

THOSE who go down to the Quay to shop will find that the long-skirted flouncings so much in evidence in Saleland will prove a blessing to runners-up of last-minute evening dresses. These are offered in crepe de chine, georgette, and net, the latter finely frilled to the hip line. Part of the plain top forms the sleeveless bodice. For the older woman there are piece-lace flouncings, usually in black, and with such a dress a little velvet bolero is permissible for informal occasions. Soft reds and greens are favourite colours for this cosy garment, a fact which should be borne in mind when remnants come under consideration.

THE Begum Shah Newaz, beautiful member of the India Conference recently held in London, in an article in "John Bull," enunciates interesting views on the Ideal Woman. Thus the Begum in singularly sane and arresting diagnosis: "Englishwomen at their best are incomparable. They represent to us women in India an ideal of womanhood fulfilled. Of the type I admire most deeply I regard our beloved Queen-Empress as leader. Those who have been privileged to meet this gracious, unassertive, and profoundly enlightened personality will never forget her. She appears as the embodiment of the womanly virtues.

"But there are other types that puzzle us and make us feel, not without pride, that we have little to learn from them, perhaps much to teach. There are Englishwomen, often very beautiful, but their superb gifts are entirely used to attract men. I wonder if they realise how innocent they are of their true dominion. To court the admiration of men is putting all their splendid training to small, mean use.



"They might profit by the example of Indian women. We are brought up to live above men. To be courted is not a matter of overwhelming importance to us. It is, admittedly, given a place in our existence, but we take it for granted. If admiration from men comes, so much the better. But it is only our due.

"The women I speak of here in England long for male admiration. Eng-

IN many new houses we find that architects have returned to the old fashion of dividing one of the large rooms by folding doors. Such a room looks very well if one portion is furnished as a dining-room and the other as a lounge. I have seen a good effect produced by partly dividing a large room by means of a handsome screen. This gives the cosy and secluded appearance to the part used as a lounge.

*Bind ardent hope upon your feet like shoes,
Put on the robe of preparation,
The table is prepared in shining heaven,
The flowers of immortality are blown;
Let those who fight, fight in good steadfastness,
And those who fall shall rise in victory.*

—William Blake.

land is full of splendid women, veritable queens of beauty, but they are throwing themselves away when they allow themselves to submit to the ignominious tyranny of inciting male admiration. Living for such an object explains much in regard to the indelicacy of some Western fashions and many feminine habits."

The smallest lounge I have ever seen was made underneath the staircase of a modern house, in the space formerly occupied by cupboards. It makes the small hall look twice its original size, and, as it is protected from draughts and is fitted with an electric stove, it is quite a pleasant place in which to warm one's toes after a shopping expedition.

COAL economy is an important point in the winter months. You will find your coals burn twice as long if you sprinkle a handful of salt over it each time you make up the fire. If you are leaving a room empty for some time scatter fine ash or damp coal just over the top of the fire. This will prevent the coal burning away so quickly.

MANY young girls in London society are among the unemployed just now, for dress shops and gift salons where they were employed behind the counter have had to reduce their staff.

Mrs. "Freddie" Cripps, however, has such a flourishing hair-dressing business that she has "signed" on two extra assistants in the persons of Lady Patricia Ward, daughter of Lord Dudley, and Miss Romaine Combe.

Miss Valerie French, granddaughter of the late Lord Ypres, and sister of Mrs. Vyvyan Drury, as an assistant in the hat shop run by the Hon. Gladys Jessel, and Miss Joyce Montague, daughter of the Dowager Lady Swaythling, is still hard at work in the sports clothes section of an Oxford Street store.

ONLY another irrepressible canine, barking delight in life as he frisked in the wake of one motor-car and in line of passage of another, which incontinently mowed him down. Just the compact of audacity and trustfulness and joie de vivre which happened to be Angus, of the topaz-hued eye, lurching amber-brown body, and understanding heart. Many a lumbering bus, shrieking motor-bicycle, and disdainful Rolle-Royce had he gambolled

around, jumping perilously in their wake, and escaping by favour of the high gods. But on that fatal day the die was cast, his number was up, and, with all the skill and kindness in the world, the vet., so speedily on the scene, could do no more than administer a something which speedily wrote "finis" to the happy saga of frolicsome adventure that made up the life of Angus.

No snob, he piloted our friends, young and old, gentle and simple, down the long leafy path leading from gate to front door, asking no largesse but pat on deer-like head and kind word in response to appeal from liquid and trustful eye. His own dear and particular cobbler, however, was the postman, who, on news of extinction of that abounding and zestful vivacity, broke habitual reticence to tell of rambles down the Terrace on blue or grey mornings, four-footed adherent gambolling beside beloved vendor of letters, and anon roving to refresh lithe body under play of spraying hose turned on to wind-blown gardens. One-time derelict doggie though he was, Angus was a gentleman in love of baths and unswerving loyalty to chosen friends of his heart. Lovable, irresponsible and transparently sincere, his short life was a riot of joyfulness and devotion. Now, who knows, he scampers in Elysian fields, and adds the deep baying note that we loved to welcome of such Olympians as may be.

MISS POLA NEGRI'S admirers will like to hear that she is appearing in London in a film entitled "Farewell to Love," the action of the play being laid in a smart Paris night club. The exotic and temperamental star exhibits versatility in song, dance and the dramatic art as a gypsy cabaret artist, reaching hysterical climax in voluptuous last tango, bidding farewell to 'Pamour. The plot was inspired and written by Pola herself, who gave it to a dramatist to set to dialogue. The gypsy lover, chosen by Miss Negri, is Mr. Reginald Tate, who will be still fresh in the minds of many for his memorable performance of Captain Stanhope in "Journey's End."

A CURIOUS application for work is recorded by a contemporary. An editor received from a would-be singer: "I am sorry you do not like my poem for I feel that I have secret fire in my veins. If, however, you cannot accept these verses, will you give me a job as a heavy goods porter?"

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