

garden stretch where nectarines are digging their toes in, watched by the lamentable ruins of one of Auckland's old stables. Inside, it becomes what Alice in Wonderland called "curiouser and curiouser," but always in a delightful and convenient way. For instance, you know what a nuisance books are in the average bedroom. They must be at hand, but when they aren't lying with their binding in ruins beneath the bed, they are usually piled up on tables, or bookcases which take up too much room. Why didn't somebody think before of a deep niche bookcase, like an open cupboard, cut into the wall directly over the bed, softly lighted and painted to harmonise with the colourings of the room?

Down in the kitchen, there's the same touch of cleverness. The milkman doesn't leave his bottle on the step for the delight of prowling cats; he pops it through a shutter into safety. The drawing-room repeats long, flat, cool lines of colour in everything from cushions to curtains. The stairway is not the narrow tunnel of the usual house, dyed with the Chinese blood of innumerable spilt cups of tea, but airy, well-lighted and deep. The modernism in the Anschützes' home (Mr. Anschütz is lecturer in psychology at the Auckland University) is not the chromium and colour-clash variety, but the simplicity and restfulness of things that cause the minimum of trouble to both the eye and the limbs of the beholder.

The other shapely house—Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Binney's home on the Kohimarama heights—is in some ways like the first, in others very different. The soft cream of its colour-washed stucco shows behind two straight rows of poplar trees, dropping now "their blackened silver pennies." Directly in front of the house is a little terrace garden, strips of grass alternating with strips of stone. The moment the wide door is opened, it shows one comparative novelty in New Zealand architecture—a wide and beautifully-shaped hall, with perfectly plain carpets, the velvety green of moss, spreading from room to room.

Nearly every modern house, in the past few years, has been built with at least one green room, usually the bathroom: here the cool note of green is reflected right through the house—from bedrooms to beautiful drawing-room, where an enormous English fireplace adds the unbeatable comfort of the sometimes good old days to the charm of modern ones; from drawing-room to the veranda writing-room, which looks down on a blue curve of sea. The same idea of modernism, the harmony of furnishings, from lamp shades to tables, makes the house an invitation to rest. One might say that the whole psychology of modern home-furnishing is precisely this: when it is good, it is a relaxation in colour and comfort: when it is bad, it bristles with aggressive little gadgets, ideas about modernism, which stick into the stranger's ken like the quills of the fretful porcupine.

And can one introduce the modern note, without the advantage of a new house to work with and design? One of the most attractive little flats I have seen for a long time belongs to young Auckland newly-weds, Mr. and Mrs. "Bob" Lowry (she formerly Miss Irene Cormes). They decided to go flat-hunting, but flats which looked at all amenable to discipline were few and far between. Finally, in Herne

Bay, they found the downstairs flat of an old house, rather like the 'tween decks of a galley—steps and stairs between its rooms, glass doors, a thick glass roof for a veranda bedroom. When they took it, it must have looked like the home port of the Ancient Mariner.

When they were finally "at home" (with kippered herrings matching the still faintly nautical atmosphere), the

wallpaper had disappeared under sacking—nothing more, nothing less, and until you've tried it you don't realise how good its plain brown visage looks in decoration. Broad bands of green touched it up here and there, and the white overmantel, which looked originally as though some Victorian papa might have rested his brow against it while repeating family prayers, had

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don't fool yourself

Since halitosis never announces itself to the victim, you simply cannot know when you have it.



Halitosis makes you unpopular with children

SOME parents blame everything but halitosis (unpleasant breath) when children are not affectionate. As a matter of fact, halitosis is often the cause. Don't fool yourself that you are free of it, because it is simply impossible to tell when you have it. It doesn't announce itself.

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