



LADY GUNSON AND HER
DAUGHTER MARGARET
*A charming photograph of
Auckland's popular Mayoress.*

A SLUR ON OUR GIRLHOOD

I see that the reverend elders of the Waikapu Synod, met in conference together recently at Napier, take a very serious, and to my mind, somewhat exaggerated view of the increased amount of drinking that, they allege, is doing incalculable harm to our girls and young women. Did I believe that their facts were correct, I would most heartily endorse the serious view that they take of the position, but their experience must be very different from mine.

That a few girls think it is "smart" to be seen drinking too frequent cocktails I know is true, and more's the pity, but that the vast majority are addicted to the cocktail and "spot" habit I do not for a moment believe. Many girls may, on occasions of celebration, indulge in one not very vicious, and certainly succulent, cocktail, or possibly one, or maybe two, glasses of mild charet cup; which, by the way, our reverend friends appear to view with the same de- testation as whisky and more vicious potent beverages.

Wholesale condemnation of this nature is unjust. It leads many to believe that the evil is far more widespread than it actually is, and casts a reflection on the whole of our womanhood. My experience of dances, both public and private, is probably larger than that of the majority of the members of the Synod, and I have yet to see, in New Zealand, a girl the worse for having im- bibed too freely.

THE MOTHER OF THE ARTS

It has, aforetime, been alleged against Auckland that amongst the cities of New Zealand she is the Arch Philistine. She is, or so her detractors assert, like the fair, but frail, ladies of History, who sat enthroned in beauty, yet considered that the loveliness so lavishly bestowed upon them by Nature exonerated them from the trouble of cultivating beauty of soul, shown by real appreciation of the Arts.

No longer can this gibe make loyal Aucklanders flinch: no longer need they hide diminished heads when, having nobly and worthily held their own whilst natural attractions and charm of climate were discussed, the conversation turns art-wards.

Auckland is architecturally enthusiastic. Amongst her citizens may be numbered at least two who have dwelt in the shadow of the Tower of Bruges, and amongst them also is Philip of Philistia, who wields a wittily scathing pen in the good cause. Philip may, or may not, be numbered amongst my intimates, for he hides his anonymity under an enshrouding bushel, but I would remind him and a host of others who have been so ready both with criticism and with that faint praise that is always associated with profanity, of the old wise adage concerning the folly of displaying incomplete work to the immature and the mentally deficient. Let us withhold our judgment, both those of us who may possess even better grounds on which to found our

(Below)
A Sweet-voiced Singer
Mrs. CYRIL TOWSEY
of Auckland

