you can let us have sketch maps or enable us to get them, these

VULCANISING AND REPAIRS

We Guarantee all our work to be Satisfactory and Lasting

Phone 2918

T. FAIRHURST, Mercantile Chambers,
Customs St. East, AUCKLAND



A Still Better MOON! 1925 Model

Equipped with HYDRAULIC Brakes, BALLOON Tyres, etc., is now being sold at the remarkably low price of ... **£495**

The 1925 Moon combines all the distinctive features of performance and appearance which have made previous models famous, with the very latest additions and improvements in modern automobile construction.

Buy a Moon, and you'll buy a car which you'll be proud to point to and say, "It's a Moon—and Mine!"

SEE THE MOON AGENT IN YOUR TOWN

Moon Motors Limited

Sole N.Z. Distributors

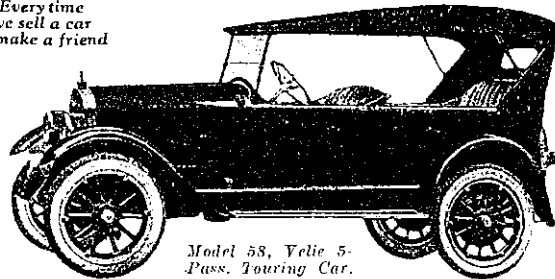
406-408 Queen Street, AUCKLAND

(Just above the Town Hall, on the opposite side)

HAINES

THE VELIE CAR Again Triumphs

Every time
we sell a car
we make a friend



Model 58, Velie 5-Pass. Touring Car.

The Car with the Vibrationless Motor

TWO LADIES DO 3,400 Miles Through Australia

Velie Supremacy is once more established by this latest feat. "Unaccompanied, two Queensland girls, the Misses Ryan, relatives of the late T. J. Ryan, Premier of Queensland, have completed a remarkable motor-car journey of 3,400 miles through Australia. "Filled with the spirit of adventure, they set out together from their home in Roma, and braving the hardships of the road and the rough country through Surat and St. George, in Queensland, and thence

to New South Wales, covering 200 to 300 miles daily, reached Melbourne. They arrived without a single mishap.

"This is the first time in Australia that two women alone have completed such a journey, and the feat is more remarkable for the fact that only one of the two was able to drive a car or understood its mechanism.

"They are now on the return journey."—(Press report.)

This is a Marvellous Tribute to VELIE SUPREMACY

G. L. WINGER & SON
Auckland Provincial Distributors
Corner Grey and Queen Streets, Opposite Town Hall