



LET THEM SUGGEST A "SHAPE"

This is surely the country for Iceland Poppies—and the season. Nowhere have I seen such width and loveliness of bloom, such length and delicacy of stem. They are a challenge to the woman with the artistic eye. Their arrangement can be inspired, or it can be merely an unhappy accident. Some hostesses can load their rooms with expensive flowers, bunched symmetrically into expensive vases and consider their duty done more than well. They would be surprised if any discerning guest expressed resentment. But the fact is you must let the poppy have its way—let them indicate the "shape" they wish to make, and rest assured it will be artistic.

If you analyse the charming arrangement in the photographic study you will admit that they fall with a "naturalness" that is their own. Draw an imagined line with your eye from point to point round the "shape" they make, including their shadows on the

wall. You have to admit it is more interesting than the popular circle. The bowl, though quite inexpensive, is a happy choice. It is not round, it is the very shape of a poppy bud. In this case, it is the pale green of the stems, set against a putty-grey wall.

—W.V.

Know Your Pet

Have you ever wondered why a parrot will sometimes pluck his own feathers until he looks a veritable scarecrow and has made his skin very sore into the bargain?

There are two reasons. One is that he's positively ravenous for a little meat to suck, and is forced to try the ends of his own quills. The other is that he has nothing better to do! A tiny lump of fresh beef suet, about as big as a walnut, placed in his cage every day will soon cure him. And as for playthings, he likes nothing better than a string of old cotton-reels hanging from his roof.

—B.J.

DON'T HURRY YOUR MAKE-UP

DON'T hurry your make-up. Not that it can't be done, it can. You can see it any day and everywhere, in tramcars and shops, in tea-rooms, and even private homes — hurried make-up. And the result is just depressing, not only to your friends, but to you. It is at once conspicuous. And once make-up becomes conspicuous it has failed in its purpose. It no longer enhances your beauty or makes the best of your features. It makes you a guy, and you know it. That is the reason your conversation is forced, your gestures spasmodic, your expression exaggerated. You're miserable and you wish the party would end. You might be surprised if you were suddenly told why. You hurried your make-up.

Your guests may have telephoned to say they are just leaving. How can you be ready to receive them? Hair's important. Gowning is important. But nothing will give the impression of serenity and poise like a good make-up. And there's not the slightest reason to panic. If you get the essentials of the business, the basic principles, well and truly fixed in your

mind, the likelihood is that you'll make the very most of even the fewest minutes.

First, cleanliness—and no time for a bath. Well, wring out a small towel in very hot water and press it over your face, as hot as you can bear it, like a pad. Now a cleansing cream, plenty and all over. But don't be vigorous. Remove it at once and very gently. Now an astringent if you have one handy. If not, some splashings of plain cold water. Now follow up with your usual powder base, powder very liberally, dust lightly away. Liquid rouge must be used at the vanishing cream stage, and evenly. Powdered rouge can come last of all but must be dusted over. Brows and lipstick should be slowly and carefully drawn, and both must be carefully pressed with a pad of tissue to remove that "shiny surface."

Well, you're ready. And you're astonished to find that the whole thing has only taken ten round minutes. Pull your frock on over your head. Slip your feet into the right shoes. Give your hair a final pat into place, let your nails have a final rub over with the polisher, and there you are.

—M.L.

WHILE THE KETTLE BOILS

ear Friends,

We all like to receive a pat on the back sometimes, don't we—be it individually or collectively?

An Australian visitor has just paid a charming tribute to New Zealanders. She was particularly impressed with our love of flowers. Over here, she says, everyone takes a pride in the garden. The first Sunday morning of her visit here she went for a walk, and she noticed the air was full of a gentle humming—which turned out to be—not bees—but the soft whirr of lawn mowers! She was struck by the industry of these home-dwellers—and the really lovely gardens they achieved as a result.

On the subject of dresses I am feeling remarkably pleased with myself for a smart bit of transformation. Perhaps some of my readers may find this useful.

I had a green wool-de-chene frock as a foundation. Recently I unearthed an old green and white tweed cape, and from this I cut out a sleeveless waistcoat. I bound the edges with green, and got some nice nuggety brown wooden buttons to put down the front. With this outfit I wore a tan velvet cravat, tan shoes, gloves and purse—and a little felt pull-on with a jaunty green feather stuck through one side. This same effect could be copied in any other contrasting colours.

A word about colours. Rust-red and henna are to be the prevailing Spring shades. Contrasted with sapphire blue, they make an attractive blend of colour. Green, too, will be popular—marine, huntsman, and all the rest of the woodland shades. "Ashes of lavender" is a newcomer in the field and suggests painted fans and old lace. Blue, of course, is always with us. It is the one colour Dame Fashion can never discard. Blue is the colour invariably preferred by our opposite sex, so perhaps that is why we cannot afford to ignore it altogether.

Are there any Michael Arlen fans amongst us? If so, you will be glad to hear of his latest book "The Flying Dutchman."

It is written in the typical Arlen style, brilliant, sparkling, satiric. This time the well-known author deserts London for his setting, and European Society is left more or less in shreds after his flashing scalpel has passed over it. At least, Michael Arlen is no believer in shams.

I know of a lass, an ardent Arlen fan, who after reading "Lily Christine" wrote to the author in Paris, telling him how much she admired his book. In reply he sent her a photo of himself, bearing a typically Arlen inscription:

To Miss —,

Thank you for your letter. You must be a dear, and I send you this with all my best wishes.
Michael Arlen.

A graceful gesture, don't you think?

I want you to step into my kitchen for a moment to view my window-box. It is painted green and white to match the kitchen, and in it I grow all my herbs; chives, sage, tarragon, parsley, mint, etc. It makes such a pretty show, apart from being so handy to your need. While you are here, I'll let you have my recipe for Viennese Tomato Soup. It is delicious:

Stew some chopped carrots, turnips and celery in a little butter. Pour over some tomato juice and add thickening. Now add required quantity of stock with a little sour cream and salt to flavour. Cook till ready and serve with a small mound of boiled rice. This soup can be sweetened if desired.

Yours cordially,

Cynthia