

FOR the coming winter, black, brown and navy cloth coats with luxuriously large fur collars and cuffs will be very much worn. A soft, cosy wool dress of lighter shadings to tone, or in a decided contrast trimmed with touches of colour to match the coat, is worn underneath; and, of course, the inevitable bright flower posy nestling somewhere in the fur collar. Dark brown and cream is likely to out-favour black and white, and a very dark green with deep cream is also a new alliance. For instance, a dark green long coat of soft, smooth cloth, flared ever such a little at the hem, and having a cluster of pale beige camellias placed in the beige ermine collar of the coat, is worn over a very deep cream or parchment-coloured frock of a wool and satin mixture. For extra warmth there is a slim-fitting waistcoat in dark green wool with cream buttons.

EVERY woman knows that a room is made or marred by its lighting. The solitary central ceiling light is not too kind to our eyes or to our furniture, and we are learning to use electric light in a more subtle way, to diffuse it with a softer radiance, and to regard it from an ornamental as well as a practical point of view. Concealed lighting effects, such as illuminated cornices and ceilings are too expensive for the average householder, but coloured lighting introduced into wall-brackets at intervals round the room is quite economical and very effective. Table and bed-side lamps are very attractive just now. Designers are competing keenly with each other in the creation of beautiful lights. A well-known English maker of lovely china figures is adapting his models to fit into any lighting scheme. The figure is mounted as a table lamp with a coloured shade, and the Queen, who, as you know, is a connoisseur and keen collector of china, greatly admires these figures, and has bought several of them.

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By "ALISON"

THE very newest news in the world of fashion is that the "best" dress designers are producing shorter evening dresses. Women have soon grown tired of trying to deal gracefully and successfully with wispy tails, and men—dancing men especially—have kicked against the odds and ends of material which cling to their ankles and cramp their style. So, of course, women have demanded shorter skirts, and designers cannot choose but follow. So now we can safely dispense with our trailing glories and be comfortable once more.

quake and its subsequent reactions on the mentality of a child. The language is terse and vivid: "Then it came. The water of the bay ebbed away, as if someone had pulled the plug; sand and coral gleamed for a moment new to the air; then back the sea rushed in rollers which splashed right up to the feet of the palms. Turf was torn away, and on the far side of the bay huge wedges of cliff tumbled into the water; sand and twigs whirled, dew fell from trees like millions of diamonds; birds and beasts, their tongues loosed in terror, screamed and bellowed...."

Thought for the Week

I wish I could broadcast a message to all people who are sad and unhappy, in trouble or despair at this moment, to let them know that it doesn't last—it can't last; to tell them to go on believing and hoping, and praying and looking forward, because all the worst muddles and the saddest tangles are bound to come right in the end.

Oliver Sandys.

BROADLY speaking, the more mediocre a man, the less inclined he is to give a woman her due. Recently in the house of a friend, I found myself cornered by a large, loose-limbed wearer of plus-fours, who settled down beside me for a literary causerie. "Rather difficult, y' know, this choosing books from the library," quoth he pompously, and added with kindly patronage: "Perhaps you know a few you can recommend?" Secretly doubtful as to his powers of mental assimilation, but desirous of promoting social amenities, I volunteered the names of certain admirable volumes that lately have come my way. "Angel Pavement," Rebecca West's "Harriet Hume," Virginia Woolf's "Orlando," Margaret Kennedy's delightful novels. Mr. Priestly's effort passed muster, but the rest were waved aside superbly. "I simply can't read anything that women write," said my preposterous pundit. "Women's books bore me terribly!" So I tore up my little list and pondered on the fatuity of my dear fellow-creatures.—"Deirdre."

There was nothing, no adventure from the hands of God or Man, to equal it. If she had suddenly found she could fly, it would not have seemed more miraculous. Heaven had played its last, most terrific card, and small Emily had survived where grown men had succumbed. Life seemed suddenly a little empty, for never again could there happen to her anything so dangerous, so sublime. When she went back to England, she could say, "I HAVE BEEN IN AN EARTHQUAKE!"—"Southerner."

A WELLINGTON woman, travelling abroad, writes as follows: "I sat next to Mrs. Bernard Shaw at one of Shaw's lectures. I had to keep pinching myself to realise I was listening to the modern Socrates. It seemed too marvellous to be true. When it was over I could not resist saying to his wife: 'What a wonderful speech!' She looked as happy as a child, and told me she had been worried about him as he had not spoken in public for two months, and she was afraid he would be weary. When he had driven off in his car (making the worst gear change I have ever heard—the darling!) I stole back to the lecture hall and gathered up the torn fragments of his notes in answer to questions. I have pieced them together. They are treasures."

LIKE thousands of others, on the night of Tuesday, fateful 3rd of February, I lay sleepless through the hours of midnight and dawn. At last, turning on the light, I reached for the nearest book, which happened to be that strange and ingenious tale of the tropics and murder on the high seas entitled "High Wind in Jamaica." Curiously coincident, the first words my eyes rested upon described an earth-

sea waves being flouted by gaiety of beach wrappings that astonish old-fashioned onlookers and bedizen the sands o' Dee. Futuristic stripplings of the most fantastic, multi-coloured Japanese umbrellas, coolie coats and hats hoisting stark primary colours, flaunt strident charm. Worn over pyjamas en route to bathing-beach, the "happy" coat flaps its way into the affections; slender and graceful golden girl scoring all the time, for gentlemen still prefer blondes, in spite of dark-eyed sirens whose epidermis takes on so entrancing a tan under the heat of the sun. And when night comes, the long day done, there's always the useful ubiquitous gramophone to lend a hand; and, despite hard times, pessimistic prophecies, and impending inflation, the stars still "shine over the summer seas" while eternal youth chases the glowing hours, if not with flying feet, with the modern equivalent thereof.—"Undine."

WE learn from a leading journal that the Pope has given apostolic benediction to a world-wide crusade to be undertaken in 1931, one of its purposes being to inculcate Christian ideas of morality. Chapters of this confraternity will be established in every country, and priests must promise to use persuasion, reproaches, prayers and reprimands to induce women to wear garments which respect modesty and are the ornament and defence of virtue. Girls who adhere to the fraternity will not be permitted to participate in public gymnastic exercises or contests. "Immodest attire will be attacked," it is stated, "because it is ugly and ungraceful and because it provokes the decadence of the modern woman and the loss of her immortal soul."

HOUSEWIVES in Wellington will this week be given the opportunity of definitely cheapening the cost of living. This will be done through the Open Markets to be opened on Wednesday in a commodious building in Bond Street, at the back of "The Dominion" Newspaper Building. Here there has been laid out a set of some 20 stalls, occupied by producers of all kinds—the apple-growers of Nelson, the flower and vegetable-growers of the Hutt, the fishermen of Island Bay, as well as stalls specifically set aside for the sale of poultry and cold meats, butter, cheese and honey, sweets and confectionery. There is another stall which I think will be of growing interest to city housewives. This is Mrs. B's stall. Why the name? The explanation is that this stall is sponsored by the "Dairy Exporter and Farm Home Journal," in which Tui, the Lady Editor, writes monthly to "Mrs. B."—the title under which she addresses her feminine readers on subjects of interest. In the country homes of the Dominion are many famous cooks, gardeners and needlewomen, and the stall is designed to enable them to capitalise their industry and talent in these fields. I have seen some of the splendid needlework already sent in, and feel sure that many bargains in beautiful things in this field will be available, as well as in the realm of home-made cakes, jams, etc.—Amaryllis.