

"What Is The Matter With Mary Jane?"

Written for "The Listener"

by

WANDA HALL

MARY'S mother looked at her work with satisfaction. The table certainly looked attractive with its blue checked cloth, the orange juice and the little yellow pot of marigolds matching each other, and Mary's own scarlet rimmed plate steaming with a hill of egg and mashed potato surrounded by a sea of green peas with islands of tomato. Mary, herself, was rather lovely her mother thought as she watched her, fresh and clean after her sleep, first snuff at the curling steam, then, after a murmur of "For what we are about to receive—" proceeded to lay bare the picture under the hill.

"Do I smell pudding, Mummy?" she asked.

"I don't think so, it's lovely fruit salad to-day."

"Oh!" Mary looked disappointed. "It's always fruit salad or something. Why don't you ever give me rice pudding now?"

"It wouldn't make you grow so big and strong as fruit salad."

"Why not?"

"Because when you cook things a lot of the goodness goes away."

"Where does it go to?"

"It's killed by the heat. Now then, eat it up like a good girl."

"I don't want it, it's alive. I won't eat it, I won't, I won't."

"Mary! Stop screaming like that and don't talk nonsense. You've always liked it before."

"Well, can I have some milk on it?"

"Please?"

"Please."

"Yes, of course. There now, is that all right? Mary! What are you doing, pouring it about like that, you'll spill it in

a minute, there! I told you so. You are a naughty girl. Now, you can't have it at all."

"Oh! Oh! I wanted it, Mummy. I didn't mean to spill. I was only drowning it dead."

"And it's all over the cloth and your frock. There, don't cry, you can have it if you'll eat it without playing."

"There's too much milk."

"You asked for it, Mary."

"But Mummy, what did you have for dinner when you were a little girl?"

"I had vegetables like you, and sometimes rice and sometimes sago, and I used to think how lovely it would be to have something else."

"You and Daddy have lots of steamy puddings for night dinner. I've seen. What did you have for tea?"

"Bread and milk."

"But Mummy, you're just the most beautiful person in the world and I want to grow up just *azactly* like you, so couldn't I just for once, have bread-and-milk for tea to-day?"

"Well, if you eat your salad, just for once."

"And rice pudding to-morrow?"

"Perhaps."

Correct Treatment Of Gloves

GLOVES are an expensive item in the wardrobe. Correct handling, however, will give longer life to a new pair, and many an old and shabby pair may be renovated by careful washing and mending.

As with stockings, the putting on and taking off of gloves is an important point. When drawing on gloves, insert the fingers first, and leave the thumb until last, slipping it on finally. Gloves that are inclined to be tight, will be less troublesome if put on in this manner, and a light powdering of the inside of the gloves will also be of assistance. Gloves should never be pulled off by the finger-tips—a habit which causes split seams—but rolled off inside-out from the wrist downwards.

An old pair of gloves which is no longer usable for "best" occasions, may be put by for use when driving the car, as the handling of gears and wheel is particularly hard on gloves, and ruinous to a new pair which has not yet been broken in.

A neat little glove-holder may be made from a narrow band of linen, which is slipped round the wrist of each

separate pair of gloves and attached with a snap-fastener. Any confusion of pairs is thus avoided, and incidentally, a set of such holders makes a novel birthday or Christmas gift.

Washing and Drying

When washing kid gloves, squeeze them gently in suds, changing the water until the last soapy water is quite clean. Wring without rinsing and hang out, stretching them into shape as they dry. The colour may be restored to faded chamois gloves, by washing them in water in which orange peel has been boiled. This, too, makes them beautifully soft and pliable, with a soft, new appearance. Cotton gloves are easier to wash if put on the hand and scrubbed with a nail brush. Iron them before they become quite dry. Woollen gloves are washed in the same way as any other woollen article, and the same applies to silk.

Dry gauntlet gloves by drawing them over two bottles previously filled with sand. Place the bottles out of doors, and the gloves will dry with a professional finish, and peaked cuffs will be avoided.

Patching is necessary where large holes occur, but otherwise, fine darning is usually unnoticeable when worked in a matching colour. Seams must be stitched on the wrong side of the glove, and are made more secure if done by machine. Remember to fasten off securely.



THIS is a snapshot of Mrs. John Mulgan and her son Richard. Mrs. Mulgan is the wife of John Mulgan, the author of the New Zealand novel "Man Alone." She has just arrived from England, and is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Alan Mulgan in Wellington.

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