

WENDY'S DIARY

SUNDAY

Awoke early with a fit of blues. Beautiful day, so why are women so silly as to get depressed? Decided to go riding. Left two boys asleep, and their father snoring. Put on old slacks and woollen jumper, caught Ginger, and thoroughly enjoyed a mad gallop along the beach. Returned feeling wonderfully refreshed to find my small sonny-boys dressed, and P— with breakfast ready—baked cheese on toast, my favourite breakfast dish. Wrote letters and made potato scones for dinner.

MONDAY

Set to work and winter-cleaned living room. Enamelled grate a bright crimson, electric heater a deep cream. It looked quite effective standing inside the grate. Moved the settee and arm-chairs into new positions, making the room look a new place—a poor woman's only resource against monotony. Two boys came running in wanting me to go for a walk, but I said I was too busy, and gave them an orange each. An orange in the bush works wonders. Vacuum-cleaner over carpet and rugs, and finally placed a

bowl of bronze chrysanthemums on our dark oak table.

TUESDAY

Raining, so decided to sew. Turned on heater in sewing-room, and energetically got to work. Made up a pair of deep shaded blue velvet cushion-covers. Wished there was a kindergarten close by, as my two boys worried me nearly all morning. Gave them each a pair of old scissors and a fashion book and they were no more trouble. They just sat out in the sun-porch all morning cutting out pictures for their scrap-books, while I made a sweet striped silk shirt-blouse for myself.

WEDNESDAY

Baking day. Made a date and wheat-meal loaf, marshmallow fingers, and a big brown sponge sandwich which is P—'s favourite. Filled it with mock cream, and sprinkled the top with icing-sugar. But appearances in cakes are deceptive. Before the electric range got cold I wiped over all with a damp cloth, rubbing off the discoloured places. Have found this saves much time later.

THURSDAY

Held a bush "sewing-bee" afternoon, although we did more talking than sewing. Was shown a new way of doing the lovely long and short stitch work. Start-

ing from outside of pattern, you work in a small stem-stitch all around the edge, gradually shading and filling in the design, and working in towards the centre. Quite thrilled over the grape-leaf design I shaded. Even P— admired it when I came home.

FRIDAY

Baby Bill's birthday. Had a small party in the afternoon—plenty of jellies, whipped cream and salads, with little decorated butterfly sponges. Placed bonbons beside each child's plate. Party a great success, and table really did look pretty. All the visitors admired it.

SATURDAY

Another beautiful day, in fact too good to be inside, so I left lunch cooking, went outside and transplanted a border of Viola plants: Celestial Queen, a lovely big sky blue, and Winter Sun, a deep yellow. Should make an effective border for beds of double stock. Forked around polyanthus and tulip beds.

After lunch all went for a walk along the bush-fringed road. Thought to myself as I walked along how peaceful everything was, with fantails flitting about among the tree-ferns, and the occasional whirr of a bush pigeon. I just couldn't realise that the outside world was at war. Do we ever realise what troubles are until they hit our own homes? (Gillespie's Beach)

BANISH BACKACHE caused by KIDNEY TROUBLE

Is it sharp stabbing pains that almost take your breath away, or just an unceasing dull ache? In either case, backache is really kidney ache—nature's warning that your kidneys are clogged up with impurities. They become sluggish. Harmful pain-causing poisons accumulate, and then starts that exhausting backache. To end your pain you must restore the kidneys to health. Only a genuine kidney remedy can do this. That remedy is De Witt's Pills—made especially for this one purpose.

De Witt's Pills act directly on the kidneys. Within 24 hours from the first dose you will have proof that your weak, sluggish kidneys are being cleansed. These famous pills restore the kidneys to health, so that the cause of your trouble is cleared right away. Your backache ends and quick relief becomes permanent benefit. Commence your treatment to-day with—

De Witt's ^{Kidney and Bladder} Pills Cleanse and Strengthen the Kidneys

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists and storekeepers, 3/6 and 6/6.

E-A CLARK'S
Extra Strong **MINERS COUGH CURE**
FOR
**COUGHS, COLDS,
ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, ETC.**

WHILE THE KETTLE BOILS

Dear Friends,

Have just been gazing—and feeling most poetical—at a really gorgeous sunset, and reflecting what a masterpiece some designer would achieve if he could weave all those colours into one glamorous frock.

The trouble is, with gay, lovely, haunting colours all about us, we are apt to take them for granted. Just imagine if the whole world and everything in it was carried out in a scheme of grey and black, what a dull, lifeless and depressing spectacle it would be.

Colour is almost as necessary to us as eating or breathing. Though we may not realise it, colour actually controls our moods. An orange coloured light, for example, is bright and exhilarating. Blue is cold and depresses. Pink is warm and intimate. Red creates nervousness and excitement. Green gives one serenity and rest. The moral is that, in our dress especially, we should never take colour for granted. Some people are content, when they purchase a frock, to be guided by style and fit. Think very seriously about the colour. Firstly, does it suit you? Secondly, how do you respond to that particular colour? Does it give you a sense of uplift and harmony, or does it depress you? This is not just a theory, it is based on actual fact. Colours do sway our moods—and we should use them; and not let them use us.

So many so-called "mousey-coloured" women shy away from bright colours. If they only realised it, they are debarring themselves from the one thing that will give them a new brightness and an added depth of personality. When anyone says a "gay dress," you think of colour that hits you in the eye. But

there is all the difference in the world between a gay dress and a dress that makes you look gay.

When Claudette Colbert first went to Hollywood, she would wear only subdued, heavy colours. But being an open-minded young woman, she agreed to experiment with light colours. One of her first evening frocks was of light blue chiffon—which she wore determinedly but with secret misgivings. She admitted after that the frock gave her a new vivacity, and she has kept up the mood ever since.

A word to the wise, however, when choosing the colour of your frock. The texture of the material alters the quality of the colour and its effect on your complexion.

Caliph purple, in wool, is a dark subtle colour, becoming to most women. Purple in velvet is dramatic—almost theatrical. Purple in satin is frankly showy, but purple in taffeta or faille can be as demure as a schoolgirl.

Shiny materials in grey emphasise the figure. Grey is supposedly a middle-age colour, but a frock of grey chiffon is smoky glamour personified. Grey worsted suggests capability and good works, and grey flannel is a young, flighty material.

Actually the same shades in different materials create different effects. Blue is a trick colour by night. A sapphire blue will look bewitching in satin, but in georgette it becomes just muddy. Blue velvet assumes a deeper, more mysterious shade under lamplight. The reverse is true of cotton lace. Pastel blues are fresh and smart in wool materials, but wishy-washy in satin and jersey.

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