While The **Kettle Boils**

Dear Friends.

To-day was my library day-which is entirely regulated by the number of extra minutes I can steal from every 24 hours. If they can be justifiably stolen, how much better to devote them then to reading an interesting book. Some people are voracious readers. They will do a book a day-sometimes more-with ease. And by some miracle they manage to retain a goodly portion in their memory. One man I heard of just recently, tied to his bed by some affliction of the spine, receives a packing case full of new books every week-end. By Monday they are exhausted.

Of course, we all have different angles of approach toward books. Some read merely to kill time—others are only interested in the story angle. Many are interested chiefly in literary style and construction. To others still books are an escape from reality; a dreaming place of the imagination where they can wander and tarry at will.

To-day in the library, there was a friendly bustle of people fortifying themselves against the week-end. On Fridays I always develop a greed complex. I hunt for the fattest volume I can findalways provided it answers to the name of the author I may have in mind. A little fear always lurks at the back of my mind that I might be caught out before Monday arrives.

A library is really a delightful place. You drift. Everyone drifts. There is no rush or bustle in a library. Even voices are lowered to suit that charming dillydallying mood. Outside a busy world whirls on its way, but within these walls is a serenity and peace.

You surrender your old book, grip your ticket, and with a small inward sigh of satisfaction and expectation start on your round. Before you lie enchanted avenues of books. Hundreds of them in close-packed, serried ranks. From them all you may pick one - or two. The choice and the moment are of supreme importance to you. Hidden among those shelves are stray literary treasure. It is almost like a game of blind man's buff. Will you chance on one of these rare You drift-and others drift with you-shoulder to shoulder. Occasionally there is a collision—sometimes you step dreamily back on someone's pet corn. But noblesse oblige seems to be the motto here. Everyone is sweetly goodtempered.

Some people scan the titles of books. Personally, I never see a title. My eyes are glued on the author's name beneath. When I have found my author I give the title of the book a glance. Just one of the distinctions among library devotees.

As you wander round, you dream a little on words. Behind those stiff-backed covers, tens upon tens of thousands of words-in every conceivable flight of fancy, mood, and description. The unending miracle of words. You remember reading somewhere that Shakespeare possessed a vocabulary of 30,000 words. An average person is in possession of 3,000. A gulf of 27,000 words lies between.

A likely book catches your eye. You tuck it under your arm and move on. You reflect with satisfaction that you need not decide till you have done your

round. Another book follows it—and still twopence, hand in your card, and with another. You begin to grow slightly anxious. It is not going to be so easy to decide, after all. Then right at the last shelf you see the book you have been waiting for-which has been eluding you for weeks. You grab it hastily even greedily—before another hand can claim it—and with a free heart dart back to replace the other books. With the air of a conqueror, you pay your

the book making a warm spot against you, you hurry out.

Another library day has come and

Yours cordially



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SCHOLL'S ZINO - PADS



LAWAY with hats! And gloves! Freedom is the feminine war cry of to-day ... freedom of tossed hair and unhampered hands.

Charming it is too, when hair is smooth and brilliant and colourful . . . when slender hands are a pleasure to watch.

But beauty unguarded and uncared for, too easily becomes beauty tangled and tarnished. So beware!

Go hatless by all means if it suits you, but give your hair the extra care that will keep it from the too ardent effects of sun and wind and dust.

Here are some hints on protective shampoo and after care . . . especially for those who have that curse upon the modern head-dandruff! And an oily scalp I

Use only a correctly prepared shampoo. Etude Shampoo is made with special ingredients that will counteract dandruff and oiliness . . . and, here is a real tip. Wet your head . . . then rub most of the water right out with 2 towel . . . then apply the Etude Shampoo, and massage it well in for at least five minutes. Then wash with plenty of hot and warm

rinsings, add a little more shampoo and rinse as usual. The result will be a clean, tingling, healthy scalp and radiant hair. Moreover the promotion of new

growth will be encouraged by the special pine ingredient that has been massaged in. This is called Anthrasol, and is a Continental tar preparation, in the Etude Shampoo, of finest distillation, prepared by a special process. Don't

waste this Shampoo, just pour a little on to the palms of your hands and apply. Etude Shampoo will clear up the dandruff quickly and correct the oiliness. Set your hair when damp-dry and if you

wish to give it that exquisitely groomed appearance, apply Etude Brilliantine. Your hair should be washed every week if you belong to the 'hatless

brigade', otherwise at least fortnightly, but it will cause you no bother at all if you follow these directions.

A special word to those with white hair! Have you avoided using Brilliantine because it streaks your hair? Then here is joyful news for you. Etude Brilliantine definitely will not streak white or grey hair . . . it gives it a soft lustrous surface that is infinitely becoming, and prevents that tangled appearance so common to grey heads.

Finally ... that night-time care! It's fatal to think you can go to bed with your hair spread romantically over the pillow . . . and still look groomed and attractive. You can't ! So brush ... brush . . . brush . . . and fasten your waves firmly under a neat cap. It's worth while!

Now...those hands! Just a few tips on their care, as apart from their make-up. Drying out of the natural oil is the cause of ageing and roughened hands. So, several times a week, give your hands, especially the fingers, a massage with Etude Muscle Oil . . . or a little Etude Cold Cream. Rub each finger up and down-especially massage the backs of

the hands and leave a little cream in round the cuticle to absorb during the night. In the morning just before you go to the office-or before going out for the afternoon or evening, cool and tighten up the skin of your hands with a little Etude Astringent Lotion. It is amazing how this will counteract the effects of heat and 'nerviness' . . . and prevent grime from penetrating the pores. Never neglect your hands-give them a regular, even though quick manicure, and so avoid piling up trouble.

So! Hatless and Gloveless . . . beauty can still be groomed and stylised . . . with Etude care.

How to buy Etude

The Etude Beauty Preparations mentioned in this article are Etude Pine Tar Shampoo, 3/6; Etude Brilliantine, 3/-; Etude Muscle Oil, 3/6; Etude Cold Cream, 3/-; Etude Astringent Lotion, 4/6.

All leading chemists and stores stock Etude Beauty Preparations, but if you have any difficulty in obtaining them write to Etude 'D', P.O. Box 671, Wellington, N.Z., enclosing your order and remittance and you will receive your Etude by return mail. A copy of the booklet, "The Open Sesame to Beauty," by the Etude Beauty Specialist, will be forwarded to you FREE with your order, and written information will also be gladly given regarding simple massage, or any beauty problems on which you personally need advice,

Watch for next Etude article on "Making up in Summer."