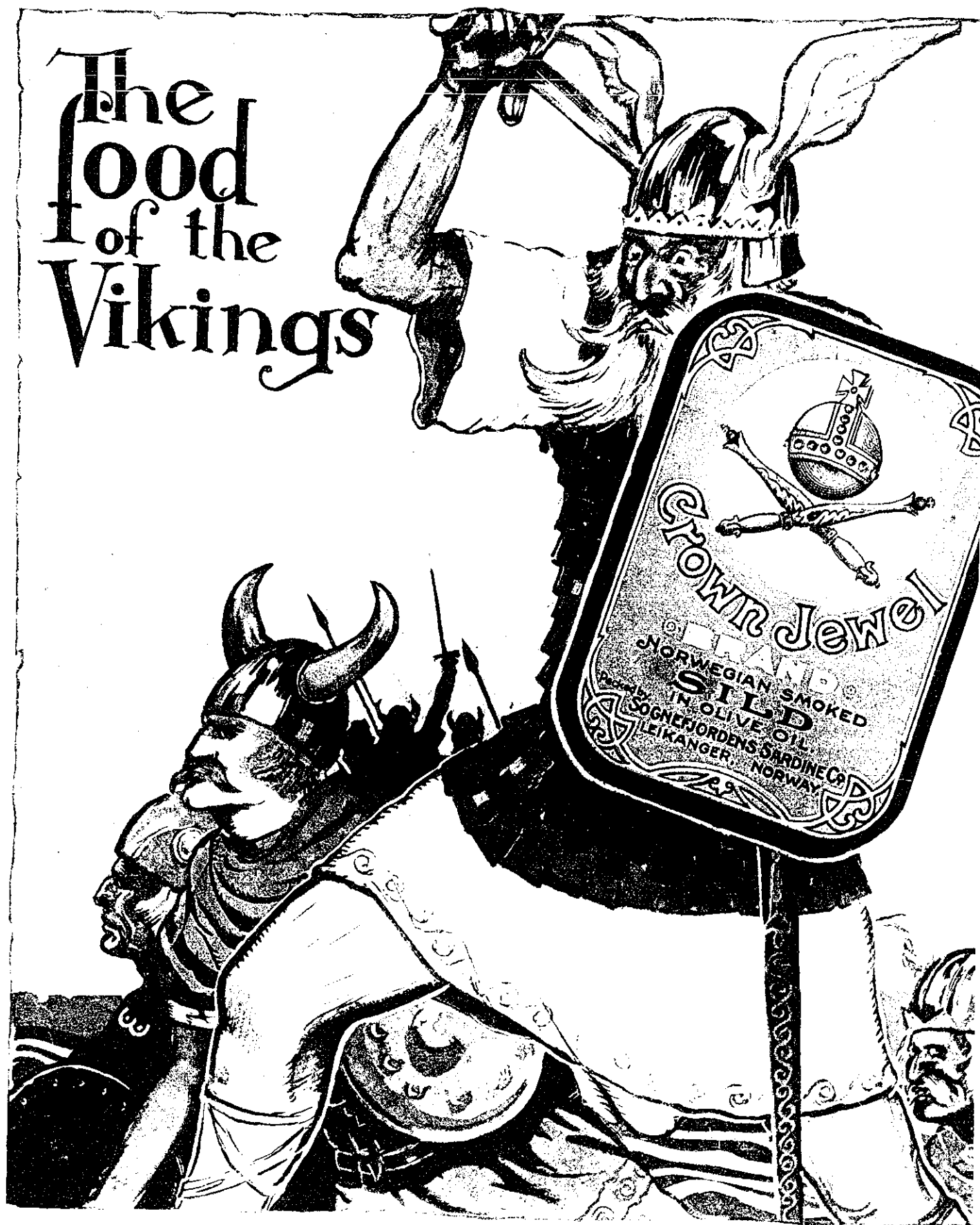


THE
Mirror
CHRISTMAS ANNUAL 1924.



The Food of the Vikings



THE VIKINGS, the people of old times, who lived on the coast of Norway, and who were the first to discover the art of smoking fish, have left us a legacy of wisdom and skill, which we can still see in the food of the Vikings.

For MODERN methods of preparing food have made it difficult to find the same quality of food as the Vikings had. But the Crown Jewel Sild is the only food of the Vikings that is still available.

CROWN JEWEL SILD is the oldest and best quality smoked fish, and is the only food of the Vikings that is still available.

It is a food of the Vikings, and it is a food of the present. It is a food of the future, and it is a food of the present.

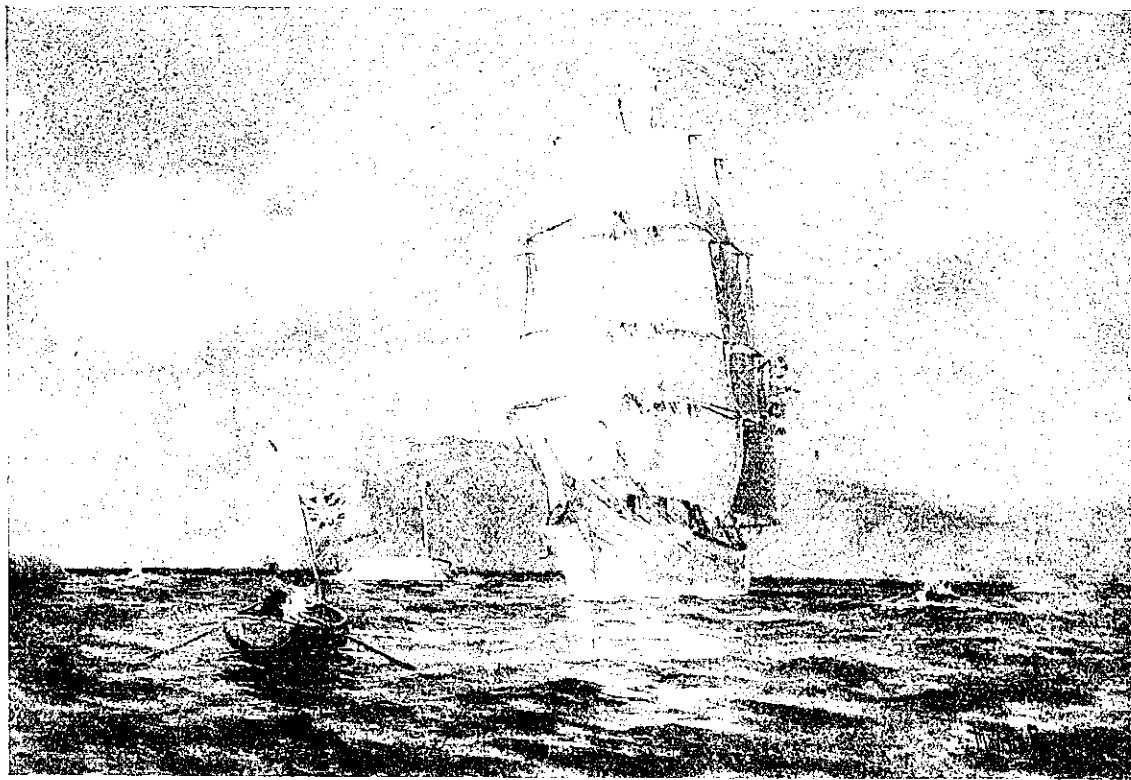
Insist on Getting CROWN JEWEL. Refuse all substitutes.

Crown Jewel

BRAND NORWEGIAN SILD

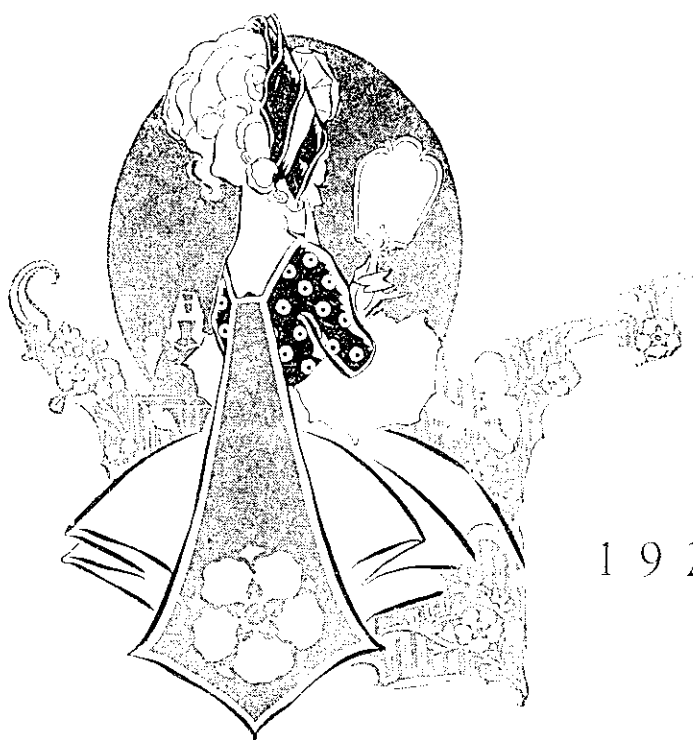
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THE LADIES' MIRROR



FAVOURING WINDS, by *Monica Randall*

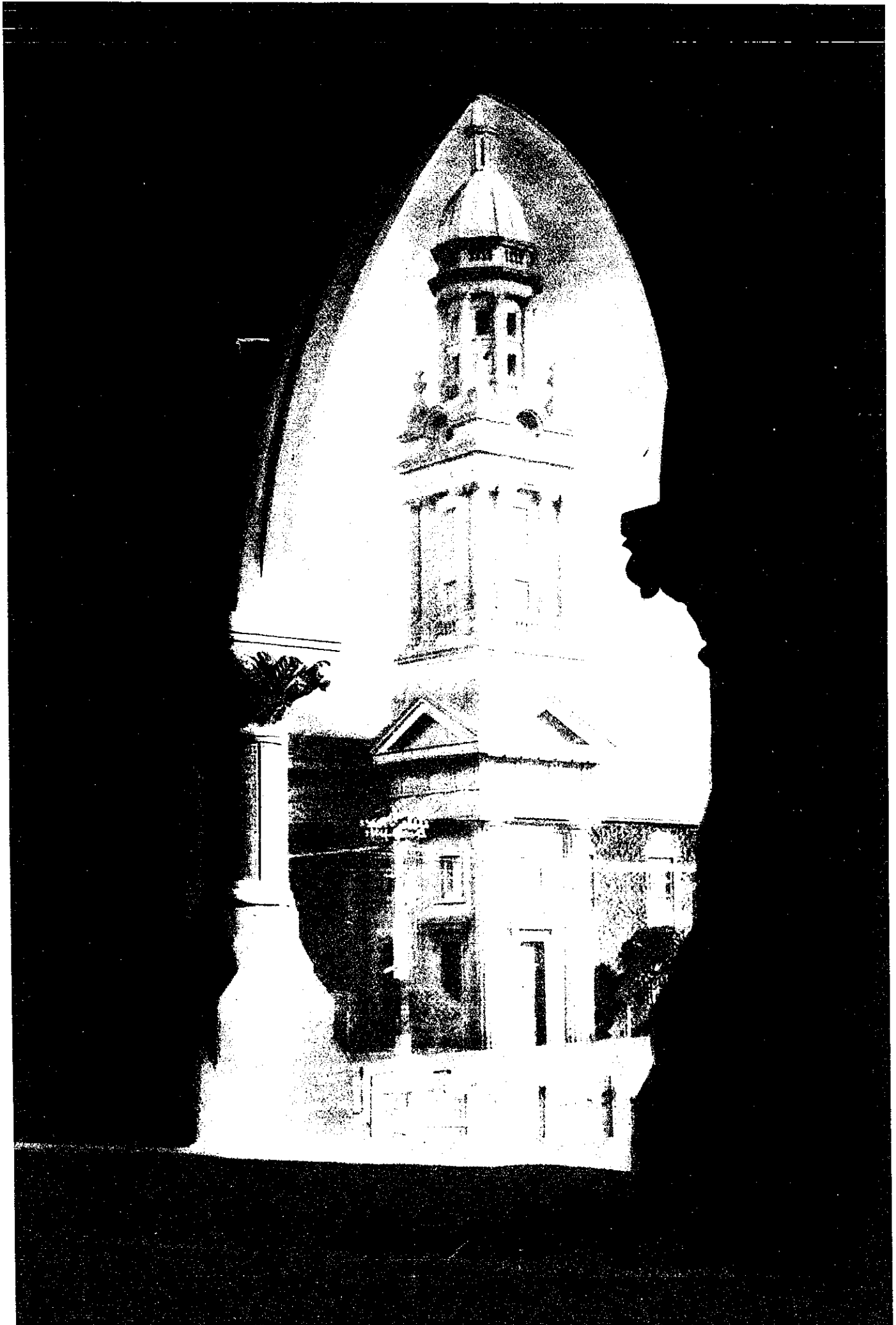
CHRISTMAS ANNUAL



December

1924

Published by The Mirror Publishing Company Limited
MERCANTILE CHAMBERS, CUSTOMS STREET, AUCKLAND



"From Darkness unto Light"

*A Camera Study by
E. H. Holland, Auckland*



DIANA OF THE SAND DUNES—A Camera Study by George Chance, F.R.P.S., Dunedin

CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS

A SEASONABLE CAUSERIE

MAY I, right away, offer you the heartiest Christmas greetings? The very best of good wishes: if your Christmas be as happy as I wish it may be, you will look back upon it as the time of your life.

May you have all you wish for yourself and more: for few of us know quite what we want, do we? May you, however, have what you want, do what you want, and meet whom you want to, and, to mix a metaphor, may all your ships come home to roost.



Autobiographical Particulars

SURPRISINGLY to relate, I was quite well brought up: it is only since I reached the years of discretion that original sin has come into its own, and the Old Man has become rampant within me, causing me to cultivate such fearful vices as Journalism and other lesser idiosyncrasies. I can assure you that at one period of my existence I could repeat My Duty to My Neighbour, the Catechism and the Collect for Septuagesima Sunday without taking either thought or breath. I knew my name was N. or M. though I wondered, and still do, just why it was metamorphosed at, apparently, some later date, since these alternative, and not very attractive, appellations were bestowed on my be my Godfathers and Godmother at my Baptism (I am rather pleased that I can still remember the numerical distinction due to my sex). It occurred to me it was just as well, however, for neither Nathaniel nor Melchizedek make much appeal to me, and I cannot regret that they have, apparently, been heedlessly dropped by Life's Wayside. However, I digress—an indulgence which I claim as a Christmas treat.

At a subsequent date I learnt, in the intervals between playing with gas jets and making a variety of obnoxious and unauthorised smells, that "the angle of incidence equals the angle of reflection." Should I be wrong and you more learned, dear lady, I hope



THE SUNWORSHIPPER

A Camera Study by Revell Reynolds, Auckland

BY KNAVE O' HEARTS

that you will pardon me—it was very like that, anyway. Since this is about the only relic of the much good money spent on my education by my over-optimistic parents, I like to make the most of it, and therefore these notes shall show the application of my one piece of scientific knowledge: my wee ewe lamb shall bleat its loudest.

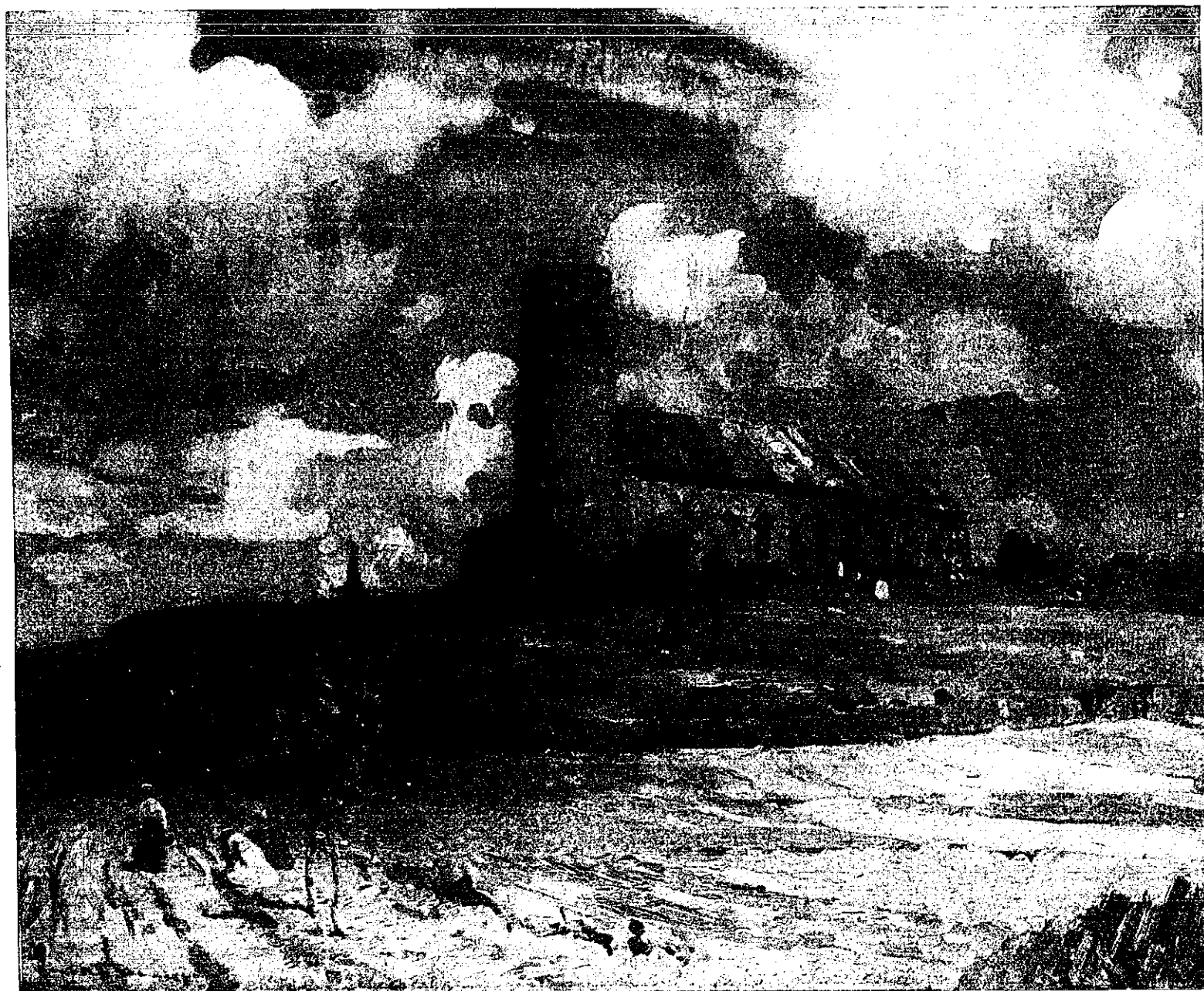
Therefore, for the nonce, will I spurn my usual monthly task of commenting on the misdeeds of peccant politicians, Emperors, Governors and Kings



may pursue their errant ways, fearless of my censure: Mr. Massey may eat his Christmas Dinner in peace for I will say nothing that shall disturb his tranquility. My Reflections shall take their incidence from mincepies and plum pudding and the true Christmas spirit of goodwill to all men shall permeate my diatribe. The only "punch" in my remarks shall be the good old English variety, hot and spicy, and reeking of good cheer, and have no savour of the modern American meaning.

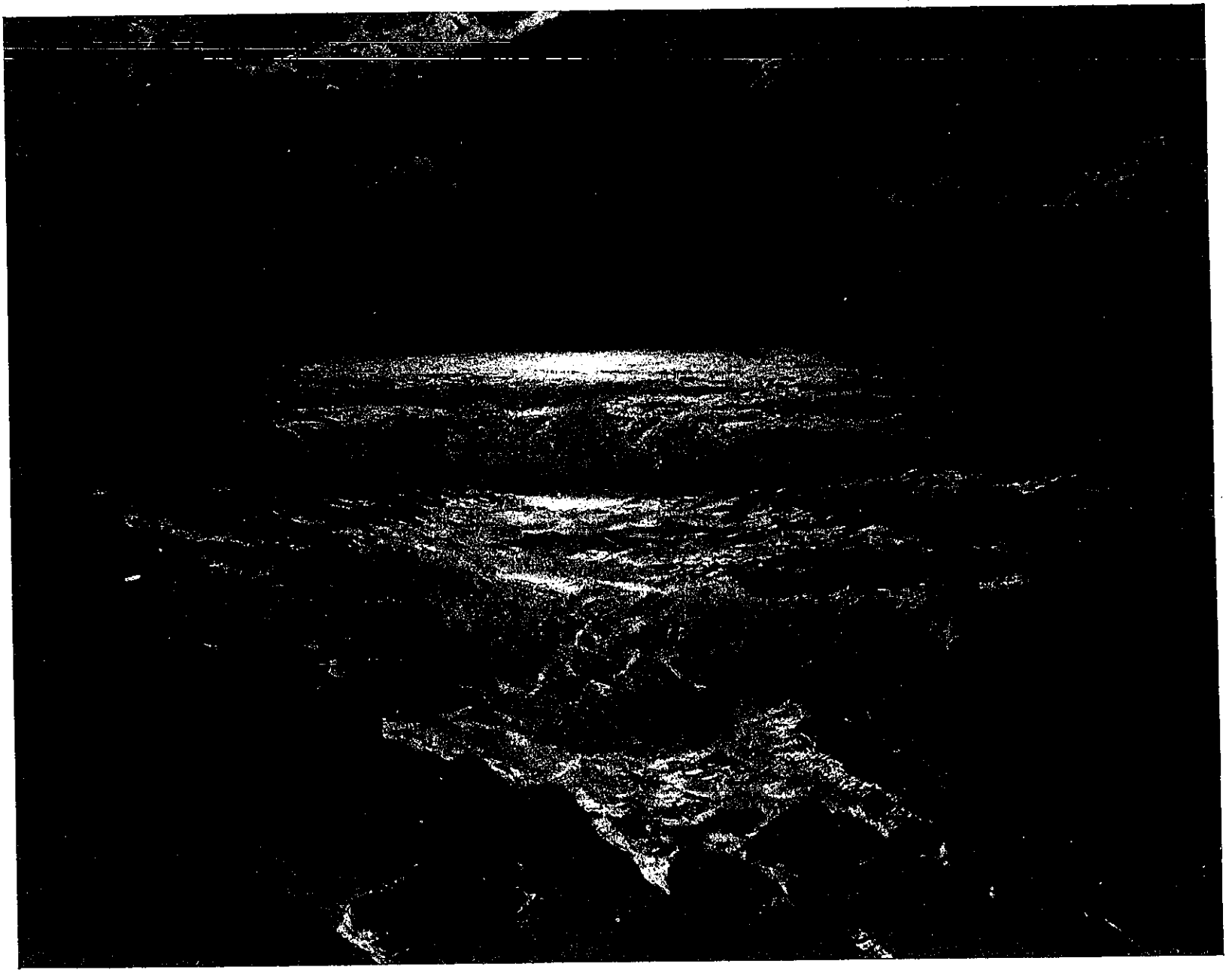
A Delectable Beverage

TALKING of punch, I would like to know how to make a good punch: Dickens' descriptions are delectable but debatable; nutmeg figures prominently and a red-hot poker has its place. Rum and lemons are also, apparently, important ingredients—but we obtain no accurate formula from our great chronicler of Christmas as it was, upon which to work. I tried once, but my method was, though eminently successful, I fear unscientific. I poured the whole of everything that appeared suitable—and several ingredients that probably were not—into an enormous bowl and soothed the concoction with boiling water, lemon, spice and brown sugar. It was a noble drink, reminiscent of what I should think those drinks so frequently indulged in by the heroes of romance:



*The Church that topp'd
the Neighbouring Hill*

By W. Annesley Brown



The Night Tide
A Typical
New Zealand Coast Scene

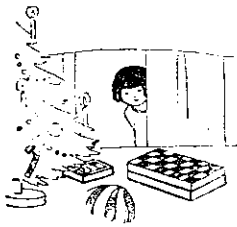


HOMEWARDS—A Camera Study by Geo. Chance, F.R.P.S.

mead and hyppocras, and it was very popular, but we were all very wan next morning at breakfast. Still, it was a wonderful beverage and redolent of very spirit of Christmas. After all, if we can't be Christmassy at Christmas, when *can* we?

The Old Fashioned Yuletide

PUNCH, reeking hot and sending a rich and rare aroma redolent of Yule Heavenward, opulent-breasted turkeys whose drum-sticks would have formed a meal for a giant, plum puddings glorious in a blaze of blue flame; mince-pies, succulent with flavours for which the world has been ransacked, the several glasses of old fruity port, and the many toasts to both present and absent friends: the snapdragon, the old-time dances, the after-dinner somnolence, and, I fear, sometimes something worse even than a surfeit-induced somnolence, the nocturnal visitations of



a thinly-disguised *paterfamilias*, the candle and present-hung Christmas tree—all the paraphernalia of the mid-Victorian romancers: these things are as foreign to our New Zealand Christmas as the frost and snow, that, sad to relate, was so often deputed for by mud and slush in the Home-land. Yet we in the Southern Hemisphere still reverence the spirit of Christmas, though we celebrate the festival, of necessity, differently. To us, for all that we hold to the traditional idea,—to us Christmas is coming to have more and more an *al fresco* significance. The glory of glad sunlight is something that we appreciate very fully and which we would not willingly barter for even the old Dickensian tradition of the Home-land. Parallels of latitude are determining for us, willy-nilly, the ways in which Christmas celebrations shall most fitly be carried on. We accept Father Christmas as a festive patron—call him St. Nicholas, Santa Claus or what you will—but we do so with our tongues in our cheeks as it were: for it is difficult to picture the fur-clad old gentleman disporting himself on our beaches with lightly clad youths and maidens in a blaze of summer sunlight. His reindeer have, like so much else that



"GOODNIGHT"

A Christmas Eve Study by P. H. Jauncey, Wellington

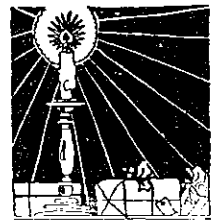
was picturesque and romantic, given place to petrol—his never-empty bag to the department store, which is so much better equipped to cater for the tastes of children of all ages: for if we cannot be children at Christmas then we are lost beyond hope of redemption.

King Sun or King Frost?

NO; I cannot think we are the losers by the exchange: the sun beckons us to camp and sea-side and wooded heights, in search of health: this surely is better than the quest of the loaded board in search of indigestion!

Surely, open air is better than sleepiness, and exercise more desirable than indulgence.

So, year by year, our New Zealand Christmas becomes more and more of an out-of-doors festival—altered in the manner of the observance, but the



same in spirit as that which our forefathers knew and loved.

And when we come to sum up, the great idea underlying Christmas is not the gargantuan repasts, nor the somewhat bucolic merriment; not the snow and the robin-redbreasts—but the spirit of "Peace on Earth and Goodwill to all Men"—the fact that once a year we should be reminded that life is not all striving for mastery and riches: that from good-fellowship and open-handedness, and from self-forgetfulness, may reward be found.

The pity of it is that this spirit possesses men's minds for such a short-lived period: if only the Christmas idea could be carried through our lives, and not cherished for but a single day in the year—how much happier would the world be!

Nevertheless, as long as we, in New Zealand, believe that Christmas is a time of charity in action and in thought, and of real brotherhood—a period in which we should put away mean and ignoble motives and think more of others than we do of ourselves—we shall hold to the true, innermost Christmas tradition and it will make no matter whether we spend our festival in the warmth of the sun or the blaze of the Yule Log.



The Tavern

By Isabel Codrington

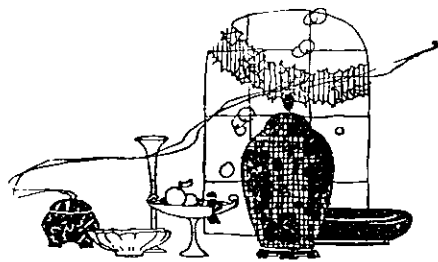


"Good Evening Santa"

Ourselves—and Others

AND, so, Dear Lady, I end my unwanted sermon and proceed to other matters: being egotistical, firstly to ourselves and our Christmas Annual, of which we are somewhat, and, I believe, justifiably proud.

Though you will not find any of the features that in other climes have become synonymous with similar publications: for you will not find a snow-clad church, nor a coach and six rumbling through frost-bound country—there is a variety and abundance that should please the most capacious; and a wealth of colour illustrations that excel in number and quality anything previously attempted in the Dominion. Probably you, dear Lady in the Mirror, as you spend a leisure and, I hope, a happy hour or so glancing through these pages, will not realize the amount of labour that has been necessary to produce the result. That is, of course, unless, which is very unlikely, that you have printers' ink coursing through your veins: This sounds absurd, but there are mortals so bitterly cursed from their birth,



Disregarding the preliminary work which had to be done before a single line was handed over to the wizardry of the compositor and his accomplices, forgetting the continual care and earnest thought that has been devoted to every page from its inception to the maturity that it has now reached,—one fact alone is worth remembrance: in printing 25,000 copies nearly one million times have the printing machines revolved during the past fortnight to produce this annual for your pleasure, which, we think, constitutes a record for any New Zealand printing house. Only those who know what colour printing entails can appreciate the labour involved in producing a large edition containing over thirty pages in colour: the hours of labour of many varied and skilled craftsmen that must be spent before even the first rough proof is produced: the anxious thought that must be devoted to every page. Sufficient, however, of this topic, lest you should think that our Yule-tide Days will be clouded over by sad thoughts concerning the recent demise of our staff trumpeter. We have tried to give you a really worthy number, and leave the verdict on our efforts to you, with an easy mind, for at the worst we can depend on the charitable spirit induced by the season—we hope, however, the exercise of this worthy emotion will not be required.

Therefore, in drawing your attention to these matters, I would not have you believe that my object is simply to exalt ourselves unduly: we have tried our best to please you



"And I Like Christmas Too!"

A Camera Study of Tony, who is the ten months old son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bailey of Moanahango, Taihape, and Grandson of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Smith of Taihape. Mr. R. W. Smith was the popular member for Rongitiki and Waimarua for fifteen years.

Photo: Crown Studios, Auckland



"The Old, Old Story"

and by pleasing you to give service to these estimable firms who, by their support, have rendered this publication possible, but I cannot overlook that all our efforts would have been vain had it not been for the loyal and ungrudging assistance we have received from our printers, Messrs. Whitcombe and Tombs, Ltd., who have produced the issue in a remarkably short time, and whose technical staff have, at all times, rendered every possible aid—often far more than we had a reasonable right to expect; and to Messrs. The Auckland Photo Engravers and their staff, who are responsible for the process work, and who have borne many burdens with cheerful hearts and courageous spirits.

And a Request

IF, as we trust it will, this issue pleases you, believe it is only a foretaste of coming numbers, and that our schemes for the immediate future are very ambitious indeed. You can help us to fulfil these schemes and to plan even larger ones, by giving us your assistance: for here is where the lie is given to the old adage about "The fewer the better fare"—with us it is a case of "The more readers the merrier and the better fare": become a subscriber and by showing this issue to your friends, induce them to subscribe too—you will find later a special Christmas offer by which you can benefit.



Another way in which you can help us is by mentioning "THE LADIES' MIRROR" when you purchase from our advertisers—the great majority of our readers are urban residents who do not order by post, and who therefore do not fill in the forms attached to advertisements—and the only way those firms who seek your patronage through our columns can realise the value they obtain is by informing them that you "saw it in THE MIRROR."

A Potent Force

Few of us realise what advertising has done for us: it is probably the greatest influence in the world to-day. It has made possible the cheap daily, and the sumptuous monthly at a reasonable price; it is the great guarantee of quality and a sure guide to right buying. The merchant who consistently advertises can be relied upon, and deserves your patronage.

Let, therefore, our advertising pages be your counsellor during your Christmas shopping. Seek their advice on what to give for presents, and you may be sure you can act on it in perfect confidence.

Farewell—for a month. And again, the best of Good Wishes.

KNAVE O' HEARTS.



Mother and Child
By Jessie Montigny

LEGENDS OF THE MAORIS

By

JOAN KING

THE MAORI IS A POET OF LIVELY IMAGINATION AND HIS STORIES ARE FULL OF REFERENCES TO THE FORESTS, SKIES & STREAMS OF HIS BEAUTIFUL LAND

HERE ARE TWO OF HIS LESSER KNOWN LEGENDS: ONE OF LOVE & ONE OF WAR

LIKE all polytheistic peoples, with whom a profound belief in magic is an essential of faith, the Maori bestows upon his legendary heroes supernatural powers and kinship with all the gods. Where every tree, river, cloud and hill had each its familiar spirit, malevolent or kindly, magic powers were necessary to avert disaster or to secure benefits.

The mighty heroes of their history, whose deeds loomed ever brighter and more daring as their recital passed from generation to generation, became in time invested with these same magical powers; partly because to the primitive mind anything that commands awe and admiration is directly attributable to the possession of supernatural powers; and partly because, like the snowball, the further it rolls the more material it gathers. Nevertheless, despite the web of fiction that admiring posterity has woven around their doings, the lives and deeds of most of these mighty heroes of legend, who flourished before the beginnings of history, are based on fact.

The Maori is a poet of a lively imagination, and a wide range of picturesque language with which to clothe his thought. His stories are full of references to the forests, skies, streams, birds and beasts that he sees around him; and his metaphors and similes are all drawn from Nature. Man, to him, is closely akin to all the natural forces of the universe. He is blood brother to the animals, and it is a natural deduction that he can, where necessary, command the services of Bird and Beast. Here is the Story of Wakatau.

THE STORY OF WAKATAU

THE followers of Kae set out to avenge his death, and they killed Tuhururu. Then they returned to their country

well pleased with themselves.

The mother of Tuhururu, however, was inconsolable, and wept and cursed them and demanded vengeance for the death of her son. She had heard of the mighty deeds of Wakatau, who was a great Chief and warrior, and she determined to go to him and implore him to avenge her son.

She came to the pa of Wakatau, who was amusing himself at his favourite sport of kite-flying, and asked him: "Where, then, is Wakatau? For I would ask a boon of him."

Wakatau, who was fond of a joke, and had no wish to interrupt his game to listen to complaints, pointed to some of his warriors who were flying kites, and said: "How should I know? Perhaps he is there."

The mother of Tuhururu wandered about amongst the people, asking for Wakatau, and refusing to be turned from her quest, for she had loved her son greatly, and grieved sorely for his death. When at last, wearied and discouraged, she found Wakatau, he repented of his joke, and consented to hear her story. She told him of the death of her son at the hands of the people of Kae, and begged him to undertake an expedition to avenge him. She told him how his fame as a warrior and a leader was known throughout the land, and that she was sure that none was better fitted to lead men to war. Wakatau listened to her pleading, and at last consented to do what she begged. He gave her a sign, whereby she should know the result of the conflict.

"If you see the sky glowing red," said Wakatau, "then know that I have set on fire the peak of Tihi-o-Manono, and that I am victorious. But should you see great drops of rain falling, then you will know that I am dead, and the skies are weeping for me."

So Wakatau repaired his canoe, and called together his men, and they set out towards Tihi-o-Manono. When the multitude on shore saw the canoe approaching, they rejoiced that there was only one, and they thought that the visitors would fall an easy prey. But Wakatau had spent all the voyage repeating



W. BEATTIE, PHOTO

From "N.Z. in Picture"
Whitcombe & Tombs Ltd.

The God of Her Fathers

most powerful incantations, so that the weapons of the enemy should prove harmless, and they should fall into the hands of his warriors. But he was not relying wholly on the power of incantations, for he had fixed two poles, one at each end of his canoe, with slip nooses attached.

The people of Kae then called one of their braves named Kaiaia (The Hawk) and bade him attack the canoe. The Hawk then flew to the canoe, and alighted on the bow. Immediately the noose was drawn tight, and Kaiaia was caught fast. When the people saw the capture of their brave, they decided to send Kohu (The Kite) to the attack. Kohu had seen what befell Kaiaia, and thinking that he would avoid that fate, alighted on the stern of the canoe. But no sooner was he there than the other noose was pulled, and he also was a prisoner.

Then the people on shore were not so certain of victory, and they sent their most dreaded warrior, Mango-pare (Tiger Shark) and bade him attack the canoe. Out he swam until he was right underneath the canoe, and he rose towards it with gaping jaws ready to swallow it. But Wakatau poured oil on the water to make it transparent, and they saw Mango-pare ready to attack them. So Wakatau seized him by the snout, and cut off the tip of his tongue, and let him go back to his people to tell them what manner of man Wakatau was.

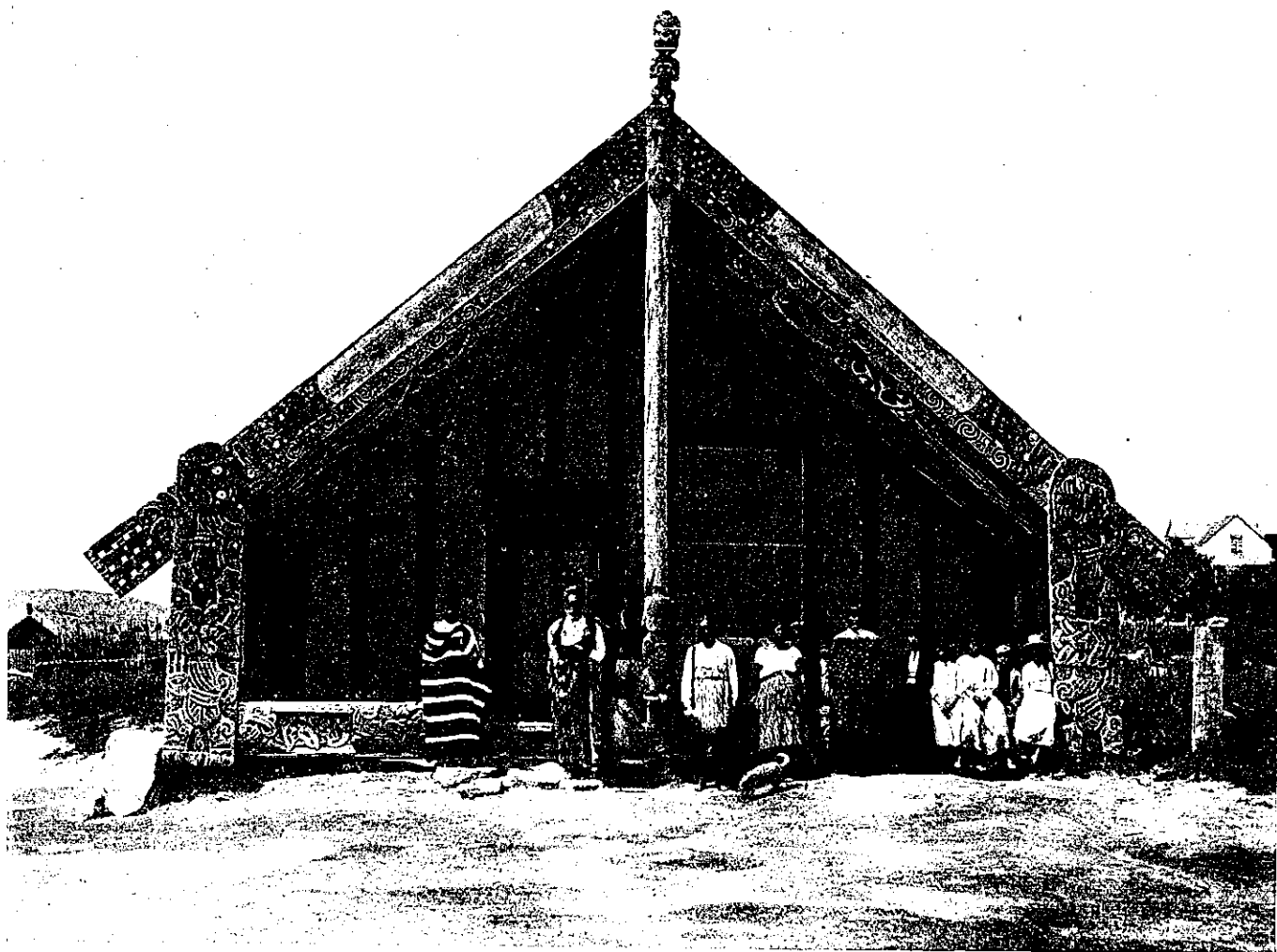
Then Wakatau disguised himself, and went up to the great whare called Tihi-o-Manono, where all the Chiefs and people were assembled to hear Mango-pare tell his story. Wakatau listened to Mango-pare boasting of his prowess, and the regrettable misfortune that enabled Wakatau to escape, owing to his power

Continued on Page 12.



From "N.Z. in Picture"
Whitcombe & Tombs Ltd.

An Old
Maori Chief



Maori Carved House Rotorua
From "N.Z. in Pictures," Whitcombe & Tombs Ltd.,
J. MARTIN, PHOTO



A Maori Greeting
From "N.Z. in Picture"
Whitcombe & Tombs Ltd.,
TOURIST DEPT.



*Steaming Craters on White Island,
Active Volcano, Bay of Plenty*

From "N.Z. in Picture"
Whitcombe & Tombs Ltd.,
W. BEATTIE, PHOTO

over evil magic. This made Wakatau angry, so he revealed himself suddenly, saying: "I am Wakatau the mighty warrior, and I have come to avenge the death of Tuhuruhuru."

Then he swung a magic rope round his head, and immediately all the people in the place fell dead.

Then Wakatau set fire to the Tiri-o-manono, and the flames of its burning rose up to the clouds, and the mother of Tuhuruhuru saw it and knew that Wakatau had been victorious.

Thus was the death of Tuhuruhuru avenged.

The story of Wakatau belongs to the very early times when the Maori peoples lived for and by war. When they had gradually established themselves in their various countries, and settled down to a more peaceable form of existence, other matters occupied their attention, and the stories of war and bloodshed were varied with stories of love and happiness. Here is the story of

THE LOVE OF TAKARANGI AND RAU-MAHORA

THE old Chief Rangirarunga who lived in the pa of Whakarewa had been a very great warrior, but he had grown old, and was tired of war. He had a daughter named Rau-Mahora, whom he loved dearly, and who was so beautiful that the fame of her had spread through all the country.

Now Te-Rangi-apitirua, Chief of the Ngatiawa, had a son called Takarangi. He had heard of the beautiful Rau-Mahora, and so often did he think of her and her beauty, that her image dwelt in his mind, and he would look at no other maiden, though his father urged him to marry.

War broke out between the two tribes, and Takarangi was sent to lead the warriors against the pa of Whakarewa. He was loth to make war against the father of the maiden he loved, but the feud was of old standing, and his people were angry with him for holding back.

So he marched with his men for many days over the ranges and through the bush, until they came to the hill at the top of which was built the pa. Then Takarangi took counsel with his Chiefs as to the most effective method of reducing the pa, and they decided to besiege it. Therefore they camped at the foot of the hill for many days.

At first the people of Whakarewa withstood the siege well, but after a time their water gave out, and they were reduced to dreadful straits. One morning Takarangi went up the hill to see whether the people were ready to surrender, and old Rangirarunga, the father of Rau-Mahora, came and stood on the mounds surrounding the village, and begged for water. He looked so old and frail and suffering, that one of the Ngatiawa men brought a calabash of water and handed it up to him. But the younger men were indignant that the enemy should be given relief before they had surrendered, and one of them dashed the calabash out of the hand of Rangirarunga before he could drink, and it was broken. Then Takarangi bethought him that this old man was the father of the maiden that he loved, and that perhaps she was also dying of thirst, and he went down the hill to the stream, and filled another calabash with water and brought it to the old man. When Rangirarunga saw it, he said:

"Young warrior, art thou able to still the wrathful surge which foams on the hidden rocks of the shoal of O-rongo mai Ta Kupe?" meaning, "Art thou able to quell the angry murmurs and fierce gestures of the young men around thee?"

But Takarangi answered: "I have brought thee water, that thou, and the women and children of thy pa, and thy beautiful daughter whom I love, may not die."

The Rau-Mahora also came on to the wall, and she saw the youth, and she looked long at him, for he was very comely, upright and strong. And they both gazed upon each other, and they loved each other.

Then Rangirarunga asked Takarangi if he would wed his daughter, and Takarangi replied that he desired it more than anything in life, and that he had dreamed of Rau-Mahora and her beauty before he had ever beheld her. Rau-Mahora said that never had she seen a youth so handsome, so brave and so gentle withal, and she would wed him.

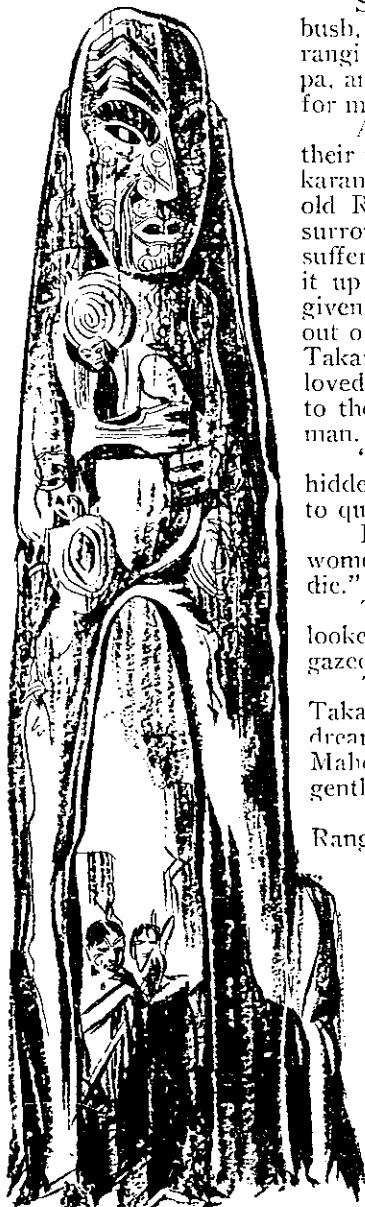
So they were wed, and the feud between the two tribes was ended, and old Rangirarunga died in peace.



H. WINKELMANN, PHOTO

Whangarei Falls, North Auckland

From "N.Z. in Picture"
Whitcombe & Tombs Ltd.





Lake Kanieri, Westland From "N.Z. in Picture" Whitcombe & Tombs Ltd. F. G. RADCLIFFE, PHOTO



Mt. Cook (12,349 ft.) from
Hooker River, Southern Alps.

From "N.Z. in Picture"
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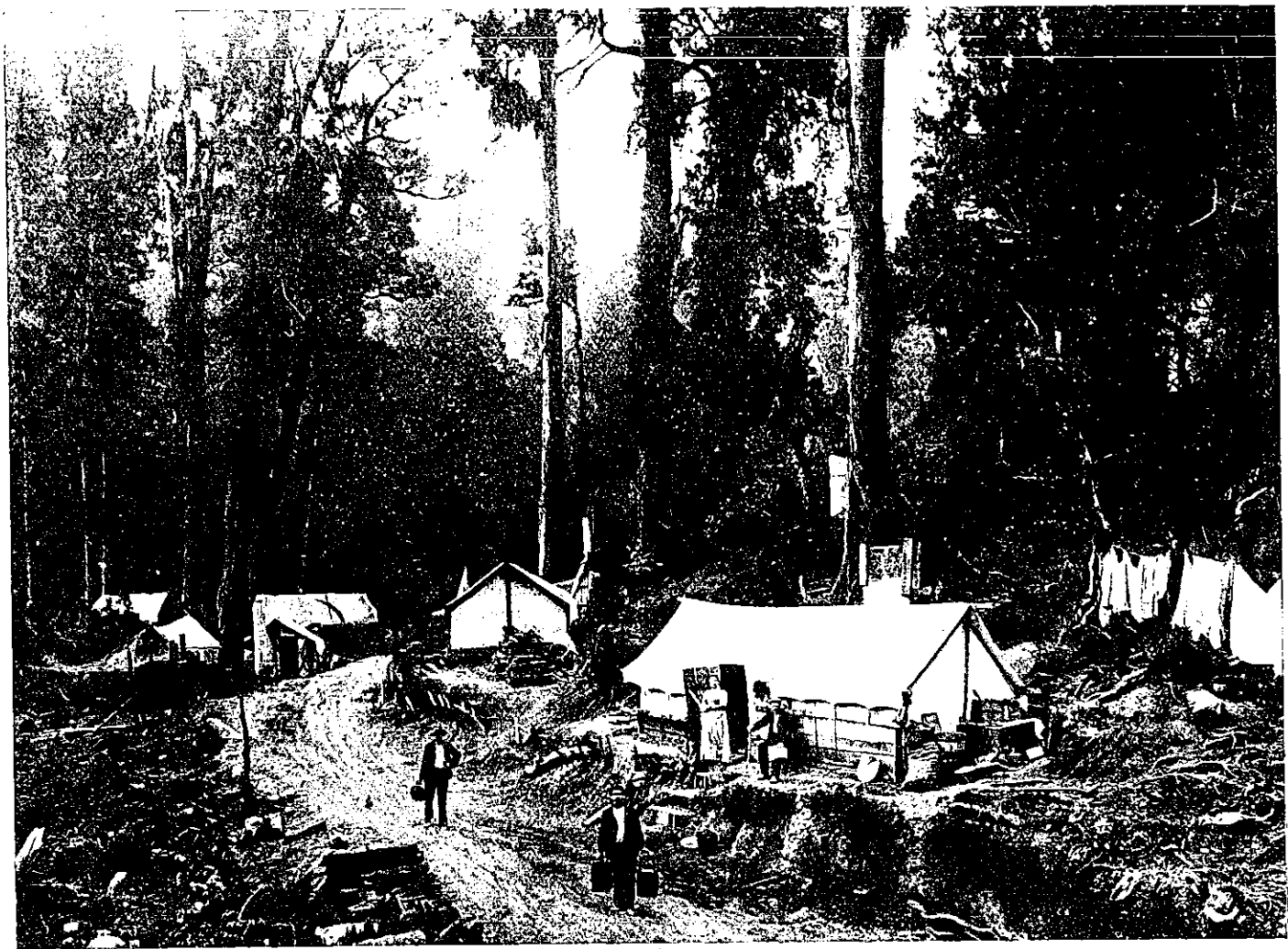
F. G. RADCLIFFE PHOTO

Giant Tree Ferns

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W. BEATTIE, PHOTO





A Pioneer Bush Settlement—

From "N.Z. in Picture" Whitcombe & Tombs Ltd.
W. BEATTIE, PHOTO



Clinton River and Mt. McKenzie
Milford Track

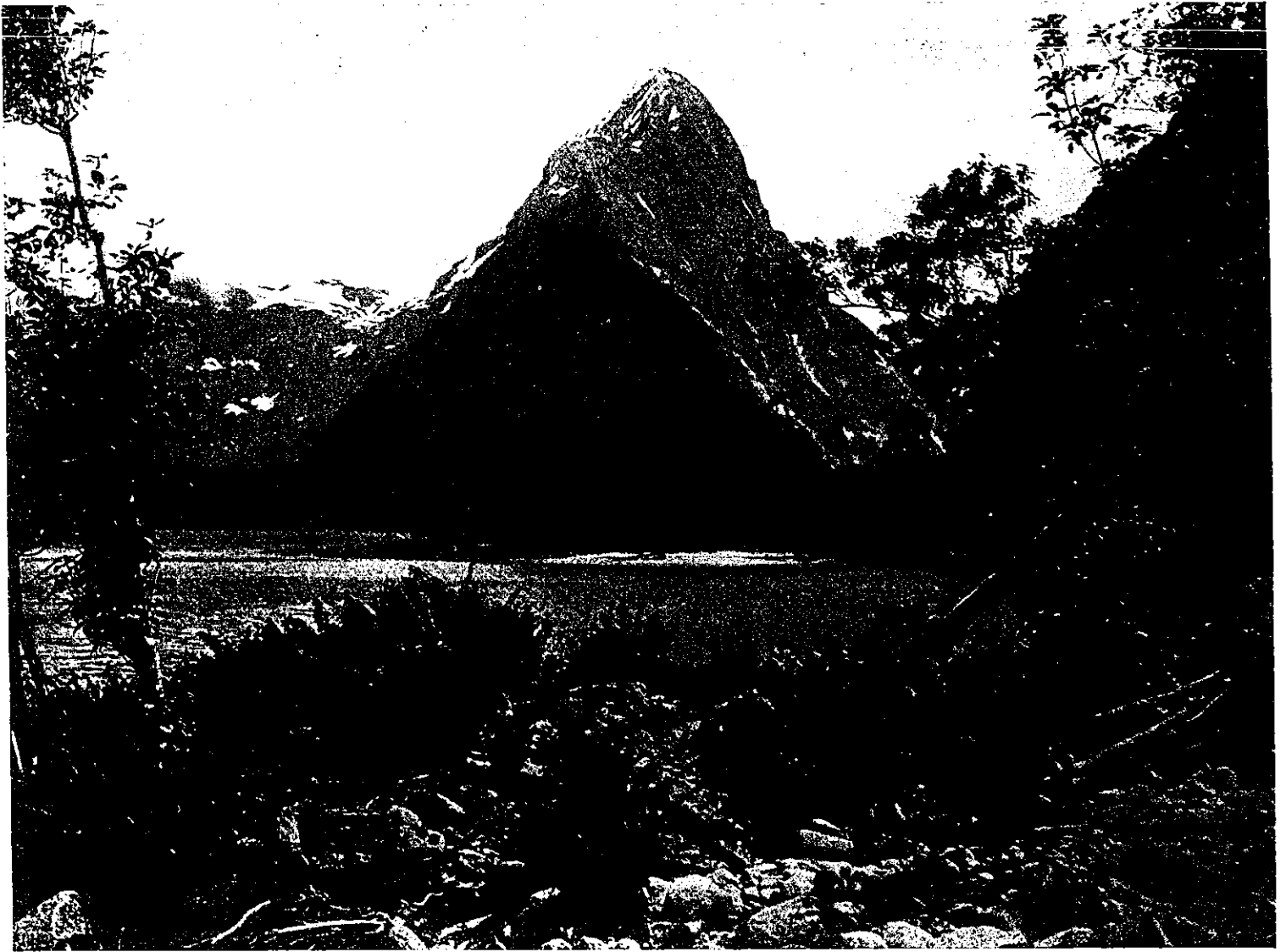
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Pohutu Geyser, Rotorua

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H. WINKELMANN, PHOTO



Photograph: F. G. Radcliffe

Mitre Peak, Milford Sound

*Reproduced by Courtesy of
Frank Duncan & Co.
Auckland, N.Z.*

The CHRISTMAS SPIRIT IN LITERATURE

CHRISTMAS OWES MUCH
TO LITERATURE FOR THE
ASSOCIATIONS OF THE
FESTIVAL HAVE APPEALED
STRONGLY TO WRITERS

By *Dolce A. Duncan*

THERE is a magical thrill about the very thought of Christmas, a joyous warmth, a gladsome holiday feeling, a vision of care laid aside while old and young vie with one another in selfless kindnesses, and affectionate remembrances in memory of Him whom all Christendom reveres as its spiritual King. And this feast-time—pre-eminently the feast-time of the children—has found expression in song and story right down the centuries.

It was in the rich imagination of Northern Europe, of Germany, Denmark, Norway and Sweden that the Christ story took deep root, and gave us the earliest fairy tales connected with Christmas. It also gave us the Christmas tree, beloved alike by young and old in all English-speaking countries.

Denmark gave the world gentle Hans Andersen, whose exquisite story of "The Little Match Girl" has become a classic in its stark simplicity.

Frozen, starving, dying, she crouched in the darkness against the wall in the snow-covered street. She lighted a match, then another, then another, and "found herself sitting under a beautiful Christmas tree. It was larger and more beautifully decorated than the one she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchants'. Thousands of tapers were burning on the green branches." And her kind grandmother, now an angel with wings, took her, "and they both flew upwards to brightness and joy." And those who found the child next day with her bundle of burned matches thought she had tried to warm herself, but "no one imagined what beautiful things she had seen, or into what glory she had entered."

In "The Fir-tree" which became a Christmas tree, is another tale delightful to young people, because they can so easily follow the tree's reflections, and enter into its regrets when its brief glorious hour is over, and nothing remains but memories and empty boastings.

The unselfishness of the true Christmas attitude is emphasized in the opening scene of Belgian Maeterlinck's wonderful "Blue Bird." Tytyl and Mytyl, the children of the poor wood-cutter, watch through their window the gay children's party of their neighbour, with the brilliant Christmas tree, and the gift and shining presents. They have none themselves, nor have they been invited to the party, but that does not spoil their simple joy in the pleasure of the other children.

But to Charles Dickens must be given the palm for his Christmas stories, which perhaps more perfectly realise the ideal love and sympathy which should dominate human intercourse, not at Christmas time merely, but at all times.

Among American writers who have painted Christmas pictures with vivid pen, E. N. Wescott may be given pride of place. He wrote one book only, but that one—"David Harum"—is a work of genius. David the uneducated, rough, shrewd country banker and horse-dealer celebrates Christmas in a way that not even a King could better. In return for the casual kindness of the generous debonaire gentleman to a shy, half-starved, ill-treated child, that child, grown-up, pays a debt of gratitude that had been accumulating for forty years, and in doing so raises Mrs. Cullom from the depths of despairing, hopeless poverty, to the heights of joy and happiness.

It is a charming story, and bears retelling. The boy, child of poverty and hardship unbroken by any stray ray of sunshine, is gazing at the circus tent which seems to epitomize all that was most desirable in his little world. Mr. Cullom sees him, senses the child's longings, and adopts him for a few hours whose memory is irradiated for ever after with

rare splendour for the little freckled waii. For his new friend takes him into the circus tent, buys him peanuts, cinnamon candy, gingerbreads, pink lemonade, and even cakes with which to feed the elephant. Moreover, he gave him ten cents—ten whole cents—the first money the boy had ever owned!

"An' I remember how we talked about all the doin's, the ridin' and the jumpin', and the summersettin' an' all—fer he got all the shyness out of me for the time an' once I looked up at him an' he looked down with that curious look in his eyes, an' put his hand on my shoulder. Wa'al now, I tell ye, I had a queer crinkly feelin' go up an' down my back, an' I like to up an' cried."

But his father was awaiting him at the gate to thrash him for not mending the fence, and for the supposed theft of the money to go to the circus. And the next day, as soon as the boy could move, he ran away.

Gradually he made good. He returned to the village comparatively well off. But the fortunes of the Cullom family had declined. Their land was gone save the small home of the widow, and that was heavily mortgaged. And so, not as a Christmas gift, but as payment for an old debt to her husband, David wipes out the poor woman's mortgages and enables her son to join her.

It makes good reading how the bedraggled old dame is taken to the house and smartened up for the Christmas dinner. Then the dinner itself—the oyster soup, the roast turkey, the succotash (whatever that may be), the currant jelly, the cranberry sauce, the mince pie, the sweet Indian corn, pudding with the cream sauce, and that bottle of champagne—well!

Bret Harte depicted another kind of Christmas in his tale "How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar."

And the poets have their say, too. Who does not know Milton's stately ode on the Nativity? It is pure music:

*"But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began,
The winds with wonder ceased,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the wild ocean
Who now hath quite forgot to rore,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave."*

Nearly two centuries earlier, Clement Marot, offspring of the French Renaissance, had penned his "Noël" in mediæval French, which only adds to its charm. It is clear-cut as a cameo.

*"Te souvient-il plus du prophète
Qui nous dit cas de si hault faict,
Que d'une pucelle parfaite
Naistroit un enfant tout parfait?
L'effect
Est faict
La belle
Pucelle
A en my filz du ciel coné:
Chantons Noë, Noë, Noë."*

Coming down to the present day, John Masefield's beautiful "Christmas Eve at Sea" deserves to be widely known. A few verses must suffice here:

*The hushed sea seems to hold her breath,
And o'er the giddy swaying spars,
Silent and excellent as Death,
The dim blue skies are bright with stars.*

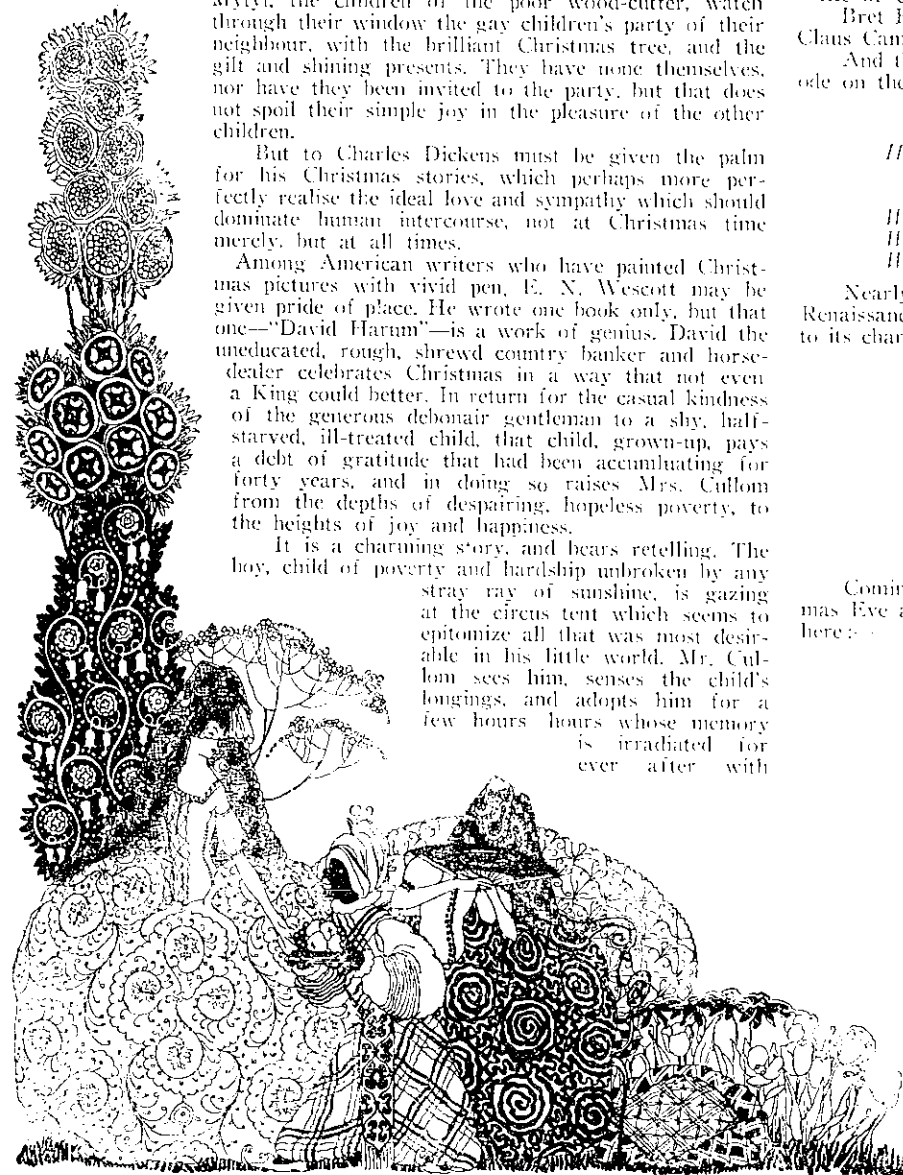
*Dear God, they shone in Palestine
Like this, and you pale moon serene
Looked down among the loving kine
On Mary and the Nazarene.*

*The angels called from deep to deep,
The burning heavens felt the thrill,
Startling the flocks of silly sheep
And lonely shepherds on the hill.*

*To-night, beneath the dripping boxes
Where flashing bubbles burst and throng,
The howl-tush murmur's, sighs and sighs
A message from the angels' song.*

*The moon goes nodding down the West,
The drowsy helmsman strikes the bell;
Rex Judæorum natus est
I charge you, brothers, sing Nowell, Nowell,
Rex Judæorum natus est."*

Continued on Page 23.





After the Bath
By Herman Richir



"Where Quiet Waters Gently Roam."

*A Camera Study of
Western Springs, Auckland
by J. C. Holland*



Kapiti Island from 'Pukeuri' Pa. It was at Kapiti that Captain Tommy Evans had his spick and span Whaling Station

WELLINGTON AND ITS YESTERDAYS

COLOURED PATCHES FROM TIME'S RAG BAG

A HAPPY land without a history! That is true in a way of New Zealand, for of man and his doings here in times long gone there remain no more than the misty legends of an unlettered people and a few mutilated objects bearing silent witness to the presence on these coasts of sea rovers from Europe and Asia of whose visits are alike unknown to native tradition or the records of their own countries.

The oldest history of all is that which is written on the face of the landscape, and to the trained eye Wellington's landscape tells many stories of mighty upheavals and subsidences in a remote past; and not so remote either, for as recently as the earthquake of 1855 the whole land-mass surrounding the city was raised bodily, the greatest lift being nine feet at Cape Turikirā outside the Heads, and tapering away to nothing towards Paekakariki. Flat-topped points along the coasts tell of other and greater movements, but it is comforting to have the assurance of the geologists that they took place at very faraway eras. Professor Cotton, indeed, has thoughtfully assured Wellingtonians that if the past is any guide to the future they need fear no repetition

of the fifty-five shake for centuries to come.

Unfortunately, those who tell the story of the making of the landscape hide their tale behind such long words that their works are a weariness of the flesh to the unlearned, and one turns with relief to the warm and human and possibly no less accurate story the Maori tells of the doings of his ancestors since the canoe of Kupe first touched our beach. However, before leaving the geomorphological side of things—that is the correct name, I think—people who go motoring around Wellington may note that good examples of raised beaches can be seen at Breaker Bay at the Heads, at Baring Head by the mouth of the Waiwhaiti, while at Pahautamui there is a whole fifty acres of green fields on the seaward side of the main road over which boats used to sail before the shake of 1855.

It is on the shores of Porirua Harbour, only a few miles away from Pahautamui, that Kupe left his anchor, a large block of stone weighing about six hundredweight and with a hole through it, that is now preserved in Wellington's Museum. Kupe, the Maori discoverer of these islands, is supposed, from calculations based on the

Maori genealogies, to have made the long voyage over the sea from Raratonga about a thousand years ago. He found an empty, silent land, and after voyaging about its coasts returned whence he came. Three centuries later, on the great Maori migration, the country was found to be inhabited.

It was not at Wellington that Kupe first landed, but traditions has it that he beached his canoe, the Matahōrua, at Seatoun and made a long stay there. His women-folk were with him, and his nieces gave their names, Matiu and Makoro, to Somes and Ward Islands respectively. All along the Wellington coast the Maori nomenclature bears witness to the passage of this stout-hearted old rover. It was from Plimmerton that he crossed over to the South Island, and on Plimmerton beach he saw a white stone that he greatly desired as a new anchor, and on taking it discarded the stone now in the museum. Geologists pour cold water on the tradition, and assert that the museum's treasure was never anywhere else except on Porirua Beach! Finally it may be noted that in one version of the Kupe legend alleged to have been given by a Wairarapa sage in 1861, our hero is piloted to these

shores from Raratonga by Pelorus Jack. A legend usually loses nothing in picturesqueness by the passage of time.

Wellington's first permanent Maori residents, according to the traditions collected by Mr. Elsdon Best, arrived about six or seven centuries ago, led by Tara and Tautoki, the sons of Whatonga, who sent them southwards in search of a new home. They made their first home on Somes Island, and then as their numbers increased, built a fortified village on the ridge above Seatoun. For the long and chequered story of the Maori occupation of Wellington readers must go to the writings of Mr. Elsdon Best and others. Mr. Best holds that the district never had more than a thin and shifting Maori population, and it was only this that saved the ill-managed settlement of the New Zealand Company from tragedy.

A century and a-half ago Captain Cook lay off the entrance to Wellington Harbour for an hour or two, and fifty years later one Captain Herd, in the *Rosanna*, made a chart of the Harbour and bestowed on it the name of Port

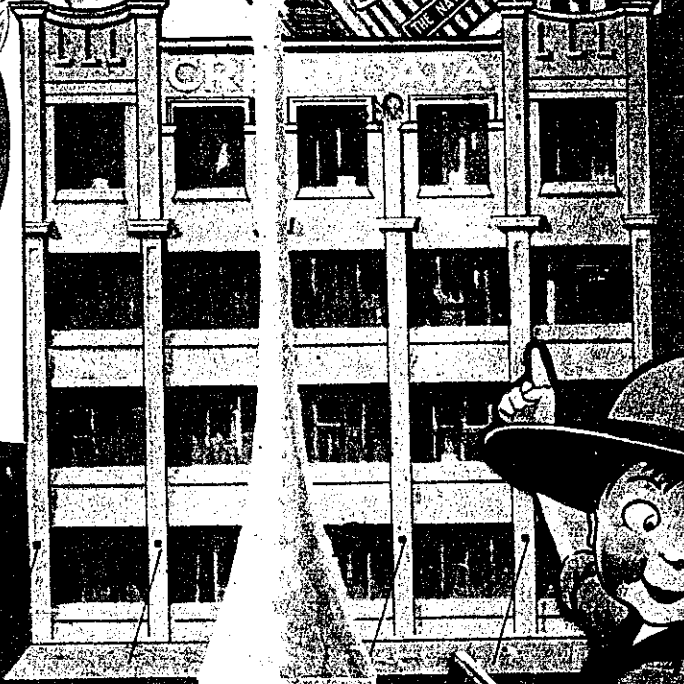
[Continued on page vi, of supplement; illustrations on page 21.]



Thom's Whaling Station, Porirua Harbour

Fort Patemata is near here, and it was close by that Kupe left his anchor

A Merry Christmas!
to all Creamoata People - great & small



TOPPING!
SAYS DAN.

CREAMOATA

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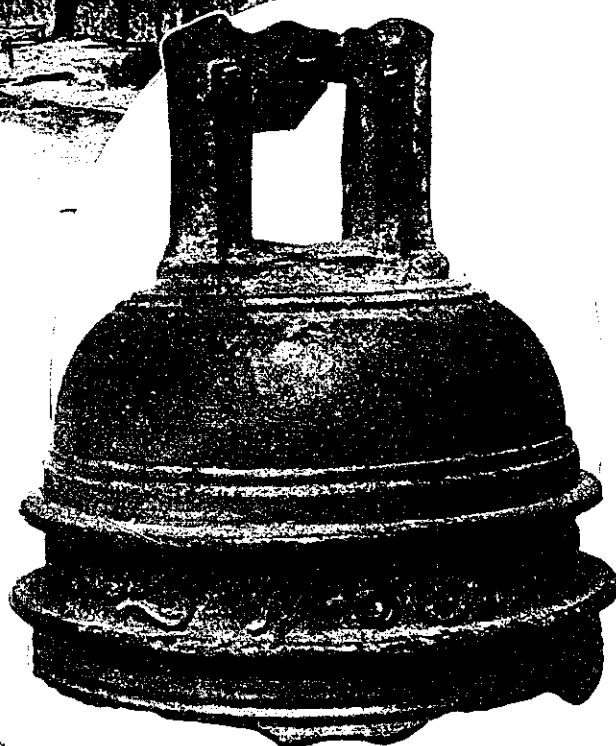


*Fort Richmond and
The Flutt Bridge*

Erected in 1845 by Captain Compton, an American backwoodsman, this was about the first of the North Island stockades.

*A Tamil Ship's Bell
a thousand years old*

Found by the Maoris' before the Pakeha came



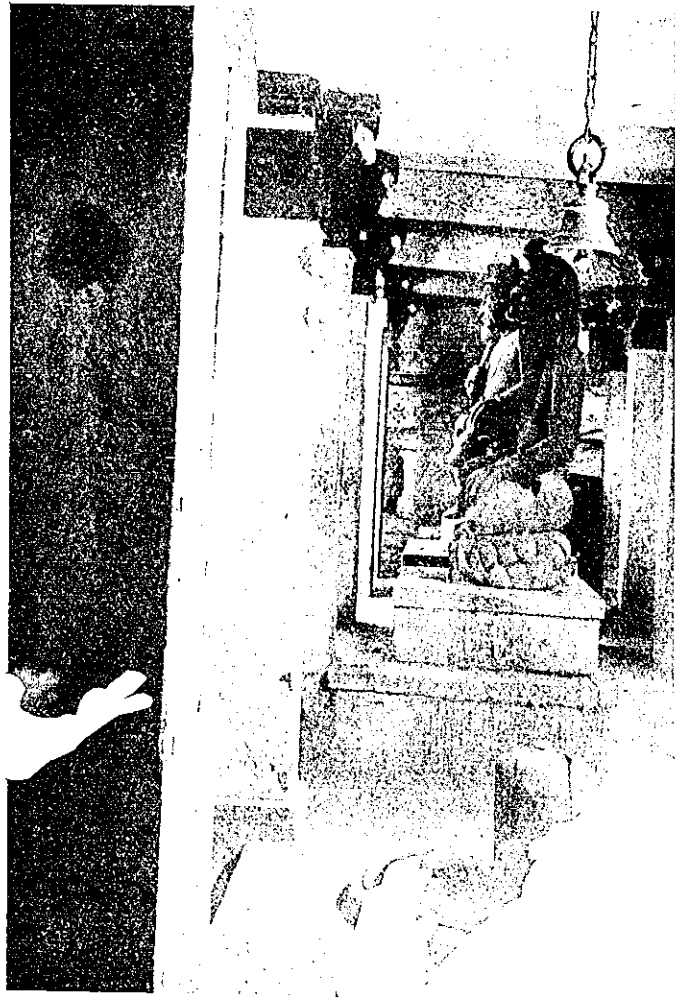
Ngahauranga

as it was in Wharepouri's day before Pakeha "improvements."



*The Flutt Road
in the Forties*

Where Thousands of Pilgrims Congregate



*The Interior of the very Sacred
Underground Temple at
Allahabad, India*

THIS temple is within the walls of the Fort, built in the sixteenth century by Akbar, and now occupied by the British, and though one of the places most venerated by the Hindu, is but little known to the ordinary tourist. It is especially sacred, as it shelters the Undying Tree and Vishnu's feet, though the incredulous hold that the Tree is replaced yearly in secret by the priests. In the right foreground will be seen the sacred emblem of the Hindu religion, which bears the marks of that Mohamedan persecutor of the Hindus—Aurangzebe. When he took possession of Allahabad he drove the priests from the temple and, in religious rage, cut with his tulwar at the sacred symbol. The blade hit deeply into the solid stone, and from one cut made milk and from the other blood! Many are the offerings that are, to this day, proffered to the object of such an undoubted miracle.

Allahabad is situated on the junction of the sacred Ganges with the holy Jumna, and, according to Hindu beliefs, a third river, unseeable by mortal eyes, also pours its waters into the conflux. To obtain certainty of purification the pious Hindu bathes at the junction of the rivers, regardless of alligators, corpses, and general filth.

The drawing shows a Pathan moneylender bargaining with a Marwari merchant—a case of when "Greek meets Greek."



The Harvester

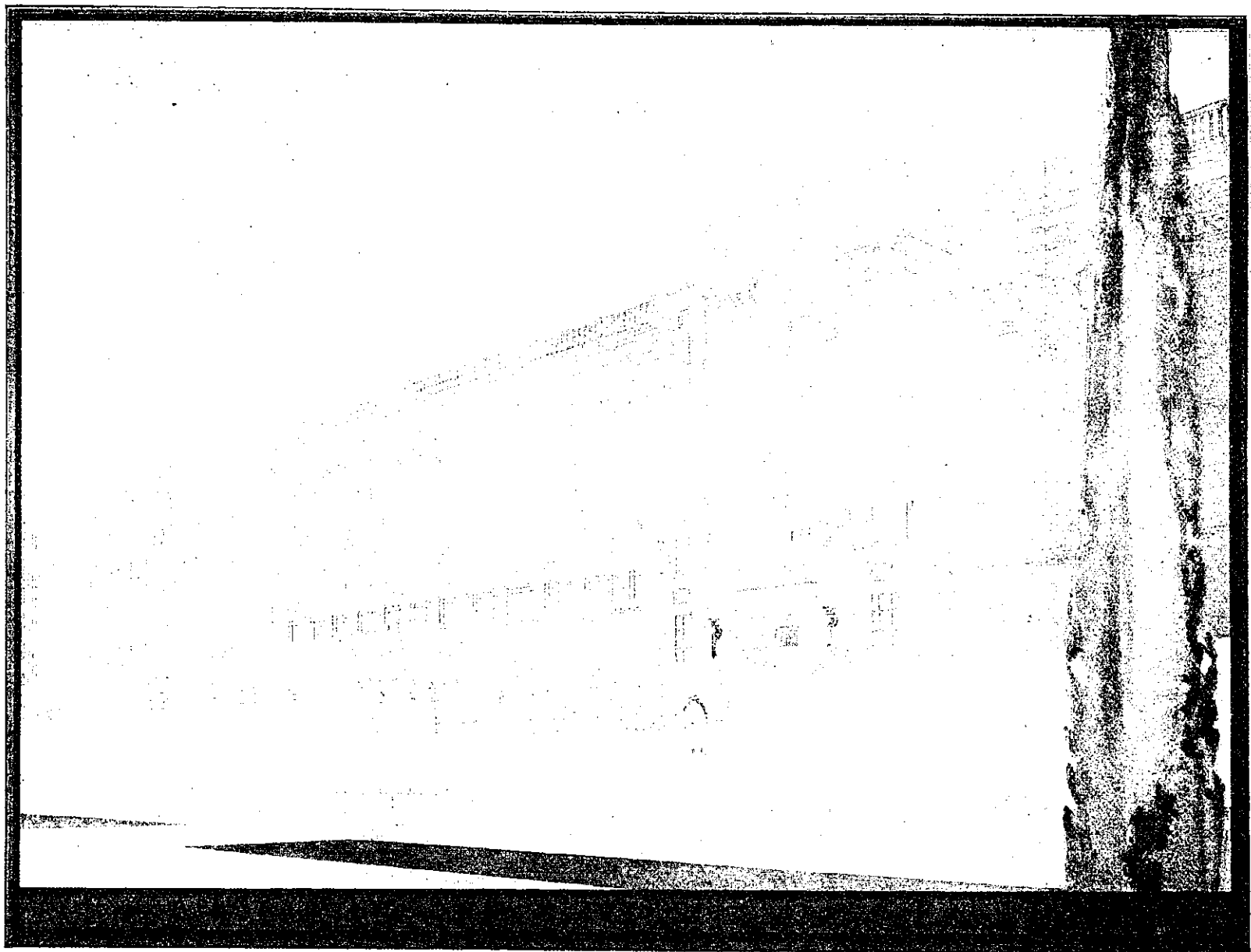
By W. Lee Flinkey



*"The murmur of drifting waters,
The rustling of wind stirred leaves—"*

Lake Kanieri

*A Camera Study by
George Chance, F.R.P.S.
Dunedin.*



An Earnest of Auckland's Future Greatness

This delightful picture is a reproduction of the facade of the Art Gallery, which forms but a part of the proposed Auckland new Civic Centre.

It must be a matter of pride to Auckland that, in open world competition, the design submitted by two of her citizens should be adjudicated the winning one.

The work of Messrs. W. H. Gummer, A.R.B.A., F.N.Z.I.A., M.T.A., and C. Reginald Ford, G.S.Arc., A.M.I.P.I., F.N.Z.I.A., F.R.G.S., etc., etc., is too well known in New Zealand to need editorial comment. Suffice it to say that there could be no doubt as to the correctness of the civic authorities' choice. We congratulate these two gentlemen on yet a further proof of the eminence they have achieved in their profession, and the civic authorities on their statesman-like appreciation of the future needs of their City. In the near future the City ratepayers will have the opportunity of deciding whether the time is opportune for the immediate putting in to execution of this ambitious project.

Blimps, Bombs and Bridals

NOT TO MENTION SUBMARINES

A STORY OF THE WAR FROM
AN UNUSUAL ANGLE

By R. B. G.

"MR. BIRD, sir; Mr. Bird, sir; 'all past three, sir, please, and a fine morning it is an' all."

A muffled snore ended in a snort, and the touselled red head of Flight Lieut.



"Away she zoomed"

Bird moved uphappily on the pillow. The switching on of the electric light by his servant effectually disposed of the last few veils of sleep and caused the green eyes of the erstwhile sleeper to open and glower at the disturber of his dreams.

"Ere's the weather report, sir. Your cup o' tay and biled h'eggs will be ready in ten minutes' time. You'll find a drop o' hot water in the can."

Bird swore softly at having to turn out at such an ungodly hour, stretched, yawned loudly and hove himself out of bed.

A glance at the weather report showed him conditions were favourable for patrol. He dressed rapidly and went outside his hut to study the sky. A slight paling in one quarter showed where lay the east. A light, cool wind, full of the freshness of early dawn, fanned his cheeks and cooled his head. The feathered tribe had not yet started their early morning twitterings. Only the night breeze as it whispered round the hut broke in on the silence. To all appearances it certainly looked a good day for flying. He turned on his heel and hurriedly got him to the mess room, where he soon found and demolished his early breakfast. Thus fortified as to the inner man he donned his flying boots, heavy leather coat and flying helmet, and with goggles and binoculars in hand trudged off to the sheds. Here he found the mechanics putting the finishing touches to his ship. The engineer officer was supervising the testing of the engine, armourers were fitting on the 65lb. bombs and Lewis gun, and his W/T



"The 'Dawn' came up"

operator was getting the lead weighted confidential signalling books on board. He reported to the Senior Flying Officer, who gave him the details of his patrol

and told him a submarine had been sighted the previous evening in that very area. He got his maps and charts, and, with a cheerful heart climbed into his seat. The faithful Binks arrived with his flying rations—sandwiches, especially concentrated bar chocolate, thermos flask and more eggs! When all was ready the landing party, which had arrived and had been detailed off for the handling guys, cast off the ship and walked her out of the shed on to the landing ground. She was swung nose to wind, and ballasted up to make certain that she would rise from the ground when released. The engine was "revved" up to full speed, and then eased down till it just ticked over. The ship was trimmed, the pilot waved his hand, the officer in charge blew his whistle, the guys were let go, the car party gave their burden a last parting upward heave, the drottle was opened, and away she zoomed into the air, off



The Parachute

One of the most trying experiences of War was to descend from a stricken "Blimp" in a parachute amid a hail of machine gun bullets.

on patrol. Bird listened rather anxiously to the note of the engine. A falter or spasmodic sputtering may be the precursor of an unwelcome "forced landing," with probably a "crashed" ship to show for it, and the possible loss of life of members of her crew. However, after a flutter or two, she warmed up and settled down into a comforting, sustained hum. The cold wind poured in a steady stream against his face, and brought tears to his eyes in spite of the goggles.

Away in the distance could be seen the black shapes of the hills. The sleeping country below was still clothed in darkness. Gradually the dawn came up like the soft notes of an organ pealing. The sky turned from saffron to pink. The hues deepened, and the fingers of rosy tinted morn lightly touched the purple hills and they awoke to the light of another day. Even the prosaic mind of the pilot stirred to the beauty and the freshness of the scene. His joyous, weird, unselfish efforts at singing mingled with

the triumphant song of the engine. As he flew steadily seawards the sun rose and drenched the landscape with golden dust. The mellow bronzes, deep olives, old gold and crimson of the woods dressed



"Coming events cast their shadows"

in their autumn glories passed rapidly beneath him. A big brown bird flapped lazily over a clearing. The surface of some meadows covered in dew shone like shimmering silver. Soon they would reach the coast. Frail wisps of cobweb floated in the air and the gossamer threads became entangled with the suspension wires of the car.

As they passed above the cliffs, and beheld the illimitable ocean stretched out before them, the pilot felt a thrill rise in his veins. What would his eight hours of patrol hold for him to-day? He warned his crew (the engineer and W/T operator) to keep their eyes skinned more than usual.

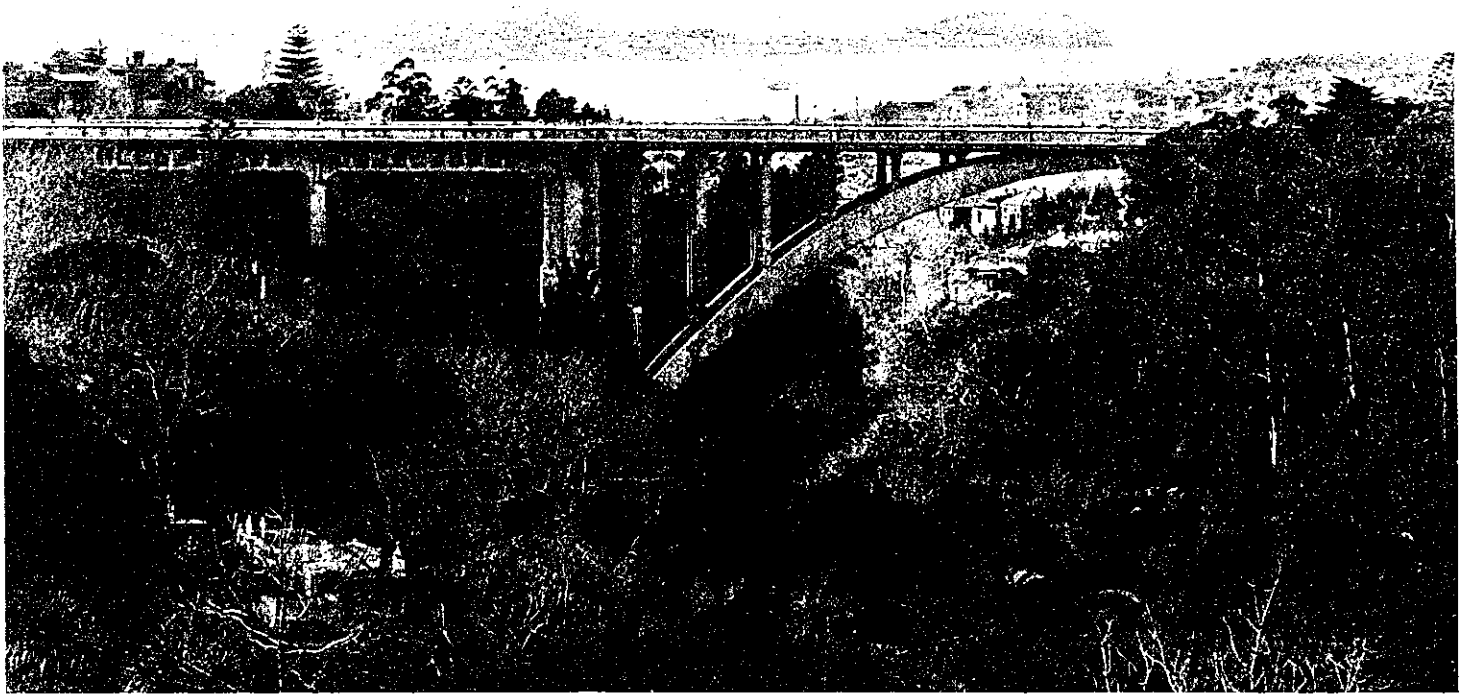
The hours passed uneventfully. The day was calm, with but the lightest of sea breezes. As he flew above the surface he deliberately scanned each bit of the sea. Every ripple, every isolated swirl, each little crisping, breaking wavelet was treated with suspicion. Fritz's periscope is only a spot, and may be given away by even the agitated movements of sea-gulls. The pilot began to find things beginning to pall. He felt cramped and longed to be able to get up and stretch his legs. He took a swig at the thermos flask and chewed a mixed diet of chocolate and sandwiches. He felt better after that, and the thought of a certain bottle of beer which lay in hiding till lunch time braced him still further! A blur of smoke on the horizon caught his eye. He shoved the rudder bar over with his foot, gave the elevator wheel a twist and swung the Blimp round towards it. As



A Ship Sings

they closed it he made her out to be a fairly large steamer, and he wondered if her captain was cognisant of the recent antics of Fritz. The sea was full of war

Continued on p. 27 of Motorist's Supplement



*Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart -
On us, on us the unswerving season smiles,
Who wonder 'mid our fern why men depart
To seek the Happy Isles.*
Rudyard Kipling.

*Auckland Harbour
Showing Grafton Bridge and Rangitoto*

Photo by courtesy of Frank Duncan & Co., Lorne Street, Auckland



THE SIESTA

Within easy reach of every car-owner are secluded beaches and shady dells, where relaxation and health can be found in abundant measure—where convention can be cast to the winds and life really lived.

Photographic Study, by Revell Reynolds, Auckland.

CARS AND CAMPING

IF the motor car is the modern man's substitute for the magic carpet of the East, he loses half his enjoyment if he uses it merely to whisk him from one hotel to the next. At least such appears to be the opinion of the great and growing army of motor campers. Motor camping is unlike ordinary summer camping in that the camp is usually pitched for the night only, or at any rate for a much briefer period than is the case with the old-time camp where the whole holiday was spent at one spot. The great desideratum of the motor camper is thus an outfit which can easily be run up and down so that pitching camp in the evening and striking it in the morning are not unduly laborious operations. Finally, the outfit has to be such as can be conveniently carried in the space available on the camper's car.

The secret of motor camping is knowing what to leave behind, but here again everything depends on whether the taste is for heavy or light camping, and also on whether one is content to camp alongside the car or desires more freedom of action. For the ultra-luxurious to whom money is no object and who do not wish to remove more than a few yards at most off the highway a motor caravan may present attractions, which attractions, however, are likely to

be considerably lessened when one reflects on the small mileage of New Zealand roads suitable for such contraptions. An adaptation of the caravan idea is the car so fitted that the backs of the front seats collapse to form a bed the length of the car. This

provides snug sleeping quarters, and with a lean-to tent for mealing in, and sleeping such of the party as cannot be accommodated in the car, makes a serviceable outfit. Still another arrangement much favoured in the United States is the trailer, fitted with folding

spring beds with mattresses, pillows, and other luxurious accessories, the whole affair allegedly taking no more than a few seconds to unfold and erect beneath an enclosing tent. Such trailers sell at from £50 to £75 in America, but so far have not been noticeable in New Zealand.

At the other end of the scale there has lately sprung up a school of campers in America deriding all who carry about with them great bundles of camping paraphernalia, and declaring that the only care-free, happy camper is he who sleeps out under the stars. This species sleeps out only on fine nights and does so in canvas hammocks which it slings up under the trees. It is an attractive idea in settled fair weather, but in our fickle climate the party will need to include a better meteorological expert than the weather office has ever yet provided.

To the plain brown camper who takes a tent with him the question is whether it is best to go in for the new sort of tent that is attached to the car or for the good old-fashioned form. The lean-to car tent is as a general thing best for one-night halts and has the advantage that it can be got up fairly quickly. Its great disadvantage is that once it is up the car cannot be moved without first taking the whole thing down, an abominable nuisance if one



THE DURANT CLUB GOES PICNICKING

The Durant Club, which consists of Auckland owners of Durant, Rugby, and Flint cars, recently held a most enjoyable picnic at Buckland's Beach, and our photograph shows an imposing array of these cars, proving how rapidly Durant productions have gained the confidence of the motoring public.

The Durant Club exists not only for the purpose of giving its car-owning members added pleasure, but also intends to organize outings for the less fortunate members of the community, and hopes soon to be able to arrange to place its facilities at the disposal of deserving orphanages and homes.

Photo by courtesy of Mr. D. Hughes, Auckland.



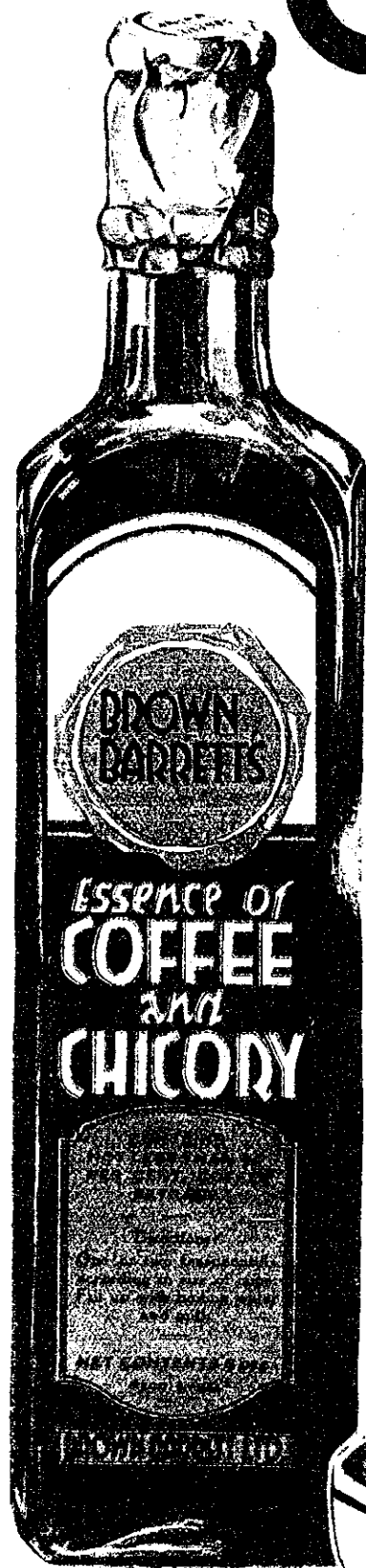
The Flower Girl
By J. C. Holland

*A Camera Study of an
Auckland Street Scene*

Coffee!

Thousands of New Zealanders pay daily tribute to the fine flavour, wholesomeness, convenience and economy of

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BARRETT'S
Coffee Essence



*Proved largest sale
in New Zealand*

Three Beautiful
New Zealanders

g



Miss KATHLEEN O'BRIEN

Photograph by Elizabeth Greenwood
Wellington



Miss IRENE MULVANEY GRAY

A talented New Zealand Danseuse who has danced with Pavlova and acted with Sybil Thorndyke. Miss Gray appeared at a Command performance before Their Majesties. She is now in Christchurch, where she has organised many successful functions for charity.

Photograph by Claude Ring, Christchurch



Miss JANIE POST

Daughter of Captain C. F. Post of Wellington

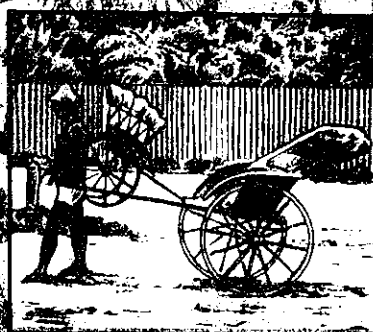
Photograph by Elizabeth Greenwood
Wellington

7/11

For Perfect Flavour



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INSIST ON
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BRAND
OBTAINABLE
AT ALL
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AND WHOLE-
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DUNEDIN



Verses by B. I. and S. T. H. R.
Drawings by S. T. H. R.



Bill—His Adventures with Pirates

Young Bill had been naughty—a habit with Bills!

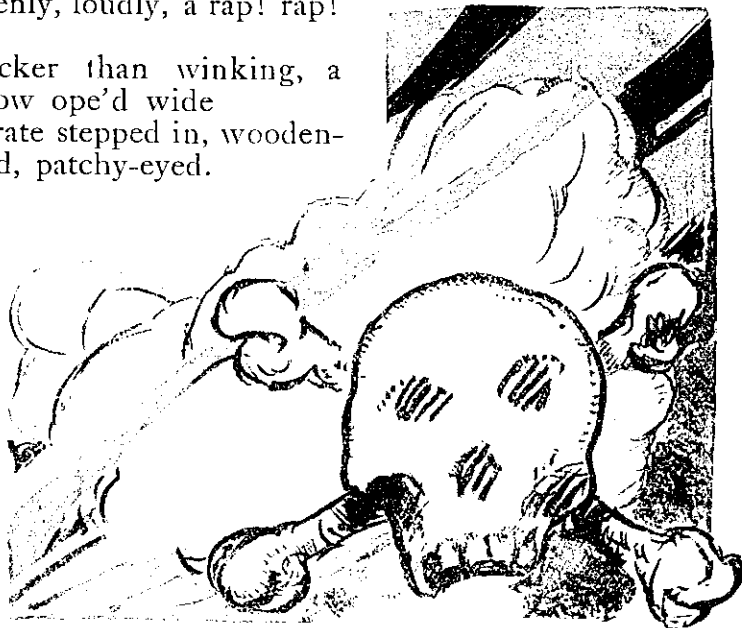
His mother had given him Dreamy Drop pills;
He went (or was sent) to his bed with a smack
That hit where his backbone forgot to be back.
Said William the naughty—or otherwise Bill,
“If it’s naughty I am, I’ll be more naughty still.”

The clock struck the hour, and struck it again;
Yet Bill could not sleep for both anger and pain.
Till he heard at his window a quite gentle tap,
And suddenly, loudly, a rap! rap!

And, quicker than winking, a window ope’d wide
And a Pirate stepped in, wooden-
legged, patchy-eyed.

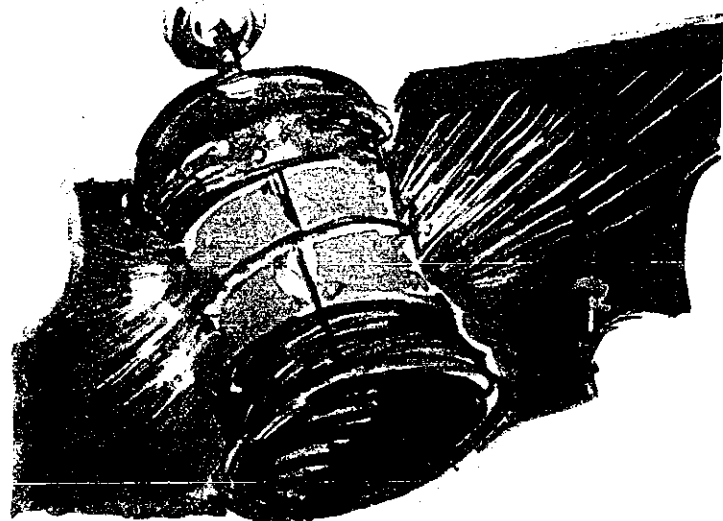
Bill and the Pirate

“Yo! Ho!” roared the Pirate, “You’re joining my crew.
My frigate needs boys who are naughty as you.”
Said Bill, in pyjamas, “We’ll start right away
If it’s Pirates you’re wanting, then Hip, hip, Hoo-ray!”
“Shake a leg,” said the Pirate, and winked his one eye,
“Beneath the Black Flag we will do or we’ll die.”

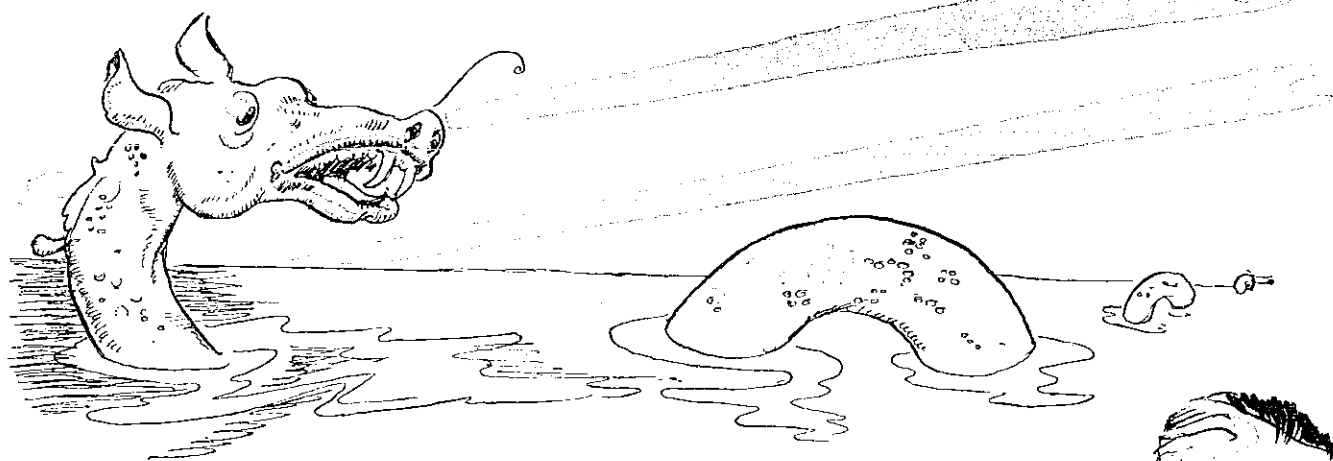


They rowed to the frigate, and leaping aboard,
“Let her go, merry cut-throats!” the pirate, he roared.
The anchor was weighed, and with “Yo, lads, yo ho!”
They hoisted the sail, and they *did* let her go.
But, alas for young William (this tale must be told),
They dumped him, pyjamas and all, down the hold.

It’s sad, you’ll admit, that a hero like Bill
Should have suffered this very undignified spill;
But, ’mid scuttling of rats, and though bruised by the fall,
Young Bill didn’t worry or whimper at all.
By a red lantern’s glimmer, a cutlass he found.
“I’ll fight that bad pirate,” he swore, “or be drowned.”



But a great storm arose, and oh! loud was the blast.
Great waves swept the rigging and shattered the mast.
Then Bill saw his chance: as the ship made a lurch
He scaled up a hatchway as safe as a church,
And, waving his cutlass, that Pirate he sought,
And, in spite of the tempest, together they fought.



Bill and the Sea Serpent

Now Bill, a New Zealander, bred in the bone,
With the piratest Pirate could well hold his own.
He gave him a slash on the crown of his head;
A gurgle, a groan, and the Pirate was dead.
The crew, they all wondered, then shouted with glee:
"Be our captain, O William!" Said Bill, "I agree!"

Bill and the Sea Serpent

With Bill as their Skipper, they crossed the wide ocean,
Till one day Bill heard a tremendous commotion.
With foam in its wake and its eyes flashing flame,
A Sea Serpent up to the Pirate ship came.
He must have been hungry, for, having tasted a few,
He promptly ate up all the rest of the crew.

Bill and the Sea Serpent

"Good morning!" said William. "I'm happy to meet
you."
"Hullo!" said the Serpent, "I don't think I'll *eat* you!
Together we'll steer to an island I know,
Where Treasure is hidden." Said William, "Right-o!
Hitch your tail to the bowsprit, and be a bit nifty;
That treasure is ours, and we'll split fifty-fifty!"

Bill and the Sea Serpent

The Sea Serpent started; his pace was terrific.
In less than an hour he crossed the Pacific,
And lo! of a sudden, not distant a mile,
Bill sighted a beautiful palm-skirted isle.
I don't know its name, and I haven't its photo,
But I'll swear on my life it was not Rangitoto!

Bill and the Sea Serpent

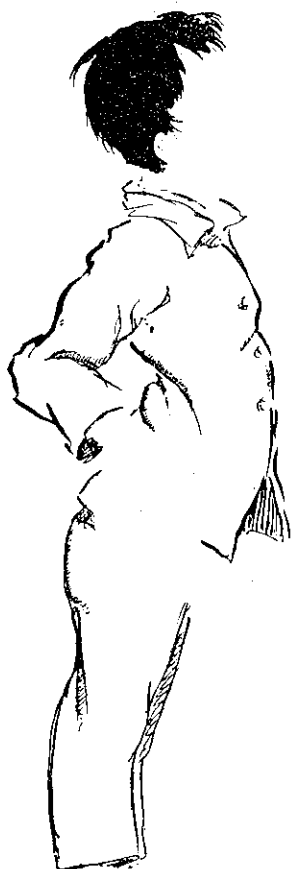
The Serpent he hooted; the welkin was shattered,
And the cannibals dwelling there scooted and scattered.
They fled and, I tell you, they made it a welter;
And the Sea Serpent winked as they went, helter-
skelter.

He said unto Bill: "If the cannibals can,
Let them foil the great purpose of Serpent and Man."

Bill and the Sea Serpent

But, while he was boasting, the Serpent forgot
That his speed should have really been slackened a lot.
His brakes were p'raps faulty; but, whate'er the cause,
He certainly smashed all the local speed laws,
And Serpent and Frigate—not to mention our Bill
Most certainly had a most horrible spill.

Bill's further adventures will be found in subsequent issues of THE LADIES' MIRROR



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The disposal of Household Furniture calls for thought as to how to get the best results. Consult the leading auctioneer who alone is qualified to give you that advice, who is himself an expert in his own particular line, and one who has the confidence of the buying public, who will identify his interests with your own, conscientiously advising you so that the highest market values may be obtained.



George Waeke.

As furniture looks so much better when artistically arranged, I generally recommend that a sale be held at the house. I have a large clientele and am always assured of keen competition and satisfactory prices. *I personally conduct the sale* and my knowledge and advice as to values is accepted by the buying public.

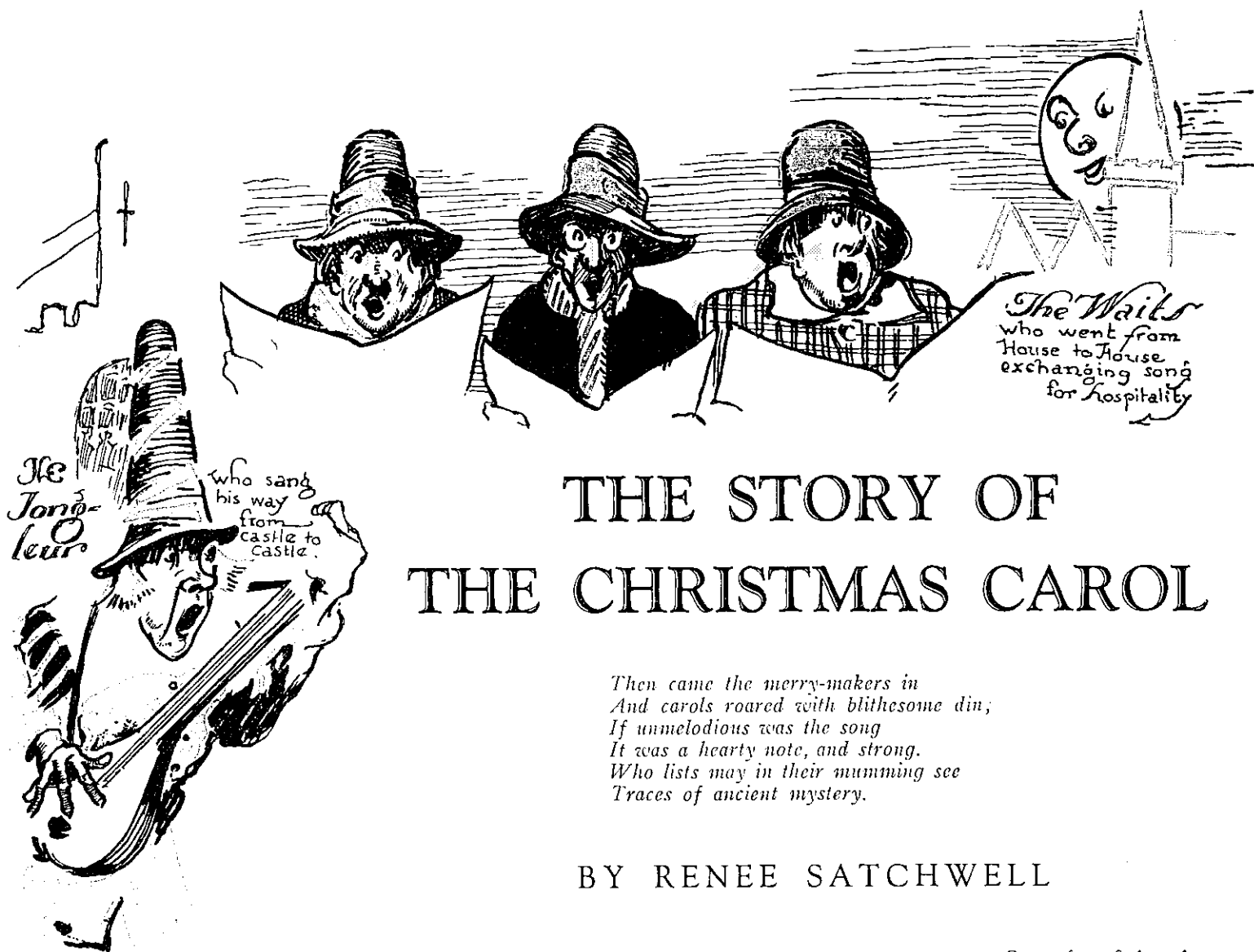
Where only portion of your furniture is to be sold, I recommend that it be sent to my Sale Rooms. These are the largest in the Dominion and the most centrally situated in Auckland. I am thus able to guarantee a quick sale.

It sometimes happens that clients prefer to sell right out for a lump sum. In these cases I arrange inspection and valuation without charge. In the event of my quotation being accepted (and it will be always the highest market value), I will pay you a deposit rightaway, and arrange the date of delivery and payment to suit your convenience.

George Waeke.

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Auctioneer and Expert Valuer



THE STORY OF THE CHRISTMAS CAROL

*Then came the merry-makers in
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery.*

BY RENEE SATCHWELL

ONCE upon a time—for this is a story I would not have you label as plain "History," reminiscent of hours of drudgery and date-learning in school-days, but the life story of a fascinating song-form connected with the Merry Old Times, the very name of which breathes romance and a sense of "old, forgotten far-off things."

Once upon a time, then, "carol" was the word for an old French ring-dance, which later gave its name to the songs that accompanied it. This name passed into other languages of Western Europe, and came to signify a festive song, particularly such as was sung at Christmas and the New Year. The earliest known Christmas carol, written in Latin, found in a ninth century manuscript, is in the old plain-song style, and is claimed by the Irish. Carol singing as a popular pastime does not seem to have become prevalent until the twelfth century, however, and it is from this and the next century that we inherit the oldest carols now in use. Those were the "good old" feudal days of mendicant singers, errant minstrels wandering through the villages and from castle to castle, who sung to entertain the great people of the land when they felt festive, the days of the Troubadours and Jongleurs in France, of the Minnesingers in Northern Europe; when there was always singing and dancing at great festivals for rich and poor.

EARLY ENGLISH CAROLS

THE early English Christmas carols, like old monuments and buildings, and other works of art, are deeply marked with the story of their times; they show how the teaching of the church had been

grafted on the Pagan instincts of the common people; the language is a mixture of the English of the people, the Latin of the clergy, and the French of the court; and there is to be found in them evidence of poetic imagination, human weakness and human love, with here and there pure literary beauty.

REMNANTS OF PAGAN CUSTOMS

THE solemnities of the celebration of the birth of Christ had been appointed to take place at the time of the great national festival of Pagan days, and the customs of the heathen Yule-tide lent their colouring to the English Christmas. The Saxon idea of the exchange of healths, the "Wassail" and "Drinkhail" is embodied in the "Wassail Songs," one of which is still sung lustily by little street-arabs in London—the well-known "Here We Come a-Wassailing" of the children, with its chorus:

*Love and joy come to you
And to you your wassail too,
And God rest you and send you
A happy New Year.*

Here are the words of one of the earliest examples:—

*Si jo zus di trestez, "Wesseyl,"
Dehaiz eit qui ne dirra "Drinckyl,"*
which may be interpreted
"If I bid you all 'Wassail'
Cursed be he who cries not 'Drink-hail.'"

Pagan customs, such as the procession of the boar's head at the beginning of the Yule feast, and the "Holly and Ivy" contests were incorporated into those of the Christian festival, and there are carols in which these concomitants of the celebration are the chief theme. The famous "Boar's Head

Carol," taken from a collection of carols made by a gentleman with the delightful name of Wynken de Worde, and published in 1521, although it was sung much earlier than this, is as follows. Notice the mixture of English and Latin:

*The bore's heed in hand bring I
With garlans gay and rosemary.
I pray you all syng me merely
Qui estis in convivio.*

CHORUS

*Caput apri differo
Reddens laudes domino.
Be gladde lordes bothe manne and
lasse
For this hath ordeyned our stew-
arde*

*To cheere you all this Christmasse
The bore's heed with mustarde.*

After each verse this chorus was, no doubt, sung most lustily.

One is inclined to wonder if they served their mustard dry in those days!

The tradition of serving a boar's head and singing this carol every Christmas at Queen's College, Oxford, is due to the unfortunate experience of one of their mediæval students; he was attacked by a wild boar, and saved himself by cramming a volume of Aristotle down the beast's throat. Wild-pig hunters, here is a wrinkle for you, should you find yourself in the same straits this Christmas, and may your song of thanksgiving be the traditional carol!

There are many different versions of this type of carol, and of the holly and ivy carols, where the men champion the holly, and the girls the ivy, which gives a suggestion of the survival of nature worship:

*Then spake Holly: "I am free and
jolly.*

I will have the mastery."

*Then spake Ivy: "I am loved and
proved.*

I will have the mastery."

One often finds references to these practices in modern carol books, and wonders why they are put beside hymns that are obviously associated with the religious significance of the festival.

"MIRACLE PLAY" CAROLS

THE most beautiful of these early carols are those which



depart from Scriptural facts and introduce apocryphal incidents connected with the childhood of Christ. These are mostly taken from the "Mystery Plays" which were in great vogue and much frequented at Christmas time in the 12th century and later. Just as we remember and sing songs out of musical plays long after we have forgotten the play, so these carols remained after the mystery plays and players had passed out of remembrance, the words and music gradually being altered as they were handed down from generation to genera-

Tree Carol," for instance, are also probably relics of the "Miracle Plays."

*As they went a-walking
In the garden so gay
Maid Mary spied cherries
Hanging over yon tree.*

*Mary said to Joseph
With her sweet lips so mild
"Pluck those cherries, Joseph,
For to give to thy Child."*

*"O then," replied Joseph,
With words so unkind,*

*"I will pluck no cherries
For to give to thy Child."*

*"I lack me meat nor drink
In King Herodes hall.
There is a Child in Bethlem born
Is better than we all.*

With the result that

*They holy Stephen took
And stoned him in the way,
And therefore is Saint Stephen's
eve
On Christes oven Day.*

The "Dilly Bird" carol has variants in most countries of Europe, this curious creature being a mythical bird that comes once a year at Christmas time, and is "Never seen but heard O."

Reference must also be made to the carols of a more spiritual nature which are sung in our own churches to this day, but they need no explanation. "The First Nowell" (the "Golden Carol"), and "God Rest You Merry Gentlemen" are both preserved for us with their traditional music from the 16th Century or earlier, and Luther's carol and his cradle hymn are, of course, early 16th century, but the music is of comparatively recent composition.

ones had been added to the repertoires of these merry songsters during the 18th century. "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," by Charles Wesley, for instance.

Come sing the Carols old and new

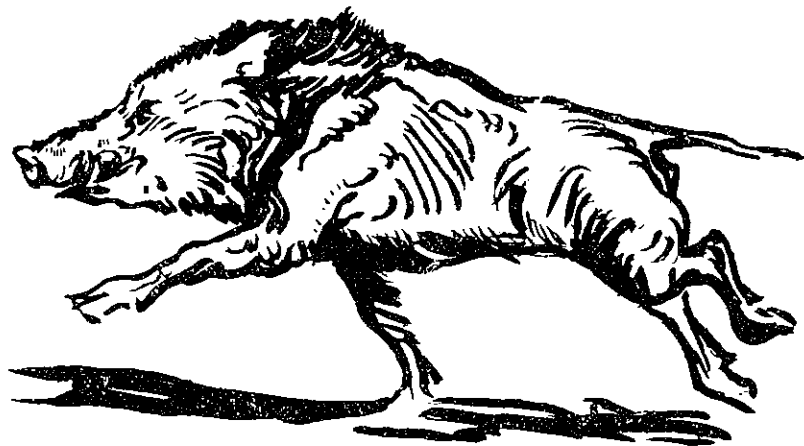
Char~ mind us of Good Cheer

NOW we have come to modern times and a modern country, and the customs of old times and old countries are dying out. We still sing carols in church in a perfunctory manner, and a few religious bodies, bent on collecting money, sing a few carols in the streets just before Christmas, very badly, and unnoticed by the majority of holiday-makers. Our children know no carols, they are taught none at school. They are not taught in their homes to respect such a tradition, because tradition belongs to the category of the Unpractical, or the Waste-of-time, like Art, Music, and Literature. Why, then, do we keep Christmas as a holiday at all? Why not observe the religious side by going to Church, and then continue our practical, every-day life? Why teach children to hang their stockings up on Christmas Eve? Why give presents? If we keep up the great old holiday at all, let us do it so that the Spirit of Christmas may be welcome when he comes to New Zealand.

I believe he tried to do it once. He arrived on Christmas Eve. He didn't like the climate much, it was too warm, but he would not let that upset him; he wanted to put the children in the right frame of mind for the advent of Santa Claus. He persevered, well pleased with the Christmas shoppers and the happiness of the people, until he came to a party of merry

LATER CAROLS

THE later carols of the 16th and 17th century are much more elaborate, and like many other carefully planned works, these have not lived as long as the simpler and more spontaneous products of "the people," which have the element of folk song in them. In the reigns of Henry VII. and his children, the choir of the Chapel Royal had to sing Christmas carols before the sovereign. This custom gave rise to elaborate compositions, the best of which are those of William Byrd, but the ornamented style that pervaded the music and literature of the Elizabethan period



WHY THEY SERVE A BOAR'S HEAD AT OXFORD

A Student of Queen's College being attacked by a wild boar, saved himself by ramming his volume of Aristotle down the beast's throat. Ever since a boar's head has formed part of the Christmas feast~

stified simple forms like that of the carol, and the carols of those days were not carols in the popular sense. The common people, however, still sang the older and simpler works, and kept them in existence. Many, no doubt, were lost during the Puritan ascendancy, but when this broke up, most of the old carols reappeared, and the practice of singing Christmas carols remained throughout the 18th and 19th centuries. Those were the days of real "Merry Christmasses," when no Christmas was complete without its waits and the carols they sang. Many beautiful new

makers, singing and dancing. His face brightened at strains of music, but as he came closer he heard what it was — JAZZ!

"Odds bodkins! Can it be possible that I have mistaken the season?" he asked himself. "Is this just one of their many bank holidays after all?"

The shock was terrible. He kept muttering to himself the awful name of the modern substitute for Christmas carols — JAZZ — Jazz — Jazz — until with a shudder and a sigh he vanished to colder but more congenial climes.



tion. Most of the lullabies, like the "Coventry Carol," have come to us in this way. Notice the pathos and musical rhythm of these verses, which were written down about 1589, but were probably composed at a much earlier date:

Refrain:

*"Lullay, you little tiny Child,
Bye-bye lully, lullay,
Lullay, you little tiny Child,
Bye-bye lully lullay.*

*O Sisters, too, how may we do
For to preserve this day;
This poor youngling, for whom we
sing*

Bye bye lully lullay?

*Herod the King, in his raging,
Charg'd he hath this day
His men of might, in his own sight
All children young to slay.*

Or in these:

*A maiden mother meek and mild,
In cradle kept a knave child
That softly slept; she sat and sang
"Lullay, lullow, lullay, lullow,
My bairn sleep softly now."*

The amusing, yet sometimes touching dialogues that take place between Joseph and Mary in their unusual settings, in the "Cherry

*Mary said to cherry tree,
"Bore down to my knee
That I may pluck cherries
By one, two, and three."*

And so on in the same strain.

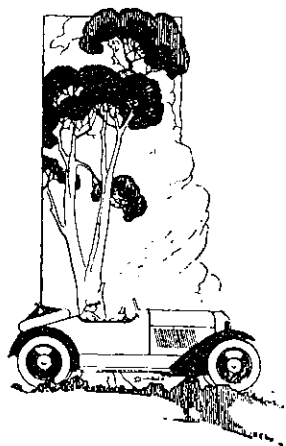
"As I sat on a Sunny Bank" (I Saw Three Ships Come Sailing In), the "Carol of St. Stephen," the "Dilly Bird" carol, all preserve legends descended from the remote past. The carol of Saint Stephen, like old paintings of biblical incidents, is a quaint mixture of probable fact, anachronism, and the writer's imagination, clothed in the trappings of the period in which it was composed, as the following verses will show:—

*Saint Stephen was a clerk
In King Herodes hall,
And served him of bread and cloth
As ever king befall.*

*He out of kitchen came
With boar's head in his hand,
He saw a star was fair and bright
Right over Bethlem stand.*

*The boar's head he cast down
And went into the hall,
"King Herod now I thee forsake,
Thee and thy werkles all."*

Replying to the natural query of the king by



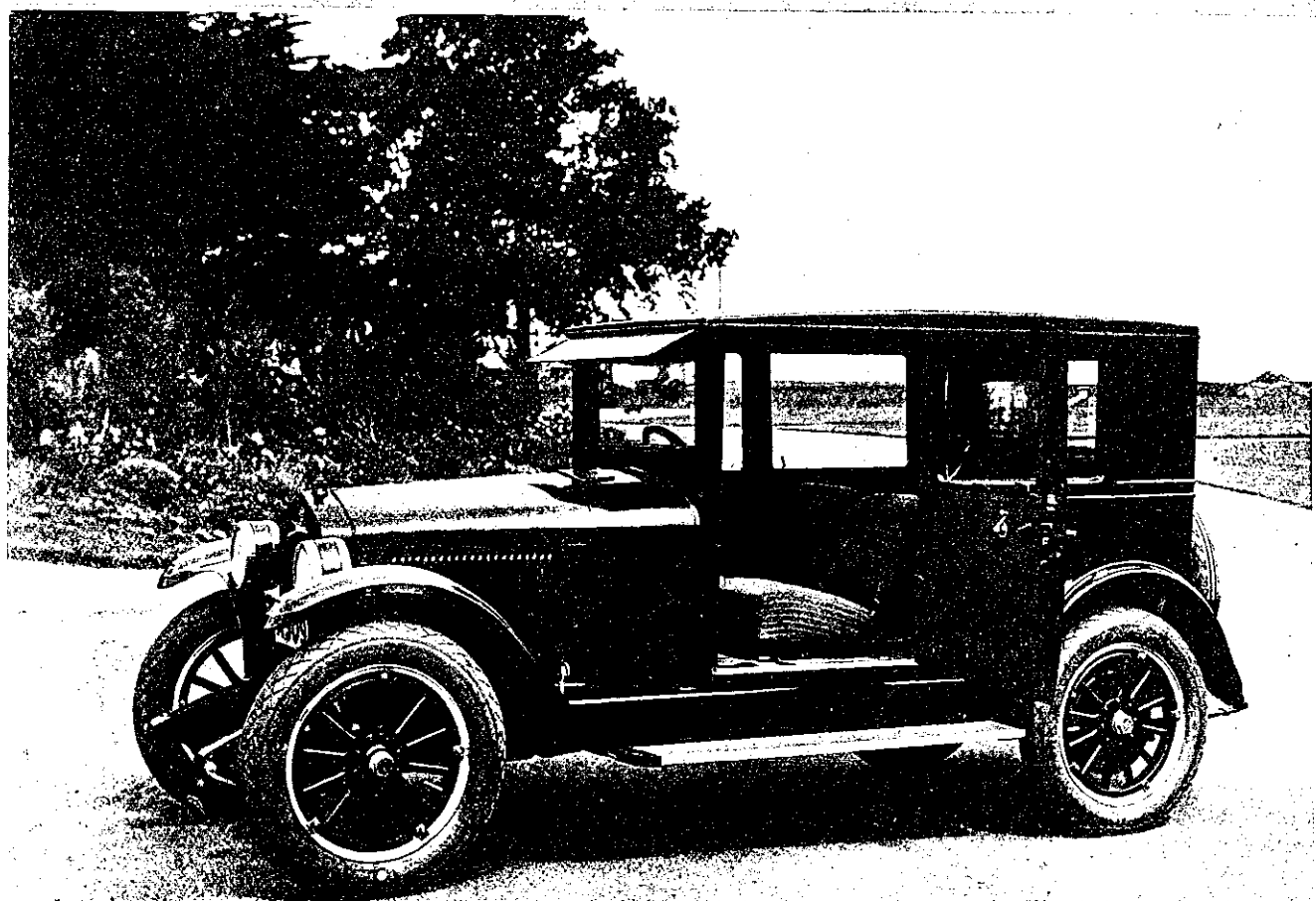
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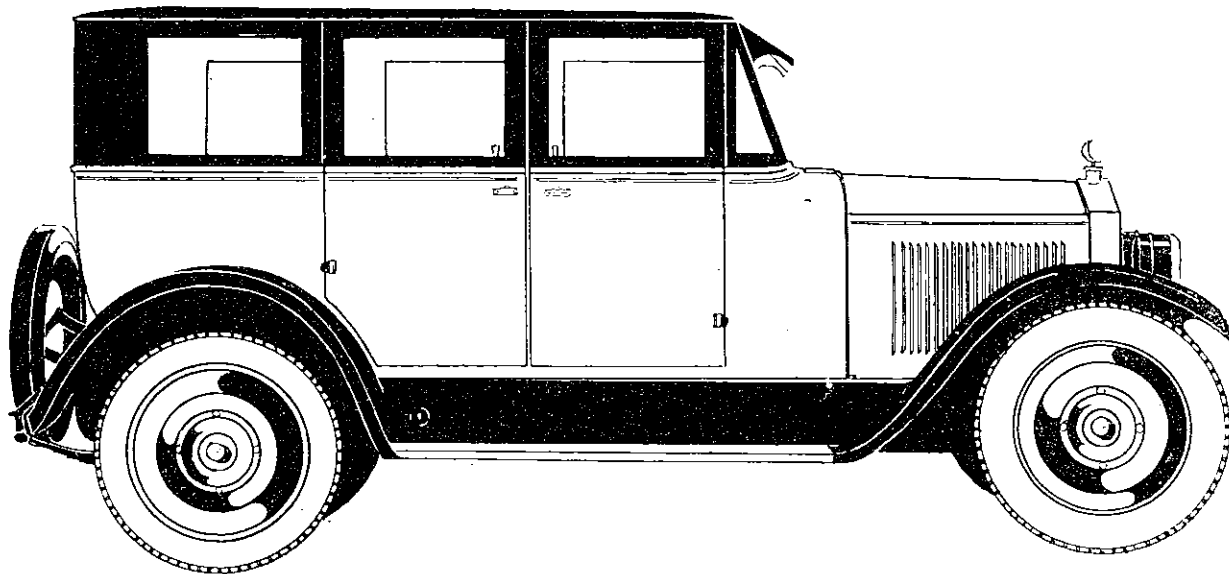
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By Revell Reynolds

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A CAUSERIE ON MOTORING MATTERS

By SANCHO

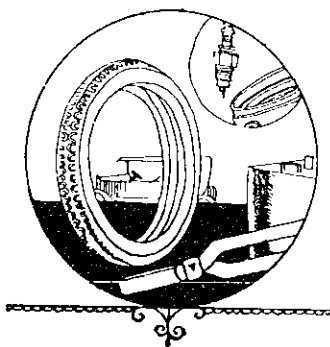
WHAT does it cost to run a car? I figured out to write some informative paragraphs this month on this topic, but strangely enough reliable information is not easy to secure. The matter occupies the minds of people who don't own cars but are thinking of buying them, but, alas, those who do own them always seem most delightfully vague about their expenditure, and one gathers that they rather prefer not to tot up the figures. One motorist of my acquaintance who has run a 24-horsepower American car for about two years, in the course of conversation, informed me the other day that he did some 5000 miles a year and his running expenses totalled only about a pound a week. This did not include insurance, garage, or depreciation. Another owner of an exactly similar car, which has not yet been on the road a year declared the figure too low, and gave it as his opinion that the total cost, including insurance and garage, but not depreciation, should work out at £100 per annum, for average family use.

AN owner of a 12 h.p. English light car, which has now been on the road some years, tells me that his experience, taking one year with another, is that his expenditure, including five shillings a week for garaging, and allowing for comprehensive insurance, averages about 30s. a week. His annual mileage, he says, is round about 4000, and he has spent a

fair amount on renewals and pays for most of his minor repairs, not having the time to do them himself. On the other side of the picture, we have the recent announcement that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's biscuit-making baronet friend thought it necessary to give him £30,000 to enable him to run a car worthy of his position! Still, the fact remains that it can be done on less.

AFTER all, unless the financial shoe is a very tight fit, it is not so much a question of what a car costs as of what it is worth as a key to unlock the great world of outdoors, and a magic carpet to transport one from the city to the pleasant countryside, or *vice versa*. This is a sum not easily to be set down in figures, but most car owners will tell you that it

means a lot more to them than what the car costs to run. In America they have got things to such a pass now that the number of cars is equal to the number of people in receipt of incomes of 1500 dollars a year, equal roughly to £300 in our money. How many motor-cars there are on the road in New Zealand is a matter of guesswork, but the generally accepted figure is that there are round about 50,000. This is rather more than the total number of income tax payers in the Dominion, but although income tax begins at £300 a year, it does not sweep a universal drag net, as only a small number of the farmers have to pay it, and in the motor tax discussions we have had statements to the effect that it is the farmers who own most of the cars—perhaps the fact that they don't have to pay income tax enables them to do so! Anyway, while we cannot make a statistical comparison of our car ownership with America's, the fact remains that it is remarkably high considering that whereas they pay pence per gallon for motor fuel, we pay shillings here.



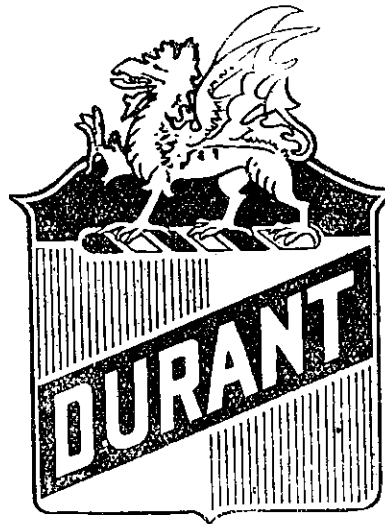
THE annual meeting of the Automobile Union this year has been notable for the new working arrangement effected between the North and South Island Unions, a quarterly conference between the two bodies having been agreed upon.

Continued on Page 42.

Look for these on the Road

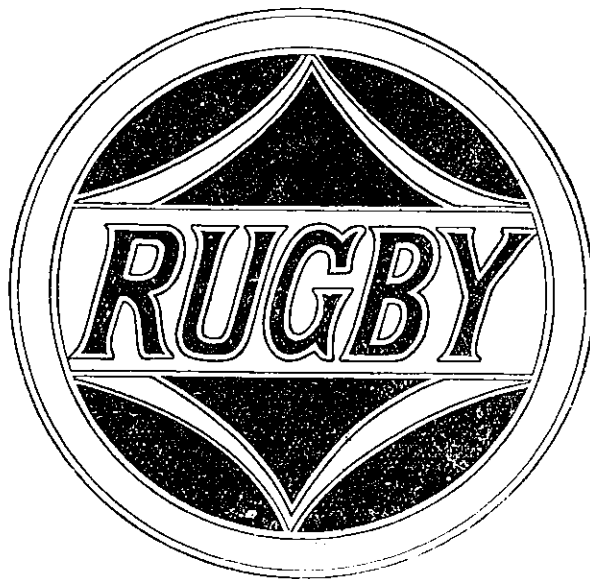
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THE KING'S HIGHWAY—Continued

In the conference between the two Unions on the Motor Vehicles Bill the much superior organisation of the South Island was noticeable. The South Island had its remits for the amendment of the Bill all arranged *seriatim* and well digested, whereas the North Island had not, and had, indeed, at its own conference prior to meeting the South Island passed a number of remits bearing on the Bill which were never brought up again. The Wellington proposal for engaging a whole-time executive officer for the North Island Union was considered premature and lost, but it is to be hoped the movement will not be left where it is, as the whole North Island organisation is very unrepresentative of motorists, with a microscopic membership of only about 2500 for the Island, and a general air of pottering stagnation over its activities. The Wairarapa Association is the only North Island one that seems really alive. New associations have, however, been formed lately in Taranaki, and it may be that that progressive part of the country will help to infuse new life into the movement.

BALLOON tyres, and semi-balloons, are gradually appearing on the roads, and those who have tried them are enthusiastic in their praises. While the shock absorber, or snubber, flattens out the big bumps on the road, the low pressure balloon tyre absorbs all the little unevennesses and damps out the vibration caused by running over loose or projecting stones. Although made with much thinner walls than the small section high-pressure tyres

the balloons are stated to wear well, and I heard the owner of a service car on the Wellington-Masterton run over the Rimutakas speaking most highly of the way some of the new type he has had on are standing up to the work. Balloon tyres and shock absorbers are well worth fitting, not only on account of the increased comfort they give, but because of the great reduction in wear and tear on the chassis and transmission. Tyre wear is undoubtedly reduced by the fitting of shock absorbers, particularly in light cars in which the rebound of the springs tends to lift the wheels off the road, causing a certain amount of dithering and wheel-spin, which all means unnecessary wear on the tyres. Not only is this eliminated, but the way the car holds the road will also be found considerably to improve its climbing capacity.

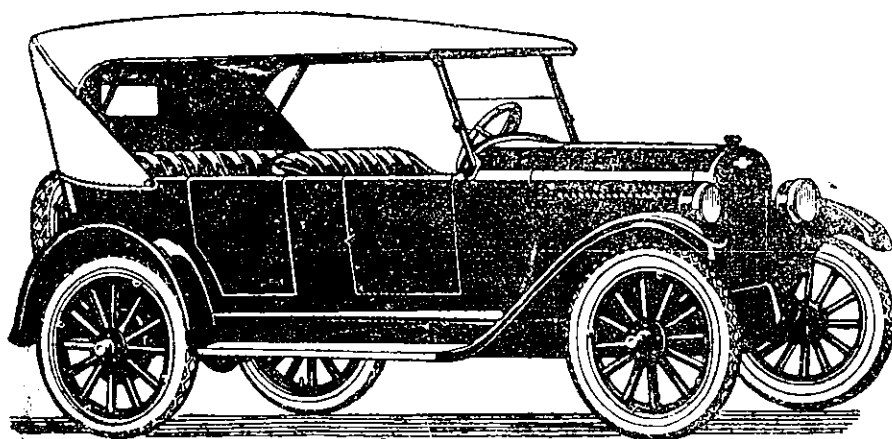
THE improvement that can be effected by the intelligent treatment of a gravel road is really wonderful. The Hutt County, which has control of big slices of the main Wairarapa and Manawatu roads out of Wellington, has hitherto been regarded as a most conservative body, but has lately come out of its shell and a few months back engaged an engineer. This gentleman, Mr. Allan C. Benham, by the simple process of putting fine gravel on the roads instead of the big stones as hitherto has in a very short space of time made a most marked improvement in the main road surfaces in the county. Mr. Benham does not regard this as a complete solution of his road problem by any means, as he has a bitumen surfacing

scheme in hand, and the gravel maintenance is only being carried on meanwhile. Nevertheless it is instructive to note that both Mr. W. Calder, chairman of Victoria's Main Roads Board, who lately passed through the Dominion on his way home after a world tour, and Mr. Tyn-dall, assistant engineer to the Highways Board, are full of enthusiasm over the results that are being obtained with gravel roads for motor traffic in the United States, some of which are stated to be in perfect order under a traffic averaging 900 motor vehicles a day. Mr. Calder has been reported as saying that he is going to disappoint them in Victoria by coming back and talking gravel. Still, there is no doubt that it is good roads from the cheap end that we need to study, whereas the tendency of too many engineers is to think about them from the expensive end and load us up with big debts for roads ahead of requirements.

WE are asked to announce that the Durrant Club will hold a meet at Orewa Beach on December 7th. This magnificent beach, which consists of firm sand, and which is in easy distance of Auckland by good roads, and which is reachable by a special summer service for crossing the harbour, instituted by the Devonport Ferry Service, affords wonderful facilities for motor-car competitions of every description, and the Club have arranged a most varied programme, which should not only give its members much amusement, but will also tend to improve their skill in driving.



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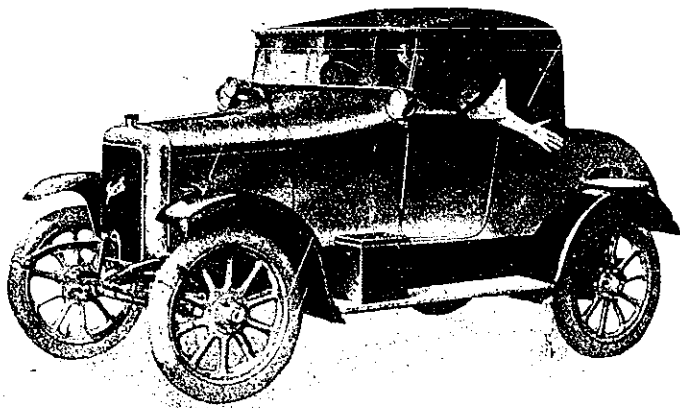
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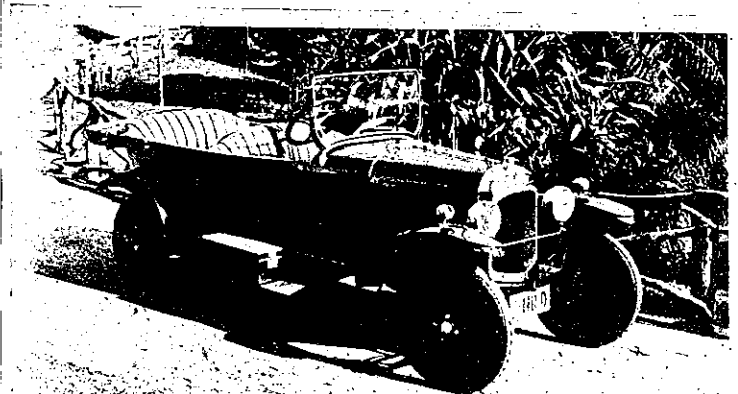
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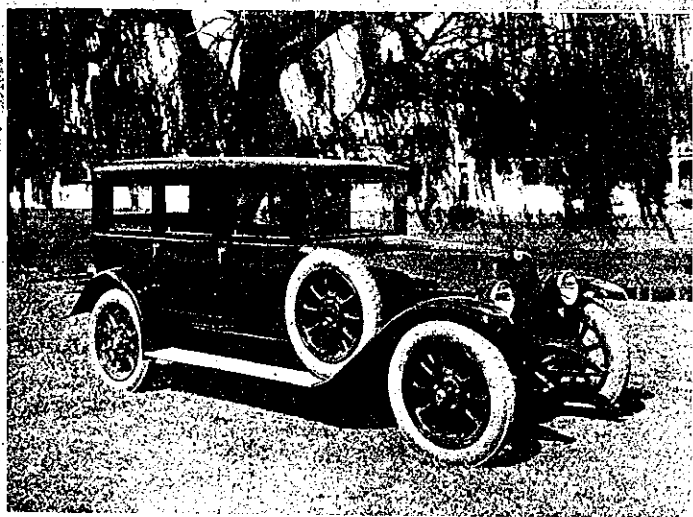
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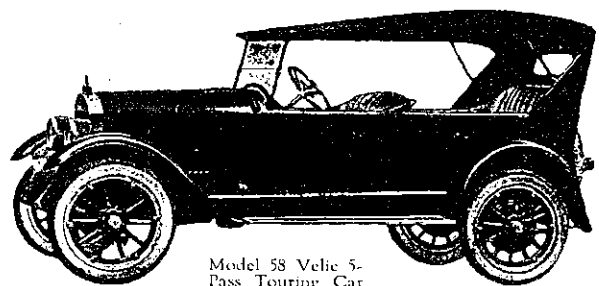
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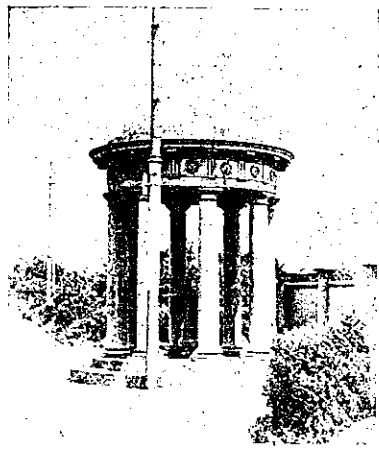
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WELLINGTON AND ITS YESTERDAYS

(Continued)

Nicholson, which the whalers turned to Port Nick, and the Maoris to Poneke. Until about twenty years or so ago it was believed that Captain Herd was the first white man to enter Wellington Harbour. Then one fine day the Harbour Board dredge brought up an old helmet, which, according to



J. W. JONES, PHOTO

Wellington's Lost Memorial. A Wakefield monument that lay forgotten & unpacked for twenty years

the Museum authorities, is a Spanish morion of the sixteenth century. How it came to reach the bottom of Wellington Harbour is as much a riddle as how a Tamil ship's bell of the eighth century came to be in use as a Maori cooking pot eighty years or so ago, or whence came the teak ship whose ruined hull was found up Ship Creek in South Westland a mile or so away from the sea and with trees growing through it. More navigators, it seems, than the history books know of have reached this country at different times. These relics point to some of them having failed to sail home again.

The only Spanish navigator known to have come to New Zealand is Malaspina in 1793. He did not come to Wellington, and obviously the date is too late for such headgear as the Museum's helmet. It has been suggested by Mr. Elsdon Best that it was possible that Juan Fernandez, discoverer of Crusoe's island, was here some three-quarters of a century before Tasman, and once made a voyage across the Pacific, apparently in 1576, but just where he got to has ever since been a matter of dispute among geographers. The only reference extant is contained in a memorial drawn up about 1609, by one Don Arias, an advocate of Santiago de Chile. Writing at the instance of the Franciscan Mission in Chile, and pointing out that the English and Dutch heretics were infecting "millions upon millions" with the "infernal poison," the good Don Arias urged his Most Catholic Majesty of Spain to further missionary zeal, particularly in a new land found by Fernandez. Of this he wrote:

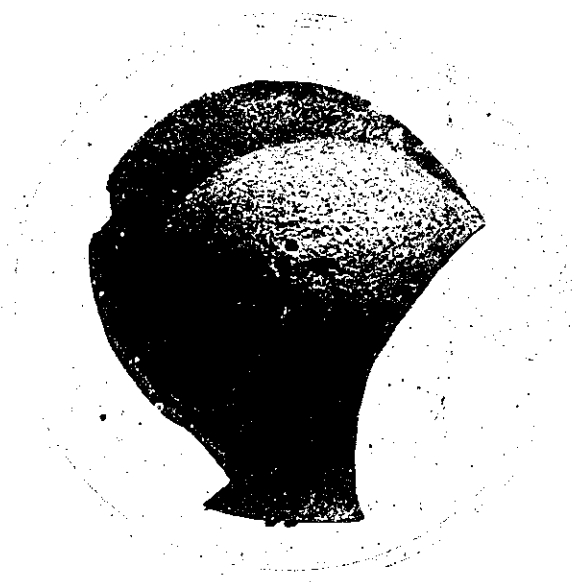
"The pilot, Juan Fernandez, sailed from the coast of Chile a little more than 40 degrees, in a small ship with certain of his companions; and navigating upon courses between the west and south-west, arrived in a month's time at a coast, which, as far as they could judge, appeared to be a continent (*tierra firme*), the land fertile and pleasant, inhabited by white people, well made, of our own stature, dressed with very good woven cloth, and so peaceable and kind that by every way in which they could

make themselves understood, they offered the Spaniards entertainment of the fruits and riches of their own country, which appeared to be in all parts good and fruitful. But having gone so lightly equipped, they were fully content for this time with having discovered the coast of this great continent so much desired, and they sailed to Chile with the intention of again returning to the same land, better provided; and determining till that could be done to keep the discovery secret. But the matter was delayed from day to day, till Juan Fernandez died, and with his death this important business fell into oblivion."

It has been pointed out that the Spaniards called anyone white who was not markedly darker in complexion than themselves, and Mr. Best has directed attention to the point that the Maoris wore "woven cloth," whereas the Polynesians did not. As for Fernandez sailing across in a month, he was such a skilful seaman that after one record voyage on the South Ameri-

fore we leave the city the reader's attention must be directed to the curious history of the drinking fountain outside the Basin Reserve. This fountain is a small replica of the Temple of Pomona, the Roman goddess fruit trees and fruits. It is altogether devoid of inscription, and until the other day not one Wellingtonian in a thousand knew that it was a monument to anyone, far less to the founder of the city, and the whole colonising scheme. A little over a year ago a question was raised in *The Dominion*, as to the fate of a monument that was to have been erected in Wellington to Sir William Molesworth, one of the leading spirits in the New Zealand Company. The fact emerged that this monument had never been erected, but lay rusting on the ground until it was finally buried years ago in the course of harbour reclamation work.

A search of newspaper files by a local historian revealed the fact that not only was the town board procrastinating over the Moles-



Is this Juan Fernandez's Visiting Card?
A Spanish Morion dredged up in Wellington Harbour.

can coast he was actually brought before the Inquisition on a charge of witchcraft, but happily acquitted. Rusty iron helmets keep their own secrets, but this one looks almost as if it might be an entry by Juan Fernandez in Wellington's visiting book.

The Tamil bell mentioned above was found by the late Mr. Colenso in the North of Auckland in the early days. The Maoris who used it as a pot said they had found it among the roots of a tree that had fallen. The Tamil script is ancient, but has several times been translated. It gives the name of the vessel "Mohoyiden Buks" and the words "ship's bell." The Bishop of Dornakal, who was in New Zealand last year said the script was one that came into use in India about the eighth century, and was not used after about the twelfth century. The presence of the bell in New Zealand is an enigma on which no light at all has been thrown. It looks almost as if some Indian navigators reached here before ever the Maoris came, for their date of arrival is usually calculated as the middle of the fourteenth century.

Our jaunt around to Wellington's historic spots is halting over long at the Museum, and wondering from Wellington also, but be-

worth memorial in 1866, but that it also decided to defer erection of a memorial to Edward Gibbon Wakefield, who had died in Wellington four years before. This monument is the Basin Reserve fountain. It lay packed up in the yard of a warehouse for over twenty years, and when it was finally erected in 1885 nobody was at all certain which of the Wakefields it commemorated! Wellington certainly seems in this case to have acted on the principle of *Si monumentum requiris circumspice*.

Talking of the Wakefields reminds me that it was at Ngahauranga, halfway along the Hutt Road, that the Maoris on September 23 1839, decided at a korero with Colonel Wakefield to sell their lands, and a few days later duly received a varied assortment of Jews' harps and beads as payment for their birthright. The local Ngahauranga chief Wharepouri was all for selling, and beat down the opposition of Puakawa, who said they were fools to give their lands to the pakeha. A few months later, when some hundreds of immigrants had landed, Wharepouri was most despondent. He had had no idea there were so many white people in the world, and feared there would be no room left for the Maori,

Poor Wharepouri died in 1843, and until twelve years or so ago his canoe, now in a shed, stood upright on a knoll at Ngahauranga as a memorial to him. His end was hastened by a terrific fight he had one day with an Irish mailman. Before the fifty-five shake the now tiny stream at Ngahauranga was impassable at high tide, and one day Wharepouri was ferrying Wellington's first mailman to Petone across it. In mid-stream he stopped and demanded payment. The mailman refused; he was in the Queen's service, he said, and must be carried free. Wharepouri would not listen to such an argument. "We must fight to settle it," he said. The unlucky chief got such a drubbing that he died not long after.

Another picturesque chieftain of the early days was Wi Tako Ngatata, who, at the instigation of Te Rauparaha in 1835, had invited a hundred and fifty warriors of the Mua-Upoko tribe to a feast at Makara Beach, and there treacherously slaughtered and ate them—a surprise party in which the guests provided the luncheon. Thirty-seven years later this bloodthirsty chieftain's son became the Hon. Wiremu Tako Ngatata and a member of the Legislative Council. The event of 1835 was about the last great Maori massacre.

Who was Wellington's first white settler is a matter of dispute. A lonely white man was discovered by the advance party of the New Zealand Company in 1839, one Joe Robinson, living at the mouth of the Hutt River, where he had been for two years. Other whalers and traders, however, claim to have resided at the port for varying periods prior to that. It is clearly established on the other hand that the first piece of land to be farmed anywhere in the southern portion of the North Island was Mana Island, off the coast of Porirua. A Mr. John Bell, of Sydney, settled here between 1825 and 1830. He grew a crop of tobacco on the island in 1833, and in 1834 brought across from Sydney ten head of cattle and 102 sheep. As his Maori neighbours landed and helped themselves to his live-stock as they felt inclined the venture cannot have



H. MILNE, PHOTO.

Relics of ninety years back.
Whalers' try-pots on Kapiti Island.

been a great success. Mr. Bell died, and according to E. J. Wakefield, Mrs. Bell, a white woman, who had come over from Sydney with him, went completely mad and lived among the Maoris in native fashion.

It must have been a lonely life for Mrs. Bell at the best, for none of the whalers at the stations roundabout is reported as having a white wife with him, and Mrs. Bell would thus appear to have been the first white woman in the Wellington district. The coast from

WELLINGTON AND ITS YESTERDAYS—(Continued)

Porirua to Kapiti was a great rendezvous for whalers in the thirties. These men are generally painted as a wild lot, but one at least of the stations seems to have been a model of discipline. This was Captain Tommy Evan's on a tiny islet off Kapiti. "His boat," wrote Wakefield, after a visit in 1839, "might have been taken for a fancy gig from a man-of-war or yacht. . . . The crew were generally in a sort of uniform—red or blue worsted shirts with white binding on the seams, white trousers, and sou'-westers. A mat was in the stern sheets; the holes were care-

fully covered with matting; the harpoons, lances, mast, and the very whiff, were protected by covers of canvas painted green. When she dashed alongside a vessel at anchor, the oars were shipped, and the steer oar was drawn in and received by the after-oarsman as the headsman left the boat. She was then shoved off, with a line from her bow thwart to the vessel, each man remaining in his place in regular man-o'-war style." It is interesting to think of things being done in this spick and span style away at the ends of the earth in the days before ever the

King's writ ran as a regular thing.

Seven years after Mr. Wakefield wrote came the fighting around Porirua, and the arrest of the notorious old Te Rauparaha at Plimmerton by a landing party under Midshipman McKillop, the story of which has been so interestingly told in Mr. James Cowan's recent book "The New Zealand Wars and the Pioneering Period." It was then that the old Porirua Barracks were erected on the sand spit by Plimmerton, the ruined walls of which still stand.

Another relic of the troublous days before Maori and pakeha had come to understand one another is the old blockhouse still standing at the Upper Hutt. This was built in

1861, and garrisoned from time to time by the Upper Hutt Militia, mostly bushmen and sawyers. Some American moving picture people took most careful photographs and measurements of it a few months ago, but the average Wellingtonian does not know it is there. For those who wish to inspect this loop-holed relic of the days that were I may explain that it is only about a quarter of a mile off the main road, which is left by the Wallaceville Road at Quinn's Post, and the first turning to the right then taken. A little distance down this by-road the blockhouse will be seen standing among the trees, still in a very fair state of preservation.

CARS AND CAMPING—Continued

is halting for more than a day and wishes to make excursions to points in the locality. Another drawback is that one must camp beside the car, whereas much the best spot may be at a little distance off the road over soft ground or on a rise to which it is impracticable to drive.

As things go in New Zealand the ordinary ridge tent and fly thus appears to be about as generally serviceable for motor campers, as it has been found for other campers. The next question is therefore beds and bedding. Sleeping on the ground is, of course, the simplest method, and involves carting about only ground sheet and blankets. Bracken and manuka make excellent bedding, though there is naturally all the difference in the world between a well laid and a badly laid bed. Folding camp stretchers weighing about eleven pounds apiece are the best thing if one dislikes sleeping on the ground, but it is necessary to remember that in sleeping on a stretcher without a mattress the cold has a way of striking up unless there is a liberal supply of blankets beneath one. Our American cousins are strong on air mattresses and air pillows for use either on the ground or on camp stretchers. Sleeping bags also

are not without their advocates, though most on the market have the disadvantage of being somewhat heavy and frequently bulky.

As for cooking utensils, while any old pots and pans from the kitchen may suffice they are usually bulky and hard to pack compactly for carriage in the car. The ideal is to have articles that nest one inside the other, and here a word of advice may be added: in buying billies always make a point of taking only those with lids that fit easily; most jam on and are a nuisance to remove when hot. Enamel cups are preferable to mugs as they will pack in half the space. Aluminium cups or mugs are good things to avoid as they are a nuisance to lift when filled with hot liquid. Fencing wire pot hooks or hangers are well worth carrying to prevent upset pots and burned fingers.

In selecting the camp site keep in view the proximity of wood and water, but do not pitch your tent right alongside water unless you wish to be bitten to death with sandflies. If possible choose a spot that is sheltered and partly shaded by trees but near the open. A spot that is shaded from the early morning sun will probably save you from being wakened up by Old Sol on the

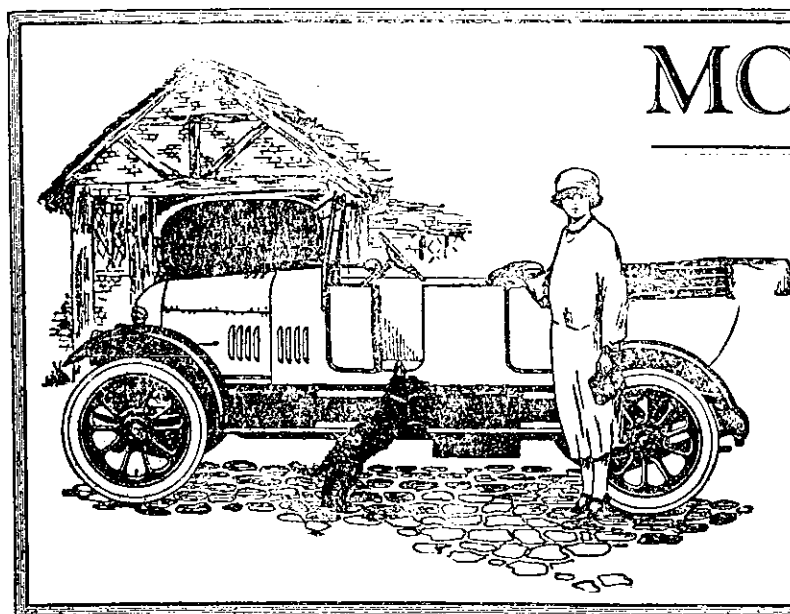
tent roof at four a.m. On the edge of a piece of bush makes a much better camp than in among it. When pitching camp every member of the party should have his or her allotted job—one to get out and erect the tent, etc., another to gather wood and look to the fire and water, and another to unpack and prepare the food. Do the boiling and stewing over an open flame. When the wood has ceased smoking gather the live coals at one side of the fire, remove pieces of unburned wood from among them, and on this bed of coals do the frying, baking, broiling, or roasting. To attempt to cook over a big smoking fire is the sign of the greenhorn.

In breaking camp care should always be taken to clean up the camp site properly and leave no empty tins and other garbage littered about. The fire should always be completely extinguished before departure, and here a reminder may be given that a fire should never be kindled against dead timber.

Among the miscellaneous equipment for a camping trip should always be a small first-aid outfit. Fifty feet of $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch rope is always useful around a camp, as is a coil of clothes line. A folding candle lantern is another thing that can be added to one's list with advan-

tage. For those making halts of any duration and with space to spare on the car roll-up folding tables and folding stools or camp chairs make a camp much more comfortable. It is well to remember that the tendency for the average run of campers is to take too much of everything *except blankets*.

Motorists coming through from Auckland by the West Coast route will find conveniences for camping at Waitomo, fishing in the Awakino Gorge pleasant spots with good trout (though most were occupied last season by roadmen's camps). Further on the sea coast at the Mokau, Mohakaitino, and Tongaporutu river mouths is not without attractions, and at some of these points there is good sea fishing. At Mount Egmont there are conveniences for campers at the Dawson's Falls and North Egmont Mountain Houses. A very fine motor camping trip would be a circuit of the Hot Lakes district, including Rotorua and the adjoining lakes, Lake Taupo and the Tongariro National Park, via the Tokaanu-Waimarino road. The great thing is to make enquiry in advance as far as possible as to the best camping spots along the routes chosen and so have some good objective to make for the night.



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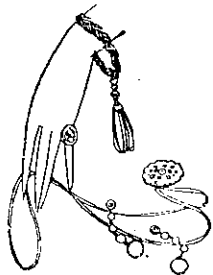
mountain scenery upon the face of the earth. Over a hundred peaks tower above one, whilst white glacier-hung Mt. Edith Cavell rears its gigantic form above all its fellows. Here are green glistening glaciers, snowfields, awesome canyons, tiny rainbow coloured lakes that gleam like liquid jewels set to the keys of the thunderous music of the avalanche and the sound of rushing waters. Thence we travel to the Atlantic through the rich wheatfields of the prairie country, and the vast Laurentian Plateau, wherein is comprehended the world's greatest inland fresh-water seas bounded by primeval forests whose vastness is yet unknown to the devastating axe of commerce. And so to the Atlantic seaboard. It is impossible to convey in print the wonders of Canada, but the traveller to Europe who experiences it will have something that, as the Canadian poet writes,

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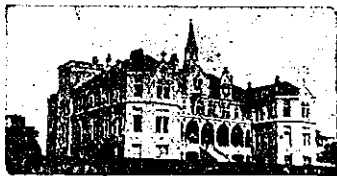


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BLIMPS, BOMBS AND BRIDALS

Continued

colour to-day and war seemed very far away. A few billowy, stately white cloud galleons swept slowly by overhead, in a sky of deep blue. Underneath him the sea was changing into chameleon hues of cool greens, blues, mauves and greys.



Bird stuck another piece of chocolate into his mouth and had another look at the stranger. To his horror he saw a white column of water heave up alongside her, immediately followed by the bursting of a black cloud of ominous looking smoke. When it cleared he saw that the ship had been badly hit. She had taken up a bad list to port, and looked sorely stricken. He was still quite six miles away from her, which meant that his chance of locating the enemy was a very doubtful one. However, he opened the throttle out full, the engine's note rose to a high roar, and he sent a rapidly coded message to the base reporting the incident. Then he looked to his bombs and the W/T operator cleared away the Lewis gun. At 50 m.p.h. a little over seven minutes would see him over the scene of the tragedy. As he watched, he saw yet another fountain of water and smoke go heavenward. Fritz had delivered a second torpedo. This administered the *coup de grâce*. The steamer buried her nose, flung her heels in the air, rolled over and sank in a swirling mass of steam and smoke from her exploding boilers.

As this funeral pall lifted Bird was astonished to see the wedge shape of the conning tower of the submarine break surface. Apparently her commander had been

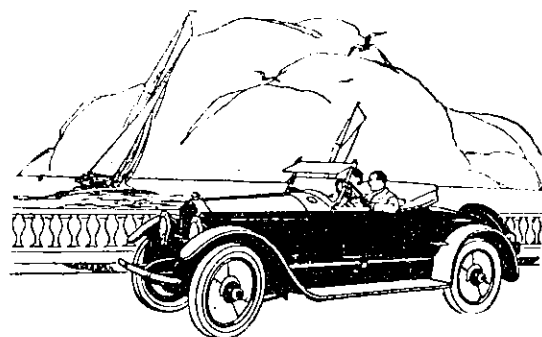
too interested in dealing with the steamer to think of looking skywards. Doubtless he had come to the surface to collect proof of his exploit and to settle any unfortunates who had managed to survive. The lid of the coning tower was thrown back and a few heads popped up. Like a veritable bolt from the blue, Bird greased down wind on to him. The crew obviously heard the airship's engines for the first time, saw her, and made frantic efforts to slam the lid and do a "crash" dive.

Too late! He was on top of them. The bomb-sights came on, the "eggs" were released and went spinning down on to their luckless prey. There was a tremendous explosion, and a great yellow ochre sheet of blinding flame burst heavenwards.

The Blimp seemed to crack in two from the concussion, but luckily nothing carried away. The submarine had completely disappeared. Thick bubbling oil from her broken tanks came to the surface, along with some bits of splintered wreckage. That was all. He circled round to examine the wreckage more closely, and then, for the first time, saw a small boat to leeward with four people in it. He valved gas, depressed his elevators, and went down to have a look at them. As he descended he saw one of them was a woman, and appeared to be hurt. He was flying the latest type of Blimp, which was fitted with a boat shaped car and sea anchor, and could, should the weather be calm enough, alight on the water. Bird shut off his engine, glided down on to the surface, and waved to the boat to come alongside. His romantic mind was not uninterested in seeing what kind of person the object in petticoats would turn out to be! When the boat came alongside him he saw that even his most high-flung ideas had not prepared him for what his eyes showed him. She was lying exhausted, with eyes closed, and her long lashes showed up the delicate contours of her cheek. He was told that one arm had been fractured by the explosion. They had done what they could for her. Bird scratched his head and

ruminated how he could save beauty in distress. His small Blimp was incapable of taking another passenger, and they were a good twenty miles from the coast. He decided to swap her for his engineer. The thermos was passed over and some hot liquid was forced between her pale lips. The colour flowed back into her cheeks and she opened her eyes. The gallant young airman found himself looking into what seemed to him to be the most wonderful violet eyes in the world. She was gathered tenderly into his craft and the mechanic got out. They wrapped her up and made her as comfortable as possible in the bottom of the car. With great difficulty he took the boat in tow and brought it several miles nearer the land. Then he released some water ballast, rose from the water, and shaped his course with all despatch for home. He reported by W/T the sinking of the submarine, and gave the position of the survivors so that surface craft could pick them up. A short while later he landed and the landing officer was astonished to see, not the honest, grease besprinkled face of the mechanic climb out of the car, but the exhausted, though still lissom, form of a slip of a fair-haired girl of eighteen.

Needless to say, that exploit of Flight-Lieutenant Bird long remained unique in the annals of the airship station. Some months later a certain merry pealing of the bells of the old-fashioned village church laughed out the joyous ending to that strange episode of the Blimp Patrol.



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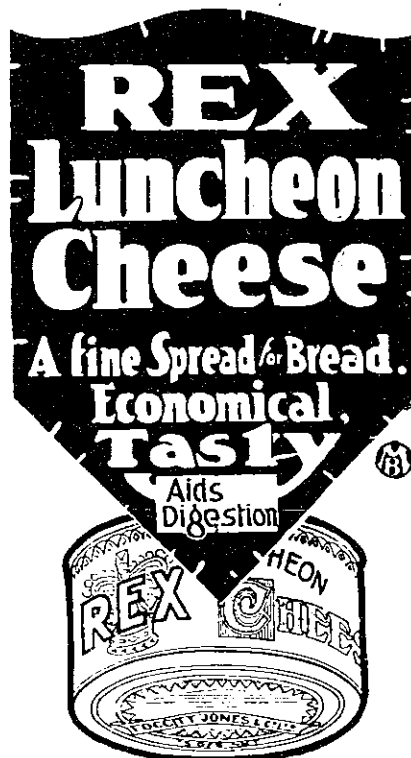


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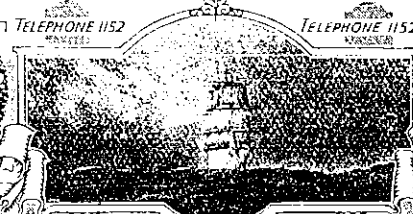
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TELEPHONE 1152
WYNDHAM ST.



TELEPHONE 1152
WYNDHAM ST.

OUR SPECIALTIES
LINE
BLACK & WHITE
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REPRODUCTIONS
BY OUR
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OFFSET
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**AUCKLAND PHOTO-ENGRAVERS
LIMITED**

66 WYNDHAM ST. AUCKLAND.

St. Mary's Convent
PONSONBY, AUCKLAND.
(Established 1850).

BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, and under the patronage of His Lordship, Right Rev. Dr. Cleary, Bishop of Auckland.

The Schools, both Secondary and Primary, are under Government inspection. Pupils are prepared for the Public Service Examinations, Matriculation, Teachers' Certificates, and Pitman's Commercial Diplomas. A special course in Domestic Science is also arranged. Pupils are entered for all grades of the Royal Academy, Trinity College, and Auckland School of Music Examination.

For further particulars, apply to THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.



BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO
HIS EXCELLENCY LORD ISLINGTON

Wm. Reuben Watts
Gold and Silversmith
Art Metal Worker
Diamond Moulder &
Enameller
Victoria Street, Auckland



**A ZEALANDIA Ice Chest
is a Household Necessity**


"It keeps it cool!"

Buy one of our Zealandia Ice Chests — and in the hottest weather you'll always have fresh meat and firm butter and cool dainties of every kind.

*The ice supply is assured
this summer*

SOLD BY ALL IRONMONGERS
If unobtainable write to
C. RHODES & SONS LTD.
Address: Patterson Street
TELEPHONE 1051

The Melba Fur Co.
338 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND



*Manufacturing
Furriers.*

All furred skins used in our garments are imported direct from country of origin.

★

We are the actual manufacturers, and guarantee all skins perfect.

★

We excel in all classes of re-modelling and repairing of furred garments.

TELEPHONE 1631

**The Comfort of Knowing
What to Do and Say**

THOUSANDS of men and women who were only a short time ago self-conscious and timid, who were constantly exposing themselves to the embarrassment and humiliation of blunders, are to-day winning respect and admiration wherever they go, because of their remarkable poise and ease of manner.

Are YOU sure of yourself? Or will you admit that you are sometimes just the least bit in doubt as to whether you have done or said the wrong thing?

The Book of Etiquette, by telling you exactly what to do and say on every occasion, gives you the comfort of complete ease and self-possession. This famous Book deals with all the problems that confront you in your daily life. It is a silent social secretary to which you can refer throughout life for help, advice and suggestion.



The Original
Authentic 2-volume
"Book of Etiquette"
1925 Edition
15/-

ORDER FORM

Messrs Johnston Sons & Co.,
Box 60, DUNEDIN

Please post to my address "The Book of Etiquette," 2 volumes, for which I shall remit you 15/-.

Name.....

Address.....

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.

Some Original Suggestions for Christmas Gifts

HOME HANDICRAFTS

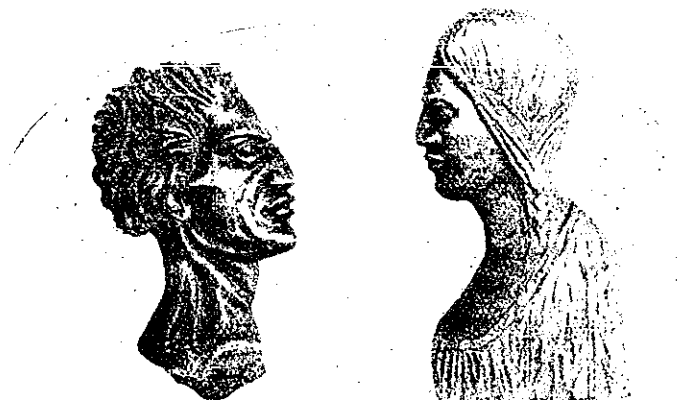
A NEW SCHEME FOR DEVELOPING LATENT TALENT
AND TURNING IT INTO PROFITABLE CHANNELS

THAT New Zealand womenfolk are no less capable than their oversea fellows in various arts and crafts has long been conceded by critics competent to form an opinion, but expression along these lines has hitherto been a hobby, the doing of which was its own reward. But

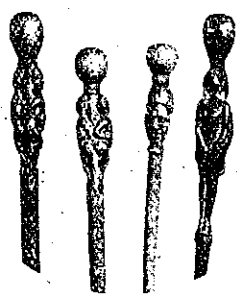
times without exhausting the display. Here are hundreds of gift ideas that have peculiar significance at this present sea-

son. Scarcely two are alike, and all have the advantage of being instinct with individuality—a feature that cannot fail to

gain them preference over the ordinary hackneyed gifts. It is only deserving and right that we New Zealand women should make a point of visiting this depot, or, where this be not possible, that enquiry be made by letter as to what gift ideas are available, and at what cost. This information will

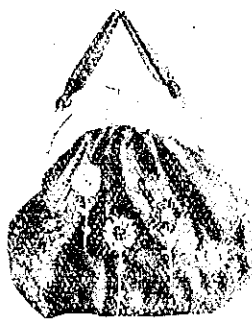


Rangateri type of Maori Carved wood

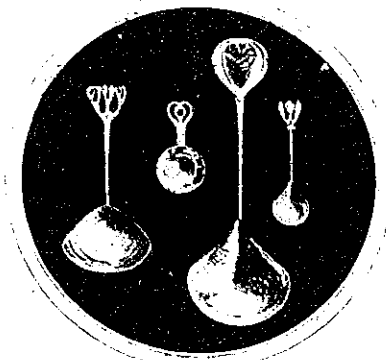


Carved Maori headed Walking sticks made of N. Z. wood

happily, this is to be no longer so. A number of Auckland citizens, with a view single to fostering native talent and without thought of any financial advantage, have found a sufficiency of capital to establish a depot for the disposal of articles wrought by home craftsfolk. This

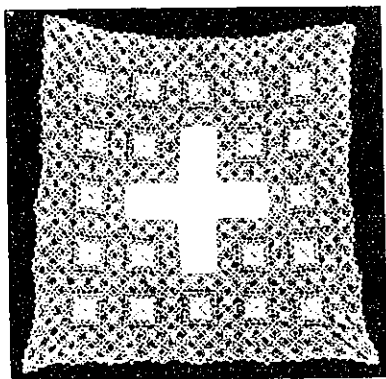


Embroidered Handbags in Silk and Bead Work



Hand wrought real Silver Spoons with inset of Pawa Shell

be gladly supplied by the directing officers. To our mind, the prices in the majority of cases are surprisingly moderate, but these are fixed by the craftsfolk themselves, the depot making only a small commission charge to cover rental and

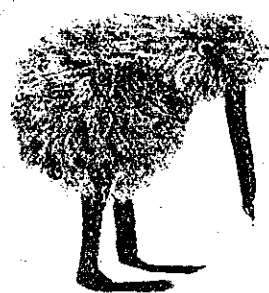


Irish Crochet Supper or Tea Cloth

depot is located at the corner of Elliott and Darby Streets, Auckland, and inspection of the stock already in hand makes one marvel alike at its variety, originality and artistic merit. Our illustrations indicate the range of the offerings, but these could be multiplied many



Hand painted parasols are the latest mode. They should harmonize with the colour scheme of the dress.
The Parasol is reproduced by W. E. Walker of St. Kevin's Arcade Auckland
Phot. by G. Lawrence Studios, Auckland



Kiwi miniature

overhead costs. There is no doubt whatever that when this depot becomes as known as it deserves, a regular and increasing market will be found for the products of home handicrafts and justify the extension of the new idea to other cities of the Dominion.

A SOAP FOR SENSITIVE SKINS. Castilever Soap combines the soothing purity of Olive Oil with the fragrance of sweet violets. It keeps the complexion clear even under trying circumstances, and is specially recommended for delicate skins.

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

BECOME A SUBSCRIBER

To the "LADIES' MIRROR"

See our special offer in this issue.

When Writing to Advertisers, Please Mention the "Mirror."

There's a nest for rest in winter
Where the glow of welcome gleams,
And a world of warmth and gladness
In "My Little House of Dreams."
There's a dear one waits to meet me
All my fond hopes to assure;
And when colds prevail to greet me
With Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Please pass this
copy on to your
friends.

Toraline

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

GOITRE

Chemist, 25 years' experience in extensive research work, has prepared a certain remedy for Goitre. It can be used in own home at little cost.
Write to-day for particulars
Robt. MUIR, Chemist, Dominion Rd., Auck'd.

BREED SQUABS

THERE'S BIG MONEY IN IT

Squabs are young pigeons—ready for grilling at 3 weeks old. They are a great delicacy. The demand is greater than the supply. Write for particulars how to start you in the Squab-Rearing Business.

W. WINTER-JONES

GREAT NORTH ROAD

AUCKLAND

Everyone is talking of the
charming new designs in

TOBRALCO

THE COTTON FABRIC THAT ALWAYS MAKES GOOD

You can make the smartest little wash frocks from double-width Tobralco. See the fashionable new designs—rich in color and artistic. Tobralco is easily washed and all colors are guaranteed. The name on selvedge is your complete assurance of satisfaction in wash and wear.



Now double width, 38" wide, 2/11 per yard.
32" for Men's Shirts, 2/6 per yard. Also
Men's ready-to-wear Shirts.

A Tootall Guaranteed Line - All British - Accept No Substitute

SOLD BY LEADING RETAILERS

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE COMPANY LIMITED, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND
NEW ZEALAND: 22 CUSTOMHOUSE QUAY, WELLINGTON

Tot. 3

Buy Exclusive Jewellery for that Christmas Gift.

As a Jewellery Craftsman with a lifetime experience I specialise in the creation of gold and jewel work that is different from the common run of shop sold designs.

Tell me your ideas for that gift and let me interpret them in designs of gold, silver or precious stones. I will carry out these ideas of yours exactly and perfectly—nor will the cost necessarily be more than will be asked for commonplace execution.

Since special orders require time, kindly see me at your earliest convenience.

PHILIP M.

SINEL

COLOSSEUM BUILDINGS
QUEEN STREET :: AUCKLAND



I will tailor to your measure any costume illustrated in "The Ladies' Mirror."

Every month the latest Parisienne costume modes are depicted in this magazine. I will tailor any one of these to your measure, exactly as described and quote you my price for the work.

Write, phone or interview me.

H. E. BURLEY

432 Upper Queen St., Auckland
Phone 1532

Indian Art Depot

5 St. Kevan's Arcade
Karangahape Road
Opposite Rendells

Eastern Embroideries and
Novelties, Suitable for Xmas,
Wedding and Birthday
Presents

Let us Give You a Christmas Present

SPECIAL OFFER TO "MIRROR" READERS

WE want your help in introducing "THE LADIES' MIRROR" to new readers—and inducing them to become regular subscribers. "THE LADIES' MIRROR" appeals to every woman and all your friends should become subscribers. Get them to fill in a form below and participate in our

SPECIAL GIFT OFFER

DETAILS: To every reader obtaining 12 new subscribers we will present goods from any firm advertising in this issue to the value of £2 10s. or, if preferred, £2 in cash. For nine new subscribers, goods to the value of £2 (as above), or £1 10s in cash. For six new subscribers, goods to the value of £1 5s. or £1 in cash.

Start to-day and secure these gifts for Christmas

This offer only applies to subscriptions booked on the forms below and sent, with remittance, direct to The Manager, The Ladies' Mirror, Customs St., Auckland. When sending in forms state from what firm you desire to obtain your gifts.

To THE MIRROR PUBLISHING Co. LTD.
AUCKLAND.

Please send me THE LADIES' MIRROR post free, for twelve months, commencing with the next issue, for which I enclose twelve shillings.

Name.....

Address.....

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Name.....

Address.....

HERE and THERE in MOTORDOM

To Prevent Tyres from Tiring

THE best time to start tyre conservation is when a tyre is new; but, no matter what good care a tyre may have received, there comes a day when the irregularities of road, weather and service leave their marks on it. The motorist who studies these signs of wear will find a number of conditions which he should immediately treat or correct, or let a competent tyre-man do the work, if he wishes to get the last mile out of each tyre.

It is well to care for the simple and obvious tasks first, such as jacking up and thoroughly cleaning the tyre and giving it a close inspection. Practically all cars have the same size tyres front and rear now, so, after about 3000 to 4000 miles, it is advisable to change the tyres around, exchanging the more worn rear tyres with those on the front wheels, and the more worn right wheel ones with those on the left.

There is a rather common idea that, as a tyre grows old, it should receive less than the prescribed inflation pressure than it took when new. It should not be forgotten that it is heat, from friction on the road, that passes to the inner tube, causing severe expansion at its weakest point and eventually bringing on a blow-out, which is the worst accident that can befall an old tyre. Therefore, unless extensively patched or vulcanised or showing many fine surface cracks, the old tyre deserves the same pressure it had when new. With normal pressure, there is less tread exposed to the road, of course, less chance of puncture, and less strain on cuts or blisters around the tread or the side-walls.

When running on old tyres, it is best to favour them all that one can in driving by taking bad ruts or bumps very slowly and making starts, stops and turns gradually.

It is always recognised that, although a motor cover is, practically speaking, jointless, its tube cannot be constructed in a similar way. The usual tube joint is made by bevelling one end, inserting it inside the other, and vulcanising the overlap by the cold process. It follows, therefore, that if the tyre is run in the direction the joint is made, the tendency will be to force the joints together. The correct practice is to place the tube in the cover so that the joint is pulled and not pushed.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT IN LITERATURE Continued

And nearer home many a versifier has sung of Christmastide in terms which have a special appeal to colonists and settlers from the loved Homeland. In "A Letter from Australia," Douglas Sladen voices the Christmas thoughts of most of us:

*And so it's Christmas in the South as on the North Sea coasts,
Though we are starved with summer drouth, and you with winter frosts.
And we shall have our roast beef here and think of you the while,
Though all the watery hemisphere cuts off the Mother Isle.*

*Feel sure that we shall think of you, we who have wandered forth;
And many a million thoughts will go to-day from South to North;
Old heads will muse on churches old, where bells will ring to-day—
The very bells, perchance, which tolled their fathers to the clay.*

In our own land, the late Sir William Steward during the early part of his political career, wrote his popular "Lines on Christmas Eve," probably the first penned on this subject in New Zealand.

The World's
Finest Oil!

free

Get your FREE Bottle of
3-in-One Oil!

3-in-One is the best known bottled oil in the World.
Used for a thousand purposes every day.
3-in-One is light, penetrating, pure. Never hardens,
dries out or gums. Does not collect dust or dirt.
*3-in-One Oil Lubricates, Cleans, Polishes,
Prevents Rust and Tarnish.*
Write for generous free sample bottle to-day.
**To REID & REID, Australasian Agents,
P.O. Box 51, Wellington.**
Please send me free sample of 3-in-One Oil.

Hines 1



3
IN
1



Opening N.Z. Silk Hosiery Mill

SILK stockings are to be made here, for New Zealanders, by Bond's—the largest hosiery manufacturers in the British Empire. Quality is assured. And prices lower than can ever be possible on the imported stocking. Buy Bond's on quality. Not on low price. Not merely to support a N.Z. industry. Buy entirely for your own satisfaction and economy. Buy because Bond's Hosiery is equal to the world's best. Ask your draper to show you these brands. Made in all the latest colours.

Bond's HOSIERY

Here is the order of merit

LADDER PROOF Specially Selected, extra heavy, pure silk close knit. Best in the world.

Triplewear Extra heavy silk with expanding rib tops. Will outlast three pairs of other makes.

Lady Belts A beautiful hose. Silk to top, with special suspender grip top.

SYLKARTO Pure silk and artificial silk—the best wearing stocking ever made. Bond's specialty. Made exclusively by Bond's, bringing beautiful silk hose within reach of every woman.

RK 145 A stocking for N.Z. use, with that wearing quality that characterizes Bond's hose. Extra heavy. The latest from Bond's laboratories.

Wholesale only from—
GEORGE A. BOND & CO. LTD.
Head Office: Victoria Street, Wellington.
Mill: Home Street, Wellington.
Branches at Auckland and Christchurch.

Complete This Story and Make Money

AND OTHER PRIZES

A Fascinating Competition Which You May Win

RULES

An unfinished nonsense novelette appears below. It is illustrated by pictures from our advertisement pages. £2 2s. is offered for the best completion of the story with similar illustrations in the most amusing and original manner. £1 1s. is offered for the second best novelette; 10/6 for the third best; and 12 consolation prizes of a year's subscription to the MIRROR free. The rules governing the Competition are as follows:

(1) Only 500 more words (excluding the title) and 25 more pictures are allowed with which to finish the novelette. Competitors can use less words and less pictures if they like, but they must not exceed the maximum in either case.

(2) The completion of the novelette is left to the sense of humour and ingenuity of the competitor. It should be as nonsensical, pithy, and witty as possible.

(3) The 25 illustrations must be taken from the advertisement pages of this issue.

(4) Any part of an advertisement picture can be used (e.g., the foot or hand of a full-length figure); it is not necessary to include the whole picture.

(5) Having chosen your illustrations, and written the story round them, write out the story on as many sheets of foolscap as you require, and paste the pictures thereon in the manner shown in the beginning of the novelette.

(6) Use one side of the paper only, and do not crowd up your pictures or letterpress.

(7) Cut out the coupon at the foot of this page. Paste (not pin) the coupon on a separate sheet of foolscap, on which write legibly your name (adding a *nom de plume* if you wish) and address.

(8) On another sheet of foolscap make a list of your illustrations. Number them 1 to 25, and write opposite each: (1) The number of the page, (2) the name of the advertiser. Enclose this list with your story, coupon, etc.

(9) Entries received without coupons will be ineligible. You can send in as many entries as you like provided each is accompanied by a separate coupon.

(10) Envelopes should be addressed to the Editor, The Ladies' Mirror, Mercantile Chambers, Customs Street, Auckland, and marked "Nonsense Competition" in the top left-hand corner.

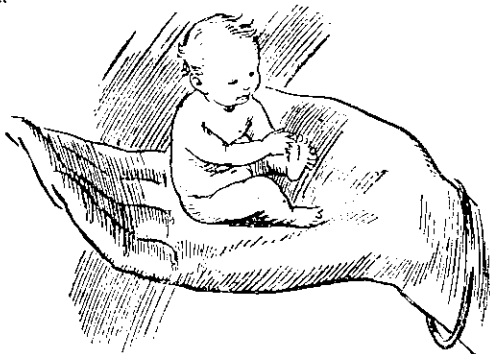
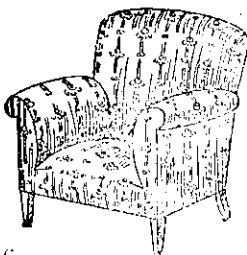
(11) Entries must reach the Editor (whose decision is final) not later than the first post on January 15th, 1925.

WHAT DID THE DUCHESS SAY ?

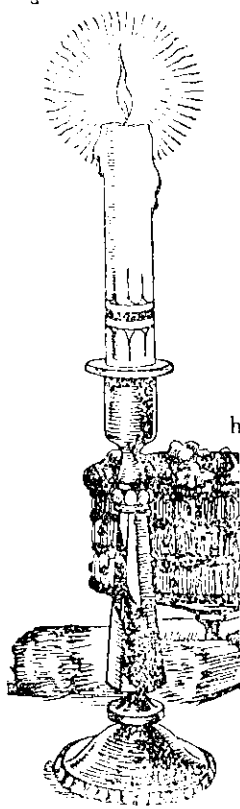
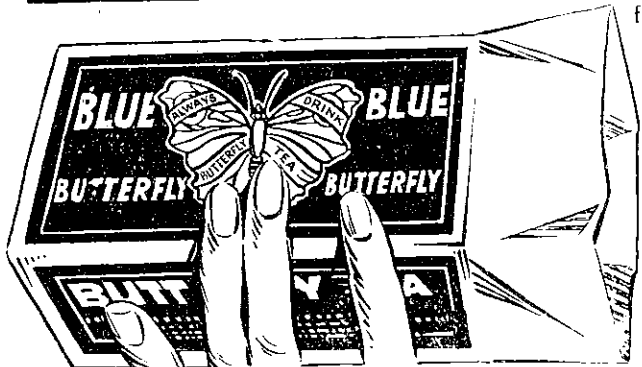
A Nonsense Novel with Nonsensical Illustrations

"HELP!" shrieked the Duchess (a), dashing *en dishabille* from her boudoir, "the gorgonzola has devoured my child."

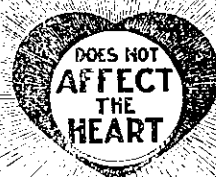
The Page (b) whose duty it was to do a twenty-four hour shift outside her door, dashed to the help of the fainting aristocrat and assisted her to a chair. (c).



"Be reassured, Madame, your child (d) is safe—I will answer for it by my head"—and handed her a glass (e) containing a refreshing beverage (f).



QUITE DIFFERENT
FROM ANY OTHER
TABLET



THE INDIVIDUALITY
OF ASPRO

g

"My heart (g) is broken," wailed the Duchess, running her taper (h) fingers through her luxuriant tresses (i), and, her noble spirit re-asserting itself, "I boil (j) with anger at this outrage."



j

During the Christmas Holidays try to complete this Story, and also show it to your friends—Work it out between you.

Nonsense Novel Competition

Name

Address

Every entry must have this Coupon attached.



H FEW days ago a voluble and much-travelled American gentleman arrived at the "Hermitage." He was accounted something of a genius at description; was never known to be at loss for words. . . .

The sun was sinking in a flood of glory, bathing the snow-mantled mountains in colours which only God can blend. The gorges were filled with delicate purple mist, as though the mighty hills were drawing a

veil around them in preparation for the clear, star-spangled night.

The American stood—and gazed—and gazed. Then—from the depths of him broke two words—"Oh—boy!"

This is a true story, told because it demonstrates the magic of these mountains—these appealing, irresistible Southern Alps. A Hermitage holiday seems to cast a spell of happiness over those who take it; seems to get into their hearts, and-and—"Oh—boy!"

A Holiday beyond all comparison

PACK your bag for the "Hermitage" this Christmas holiday. Why stay on the dust levels, with that flying visit to "keep things going at the office" always beckoning round the corner?

Come up "thousands of feet above worry level," to the merriest, jolliest, most wonderful holiday spot in New Zealand—The "Hermitage," Mount Cook.

You will revel in sun-brilliant, sparkling days. You will motor, climb, shoot, ride—worries forgotten and youth awake in your heart. Sundown and the fascination of great welcoming log fires, a dinner that rouses more than a suspicion that you are a gourmand not forgetting a quite unnecessary appetiser!), billiards, gleaming floors, music that tempts your feet, and proves the world a good place to be alive in. Magical, mystical nights, when a thousand brilliant stars press down to gleaming white,

silent peaks—brooding stillness of mountain air—mystery—peace.

"By jove! old man," greets one from the Dust Level a week later, "what have you

been doing to yourself? You look ten years younger!" And at her first early morning glimpse out of a "Hermitage" window, a little child says in ecstasy:

"Oh, Mummy! Look at the mountains covered with snow, *poking right through into God's house!*"

It gets us all—young and old, all kinds and classes—and leaves us—Oh!—boy!

You can have two thrilling weeks for £30! (You'd probably spend more in town!) Full particulars, illustrated booklet, details of reduced terms for parties, etc., will be sent free on request to

REDUCTION IN FARES TO THE "HERMITAGE"

3½% permanent reduction for fare from Timaru to "Hermitage"—

Old fare - - £9

NEW FARE £6

20% permanent reduction Timaru—"Hermitage"—Queenstown—

Old fare - - £15

NEW FARE £12

The Manager (Dept. L.M.),
Mt. Cook Motor Co. Ltd.
TIMARU.

The HERMITAGE MOUNT COOK

Illustrated Booklets from Government Tourist Bureau, Thos. Cook & Son, or Mt. Cook Motor Co. Ltd. (Dept. L.M.), Timaru

LABODEX
SANITARY KNICKERS
Dainty, Reliable, Washable
A BOON TO LADIES
They give to the wearer a feeling of absolute security and freshness under any condition.
Nainsock trimmed with lace, 12/6
Post free.
French Lawn, pink or white, trimmed with lace, 15/-. Post free.
Are you one of the thousands of satisfied wearers?
Descriptive leaflet sent post free.
All sizes stocked
HILDA SMITH
P.O. Box 450 - - - Wellington

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

Strand Phones: 519 & 3802 Custom St. E.

AMBROSE LEWIS
CLOSED CAR SERVICE
Weddings a Speciality
13 GLASGOW TER. PHONE 2225A

IONA PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE for GIRLS
HAVERLOCK NORTH, HAWKE'S BAY
Principal: Miss Anna Orennan M.A. (Edinburgh)
The work of this College is being re-organised and in February, 1925, two courses will be commenced:-
1. **FOUR YEARS' COURSE OF STUDY FOR HOME LIFE.** In addition to the usual class subjects of the school curriculum, this course will include Cookery (Theory and Practical), Plain Sewing and Knitting, Dressmaking, Hygiene, Household Management, First Aid, Home Nursing and Invalid Cookery, etc.
2. **FOUR YEARS' COURSE LEADING TO MATRICULATION.** This course will include English, History, Geography, Arithmetic, French, Mathematics, Science, etc.
Post Matriculation work can also be given.
A course of instruction in Musical Appreciation by means of the Gramophone will be given to all girls.
A wireless set has recently been installed.
Pupils are received from 8 years of age. Prospectus on application to the Principal, who is now enrolling pupils for 1925.

"The
Ladies' Mirror"
would like to
give you a
**CHRISTMAS
PRESENT...**
See our Special Offer in
this Issue

Two Poems



EYES

THE MIRROR OF THE SOUL
WITHIN

I like blue eyes—
The eyes of childish laughter,
Of innocence unmoved,
So big, and brave, and fearless,
So full of depths unproved—
The eyes wherein you find the match-
less colour of the sky.
Where dreams, and fairy castles, and
endless things pass by.

I like brown eyes—
Where joyfulness and mischief
Are dancing all the day;
Where ripple follows ripple
In happy, careless play—
The eyes that show the joyousness that
always reigns within,
The happy, care-free playfulness that
knows no taint of sin.

I like grey eyes—
Wherein the soul's deep beauty
Is dim—and yet revealed;
Whose matchless calm and sweetest
peace
Can never be concealed—
Those eyes they are which show the end-
less longing of a soul
Which, longing, finds contentment, yet
never sights the "goal."
—WINIFRED PONDER.

SPRING

There's a whispering, whispering, whis-
pering in the trees,
There's a low and gentle sighing,
As of doubt to doubt replying,
Like the full-toned cadence dying
Of the dreaming autumn bees.

There is laughter, golden laughter in
the trees.
There is laughter, golden laughter,
With an echo, rippling after
Like to fairies, fast and faster
Stealing through the love-warm breeze.

There is sorrow, world-old sorrow, in
the trees;
There is pain the all-compelling,
Faith the bitterness dispelling,
Wide-eyed truth her story telling—
Birth, and life, are in the trees.
—MUTA.



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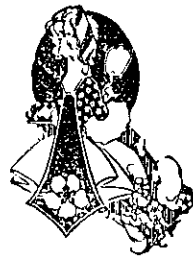


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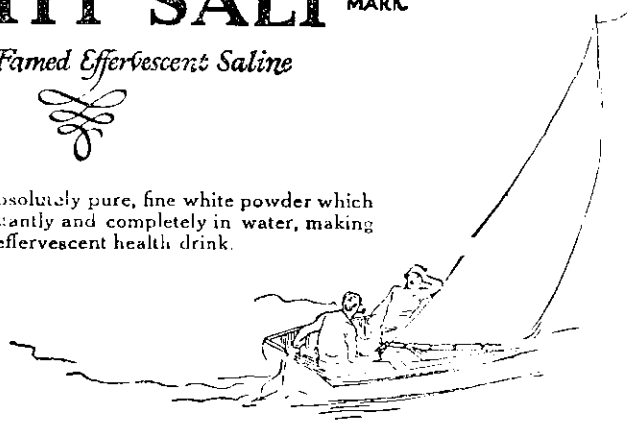
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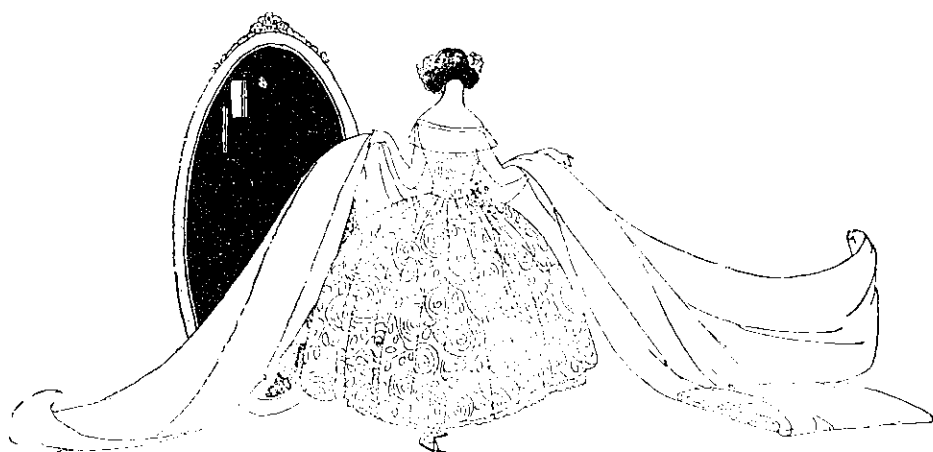
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A Christmas Story
by a New Zealand Writer



MR. AND MRS. SMITH

by
DEARMER McCORMAC

Mr. Smith, who had great experience with many varied spirits, suddenly developed the Christmas Spirit and received an expected Christmas Present

A very human Story

CHRISTMAS EVE!

Above, a warm, cloudy sky in which the red embers of the sunset had as yet barely begun to fade. Below, the joyous holiday city, shimmering, on tiptoe with excitement and anticipation, hastily washing up its tea dishes, blacking its children's shoes, shaking out their money boxes, running lightly down steps through the ruddy dusk, flinging back merry words over its shoulders, to join friends in waiting, throbbing motors, or shepherding its families out with a locking of doors and banging of gates, to catch the early trams. In another hour—in another half-hour, it would be in full swing—the happy surging and spending and good-natured jostling, the hooting and clanging of slow-moving traffic, the thin piping and wailing everywhere of toy whistles and trumpets and balloons.

Mr. Smith had just arrived in town for Christmas by the evening train. Mr. Smith had in his pocket a very satisfactory cheque, as yet quite untouched, and Mr. Smith was unhappy. Or, to express it more exactly, Mr. Smith was not happy.

For this reason Mr. Smith was in no very amiable mood with himself. It would have been too absurd and ridiculous and impossible—these are not, of course, the words Mr. Smith would have used—to have supposed that he had been so much disappointed by the non-appearance of Jack and Bill Simms, whom he had understood had been going to meet and help him “make a night of it,” as to have his evening entirely spoilt. And yet, there could be only one other reason, which was even more absurd and ridiculous and impossible—with additions and flourishes.

The conscience of a gentleman who almost habitually ill-treats his wife, and occasionally deserts her for indefinite

periods, is not as a rule remarkable for any great tenderness and delicacy, and can surely be reasonably expected to have safely survived a knocking-down and desertion which has occurred nearly a year ago.

So that the fact of Mr. Smith's not being happy was very extraordinary and most uncomfortable, especially now that he was in the midst of the delights of town once more. He had been so hopeful of getting rid of the feeling once he got into town, away from the trees and their “confounded noise all night long”—only Mr. Smith had not said “confounded.”

But here he was, sixty miles away from the bush and its trees, and with the feeling as strong as ever. Here he was indeed, coming out of his third hotel less than five minutes after he had entered it. He had even had to win—or lose—a battle before he could go in. He had stopped himself suddenly, and demanded of himself ferociously, “Well, what's the matter with you. You're going in to have a drink, aren't you? Any harm in that, eh? Any harm?”

AND something had replied in a voice so small and still that he could not catch the words, or else had realised the uselessness of answering and remained sadly silent, so infuriating him that he had lunged forward shoving open the door with his shoulder and pushing his way in.

But here he was now, standing at the top of the steps, coming down, “mooching” up Queen Street. The embers in the sky had faded to ashes, dull grey ashes blown about by a little warm gusty wind. . . . It was strange how the ashes blew about!

Mr. Smith lowered his eyes—a little, but only a very little—inflamed by his

three whiskies, from the sky to the street, only to have them dazzled and bewildered by the lights, and the shop windows, and the coming and going of glaring headlights, and the winking and disappearing and flashing again of electric signs. And the noise! A sustained, endless roar, with little sharp, happy noises popping and jerking up and down on every hand.

AND you were supposed to keep to the left, were you? Mr. Smith learned this interesting fact from an overloaded and purple and indignant elderly gentleman; learned it in silence, sullen, but still, silence, which was rather remarkable, because Mr. Smith had a very ready tongue—and fist, too, when he was drunk. Only, of course, Mr. Smith was not drunk just now.

He wished, savagely, that he was, and slouched over to the edge of the pavement to debate with himself what should he do? Go and have another drink, and then go up to Ponsonby to Bill's old address to try and find out what had become of him, or take a walk along the town in the hope of meeting him or Jack?

Mr. Smith could not decide. He turned, with mental profanity, and in doing so knocked a child flying. Only a skinny little half-caste, who was instantly retrieved and volubly scolded by a gigantic tattooed mother. But with eyes? Great, scared, soft eyes that had gleamed up at him a second from the pavement. . .

Mr. Smith found himself planted, five minutes later, like an island in the flowing river of Christmas shoppers in front of a window displaying cow covers and porch swings and rug straps, which might have been watches, or hats, or trains.

Curious, how that Maori kid's eyes

MR. AND MRS. SMITH—Continued

haunted him! Like Polly's eyes, they were. And the memory of his little dead sister's eyes reminded him—reminded him—yes, reminded him, of that voice he had heard, and not heard, at the top of the hotel steps. Polly'd been like that—falling silent and shrinking, instantly, when he turned on her and butted her, but never taking her eyes from his face, watching and pleading mutely until generally he flung away from her in a rage, or sometimes even struck her, but sometimes—oh, yes, sometimes, as on that last occasion before he had cleared out after a final savage conflict with his father—had given way to her, had even let him kiss her, and blubbered a little. . . .

But why should brown eyes haunt him now, when Polly had been dead fifteen—seventeen years—and he had let her kiss him before he'd gone, and the Maori kid was by now probably making itself sick again with that lump of sticky toffee it had had in its hand?

And when—and now at last, Mr. Smith had to let the thought in—Alice, his wife's eyes were not brown, but blue? Very blue, and grave, and unafraid. . .

Mr. Smith swore softly and suddenly again to himself, and went back once more to the pavement edge, and cogitated darkly, and suddenly threw back his shoulders and dug his hands deeper in his pockets. Darn it all—only he didn't say "darn" exactly—what was the matter with him? Was he turning into a "mug," that he couldn't face his own mind when it was made up. He was going home, wasn't he? Hadn't he come into town for that express, if unexpressed even to himself, purpose? Most fellows did go

home, didn't they, when their job's ended, especially at Christmas? Well, and if he hadn't sent her any money during his absence, wouldn't the cheque he'd got safely in his pocket make that up, and more than make it up?

Mr. Smith was assailed by a sudden secret doubt on this subject, and growling and hulking, to pacify it, set himself to the task of finding a present to take home to his wife. It was a difficult matter. He did not know what size hat she took, or if she liked scent, or whether she already had an umbrella. But Mr. Smith was determined, and at last, after half-an-hour of elbowing and gazing, he emerged doggedly from a shop doorway with the present—a gorgeous necklet of big blue beads—in his pocket. This was all right, this ought to do her all right. And now to get home.

He'd walk, he decided, and it would save waiting for a car and give him a chance to stretch his legs. But no sooner had he emerged from the town into the quieter streets as if from a confused dream into realities, than he regretted his decision and looked ahead anxiously for the nearest car stop.

It would mean a goodish time to wait, if he walked, to see if she was still there. And Mr. Smith was quite suddenly by no means sure that she would be still there. Although—and he hunched himself and made himself walk past the stop after all—there was no reason why she should not be still there. She had a good dress-making connection, and had had a fair amount in hand when he had—er—left. Mr. Smith recollected that it was because of this amount and her firm refusal to

give it to him or tell him where it was that he had knocked her down and then escaped, believing, for a bad few hours until he had sobered up, that he had killed her.

But still, it was a goodish way to walk—when it was Christmas Eve, and the early summer dark all about him was full of calling voices, and the pavement echoed everywhere to the hurrying of feet. Kids' excited voices, mostly kids' eager feet.

THAT was it, Mr. Smith reflected sourly, kids were the trouble, or rather, no kids. . . . If there had been a kid, perhaps things might have been different. Alice's school-ma'am speech and ways and manners—she had been a school teacher—would have come in handy for it then, instead of irritating him, as they'd sometimes done, to the point of brutality. . . . Three of them might have got on better than the two of them had done. For instance, he could have taken it to the football match on Saturday afternoons, and she could have had tea ready for them when they got home, and then the two of them could have taken it out, to the pictures, or up town. And to-night, say. . . .

But here he was at last—already—at the top of the street. Mr. Smith had actually to force himself to turn his eyes in the direction of the house, and then he felt just a little sick, for there was a light in the window. There always had been a light in Alice's window—a window that he had wanted, savagely, sometimes, to smash; a lamp that he had felt goaded, sometimes, to cruelly put out and triumphantly overturn. Only, no matter how much he had raged and struck, Mr.



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MR. AND MRS. SMITH--Continued

Smith had never been able, somehow, to break Alice's window. He remembered strangely how, instead of going out on that evening, when she had lain aloofly at his feet with closed eyes and a trickle of blood stealing across her temple, the lamp had burned higher and higher, and



higher still, silently, steadily, gently, so terrifying him with its clear brilliance that he had gone mad, and rushed away, and hidden his murderer's head.

Mr. Smith had, as has been said, had only two or three drinks, yet he must assuredly have been growing maudlin. He told himself so, with a burst of ferocity, and opened the gate determinedly, and walked up the path to the door, which stood open as usual, to the air and sounds of the evening.

The glass door, too, at the end of the little passage was ajar. Mr. Smith entered, and tiptoed along, and peeped in at Mrs. Smith.

Just the same Alice. A small, neat woman, with smooth brown hair in which the grey was beginning to show, and a quiet face, and firmly closed brave lips. Sewing, as usual, composedly, in the shining little lamplit room.

Mr. Smith felt at a loss as to how to announce his presence and so was relieved—and panic stricken—when quite suddenly Mrs. Smith raised her head, inquiringly, and looked at him. For a moment her eyes, dazzled by the white work, did not recognise him. When, after a second, they did, Mr. Smith had the impression that something had fled all at once from her face, or else was fading so swiftly and imperceptibly that he could not be sure it had really been there.

She laid down her work, rising slowly, and put her hand with the old gesture to her throat.

This irritated Mr. Smith. He entered at once, defiantly. "Well?" he demanded.

"So you have come back, Jim." That was all she said, waiting, watching him, with no questions, no reproaches.

This irritated Mr. Smith still more. He threw his cap into a chair "Yes, I've come back," he answered gruffly, seating himself. "Got any tea?"

Mrs. Smith stood watching him just a second longer, then her eyes left his face and rested a moment, almost dazedly, on his cap in the chair, then with a hunted expression sought the bedroom door, the hall door, the window even. Then grew quiet, and hopeless and aloof again as they always were when Mr. Smith was at home.

"I daresay I can find you something, Jim, but it will be cold," she said, and with another dumb glance all round, left the room, without waiting for his reply.

Presently she reappeared with a tray. She set it down before him, served him

deftly, and went out again, quietly and briskly, to attend to the kettle. Mr. Smith listened to her movements in the kitchen, and took stock of the familiar room, and finally, and furtively, before beginning to eat, took the necklet out of his pocket and laid it, still in its brown paper, at the side of his plate.

He was very much engaged indeed with his tea when she returned with the teapot, and did not even look up. Mrs. Smith waited a moment when she had put it down, as if for him to speak, but seeing only his bent head, wrung her hands, her eyes seeking first the bedroom door again, and then the bookcase, and then the snowy tangled heap of sewing, and turned, half distractedly, like one who knows that there is no choice but to brace oneself anew for an intolerable burden, and yet rebels, uselessly, in frantic panic.

Mr. Smith waited, with industriously moving jaws, until she was turning away, then swallowed hastily, and demanded suddenly and roughly, "Well, don't you want it?"

MRS. SMITH turned back, in quiet surprise—she never startled, or hurried, or flinched; she had a weak heart, and had long ago trained herself—and looked at him. Mr. Smith indicated the parcel at his plate, and raised his cup and drank, and choked, to save explanations.

Mrs. Smith picked up the parcel wondering, slipping off the string, unwrapping the paper, taking so long that Mr. Smith grew nervous in the quiet room, and felt impelled to rise and face her. And now at last the necklet lay revealed, and after a long moment, Mrs. Smith raised her eyes, slowly, questioningly, fearfully—yes, fearfully, for the first time—to her husband's face.

Mr. Smith shifted, awkwardly. "What's the matter," he demanded, "it's Christmas Eve, isn't it?"

At these words, standing there, gazing at him, Mrs. Smith began to tremble, slightly at first, and then more and more, until suddenly, and with a shower of sound, the necklace snapped in her hands.

The beads popping and scattering about her feet recalled her. She stopped trembling, looked down and watched them until the last one lay still, and then swayed and would have fallen had it not been for Mr. Smith's brawny arm. But she was not fainting. She was weeping, which was a great deal worse, in Mr. Smith's opinion. He didn't know what to do with her. He tried squeezing her hard as she lay against him, and then clumsily patting her hair and then even saying "There, there, my girl," although the sound of his voice above her low sobbing scared him horribly every time he said it.

When these had no effect he grew a little panicky, and might even have kissed her had not a sudden inspiration come to him.

"Come on, old girl, you'll make your face all red," he said, relievedly, firmly, as became an indulgent husband with an hysterical wife. "Go and get your hat on and I'll take you down town to see the fun."

Mrs. Smith drew away from him, stopped crying. She had never lost control of herself for very long—Mr. Smith had often noticed this, had noticed how quickly and quietly she had always adjusted herself after an announcement that he had lost his job, or that he was going to sell out again and try Whangarei, or New Plymouth, or Napier.

The tears were wet on her cheeks, but her cheeks were blushed, and her eyes

shining, like the cheeks and eyes of the pretty little prim school-ma'am of twelve years ago.

"Oh, Jim," she said, a catch in her voice and her hand to her throat again to still its tremulousness. "I can't. I—I have something to show you, Jim."

Mr. Smith was feeling more and more relieved and at ease. He followed her, good humouredly, quite jauntily, when she beckoned to the bedroom door. But when she had pushed it gently open, standing aside for him to enter, he hesitated. In his bad moods he had always hated his wife's bedroom—his wife's always, never his—still and speckless and hushed, with never a sign, even before breakfast, of his drunkenly discarded boots, or cigarette end, or scattered matches. Always, somehow, like a little chapel, undisturbed, untouched, by a single blasphemous word just uttered aloud and now dying and drifting away unheeded into silence, as if it had never been spoken.

As he stood there, uncertainly peering in beyond her, the impression of the chapel was stronger than it had ever been. The shadowy quiet corners, the dim white walls, the single tranquil steady taper—God! God! *the crib*, even!

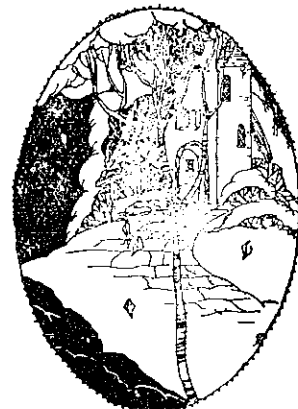
With a low, almost animalish cry, Mr. Smith reeled back, bringing up sharply against the table. His eyes, blood-shot and bulging, and terribly questioning, sought those of his wife, leaning there, suddenly bereft of strength, against the door post.

And, very very gently, Mrs. Smith's eyes answered him. Very gently her voice explained, from a great distance, each word clear and distinct in the age-old silence, like diamonds dropping one by one through darkness.

"A boy, Jim. . . . Nearly three months old."

One would have thought, looking on, that it was Mr. Smith's heart, and not his wife's which was weak. Great cords stood out upon his forehead, his mouth was open and gasping, and with one hand he tore madly at his collar while with the other he warded her off. At last, still standing at bay against the table, with his collar wrenched off and lying at his feet, he got the words out, thickly, with paralysed tongue and purple lips. "All is he—quite—all right?"

She understood almost in an instant. Dim, sad tears filmed her eyes as she nodded, slowly. And now her words were not diamonds, but pearls, softly gleaming,



sweet pearls. . . . "Quite all right. And so bonny, Jim."

The tears overflowed suddenly, her smile was revealed, happy and fond and mysterious.

"Come, Jim," she said, encouragingly, as she might have said it long ago to a grubby, ashamed little pupil, and took his hand and led him, softly—into the sanctuary.



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A COMPLETE STORY BY KATHERINE HAVILAND TAYLOR



I.

JIMMY GIBBS attributed it to the fact that he had looked at a new moon over his left shoulder, but Marcia Wellford felt in the happening a divine guidance which clearly pointed out her duty.

"It?"

On a flat tyre and a muddy road and a slow rain falling.

Jimmy leant far over the side of his smart little car, muttered something, put on the brakes and stopped.

"Flat tyre," he stated, as Marcia Wellford turned upon him her then inquiring, always very blue eyes, "and it's beginning to rain harder too—it's the devil!"

"I'm so sorry," she murmured softly.

"Wasn't thinking of myself, but you," he answered. His tone was worried. "You'll be soaked," he went on. "It's coming from the side now. Who'd have thought a nice, clear sky would do this? My tool-kit's under the seat. Sorry!"

"Oh, that's all right," she replied. "I really don't mind wet, Jim." He frowned as he helped her out, and then, with a sudden authority he was far from feeling, picked her up to carry her across the road to a rock that was less wet than its surroundings. His admonition, which came in the form of, "Now don't move until I come back!" made her laugh, and respect him.

"Really," she called, after he had gone back to the car and began to fumble around for his tools, "I don't see why I don't marry you, Jim! I never met a nicer-natured man."

He flashed her a look that made her say, "Now don't, Jim!" and regret her sudden frankness. "I won't now," he muttered through set teeth, "but later! My aunt, how it is coming down!" And then he turned and saw a building (he had seen a new moon over his left shoulder the night before), and she saw it, too, and said, "I might go and sit in the Orphanage until you've finished, Jim—that is, unless I can help."

"I wish you would," he answered, as he mopped the rain from his face, "I'm worried about your getting wet."

He walked down the road with her, up the tree-lined lane that led to the long-narrow, solemn doors, and then hurried back to his work. He had seen Marcia admitted by one of the younger orphans. He imagined her warm and comfortable and he worked more happily. For Jim, although good natured, was not a sensitive, and he did not feel the chill of little Cupid who stood near him in the rain.

Marcia Wellford was a perfectly dear, short, yellow-haired, pretty person, who was a victim of sentimentality. This showed in her exceedingly slanted-to-the-right writing (absolutely true: ask any graphologist) and her intense, almost morbid, interest in missionaries. She worshipped suffering in any form, and, whenever possible, surrounded herself with it. The back garden was full of one-eyed and furless pussies, while the garage held three abandoned pups.

Her charities so ate into her allowance that she was constantly attending sales to keep out of debt. Her family sat on the edge of its collective chair, with a haunted expression (one apiece), wondering what Marcia would fall into next.

It was orphans.

Jim found her silent when his car was at last ready to be on its way, and he wondered a little; but his emotions—always overworked when she was near, often with the thought of her when she was not—kept him from anything sustained enough to bring forth a question.

"You're sure," he questioned as he stood by her at her family door, "that you're not going to be ill after this?"

The smile she gave him was so sanctified that he almost recoiled under it, and he quite missed her answer which consisted of, "Oh, no, Jim! I shall not be ill; I feel as if, for the first time, I shall be entirely well, that life will hold a purpose!"

He asked her if he might come up that evening after dinner, but she put him off.

"Why not?" he questioned. He was rather good at that sort of argument.

"I'll telephone," she responded, her eyes misty, her tone far away; and then she went indoors, after an absent good-bye, and a touch of the hand which he felt was cruelly careless.

She had been absent. A great decision was being made, and somehow, great decisions had never been mixed up with Jim. She was deciding that she would adopt three orphans. At first two had seemed a nice, neat number, but the possibility of death, always hovering in the sentimentalist's background, made her decide against it with "Suppose one died—how frightful for the other!" Three had it.

She found her family assembled in the large sitting-room before a roaring fire. "To think," she remarked from the doorway, "of their never having known this!"

"What—who?" asked her mother, whose speech was somewhat blurred from coming across an amber knitting needle.

"Orphans," said Marcia, and then she explained. There was a perceptible lull after her explanation, and in the silence there was little sympathy.

"I, hum—gave them a subscription last week, my dear," said her father at length. His paper rattled as it always did in crises.

"Yes," answered Marcia, "but the Matron said no one gave as they should, and if they'd just see the need they'd pour in money, that is if they couldn't give them homes! When you think of this"—she looked around—"and that—" A wave of her hand did wonders for expressing the emotion, and her father shifted uneasily. "She says," continued Marcia, "that they're so sweet and affectionate—simply crawl all over you."

"I wouldn't like that," said Marcia's younger sister, Isabel, who was very good-looking and decidedly well-dressed. "You know, you said yourself that it was terrible to call on Mrs. Philips. She

has two little boys, Dad, and you ought to wear sun-guards and a fencing-mask if you want to leave as you arrived. I can't see why she lets them behave like that."

"That's just it," said Marcia, "she shouldn't. Anybody could train children! It is simply a matter of love and patience—"

"And a slipper," said Mr. Wellford.

"No, that's out of date, father. Love and happiness are the secret, and the matron said that the children are so docile and amenable to discipline. She said she wanted to get names of people who would take them."

"Absolutely no!" said Mr. Wellford, slamming down his paper. "No."

Mrs. Wellford had abandoned her knitting. She did not speak, but her opening and closing mouth gave her a gold-fish-out-for-a-walk expression.

"I move to the club," said William.

"Do you think for a moment," said Isabel, "that I'd consent? I'll give, but as for having them here, no! Why, they'd be under our feet, and heaven only knows, they might wriggle under the sofa and not let you know they were there." She floundered helplessly, while the family laughed.

"Well, if they heard the kind of talk some of your young men enjoy," said William, "they'd lose consciousness, so it wouldn't matter." He laughed, and went on to explain his laughter. "I heard Isabel shouting out Frank Ibbetson to-night. She said, 'Frank, one visit from you changes my whole week. You do understand women so wonderfully!'"

"Life does. He brought me a box of chocolates and two books, and a bunch of violets," answered Isabel without embarrassment.

"I don't know how I have any illusions," said William; and then, "Well, let's settle the orphans, once and for all. Dad, tell her she can't."

"I have my own money," began Marcia.

"Now my dear!" said her mother.

"I know, but nobody understands me, and my life is being wasted. I feel that I ought to help, and what do I do? Aside from a few sick cats and the dogs, who am I helping? Think how sweet it would be to have the childish laughter, and—"

"The childish squawks!"

"Don't interrupt me, William. The matron says they laugh a lot. She particularly spoke of that, and think of little arms around one's neck—"

"Oh, rot!"

"Mother, will you please tell Billy to be quiet! Think of helping those poor little things and giving them a real home!"

Mr. Wellford got up wearily and made his way to the door.

"I think I'll go to the club," he said. His tone held an immense despair. Marcia had staying powers as well as sentiment. Those three things, straw-yellow hair, a too-soft heart, and quiet obstinacy, are often combined in one nature.

"I don't see how, dearie," began Marcia's mother.

"Oh, but I do," said Marcia. "I thought it all out. Billy's room is so nice and sunny, and large enough for a nursery."

"Where am I to sleep I'd just like to know?"

"Well, I thought you could go up and sleep in the box-room. It could be decorated so prettily (don't look like that, Billy), and then it would be quieter for you, too, and you know you never open the windows, anyway, so one would be enough. I've thought it all out!"

"Darned clever of you!" said William, resentfully.

"Oh, no, I was interested. And, Billy, I thought you could sort of recall that old gramophone you gave Tommy Lawson for his boat, so that I could have it for the nursery. They have such dear nursery rhymes now on records, or—perhaps I could have the big gramophone up there?"

"I suppose we would dance to Christian Science music?" inquired Isabel. Her voice showed that she was strongly with her brother.

"Oh, well, if you're going to be selfish like that," said Marcia, "But how can you, when there's so much suffering? If you'd just heard that matron—"

"How old are those clinging arms?" asked William. "I wouldn't mind a sixteen-year-old orphan with those habits, only she'd have to keep off until I had my morning meal—I feel groggy in the morn. Did she say anything about any of 'em just growing into the right age?"

"Mother," said Marcia, ignoring her brother, "are you going to help me do this?"

Mrs. Wellford stood up. For once in her life she was entirely abrupt. "I am not," she said.

"Why, mother?"

"I've brought up a family. You don't know what it's like."

"But, mother, didn't you love us?"

"Of course I loved you," replied Mrs. Wellford, "but—well, dear, it isn't easy!" Having said this, she left with murmurs about looking after dinner. When she had disappeared Marcia sank down by the fire.

"She doesn't understand," she explained. "You know that, although we had a happy home life, ours was not an up-to-date upbringing. I recall lots of thrashings, and that has all been done away with. You remember those lectures I went to on child training?"

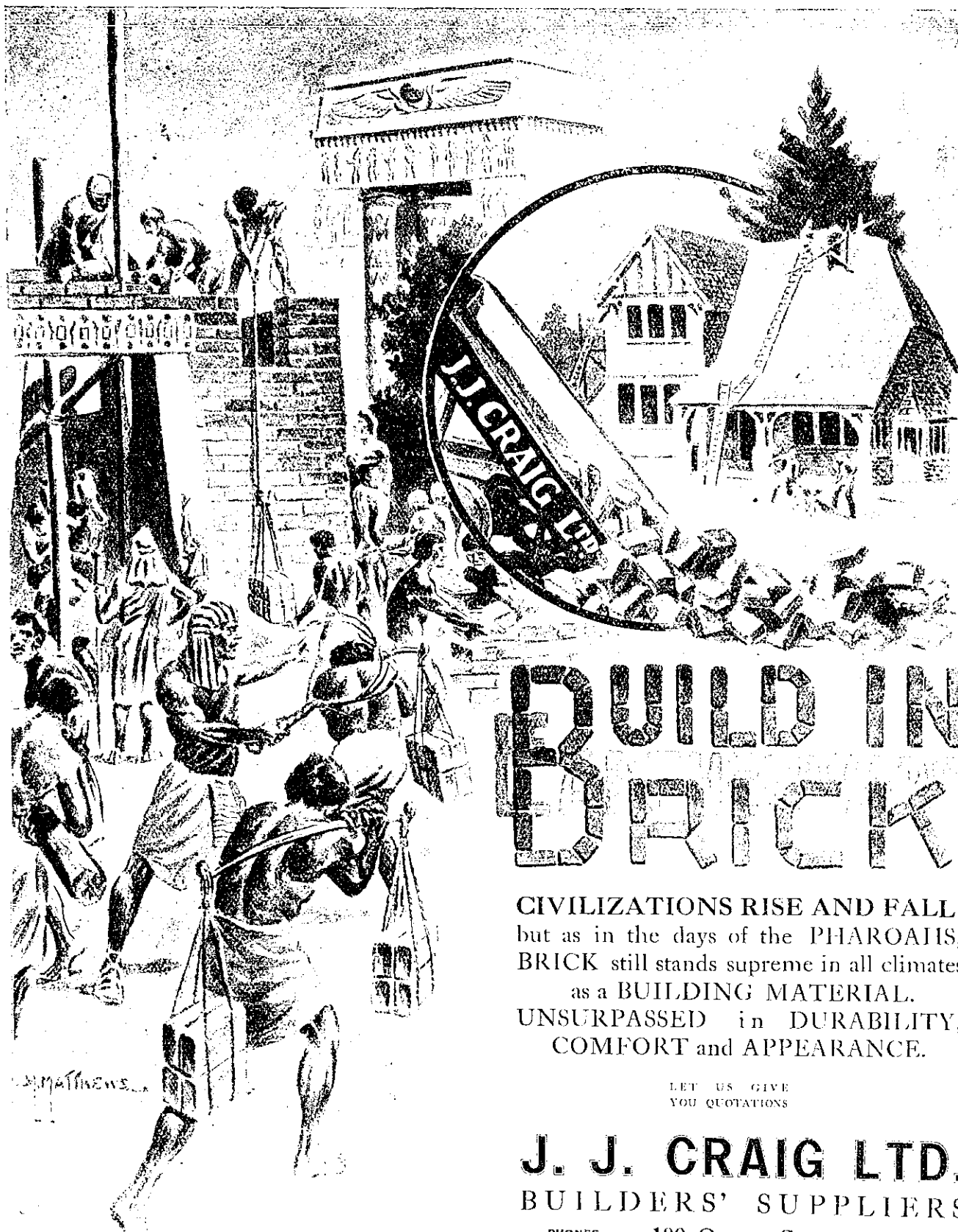
"I never could see how you had the cheek!" murmured Isabel.

"Well, they taught me to control children without one harsh word!" said Marcia. "It was love, simply love and understanding!"

"I'd do it with a cane," said William.

"No doubt, William. But we are not all of your mind. I cannot imagine striking a little child."

"You would if you played golf. Yesterday I had a caddy who lost three balls and fell over my best driver and broke it. Did I want to brain him? I would have, too, if I hadn't known the Cruelty Society would have butted in." William arose and stretched as he finished speaking, and went towards the

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ALL DONE BY KINDNESS—Continued.

door yawning. "Tired," he said. "Goin' to take a nap before dinner. But, Marcia, forget the kindergarten day dreams. We won't have it, see?"

"You needn't talk as if you came from the Zoo. And if I felt it to be my duty, nothing could stop me!"

"I know that all right, but you don't own this house."

"Aunt Marcia left me enough to rent another."

"Why don't you marry Jimmy?" asked Isabel, when they were alone. "I can't see why not; he loves you more than anyone else ever will, Marcia. Look how he hugged home that cat that the man's car half-squashed! Most men wouldn't have done it. And time and time again he's been perfectly silly just to please you."

"If you regard an act of mercy as idiotic yes, admitted Marcia."

"Well, why don't you?"

"Isabel," said Marcia standing up, "I was almost ready to say yes to Jimmy, but then I saw the orphans, and the matron said such heart-rending things. Jimmy had bought the ring, too; he said he hoped it might influence me, and Isabel, it is wonderful, but when you think of those children! It was set in platinum."

"That raised setting?"

"Yes, with a cut design. Everyone should help, you know, Isabel. And when you think of your own happiness, compared to—"

The telephone bell broke into Marcia's sentence, and she answered it fretfully. When she found it was Jimmy, she was not soothed and her words came abruptly. "No, you can't," she said. "I told you so. I'm going to think this evening. No, I can't with you about. What? Oh, you silly!" There was more, then her good-bye, and she stood for a moment by the telephone. "Isabel," she said dreamily, "if a man would marry you to help you carry on such a work, that would prove his love, wouldn't it?"

Isabel thought that without doubt it would. "My heavens," she said, "I pity Jimmy!"

II.

THE next day at four-thirty two very angry young people faced each other. They were out in the country, again in the small two-seater. The car was still, but Jimmy Gibbs' hands were gripping the wheel until his knuckles showed white.

"Marcia," he said, "I can stand the cats and the dogs, or anything with four feet that you feel you must lug home, but kids—no! It maddens me to think of it! And you propose, seriously to take three of 'em along on a honeymoon!"

"I thought they'd like it," said Marcia, "and no one has any business to have a purely pleasure trip, so I thought that would give us our excuse. You know every farthing ought to go to someone who needs it, Jimmy, you know it! And then think how they would enjoy it!"

Jimmy laughed, but his laugh was hollow. "No doubt they would! And no doubt they'd be the only ones that would. Why, Marcia—think of it, and, my dear girl, think of what people might say!"

"My dear Jim!"

"Well, it would look queer. You'd behave like a bride, you know, people can't help it, and I know perfectly well I'd look like a man on his honeymoon. Then there'd be this chorus of little toddlers,

Now, Marcia, don't get cross. You forced me to say that!"

"We could tell them," suggested Marcia.

"Make a nice story for the papers, wouldn't it? 'Young Couple elope Taking Three Orphans on Honeymoon.'"

"We wouldn't elope," she commented stiffly.

"Please don't be so literal Marcia. People would never stop ragging me about it. I can see myself!"

"Well, those are the conditions." Her voice was inflexible.

"Are you serious?" he asked, turning to her.

"Absolutely, James. If you are my knight, you must prove your love by—"

"Adopting three squalling infants? I think not!"

"Very well."

Jimmy looked down at the set little person and laid a large hand on her arm. "Don't you think you're being a shade unreasonable?" he asked. "You know I love you, frightfully, and all that sort of thing—but to ask a man to wipe snout noses and play 'Ring o' Roses' on his honeymoon is too much. Haven't you any conception of what I feel for you?"

"Yes, but I know that we must forget ourselves—"

"Oh, damn that orphanage!"

"Jim!"

"Excuse me," he said tensely.

"Go on."

"Well, I think," said Marcia, turning and looking up at her companion, "that we must all take up our burdens."

"I'm offering to. I've asked you to marry me."

"And, went on Marcia, not noticing the interruption, "that these children are the greatest. The boys can fend for themselves after a certain age, but the girls must be tenderly cared for, or else they'll—they'll not have a fair chance."

"Put lamp-black on their eyelashes and let them wink at anything under eighty-two."

"Please don't interrupt, Jimmy. I thought that three little girls would be lovely for us to have!"

"Um!"

"Your income is large enough, Jim."

"I'm glad to hear it. I've never found it so."

"You'll think over my plan, Jim?"

"My dear," said Jim, "I've thought it over. If you say so, I'll give some money for the upbringing of three (although, Marcia, it will come off your frock allowance, but I won't have them in the house."

"You won't?"

"No, dear, I won't. For many and various reasons I think it would be crazy, and as for taking a Froebel picnic along on my honeymoon—not quite! Will the money do as well?"

"No."

"What?"

"Absolutely no, Jim. If you don't love me enough—"

Jim took her hands and, holding them tightly, spoke. "Going to throw me over for three children you never saw, kiddy?"

"But, Jim—"

"Going to?"

Jim's eyes were unpleasantly solemn as he asked the question, and Marcia, tired of the opposition to her orphan plan that she had met at home and everywhere, answered, "Yes!"

"Very well," said Jim, "but you're going to kiss me good-bye. I'm going to have one to remember, anyway." And he kissed her.

Butterfly

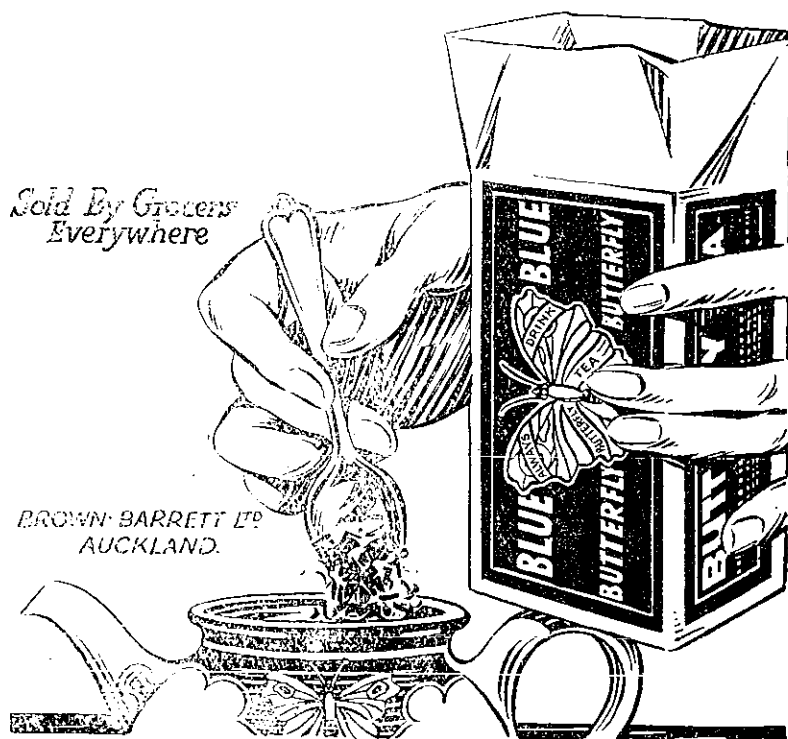
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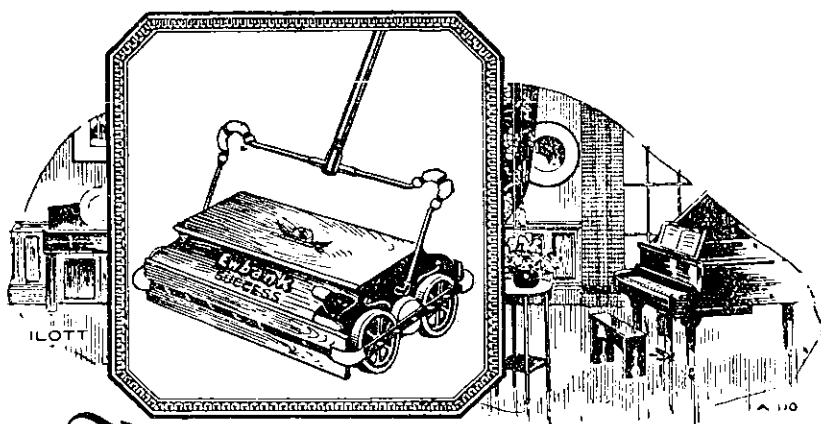


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and then started the little car, and it sped all the way home without hearing the sound of a human voice. When she got home Marcia went up to her room and wept. She decided that Jim did not really love her, and she wept accordingly. The memory of his kiss tangled in her heart, and told her she loved him—a good deal more than she had realised. When Isabel came in, wearing taupe velvet, relieved by violets and a string of pearls, Marcia told her that she had a headache.

"It's the cold. I was out with J-Jimmy," she explained. "Neuralgia, I think. Where have you been?"

"Dancing. What did you tell Jim? He's a peach of a man, Marcia!"

"I told him no! My life is to be devoted to orphans! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! But my head does ache. I wish I hadn't gone motoring last night, or that it hadn't rained!"

III.

AS for Jim, he went to his sister's, and she, being a very astute little person, guessed the trouble. She was surrounded, on his arrival, by two small girls and a little boy. These young persons she sent off to kitchen regions with orders to cook, who was to give them bread and jam—not more than an hour before dinner, too!

"What is it, Jim?" said Alice Gibbs Mackay. "Marcia?"

"Yes, and it's pretty definite this time, too. I—well, to be frank, she's thrown me over. I hadn't a chance. She's going to adopt a gang of children, orphans, and she wanted to take them along on the honeymoon."

"Not really?" said Jim's sister, trying not to laugh.

"Yes. Don't tell anybody. And I thought the whole thing was crazy. I can't see it at all, then or any time. I can stand the cats, although I'm not keen on the awful-looking things dragging around, but when it comes to infants, no! And, Alice, I do care devilishly!"

"It's a shame," said Alice, sympathetically. "But won't she come round?"

"Never!"

"She has before."

"No, she hasn't. I have, every time. Remember when I lugged home that poisoned cat for her? The brute was ill all over the best-cut suit I ever owned. Still, that time I did it to prove my love. Nice romantic tests she hands out, doesn't she? Another time I chased a dog with a can tied to its tail all round the town, rounding it up before the vicarage, and falling over a newly-painted green iron bench as I captured the beast; that was another time when I gave in. I'd refused to catch it in the town; I was refused the house and so I set out to find it. I don't know why my affections had to centre on a girl like that, but they did. And she's a dear, if she is crazy."

Two small persons carrying sandwiches entered. They were smeared with jam, and happy. "With those," said Jim's sister, "one has no time for fads. My dear, I'm sorry, but I can't help feeling that she'll come round. You are such a nice creature. She wants to adopt three?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's a good number," said Alice, allowing one jam-flav-

Continued on Page 69.

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ALL DONE BY KINDNESS—Continued

oured young person to sit on her lap and another to slide behind her in her chair.

"Uncle Jimmy," said Alice, "is there any chocolate in your pocket?"

IV.

A WEEK went by without any solution of the trouble. The Wellfords had begun the hysterical period which always came with Marcia's fads. This meant that a mere mention of the threadbare subject would send them into peals of laughter, and that they would fall into paroxysms of mirth over any joke connected with it. Marcia's mood at these periods was dark grey with periods of black, and her mother's was sympathetically unhappy; but the rest frankly enjoyed it.

William made constant allusions to the orphanettes, in which he professed large interest, and Isabel retailed the plan to her amused friends. Mr. Wellford laughed at the jokes and only turned serious long enough to say, "Stuff and nonsense!" or "Never!" when Marcia made a real plea. Marcia's determination was fed by their opposition and Jimmy's firmness.

A week and one day after the fatal ride, William came home early.

"Think," he said, "how sweet it would be to have an orphanette meeting you at the door with two clinging arms, your slippers, one smile and the gas bill! Ah, sweet!"

Marcia, who was writing notes at the table, did not notice this humour.

"And," said Isabel, who was sitting before the fire with the adoring Frank Ibbetson, "how they would pull the cats' tails. Marcia, if a lone, lorn orphan pulled a sick cat's tail, and both were homeless, which would deserve the deeper sympathy?"

"The cat," said Frank Ibbetson. "I would teach them to be kind to dumb animals," said Marcia.

"How?" inquired William. "With a shot gun?"

"With love!" said Marcia.

The subject had become so harrowing that she could see no possible fun in it.

"Wish you'd teach me that way," murmured Frank in a soft voice to Isabel. Isabel simpered properly and William, who had unfortunately caught the aside, grinned.

"Stay for dinner," he invited. "We understand men, and we're going to have mince-pie and steak and two veg."

"Reverse the order," said Isabel. "Do stay, Frank. We have wonderful times at meals now, orphans with every course. Mother and father are going to sleep in the cellar, so that each orphan can have a dressing room, and I think that I shall dwell in the petrol store. We can easily keep the petrol in those Etruscan vases in the drawing room; and William is to sleep in the box-room, and—"

But Isabel stopped, for Marcia had risen with great dignity and was leaving the room.

"I s'pose we'd better give it a rest," said William, looking after her. He, like most men, could not push a joke on the weaker sex to the limit.

"I suppose so," agreed Isabel. "But she deserves it. Think of putting us all out for a thing like that—simply because she thinks it's her duty! Isn't it frightful? And she's treated Jimmy Gibbs so badly!"

"You'd never treat me like that, would you?" said Frank.

Isabel, who was an entire gourmand, looked towards a large pink box decorated outside with ribbons and inside with chocolates. "Oh, no!" said Isabel, "I couldn't. You understand women so well!"

Certainly an open break would have come between Marcia and the family, if she had not had a telephone call that evening from Alice Gibbs Mackay, Jim's sister. Alice all but wept over the telephone, and after her perturbed introduction she voiced, with many apologies, her request. She and Mr. Mackay were called away suddenly, the little nursemaid had left (oh, yes, the cook was there!), and she had heard that Marcia was wonderful with children and knew so beautifully how to handle them—that she'd been meaning to adopt some orphans. Was that true? Marcia acknowledged it, with stiffness, thinking of Jim's cruelty. Then Mrs. Mackay came to the point. Could she ask Marcia to come and stay with the children until she came back? Just a day or so, and not much to do with them, but keep an eye on them and their food. It was a great deal to ask—

"Oh," said Marcia. "I would love it! It would be practice! When shall I come, Mrs. Mackay?"

Alice did not answer immediately.

"To-morrow?" she said, after a little wait. "Is to-morrow too soon? The illness of a cousin takes us away."

"To-morrow. I shall love it."

"It's dear of you," said Alice. "I can't tell you how I appreciate it! I'll tell Jim to look in and see how you're getting on, shall I?"

"Oh, no," answered Marcia quickly. "That won't be necessary. I am sure things will go beautifully. I have had some success with children, Mrs. Mackay. I rule with love."

"Do you?" The tone at the other end of the wire was weak. "Yes, and I am sure everything will go all right. I'm not a bit nervous. I am so sorry about the cousin!"

V.

THE next day started inauspiciously for the Mackay children. They had planned to have a picnic in the back garden and it rained, and then there had been a dispute about whose tooth brush was the stiffer, and this had resulted in two slaps, one bite, and several prolonged howls. Mrs. Mackay had had to rule with a firmly-imprinted hand on a spot which is most used for sitting. When Marcia arrived the little Mackays were in the sniff stage. She smiled on them expansively, remarked that they were going to have "the happiest time!" and began her rule of Love.

"My dear," said Mrs. Mackay, tying on a veil without a mirror, which showed her to be entirely

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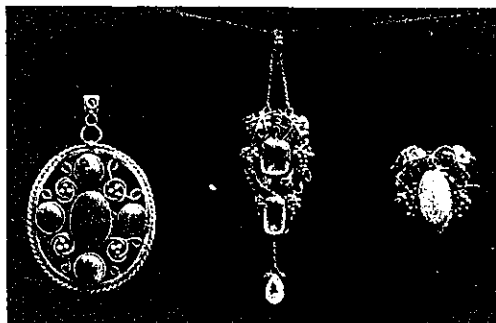
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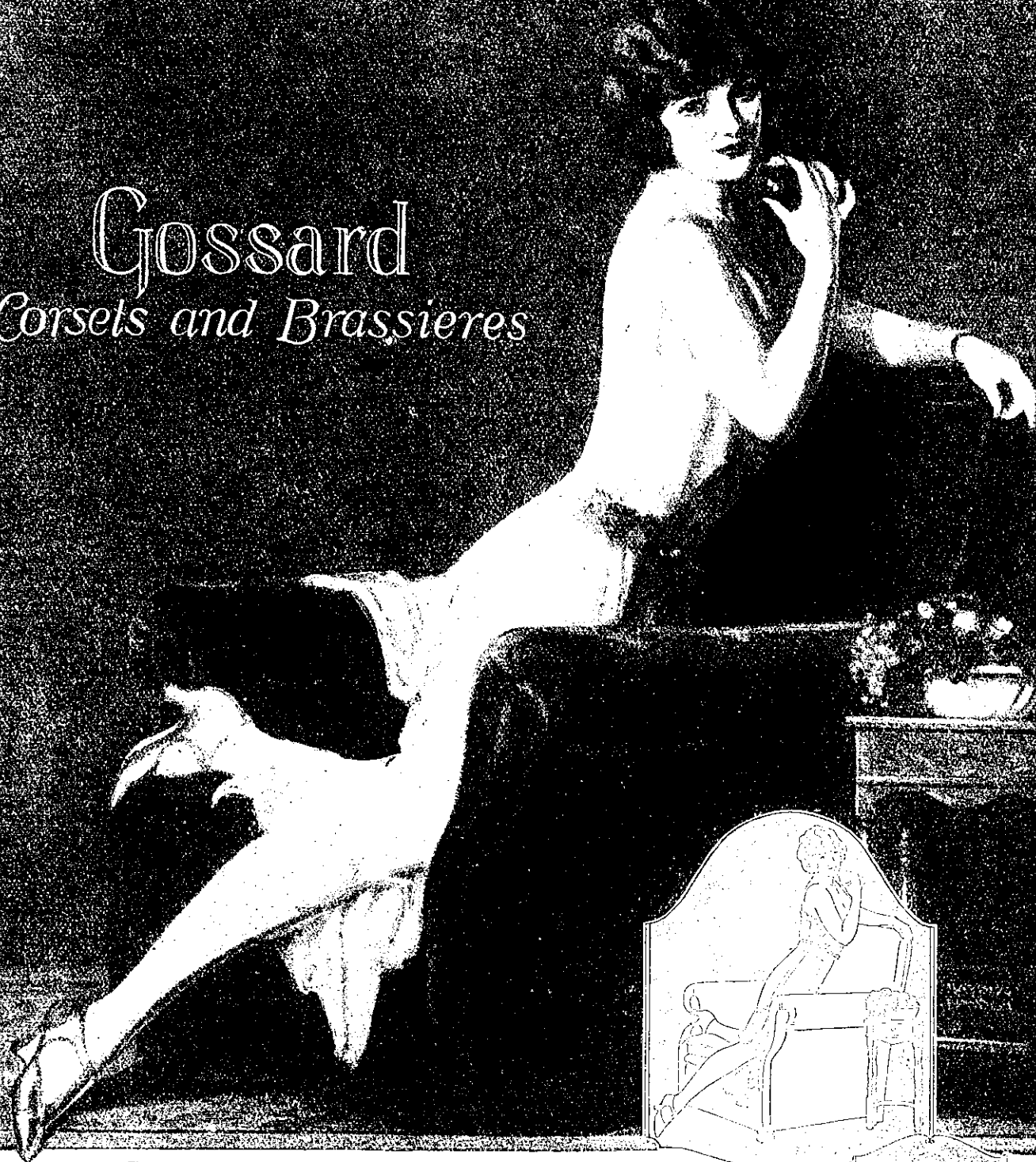
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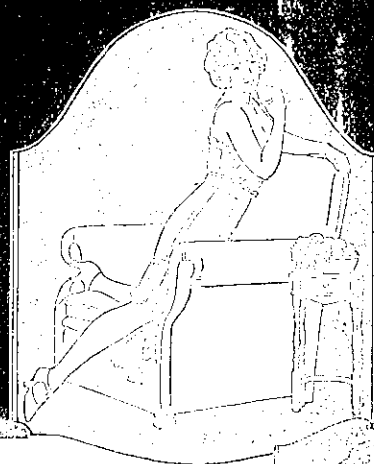
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ALL DONE BY KINDNESS—Continued.

married, "if they behave very badly, beat 'em. You may have to. Jimmy is occasionally a little devil—no other word will do. And if the butcher comes, Laura knows what I want, but I'll get you to pay him. My purse is on the top shelf of the china cupboard. And don't let Mary have any sweets, for she's had a dose of castor oil and that upsets her anyway—never saw such a touchy stomach! And if Frances holds her breath just throw cold water on her a good dose; never mind the rugs. And now dear, I must be off; so sweet of you to come; I hope you won't be bored."

Marcia was not.

To begin, Jimmy, full of the hurt of a good spanking unjustly delivered to one who *had* the stiffest tooth brush, stood off and surveyed her. "Nasty old beast," he said, after his inspection. And Frances, the little imitator, followed suit. "Pig!" she remarked, putting her tongue out at Marcia. Marcia, undaunted, smiled.

"Shall we play some little game?" she asked, voicing dreams that had been brought to being by lonely orphans. "Suppose we join hands and dance. Then, perhaps, the sun will come to dance with us, too! We want the merry sunshine, don't we?"

Stiffly, they took her hands, but the game lacked verve. Marcia wondered what to do next. "What would you like to do?" she questioned.

"Paint," said Jimmy. "I have a box of paints. We always paint on rainy days."

"Lovely," said Marcia. "We'll paint daisies, trees and little fairies, shall we?"

There was an unenthusiastic assent, and Jimmy went off upstairs and returned with paints. For half-an-hour things went smoothly; then Marcia, picking up a late number of a largely illustrated paper, somewhat relaxed her vigil. After she had looked at pictures of two political candidates and their wives and then homes, and image of some of the coming season's stars, she thought she would investigate the work of the little artists. She found it all over the hall walls. It was done in the futurist manner, with much dashing applied red. And added to this, the youngest, Frances, had a large red ring around her chin and a dot on her nose.

Marcia gasped and then spoke.

"Who did this?" she asked. Her tone was unhappily controlled. It sounded as if a steam roller had removed all its natural inclination.

"We all did," said Mary. "I did the yellow and red cow. Mother said we'd be sent to bed for a day, if we ever did; but she said you ruled with love."

"I must think!" said Marcia. "I wonder what—I *wish* I'd brought 'Little Helps to Little Hearts.' After speculation, she decided on a period of banishment for the crime. "I must ask you to go upstairs, alone," she said impressively, "and think. Think of how hurt dear mother will be."

"She'll be mad!" corrected little Jimmy, grinning.

"Poor, poor mother," said Marcia feelingly. "And think how dear father's money will have to be used to buy new paper, the money father works so hard to earn for you."

"He can stop smoking cigars," piped Frances. "Mother says he

Continued on Page 72.

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ALL DONE BY KINDNESS—Continued

smokes too many! He could use that money for new paper!" She danced up and down after her happy plan, smiling widely.

"Go upstairs," said Marcia, after a gasp.

They went.

At lunch the table was rocked, with the charming result of a bowl of mayonnaise and three glasses of milk falling into Marcia's lap. That the idea had been thought out could not be doubted, for, with Mary standing on one side of the table and Jimmy on the other, Jimmy had said, "One, two, three—ready."

"A game?" inquired, Marcia, smiling with that particularly saccharinely sweet smile she reserved for children.

"Yes," answered Mary. "Go!" And then with a heave the table lifted.

Laura entered, wearing, a belligerent expression.

"They done it before," she said, regarding the mess, "and their pa beat 'em for it. The little devils! And it's your skirt, Miss, that'll be a mess to-morrow. The carpet's used to their carrying ons. Your ma'll hear about this!" she threatened, as she began to collect broken china and to mop up a stream of thickly oozing cream.

Marcia drew a deep breath and closed her eyes. She decided she must reason with them. She followed Laura to the kitchen, sponged her skirt, and began to work out her plan of action. It was plain, she thought, that the children had been badly handled. Love should play the leading part and not harshness. And yet she wondered; with a throb of pity for her mother, whether she and William and Isabel had behaved like that? But, of course, if the treatment had been proper—she returned with renewed belief in her ideals, and a set smile, to the re-assembled lunch.

"Now," she said, as she again sat down, "we are going to forget everything that has been unhappy, and try to plant happy seeds in our little hearts, so that when mother returns we can tell her how good we have been. Think how sweet it will be to tell mother that our little fingers have been good, that our little tongues have been good, and that——"

A howl interrupted this.

Mary was inspecting her bowl of milk and sniffing. "I won't eat it," she said. "I won't, I won't, I won't!" Looking, Marcia understood why not. A little mouse, quite evidently long dead, floated on the top. "J-Jimmy had it," gulped Mary. "He—he said he'd put it in my bed. I—hate them! There's one in the c-coffee pot, too."

Marcia felt rather ill. Waveringly she arose from the table. "I'll be back," she said weakly, as she hurried towards the kitchen, where she sank into a chair and demanded water from the sympathetic Laura.

Slowly, very slowly, the day passed, the longest day that Marcia had ever known. On going upstairs she had confronted a horrible mess, for, unfortunately, the period of banishment had not been spent in thought.

Little Jimmy, it seemed, was a devotee of motors; the four-posted bed had become one, and he had oiled it copiously with vaseline. The result was unhappily sticky. The brush with which he had polished the "hood" was Marcia's very monogrammed affair so reeking of oil that its rescue seemed impossible. The bath tub was also an unusually interesting thing, being full of a sewing table (desert island) surrounded by Mr. Mackay's shoes all floating in water, and to young imaginations, fast-sailing ships.

Marcia almost fainted over the water-soaked shoes, her brother William being particularly fastidious as to footwear. When the door bell rang, and Laura announced the older Jimmy, she descended with relief. She told him of the happenings with a heartless voice.

"I can't understand it Jim," she said. "They don't seem to care what I say."

"You want to do," said Jim, inspecting her with speculative eyes, "not say. A hair-brush helps lots, you know."

"But Jim," she protested, "I don't believe in that. Mrs. Jennison Wash said that one should never strike a little child."

"How many had she?"

"None, but she knew a great deal about them. She's lectured for years, and has the dearest little

white dog she takes with her everywhere, even on the platform, and she says that the key to little hearts is a kiss."

"Well, the way to little reforms is a spank. My heavens, you ought to see Alice smack 'em! She does it with one hand while she's adding up her cash account with the other. My dear girl, this love stuff is all right after they pass the Indian stage, but now——" Jim Senior shook his head.

"I can't believe it!" said Marcia.

"Well, you have two more days to prove it in," said Jimmy, sitting down before the piano and picking out the *Humoresque* with one finger.

"Please don't," pleaded Marcia. "The day's been bad enough already."

"All right. Who did the frescoes in the hall?"

"They all did. Isn't it horrible?"

"Rather. That was new paper. But Alice and Bert are used to it. Last month Jimmy, my namesake, captured a bucket of tar and he lugged it in. That was all right, but he tripped at the head of the third floor stairs. If I'd been his dad I would have finished up the job with a feather bed. Tired?" he ended, his voice growing gentle as Marcia's head slipped back against the chair.

"Dead," she answered.

"You poor kiddy!"

"And I'm afraid my manner to the children was harsh."

"Oh, lord, Marcia!"

"Yes, I'm afraid it was. Mrs. Jennison Wash said that children felt the faintest hint of doubt, and that entire confidence was necessary. Jim, I don't think you realise the impressions that make themselves felt on their delicate little souls. You know, they are the little blotting-pads, absorbing life's colours."

"By the look of the entrance hall I should think they'd been exuding them."

To this Marcia paid no heed and stood up again firmly entrenched behind her theory.

"To-morrow will be happy," she announced. "We will start the day with song."

"That's all right. The kids will supply the dance. But you can tell Mrs. Mouth-Wash for me that the

way to rear little souls without friction is to put 'em in a barrel and feed 'em through a bung-hole. I see you with three orphans! Marcia, weren't you something of a mug yesterday?"

Marcia grew haughty.

"No, Jim," she answered coolly, "but I can hardly make you understand. These poor little misunderstood children have given you a wrong impression. If I could but gain their confidence——"

And then Jim laughed. It was unfortunate, that laugh; it kept Marcia from appealing to him for three days. When she did it was a last resort.

When Jim reached his rooms he wrote a note. It was addressed to Mrs. Mackay, care of the Neerings, who lived on the edge of the town. Laconic it was, but it told the story:

"All well. We're winning. I stand new paper for the hall.—JIM."

At five on the following afternoon the cook left. Her mother, it seemed, was ill and needed her. She received a convincing telegram, and Marcia, heart-heavy and faint from the shock, read it and tried to sympathise. If she had seen the person who signed the touching appeal, signed it with the one word "Mother," she would not have made an appeal to James Gibbs. He had laughed a good deal as he wrote it. The Wellfords joined in the mirth.

An hour after it was sent came a frantic telephone call from Marcia.

"Mother," she said, "the cook's left. Can you send Bessie down here? I need her fearfully. I wouldn't mind the cooking if the children weren't—well, rather absorbing."

Mrs. Wellford indulged in irony.

"Can't you rule them with love, dear?" she inquired. This had reduced the family to such wild laughter that she had to silence them. "Wait," she said, "I can't hear. Now I can go on."

"Mother," said Marcia, "does the normal child deliberately kick one on the shins?"

"Kick you on the shins?" echoed Mrs. Wellford. "Why, yes, sometimes. Look at his tongue. Perhaps

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ALL DONE BY KINDNESS—Concluded.

he needs some medicine."

"He spilt it all over the piano keys. It's sunk between them and some of them stick. I don't know quite what to do."

"You tell him," advised Mrs. Wellford, "that you'll smack him hard if he doesn't swallow it. Or hold his nose, dear. Get him down and put your elbow on his stomach and hold his nose. I always did that with you."

"Oh!" said Marcia weakly. And then, "Don't you think there's any way to appeal to them?"

"No, dearie, I don't. At least I've never found it. You can bribe some children, but it's better not to. They have to learn that they've got to take things because they must some day. They might as well learn young."

"I suppose so." There was a dismal silence. "Mother," said Marcia.

"Yes, dearie," answered Mrs. Wellford. She was amused, but the whole affair hurt her because it hurt Marcia.

"If a little girl poured shoe polish over your best hat, would you call it bad?"

"I would, dear. You have to teach them to respect other people's property. Naturally they're little vandals. Is that all, dear?"

"You'll send Bessie?"

"No, I can't do that."

"What!"

"No, I can't, dear. Isabel's giving a luncheon to-morrow, you know, for Ivy Farquhar. There are fifteen coming, and Flora doesn't feel well, so Bessie's doing some of the cooking, too."

"But, Mother, what shall I do?"

"Shall I send down some of that Mrs. Monday's books?"

"No, and her name was Wash, Mother."

"Oh, yes, I remember. Shall I send them? Don't you want the 'Little Helps for Little Hurts,' or whatever it is?" The family began their mirth again, and it was necessary to ask Marcia to repeat her answer.

"No," she said, bitterly, "books will not help this situation. And I must say I am hurt. I need help badly, and no one offers it, but—well, good-bye."

"Good-bye, dearie," said Mrs. Wellford, and then began to answer the many questions of her family.

"That was her red straw," said Isabel. "I'll bet she was furious. Shoe polish!"

"It's a shame," said Jimmy. His tone showed weakening.

"It's the only cure," retorted Isabel. "Give her a dose. She needs it, Jim. I'll drop in this afternoon with those little 'Soul Charts' of Mrs. Wash's. I'll bet she'll be cured if you keep it up, Jim, and please do, for she needs it, and so do we. Is your brother-in-law staying at the club? And Alice with the Neerings? Awfully good of them to help us out in this way!"

VI.

BUT after Jim left the Wellfords he walked along thinking unhappily. It was really pretty rotten, that last trick, he reflected. She wasn't used to real work, and cooking and three children combined did amount to that in its most intensive form. He turned to his rooms still worried. His telephone bell greeted him, and he heard Marcia's voice, unsteady and appealing—to him.

"Jim," she said, "can you come up here? I need you. Your sister said you could manage these three children."

"I'll be up in half-an-hour."

"Haven't you your car there?" He thought he heard a gasp after that.

"No, I haven't. Laid up for repairs. Something happened to the magneto."

"Can't you take a taxi?" she interrupted.

He answered with an over-tender "Yes, dear," heard her "Then please do," and hung up the receiver. After that, picking up his coat and hat, he started out. He found her appealing to him wonderfully sweet, and it quite subdued the humour of the situation. His thoughts, always too gentle where she was concerned, turned violently sentimental over her trials. They had been horrible, but if it taught her that child-training came with one's own children and their natural growth, then it was worth everything and more than that to him. He hailed a taxi, and told the man to hurry.

Jim found Marcia surrounded with two small girls, a little boy, and a shaved cat. The animal had been treated artistically, having tufts of fur left here and there, one particularly happy omission being on the tip of pussy's tail.

"I shall have to make underwear for it," said Marcia, surveying it with the pity that only real animal-loving maniacs feel. "It is horrible. Look at it shivering!"

Jim looked and tried not to laugh. "Its neck is sort of hollow," he said. "Do you think cocoa butter would help?"

"Father has a lot of old underwear I can use," said Marcia. "Poor pussy! I called you," she went on after a moment of cat petting, "to ask you to come and spank your nephew. I am sick of the job. Your sister told me to, but I don't dare begin. I should never stop. Mr. Mackay's dress clothes are ruined, Jim. Your little niece emptied the gold-fish bowl on to the trousers."

"We saw a magician get a gold-fish out of his —" began the small culprit in explanation, but she was cut off.

"And I think that the bath waste pipe is plugged up. They filled the thing with sand while I was getting lunch."

"We wanted water lilies," began small Jimmy, "and they won't grow unless—" But he also was interrupted by Marcia, who said, "I didn't send for a plumber. What was the use? They'd have filled it with something else, and repairs would have been so futile." She got up and went towards the hall. Jim Senior followed her.

"I have learnt," she said in a dramatic tone, "that you were right. I don't know any more about child culture than you do about tanning. I was insane to think of adopting three children. Oh, heaven, to think of it!"

"I wish you'd learn something else," said Jim, looking down.

"I have," she answered softly. "I learnt it when you kissed me, but I was too stubborn to tell you so. No, don't kiss me now; go and spank those children hard, and then you can kiss me as much as you like, and Jim I want you to!"

That evening Mary and Frances told their returned mother and father about the happenings.

"We're glad you're home," they said. "She didn't boss us at all. We had to rag her, and she told Uncle Jim to spank us, and then went up into her room to lie down. But he didn't. He gave us each a shilling and kissed us, and when she came down he kissed her, too. Wasn't that funny, Mother?"



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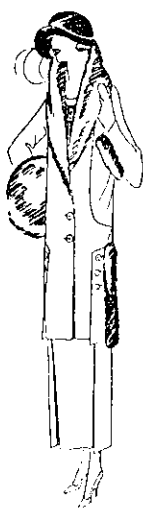
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May this be the brightest and merriest Christmas you have ever enjoyed. And yours be a generous share of the good things of Xmas cheer.

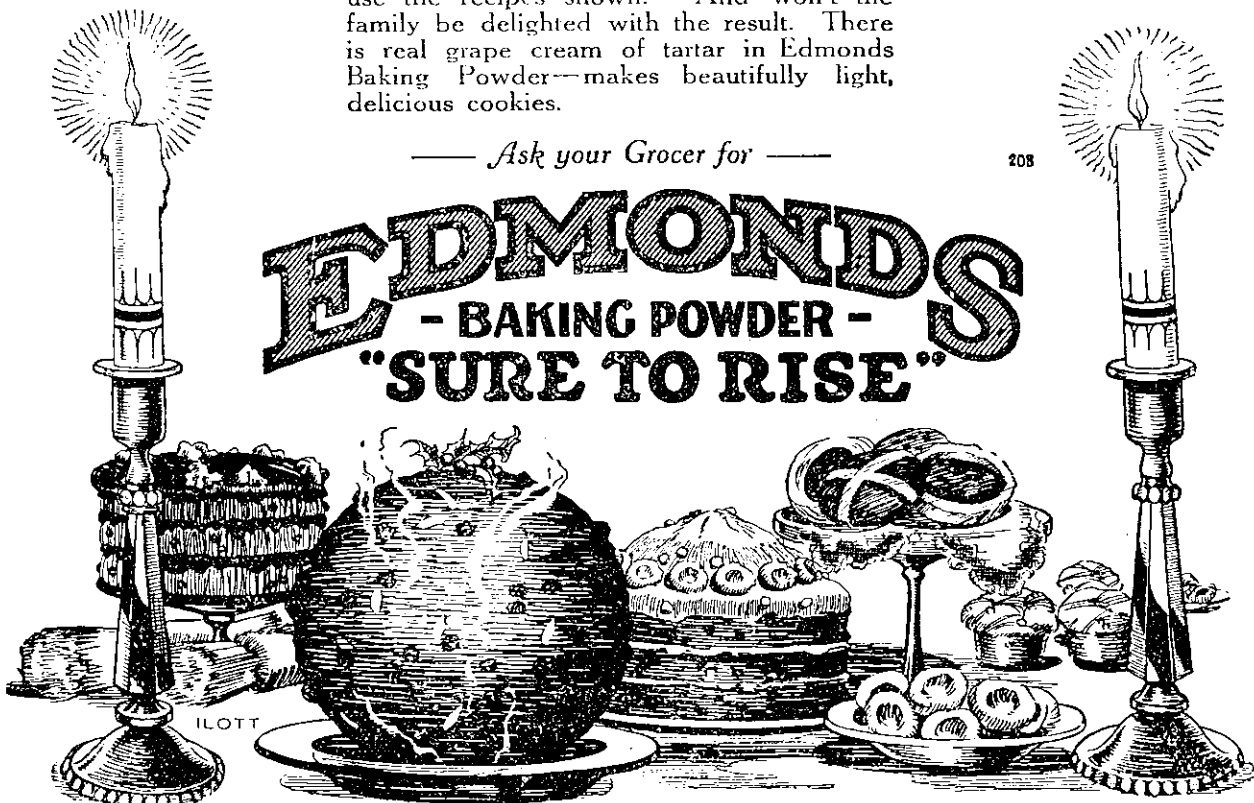
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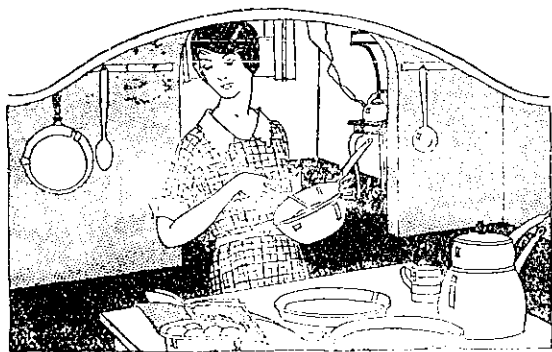
CHRISTMAS CAKE

1lb. butter, 1lb. currants, 1lb. raisins, 1lb. sultanas, ½lb. mixed peel, ½lb. almonds, 4 breakfast cups flour, 2 breakfast cups sugar, 10 eggs, 1 heaped teaspoon Edmonds Baking Powder, wine glass of brandy. Beat butter to a cream and add sugar, then mix eggs one by one unbeaten. Mix Baking Powder with flour and put in, then fruit, dredged with flour, and finally brandy. Cook 4½ hours, moderate oven.

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IT is not often in this country that one comes across a real old book, and when one does it is looked upon as veritable treasure-trove, especially if by its nature it throws some light on the manners and customs of our ancestors, as does the quaint old cookery-book which came into my possession—only temporarily, alas!—the other day. Unfortunately the date is not given on the title page, but judging from the style of the type, and the appearance of the lady in the frontispiece, who, adorned with a large and frilly mob-cap, is about to set to work on a collection of fish, flesh and fowl of various kinds, I should say it was quite a hundred years old, if not more. Neither, unfortunately again, is the name of the authoress given. The compiler of this "Cook's Complete Guide, on the Principles of Frugality, Comfort, and Elegance, with Instructions for Preserving Health, and Attaining Old Age," etc., etc., coyly hides her identity under the vague title of "A Lady," but whoever she was, she was a worthy successor to the famous Mrs. Glasse (to whom she refers in her preface) and predecessor of the still more famous Mrs. Beaton, for her volume is nearly as complete a compendium of household knowledge as is the work of the latter accomplished lady. Everything the housekeeper could want is here—directions for boiling, baking and frying, and the making of all sorts of preserves—the art of carving—directions for fattening pigs and poultry, etc.—the cultivation of the garden, and instructions for treatment in ordinary sicknesses and common accidents, including what to do if one should swallow a wasp

which must have been a most unpleasant thing to happen to anyone. She does not tell you how to make a will, which Mrs. Beaton does, and the omission seems rather a pity, as judging from the things our ancestors ate, and the treatment recommended for various ailments, wills must have been frequently required. Some of the treatment seems very odd to us now. For instance, when a child is recovering from measles and requires strengthening, a tablespoon of wine is advised as the daily dose for a sufferer of—what age do you think? A child of five! Oh, Dr. King, and the W.C.T.U., where were you then? Where were you then? And there is almost a suggestion of witchcraft about the following directions for a poultice.

"Get the inner rind of elder, and of the female or blossoming elm; mallow, groundsel, plantain and houseleek, of each a handful; boil quickly in a quart of boiling water till the herbs are tender; strain off, save the liquor and chop the herbs up fine; take a part of the liquid and boil it in a large piece of bread, stir in part of the herbs and a scrap of raw fat bacon, and apply warm." Something should surely result from so potent a brew as that!

However, it is the cookery department, rather than the pharmacopœia, which has the most interest for the modern housewife, so let us turn back to the beginning of the book. As I remarked before—the things our ancestors ate!

All sorts of parts of all sorts of beasts that one does not know by name, even, nowadays, and so elaborately prepared, with lardings of bacon, highly seasoned stuffings, rich gravies, and a lavish use of oysters and what the lady always terms the "yelks" of eggs. (Some of her spelling is somewhat quaint to our eyes. "Potatoc" with an "e" looks odd, and so does "harico" and "vermicilly.")

Here, for instance, is a recipe, "To Disguise a Leg of Veal," though why one should want to disguise it, I cannot say. "Lard the top-side of a leg of veal in rows with bacon, and stuff it well with forcement made of oysters; then put it into a large saucepan with as much water as will cover it, and stew it gently till quite tender; then take it up and boil down the gravy to a quart; skim off the fat and add half a lemon, a spoonful of mushroom catsup, a little lemon pickle, and the crumb of a half-a-penny loaf grated very fine; boil all till thick, then add half a pint of oysters; and if not thick enough, put in a lump of butter rolled in flour with half a pint of good cream, and the yolks of three eggs. Pour the sauce over the veal and garnish with crisped parsley and fried oysters." Sounds very luscious, doesn't it?

And there is a way of dressing a cod's head and shoulders, in which the fish is first boiled and then roasted before a clear fire, being well basted all the time with butter, and is finally served with a sauce into whose composition there enter "half a hundred oysters, two glasses of madeira, and the meat of a boiled lobster pounded smooth!" By the way, it must



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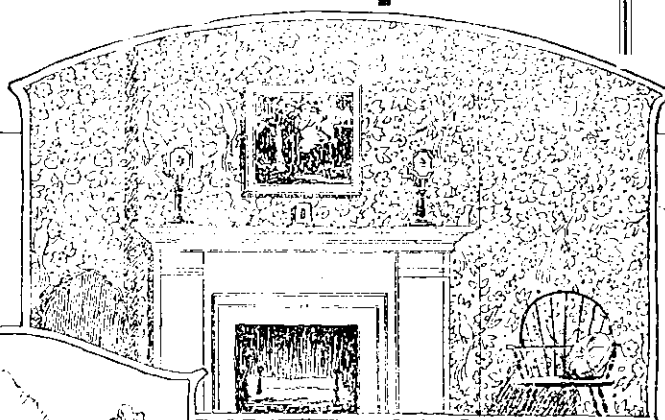
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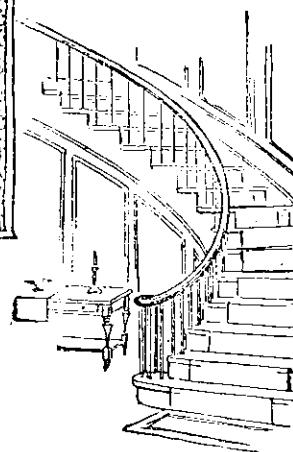
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**FIRM OF
FOWLDS**
OUTFITTERS
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AN OLD-FASHIONED COOKERY BOOK

—Continued

have been since this lady's day that the English people became known as "the nation that has only one sauce," for in the index to this book there are given exactly 100, beginning with "Admiral" and ending with "Wow-Wow." [Wow-Wow]. The chief ingredient of the former, in case you would like to know, is anchovies, while the latter is a kind of walnut sauce.

I must say the lady apologises here and there for the elaborateness of some of the recipes, but explains that she has to cater for the gourmet as well as for the plain person, and certainly the latter will find directions for making a plain rice pudding and even for boiling an egg. But the lady seems to have the "gourmet" very much in mind, and I think she must have enjoyed compiling those pages and pages of wonderful recipes. Such puddings and preserves! Such syllabubs and flummies! Such creams and candies and cordials! There is a delightful touch in the little note under the heading of "Mincemeat."

("N.B.—If anyone knows of a better recipe for mincemeat I challenge him to produce it!")

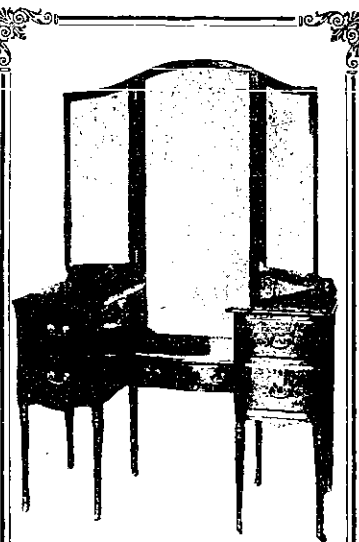
Only cakes are not as well represented as they are in a modern cookery book. Baking powder was not yet invented—the only rising agents being beaten eggs and yeast—which limited the variety, and after one or two pages of small cakes and biscuits, the only cakes given are merely different varieties of plum-cake, seed-cake, and gingerbread. There are numerous con-

fections and sweetmeats, however, which are strange to us now. What in the world, for instance, could "Barberry Drops" have been like? I don't think I have ever met with barberries to begin with, but perhaps they do not grow out here.

"The black tops must be cut off; then roast the fruit before the fire, till soft enough to pulp with a silver spoon through a sieve into a china basin; then set the basin in a saucepan of hot water, and stir till it grows thick. When cold put to every pint a pound and a half of sugar, the finest double-refined, sifted through a lawn sieve. Beat the sugar and juice together 3½ hours for a large quantity, or 2½ hours for less, then drop it on sheets of thick white paper, the size of the drops sold in the shops."

One wonders if they were worth all the trouble, especially if they were already obtainable in the shops.

There are many other mysterious dishes scattered through the book. Do you know what "Cecils" are, or "Sanders"? Have you ever met with "Orange Prawlings"? I should like to give you the recipes for Salmagundi or Pupton of Pigeons or Nogar, or several other things, but I don't suppose you would use them if I did. Let us be thankful that we live in a simpler age, when we do not think it necessary to disguise our legs of veal with oysters, or weary our arms pounding things in mortars, or spend two days twice a year making "the family's daily beverage," home-brewed beer, for which the Lady gives minute and elaborate directions.



Above is a representation of a

Duchesse Table

Of a suite made for Mr. A. H. Manson, Architect, Christchurch.

The suite comprises Duchesse, round-end Bedstead, Vanity Stool, Pedestal Cupboard and Bedside Table.

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"TAKING THE WATERS"

LIFE AT VICHY, WHERE EUROPE
TAKES "THE CURE," IS HERE HAPP-
ILY DESCRIBED BY ALYS EYRE
MACKLIN

VISITORS to Vichy may be divided into three categories: the really sick people who have been ordered the cure by their home-doctors; the merely jaded who feel as a house looks when it needs spring-cleaning and go to the celebrated French *ville d'eau* to combine a literal version of the refreshing process with as much enjoyment as possible; the crowds who go frankly to amuse themselves in one of the gayest places in Europe, with perhaps a little sipping at the springs thrown in. But to which-ever class you belong, it is certain that the old saying "you cannot take liberties with the waters of Vichy" holds good, and unless you drink them under the guidance of a doctor you run the risk of doing yourself more harm than good, and might make yourself seriously ill.

M. le Docteur

SO the first thing you do after your arrival is to place yourself in the hands of one of the sixty State-appointed medical men who are allowed to practise at Vichy only after having

Continued on Page 79.

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TAKING THE WATERS -Continued

specialized in the nature and effects of the springs. At 7 a.m. next day, or even earlier, M. le Docteur arrives at your hotel, smiling, social, overflowing with questions about everything that has happened to you in the way of illness since you were a child. Thereafter he pays occasional early morning calls and you go to him periodically in the afternoon to report results and symptoms, if any, so that he may regulate the doses of water and, if necessary, change your spring and form of bath. The result being that not only are you completely overhauled, but you bask in the delightful sensation of receiving all the attentions paid to an invalid without the drawbacks of being one. Note, please, that this is not the isolated experience of one person; visitors to Vichy are unanimous in praise of the care taken of them by their medical advisers. The fee is inclusive and quite reasonable.

The Springs

THE cure takes twenty-one days. You have four doses of water a day, two in the morning at the hour prescribed by the doctor, two in the late afternoon. You begin with very small quantities, which are gradually increased for a fortnight, then decreased towards the end. There are about twelve different springs with varying properties, nearly all of them grouped among the big trees of the *Parc* round the Casino. They bubble up in explosive gushes, controlled by glass covers, in what look like large baptismal fonts with nickel taps from which women-attendants in grey-and-white striped dresses and frilled white caps fill your marked glass to the required measure. Warm, and heavily charged with odorous—you can put a "mal" before it if you like—mineral salts, they are supposed to have their source in unknown volcanic regions in the bowels of the earth, and as they rise now, so they rose in the time of the Romans, who used also to take cures at Vichy. It is said that the daily yield of each spring all the year round is about 140,000 litres. This is all carefully carried off for bottling, to supply the baths, to the great *distillerie* where the salts are extracted, and so on.

The Baths

THE baths are taken in a palatial and splendidly-appointed white-domed building near the *Parc*. They are of all kinds, but the general favourite is *massage sous l'eau*. This consists in lying on a hollowed slab and being massaged by four vigorous hands for twelve minutes, measured by an old-fashioned sand hour-glass, under a length-wise spray of warm Vichy water, followed by an equally vigorous *douche-ing* and *hose-ing*. This operation, which it is convenient to get over very early in the morning, is peculiarly invigorating, and you walk back to your hotel thinking how extraordinarily blue the sky is, how absurdly green the trees, how marvellously brilliant the flower-beds, all be-diamonded with the morning hose, and it requires effort to keep yourself from openly marching to the tune of the band playing in one of the *Parc* stands.

The Casino

VIVID colours and merry music give a much truer impression of Vichy than grey waters and soft-voiced, black-coated doctors. There is nothing visible that suggests illness. It is packed with smart cosmopolitan crowds from all parts of the world, and there is a never-ceasing round of amusements. The centre of its social life is the stately Casino, its white domes and towers clear-cut against the high blue-and-gold sky, the outlines of its marble terraces broken by clusters of tropical trees, its lawns bordered by brilliant exotic blooms, its shady gardens packed with deck-chairs from which loungers watch the ever-moving cinematograph-like scene. Inside—what isn't there? In the fine theatre, operas are given daily by celebrated singers and orchestras, and the best actors appear in their successes; in the concert-hall there is a never-ceasing round of popular or chamber music, and special *matinées* given by one star or another; the ball-room is in daily use with occasional Period fancy-dress balls; there are vast reading-rooms where you can see the newspapers and magazines of various countries or get through correspondence; the restaurant, small and very expensive, is one of the best in Europe.

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WHEN AND WHAT TO READ



THE MOOD OF THE MOMENT SHOULD PLAY A GREAT PART IN OUR CHOICE OF BOOKS

*Books cannot always please, however good;
Minds are not ever craving for their food.*

SO wrote George Crabbe, a poet out of fashion, but a man of plain and simple truisms and a lover of books withal. There are moods for reading, and they vary with men, and are almost always unaccountable. Nathaniel Hawthorne finds his joy in the lumber room of the Old Manse; Hazlitt never delights more in a book than when he settles for a few hours at a wayside inn; Leigh Hunt must have his crowded library; Lamb will snatch pleasure at a bookstall; Stevenson will revel in a single volume as he tramps along the road. It is all a question of temperament and mood, and the wherefore remains a mystery.

How comes it that one day we can wrestle with a metaphysician, and another day be only fit to trifle with a poetaster? How is it that we are seized with the desire to read, and read with avidity, a book that has lain unopened on our shelves for years, and that nothing will satisfy us until we have brushed away the dust and cobwebs, and, as Johnson would say, "torn the heart from it," wondering all the while at our long neglect? As rules are lacking, and explanations are vain, all we can do is to go to the booklovers themselves, ascertain what they did and what they said, and, on this evidence, reach some sort of a conclusion.

What the Bookmen Say

"HOW the mood for a book sometimes rushes upon one, either one knows not why, or in consequence, perhaps, of some most trifling suggestion," wrote George Gissing in the "Rycroft Papers." And he went on to illustrate by examples. He came to an old farmhouse, saw the doctor's gig, watched the lights twinkling at an upper window—and rushed home to read "Tristram Shandy" once more.

Isaac Disraeli commented on Bacon's advice to pursue our studies in whatever disposition the mind may be as "excellent." The argument is certainly good. "If happily disposed we shall gain a great step; and if indisposed we shall work out the knots and strands of the mind, and make the middle times the more pleasant." Yet this is a rule for the bibliophile rather than for the average reader, for the worker at books and not for the mere enjoyer of them. "If indisposed," the ordinary man had better leave them alone, and not force himself to toil over them. The real good is only derived when the mind is ready and willing. Equally, I must say, read no book because you "ought," unless it be a set task for a specific purpose; beware also of the book that all men praise for a season, and declare "you must read it," and then—well, we know the fate of most of that class!

It is best that a man should find his own favourites and be faithful to them; and, given the leisure, he will ever be "in the mood" to let them entertain him.

It was in such contemplative mood that Alexander Smith wrote his essay on the favourite books lined up on a shelf in his library, spending a rainy day in looking over his treasures and in analysing the qualities that attracted him. The mood lasted from morning, "when the wind was bending the trees and the rain came against the window in quick petulant dashes," until "the early light of wintry sunset was falling across the paper," and as he ended his review he knew that the mood might not be recaptured—"when I wake to-morrow, the world will be changed." But what a time it had been!—when he had revelled in Milton's poems "to be read only on high days and festivals of the spirit"; Hawthorne's Tales, with their delicacy, their mystery, and their wistful humour; Aytoun's ballads and Luther's hymns; Boswell's Johnson; Elliott's Corn Law rhymes; what a medley and what a banquet; Only a man in the perfect mood for reading could have enjoyed it.

"When I am not walking, I am reading," said Lamb. And he proceeds to tell us what are the books for special occasions. But his taste was so catholic he could "read almost anything," yet place and time must be appropriate.

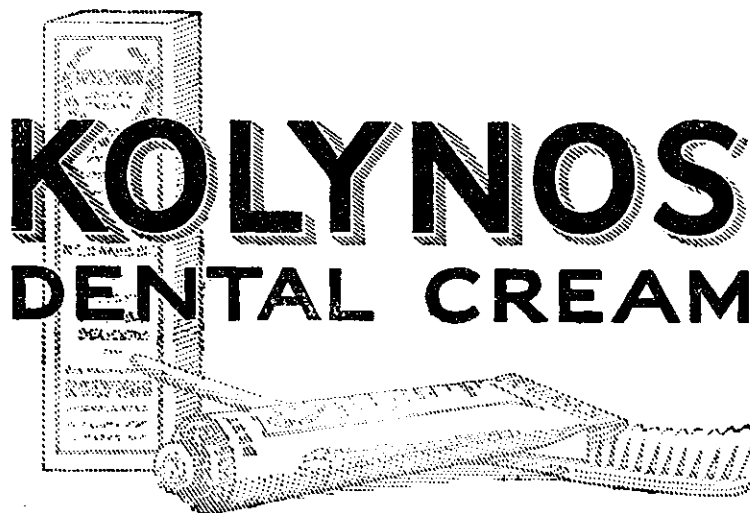
Continued on Page 82



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Ven-Yusa the oxygen cream which melts on the skin like snow is obtainable of all chemists in dainty jars at 2/-.

WHEN AND WHAT TO READ—Continued

The Right Setting

THIS question of environment is important. It helps to induce and to sustain the mood. Montaigne takes us fully into his confidence as to when and how he used his books—and who used them to more profitable account? But he must be secluded, sequestered, in his "third storey of the tower"; otherwise he was in no mood for reading. So with Southey, who required complete silence.

"I entrench myself in my books equally against sorrow and the weather," said Leigh Hunt. "If a melancholy thought is importunate I give another glance at my Spenser." A proper environment, then, is essential for most. How well we remember Dominic Sampson's unrestrained joy, his frantic gestures when he found himself in the crowded library—"He grinned like an ogre, swung his arms like the sails of a windmill, shouted 'Prodigious!' till the roof rang to his raptures." We remember how he gloated over the antique folios, the sets of the Fathers, the classics, and the books of science. He despised his dinner, "boiled his food down his capacious throat in squares of three inches," and hurried back to the paradise of books with his napkin hanging round his neck like a pinafore. What a glorious mood for the old book-lover! "Prodigious!"

A Table Relish

TO be thorough he should, of course, have read at his meals, but here we come to sharp controversy, for reading at meal-times has been severely deprecated, presumably by those who cannot appreciate that luxury, and who put food before grace.

Can anything more delightful and exhilarating be imagined, say, at breakfast, while you linger over the steaming tea or coffee, than a chapter of Jane Austin, a scene from Goldsmith or Sheridan, a Roundabout Paper of Thackeray, an essay by Elia, a few pages of Boswell's Johnson, some vivid paragraphs from Macaulay, or half-a-dozen of the letters of Horace Walpole? They refresh, they fortify, they prepare. Reading at breakfast is a glorious privilege. I do not advocate books at the dinner-table; the temper is apt to be contrary. We must surrender to baser nature at times, and I confess (though sadly) that the hors d'œuvres, the soup, fish, entree, sweets, and cheese do not easily combine with Locke on the "Human Understanding," or the transcendentalism of Emerson, or the reflections of Paracelsus. Tea provides a rapturous hour for your favourite poet or essayist, for a dipping into well-beloved handy books; and then comes the evening, when the real, deep, serious, settled mood of reader and student is upon you, and your library is dukedom enough.

Continued on Page 83.

You
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Think of it! That tiny helpless creature looks to you to provide not only his present bodily comforts and requirements, but also to build up the foundations of health and stamina which will determine the length and happiness of his whole life.

Feed baby yourself—and to enable you to do so take Virol and Milk (a teaspoonful of Virol to half a pint of milk). Many mothers who could not feed their little ones, have been able to do so by taking Virol and Milk. Then wean him on a Virol diet.

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WHEN AND WHAT TO READ—Continued

When Lamps are Lit

"It is at night, and after dinner," said Stevenson in his delicious essay on "Walking Tours," "that the best hour comes. If you read a book, you find the language strangely racy, and harmonious; words take a new meaning; single sentences possess the ear for half-an-hour together; and the writer endears himself to you, at every page, by the nicest coincidences of sentiment. It seems as if it were a book you had written yourself in a dream." And then he recalls Hazlitt's well-known experience, and how, "with amorous precision," he told how on the 10th of April, 1798, he sat down to a volume of the "New Heloise," at the inn at Llangollen "over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken." He was in the proper mood, and the book became an ideal book—how much so, those who know the history of the author of the "Liber Amoris" understand only too well.

Dr. Johnson in his wise old way summed it all up:—"For general improvement a man should read whatever his immediate inclination prompts him to; though, to be sure, if a man has a science to learn, he must regularly and resolutely advance. What we read with inclination makes a much stronger impression." And, good reader as he was, he gave this sage advice gathered doubtless from experience:—"If a man begins to read in the middle of a book, and feels an inclination to go on, let him not quit it, to go to the beginning. He may, perhaps, not feel again the inclination."

What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? Perchance it will be deemed lame and impotent. We do not control our moods for reading. They seize us, hold us captive, pleasantly possess us, and they do it by a hundred different arts and devices. They lure us by sweet temptations, they bind us by dim enchantments, they hold us by compelling force. Let the love of books exist, and the moods will come. That is all. And now for a book and a shady nook. That happens to be my own mood to-day.

TWO NEW STORIES

"I HEARD a queer story about that mountain over yonder from our coachman to-day."

"What was that?"

"A young lady and gentleman went out for a walk on that hill; they went up higher and higher, and never came back again."

"Dear me! What became of the unhappy pair?"

"They went down on the other side."

DRIVER (to quiet stranger in suburban road): "Hi, mister, just hold that there horse's head for a minute while I get down, will yer?"

Stranger (nervously): "Wh-wh-which one?"

Driver: "Why, the off 'un, to be sure."

Stranger: "My good man, I am totally unacquainted with horses, and it is quite impossible for me to tell which of your animals is an orphan."

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CHRISTMAS
GIFT
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Hutchinson's Seven Depôts are crowded with suggestions for gift-giving—all ages are provided for with attractive goods attractively priced. Pay a visit to the Depôt nearest you and make your selections from our big varieties.

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Shopping early.

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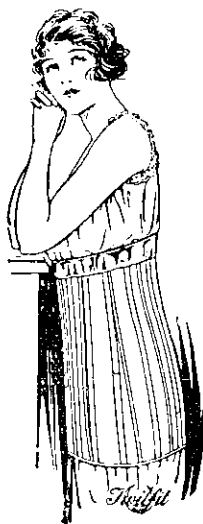
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FIGURE FREEDOM—these two words give in a nutshell one of the secrets of the remarkable popularity enjoyed throughout the world by these British-made Corsets. Wear "Twilfit" Corsets and you are assured perfect comfort on all occasions, whether you are engaged in housework or active sports.

"Twilfit" Corsets are Guaranteed to be Rustless and Unbreakable.

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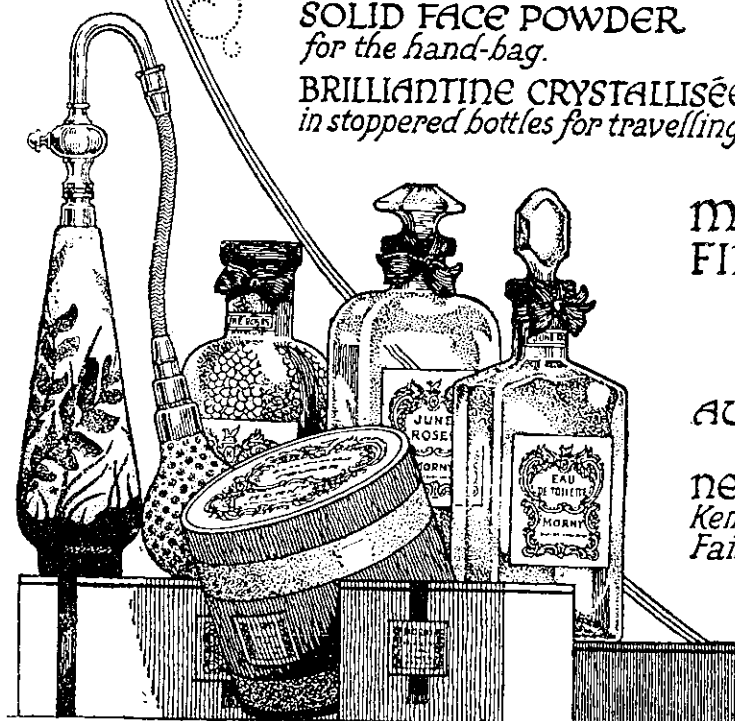
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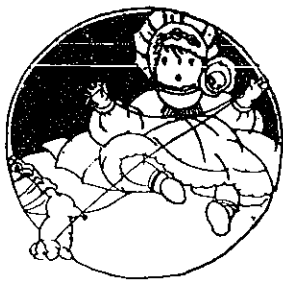
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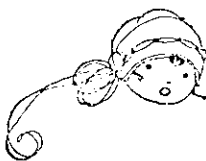
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Babies frequently knock their heads, and when they do, it considerably eases the pain if a little cream is rubbed on, besides preventing the bruise from looking so ugly. But, of course, always remember that if baby appears to be stunned by the blow, no time must be lost in sending for the doctor.

If a child gets hold of something sharp, it is almost bound to get a cut or a scratch. For a clean cut, a small piece of lint applied will usually put things right. But perhaps it has happened out of doors, where there is a likelihood of dirt or grit getting in. Then it must be cleaned. Soak for a little while in an antiseptic lotion, afterwards painting with tincture of iodine. Bind up with a tiny pad of sterilised wool.

Burns and scalds are common, but none the less dangerous, not so much from the actual hurt, but from the nervous shock and prostration that it induces. Action must be taken even while the arrival of the doctor is awaited. Do not try to pull off clothing, but immerse the part in warm water, in which has been dissolved washing soda, and, if it is in the house, boracic acid crystals. The proportion is a cupful of each to a bath three-parts full of water. Maintain the temperature by adding hot soda water as it becomes necessary. The soda water relieves the pain. If no doctor is present to direct operations, dress the burned parts with vaseline and boracic ointment spread on bits of old linen. Put the child to bed and keep warm.

A slight scald may be treated with equal parts of collodion and castor oil mixed. A strong solution of bicarbonate of soda and water will stop the pain immediately.

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SHIELA KAYE SMITH

Amongst living Women Novelists Miss Kaye Smith takes premier rank, and her studies of Sussex life have charmed countless readers in the Dominion. Stories by Miss Kaye Smith appear in "The Ladies' Mirror."

An Impression by G. B. Stern.

THE first published book by Sheila Kaye-Smith was "The Tramping Methodist," that crude, harsh tale of religious fanaticism, written when she was about seventeen. But I gather that even "The Tramping Methodist" was weak arrowroot compared with some of her more childish inspirations. An irresistible vignette rises clearly before me of the author, her thin little body given podginess by a white frilly pinafore, and her prim little face—for prim it must have been at that time—composed to decent seriousness, while she scribbled page after page of happy virile English of which a bargee or cavalry trooper need not have been ashamed.

Her Maiden Manuscript

I LIKE to remember, too, that, unlike the present generation of eighteen-year-olds who fear no editor in shining armour, Miss Kaye-Smith was not allowed even to visit her literary agent in London alone, to submit her maiden manuscript, but was accompanied and protected by an older member of her family. All these incongruities are delightful in a life and personality which are entirely made up of extremes in conflict. She writes admittedly like a man who is strong even to brutality, spurning luxuries and weakness—and her pleasure in fine-grained manners, hot baths, subtle food, and delicate textures is absolutely caressing in its femininity.

A Pen Portrait

HOWEVER, if one reverses the common clichés about women and men, it is probably equally true to say that behind her writing is the tough, durable, sometimes ruthless, always enduring soul of a woman; but that she takes a man's sensuous delight in material comforts. Her figure, small and straight and slender, gives an impression, at first sight, of an elfish child, or Peter Pan, or a squirrel—yes, distinctly a squirrel! How often, when she has "shuddled" up her paws under her chin into a favourite gesture of protest, have I not longed to pop a nut between them! Yet her eyes, and the tiny network of wrinkles round her eyes, spidery drawing on parchment, are the oldest in the world; older than the world, in fact. Light grey eyes, luminous yet colourless, from which I have seen the intelligence retreat and retreat, until the mind behind them was definitely away, in space and time, from its present period and surroundings. It is a disconcerting habit; for when it happens, you involuntarily halt and break off in your speech, and, feeling rather chilly, wait for her return—She has never any tidings to tell of the realms she has visited.

After "The Tramping Methodist," which was at once recognised as good work, without submitting its author to any Chattertonian struggle or agonies, came "Starbrace," an eighteenth-century tale, where cant songs mingle roughly with the clatter of highwaymen's hoofs along the high toby; and where that sullen yet lovable boy, Miles Starbrace, so draws our sympathies that his fate on the last page is a matter for a tight throat, and, maybe, tears.

"Spell-land," which followed, was pulled from the same quarry whence a masterpiece was presently to be hewn. Miss Kaye-Smith's heroines were always to be the weakness of her earlier books; feeble creations of wax and wood and string. Even now, after eleven novels, she has only portrayed two women whom one remembers with any zest: Morgan in "Tamarisk Town" and "Joanna Godden."

It would be rather a feat to set down an impression of this well-known writer without single allusion to a certain county of England. In fact a strong element of perversity in her character makes her decline to settle down into being a Sussex novelist, because her critics and admirers attempt to nail her there. Their outcry, whenever she tries to move one inch away from Sussex, is goading her, did they but know it, into excursions that might otherwise never have been made. Yet her work has roots rather than wings; roots that strike deep into the soil; Sussex soil. Skipping "Isle of Thorns" and "Three Against the World," both changelings discarded by her maturer motherhood, we are brought to her sixth and, many still rightly consider, her greatest book, "Sussex Gorse."

A Magnificent Love-Story

"SUSSEX GORSE" was the first of Sheila Kaye-Smith's several epics of ambition. It was also a magnificent love-story, triumphant proof that these need not necessarily be of sex alone. Reuben Backfield's passion for the untamed moor, his fierce determination that it should grow fruitful and kind under his hands, was a universal theme. The breadth and range and sureness of her treatment of it yielded her unquestionably the right to be seated in those high places where writers are neither considered on their merits as males nor tolerantly on their demerits as lady novelists.

Her knowledge of farming, both agricultural and pastoral, is a happy marriage of instinct with accurate memory. She used often to say

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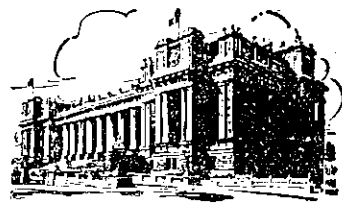


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SHEILA KAYE SMITH—Continued

on a farm, as a child. Of course, she takes risks; most authors do; but her blunders are marvellously few. "A Challenge to Sirius" revealed a further suppleness of vision to which history and geography need set no narrow limits. She describes the American War between the North and South as though in truth she had fought through it as a common soldier. . . . And who knows? Perhaps she had! Her eyes have looked on sights infinitely sad and strange. The fascinating description of Yucatan, later on in the book, was one of the aforesaid risks; she had never been there, and thought it fairly safe to assume that she would never come into personal contact, in St. Leonards-on-Sea, where she lives, with anyone who had; as a matter of fact, she was shortly afterwards congratulated on that portion of the book by a lady, sitting beside her in a local tram, who had lived most of her life in Yucatan.

Her Favourite Novels

MISS KAYE-SMITH has very strong ideas on what an historical novel should not be; a mere masquerade of fancy dress and fancy oaths. Her favourite periods to write about are the vigorous eighteenth and the Victorian nineteenth centuries.

"Little England" was the most tender, the most human, literally the homeliest thing she ever wrote; just the reaction of the Great War on a few families of farmers living in a small Sussex village. We get their endurance, their grumbings, their stupidities, and their sublime sacrifices—and it is as though the author, never maudlin, had yet pitifully cradled them all into the warm hollow of her understanding:—

*It is for the sake of the wolds and the wolds
That we die,
And the path through the stockyard gate,
That these may be inviolate . . .*

"Tamarisk Town"

"TAMARISK TOWN" translated the theme of "Sussex Gorse" into bricks and mortar. And again we marvel at Miss Kaye-Smith's working knowledge of such a seemingly unyielding subject for romance as municipality. Monypenny, the Mayor of—well, openly one may call it old Hastings and new St. Leonards, was ambitious as Reuben Backfield, selfishly ruthless as Reuben Backfield; but, unlike Reuben, it ultimately profited his soul nothing that he should have gained his material desire. Morgan, his love, was a beautiful creation of flame and spirit; and when she died, half-way through "Tamarisk Town," the interest died with her.

At about this period of Sheila Kaye-Smith's career, the extremely slow if steady growth of her appeal to the public took a sudden leap upwards; and "Green-Apple Harvest" left her soundly established. One may notice that her humour is given broader play, though never as much displayed as in the letters, rollicking, ironic, that she sends her intimate friends.

Religion, ambition, and the soil are still what I would call, save for the mixture of metaphor, her intertwining keynotes.



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Placing New Zealand on the Map!

NOW-A-DAYS we hear quite a lot about the value and necessity of advertising New Zealand abroad. The ignorance displayed by dwellers in distant lands and the general haziness as to New Zealand's position on the map has called forth, both in the press and on the platform, a strong plea that more should be done to make our own little Dominion better known overseas.

A very good suggestion, and one way in which we can all help, is by sending abroad on every possible occasion New Zealand Books and Booklets.

We would draw attention to the many excellent works on this country published by Messrs. Whitcombe and Tombs Ltd., particularly the volumes dealing with the strenuous early days, providing as they do much extremely interesting and exciting reading.

Along with these we would mention the splendid range of beautifully printed View Books that give a very good idea of New Zealand's scenic glories.

The following Books are all quite suitable for sending abroad, and any one of them will certainly be assured of a warm welcome by the recipient, to say nothing of their value as ambassadors of Maoriland.

Old New Zealand: A Tale of the Good Old Times. By "A Pakeha Maori" (F. E. Maunig); 353 pages; illustrated.

The finest book which New Zealand has produced. This racy, vigorous, humorous story of Maunig's life among the Maoris in the Alsatian days of Northern New Zealand has become an English classic. A most readable and entertaining book.—6/-; posted, 6/6.

Glimpses of New Zealand Scenery. By B. E. Baughan; 282 pages; 100 illustrations.

A combination of seven booklets, each well illustrated with very fine pictures. The descriptive articles deal with "The Finest Walk in the World" (Milford Sound Track); "Snow Kings of the Southern Alps"; "Uncanny Country" (the Thermal Regions); "A River of Pictures and Peace" (the Wanganui River), &c., &c. A splendid book to send abroad.—6/6; posted, 7/-.

The Adventures of Kimble Bent. By James Cowan; 336 pages; illustrated.

Kimble Bent deserted from the Imperial Forces in 1865, and lived the rest of his life with the Maoris. According to his own story, he was the only white man who ever saw the secret rites of the Hauhaus, and he also witnessed cannibalistic feasts.—5/-; posted, 5/6.

Animals of New Zealand. An account of the Dominion's air-breathing Vertebrates. By Captain F. W. Hutton and James Drummond. Third edition; 407 pages; 152 illustrations.

The standard book of reference. Scientific information is interspersed with stories of habits and characteristics of the various animals and birds. The Maori and the common name of each animal are also given.—15/-; posted, 15/10.

Maori Life in Ao-tea. By Johannes C. Anderson; 675 pages; well illustrated.

The volume is the result of much painstaking study of Maori history, mythology, legends, tales, etc. It contains also a valuable index of proper names.—25/-; posted, 25/10.

Adventure in New Zealand from 1839 to 1844. With some account of the beginning of the British Colonisation of the Islands. By E. J. Wakefield. Illustrated.

An extremely interesting and brightly-written book which throws much light on the early days of British colonisation in New Zealand.—12/6; posted, 13/4.

Nature in New Zealand. Compiled by James Drummond, and edited by Captain F. W. Hutton; 190 pages; 104 illustrations.

An elementary book on the natural history of New Zealand. In addition to natural history, there are articles in simple language on such subjects as the Maoris, their origin, Maori life, etc.—2/6; posted, 3/-.

New Zealand Ferns. By H. B. Dobbie.

Demy octavo, about 400 pages, profusely illustrated; descriptive of the Fern life of New Zealand, comprising every genus of fern native to the Dominion. Many splendid illustrations. Printed on high-grade buff art paper, and bound full Art Canvas. 35/-; posted, 35/10.

Maori and Pakeha: A History of New Zealand. By A. W. Shrimpton, M.A., and Alan E. Mulgan; 400 pages crown 8vo., illustrated.

A history of New Zealand since the coming of the white man. 7/6; posted, 8/-.

The New Zealand Booklets enumerated are particularly suitable for sending abroad. Each Booklet is by an acknowledged authority on the line touched upon, well illustrated, and daintily bound.

AKAROA: B. E. Baughan. The beauty of Akaroa Harbour and the Banks Peninsula described

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FOREST AND ICE: B. E. Baughan. The Glories of New Zealand Mountain and Forest

FROM THE MAORI SEA: Jessie Mackay. New Zealand Verse

ISLAND OF KAWAU: Bolitho. The one-time home of Sir George Grey described

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Maori Life in New Zealand. An album containing 23 splendid views illustrating Maori life and custom in New Zealand. An excellent view book for sending overseas. Packed in neat wrapper, ready for posting. Price, 2/6; posted, 2/8.

Auckland: The Queen City. Thirty-two recent views of Auckland City. Unique aeroplane views of the town and splendid panorama showing the waterfront. Picture cover. In neat wrapper, ready for posting. Price, 3/6; posted, 3/8.

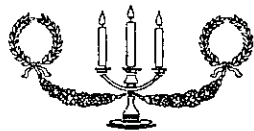
From the Press of

WHITCOMBE & TOMBS LIMITED, Publishers

Auckland, Christchurch, Dunedin, Wellington, Melbourne, and London.

CARNIVAL NIGHTS

MAKE UP YOUR FACE TO SUIT YOUR COSTUME



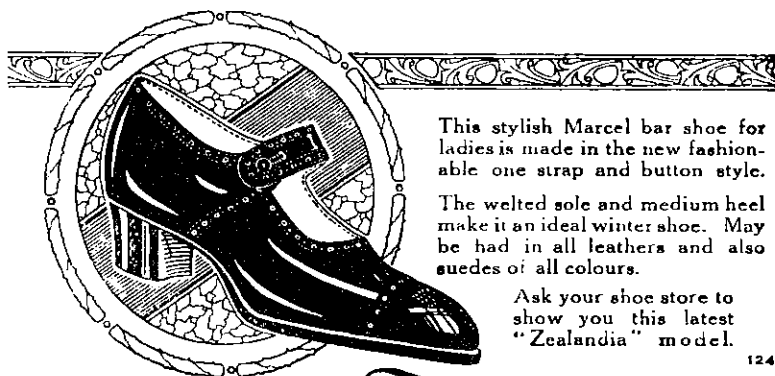
TO make up for a white wig, clean the face with cold cream, rubbing it in and then cleaning it all away with a towel, leaving the skin soft and smooth, ready for the paint. For a Poudre dress no heavy "foundation" is required. Rub a good vanishing cream all over the face, under the chin, on eyelids and forehead.

THE eyes come next. Rub the stick of blue grease paint, squeezed to a point, over the upper lids, right to the eyelids, and smear it with the forefinger. Carry it out beyond the eye in a soft shadow, and up to the bridge of the nose. When it has been rubbed in, put some blue on the stump of orange stick, and draw it firmly along the lid close to the eyelashes, carrying it out to a long pointed line beyond the eye. Smear some blue below the eye as well, and add a speck of red in the innermost corner and at the far edge.

NEXT powder, with cornflour or ordinary powder, and rub the hare's foot over the face, especially above the eyes, having first dipped it gently in dry rouge or carmine. Red, as a shadow, above the blue of the eyes is very effective. Add more rouge to the pad, and heighten the colour on the cheeks.

THEN dip the water-black brush in water and apply to the eyelashes, brushing the top ones up and separating them, and the lower ones down. Put some black cosmetique in a lump on the curved end of a hairpin, heat it in the flame of a candle till it is melting, and apply it to the eyelashes at the extreme edges, in blobs.

The lips come last—and a patch or two, added in the most attractive places, will complete this make-up.



This stylish Marcel bar shoe for ladies is made in the new fashionable one strap and button style.

The welled 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.



KINGFISHER LUSTRE WOOL

A Baldwin Combination of Art Silk and Wool.

The artificial silk gives the brightness and the wool gives the warmth to Coats, 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'S (A/SIA) LTD.,
230 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

Baldwins Wools are sold by most Drapers and Storekeepers.

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C.B.

*British
Every
Stitch.*

Elegance—Style— Graceful Deportment

YOUTHFUL charm and freedom of movement are natural gifts to the woman who is correctly corsetted. Your "C.B." is designed by corsetiers who know how best to impart those graceful long figure lines so necessary for the correct contour of the moment.

C.B. Corsets

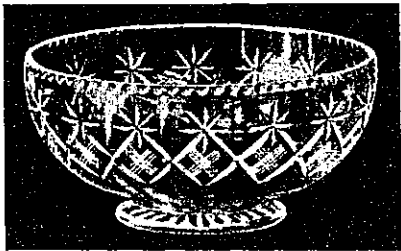
British Every Stitch

conceal without appearing to conceal. They give that natural unrestricted freedom of movement which leaves the wearer with certainty of being correctly corsetted.

Stocked by all up-to-date drapery emporiums and stores at prices ranging from 6/11 to 63/-.

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.



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WE SPECIALISE IN

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In addition to our stocks for every day use
we have suitable presents for all occasions.

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are a 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)

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68 WILLIS STREET Telephone 21-220 WELLINGTON



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beautiful
but still
you need
Icilma Cream*

Because you are fortunate enough to be beautiful is a very strong reason why you should use Icilma Cream. For even Natural beauty must be preserved and protected.

Sudden weather changes and biting winds make the skin harsh, dry and rough. There is only one way that genuinely helps and that is the Icilma way.

Use Icilma Cream morning, noon and night. This foamy, fragrant NON-GREASY Cream is truly delightful. And is the one cream your skin needs.

Icilma Cream

Price 2/6 per pot

Use it
daily
and look
your best

NZC
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Manufactured by International Icilma Trading Co., Ltd., London ENGLAND
Agent's for New Zealand: Salmond & Spraggon, Baker's Buildings, Featherston Street. WELLINGTON.

THREE ESSENTIALS FOR A CHILD'S BOOK



*Some Hints on the Selection
of Books for Christmas Presents*

IN buying picture books for the nursery shelf three qualities are essential! Child standards must be remembered, for it is useless to expect a child to enjoy something merely because we think he ought to! No more than grown-ups, do children take anything in from what bores them. But the three prime qualifications for a child's picture are always present in the best ones, so it is not difficult to find them. First of all, the nursery picture book must have simplicity, simplicity of line and composition, and also simplicity of idea. Characteristics: Simplicity, colour, and colours which are both vivid and harmonious. The third requirement is action. A little child's interest is invariably held longest by pictures in which the figures are doing something, by story-telling pictures. Be sure, then, in selecting a picture book for a little child, that it has these three characteristics: simplicity, colour, and action. It is well, too, in selecting a Christmas book, to be sure that it does not contain pictures of people or things which are ugly or terrible. The grotesque bordering on caricature is not for little children. They enjoy humour, they adore nonsense, perhaps not as babies but long before they reach the age of six; in their aversion, however, to anything very ugly or at all terrible they are entertaining absolutely natural feelings. Everything is too real in babyhood. They have not had time to learn the difference between the fanciful and the realistic. We should protect them, as far as it lies in our power, from either tales or pictures of horrors.

for real enjoyment

Smoke
Bahadurs
This
Xmas

Your
friends
will appreciate this
superb cigar as a
Xmas smoke—you
cannot buy better



From all Good
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BAHADUR CIGARS

N.Z. AGENTS—TAIT, BAGRIE COY. LTD., CHRISTCHURCH

The Ideal Christmas Present

is one that reminds your friend
of you throughout the year.

Send her the The Ladies' Mirror

A Subscription for a year costs but
12/- and each month your friend will
have a reminder of your kindly thought

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THE CITY

A Charming Verse by Ishbel M. Morgan

I came up to town to-day
Thinking country all the way.

Dreaming, in the busy street,
Of deep peacefulness complete.

Seeing, past the storied tow'rs,
Giant ratas, crowned with flow'rs;

Hearing, through the news-boy's cry,
Brown streams sing as they leap by.

Where the tramcars shriek and rock,
Swaying through the crowded block,

I could see green barley growing,
Like a field of silver flowing;

Where the busy, active feet,
Treading out the city's beat,

Pass and pass in close array,
Hurrying by night and day;

I could think of lonely roads
Where the hot soft pumice loads;

And, in all the straining eyes,
Catch one glimpse of youth that flies.



"The Christmas Stocking"

—KAYSER!

A Pair of Beautiful "Kayser" Silk
Hose is one of the Season's
happiest gift suggestions

SILK HOSE—beautiful, rich and faultlessly finished—are the practical gift, the *fashionable* gift for ladies this Christmas. You could choose nothing that is assured more instant and genuine appreciation than Kayser Silk Hose, for every lady of fashion knows that "Kayser" means fine quality pure silk stockings that are a delight to wear.

All the fashionable colours are featured, including the new Nude shades. Ask your draper to show you. The recipient will know you have chosen well when she sees the name "Kayser" on your gift to her.

Kayser

SILK HOSIERY

Wholesale Distributors:

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

Are You Excluded

Tragic indeed is the social exclusion of those who, through ignorance, make astonishing blunders in social conduct. You were intended for better things. The Book of Etiquette will show how

Self Culture

will give you that assurance and dignity which so mark those of good breeding. This complete authentic social guide will enable you to confidently DO the right thing, SAY the right thing, at all times and under all conditions.

The Way to Popularity

is through culture and good breeding, the result which

The Book of Etiquette always gives. It gives a reliable and correct answer to every social problem.

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For the two splendid volumes the price is only 20/-. This is indeed a

Remarkable Offer

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Please forward in plain wrapper "The Book of Etiquette," in two volumes, for which I enclose 20/-.

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Totally Superior

Waterman's, the original lever pen, is still the finest that money can buy

Give
Waterman's
Ideal
Fountain Pen

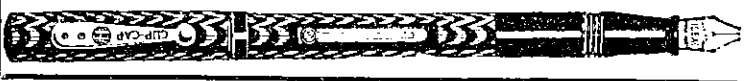
IDEAL

The many attempts to imitate Waterman's is proof positive that Waterman's is the Standard demanded by innumerable users.

From all Stationers and Jewellers

L. G. Sloan Ltd.
Kingsway
London

New Zealand:
A. G. Lunn
Collins Buildings
Auckland



GOLDBERG

A USE FOR OLD CHRISTMAS CARDS

I HAVE never known what to do with the dozens of Christmas cards sent me after they have occupied an honoured place on the mantel shelf during the festive season; but I saw a scrap book made from them in one of the shops which I am sure many people would like to hear about. I was informed that a long strip of glazed calico was cut, and the cards pasted on at intervals with width in between to allow of a fold like a concertina, and these folds were firmly sewn together, so that the pictures appeared on each side of the fold. In this way a book was formed, and the side and edges filled in with cuttings from other pictures. For instance, there were cats and witches surrounding a pretty snow scene, and other quaint animals were pasted over the letterings. I thought how pleased a child would have been with one, say a little patient in a hospital, perhaps forced to lie on its back. The small book (which was folded into post-card size sheets) would be so light to hold, and an endless variety were on view.

SOME NEW HOWLERS

THE small boy is often unconsciously funny, and "howlers" have a humour all their own. Here are some that deserve immortality:—

Question: Mention six Arctic animals.

Answer: Three Polar bears, two seals, and one reindeer.

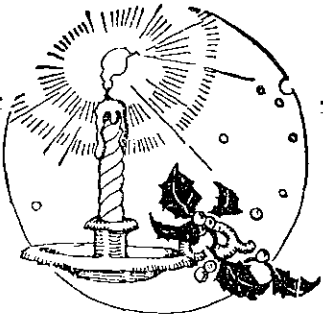
Doldrums are army rations of spirits.

Clive imprisoned 146 men in the Black Hole of Calcutta, and so laid the foundation of the Indian Empire.

Question: Translate "Le peuple, emu, repondit."

Answer: The purple emu laid another egg.

Rhea Sylvia was a festal virgin who made a vow never to have twins.



The Approach of Yuletide

Soon will the Christmas Season be here, the season of good cheer and festive reunion, and we take this opportunity to extend to our many friends our greetings, our message of goodwill

and this Seasonable Reminder

NOT untimely is our reminder that this coming season is the time of gifting, our warehouse is full of many beautiful and refined goods—articles to most fittingly express your Christmas sentiments.

We cordially invite everyone to call and inspect our stock. There are displayed many helpful ideas to help you solve your gift problems

Andrews & Clark

FURNISHING SPECIALISTS

Queen St. Auckland.

GOLDBERG

NEW WINTER FURS



The latest authoritative modes are now arriving from London, Paris & New York for Madame Menere, preparatory for next season.

As Madame Menere imports direct from leading style Furriers in the above centres, she is able to sell at less than wholesale.

What More

ACCEPTABLE XMAS GIFT

Could be made than one of these stylish Furs

Write to Madame Menere for her Free Booklet, "Hints in the Treatment of Furs." It is full of valuable information.

Madame Menere, in wishing a Merry Xmas to her many patrons throughout the Dominion, thanks her North Island clientele for their generous support during her recent long trip to the North and promises to return early next year with a further valuable selection of stylish furs.

MADAME MENERE

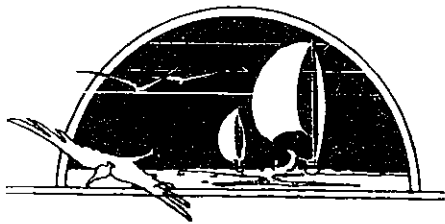
Fashion Furrier

Corner Cashel & Colombo Streets (Upstairs), CHRISTCHURCH

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THAT HAPPY ENDING

SHOULD NOVELS END: "—AND THEY WERE MARRIED
AND LIVED HAPPY EVER AFTER?"

By a Woman Novelist.

A "FIRST novel" that ends upon a grey note is handicapped at the outset. "In these sad days the public must have a Happy Ending," say the publishers. "We all need something to give us hope and cheer us up." And back goes the MS.

But to give a happy ending to the modern novel is not an easy task. To begin with, the end of the successful novel must be dramatic. We no longer permit our authors to finish tamely with a catalogue of the activities of the characters from the time the story ends until their death, such as many of our Victorian favourites used. To-day our novelists must end with a crisis that somehow conveys an impression of lasting effect.

Here lies the difficulty, since for most people happiness is built from months and years of small delights—friendship, congenial work, freedom from anxiety—while only sorrow sweeps upon them with a sudden blow. The happiness that comes with a startling crisis may fly away as quickly as it came.

Faced by this problem, the story-teller long ago had a brilliant inspiration, when first, to end his tale, he substituted matrimony for happiness. Instead of saying of his characters, "They lived happily ever after," he said, "And so they were married, and lived happily ever after."

Later on it became enough to say, "And so they were married," and leave the readers to fill in the "happily ever after."

ARE we beginning to see through the convention and be dissatisfied?

The publishers think "No," the authors "Yes."

After all, the conventional ending offers little in the way of consolation except the suggestion that if you marry the man or woman of your choice you will be happy.

But suppose that the reader does not want to marry? Or suppose that he has wanted to marry somebody and can't? Or suppose he even happens to be married already?

Then the consolation fails, as all attempts to console must fail when they rest upon a promise of changed circumstances. Circumstances may change for the better in this world. On the other hand, they just as easily may not. And if the only comfort that our novelists can offer is the promise of a hypothetical marriage, the happiness of which we can only judge from the evidence of our own and our neighbours' experience, is there much left for us to hope for?

Surely a wiser consolation would be the story of man triumphing over circumstances by his courage, rather than by the prospect of his forthcoming marriage?

Here is the new "Zealandia" patent leather and matt kid combination bar shoe with latest "cut outs."

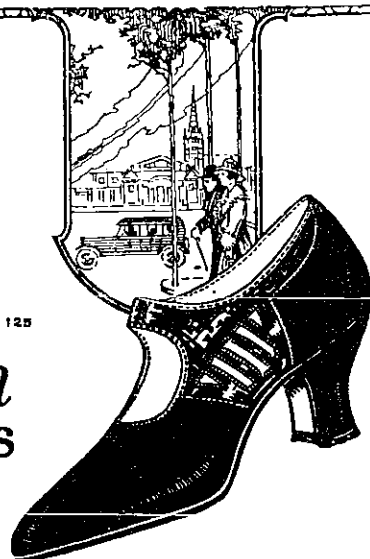
This model has Louis heel and may be had with either Pump or machine sewn sole.

Your shoe store can supply this stylish shoe in practically any leathers you fancy.

Zealandia
Boots & Shoes

Made by:

Skelton, Frostick & Co. Ltd.,
CHRISTCHURCH.



125



*Engagement
Rings*

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ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

H. J. Grieve & Co.
Quality Jewellers
Queen St.

Auckland.

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Beautiful Complexion

SAXOL CLAY CREAM

A Scientific Home treatment. Simple
in application. Delightful in effect.

SAXOL

Restores the Bloom of Youth

Wrinkles, large pores, blemishes, furrows, sagging
muscles and the appearance of old age are removed
by SAXOL. It draws out the poisons from the skin



Full Particulars of Home treatment with each jar.
Price, 8/- per jar, post paid.

SEND THIS COUPON NOW

SAXOL (N.Z.) PROPRIETARY,
Box 415 G.P.O., AUCKLAND

Please supply by return mail, in plain wrapper.....
jars SAXOL Clay Cream for which I enclose.....

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No other article of furniture to compare in richness and elegance with a Grand Piano—and how much it means in joy, in cheer, in companionship, daily and for years

ROGERS BABY GRAND

Particularly adapted for rooms where space is a consideration. The fine tonal qualities of this small Grand combined with its compactness and dainty appearance at once account for its extreme popularity

"I can unreservedly commend
Rogers Pianos."

—Tobias Matthay

"Beag's"

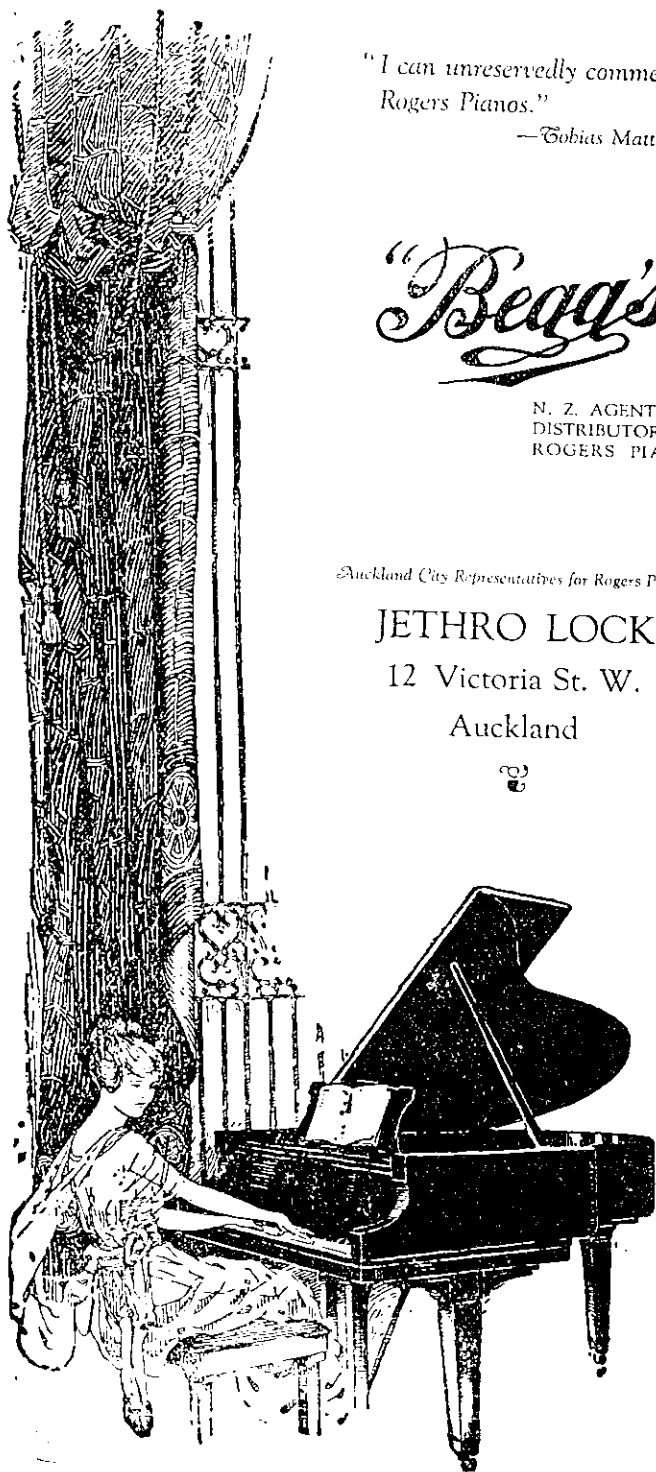
N. Z. AGENTS and
DISTRIBUTORS for
ROGERS PIANOS

Auckland City Representatives for Rogers Pianos

JETHRO LOCK

12 Victoria St. W.

Auckland



HER WEDDING DAY

HINTS FOR THE BRIDE-ELECT

ON account of the length of the modern wedding dress sleeve, only the shortest of gloves are worn. In fact, when the pointed sleeve that falls over the hand is chosen, there is really no need for gloves at all. If a bride, wishing to depart from the strict path of fashion, decides to add short sleeves to her dress, then, of course, the gloves must be long enough to meet the hem of the sleeve.

Few jewels should be worn by a bride, the most that good taste permits being a pearl necklace or a corsage brooch, states a writer in an exchange.

Many brides prefer to carry a prayer-book bound in white vellum or a handkerchief edged with wonderful lace, to the traditional bouquet of flowers. French brides never carry a bouquet in church, this always being left outside in the carriage, or else merely being handed to the bride after the ceremony, so that she may lay it on the altar.

Suede shoes are gradually ousting those of satin at weddings.

Veils are of uncommon proportions, although the custom of draping half of them over the face as the bride walks up to the altar has completely died out. Nothing covers the face now, and only a narrow kind of frill obscures just the forehead in front. Often the veil is folded tightly across the forehead, and held in place over each ear with a bunch of orange blossoms. At a recent society wedding the bride arranged her veil with a tiny bunch of flowers, but left one bud hanging in such a cleverly arranged way that it looked like a magnificent pearly earring. Real lace was appliqued round the edge of the veil, so as to produce a light and filmy as well as a rich effect.

Another recent bride arranged her veil across the forehead like a nurse's cap, a somewhat severe line, which suited, however, the plain type of frock she wore with it.

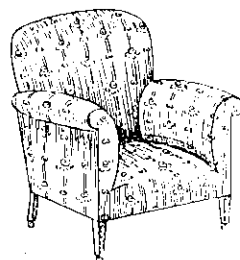
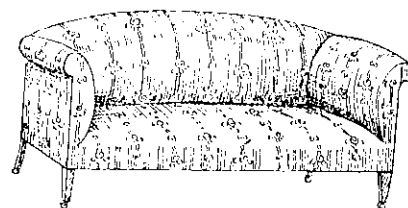
Weddings in the United States have great charm and variety, partly owing to the fact that their laws permit marriage in private houses (a most attractive idea) and partly owing to several delightful customs they have.

Continued on Page 95

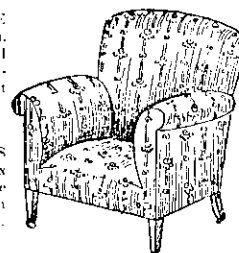
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Faithful Values in Chesterfield Suites

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 31in. 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, Curtainings and Cutlery as we are always handling newest goods in these lines.

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HER WEDDING DAY—Continued

One of these (if one can call a lady a custom) is the matron of honour, who follows the bride and performs the function of the chief bridesmaid. So often the bride's sister or her best friend may be already married, and is ruled out of court here from being her attendant. But in America any young matron may hold her friend's bouquet and gloves during the ceremony.

The idea is one worth copying, not only for sentiment's sake, but because a single attendant causes far less expense and elaboration than a bevy of bridesmaids. There is only one present for the groom to give, and the matron may dress as she pleases, without having to fall into line with others. (It is so seldom that the bridesmaids' gowns look equally well on them all.) Fewer carriages, too, are needed, when there is only a single attendant, and the matron of honour pairs off naturally with the best man—who, after all, is frequently married himself (in America).



A NEW PROPOSAL

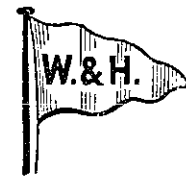
LONG had he worshipped her at a distance, but his shyness prevented him from proposing. Then, one evening, for the sake of sweet charity, a theatrical performance took place, in which the charmer was leading lady and more adorable than ever. Afterward the shy admirer drew near, his love made valiant by the sight of her beauty. "You are the star of the evening," he said as they stood alone in a corner.

"You are the first to tell me so," said the damsel with a happy blush.

"Then," he retorted promptly, "may I not claim my reward as an astronomer?"

The lady looked puzzled. "What reward?" she asked.

"Why, the right to give my name to the star I have discovered!"



PROTECTED BY
PERPETUAL INJUNCTION

IN CHANCERY
DEC. 9TH, 1895

OUR TRADE MARK

WE WOULD DRAW YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR TRADE MARK AS SHOWN ABOVE. THIS MARK IS A GUARANTEE OF QUALITY AND IS PROTECTED AGAINST INFRINGEMENT BY A PERPETUAL INJUNCTION IN CHANCERY DATED DECEMBER 9TH, 1895.

THE NECESSITY OF PROTECTING THE PUBLIC BY THE REGISTRATION OF THIS TRADE MARK WAS BROUGHT ABOUT BY THE FACT THAT THE COMMON BRANDS OF E.P.N.S. A.1—WHICH ARE SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT ELECTRO-PLATE ON NICKLE SILVER, AND A.1. QUALITY—HAVE FOR YEARS PAST BEEN ABUSED BY MANY MAKERS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND OTHER COUNTRIES.

IT IS IMPORTANT, THEREFORE, THAT YOU SHOULD LOOK FOR SOME RECOGNISED TRADE MARK THAT REPRESENTS A DEFINITE STANDARD OF QUALITY. OUR TRADE MARK DOES THIS AND IS THEREFORE A GREAT SAFEGUARD TO THE BUYING PUBLIC.

INSIST UPON IT BEING STAMPED ON EVERY PIECE OF SILVER PLATE AND CUTLERY YOU BUY.

WALKER & HALL,

SHOW ROOMS,
BRUNSWICK BUILDINGS,
QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND

HATS
GOWNS

Rooms 23-24 Brunswick
Buildings, Queen Street
AUCKLAND

Gowns

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

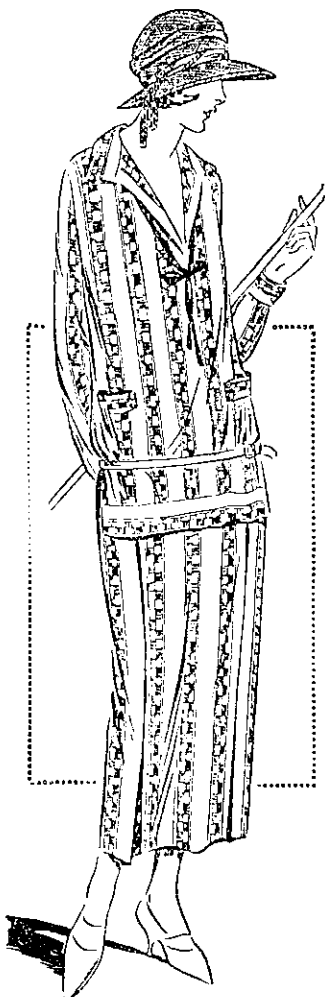
Inexpensive

Summer frocks in Striped
Fugi, French Voiles, Linens,
and Fancy Crepe Marocains
suitable for tennis and cro-
quet wear.

Prices £3/3/- and £4/4/-

Frocks sent on approval to country clients

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



THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

THAT YOU AND ONLY YOU CAN GIVE
YOUR PORTRAIT

made by new methods introduced by the Tornquist Brothers.
Superior photographs made independent of daylight.

Evening sittings by appointment—

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

Tornquist
PORTRAIT
STUDIO

AUCKLAND

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"MALTINE" is rich in bone-producing and fat-making elements, and is a valuable aid to healthy digestion. It is prescribed for its nourishing properties to children, to pale, anaemic girls, and to delicate adults. It is a good supplementary food for nursing mothers, and improves breast-milk. John Attfield, F.C.S., (late) Professor of Practical Chemistry to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, states:—

"MALTINE" is about ten times more valuable as a flesh-former than ordinary Malt Extract, five times as valuable as a starch digestant, and five times as valuable as heat producer."

The continued excellence of "MALTINE" depends on its unusually high diastatic activity, its nutrient and body-building properties, the bone-forming and tonic properties, its high calorific and energising value, and being regularly standardised and tested.

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and our van will call for
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SUMMERTIME BEAUTY

HOW TO PRESERVE YOUR
COMPLEXION FROM THE
RAVAGES of the SUN & WIND

SUNBURN is quite romantic on the golf links, but in the ball-room it is terrifying. I speak as one of the fair sex, although there are no greater sun worshippers in the world than women.

The sun is so like that lovable type of man who invites our confidence and then proves himself utterly unworthy of it; but even bitter experience cannot prevent us from basking in the warmth of his smiles and suffering the imprints of his kisses—they are, somehow, necessary to our spiritual maintenance. There is obviously only one thing for us to do, and that is to put iron bars round our hearts and liquid powder on our noses. But I shall speak to you about that later.

If you have suffered unduly from the kisses of the sun, the first thing is to take away the pain. A most excellent method is to indulge in a bran bath, which, besides being soothing, invigorating and beautifying, has also the advantage of being delightfully cheap. All one needs is this:

Wheat bran . . . 1½ lb.
Barley meal . . . 1 lb.
Borax 1½ lb

Dissolve in half a gallon of warm water and then strain into the bath. The first requisite of any bath, bran or otherwise, is a plentiful supply of soft water. Rain water is preferable, failing which you may add a handful of borax and a few drops of ammonia.

One of the greatest evils which the summer girl has to combat is perspiration—if I knew a prettier word I would use it!

If, for instance, you perspire freely through the pores of the nose, as so many people do, your nose will shine, and it is no use attempting to conceal the fact with powder alone. The skin must be prepared for the powder in this way:

Every other morning dip the corner of a smooth towel into boiling water, squeeze out, and apply to the nose. Do this several times

until the pores are thoroughly opened and the impurities have passed from the skin. Next, bathe the face with ice cold water and apply a good astringent lotion. The skin should then be given at least twenty minutes rest to ensure the pores being thoroughly closed, after which you may apply your cream and powder with impunity.

As I hinted at the beginning of this article, the best powder for protecting the skin against sun and wind is liquid powder. You will probably scorn such a preparation because you have been told that it contains lead and is therefore injurious to the complexion, but there are some liquid powders that are free from any harmful ingredients and form an excellent protection against the natural elements. No make-up, however, should be left on the face longer than necessary, for it is apt to clog the pores and cause blackheads and acne.

Liquid powder should only be used to prevent sunburn and freckles, and removed with a good skin food when indoors.

During the warm weather, the skin should be frequently sprayed with a lotion made up from the following ingredients:—

Elderflower water . 12 oz.
Glycerine 12 oz.
Spirits of Nocoli . ½ dr.
Alcohol 3 oz.

This will free the pores from any impurities, and refresh the facial muscles, which are apt to grow tired and relax during the warm weather. The lotion can be used with equal success on the hands, arms, chest and neck.

Many girls make the fatal mistake of using the same make-up in summer as in winter. Remember that white powder cannot disguise a brown skin with any degree of success, but a deep cream shade of *rachel* powder will work wonders, whilst there is a still better shade for very dark skins known as *basande*.

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THE BEAUTY EXPERTS

WHAT THE BEST OF THEM
HAVE TO SAY ON
VARIOUS SUBJECTS

Home Recipes

THE MAGNETISM OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR

Beautiful hair adds immensely to the personal magnetism of both men and women. Actresses and smart women are ever on the lookout for any harmless thing that will increase the natural beauty of their hair. The latest method is to use pure stallax as a shampoo on account of the peculiarly glossy, fluffy, and wavy effect which it leaves. As stallax has never been used much for this purpose it comes to the chemist only in ½-lb. sealed original packages, enough for twenty-five or thirty shampoos. A teaspoonful of the fragrant stallax granules, dissolved in a cup of hot water, is more than sufficient for each shampoo. It is very beneficial and stimulating to the hair, apart from its beautifying effect.

TO HAVE SMOOTH, WHITE SKIN, FREE FROM BLEMISH

Does your skin chap or roughen easily, or become unduly red or blotchy? Let me tell you a quick and easy way to overcome the trouble and keep your complexion beautifully white, smooth, and soft. Just get some ordinary mercolised wax at the chemist's and use a little before retiring, as you would use cold cream. The wax, through some peculiar action, flecks off the rough, discoloured, or blemished skin. The worn-out cuticle comes off just like dandruff on a diseased scalp, only in almost invisible particles. Mercolised wax simply hastens Nature's work, which is the rational and proper way to attain a perfect complexion, so much sought after, but very seldom seen. The process is perfectly simple and quite harmless.

PERMANENTLY REMOVING SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

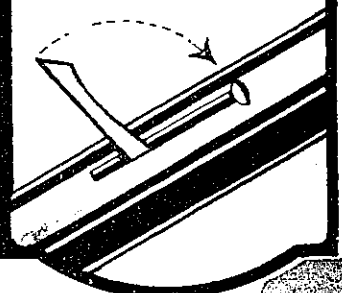
How to permanently, not merely temporarily, remove a downy growth of disfiguring superfluous hair, is what many women wish to know. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that pure powdered pheninol, obtainable from the chemist's, may be used for this purpose. It is applied directly to the objectionable hair. The recommended treatment not only instantly removes the hair, leaving no trace, but is designed also to kill the roots completely.



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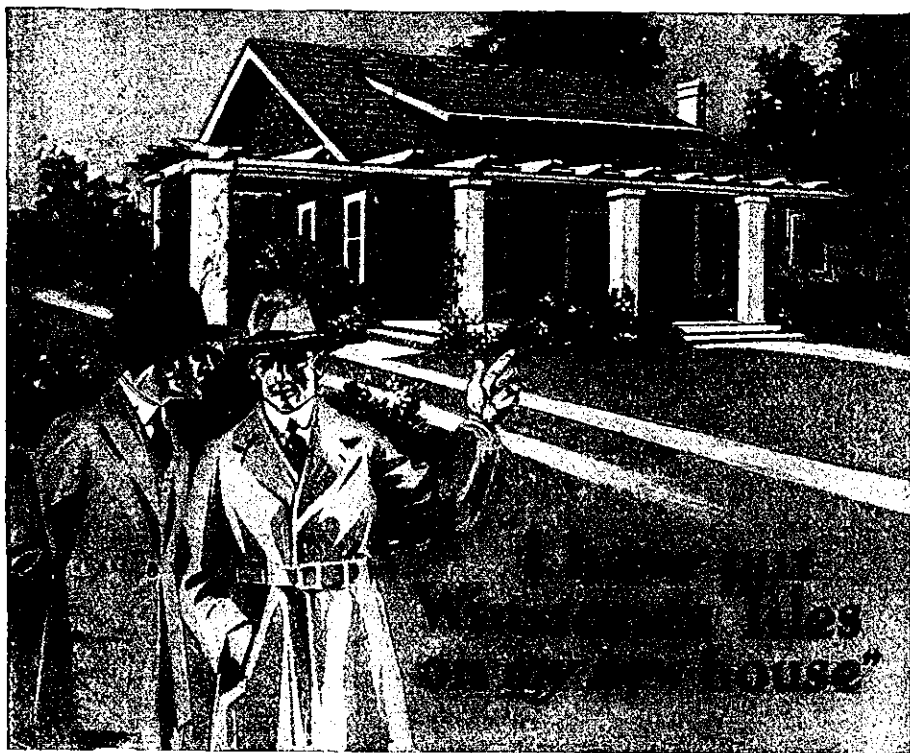
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