

## LET YOUR CHILD "YEARN"

IT really is extraordinarily difficult to deny one's child the things within possibility of acquiring — especially if one knows his heart is set on them. But the point in doing so is exactly that. "His heart is set on them"—which means, also, that his mind and imagination are busied with objects in anticipation. He may, even, never possess them. And that is stimulus—sharpens his desire, sharpens his "vision" of them, of the uses and delight of them, until he has all but conjured them out of the air—an invaluable asset, this ability, to the grown creature, for wealth of that particular kind can only ever be of our own making.

The child caught up in a grind of poverty that never achieves, never attains, is cruelly, even dangerously, poor. But the child surrounded by every luxurious This and That—"he has only to open his mouth to get what he wants"—is the poorest little mite in the world. The invaluable qualities of mind and spirit, of imagination and initiative, are never to be his, for nothing can develop without exercise and use. And these things are not required of him.

I remember when I was a small child, writing on a card which went with a gift to someone I cared for very truly, "To wish you all your wishes." I must have thought—I know I did—that I was wishing them the best one can. "All one's wishes!" How cruelly dull. Nothing to hope, nothing to plan, nothing to yearn for. I meant so sincerely otherwise—but I wished them the end of life.

—KAY

## BEAUTY NOTE

I heard of a girl the other day who blamed salt water for the fact that she'd gone almost bald at nineteen. She was swimming crazy and had certainly spent more than the usual slice of her summers in the sea.

That's as may be, of course. But it really is a proved fact that too much salt water damages hair—robs it of both colour and lustre.

One beauty specialist mentioned it to me as "Shipwrecked Hair." She said she had treated hundreds of cases. She said we must ALWAYS wear a cap. I'm going to hate that, rather. I like the free and floaty feeling of the water through my hair.

But her hints were useful. Have your hair cut shorter for summer, or do it up on the top of your head, because fresh air at the roots is going to make all the difference to its health by stimulating the circulation. Don't neglect to wear a hat or tie on a large handkerchief when you ride long distances in an open car.

Sun and salt water can also make our eyebrows and lashes rather coarse and brittle. Advice for them was to rub a lubricant cream on after sea bathing and last thing at night.

There's no excuse apparently for sacrificing beauty to summer days.

## New Sandwich Mixture

"Try making sandwiches with a filling of grated carrot and chooped parsley. The carrot is full of vitamins and the sandwiches are delicious. And have you tried mint and marmite? If not, do. Chop the mint up fine, spread the marmite on the buttered bread and then cover with mint. And, of course, you will use wholemeal bread."

—Mrs. T., Petone.



**A GARMENT WITH GRACE:** Fashion note for this week combines youth with dignity and charm with grace. Nothing could be more simple than this "at home" gown that is both belted and collared in white on black.

On the other hand, sophistication is not lacking in the fitted skirt with its wide hemline cut to flare and train, or in the fitted forearms with their lines of white china buttons matching the yoke.

Something definitely different is offered by the addition of near-elbow cape flaps. The gown is done in black crepe and white piqué.

—A.T.

## That Old Friend

Loving Wife: "Who's the girl I saw you saying Good-bye to just now?"

Loving Husband: "Er—um—the sister of an old friend of mine."

Loving Wife: "Is there any reason why you should kiss her?"

Loving Husband: "Why—yes. Certainly. I'm—er—awfully fond of him."

## Weather-Wise

A good many of us would be ready to assert that snow is merely frozen rain. But, we would be quite wrong. Would you?

Actually it is only sleet that is frozen rain. Snow falls directly as snow from snow-clouds, the flakes being formed by the condensation of moisture at temperatures below freezing.

## Widows, Please!

A survey of saleswoman reveals that widows who are not too young and not too well educated are by far the most stable type. Single women are apt to change their work, and apparently without rhyme or reason. Married women not so often. Widows least of all.

## WHILE THE KETTLE BOILS

Dear Friends,

One day a friend and I were having an argument on the question of feminine make-up. The gentleman firmly condemned the use of such artifices. I was all for them—and the argument ended there.

A few days later I was walking down the street with the same gentleman, and I happened to comment on an attractively dressed woman walking towards us.

"Oh, she'd be all right," answered my friend quickly (too quickly) "if she'd only use a bit of make-up."

I let him down lightly, but the incident, nevertheless, was significant. Men may condemn women's make-up out of hand, but they are the first to comment on its absence.

It is the duty of every woman—not only to herself, but to those around her, to make the best of her appearance. And to my way of thinking, a red, unpowdered face, colourless lips and the like, are the very negation of beauty. It is all very well to rave over nature's beauty, but we must remember that our climate this side of the world does not make for natural roses in our cheeks or cherries on our lips. Hence it is our duty to do something about it.

I know there are numbers of women who never do anything to their faces, and I never see one without a secret yearning to take them in hand. If these women only realised how a little powder and a touch of colour to lips and cheeks would not only lift and brighten their faces, but give them a fresh confidence and a new outlook on life. They would have their husbands falling in love with them all over again.

The quest of beauty is the oldest quest in the world. It started with Eve—and it has gone on ever since. What a vast tome would be needed to hold all the arts of beauty down the ages. To explore even a part of them is to become lost. Beauty specialists, fortunately, have simplified things for us and reduced the formula to a fairly common denominator. They all begin with the care of the skin, which is really the canvas on which beauty is created. Here again the hundreds of varying formulas send one dizzy, but they all have one point in common—that is, strict cleanliness both without and within.

Most women dip their faces under water before they retire and remove their make-up that way. It is only a partial cleansing. If they would first of all rub olive oil generously over their skins—remove with a face tissue—then wash—first in warm water and then with cold, they would have the satisfaction of knowing that their skins were perfectly cleansed.

A friend of mine who recently returned from Honolulu remarked on the lovely skins of the women there—the Americans being in the majority. One of these charitable souls let her into a secret. At night, after washing their faces thoroughly, they powder with the finest toilet oatmeal. We know what oatmeal does for us when dissolved in washing water, so the direct application to the skin overnight has, apparently, a further beautifying effect. It is a hint well worth trying.

An olive oil steam bath is another excellent beautifier—particularly for dry skins. To do this, you wash your face well, smear with the olive oil, then with a towel over your head to prevent the steam escaping, bend your face over a basin of hot water for several minutes. Afterwards, pat in a milk skin astringent—equal parts of witch-hazel and water. Your skin will feel like velvet—and look it.

Yours cordially,

*Cynthia*