

find that a healthy and natural colour will return to her cheeks, and all facial blemishes quickly disappear. Personally, I am of the belief that a good walk every day will be even more advantageous, but more strenuous than this easy and simple method, which, because it is a lazy way of keeping well, is soothing to the nerves..

**GARDENING** is an excellent tonic for the nerves, excepting when it becomes so fascinating that one loses all sense of time, and suddenly discovers she is left with only half an hour to dress and keep her appointment in town, and then the strain of rushing undoes all the good the playing with mother earth did. Talking of gardens—have you ever tried burning a few pieces of newspaper on top of the earth, where seeds have just been planted? Do so next time, and you'll find they'll germinate much quicker.

**THOUGH** this is "We Women's" page we don't want to use it to boast about the brains of our sex, but we do like to give credit where it is due. Miss Honey Harris, daughter of Sir Austin Harris, deputy-chairman of Lloyd's Bank in London, and Mrs. Marconi, two well-known artists, have recently been employed to carry out the decorative scheme of the new head office of Lloyd's Bank in London. Miss Honey Harris has designed twenty marble plaques, representing coins from 461 B.C. to the present day, and Mrs. Marconi has been engaged on two marble bas-reliefs in the banking halls.

—Yours,  
ALISON.



## A Cooking Hint.

—One that means lighter, fluffier, more delicious scones and cakes—with higher food value and a much longer period of freshness.

Add a few spoonfuls of **ANCHOR SKIM MILK POWDER** to every mixture.

Ask your grocer for "ANCHOR" TODAY.

PRICE 1/2 PER TIN.

Free Recipe Folder—write to "Anchor," Box 844, Auckland.

# Prize Poem Competition

**THE** prize of half a guinea for the best poem is awarded to "D.P." for "The Menagerie," a brief and poignant impressionist study of dwellers in the jungle, imprisoned by mankind to indulge the amused curiosity of inquisitive sightseers. This poem is instinct with an ironic indignation against captivity of wild things—a spectacle, as an old poet said, calculated to put "all Heaven in a rage." Good work has been received during the fortnight that has elapsed since our last competition, and though not up to prize-winning standard, we select for commendation "Greta's" two contributions, "The Birth of a Day" in particular revealing imaginative quality combined with attractive expression.

"Wild Rose" possesses a dainty facility for one so young, and her small, sweet poem anent the mists of spring holds promise for literary future.

"Betty K.": Thanks for letter and rapturous verses, which express some of the radiance of a "Dream-come-True." Tennyson was not far out, was he, when he wrote of the spring in "Locksley Hall." Kia ora!

"An Etching": An apt title for a vividly-phrased impression.

"Oh Mack's" work is at all times skilful and effective, and this week's contribution is no exception.

"Annabel Lee": Slight in texture and mediocre in expression.

C.S.: We like your letter of appreciation and what you say of the writing of verse. The poet's path is "uphill all the way," but to scale even a few of the hills of difficulty is well worth while.

"The Punga World" is all for a life of hard work "far from the madding crowd," and makes out quite a good case for it, too.

M.J. sets forth in two short verses a poetic conception of music imprisoned in the dark heart of a fiddle. Her poem has something of the blessed quality of originality.

"Alpha": A conscientious catalogue, but the incidents don't "click."

## The Menagerie

**THE** Show drums boom, the Showman bawls  
Into the tent with its windy walls,  
Into the rank and tainted air,  
Come the careless, curious crowds to stare.  
Here behind sturdy bolts and bars,  
Caged forever from wind and stars,  
With hate and fear in their amber eyes,  
Pace things of the wild and the open skies.  
The mangy lion snarls and slinks,  
Perhaps in his own dim way he thinks  
Of tireless limbs and fearless might  
And shimmering wastes of the tropic night.  
Over the blur of form and face  
The tiger stares into haunted space,  
The piteous ape in his squalid den  
Serves for the laughter of thoughtless men,  
The wolf in a sullen stupor lies,  
Dim are the chained eagle's eyes.  
But the Show drums beat, the Showman bawls,  
And into the tent with its windy walls,  
Into the rank and tainted air,  
Come the careless, curious crowds to stare.

—D.P.

## YOU CAN STOP IT!

If you smoke you are shortening your life. You can stop it in a very short time. Ask for particulars free. Home Welfare Pty., A.M.P. Buildings, 36 R. Hunter Street, Wellington.

for yearly by the various institutes, and is given for the best crop of potatoes, each member planting three tubers. If won by one institute three times in succession it becomes the property of that institute. The silver motto on the shield is a fitting summary of the aims and objects of the movement: "For Home and Country."

# FAMA

For Bathrooms, Lavatories,  
Sink-tops, etc.

FAMA STONEWOOD FLOORING CO., Wellington.

## Women's Institutes

### Growing Interest

**THE** days are now gone when living in the country meant almost complete isolation for women. Improved railway facilities, motor-cars, and wireless have all played their part in bringing rural dwellers into closer contact with the world at large, and now we have women's institutes, the object of which is to bring country women together for social intercourse and the discussion of matters of common interest.

Though of an international character, it is only within the last eight years that the movement has established itself in New Zealand. But in those few years a tremendous amount of activity has been manifest, and now there are nearly 200 women's institutes in this



MISS AGNES M. STOPS,

—S. P. Andrew, photo

country. They hold a social gathering once a month, and specialise in the development of arts and crafts.

In Wellington during the past week there has been a conference of delegates from the various New Zealand institutes, with the object of co-ordinating the different branches by the formation of a national federation for the Dominion. At the same time there has been an exhibition of the handiwork of members, and the excellence of the exhibits testifies to much latent talent, which might never have found an outlet had it not been for the stimulus afforded by the institutes. Great ingenuity was shown in the making of mats and rugs from materials, which would ordinarily be discarded, such as strips of sacking from sugar bags, unravelled wool, and men's worn-out underwear.

Old motor tire tubes were utilised to make the most artistic shopping bags, and dainty mocassins were manufactured from the most ancient of felt hats. At one stall there was an admiring group of visitors round a wonderful hatbox, which had begun life as a cheese crate, and now stood padded and lined with rose-coloured silk—a fitting home for the latest Parisian creations!

The interests of agriculture are not neglected by the institutes, and there was on show a shield presented by Miss Crawford, of Massey Agricultural College. This shield is to be competed (Concluded at foot of column 3.)