

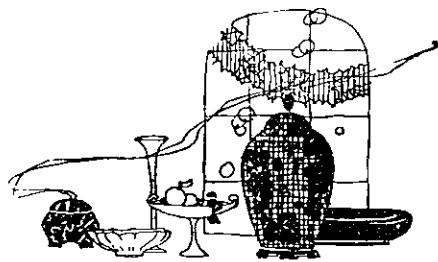


"Good Evening Santa"

### 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 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.



"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 Moanahanga, 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"