

WOMEN AND THE WEATHER

IN the spring a woman's fancy turns to thoughts of clothes. There is something about spring—a stir in the air, a surge under the ground; the sap is rising, new leaves, new buds, new blossoms—new clothes! It may not be true that "Manners maketh Man," but we can safely say that "Clothes maketh Woman," for who has not slunk morbidly along in a many-seasons' winter coat to become infused with optimism and tranquility upon donning a new spring hat? This surely is an attitude to be encouraged. A morbid woman is a menace, the fashion journals declare. And they are right. On a happy woman hangs the fabric of prosperity. So being conscientious and mindful of our duty to the community, we set out for town. Of course we were also determined not to pander to the "Squander Bug."



What is it about shop mirrors?

IT was a warm, spring day. Don't be amazed, sometimes a day like that does come, and as if by magic, the street was full of women gaily dressed. Now that is a phenomenon I never really understand. When do these women prepare for spring? In winter do they hurry forth and buy spring suitings, fluffy hats, frocks designed for gentle zephyrs to caress, while their shoes are squelching mud and their cheeks are turning purple? It would take great strength of purpose to buy like that, or else an overwhelming ambition to be first with the goods. But in winter I have to buy for winter, hurriedly as the cold creeps in, and the summer before it was necessary to buy for summer, so that I never catch up. And to buy two seasons' clothes at once lies beyond my wildest dreams, so how do they do it? How do they begin? Anyway, on this warm, spring day, there they were, the early buyers, already decked for spring, and there were we, the duty-minded, miserably conscious of storm-tossed clothes.

THERE was no shortage of stock that day. The shops were packed with racks, and the racks were crammed with frocks, coats, suits, hats, shoes, fancy collars, gaudy scarves, nick-nacks, what-nots, and everything else, and the only signs that a war was raging were the steadily-soaring prices.

"We'll do this systematically," we agreed. "We'll go from shop to shop, we'll pass from counter to counter. We'll examine, compare, pass judgment, and in the fullness of time, we'll make a perfect purchase." The shop-girls were aloof and distant, serenely conscious that now the customer is never right.

"Moddom, it's no use saying what you want, you must take what we give you," they seemed to say with a sneer. "Don't you know there is a war on?" But every suit we liked was neatly labelled "Small Woman," and any suit that fitted was a monstrosity. "We don't make Women's fittings," the girl emphatically informed us. Two letters haunted us wherever we went—S.W., S.S.W., S.W., S.S.W.—till we felt like embittered Amazons. If Venus were to come back to earth, she'd be labelled O.S. and rejected by some pretentious shop-girl.

And what is it about shop mirrors? Are they specially designed to put

humility into our souls, anguish into our consciousness? Even the jauntiest feeling inspired by the springiest hat, evaporates before the hard, glazed stare of a shop mirror. After we'd tried on half-a-dozen suits in half-a-dozen shops, our hair was scraggy, our nose

shiny, our eyes bleary, and our confidence as shaken as a door-mat. And outside in the spring sunshine, people sauntered, "sprig-muslin drest."

SO the day fled. Our purpose was no longer to examine, compare, pass judgment, but to take what was offering quickly, feverishly, and flee. We entered a small shop, and there, joy of joys, was a perfect suit—sophisticated, trim, different. We dared not look at the ticket. Then the shop-girl swept up. "Delightful, that suit. Moddom would look charming. Would you care to try it on—women's fitting?" she purred.

"Women's? We'll take it. Wrap it up quickly."

"That will be 12 coupons," the shop-girl replied.

"Twelve coupons?"—We'd forgotten our ration book!

As we crept from the shop, the spring day was passing, from the south black clouds were rising. A storm was approaching! A respite! With luck the storm might last for a fortnight. We shook out the folds of our wintery coat and stepped sadly into the street.

—V.C.



Yes, Berlei made that corset... but not for you. It very nearly fits you, but very nearly is very bad business in corsetry, and we'd rather you didn't buy it.

You see, there isn't one reason why you shouldn't have the Berlei that's made in your size and figure type... which is, of course, the only Berlei you should wear, ever!

Despite all the battledress and uniforms we're making, we still produce enough foundations for everyone. So if your usual store hasn't got your particular fitting... wait for it. If you have to get it immediately, then your store won't mind if you shop elsewhere.

Please don't take something that's nearly right. We've always given you line, comfort and fit, and so long as Berlei remains, we'll continue to do so.

When you're being fitted remember:
Regulations insist on less elastic in foundations,
therefore you should

- 1 Test the fit in a sitting position.
- 2 Look for more freedom at waist and hips than you normally would.



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