

LURE of frills and frocks, lovely lingerie, and beguiling beret, does not fail in appeal even in these hard times. Witness thronged escalator, and hordes of those once known as the gentler sex, who assembled to consider and to purchase modes of the moment, recently seductively set out in the Capital City by the D.L.C., this enterprising firm being in with the milk, so to speak, with early exposition of how beauty is to be attired when winter comes. That heavy mists curled over the dripping hills, and rain descended lugubriously on Lambton Quay, proved no deterrent, and "model frocks, moddam" for which world markets had been ransacked, brought once again the old, old thrill of delight.

A FEW, a very few, garments were overloaded with plastrons and pleats, creating a shiver of repugnance in all but the most inveterate follower of fashion. But this over-elaboration was rare, and turning from it we sighed to be sweet and twenty when viewing a white evening confection, its line of beauty cunningly contrived to lend added sinuosity to sylphlike proportions, a final touch of incredible chic bestowed by huge beflowered bow, resembling a flat "bustle," and much more fascinating than it sounds. Amusing and attractive was a long coat of geranium red, of simple line and excellent cut, an ideal wrap for fair or dark modern maid. Plain and spotted crede de chine coats and skirts, extremely useful, but not appearing so (an ideal combination), found many devotees, while black and white, it would seem, is still in extreme favour with all sorts and conditions of the pretty and the plain. For Phoebe, the country cousin, we selected a few, volle frocks, one of blue and pink with tiny rosebuds clinging to frilly skirt and fichu, a garment to suit quite admirably the agreeable fluffiness of the wearer, and cause heart havoc among her numerous swains.

HERE and there were digressions of line, bits and pieces being tacked at odd corners of anatomy of decorative garments, but on the whole evening gowns were fashioned as slenderly as Hood's ill-fated beauty. Quite entrancing was a butter-coloured confection in softest, sheerest satin, built on languishing long lines, and adorned with precariously perched variation of ubiquitous shoulder cape, in which some slim minx, preferably with dark curls like Nell Gwynne's in the Lely picture, will look ravishing; also admirable being a brilliant-hued gown of metal brocade which should prove gorgeously impressive if chosen by a Diana of the Crossways with figure built on Junoesque lines.

AS for hats, it is a case of the beret first and the rest nowhere. Not a maid, wife or widow, no matter her age



By "ALISON"

or calling, but has one on her shelf in which she hopes to make her mark, as no doubt she will, but perchance a bad one. For the race is to the strong, and the beret is for the young; so beware its bewitchment, ye whose complexions are lined, eyes haggard, and countenance too wide or too narrow, too long or too short. For les autres, however, the lucky ones, it undoubtedly bestows a debonair charm; as witness two eighteen-year-olds recently on the Quay, one clad in gorse yellow and the other in poppy red, with white headgear of prevailing rakishness, who were a sight for sair e'en, or so remarked an elderly Orlando, with the enthusiasm of forty-five years and sentimental Scottish heart.—Alannah.

ONE of the most attractive features displayed at the recent Bachelor Girls' Exhibition, Westminster, was an

Spooner's recent outfit which she chose for her latest adventure to the Cape was wool throughout. She had a pure wool cashmere pullover of saxe blue with a scarf to match and a jumper which buttoned down the front. Two sets of sheer wool two-piece undies, cashmere stockings, and over-socks, a leather coat and a pair of slacks completed the outfit, which weighed without the slacks and the coat just 2lb. 4oz. Miss Spooner is the world's greatest airwoman, having been awarded (last March) the women's trophy of the International League of Aviators. Two years ago she was third in the King's Cup Race, second in the race round Italy, and more recently won fourth place in the round-Europe race, in which there were no less than 60 competitors. A few months ago she made a parachute descent from an aeroplane at a height

Thought for the Week

It is folly to look back along the path you are travelling; and it is to court disaster, because human nature is weak at the roots and cannot bear to look at the past. Make up your mind, and then go straight ahead, glancing neither to the right nor to the left. Directly in front of you lie the problems which must now be faced.

—From a Frenchwoman's diary.

electric flat, designed, of course, by a woman. Its object was to occupy the minimum amount of space and possess the maximum number of labour-saving appliances. The floor area was only 24ft. by 30ft., and this had been divided into a lounge, with electrically-heated walls, containing a dining recess so arranged that many devices are close at hand for the quick preparation of meals; a kitchen, fitted for more elaborate cooking; a bedroom (with electric curling tongs, a balcony, where artificial sunshine can be enjoyed; and a bathroom warmed by a heater in the roof and supplied with constant hot water. Built into the walls were all kinds of useful fittings, and in such a flat the professional or business woman would be independent of outside help.

WOOL is slowly but surely coming into its own again—many of the newest sets of undies are of sheer wool yet as light and attractive as silk. An opera-top singlet of fine texture, soft and white as down, has a delicate tracery of palest blue silk woven round the top, and the short, shapely "panties" are similarly embellished at the knee. Wool is entirely without rival in flying fashions, and Miss Winifred

of 2000 feet. Miss Spooner hopes to create a new height record for women.

MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLLS, game-some and talented young literature of many ambitions and few years, discourses blithely in the current "Woman's Journal" as to his reasons for remaining unmarried. Truly, one reflects, the trail of publicity is over the land, and one seeks, and fails to find, what general interest attaches to the fact that this able and engaging journalist is single, benedict, or grass widower. Who cares? However, bolstered up by a photograph of himself—which will, one surmises, be of assistance in gaining the suffrages of his women readers, not for his theories, but for himself—with the aureole of youth about his handsome head, and the consummate egoism which is his characteristic, Mr. Nicholls states his

case with absence of acrimony and compelling sincerity which must find response in the heart of the born bachelor, who, possibly, is in high company, as it would seem as though the most popular man in the United Kingdom is in entire agreement. An admirable special pleader, Mr. Nicholls will almost persuade the dreamer and idealist to his way of thinking. Listen. "There are some things that I will not share. And those are my secrets. Not trumpery secrets about silly love affairs. But rather a record of hopes, too high and proud, fears too strange and wild, to be told—of faery things delicate and evanescent as a moth's wing. You, too, perhaps have secrets that are laid away—like sprigs of pale grey lavender, sovereigns of tarnished gold, the faint pencilled notes in a book of Shelley's poems you read when you were very young and very happy. Must we share these secrets? Can we?" This will find an echo in the consciousness of those who treasure some battered old volume of days of old, with its faint, and maybe foolish, pencillings. Mine is the poems of Swinburne, and at some odd moment one of those lovely phrases returns to me, bringing sudden snatch at heartstrings, and swift nostalgia for lost youth.—Deirdre.

HERE are some old and faithful friends presented to us, in new and attractive form. A bag for needlework is made of cretonne, silk, satin or what you will, the top being gathered into a band. To this band is attached a strap of the same material having a weight at its other end. The strap is placed over the arm of your chair, weight innermost, and the top of the bag falls open ready for use. The stumpy umbrella is always a favourite with the woman whose peregrinations must be at all times and in all weathers. Now she can telescope it to twelve inches by a few simple movements when not in use. A reading lamp which can be placed on the arm of the chair in which you sit is just an electric bulb, complete with a shell-shaped shade, clipped into its own fitting on a fairly wide and solid leather strap. This strap is well weighted at each end to ensure perfect balance when hung over the arm of your chair.

THAT man, artless, simple man, has always needed protection from the subtle snares of woman, is an admission we are bound to make to ourselves if we wish to be really honest. That it was a recognised fact in England, away back in the 18th century, is proved by the provisions of a law of that period, which states:—

"That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, who shall impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by virtue of scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth or false hair, iron stays, bolstered hips,

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