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- ★ New 'Veet' leaves the skin soft and velvety-smooth, without a trace of ugly bristly stubble like the razor leaves.
- ★ New 'Veet' is a dainty, white cream, sweetly-scented, clean and delightfully pleasant to use.
- ★ New 'Veet' weakens growth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow back faster and coarser. 1/4 and 2/7 at all Chemists and Stores.

HUMAN ENCYCLOPAEDIA Christchurch Woman Who Knows The Answer To Almost Anything

MRS. Elsie Clarke, Station 3ZB's champion *Information Please* contestant is a disconcerting conversationalist. She is quite likely to interrupt the most harmless discussion about the weather with an observation "But that was nothing to the flood Wellington had in 1874. Twenty-seven point five six inches of rain fell in 86 hours." Or she may counter an observation on the progress of the war with a recital, complete to the last date and place-name, of Napoleon's campaign in Russia.

Not that Mrs. Clarke parades her uncanny general knowledge without good reason. Sometimes, she confesses, she wishes she were quite normal in that respect. For Mrs. Clarke doesn't claim any credit for her ability; the simple explanation of it, she says, is that she has a photographic memory. She reads widely, and once she has grasped a fact, it sticks.

The Attic is Full

"It isn't all fun, I can tell you," she says. "My brain is cluttered up with useless rubbish like a spare room in an attic. And I can't get rid of it."

A Christchurch girl, Mrs. Clarke was educated at St. Michael's School, the Christchurch Girls' High School, and

Canterbury University College, and she also spent some time at the Canterbury School of Art. But notwithstanding her remarkable memory, she didn't make a fetish of examinations, and after nine years as an accountant in a solicitor's office, she settled down and married and had a small son just like thousands of other young women.

She has always been an avid reader. Even as a tiny tot, she says, she read anything she could find, from mythology to horror stories. She still reads a lot, with a preference for sagas of family life and light current history. She seldom reads detective novels.

Offers to Retire

Mrs. Clarke first broke into radio about two years ago when she entered for Station 3ZB's "Spelling Bees." They couldn't stump her, and after several sessions, she retired without having made a single mistake over the air. Then she entered for the old "Professor Speedee" general information session, and again she was undefeated.

On April 10 of this year, she entered for 3ZB's *Information Please*, and she has been collecting prizes of National Savings certificates ever since. Several times she has offered to retire, as she thought some listeners would be a little incredulous if she kept on winning at such a rate.

Recently, the sponsors of the session sent her on tour to 1ZB and 2ZB. At 1ZB she was first equal with a gentle-

man who called himself "Whispering Smith," and at 2ZB she appeared both in an *Information Please* session in the studio, and at a special display of her general knowledge in a big Wellington department store.

Mrs. Clarke is still annoyed about that first equal at Auckland. "I would have come first, but for a foolish question sent in from Christchurch, of all places," she says. "They wanted to know what is the maximum amount the New Zealand Government is prepared to reimburse individual farmers if they change over from butter to cheese production at the request of the Government. Well, I don't profess to be a dairy-farmer. So I said, 'I haven't the faintest idea, and wait until I get back to Christchurch. I'd like to meet the person who sent in that question!'"

Lovelines Were Lissome

GYMNASTICS FOR LADIES IN 1885

ON Tuesday evening of last week, the ladies' class of the Gymnastic Society gave a display to an audience of ladies only, and the parents of the pupils. The sight was a very pretty one. A brisk march was played on a grand piano placed in the gallery, and the master, wearing his white dress, led in a little army of girls dressed all alike in crimson Garibaldi's, short grey skirts trimmed with scarlet braid, and black shoes and stockings.

They spread over the hall and went through the "free exercises." First, the arms are stretched out straight till the finger tips of each all but touch the finger tips of her neighbour; then they are whirled round high in the air.

The second time they were varied by a slight jump and a stoop forward, like a diver's movement.

In most cases the girls' movements were extremely elegant, and many on-lookers discovered for the first time how graceful a woman is, untrammelled by corsets and train, and free to run and leap.

The attention of the audience was then attracted by one of the ladies climbing the rope which hangs from the centre of the roof, fifty feet high. All the girls learn rope-climbing, but this one, Miss Foster, is the only one at present who goes right to the top of the rope. She remained a little while at the top, looking completely at her ease, with one hand behind her back, to the great delight of the audience; and then slid slowly down.

—(from "The Lady," 1885)



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EVERY time a woman puts on her clothes she is challenging the male sex. That explains why she takes so long over her toilet. But is it so long considering the gravity of the occasion? A nation takes five years to re-arm, a woman does it in a couple of hours.—C. Willett Cunningham in "Feminine Fig-leaves."