



Strictly Personal

YOUR hair—eyes—complexion—determine the style of your make-up. Since no two women are alike, everyone needs an individual prescription for loveliness. Several inspired shades of Monterey face powder provide you with a scope for choice which features a truly **personalized** make-up.

For your personal cosmetic blend chart clip this advertisement and post to the manufacturers—
WILFRED OWEN LTD., Christchurch.



N.Z.L. = J.43

A PERFECT FIGURE

The Hollywood System of Figure Culture comes as a boon and a blessing to women who have too much flesh, whether all over the body or in certain parts. Similarly, it is of equal benefit to those who are too thin, flat-chest, thin arms, legs, hollow shoulders.

Women and girls who carry too much flesh or who are underweight but who can visualise the attractiveness of a perfect figure, are invited to write for free particulars of The Hollywood System of Figure Culture.

The Manageress,
**LADIES' INSTITUTE OF
HEALTH & BEAUTY**

(Dept. 2)

P.O. Box 469

AUCKLAND

AT THE ZOO

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IT'S EIGHTY IN THE SHADE

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What goes on in that monstrous head?

“**A**UNTIE, please take me to the zoo to-day!”

But the Auckland Zoo on a hot day is far from Auntie's idea of a quiet week-end; true, there are six lions, you can count them; but 60,000 flies or 600,000? You can't count them. You think the bison has tufts of the black hair of his mane on his flanks, on his rump, on his ribs; but he slowly moves to the rubbing post in the middle of his yard—a thick post round which barbed wire is twisted—and luxuriously scratches himself against it, and the black tufts of hair rise in a cloud and settle again, a hundred thousand flies riding on the back, living on the blood of the American bison, known to science redundantly as Bison bison. It is the same with the little fallow deer, as smooth as seals and as delicately built as Chinese needle-carvings; they stamp their small hooves and flick their ears and twitch their skin in a continual and vain effort to be rid of the flies, flies, flies, flies and flies.

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FLIES, says the zoo on a hot day. And next it says smells. Look at Hippo, wallowing in his stream: phloosh! and he is submerged. And “pugh!” you say. “What a smell!” But, oh, dear, you ain't smelled nothin' yet. Wait till Hippo comes up for air, wait till Hippo sees

all those boys and girls standing there behind the netting and into his deep head there comes the idea **FOOD**. Then Hippo opens up his mouth, and to open up his mouth is quite some opening, believe me, and he lifts up that huge pink hole, and he holds it open with an alarming and most stinking patience until someone in the audience (hum! but these people aren't standing there to hear: I wonder what one should term a *smelling* audience), throws into it a hunk of bread. And whoever is near enough to throw—believe me, because I did it out of Photographer's Enthusiasm, but never again—then most rapidly beats a hasty retreat and knows for ever afterwards where Spencer got his idea for his stinking dragon, the noisome beast.

Only the ducks seem to be able to shut their eyes to Hippo's smell. While that huge mouth gapes trustingly for bread, the spry brown Donalds are in and out of the scrum like brown shadows, grabbing the bread that five times out of six misses that huge bull's-eye. At first the boys fear for them: Look out! he'll get you! he'll get you! But don't worry. Old Hippo is too slow to catch even a cold. All he ever catches is an occasional toothache—except, of course, for the time when some inhuman human

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“Hey, Donald! Look out!”