

ALL roads led to Petone on the occasion of the recent regatta. Many thrilling events were staged, it being essentially a man's day, but mere woman may be permitted to express delight of many feminine partisans, who from car and lorry, beach and vantage-point, breathlessly followed the fate of their particular protagonists—Patricia in geranium-red waving wildly to "Star" colours, Chloe in verdigris-green frock and beret cheering for Wairau, and all the other merry maidens shouting encouragement to those who captured their suffrages. We camped on the beach, ate sandwiches between events, clenched hands excitedly as our colours shot forward to victory or followed sleuth-like in wake of winner. Something there is about a boat-race that strikes irresistible response in hearts of sisters and cousins and aunts; the aloof air of those about to try their prowess, their purposeful stride, their pinkness of perfection. Finally, swift cleaving of the water by slender boats propelled by splendid young athletes, all out for supreme moment of victory, but doing their sporting darndest whether they win or whether they lose.

**CONCERNING "The Newest Art,"** an English paper, commenting on the Seven and Five Society's exhibition, speaks of Miss Frances Hodgkins, the famous artist of New Zealand birth. The criticism reads thus: Nobody desirous of keeping in touch with the very latest art movements can afford to miss this show. Originally founded by seven painters and five sculptors, the society now numbers among its members some of the most independent and advanced artists in our midst. Miss Frances Hodgkins, a most capable and gifted artist, has invented a new kind of still life which has an effect something like a mantelpiece suspended in space and surrounded by landscape. "Berries and Laurel" is the title of one of these paintings, which still more appropriately might have been called "Pink Vases and Green Trees." Miss Hodgkins has a power of draughtsmanship and a charm of colour which make all her work interesting, but one is hardly prepared to say yet whether this novelty of subject is or is not an additional attraction.

**LIFE** is so full of a number of things for Mr. Beverley Nichols, youthful of ideas as he is, supreme in youthful audacity, that we are perhaps not surprised when he writes with intuitive knowledge of feminine psychology when discoursing recently on success and failure. Thus speaks Mr. Nichols with

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gentleness and insight: "If you are an oldish woman, wheeling somebody else's baby in a perambulator through the park, holding somebody else's little boy by the hand—if you are always rather tired; if you have only a very tiny balance at the savings bank, and sometimes in your stuffy room that looks out on to a back yard, you clutch your fingers tightly together and wonder what is going to be the end of all this proud, painful striving—you cannot persuade yourself that you are a success. Of all the children who have passed through your hands, hardly one remembers you. . . . Never a child of your own. . . . Never a man to love you."

**WITH** equally frank and sympathetic comprehension he proceeds: ". . . But we're all in the same boat. We know ourselves to be failures in our heart of hearts, because we are haunted by the ghosts of might-have-been, by the wraiths of children unborn, or love unfulfilled, of battles won in the brain only, of suns that never rose for us. Browning wrote it all in three immortal lines: "All I could never be, All men ignored in me, This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

That Mr. Nichols, Georgian of Georgians, should thus quote with reverence and admiration Robert Browning, the Victorian poet, proves that the engaging young iconoclast, whether he admit or no, is on the side of the angels.

**"IT** is not Time's writing, but the character of what Time has written, that spoils the faces of most women." Thus wrote an acute observer of her own sex, and who can fail to appreciate the accuracy of that discernment when remembering the tell-tale wrinkles of malice, cupidity, and intolerance etched upon the faces the owners of which have passed the middle years of life. The great Gallic novelist, Balzac, whose genius as an exponent of female vice and virtue is unsurpassable, passionately absorbed as he was in the study of faces that were to him "tablets whereon the life-will had placed its sign-manual," cared to peruse human physiognomy only when approaching the forties. Most women set disproportionate value upon what the French term *beaute de diable*, the lure of which, in the nature of things, must necessarily be evanescent; while strong spiritual and mental affinity persists in face of difficulty, disaster, and death. Why should feminine cour-

age wilt before the onrush of the years? In all things there are compensations. There is one beauty of the sun, another of the moon; one of the body, another of the soul, and the latter is apparent through frail earthly envelope only when the young years have passed into the limbo. So, in spite of Schopenhauer and his unpleasant philosophy, life for us all may be a good and gracious thing after, as well as before, the fatal forties.

**A**NENT perennially intriguing topic of the perpetuation of feminine loveliness, in Mr. Alec Waugh's latest novel, thus reflects a mature beauty, who has been painted by Sargent, and by dint of modern miraculous devices still retains the svelte contour and charm of youth. "She often wondered

**THERE** is all the difference in the world between departure from recognised rules by one who has learned to obey them, and neglect of them through want of training, want of skill, or want of understanding. Before you can be eccentric you must know where the circle is.

—Ellen Terry.

whether it was worth the trouble; asked herself whether women had not got more out of life sixty years ago, when they let themselves grow old at thirty. She remembered her grandmother at fifty, with knitting, white bonnet, black shawl, and spectacles. She had not wasted her time in beauty parlours; she had not spent half an hour every morning lying on her back waving her legs above her head. She had time to indulge impersonal interests that ousted immature self-absorption, and was serene and in harmony with her setting. Nor was she out of touch with youth, for there were few afternoons when there was not some young man telling her of his dreams, his loves, his troubles." Which goes to prove that indefatigable pursuit of loveliness in the last analysis, proves itself a game hardly worth the candle.

**A**WRITER in a contemporary suggests the following as the model bathroom. The right size—many bathrooms are far too large—done in one of the new glass-like compositions of a warm and cheerful tone; with a pedestalled wash-basin of ample proportions; and above it a sunk-in medicine chest, flush with the wall, with a metal-framed mirror and a lower recess to hold all the toilet accessories;

a built-in glazed porcelain bath, quickly filled and emptied, fitted into the walls, not more than a foot above the floor so that one can step into it majestically, and enclosed to a height of six feet with a plate-glass nickel screen and door which will enable showers and splashing to heart's content. Certainly it sounds attractive. Particularly stepping, instead of climbing into the daily tub.

**THE** things most deeply felt are not always easy to put into words. The impassioned lover is more apt to be incoherent than eloquent. "You are the dearest thing in the world, and I love you, love you," carry as much conviction as the old-time letters in the best literary style. And probably the village girl who gets a stiff note ending with many crosses is as pleased with it as some of the recipients of famous love letters which have become public property. In connection with the latter a painful thought obtrudes. Did some of those whose letters are famous write with an eye on posterity, or, at least, were they well aware of the distinction of their style?—"Pandora" in the "Sunday Times."

**"WHAT** Must a Young Girl Know Before Marriage?" From the book which I will supply to order, the young girl will learn, not those things which every young girl is told before marriage, but what the young girl of today will find it indispensable to know. For reasons easily to be understood, it is not possible to sell such a book over the counter, but on receipt of the price the book will be sent, discreetly packed, to any address." Thus an astute Budapest bookseller advertised an old cookery book he had inherited from his father. With every post orders rolled in from both sexes and all ages, and saved his business from bankruptcy. The purchasers of the book, however, were not satisfied, and several attempted unsuccessful actions for fraud! What an expert was lost to the advertising business in this second-hand bookseller!

**THREE** blind girls were among the successful candidates in the Oxford and Cambridge Joint Board School certificate examination. They gained a "credit" in every subject. The question papers were in Braille, and the answers, except in mathematics, were typed. The girls, all aged 17, hope to go on to a university.

**SEEING** how lovely modern fabrics are, it is not surprising that modern women are reviving patchwork. This is the latest needlework craze for winter evenings, although the Queen is among those who remain faithful to Georgian tapestry work. Women this winter have been taking classes in patchwork, and are collecting scraps from their friends. These they cut out with the aid of a special instrument.

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