

**D**ESPITE the unkindly season, which has caused heart-burnings among devoted gardeners the Dominion over, the first national flower show staged last week in the Wellington Town Hall was a brilliant success in its assembly of glorious bloom. Than the gladioli there shown in individual and mass variety I have never seen finer. Some of the blooms were six and seven inches across and I know not how many were to be counted on the more impressive stems. The champion bloom was a sheer wonder and a credit to its growers—more especially as their location is one of Wellington's windiest suburbs. Profusely indeed must the fertiliser and liquid manure been applied to this gross-feeding bulb. But how richly did it repay its liberal diet! Opulent peas, dahlias and carnations, too, the show was rich in merit, while the selected begonias culled from many hothouses exhausted the vocabulary of all devotees. The show commanded popular attendance by sheer merit and should be the forerunner of a well-established national exhibit for future years.

**I**N travelling through New Zealand's countryside I am often struck by the absence of kitchen gardens at the farmhouses. Flower gardens, too, are more often than not conspicuous by their absence. That is regrettable, but surely the lack of a kitchen garden must be felt most severely. Have our farmers been too well off in the past to bother? If so, perhaps the present depression will go far to effect a cure! English homes—and farmhouses, too—are in marked contrast. There the garden is indispensable—in fact, a home is not a home without one. His Majesty sets the example. He grows all his own vegetables! Every day up from Windsor to Buckingham Palace come the vans of vegetables and flowers required for use and display. And what the King can do in the way of commonsense economy, surely we can! So, into the garden, my friend!

**I**T is no easy matter for those of us who are not fortunate possessors of an electric refrigerator to keep butter cool and firm during the hot summer days. But there is no need to endure oily butter, for the hardware merchants and leading grocers in Auckland are displaying a butter cooler which requires no electricity, and, better still, no ice. It is made of pure white plaster of paris composition, shaped like a deep dish with a deep lid, with a few large perforations and fitted with a plate-glass detachable base. All that is necessary to keep butter, cream and jellies cold and hard is to soak the cooler in cold water for about 10 minutes every twenty-four hours. The composition absorbs a large quantity of moisture and stays cool. It is easily kept clean by scrubbing with boiling water and soap, afterward rinsing in blued water. A larger kind for cooling meat, poultry, etc., has a glass door, and a glass shelf—in fact, is modelled like a small meat



By "ALISON"

safe. This, of course, can also be used for butter, and has a hollow top and sides which should be kept filled with water. It is rather more expensive than the small cooler, but as it can be put to so many more uses it is really an economy in the long run.

**A**NOTHER domestic, or rather toilet, novelty that attracted me was a toothbrush-holder made in the form of a wee house in a variety of brightly-coloured sponge. The house had a red roof, buff-coloured walls, green window fittings, and a green garden around it with brown paths. In the centre of the roof was a hole for the

the silent film, it must be admitted that, in comparison, the Norwegian actress does not stir the emotions with such invincible pathos. Miss Garbo's voice, with its foreign accent and unusual inflections, is perhaps not beguiling; and it may be that her role in Eugene O'Neill's sordid and powerful play of "Anna Christie" was better suited to her genre. For the rest, it was impossible to ignore, in the most dramatic moments, the Loud Laugh of a certain section of the audience; proving itself particularly objectionable in the final scene of renunciation and farewell, causing one to ponder on the

## Thought for the Week

Why we want equality of the sexes is because we want man to be free. Man can only be freed by woman, and woman cannot free men until she herself is free.

—Viscountess Astor.

insertion of the handles of the toothbrushes, which really looked rather like a queer-looking chimney rising above the steep red roof.

**"ROMANCE,"** that play of many memories, has recently been produced in the Capital City on the sound film. Melodramatic as it may be, and of a past age as it is, yet the hapless love story of Rita Cavallini is perennially attractive, and pulls, as ever, at the strings of our hearts. In the drama, as in life, the unexpected, the impossible, the least desirable event comes to pass, and Lorelei spreads her nets in a quarter where most unhappiness must eventuate. The lovely, temperamental artist, with bizarre and secret past, falls headlong into the morass of love, her quarry the zealous young cleric so admirably played by Mr. Gavin Henderson, whose singing of "Annie Laurie" to the sophisticated ebullient Rita was of great appeal. Cornelius van Tyl, polished denizen of society, generous, quixotic and lovable, was portrayed with convincing chivalry and artistic restraint by that sound and accomplished actor, Lewis Stone, who moves and looks like a gentleman, which is more than can be conceded to a great proportion of pictured protagonists to whom we have grown accustomed. A fascinating play, with its reminiscence of Camille and other brilliant fireflies of the drama; in which Greta Garbo was vivid, beautiful and seductive, everything in fact but poignant. Remembering Kathleen McDonnell's great performance in the stage play, and lovely Doris Keane on

mentality of those who greet an appeal to the emotions with loud and lamentable giggles.—The Minstrel.

**ONCE** more the long dress is claiming its victims. We of the older generation remember the trailing clouds of dust raised by the sweeping robes of the past. Occasionally there were falls and stumbles due to those same lengthy robes. Again history repeats itself. Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., advanced thinker as she is, sways to the dictates of fashion—and measures her length on the floor as a result. Tripping over her unaccustomed robes at the dinner given by Lady Astor, she sprained her ankle severely and was incapacitated from her Parliamentary duties for some time.

**I**N a recent English journal Lady Rhonda blithely discourses on woman and Mr. H. G. Wells. Sir Roger Dover, a wise old Wellsian mouthpiece, thus sums up the sex: "Surely it's better to exist than just transmit existence. And that's a woman's business, though we've fooled and petted most of 'em into forgetting it. Hunger they understand, and comfort and personal vanity and desire, furs and chocolates and husbands.

and the extreme importance conferred upon them by having babies at infrequent intervals. But philosophy or beauty for its own sake, or dreams! Lord! No! The Mahometans knew they haven't souls and they say it. We know it and keep it up that they have!" An interesting point of view and, coupled with the fact that the chief fault of Mr. Wells's heroines, in the eyes of their creator, is the fact that they are over thirty, is quite reminiscent of Schopenhauer, who held that, once the child-bearing years were over, a woman might as well be dead. So that the age of chivalry is still dying or dead.—Deirdre.

**T**HE headmaster of Eton presumably understands a great deal about the psychology of the youthful male of the species. Is he qualified, however, to make profound comment on ancient and modern maiden? In a recent speech to a girls' school he is credited with the statement that woman, though practical, is inartistic, that there have been no great women poets (shades of Elizabeth Browning, Christina Rossetti, Edith Sitwell and the rest!), no artists (what about Rosa Bonheur and Dame Laura Knight?), or musicians (did he ever listen to Carreno at the piano?); and also the sapient suggestion is recorded that, though women are braver than men, they are also more cruel! Remembering the sublime courage of the British soldier in the Great War, it would be difficult for the most smug of womankind to agree with Dr. Alington's tribute; and as to cruelty, their malice is usually expressed in words, not deeds.—Ariadne.

**D**ESCRPTION of an eighteenth century heroine: "Her whole form delicate and feminine to the utmost degree; complexion fair, enlivened with the bloom of youth, and diversified with blushes more beautiful than those of the morning; features regular; mouth and teeth very lovely; hair light brown, eyes blue, full of softness, and strongly expressive of the exquisite sensibility of her soul. Her countenance, beautiful abode of the Loves and the Smiles, has a mixture of sweetness and spirit, which gives life to her charms." Rather a chocolate-box beauty, one surmises, to the seasoned taste of modern Romeo.

**T**HE subject of divorce is threshed out in some recently-published essays, initial appearance of which was in the form of a series appearing in the "Daily Express." The authors are of widely differing nationalities, but all of note in the literary world; and they agree in regarding divorce as one of the best methods extant of settling multifarious evils arising through frequent inability of humanity to adjust itself, with any degree of happiness, to the holy and difficult estate of matrimony. Bertrand Russell, Dreiser and Fanny Hurst represent American viewpoint; Wells, Deeping and Rebecca West our own country; while the German Feuchtwanger and the French Maurois are also included. This book embodies singularly interest-

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