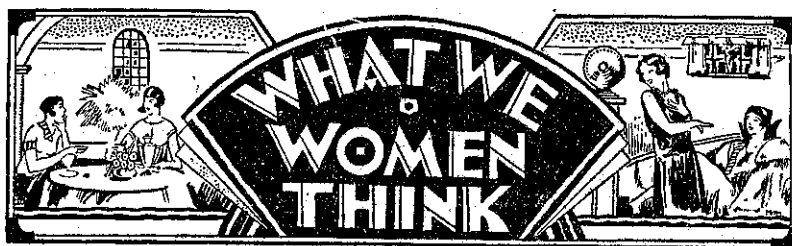


TWO of New Zealand's newest buildings have lately won my wholehearted admiration, and these are the new railway station at Auckland, and the Hotel St. George in Wellington. It would seem that we are beginning to realise what "service" for the traveller and the tourist really means. We no longer have need to bundle out of the train at Auckland after a long and dusty night's journey, and face our friends looking our positive worst. There are beautiful bathrooms provided for cleansing and refreshing. At the Hotel St. George the very newest note of efficiency in service is the provision in every bedroom of a "servidor." The upper part of the door opens both outwardly and inwardly, and being bowed both inside and outside form a space in which to place boots to be cleaned or suit to be pressed. It can also be used by the attendant for delivering orders, which may be rung through from each bedroom to the office. Then, too, each bedroom has its own tiled bathroom, complete with hot and cold shower; its telephone at the bedside, dainty furnishings and ample cupboard space. There are private sitting-rooms adjoining for those who require them, and suites of three and six rooms. There is a beautiful palm lounge, where one can drink tea and indulge in gossip under the oldest and largest palms in New Zealand. The decoration of the main lounge and the dining-room is in excellent taste, quiet and subdued, yet warm and inviting. But to be fully appreciated, the Hotel St. George must be visited, so if you have not yet had the pleasure of partaking of a meal there, do so at the very first opportunity.

THOSE who, during the past three years, have enjoyed the hospitality of 2YA Studio, will remember with pleasure the cordial welcome extended to them by Mrs. J. Davies, who has acted as official hostess during that period. Widely travelled in many odd corners of the earth's surface, citizenship of the world as she is, Mrs. Davies has adapted herself with admirable enthusiasm and geniality to the at times unsophisticated conditions of life in our Dominion. Both Mr. and Mrs. Davies are warmly appreciative of New Zealand in general, and Wellington in particular, and with their spontaneous kindness and catholic appreciation of art in varying aspects, will be greatly missed by the artists with whom they came into daily contact, and also the visiting public, who were made so welcome by the graceful chateleine of 2YA. Speaking for oneself, and voicing the sentiments of countless members of the



By "ALISON"

social and artistic ranks of inhabitants of the capital city who have been lucky enough to come within the wide sweep of activities of Mr. and Mrs. Davies, the hope is expressed, in the words of Kipling, that the future holds for each of them, the best of "good luck and good hunting!"—The Minstrel.

THE embroidered silk shawl, often a thing of exquisite beauty, has been almost totally eclipsed by the coat; but there is every indication

quite a lot from the society gossip columns of American journals. Their chroniclings are at any rate breezy, if a little venturesome! Take, for instance: "Miss J.B. in pale blue, unassuming, but reeking of chic!" or even: "Mrs. F.T., resembling nothing so much as a green apple tree in full bloom!" and yet again: "Mrs. M., literally dripping chinchilla despite the spring-like temperature!"

Surely a few crisp comments like these would induce us to wade through these carefully-compiled lists, but

Thought for the Week

THE OPEN HEART.

It is necessary to have a corner of the mind always open and free, to leave a place there for the opinions of one's friends, and to entertain them as they pass by. It becomes really intolerable to talk to men in whose brains the divisions are filled up, and into which nothing from without can enter. Let us strive after hospitable hearts and minds.

—JOUBERT.

Of its return to favour. A new way of wearing it is to drape it round the waist, one corner covering one shoulder and another corner forming a train. It looks extremely graceful, but is rather difficult to achieve.

ON reading an account of an interesting function given by an Auckland hostess not long ago, I could not help but gasp at the full column and a half devoted solely to the bare, dry statement of what each guest wore. Not an interesting description of the various frocks, mind you—nothing but a dull list of names followed by materials! Does anyone ever wade through a column and a half of such lifeless print? I imagine we could learn

where is the reporter who would dare to indulge his fancy in such graphic description?

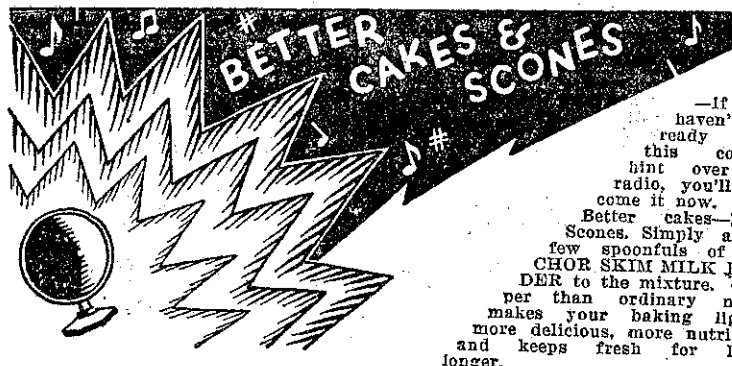
QUITE a new note in mannequin parades has been struck by a leading London firm, and it is such a practical and sensible idea that I'm sure it would make a big appeal to all New Zealand women if one of our enterprising firms would go and do likewise. Twin mannequins, exactly alike in appearance and build, parade daily in similar gowns. One wears an expensive Paris model, and her sister wears an exact copy of the model, in a different shade, and wherever possible, a different material. This is made on the premises and sold at a much more moderate price. I think it would be an excellent idea carried out here by one of our enterprising firms, and would be greatly appreciated by the woman who desires to be well-dressed yet cannot possibly afford the exclusive price of the imported model.

AN enthusiastic holiday-maker, airing opinion in service-car packed with humid humanity, plumped for Waitomo Caves as pleasure resort. Loudly verbal in praise of banks and braes of bonny Maoriland, her slightly illiterate and loudly-voiced comments ran thus: "Give me them Caves! You should see the stalmites and figuration. Abso-bally-lutely I was stunned. Little old Rotorua's all right, too, and we'd 'ave went there if there'd

been time, but Waitomo's my 'appy 'unting-ground!" From a small man in the corner came meekly tentative suggestion that something might be said for Mount Cook in the flame of sunset, but the lady would have none of him, using many mild expletives to drive home her point. "Mount Cook be blowed!" she said amiably. "All that waste sky and distance gives you the pip! Makes you lonesome like. Mount Cook's for the 'ighbrows!" Meantime some of us, remembering august beauty of that queen of mountain peaks, its ever-changing, heart-searching loveliness in nature's moods of war and peace, reflected that it might well find favour with all the brows of the world, be they high or low or broad or narrow, but kept our counsel and held our peace.

THE vogue of the great fox fur which has become an all-the-year-round habit with us, is fast nearing its end. The latest style in fur necklets is the long strip of flat fur which winds snugly round the neck and falls at length before or behind. Sable and stone-marten take pride of place, but these are both luxury furs, and there are many other less expensive skins to be had; although for spring and summer wear there is nothing more attractive than a soft stone-marten pelt. There is a rumour that Russian jackets are to be worn in the autumn, trimmed with black astrakhan and belted with patent leather in the approved style; while fur coats will be hip-length or three-quarter. With the continued approval of the caped coat, shoulders will be broader and hemlines narrower, and with this silhouette surely there must be a revival of the tricorne hat, which is so attractively becoming to many types.

THE decree that skirts must be longer has extended to the youngest section of society, and ankle-length hems, little tightly-buttoned bodices, frilly skirts, with frilly petticoats and knickers to match, are the very last



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