

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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44 PAGES

## Margaret Saw To EVERYTHING

### How Lord Mayor's Charming Daughter Spent Wedding Morn

The wedding of Margaret Hagon and John Collins on Tuesday last, which has aroused such widespread interest throughout New South Wales and Queensland, was indeed one of the social events of the year.

Margaret is more than a very lovely girl. She is the daughter of the Lord Mayor of Sydney. And John is more than a very wealthy young man. He is the heir of one of Australia's leading families, and owner of one of Australia's most renowned station properties.

MARGARET, however, who might reasonably have expected to spend her wedding morning waited on hand and foot, is no spoilt, lazy beauty.

Included in her plans was a visit to St. Mark's, about midday, to see that no misguided decorator was including balloons or other distasteful "bright idea" among her flowers.

Her wedding might be one of the social events of the year, but it was also her own personal day of beauty, and she saw to it herself, as far as she was able, that there was not the slightest jarring note.

In fact, Margaret was up and very much about during the whole of the wedding morning.

If it had not been for her frantic dashes from room to room, "Patsy," her dog, would certainly have made quick work of the wedding cake (all white, like the rest of the wedding, and having a model of her bridegroom's aeroplane in relief) long before the reception.

Further, the arrangement of the cake upon its stand, the decorating of the drawing-room and arranging of the flowers, were all carried out under her personal supervision, and in accordance with her directions.

WHILE there was anything to be done, Margaret, in simple navy morning frock and little pale blue cardigan, like Cinderella before the ball, was not going to be left "resting."

And, of course, in accordance with tradition, her Prince Charming completely ignored her until the ceremony. There was not even a telephone.

Even the frantic last-minute bouts with hairdresser and the

usual fuss over the frock were not in her line. She just decided casually to get dressed "some time after lunch."

Nor is her trousseau particularly elaborate for her world honeymoon tour. Margaret decided only to get undies (made by Mrs. Langer Owen's nieces and other girls) and sufficient other clothes. Everyone knows the one thing to avoid when travelling is stacks and stacks of bags.

SHE is looking forward enthusiastically to country life when she returns from abroad.

John's relations, the Pursers, are quite nearby, and probably, she says, young folk of her own age.

Since her school days, when she won prizes for sport—swimming was her greatest joy—she has loved everything outdoors. John, too, shares her tastes, and both hope for a future full of tennis, ski-ing, riding, and flying.

And, what is best of all, in each other's company.

"MARGARET, you are on the wrong side!" whispered the Matron of Honor, Mrs. Furlley, to her sister as her train was being arranged in the vestibule of St. Mark's.

This mistake was quickly put right, and the train of Chantilly lace, covered with a foam of tulle swept up the aisle.

The tall, fair bride did not wear any gloves, and her hands looked beautiful and shapely in the surrounding whiteness of an all-white wedding.

The bridesmaids all received a diamond bar brooch, with the exception of the tiny girl who clasped her white hyacinths with tiny gloved hands. She received a string of seed pearls.

## FILM FINALISTS SAIL Next Week

A BUSY, exciting final week faces the winners of the All Australia Paramount - Women's Weekly "Search for Beauty" film quest. They are in Sydney now enjoying their last few days in Australia. Both of them are looking particularly well.

The good time they have been given in Melbourne has made them enthusiastic for their adventure into the film world. They have got over the first shyness of making public appearances, so that Sydney will see them at their best.

Paramount executives are delighted with their judges' choice. They feel that Miss Munro and Mr. Norman will both do well in Hollywood, and that they have a good chance of being among the few "Search for Beauty" winners to be retained by Paramount for special work when the filming of "The Search for Beauty" is complete.

Many receptions and public appearances have been arranged for their last days in Sydney.

On Monday afternoon they will be given a reception at Bebarfeld's Hollywood Bungalow, George Street. In the evening they will be heard over the air from 2GB, and they will be seen at the Palais Royal.

On Tuesday they will be given a lunch

at Romano's by Paramount executives, and in the evening they will be presented to Sydney at the Prince Edward Theatre. Bebarfeld's handsome trunk donations will be presented to them on the stage.

On Wednesday at 11 a.m. they will experience the greatest thrill of all, when the siren of the "Monterey" gives its warning hoot and the big vessel starts to pull slowly away from its moorings at Circular Quay.

Brian Norman's parents will be on the wharf waving to him, but Miss Munro will have her mother on board with her.

Beautiful double saloon deck cabins, with private baths, have been booked for them. Mr. Norman will be joined at Auckland by the New Zealand man, Mr. Colin Tapley, of Dunedin. The New Zealand woman, Miss Frances Joyce Nielsen, will also be accompanied by her mother.

After a 19-day luxury trip, the winners from "Down South" will be met at Los Angeles and taken to the Roosevelt Hotel, within easy distance of Hollywood.



A charmingly informal camera picture of the bride gathering an armful of billowing tulle as she left St. Mark's Church. The bride, of course, was Lord Mayor Hagon's daughter, Margaret—now Mrs. John Collins.

—Women's Weekly study.

# Snappy Sydney Revue Stunters



LT GIFFORD  
"Giff" is a shy lover with a rival—at least in the revue. He gave the show its name.



DAVID GAME—does not do this in real life, but he will be seen in the play sitting with a girl on a park bench at 4 a.m.



JO FALLON—wants to be an adagio dancer, but the ballet mistress is not encouraging about his prospects.



OTTO BOHRSMANN and Beverley Shepherd, dressed as pickpockets, are handcapped by a policeman for their tap dance.



It is said that the young men to appear in the Revue threaten to eclipse the girls. Judge for yourself on October 17, 18, and 19 at the Savoy Theatre.

## £100 a Week FOR NEW Competitions!

The Australian Women's Weekly will distribute £100 a week as prize-money and cash awards for entries to special features.

DETAILS of this fascinating new series of competitions are now being finalised, and will be published in next week's issue.

A feature of all Australian Women's Weekly competitions is that no entrance fees are required. All readers have to do is to buy the paper.

Of the £100 a week which it has been decided to give away, £75 will be devoted each week to a competition entirely new to Australia, and the other £25 will be awarded for other special features.

An innovation will be £1 prizes for readers' letters on topical, controversial subjects, articles which have appeared in the paper, or comments on other readers' letters.

Meanwhile, during the lull before the storm which will shake £100 worth of windfalls all over Australia, there are still plenty of features in the paper for which awards of £1 and 10/- are paid.

You can enter for "Things That Happen," £1 and consolation awards. "Clever Ideas," 10/- and consolations. "Best Recipes," £1 and other prizes. "Brainwaves," 10/-. And generous cash prizes to young people who send entries to the variety of features in the children's section.

Photographs seen and liked in The Australian Women's Weekly may be purchased from the photography department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 321 Pitt St., Sydney

## Are YOU a GOOD COMPANION?

If you haven't buried the hatchet and made it up with your old-time friends by September 16 you should do so on that date, which is Good Companions' Day.

THE day is dedicated to the renewal of friendships which have temporarily been severed. This is its first objective, and in future it is to be observed annually.

Where did the Good Companions originate?

You remember J. B. Priestley's book, "The Good Companions," for years a best seller? That story has been screened and is now showing in Sydney at the Prince Edward Theatre. The "Good Companions" film made a tremendous impression in London, and the King and Queen went to see it at the New Victoria, circle seats on that occasion being booked at £10/10/- for a London charity.

Now Peter Dawson comes into the picture. He is a particular friend of Priestley's, and he was so taken with the idealism of the book that he undertook to bring the spirit of it to Australia and spread it in our capital cities. In Adelaide, his home town, he formed the first Good Companions Society in Australia; the premier Good Companion in Adelaide is Kirwan Maegraith, a Press artist. In other places Mr. Dawson is forming Good Companion societies, and leaving the members to carry on the work. In Sydney a Good Companions Society was founded by Seymour Pank on July 16. Its object is the advancement of art, literature, and culture, quite independent of existing organisations, and its birth will be signalled by a ball at David Jones'.

The total proceeds of the ball will be donated to the Picton Lakes T.B. Settlement.

## TRAGIC DRAMA of Dorothy Wright

### Australian Girl Who Set Out For Glamor and Luxury In Paris

From Our London Office (by Air Mail)

An intimate friend has revealed the inside drama of the fascination and conquests of Dorothy Wright, the beautiful Australian girl who shot herself in Paris the other morning.

This lovely girl was only 24 years old. Her death occurred in the sumptuous flat of Roland Coty, son of the perfume magnate.

The revelations of her intimate friend, published in a leading London newspaper, state that she came to Europe with her mother after her first Sydney "season," when she had been presented at Government House.

Here is the amazing life story of the girl who set out to conquer a world of glamor and luxury.



Her Charm and Conquests

#### By AN INTIMATE FRIEND

IT was exactly six years ago that I first met Dorothy Wright. She was 17, tall, slim, and a lovely blonde.

She had eyes of a wistful blue, and the peculiar self-assurance of the Australian girl.

She was striving to conceal her awkwardness at her first contact with the European world beneath an attitude of defiant flippancy.

She was, in fact, the characteristic overseas girl seeing Europe for the first time. She was a lovely creature, but—she was gauche like all the young girls of Sydney and Melbourne.

And she wanted a job. "I've got to have a job," she said to me, "I'm going to conquer the world." Just like that.

We found her a job in the chorus of "White Birds," the revue at His Majesty's Theatre in which Maurice Chevalier made his first appearance before a London audience.

No one would say that the stage was Dorothy's metier. But her determination to conquer the world was amply fulfilled—the world, I mean, of glamor and luxury and wealth—even though her conquest was at the cost of her own life which ended so pitifully the other night in the flat of Roland Coty, one of her closest friends.

Dorothy had come to Europe with her mother. She told me when first she reached this country of the success she had had in her first "season" in Sydney. How she had been presented at Government House. Of how the young men of the city had all been in love with her.

Dorothy was like that. She accepted the attentions of every man she met as her own assured right.

"Of course they love me. Why shouldn't they?" she would say as though it were incredible that any man who met her for the first time should not fall in love with her.

She might have made a success of the stage. But her fleeting appearance in the chorus gave her the entrée which she sought to other circles.

Young men began to ask her out. One would meet her at parties, and always it was the artist whose eyes were immediately attracted to her. They all wanted to sketch her, or to use her as a model for their sculpture.

More and more she was meeting the rich young men of the great worlds of Paris and London. And more and more they were coming under the spell of her loveliness and that strange spark of hers.

The people she had met in London introduced her to the fashionable luxury-lovers of Paris.

Young Coty was seen in his speed-boat dashing about the harbor of Cannes with Dorothy at the prow, with her hair streaming in the wind. In

the girl who sought glamor. Two drawings of Miss Dorothy Wright by the famous English artist, Arthur Ferrier.

## VICKI BAUM'S Enthralling NOVEL

VICKI BAUM, whose novel, "Falling Star," will commence in serial form in The Australian Women's Weekly next issue, is a writer who possesses that rare quality of presenting fiction with a quality so true to real life that it is stranger than fiction. You live with her characters.

If you became a film star yourself, you could not enjoy a more enthralling series of experiences than you will when you read the "Falling Star."

It is life served up at its richest.

It is a cocktail of experiences, and, like all good cocktails, bit- ters play an important part.

Vicki Baum spent a few months in Hollywood during the filming of "Grand Hotel."

She met Hollywood people, and with her ability for observation she read between the lines; she saw the drama behind the comedy and the comedy behind the tragedy.

Into the "Falling Star" she has poured her rich Hollywood experiences for all to read and think about it.

It is thrilling! Look out for it next week.

the evening you would see them dancing at the Ambassadeurs, or at the baccarat table in the Casino.

Back in Paris it became the vogue to invite Dorothy to every party where the glamorous world of fashion fore-gathered. Night after night you would see her at the Cercle Haussman, Paris's most celebrated gaming resort.

Gambling became an obsession with her. It was not only at the table she gambled. She was playing against fate with the stake of her own life.

#### Friend of Princes

And then came what the world would regard as the greatest of her triumphs.

The Indian Round Table Conference came to London. Dorothy always had some peculiar fascination for the Eastern mind. She became a friend of half the Indian princes who were in Town.

They took her to the opera. She dined with them in all the fashionable places. There was one young man, the son of a potentate.

Those whispers went around about them, too.

But all the time it was someone else she adored.

Rich presents were lavished upon her. Her gold-studded car became famous. Her expenditure on clothes fantastic. There seemed no end to the number of her admirers.

Only a week or so ago I met her again in London. Then she went back to Paris.

One morning the telephone rang. "Dorothy has shot herself!" the voice said.

It was a tragedy. But somehow to me it seemed the inevitable end to the story.

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Let's Talk Of  
**INTERESTING PEOPLE . . .**



**MATRON A. B. POCOCK**

**MATRON A. B. POCOCK**, who now lives in retirement at Chatswood, has had a most interesting career and has done wonderful work, both in the Great War and in the Boer War. As a young nurse she went to the Boer War, gained two medals and was mentioned in despatches by Lord Kitchener. Early in the Great War Matron Pocock was in charge of the hospital ship "Assaye," which conveyed the wounded from Gallipoli to Egypt and Malta. She was in charge of Mena House Hospital, Marseilles, and hospitals at Boulogne, Wimmereaux, and Armentieres before she took control of several convalescent hospitals in England. Matron Pocock was twice mentioned in despatches and was decorated by the King at Buckingham Palace with the Royal Red Cross.



**FLORENCE RODWAY.**

**AMONG** the portrait painters of Australia, Florence Rodway ranks high. In her pastel portraits of children she catches the perfect likeness allied to that air of sweet simplicity which is the prerogative of happy childhood. Her miniatures—particularly those of youth—are notable for the softness and delicacy of technique. There is a painting in Admiral's uniform hanging in the main hall of Government House, Sydney, of the late Sir Harry Rawson. It is remarkable for its exact likeness of the sea-breezy and popular ex-Governor of N.S.W. Yet it was painted by Miss Rodway, by request, after the death of the original, and from a very inadequate photograph. An exhibitor in former years in the Royal Academy and Paris Salon, Florence Rodway (Mrs. Moore) is a daughter of one of Hobart's notable citizens, Mr. Leonard Rodway, C.M.G.



**MISS DOROTHY SOMERVILLE**

**MISS DOROTHY SOMERVILLE** is one of Adelaide's well-known solicitors and a prominent sportswoman of that city. She is chairwoman of the South Australian Women's Hockey Association, and one time played with the University team. Miss Somerville motored to Sydney recently and was an interested spectator at some of the hockey matches held during her stay here. Yachting is her favorite pastime, and she spends many of her holidays cruising around the various beauty spots of South Australia.

# World Conference on HAIR FASHIONS

*New Short Cut Likely To Be Adopted*

**Figs to your Peace Talks and Economic Conferences!**

Twenty-four nations of the world have met at Prague to discuss something that really counts. Women's hair!

The style favored by British delegates, the cables report, will be a short cut, with a mass of tight curls, and the back tapering to about two inches at the nape of the neck. This fashion, as a matter of fact, is already the vogue in Sydney.

**H**AIRDRESSING has become all important with the return of the picturesque in our fashions and the vogue decreeing piquantly tilted hats, worn coyishly to one side of the head. Paramount stars, shown here, illustrate the ideas favored by British delegates at the Prague Conference.

Their choice offers a charming style. The long bob and the shingle have both been cast in the discard. Clusters of ringlets emulate the shingle by nestling in to the nape of the neck and accentuating the line of the head, while the longer, softer style forms a very becoming mop at the back. This is freely brushed and combed in a way that is reminiscent of the old wind-tossed shingle, though it is essentially different in that the hair is sleekly brushed round the head, and only escapes in a curly profusion at the back of the neck.

This style has already been featured in Sydney. Many members of Sydney's Younger Set have adopted this style, wearing with it a narrow band of ribbon tied at the top of the head.



**PRESENTING THE COMB CRAZE.**—All chic young ladies in Hollywood slick back their hair with a crescent comb resembling the one used by Adrienne Ames. She selects a comb in chromium.



Grace Bradley displays the new coiffure which shows the manner of waving and combing the hair off the ears and forehead, and gathering the long hair at the back into a series of tightly rolled curls. These little curls hug the nape of the neck in an adorable fashion and lend a youthful appearance. Many Australian girls have already adopted this style.



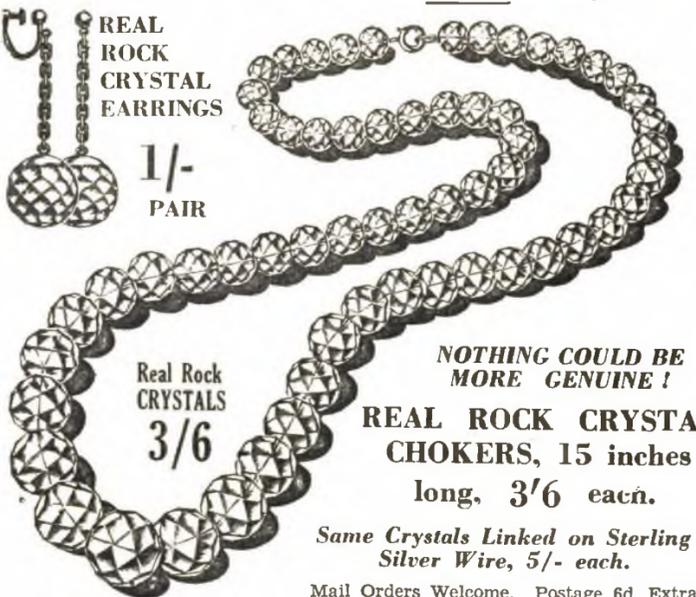
**THE CONTOUR BOB** adopted by Miss Shirley Grey illustrates the new manner of wearing the hair close to the head. After the hair has been thinned by a skilled barber it is waved to the right in one large wave, and the ends curled to the back over the cheek. The back shows a triple row of flat curls.



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# Stepping from VICTORIAN AGE to 1933

Extraordinary story of WOMAN who LIVES with blacks

From Our Canberra Correspondent

IT is a far call from the slight comfort of a tent in the wilds of Central Australia to the comfort of Canberra's palatial Government Hotel, but Mrs. Bates is quite at home in either of these widely differing surroundings. At the moment she is enjoying life tremendously at Hotel Canberra, which is undoubtedly the finest hotel between Sydney and Melbourne.

Mrs. Bates introduces a breath of another age—a Victorian age—into a world which is essentially modern. For Canberra, despite its isolation is the Mecca of big business men, Ministers, politicians, manufacturers, social travellers; and, in fact, anything that is modern—especially during Parliamentary sessions.

Even in recess, names well known in social circles are recorded in the guests' book at Hotel Canberra. Mr. T. Luxton and his bride, for instance, were visitors during the week. Their life is the city life; yet recorded in the midst of a long list of names as well known in Sydney or Melbourne as the respective Town Hall clocks is now that of Daisy M. Bates.

The breath of the last generation blows over Canberra while the genial old lady is about. There is nothing modern about her. She admits that the frock which she wears during the day is the same as that which she wore when she was presented to his Majesty the King and her Majesty the Queen when they visited Australia as Duke and Duchess of York in 1901.

Extraordinary indeed is the story of Mrs. Daisy M. Bates, of Ooldea—a tiny settlement on the East-West railway line.

How many Sydney women would like to spend 34 years practically without sight of another white man or woman, yet happy enough in the company of aborigines? Yet that is the condition of Mrs. Bates, who is now the guest of the Government at Canberra.

And, after all, Mrs. Bates hasn't had much need to restock her wardrobe, for she has lived continuously among the aborigines for 34 years. What is more, she likes her isolated existence, and is always willing to help them in any emergency.

ful old lady she'll tell you that she doesn't deserve it, for she's only "three penn'orth of God-help-us." Her proud boast is that her particular territory contains no half-castes, and it is believed that her mission to Canberra is connected with plans for the restriction of that unfortunate community created by the intermingling of the black and white races. Half-castes may be found close to most mission stations, but there is none near Mrs. Bates' tiny camp at Ooldea.

For years this extraordinary personality has spent her own money looking after the welfare of the blacks, and it is a nice gesture on the part of the Federal Government that she should be given a holiday at Canberra at the nation's expense. No person would begrudge her that in view of her excellent work for more than a quarter of a century.

There seems to be a legitimate grievance worrying Mrs. Bates, although she won't discuss it. Her supplies cost her more than those provided for settlers on the East-West line, and in this differentiation the authorities do not seem to realise the excellent work she is doing. However, this small point may be settled



Mrs. Bates believes that there is no future for the aborigines. In 100 years' time they will be a curiosity.

SINCE 1899 Mrs. Bates has lived a life which to most of us would seem impossible. She has conducted a camp in the heart of aboriginal country, and in the experience of 34 years she has established a record that must be unique in the history of Australia.

She is 79 years of age, yet she has all the vigor and enthusiasm of a woman at the prime of life. Every day of her life at Ooldea she carries two buckets of

water a mile from the nearest water-hole, and she thinks nothing of it. Think of that ordeal as you sip tea over an afternoon bridge table, and admire the old lady who has the courage to live in isolation and enjoy the hardship with it.

If you make a fuss of the delight-



MRS. DAISY BATES, specially photographed at Canberra for The Australian Women's Weekly. Her frock is the same as she wore in 1901, when she was presented to the Duke and Duchess of York.

satisfactorily before Mrs. Bates leaves Canberra.

Her life has been one of many memories. Despite her isolation, two Governors-General have stopped the Transcontinental express at Ooldea to congratulate the old lady on her excellent work. Few of us can claim to have been congratulated on our work by even one G.-G.

MRS. BATES believes that the system of establishing big compounds in Central Australia for the accommodation of aborigines is useless, for, she claims, many are moving south to the East-West railway line. At Ooldea, she explains, the original tribe has passed away, and that is one reason why other natives will not settle down there. They visit the place to secure the benefit of the water soak, but they pass on in the belief that the place belongs to dead men.

Mrs. Bates believes that there is no future for the aborigines. In 100 years, she says, they will be a curiosity.

There is no need to dwell on unsavory subjects, but Mrs. Bates says that cannibalism is still practised in some aboriginal districts. Although people have scoffed at her, she states she has known of cases in recent years of black mothers having eaten their babies.

Mrs. Bates does not like talking about herself or her activities, but The Australian Women's Weekly has learned from official sources that she considers herself an authority on "wild native psychology." This she claimed in a letter to Mr. S. M. Bruce, the then Prime Minister, a few years ago.

In the same letter she referred to the aborigines in the following terms: "They are a dying people, for whom, as regards their remnants, it is impossible to find a place in our scheme of things."

Always at the service of the sick and needy, Mrs. Bates, in her own words to the Prime Minister, is "feared and respected by them from Kimberley to her own little camp."

She is an extraordinary personality, gentle, charming, and genial, yet in her own country a pioneer whom most women would not care to follow.

In her 30-years-old frocks she has become a unique figure at Canberra, but somehow Mrs. Daisy Bates belongs to the Victorian era, and she can wear the dresses of 1901 far better than 99 per cent. of other members of her sex.

DID YOU know that swimming is a wonder worker? If you are overweight it will normalise your figure, and if you are too thin it will fill in ugly hollows round the neck and shoulders and tend to develop the muscles of legs and arms.

HOLBROOK says: Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar is clear, brilliant, and mellow. Ah! It is a wonderful brew\*\*\*

# HUSBANDS are a WORRY, BUT—

By A Perfectly Satisfied Wife

Does there exist in this old world of ours a perfect husband? Is there a woman who can stand up and honestly say, "My husband is a composite of all virtues"? I doubt it!

MY husband is imperfect, and I am glad of it. I took him for "better or worse" five years ago, and have never desired changing him.

Oh, but that doesn't mean I haven't wished I could trade him in for a new Ford.

I often think of this when he brings home a couple of boys for dinner without telling me beforehand. At such times John expects me to act the perfect hostess as I waltz from kitchen to dining-room, puzzling how two portions of fish can be divided equally among five. As I am not a mathematician, nor a magician, John usually comes to the rescue, suggesting we stretch the lettuce and fish, which, of course, is very helpful. Oh, what a man!

After the lads have dined on a very meagre meal, John seats himself beside the wireless and gets on to some political topic. Having listened intently for at least 10 seconds, John's mind wanders, and he suddenly remembers what won the last race at Rosehill. Rudely interrupting the spouter, he tells Lionel and Peter that he thought such-and-such a horse would have been scratched.

Personally, I wouldn't have cared if it had been scratched and bitten.

While they are all engaged in this conversation, I naturally assume the political speech is no longer wanted, so I tune in to some musical number. But no. John sees me, and bellows, "Betty, dear, don't you ever want to learn about the present economic position?" and he turns the dial back.

I groan to myself as the loud and absolutely toneless voice meanders on about what will be the economic position in 1980 if things keep going on as they are.

Anyway, who cares about 1980? It's too far off for me to worry about. Next summer is the furthest ahead I think of. I am tiring of winter clothes and love planning what I will wear in the hotter months.

## Dislikes Ash Trays

In my house I have 18 ash trays (I know this for certain as I counted them last week when I had the brasso out), and, would you believe it, my husband never uses one of them. He much prefers a dinner-plate or a saucer—strange, isn't it?

Usually, on a Saturday, John comes home early and invariably finds some little odd job to do about the place, just as I am placing his lunch on the table. What patience I have!

When we have finished lunch Joan sometimes suggests a game of golf. And while I am clearing the dishes away John goes to the lounge room and discovers a loose nail and commences hammering it.

When I have finished, I run upstairs, only to find poor John looking very hot and bothered, pulling socks, ties and what-nots out of the drawers of the loughboy. I ask him what he is looking for, and he grunts: "Don't you bother—you get ready yourself. We don't want to lose the best part of the day dressing." I start to go out of

the room and John quickly looks up (evidently thinking better of it) and says heatedly, "Have you seen my blue shirt?" I boil inwardly. I'd just love to tell him it's in the same place where I've been keeping his shirts for five years, but what's the use? I meekly proceed to the wardrobe and, without the slightest bother, produce the much-sought-after blue shirt.

John is really one of the best. A little eccentric at times, perhaps—but still one of the best. Even though yesterday I felt I would have swapped him for a good sewing machine if I could have found someone to barter with, I wouldn't change him to-day for worlds.

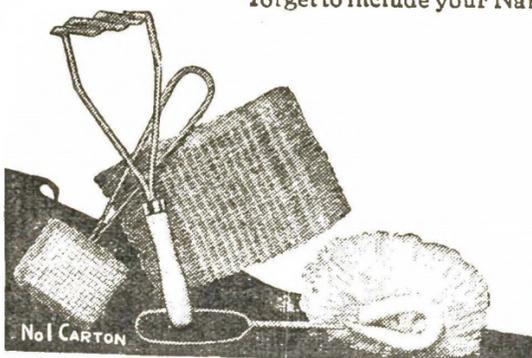


ARCHIE: Would you marry a silly ass for his money?  
SUE: Oh, Archie, this is so sudden!

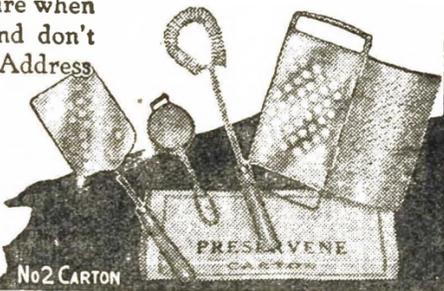
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No. 4 CARTON

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# The REAL Thing

Is hard to beat. If you doubt it, ask Dwight B. Goldbigger, or "King" Kelly

COMPLETE  
SHORT  
STORY

By  
**ARTHUR  
SAVAGE**

**IM**Y GOD," he says, "what is it?" I had to look twice myself. I've seen some yachts in my time, but this particular one took my breath away almost. It was like a floating palace. Painted in silver and gold. Flashing in the sun.

"Some Yankee millionaire making a tour round the world, I reckon," I suggested at last. "I'll bet that yacht didn't cost much less than a quarter of a million, and I'm a pretty fair judge of such things as that."

Then, as she got closer, we began to make out things.

"What's that thing she's got flying?" Kelly wants to know. "It's too big for a flag, ain't it?" "I reckon," I agreed.

Because it wasn't a flag. It was a gold and silver banner, "streaming gyroscopically," so to speak. A beautiful banner. Bigger with more flauntings and founcings to it than any that belonged to "King Kelly's Cannibal Cruises, Limited." Much. REALITY PICTURES CORPORATION.

That was what the gold and silver banner said.

"Why," I says, "it must be one of them big film companies. I daresay they're making a picture out here."

Kelly makes a face.

"Reality," he says, "humbug! How in Hell can there be anythin' real about such play actin'?" He glares at the beautiful yacht. "All I hope," he says, "is that the particular guy who's runnin' that show doesn't go tryin' to queer my pitch for me. Attractin' my patrons, I mean. If he does—"

The instincts of showmanship in "King" Kelly were touched on the raw by that gold and silver banner, I reckon. It seemed like a kind of challenge. Anyhow, it got Kelly's back up right away.

Next morning, into the black and gold ticket office, comes the great Dwight B. Goldbigger himself. Hanging on his arm is the slimmest, slinkiest little seraph I ever set eyes on. Eyes as big as saucers, almost, that looked at me and Kelly with a glowing lovelight inside 'em.

Kelly breathes into my ear.

"This is one of them slimming demons from Hollywood or somewhere," he says. "I've read about 'em in the papers. Well, sir, what can I do for you? This is just the morning, sir, to take a trip in one of my marvellous little speedboats to the Cannibal Creeks. Satisfaction guaranteed by 'King' Kelly, sir—with a little bow—or your ticket money refunded in full immediately upon your return."

"What could be fairer than that?" Kelly goes on, beginning to wax eloquent. "The real thing, sir! There's nothin' like it! Nothin'! That's the only reason why 'King' Kelly's Cannibal Cruises are provin' such a tremendous success, sir. The folk you see clamourin' outside the window now, sir, all get satisfaction for their money. Real, dyed-in-the-wool cannibals—practically the last of their kind now in existence—seen in their natural element, sir. The real thing, sir. That's my motto. There's nothin' to beat the real thing, Sir. Nothin'."

"Sure," says the great Dwight B. Goldbigger. "I guess you and me won't fall out on that little old argument, anyhow, young man. The real thing! That's it, young man! It can't be beat. I know!" He beamed at me and Kelly. "Now, young man, here's my card. I represent Reality Pictures Corporation. I guess you've heard of it?"

"No," says Kelly, telling the truth for about the first time in his life. I reckon, "I ain't. Leastways—"

"Well, I guess some folk ain't never heard of the Wyoming National Park an' the Statue of Liberty," says the great D.B.G., a bit on the sarcastic side. "My little card, young man. This young lady is Miss Poppy Pilchington, our leadin' lady. Reality Pictures Corporation, young man, is the real big noise in the motion picture industry just now. All the other little noises can't make themselves heard when Reality Pictures Corporation is lettin' itself go. No, sir! They can't! Reality Pictures Corporation, young man, deals in realism. I guess you know the meanin' of that word. I can tell you—"

"My patrons," says Kelly grandiloquently, "are satisfied ones. Why are they satisfied ones? You may well ask sir. I can tell you. My patrons are

Illustrated  
by  
**Boothroyd**

**WAITING**  
Your absence casts a blight and gloom,  
O'er forests green, on bud and bloom,  
And lands that meet the sea;  
But oh, 'tis but a little thing  
To that deep gloom that blights the spring  
Within the heart of me.  
Mavourneen, come, the wee folk lift  
Their heads, agleam with starry drift,  
And watch in vain, for you,  
And in the moonlight on the lake  
White water spirits for your sake  
Are sad the long night through.  
"Ochone," the wind sighs in the grass,  
Then its to hear your footsteps pass  
And softly trail away;  
But, Asthoreen, if you but knew  
The human love that waits for you,  
I dream you would not stay.  
—N. A. Evans.

satisfied patrons because I give 'em the REAL THING."

"I guess you've got horse sense, young man. I'm real glad to meet a fellow-being whose views so entirely coincide with my own. Real glad. Now, Reality Pictures Corporation has built up its great reputation because we give the public the REAL THING. That's why, young man, the entire cast has been brought out here, all the way from the Pacific Coast, to shoot half-a-dozen scenes in the picture we are now makin', 'White Flames in the Southern Seas.' The other little noises in the motion picture industry might have shot these scenes in a 60-foot studio or on the Pacific Coast of America. Yes, sir, so they might! But not Reality Pictures Corporation, young man."

"If I could show you some of the notices which have appeared from time to time in the press of the United States—Well, I guess I'm runnin' away with myself. But I want you to know, young man, that Reality Pictures Corporation is never satisfied to indulge in half measures. When Reality Pictures Corporation requires a wreck, the job's done properly. There is a wreck. Why, in San Francisco last fall, Reality Pictures Corporation burnt down a whole block of buildings, at immense cost, just because it insisted upon having the real thing, young man. In a war picture Reality Pictures Corporation made quite recently, three members of the cast were blown through a three-

men plate glass roof when a bomb exploded just because we insisted upon reality."

"I guess you begin to understand the kind of concern I have the honor to represent," says the great Dwight B. Goldbigger.

"Now, young man, let's get down to business right away. You keep some cannibals on show, eh? Well, young man, Reality Pictures Corporation has need of the services of these cannibals. In the last scene of all, when the ship has been wrecked off the desert island in the midst of the tropic seas, and the crew cast away for several days, strict adherence to the script we are workin' on demands that there shall be a savage encounter between two rival tribes of cannibals, one tribe practically succeedin' in exterminat'in' the other, greatly to the relief of the

hero and heroine and the rest of the castaway crew.

"Now, young man, I want to put a question to you all. Why is Reality Pictures Corporation the biggest and loudest commercial and entertainment drum that has ever heard itself beaten? I guess I'll answer that little query myself, folks. It's because Reality Pictures Corporation is never satisfied to give the public anythin' that ain't the real thing! That's why, folks. I'll just give you one little instance of what I mean, because your time, like mine, happens to be valuable. I guess, Well, folks, when Reality Pictures Corporation was makin' its famous picture two summers ago, called 'Fightin' Birds,' it built a real live up-to-date aeroplane factory just outside Concord, New Hampshire—which, as most of you folks know, is called the 'Switzerland of North America.'

(Please turn to Page 6)



Next morning, into the black and gold ticket office, comes the great Dwight B. Goldbigger himself. Hanging on his arm is the slimmest, slinkiest little seraph I ever set eyes on.

a megaphone about as big as a cathedral. And the bloke with the tripod-camera. He keeps clicking away and stopping all of a sudden and the great D.B.G. keeps shouting and cursing, and rushing up and down in a terrible temper most of the time. Hesketh Montgomery—he's the villain of the piece, according to a copy of the script the great D.B.G. has given us—is attempting things with the green bathing costume.

At this point, the hero—in the shape of Jim White, the rough and ready sea captain—jumps into the limelight. There's a Hell of a shemozzle. Leastways, there ought to be a Hell of a one. Only there ain't.

Kelly screws up his face in disgust. Likewise your humble.

"If that's what Reality Pictures Corporation means by the real thing," says Kelly, very disgruntled with the whole affair, "then all I can say is that it's high time Reality Pictures Corporation got found out. Why, I've seen better fights—more realistic ones—between a crab and a lobster before now!"

WELL, I'm skipping over much that followed, with Kelly getting more and more disgruntled and talking more and more disrespectfully about Reality Pictures Corporation. Skipping over all that, and lots in between, to the particular date when "King Kelly's Cannibal Cruises, Limited," got busted sky-high. Mind you, I'm not blaming the great Dwight B. Goldbigger entirely. I daresay, when you come to weigh things up, he had some cause for grievance. Still, and all that, I always reckon he showed a nasty nature on top of all else.

I know there's lot of bad feeling and ugly talk on the way back from the gruesome-looking island. I know Kelly and the great D.B.G. are snapping and snarling at one another like wild dogs. But I don't get the real hang of things until the day after we strike land again, because Kelly has insisted on keeping me on board the beautiful gold and silver yacht most of the time. Then, when I'm about to step on shore the great D.B.G. collars hold of me.

"Young man," he says, gnashing his teeth almost, "do you know that you are in partnership with a dirty crook? A twister? A low-down sneak-in' bum of a racketeer?" he shouts at me.

"Well, there," I says. "You don't say so," I says. "Well, well Who would ever have believed it?"

He snarls at me some more before he takes himself off again. And I can see that "King" Kelly himself is on tenterhooks. He has need to be. Because the next morning, bright and early, me and Kelly goes along the toy pier and there is the great Dwight B. Goldbigger stamping and raging on an empty crate in front of two or three hundred boneheaded tourists who'd just landed from a steamboat. Kelly goes white round the gills. From white he goes to green. Because the great Dwight B. Goldbigger is talking to them boneheaded tourists, and the boneheaded tourists have got their mouths open listenin' to him. Which looks bad, I will say.

"Ladies an' gentlemen," the great D.B.G. is shouting. "I guess most of you have heard the name of Reality Pictures Corporation at one time or another. I guess, you folks, Reality Pictures Corporation is an institution, like the House of Representatives or the Tower of London! To-day, you folks, Reality Pictures Corporation is the real big drum in the whole of the motion picture industry."

"Right now, I want to put a question to you all. Why is Reality Pictures Corporation the biggest and loudest commercial and entertainment drum that has ever heard itself beaten? I guess I'll answer that little query myself, folks. It's because Reality Pictures Corporation is never satisfied to give the public anythin' that ain't the real thing! That's why, folks. I'll just give you one little instance of what I mean, because your time, like mine, happens to be valuable. I guess, Well, folks, when Reality Pictures Corporation was makin' its famous picture two summers ago, called 'Fightin' Birds,' it built a real live up-to-date aeroplane factory just outside Concord, New Hampshire—which, as most of you folks know, is called the 'Switzerland of North America.'

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hero and heroine and the rest of the castaway crew.

"Now, young man I guess you can get me to rights? I'm here to ask for the temporary services of these cannibals because Reality Pictures Corporation always insists upon the real thing. And that, young man, is what you appear to possess. I guess I make myself clear now?"

"Clear as mud," says Kelly. "Clearer in fact." And it was so.

Next morning, bright and early, me and Kelly watches Reality Pictures Corporation shooting a scene on the beach below the pier. Poppy Pilchington is there. Just as Nature made her—or almost. She's got on a lovely little green bathing costume, with dinky little shoulder-straps and no back to it, and hardly anything else worth mentioning.

The great D.B.G. is there, too. With

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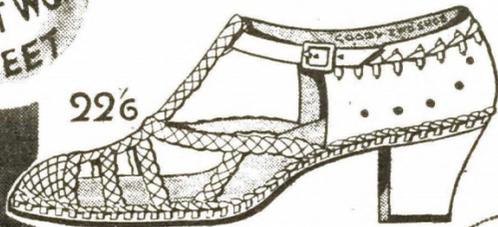
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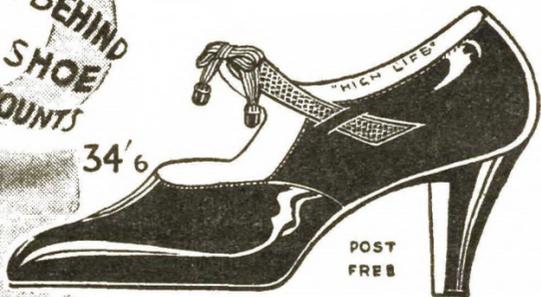
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# The REAL THING

(Continued from Page 5)

"WELL, folks, I don't want to keep you hangin' around until you get cold feet. Perhaps some of you have seen the picture? You have? Well, I guess that kind of simplifies my little job here this mornin', anyhow. Folks, when Reality Pictures Corporation made this film, seven brand - new, first-class fighting machines were destroyed and two intrepid pilots who had served in the United States Air Force in the Big Blaze lost their lives merely because Reality Pictures Corporation insisted that the fight scenes which took place should be photographed as they actually might have happened. I could give you a whole list, folks—but none of us ain't got time for that, I fancy. All I want to say, right now, is that Reality Pictures Corporation is now engaged on the makin' of a new picture which is to be called, 'White Flames in the Southern Seas.' We all know the usual South Sea pictures. I guess. The world is sick of 'em. Sick, friends. The world is askin' to be given the real thing in South Seas picturisation. And Reality Films Corporation is now out to give it the real thing, because Reality Pictures Corporation is the one and only concern which can handle such a job."

I looks at Kelly and Kelly looks at me. He gives a sickly sort of smile. Then, as the great D.B.G. takes up the thread of his narrative, so to speak, I can hear Kelly begin to grind his teeth together in fury. And, when you come to consider, you can hardly blame the man.

"Folks, I am not here to advertise Reality Pictures Corporation. I guess the kind of thing Reality Pictures Corporation turns out is sufficient advertisement in itself. What I want to tell you folks is just this: 'Don't be taken in by them flauntin' black and gold banners which are now wavin' over your heads. I say, folks, don't be taken in by 'em. Or by the cheap talk of the feller they belong to. Folks, I ain't the kind of man to bear malice. But I want to tell you all that this feller is out to get your dough anyhow he can—and, if you give him half a chance he'll get it! Folks, let me draw your attention for one moment to them fi a untin' banners overhead. Do you see 'em? What does this feller advertise in order to get your dollars? I'll tell you myself. He advertises the real things. In what? Friends, let me answer for you again. He advertises the real thing in cannibals. Cannibals."

"Well, folks, I'm goin' to tell you right now that them cannibals he advertises are a lot of hamstring humbug. I've seen 'em and I know what I'm talkin' about. Folks, I don't mind admittin' that I've got a particular grievance against 'King Kelly's Cannibal Cruises.' But that grievance ain't everythin'. I'm an artist, friends, and, what's more important still, I represent one of the greatest concerns now existing in the United States of America or any other country on the globe which has built up tradition in the entertainment line by giving the world the real thing."

"And when I come across a low-down cheapjack like this feller, 'King Kelly, it turns my stomach sour, folks." The great D.B.G. turned and glared at me and Kelly. "Folks, there's the very feller I'm tellin' you about. Right now I'm goin' to challenge him to step up here and tell me. I'm a pie-faced prevaricator of the truth!"

He beckons invitingly to me and Kelly, but Kelly only shakes with temper and curses under his breath. "Folks, 'King Kelly's Cannibal Cruises' are a stinkin' swindle! Them cannibals are a walkin' disgrace to the real thing in cannibalism! Them cannibals, folks, are so fat and futile they couldn't spear a pound of butter. They just ain't got it in 'em, that's all!"

He stares round upon the bone-headed tourists and me and Kelly don't feel entirely comfortable for the time being. "Folks, Reality Pictures Corporation has a soul. Yes, friends. I said a soul! Reality Pictures Corporation has already spent ten hundred thousand dollars in its effort to

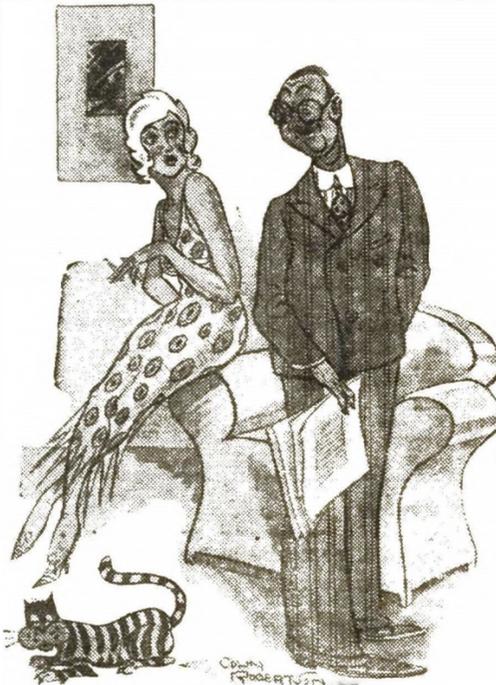
give you and the rest of the world the real thing in South Seas pictures.

"And now, folks, that ten hundred thousand dollars is practically thrown on the dust-heap because of them rotten cannibals! Folks, Reality Pictures Corporation wanted to film a scene in which two tribes of cannibals practically exterminated each other. For that purpose we got 'King Kelly' to loan us his gang of chocolate-colored vegetarians. Folks, you ought to have been there along with Reality Pictures Corporation and seen that fight. You'd have laughed so much your eyebrows would have come unstuck. But it ain't a laughin' matter for me, or the rest of us, and that's why, folks, I've come here this mornin', bright an' early, to acquaint you all with the true facts of 'King Kelly's Cannibal Cruises'—to open your eyes, if I can do it, to the cheap, low-down swindle it is. Folks and friends all, I guess I've shot you the whole barrelfull!"

The great D.B.G. climbs down off the crate and the boneheaded tourists all turn and look at me and Kelly. Next moment, we're on the run, with the boneheaded tourists in full cry. It was the beginning of the end of "King Kelly's Cannibal Cruises, Ltd."

PRETTY soon me and Kelly were taking down the black and gold banners. Pretty soon the beautiful little speedboats with the little black and gold flags and the smart young black and gold officers had ceased to speed. "King Kelly's Cannibal Cruises" was bankrupt.

But the old concern, although it was as dead as a doornail, had it up



"Are your new glasses powerful, dear?"  
"My word they are. When I saw the cat I jumped three feet!"

against Reality Pictures Corporation. Kelly was half-witted with rage and thoughts of vengeance. But Reality Pictures Corporation still hung around in the beautiful gold and silver yacht, still went on shooting scenes and scenery, while me and Kelly got lower and lower until the lines of latitude were threatened with curvature of the spine.

All that Kelly had left out of the mess was the ancient little schooner the Merry Mermaid, which had been falling to bits long before President Wilson ever thought up them Fourteen Points of his.

"I'll get even with Reality Pictures Corporation," Kelly would swear at me, "if it takes me the rest of my days to do it in!"

WELL, he always did have ideas, as I've already mentioned, I think. One afternoon we see Reality Pictures Corporation doing things outside the harbor entrance.

"Reality Pictures Corporation," I says, "is now about to stage the wreck. Let's go along and watch how a wreck ought to be wrecked."

Well, it was wrecked. Kelly made a trumpet of his hands and shouted across the water at the great D.B.G.

"My life," he shouts, "d'you call that the real thing? Why," he shouts, "I've seen better wrecks than that on the kids' pond in Hyde Park!"

"I guess you know as much about wrecks as you do about the ways an' means of man-eaters with two legs and no tails!" the great D.B.G. yells

## THE OFFICE SEEKS THE MAN

The office always seeks the man. But seldom finds him. Seldom can; He is obscured by such a mob Of others seeking for the job. The man the office seeks is far Away, where busy people are; The fellows who the office hunt Are always there, right down in front.

Yet once the office found a great, Good man to be a candidate, Who thought of service, not of pay. Then came along election day. But did the people rise and cheer To see the great man's name appear? Alas, the record sadly notes He lost by fifty thousand votes.

back at him. "Close your gate and take a long sideslip! I don't require no low-down beachcombers to be hangin' around this set!"

Kelly pushes me into the lime-light. "See this fellow?" he shouts. "Well, he's been in three wrecks. Real ones. He's so tickled to death he's turned into a dumb-bell!"

Well, I'm skippin' over a lot more. Because, as Reality Pictures Corporation was always telling folks, time's precious. It only happens once.

Mind you, we never did have an official standing with Reality Pictures Corporation. Kelly had to have some money somehow, so he persuaded the great D.B.G. to buy the Merry Mermaid for two hundred dollars, and that was dear at the price, I reckon. But, anyhow, everyone seems satisfied with the deal, even the great D.B.G. himself. He is going to use the Merry Mermaid in the wreck scene.

That's just where Kelly jumped in again. He could talk the hind leg off a donkey, could Kelly. Even the great D.B.G. was impressed. Kelly told him he knew a lovely place for the wreck to happen in—a tiny bay, as beautiful as Heaven almost—where there was a big reef that stuck up out of the water.

"If you want to do this wreck scene properly," he says, "it's the very place. Now, if you like to pay me and Bill Brown something for our trouble, I'll run you across to it myself."

He did. Poppy Pilchington and the hero are serenading on deck when Kelly puts the schooner on the reef. You can hear the wood smashing underneath and the water pouring in. Poppy Pilchington starts to scream and the heroic sea captain turns the color of secondhand margarine. As for the great D.B.G.—well, he's like a madman at first, tearing his hair almost. Only Kelly seems to be mildly surprised about things.

"What's the matter now?" he says indignantly. "What are you all shoutin' at me about? You wanted a wreck, didn't you? Well, you've got one!"

(Please turn to Page 40)

## RHEUMATISM

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# The Goddess



It was all like a picture he had dreamed and forgotten; the dark, soft blur of the land behind the mist; the lights on shore tangled in the water, red, white, and green; the boats splashing down by the side-ladder. And, very lofty and grim, when the shifting mists disclosed it, the old fortress of Hanford-and-Locke.

The night, black night. A voice on shore singing a drunken song that was blotted out by the banging of a pub door.

This was a strange city to Jarvis McCabe, second officer of the steamer "Goddess." It must remain strange to him if the "Goddess" were able to sail again at dawn. Eberhardt, the engineer, seemed to think she would sail. She had limped in from the channel at dusk, to pick up a diver who was even now hacking at the tangled harbor net, strange ghost of the war, that had fouled the propeller. A great, unwieldy, goggle-eyed monster, the diver wavered down there in the ruddy flare of torches. You could hear the faint, inadequate tap-tap of the cleaving hatchet muffled by water.

But the ship was quiet; the life had gone out of her for the first time in forty-three hours. Her decks were silent; the crew was busy astern. The single funnel with its white marking emitted a thin smudge of smoke, black like the fog.

Jarvis McCabe leaned on the rail staring at the strange city with its round hill, its steep streets, its old stone wharves. A secretive city—it veiled its windows. You would have said they slept. Or else they sat in their dark rooms, waiting for something to happen other than occasional bursts of drunken song on the waterfront or the mew of the sea on the Tern Reef, or the wailing and tolling of buoys in the harbor channel. There was no sound of wheels, nor of fiddles, nor of laughter. The dark, narrow streets clung to the walls of the fortress, silent, and, for all Jarvis McCabe could make out, deserted. A single light on the summit of the great stone heap burned like a sultry star.

"I'd like to be going ashore," McCabe thought. "I'd like to walk all the way up to the fortress, just to dirty my feet. There'd be little else to it."

He could not go ashore; he was on duty. He would go below as soon as Frazer relieved him, and turn into his bunk, to read, perhaps, a page or two of Carlyle. He wasn't a scholar, and yet he wanted to be. He had a troublesome habit of dreaming unless he was at work. Duty absorbed him. He was an excellent officer and he loved the sea, ships, the profession of sailor. It must have been that he was too young to settle down . . . not yet 30 . . . and the urge for adventure, for experience was not satisfied.

He thought, now, of the dark city and of the things that might happen there.

"I'd like to go ashore," Jarvis McCabe thought, "and have a cup of coffee in someone's drawing-room, before a fire. I'd like to look at a pretty woman. Kiss one. Maybe be kissed back. It can't happen. Things like that don't happen."

When the "Goddess" sailed again, at dawn, he must be in his berth or, in case he were needed, on the bridge. Then, at sea it would be too late. He would have to be content once more with dreams and postponements, breaking his passion and his longing against the four walls of duty . . . his youth . . . his eagerness . . .

"Mr. McCabe, sir, Captain Calhoun wishes to see you in his cabin."

"That means we sail before midnight," he thought.

He hurried forward.

Calhoun was sitting at the table beneath the round glare of a swinging light. His hairless skull shone like a polished globe, while his sharp-cut face, indented, cadaverous, remained in the shadow of his hooded brows. Calhoun had the eyes of a bird, curiously intelligent and not human, too bright, fixed, intent. He shuffled some papers on the table before him, and without looking up, said:

"Mr. McCabe, I want you to do something for me to-night. A personal matter. Of the greatest importance." He glanced at Jarvis suddenly. "Of the

greatest importance, to me, you understand?"

"I understand, sir."

"I want you to go ashore, to an address I will give you, and deliver a letter. A letter to a lady. I want you to deliver the letter to her, personally, and to no one else."

"Certainly, sir."

"If anyone should try to take the letter from you, you must not stop at anything—at anything, Mr. McCabe—to protect it. You must tear it up, if necessary."

"How am I to recognise the lady, sir?"

**CAPTAIN CALHOUN** rose and went to his locker. He moved slowly, heavily, as if his feet dragged weights, whereas he was, as a rule, quick and agile. He returned to the table and placed upon it, in full glare of the light, the photograph of a woman.

"There she is," he said.

The hand that held the picture trembled, and Jarvis thought he could understand why. If the photograph did not lie, this was the most beautiful woman in the world; not the most beautiful, perhaps, but the most remarkable, the most unforgettable. A face neither calm nor wise. A troubled, passionate, wilful face, clear, flaming, and real. Not young. Not old. Of what race Jarvis could not tell. She appeared to be dark. Her great eyes were either brown or black. The small, straight nose, the full, beautiful mouth, were Latin. Her hair grew in a point on her forehead, and swept back, smooth, and heavy like a dark cataract.

Calhoun said sharply: "That is the lady. This is the letter. The street and the number. Please ask for her, and be persistent. They may try to put you off. But I know she is there, and that she is waiting for this letter. I received a note from her an hour ago."

"Yes, sir."

Jarvis took the letter and glanced at the address, "Number Ten, Tower Crescent."

He met Calhoun's eyes. "I don't know the town, sir: I've never been ashore here. But I'm glad to go. I am a bit restless, to tell the truth."

"I can't go myself," Calhoun said. "It would be unwise. I trust you, McCabe. And I'm very grateful to you. This is—a very curious affair. It might prove dangerous."

"I'm armed, sir. And I'm glad to

go." "We sail at five-thirty. The boat that takes you ashore will wait for you."

"Yes, sir."

McCabe went to his room and got his revolver and a fresh cap, a pair of gloves. He glanced again at the letter: "Mrs. Gloria Mundy, Number Ten, Tower Crescent, Ring Twice." Ring twice! She was waiting, then! Even, at this very moment, waiting. It must be a love affair. Calhoun! That big, taciturn, restless fellow, who never seemed to feel anything! Had he been thinking of this woman when he stood for hours on the bridge, just looking at the sea, as if frozen? Did her beauty share his lonely meals, his lonely nights? Was she behind his stone-colored eyes? Was she the reason for his silences?

"I'm a fool," he thought, as he went down the ladder to the waiting boat. "This won't amount to anything. She'll be there. She'll say, 'Thank you,' and shut the door in my face. And I'll come back to the ship. That's all."

Glancing at the boatman so that he could identify him on his return, he started at once along the wharf, following the water-front street as far as the first wide, paved thoroughfare that seemed to penetrate the town itself.

He carried the letter in the breast pocket of his uniform jacket; the revolver was ready to his right hand. He was young and curiously innocent

## A Story of Irony and of a Woman's Divine Loveliness

Illustrated by Moppett



*This was not reality; it was a scene in a play, unreal and exciting. The dim lights, the odor of flowers and tobacco and musk. Her quick breath, her pleading eyes—her lips parted.*

for all his travel and his having fought in the war.

He had never seriously loved a woman. He had never profoundly hated a man. He had never known the fear of death, or the agony of loss. Good-looking in his dark way. Well liked, he thought he knew a great deal, and yet knew very little. How little, this night was to prove. As he turned into the street called Kingsway, from the waterfront, he was as free as a man ever is, and as light-hearted.

A faint glow showed under a pub door. Hearing voices, he put his shoulder to the door, and went in.

AT the far end of a long, narrow room, redolent of the sweet sickishness of beer and ale, seated about a table, four men were engaged in a violent quarrel. They did not raise their voices. Rather they hissed at each other, spat and groaned. They turned their heads as Jarvis McCabe entered, and silence fell upon them. The barmaid stared, too, her blue eyes round in her painted face.

"I beg your pardon," Jarvis said. "I am a stranger in the city. Can you direct me to Tower Crescent?"

One of the men rose quickly with an exclamation of astonishment. He was a great, towering fellow. A shaggy head, shaggy brows. A face that crashed on yours, so angry it was and ruthless.

"Tower Crescent, did you say? And who that lives there did you want to see?"

"That's my business," Jarvis answered.

"Is it indeed? Strangers find it healthier to be civil in this town."

"Then none of you will direct me?"

The others murmured and stirred uneasily. The tall man who had spoken came forward, taking long strides, his hands in his pockets.

"Is the name Mundy?" he asked. "Is it Mundy you're looking for, you young popinjay?"

"If I fight him," Jarvis thought, "I'll never get out of it alive. And he'll have the letter if I shoot him, the others will get me."

He said quietly: "No, it's not Mundy. And be hanged with you."

He was not more than a pace from the entrance. He stepped back, turned like a flash, and ran out, around the corner into an alleyway. He waited there, flattened against a wall, but no one followed. There was not a sound, not a voice. His hand sought the pistol in his pocket. His face, his lips, were wet with the salty fog.

He thought: "That was Mundy, her

Jarvis said. "I have a letter to deliver, that's all."

"Aye?"

The policeman turned his back and crossed the street, strutting with his hands behind his back and his chin tucked in, as if he had no use for liars and fools.

"There's something queer about this," Jarvis thought. "I've spoken to two people in a city full of people, and both of them knew where I was going." He did not question Calhoun's integrity: it was part of his training to trust absolutely in the word of his commander, to abide by it and not to question it. Calhoun wouldn't have sent him on this errand had there not been a good reason for it. Calhoun was an excellent officer: he had good judgment; lonely, as he was, he could command; he knew men and men respected him even though they might not take the trouble to understand him.

Jarvis McCabe approached Number Ten without hesitation and rang, twice, sharply.

The door was opened by an old woman in a black silk dress, who peered at him, mumbling. "Is Mrs. Munday at home?"

The old woman tried to see Jarvis McCabe's face. She had the blurred, whitened eyes of a blind dog.

"You have a letter?" she asked.

"I want to see Mrs. Mundy, if you please. Is she at home?"

"Yes," a voice called from the stairs, "I am at home. Come in, please."

(Please turn to Page 8)

By MILDRED CRAM

husband. He'll be waiting for me there. Here goes!"

He walked steadily up the dark street, and, at a crossing, met a policeman who directed him to take a right turn and climb the hill until he came to the fortress wall. "You'll know it by the great stones. It's an old wall. Follow till you see a square. Cross the square and you'll see a sign Tower Crescent. Is it Number Ten you want?"

"Yes, Why?"

# The GODDESS

HE had never heard a voice as vibrant, as warm, as golden as this; she spoke with an accent, a certain foreign precision, an elegance. Yet it was a luscious voice, like honey, like butter, like gentle music. It ran through him as hot wine floods the veins.

"Come in, please. I am here."  
He brushed past the old woman and the door closed behind him.

He had forgotten any possible danger in his eagerness to see her, whoever she was. The woman of the photograph came a little way down the stairs towards him; the same, by her clear, fine features, the dark, cascading mass of her hair, but in reality lovelier; she was all ivory and dusk and flame. She wore an embroidered scarlet coat, black trousers, red slippers; on her hair, a red cap, a sort of fez. A curious costume for such a town, for such a house, incongruous, disturbing.

She said, "Come upstairs, please; I am alone."

Then Jarvis McCabe saw that she was frightened, that she wanted him to come quickly and be gone.

"I am Gloria Mundy. You have a letter for me?"

"Yes," he said. But he went up the stairs slowly, keeping his eyes fixed on hers.

"You come from Captain Calhoun?"

"Yes."

"Your name?"

"My name is Jarvis McCabe."

Suddenly, behind him, the very old woman hissed. A shrill sound of warning it was, and Mrs. Mundy started back, grasping McCabe's arm. "Come with me," she panted. "Come quickly." They stumbled to the top of the stairs, ran down a narrow, uncarpeted corridor to a door that opened with difficulty into a dark, musty room, in which there was no light save the glow of a coal fire in a shallow grate.

The door closed again, and Mrs. Mundy turned the key in the lock.

"You mustn't be seen," she whispered. "Get behind that screen over there. Quickly."

"But who—?"

"My husband. He must not see you. Hurry! Hurry!"

Jarvis McCabe took his place behind the screen; he was both embarrassed and amused. The screen, a massive affair of carved teakwood, stood solidly across a corner of the room. McCabe made certain that he was invisible, and discovered that he could see without being seen; he then set himself to wait and to watch.

## MRS. MUNDY

threw herself down on the sofa before the fire; she lay there, her body taut with listening, while footsteps climbed the stairs and came lightly along the corridor to the door.

"Gloria!"

She was silent. But her head lifted and McCabe, from his vantage behind the screen, saw her face drain of color, go ash-white, and her eyes were as black as the eyes of a cat in the dark, and she seemed not to breathe.

"Gloria!"

"Yes?" she answered lazily. "I have been asleep."

"Open the door."

She stood, bracing her body, and went very slowly to the door, unlocking it reluctantly, with desperate unwillingness as if it were Death she admitted.

There entered a slender man of medium height, wearing a neat, double-breasted serge suit, brown shoes, and white spats. He had a flower in his coat, a small camellia it looked to be. The corner of a silk handkerchief showed in his pocket. Aside from his sartorial neatness, he was good-looking in a foppish way. It was a face out of the eighteenth century, arrogant and high-nosed. In the whimsical set of the grey eyes and a certain irony in the close-lipped smile there was a suggestion of cruelty. It would be mental ruthlessness, McCabe decided. This was a man who did not, who could not, use physical force.

In a light, arrogant voice, he said, "Old Mrs. Blumhardt warned you that

(Continued from Page 7)

"You send them all away! I have no friends."

"You have me. I love you." His arms tightened and he bent his head, kissing her quickly, lightly, on the face, her closed eyes, her rigid lips, her white throat again and again. Always she strained at his shoulders; her fingers clutched at the dark cloth of his coat.

When he let her go, at last, the camellia was crushed and stained. He took it out with hands that trembled and threw it into the grate. "I love you. Some day you will love me. I can be patient. I can wait for ever. Perhaps one of the delights of waiting is the pain of the waiting. You say I am cruel. I am not. I am your lover. The time will come when you will realise that no one has ever loved you as I do, and that you are making a fool of yourself in refusing delight. We could be so happy, if you would."

"No," she said.

She followed him to the door. He had a deliberate, strutting walk. He paused on the threshold, and turning towards her an impassive face, said: "The strange ship in the harbor—in case it is of interest to you—is commanded by Captain Calhoun."

**BETTER TO BE**  
Better to dig foundations down,  
Build from the bottom, stone by stone,  
Than have the highest house in town.  
A house not strong, but big alone.  
Better to build a life the same,  
On reputation day by day,  
Than have a little sudden fame  
Whispered word can blow away.  
Better to be some humble thing,  
Yet growing greater year by year,  
Than be a frail and frightened king  
Time tumbles from a throne of fear,  
Better to climb, if not so far,  
Just deed by deed, not dream by dream—  
Better to seem the thing you are  
Than not to be the thing you seem.

"Yes?"  
"Burton will see that no one enters or leaves the house."

"Yes?"  
"If it comes to that, I would kill you myself."

(Please turn to Page 12)



## Add Beauty... with Clustering Ringlets

This beautiful model poses for the camera with one of our Andree Waves. It depicts the new Coiffure, brushed from the forehead, and falling into soft natural waves, with tiny ringlets clustering around the nape of the neck. Under the skilful treatment of expert operators, a perfect wave is given, beautifying and making attractive even the plainest of features. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or refund of money is given with every wave. Price, with ringlet ends as illustrated, only 21/-.

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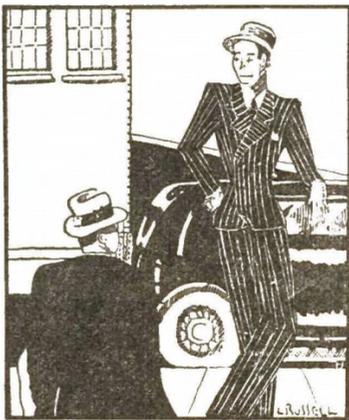
## Be Young Again —New Plastic Mask

How true is the saying that "No one cares about your age if you look young"? And we can make you young... we have secured the secret formula rights for a famous plastic beauty mask... absolutely painless, with results that are positively amazing. Wrinkles, Crowsfeet, Atrophied Skin, previously treated with painful uplifting process or distressing chemical "pickling" methods, are now amenable with simple ease to this marvellous new beauty treatment. Usually 10.6 per treatment, FOR TEN DAYS ONLY.

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**Buckingham's**  
OXFORD STREET



"Hello, Jones! Got a new car?"  
"Yes, I went into a garage to use the phone, and I didn't like to come away without buying something!"

I was coming. Why? Are you so afraid of me?"

The beautiful woman smiled. You would have said that she spoke the truth. "I was asleep; and not dressed for you—"

"You are, as always, very charming. I am going to the Lockley's house to play cards. Will you be awake when I come back?"

"Of course."

He went forward and took her hands, looking at her from head to foot.

"My hands—" she gasped.

"Too tight? But you affect me that way. I am not unaware of your beauty, Gloria. Even your husband—eh?" Suddenly he brought her sharply against him and held her so that her head strained back against his arm. "Tell me. Is anyone here? Have you been up to anything? There is a strange ship in the harbor; and a young ship's officer looking for Tower Crescent."

"Burton told you!"

"Yes. Of course."

"Spy! You pay spies!"

"Then I am right in supposing that you cannot be faithful, even to an idea."

She trembled. "Because you don't trust me."

For a while, then, her husband looked into her face, smiling.

"Burton is downstairs," he said presently. "No one can leave or enter the house until I come back. He has his instructions. I sent Mrs. Blumhardt away."

"Oh, no! Poor old woman!"

"Useless, too old. And not faithful to her duties."

HOST HOLBROOK says: A few drops of my Worcestershire Sauce imparts a delicious flavor to the simplest meal \*\*\*

# Olive Oil

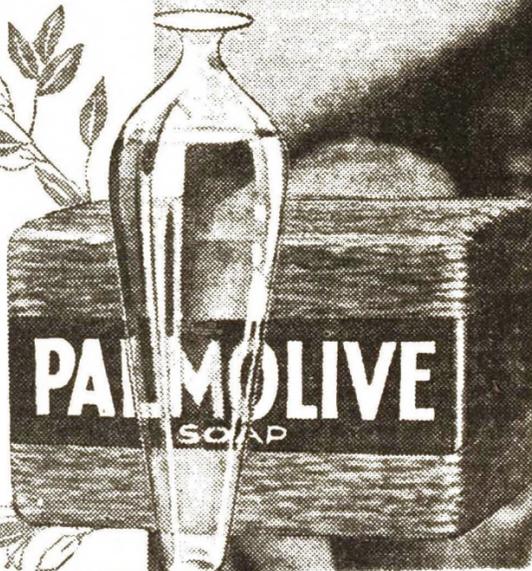
makes your skin alluring  
.. and makes Palmolive green

AS true to-day as it was in Cleopatra's time—"for beauty, your skin needs olive oil." For 3,000 years, olive oil has been cherished for skin beauty... through the ages the unfailing answer to smoother, lovelier, more charming complexions. That's why more and more women every day cherish Palmolive. For this olive-green soap is made of precious olive oil. Certainly, Palmolive deserves its world-wide, enduring success.

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This much olive oil goes into every cake

Faithfully shown by the size of the container at the right, is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive. That's why 20,000 beauty experts recommend Palmolive.



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Wep shows how the up-to-date airwoman does her spring cleaning.

## LOWER'S Aeronautical EXPERIENCES

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's greatest humorist.

All you girls who intend taking part in the Women's Aerial Derby on September 30 had better say good-bye to me now, as I will be off on a flight myself before that. The wife is taking me.

KICKING off from Melbourne, our probable route will be Lonsdale Street, Elizabeth Street, Collins Street, Koepang, Bima, Tokio, Port Darwin, New York, and thence back to Australia. If necessary we will refuel in New York before returning.

We have a two-seater Moth. I insisted on a two-seater as I refused to stand all the way, and with the benefit of past experience, we should experience no difficulty on the trip. Perhaps my experience might benefit others? Oh, do tell us, Major!

The first time I went up was extremely thrilling. It was dawn, and the propeller was whirling like mad. I was seated behind my wife with my eyes shut.

"I am about to take off!" she said.

"Take off what?" I asked anxiously, but we were in the air. I struggled into my parakeet and strapped it to my back.

"My dear!" I said, "which cord do you pull to make this open out?"

"That's the collapsible boat you've got on!" she snapped. "Take it off!"

I was struggling out of the thing when she said, "I'm going to bank!"

"You're going to what!" I exclaimed. "To bank!" she yelled.

"Well, you should have thought of that before we left the ground. Anyhow, if a joint account isn't good enough..."

"I'm going to turn!" she screamed.

"Oh!" I said, and put my hand out, and an eagle bit it.

### Wrong Map Colors

The scenery was marvellous. Spread out beneath just like a carpet, only it didn't have any cigarette burns in it. Flying low, we passed a herd of elephants so close that I could have put out my hand and lifted a bunch of them up by the trunks. I refrained, however, owing to the lack of room in the plane. "Have a look at the map!" snapped the wife. "We should be somewhere near Mongolia!"

"Nowhere near it!" I replied, looking at the map and then over the side, "the ground down there is a dirty brown color. According to this map, Mongolia is pink, with 'MONGOLIA' written right across it. You can't miss it!" "Ah!" she said, interrupting. "Here we are! Now you'll have to drop some provisions to the natives!"

This was right in my line. There is nothing I like better than dropping provisions on natives.

My first effort was a failure, a pound of butter landing in a ditch.

"Throw over the big bundle to the man waving!" ordered the wife.

I aimed carefully and dropped it.

"Did he get it?" she cried.

"Did he what! Fair between the eyes. Is there anything else we could throw over!"

"I'm going to zoom!" she said.

"I don't feel too good myself!" I replied.

"My feed pipe's not functioning!" she complained, anxiously.

"Neither is mine!" I replied. "What about stopping for a spot of lunch?"

"We'll have to turn back!"

"Hooray!"

We staggered out of the plane at the aerodrome, haggard-looking wrecks. Neither of us had had a wink of sleep for two and a half hours.

"That's the last time you ever come with me!" said the wife.

"Well, you're right!" I said, marveling, "but I don't see how the devil you guessed!"

I think, if I do go to Bima, I'd better go all Bima self.

LOST HOLBROOK says: My Anchovy Paste is sold in little glass jars. Dainty sandwiches can be quickly made.\*\*\*

# MANNEQUINS Delight in WORK

## A Well-paid Vocation, and Not So Hard

An increasingly wide scope is being offered to girls who are ambitious to be mannequins.

The character of this work has been radically changed during the past few years, giving wider opportunities, less need for preliminary training, and higher remuneration.

MONICA MACK is one of the most successful mannequins in Sydney at present, and has had years of experience. Replying to a query in regard to training, Miss Mack considers that, given a definite dress sense and a certain natural grace, training is not at all necessary.

Mannequins in the old days were expected to pose in a manner reminiscent of wax figures seen in the shop windows.

The most important qualification for a mannequin is balance. She must be able to walk with assurance and yet give no suggestion of stiffness in doing so.

For the average Australian girl, however, this does not mean training. She plays so much sport, and, in most cases, learns dancing as she is growing up, both of which develop a naturally graceful walk. Miss Mack studied dancing with Minnie Hooper and, later, was on the stage with J. C. Williamson, so that she became used to facing an audience.

Maimie Tricker, who has also been very successful in this class of work, says that the greatest handicap to success is self-consciousness.

Figure is apparently a matter of predisposition. The girl with a tendency to put on weight would do well to study her diet, and, also, certain exercises, for, of course, a slim figure is essential.

The parades at the big stores are held at least twice a year, and each lasts for about a week. The mannequins must be available some days beforehand to have frocks fitted and for rehearsals. The frocks are selected for each according to their particular type.

Miss Audrey Connell, who has posed in our studio for recent fashion displays,

Personal interviews with two of Sydney's leading mannequins give a practical insight into the necessary qualifications of a mannequin and to the enjoyment the girls derive from the work.

states that when she first started she was very nervous. So she was given all the debutante frocks to wear, and her ingenuousness was just what was needed.

### Personality Needed

A mannequin need not be beautiful, as is commonly supposed. Personality counts for more than actual good looks.

The remuneration is good, and a mannequin can depend, not only on the parades, which are featured at the beginning of every season—that is to say, twice a year—but on fairly consistent work throughout the year.

Big advertisers, those who are handling national products, as well as the big stores, are using photography in preference to artists' work, for a great deal of their publicity, and mannequins are constantly being employed to pose for various pictures. Again, it is personality that counts rather than beauty. For instance, a girl posing for a firm selling toothpaste must have a radiant smile and good teeth, a girl who is to be photographed in hats should have a good profile, and so on.

During the parades, a mannequin can

### CAREERS FOR GIRLS No. 15



Miss Maimie Tricker and Miss Monica Mack, two well-known mannequins.

earn anything from £3 to £10 a week. For the photographs taken for publication various sums are paid, varying in accordance with the amount of work and time expended in taking the picture.

One other branch of this work is open to a girl who has been successful.

It is that of conducting the parades, at which she will describe the salient points of the frocks worn by the mannequins, and give the prices. For this the girl would need a pleasant voice, finished diction, and a certain manner of approach to the audience that will lift what is actually a recital of facts to a pleasant discussion of interesting details.



### Does this remind you of "scenes" in your own home?

The dearest wish of a father's heart is to do justice to his boy and to do well by him. And yet he—and mother, too—may be following a line of conduct which may bring out the worst in the boy rather than the best.

The parents of the future will know more of the fundamental processes of the mind, particularly of those of the juvenile and adolescent. To-day the fashion is to leave it all to the school master or mistress. But the class system—and especially the size of the classes—defeats the best teacher.

If your boy is backward at school and has more than the average share of boyish shortcomings—study him. Get advice about him. It may be that all he needs is individual study and development.

Let your censure, instead of falling on your lad, fall on the "class" system.

Your boy may have certain qualities that will fit him for brilliant success, but he may not be "good" in the generally accepted sense. He may be slow with the slowness that denotes a careful brain, weighing each new impression, but quite incapable of quick response to sudden demands made by the teacher in front of the class. He may have a capacity for brilliance, but a capacity which cannot be forced—that needs individual treatment.

On the other hand, he may have a quick original brain with the accompanying high spirits that must be carefully guided and controlled.

Few boys are thrashed into goodness.

At the Metropolitan Coaching College, the pupil is expertly examined psychologically and his general intelligence very carefully tested. Parents are definitely advised when, in our opinion, pupils need the attention of medical men.

### The Solution—Our Attitude to the Boy.

Our "Individual" lesson is just a purposeful discussion between an older and a younger friend.

In some cases, it is not necessary to take the boy from school altogether. He can be sent to us once or twice a week or during vacation, so that we may remedy defects and make any necessary adjustments.

Obtain our advice—personally or by post—without obligation. Interviews Daily.

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Established 35 years.

# An Editorial

SEPTEMBER 16, 1933.

## MIND, BODY, AND DOCTOR

SOME of the best doctors in the world are fighting to have medical psychology recognised as a branch of medical science.



Only a few days ago the conservative B.M.A. made a bold public statement that psychology should be part of the training of every medical student.

If this had been done twenty years ago we'd be living in a happier, healthier world.

Some curious kink in us makes us suspicious of psychology. Most of us have got our ideas of it mixed up higgledy-piggledy with "imaginitis" and meaningless talk of "inferiority complexes," and so on. Is there much, we ask, in this new-fangled science of the mind?

Psychology is nothing more than the scientific understanding of that curious, tricky, sensitive jade—human nature. Medical psychology is the practical aspect of the relation of mind and body as it shows out in health and disease.

Women are specially interested in this. Sixty per cent. of the average doctor's patients are women.

More than half of these suffer from vague, difficult-to-define illnesses, which are just as real and as painful as severe physical disorders, although they show no great physical complications. Fifty years ago (and still to-day by ignorant people) these sicknesses were scoffed at as "imaginitis" and so on. They are really psychological disturbances upsetting the tone and vitality of the body.

This is the province of the psychiatrist (the medical psychologist). Of course, he is the person to deal with the more severe mental afflictions also, but his greatest mission is to understand and relieve the perfectly sane and honest and highly-strung sufferers from nerves, insomnia, breakdown, overstrain, loss of interest in life, and so on. Let every doctor be a trained psychologist, and the world will be better off.

—The Editor.

### LYRICS OF LIFE

#### A NIGHT WITH DEW

The truth of night I never knew  
Until there came a night with dew,  
The grass refreshing, rose adorning—  
A night with dew, but such a morning!  
A million jewels on the lawn  
Gave greeting to a silver dawn,  
And morning lifted like a curtain,  
Earth's ev'ry beauty made more certain.

I never knew the truth of life  
Until I met a little strife,  
The joy of having and of choosing,  
Until a thing denied or losing.  
The truth of night I never knew  
Until there came a night with dew,  
The greatness of my joy to-morrow,  
Till I had had a night of sorrow.

# POINTS OF VIEW

## Women And The Church

BAPTISTS in Australia evidently have but one opinion as to the value of women in church affairs, judging from the action of the Council of the Union and the various auxiliary boards in their annual session in Sydney recently.

A proposal for the formation of an Australian Baptist Women's Union "to inspire and encourage women's work in the churches of the denomination" and to bind together Baptist women in a fellowship of prayer and service for the Kingdom of God in Australia and throughout the world, was unanimously approved.

It was further agreed to ask the Baptist Women's Association of Victoria to prepare a draft constitution for the newly-formed association.

Women in many walks of life are drawing together for community, national, and international purposes, and the move by the Baptist Council would seem to be an attempt to apply the same principle in church life.

## Mental Rest

TALKING of peace, one wonders how many of us would find grateful solace in the German idea of providing mental rest for women? In Hanover they have "Leiger wälsers"—resting meadows. They are parklands planted with the most magnificent chestnut trees. There are pathways through them, with, here and there, statues in bronze. Every now and then these paths lead to a cleared space where one can hire a canvas lounge for 20 pfennig, 2d. in our money, and lie in the sun. The Germans are terribly keen on sunbaking. They lie in these meadows by the hour in perfect relaxation, for—no one is allowed to speak!

## Lure of the Body

DARING fashions, both off and on the beach, are the result of female sex competition, according to Dr. E. A. Barlow, of London.

With females very much in excess of males in England, competition for men is keen, and it manifests itself, so Dr. Barlow says, in being as naked as possible, without infringing the elastic canon of current notions of decency.

The theory is strikingly borne out in Australia, where bathing costumes on our beaches are notably much more restrained than in Europe. Dr. Barlow's theory fits perfectly here, because men exist in Australia in larger numbers than women.

## Hints On Hoarding

THERE is a moral in the unfortunate adventure of Mrs. Ruby Tindale, of Northcote, Melbourne, who tucked away £78 in florins in a bucket and hid the treasure in her woodshed.

Busybodies found out, and she was charged with having money suspected of being stolen. Of course, the case was dismissed.

The days of the old sock under the bed, or the old teapot without a spout, are gone for ever, and a person who hoards money in any other way than by putting it in a bank is looking for all kinds of trouble.

## HANDING HER THE PALM

By WEP

AHA, MISS PHIPSY, SO YOU'VE BEEN TO THE PALMIST



DO TELL ME, WHAT DID SHE SAY?



NOTHING, THE FOOL—



SHE JUST LOOKED AT MY HAND, BLUSHED, AND HANDED MY MONEY BACK



# Harnessing the Minute

## Seconds Count in Life

By DOROTHEA VAUTIER

Tick tock, tick tock . . . and the seconds fly away. Once gone they can never be regained. Time is remorseless, unforgivable. You either make the best use of it in life and succeed, or you waste it and fail. In this inspiring article Dorothea Vautier, well-known announcer and writer, tells of women she knows who have harnessed the power of the minute.

"If only we had time!" is the cry of to-day as the precious hours fritter through our fingers. And yet do we value time? Do we realise the power of the minute? As children, we heard our fathers say, "Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves." This platitude might equally apply to time. Take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves.

In these days of economic turmoil, when life has become a game of "General Post," in which we never know exactly what is going to happen next, it is important to make the best of free time by becoming an expert at something.

FOR example, a Sydney woman who could not boil a potato when married, found that she had a natural flair for cooking, and during the odd moments between attending to her husband and baby girl she perfected this talent, with the result that she became an adept at fancy cookery.

Last year her husband lost his work, and instead of bewailing the fact, she seized the opportunity offered to her, opened a tiny home-

made cake shop, and, with the assistance of her husband, made it pay well enough to tide them over their difficulties. Later she compiled a recipe book from her own tried recipes, and again reaped the fruits of her labors.

Another woman wanted to dance. She had longed to dance all her life, but instead had been tied to an office desk. When the crash came and the firm she was working for went into liquidation, she was no longer young, and for a moment her whole world was in danger of tottering. Only for a moment, however. The blank page of her life was quickly illustrated with colors which as yet had only existed in her imagination. At last she had time to dance. She went to an instructor and offered to do secretarial work for him in return for lessons. Her natural urge to dance and the inspiration with which she infused her art made her a very apt pupil, and soon she was relieving the instructor while he went on his annual

holidays. Using her time, doing something she loved, had swung her life into harmony and solved her financial problem as well.

ANOTHER woman lost her work because the particular firm she was working for had to retrench by employing girls under 21 years of age. For years her secret delight had been the growing of roses. She had experimented, crossing varieties and producing wonderful color blendings. Already these roses had attracted a great deal of attention among her friends, and she had several florists who were extremely interested. So when she lost her work she devoted all her time to the culture of her roses, with the result that she made money, was independent, and was doing the work that she loved.

These hobbies have come to life as the products of odd moments. The power of the minute has been realised either consciously or unconsciously by those who have indulged in these pastimes, and this power is at the command of anybody.

## Is Slavery Abolished?

ON the heels of local celebrations of the Abolishment of Slavery Centenary comes the news, from a Japanese women's society, that last year 41,000 young girls, mostly silk farmers' daughters, were sold into what Australians would call "white slavery."

Parents of these unfortunate girls sold them for periods averaging six years, at as little as £2, to the notorious "Geishas" houses.

It is so true that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives.

# The DREAM

"SNOORING again, Barry!" said Jeanette darkly, disgust and repulsion in every line of her face.

"Snoring yourself!" snapped her husband savagely. Glowering, they faced each other over crumpled bed clothes, both tired-eyed, both irritable, both at a distinct disadvantage in the blatant morning light.

Daintily poised on their radio aerial, a bird chirped dizzily of spring; a breeze soft as a moth's caress stole through the open window.

Impatiently, Barry flung out of his bed with a vicious backward swing of the sheet. Jeanette knit brows, sighed, and turned her face to the nearest wall. She always turned to that side of her bedroom. She liked it because of a certain picture suspended by one single golden thread upon the wall. It portrayed youth. Splendid, pulsing youth. It had reaped, and still did, many biting sarcasms from her husband; nevertheless it stayed on the wall beside Jeanette's bed, because Jeanette asserted, and rightly so, that she had prior choice and undisputable right as to what should and should not occupy or drape her bedroom. Moreover, she had pointed out to Barry in a decidedly starched voice that there was still the ascetically furnished spare bedroom at the rear of the flat wherein he might repose in spartan comfort if the appointments of suite one jarred. Barry's soul did not yearn for pristine seclusion, but took a decided swing towards warm, tasteful comfort—and Jeanette. Therefore, he stayed with Jeanette, and the splendid youth.

The artist had named it "Dawn." Silhouetted in poignant relief against a flaming red-gold sunrise stood a nobly proportioned youth, arms outstretched, head thrown back in joyous victory, eyes burning with intense enveloping light, the concerted pose vibrant with life and splendid manhood—a symbol of the sun—a veritable Sun God. Enough to make any woman want to look. Jeanette loved it. Barry detested it. Could a husband do less?

Jeanette looked at it now. Barry saw her look, and his lip curled. Automatically his eyes sought the expensive cheval mirror. Thoughtfully it reflected his rotundity, sagging, unshaven chin, violent pyjamas, and cynical lips. Their eyes met. She had been watching him. Her eyes were reflective, calculating. Rage surged up in his heart. She was criticising him again! Swiftly he swung round.

The dear intimacy had been destroyed. Was their ideal marriage to go the way of most?

"While you're at it, take a look at yourself—you're no bunch of violets!" he barked ridiculously. It was all ridiculous, particularly his remark about the violets; for in spite of tiredness, Jeanette did give one the illusion of violets, but Barry certainly did not. Wearily Jeanette turned her gaze once more to the wall. Barry strode from the room, crossed to the bathroom, and childishly banged the door. The volley jarred not only the flat, but a sleeper in the flat below, who sleepily, yet acidly, called down hectic imprecations upon the heads of the Westons above.

Married but a year, Jeanette and Barry of the honeysuckle days, antagonistic bitter, their romance lying in a thousand pieces around their ears. The dear intimacy had been destroyed. Was their ideal marriage to go the way of most? Jeanette reflected? Barry was kindness itself, yet he had deliberately hacked at the pedestal of love. At first she had borne it, ignored it, and any unpleasant reactions within her mind had been quickly dispersed by the cool breeze of reflection and his warmth of affection. Then had come sudden flashes of temper on her part; on his, hurt surprise and contriteness at his thoughtlessness. But it

had gone on and now Jeanette was openly, rebelliously defiant. Two loving hearts joined in holy matrimony to the tune of pattering rice and old shoes—worlds apart. And all because of snores! Plain, unromantic snores.

Jeanette had confided this to her chum, Mavis. Mavis had laughed, loud and long. "You should worry," she had gleefully gurgled; "you're over-sensitive—do you expect the poor wretch to gum his lips with adhesive, or apply peg to nose? Heavens, Jeanette, my pet, you're lucky he doesn't want to park a set of false teeth on your pillow! Now forget it; husbands must be husbands: a man has to snore sometimes—overcome it—forget it!"

But Jeanette could not. In her eyes it was the unpardonable sin. An un-

## THE UNWELCOME HEART

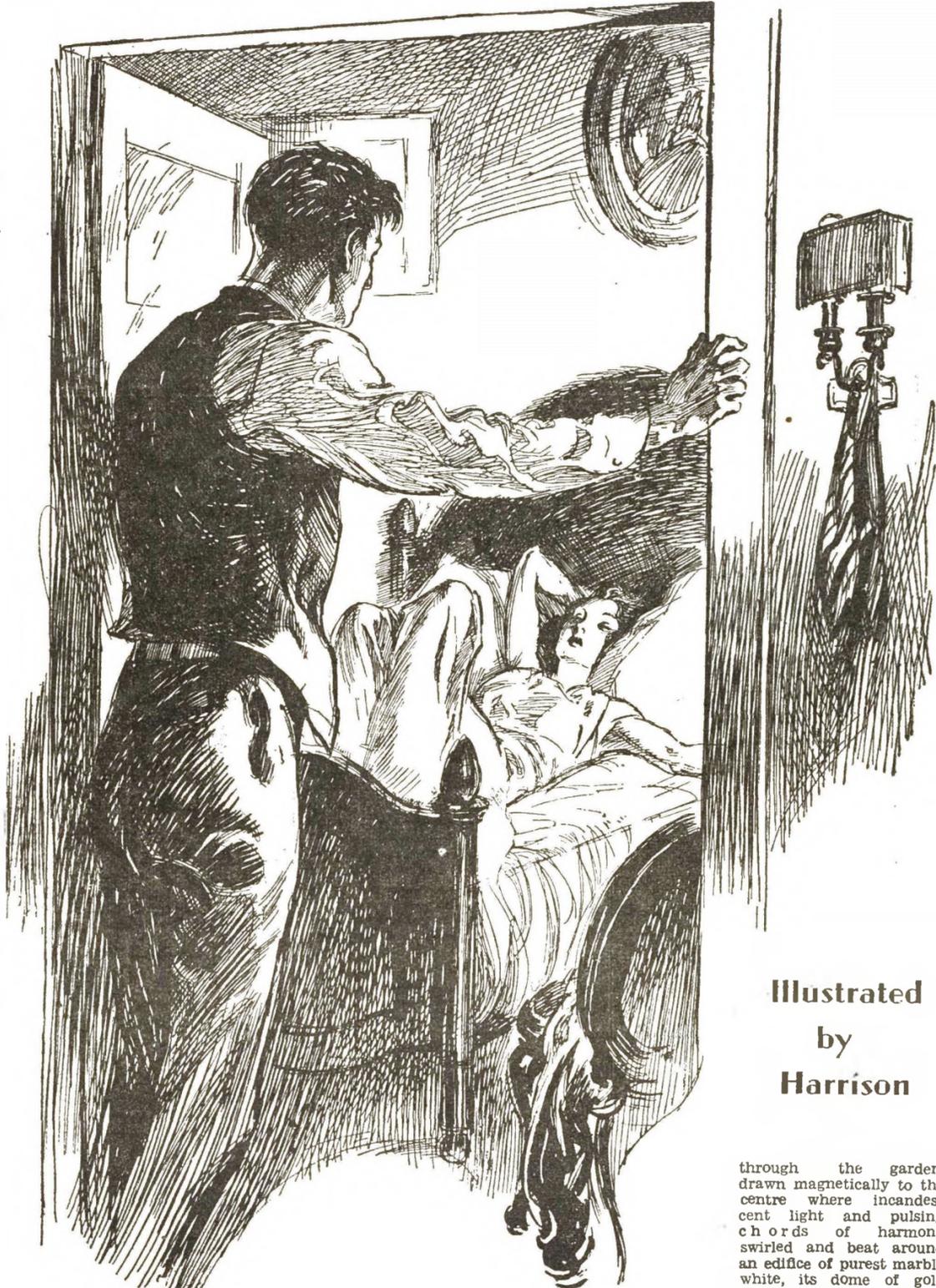
She had a heart. One day it ran away from her to a strange man, A man whose mind was a vast store, Of learning and of age-old lore.

She did not know the sages then, Counted him wise among all men. The peach trees flowered, soft breathed the day Her heart ran off—his eyes were grey!

He took the heart to other lands, Where delving deep in torrid sands, He wastes his health, and spends his days— To write a text on Aztec ways.

But of her heart he takes no care, He drops it here, he leaves it there, And sun and cold burn it away. Why must savants have eyes of grey?

—Rachel Gay.



Illustrated by Harrison

"Will you have a cup of coffee, little sweetheart," said Barry contritely.

through the garden, drawn magnetically to the centre where incandescent light and pulsing chords of harmony swirled and beat around an edifice of purest marble white, its dome of gold rearing into the heavens above. Scarlet and gold petalled roses, passionately spilling forth seductive essence from their golden hearts, entwined and spread in exquisite profusion over the entire structure. Tenderly she touched a scarlet petal. It fell to the grass.

Hesitatingly, she stepped to the flowered archway. Here, then, the fulfilment of her seeking. Here the reality. Through the ante-room rose a further pillared archway, hung with a scarlet and gold curtain. With senses awing, softly she stepped to the scented curtain, gently, timorously, she parted its velvety folds, and with eyes aglow with unfathomable light, stepped within, the curtain slipping from her hand with a soft little swish.

Suddenly a pain tore at her heart. A memory slashed vividly across her happy languor—a memory of someone she knew long ago—was it her husband—her husband? Why should his memory come to disturb?

With hands clasped to her throat, eyes shining, and almost blinded with the golden light, slowly she advanced to the centre of the room, where stood a low cushioned dais. Stretched on its softness, in all the splendor of his vibrant youth—lay a young man asleep. The reality. The Sun God of her dreams! Fascinated, she gazed at his beauty. Perfect the proportions and moulding of his body; the glowing smoothness of his

warmly tinted skin pulsing with inner fire; his tangled mass of gold curling hair; the chiselled harmony of his many features—the utter abandon of his deep sleep.

Coldly now. Calmly. Gloriously drunk with sleep... he snored, with mouth stupidly agape... evenly... brazenly... devastatingly...

"Will you have a cup of coffee, little sweetheart," said Barry contritely; "I saw you were about to wake—will you have it?"

Jeanette blinked, slowly moved her burnished head, and looked at her husband—just looked and looked, awake. (Copyright.)

romantic something closely allied with red noses, gout, snuff boxes, rice puddings, and woolly bed socks.

Lately he had become unbearable, he had definitely disturbed her rest. It had become the topic of their morning's conversation. Barry endeavored to suppress his snores, and became worse. Jeanette suggested seeking medical advice; stuffing a handkerchief between his lips; fighting the habit. One of the three, or she would vacate the bedroom. This lying in prickly apprehension was no longer to be borne. Barry promised faithfully he would manfully carry out her wishes. He hadn't kept his promise. He simply forgot about it. So did Jeanette until she put her glossy head down on the pillow. Then, just as she was slipping deliciously around the door of To-morrow, Barry would begin to harp. It always began with a puffing grunt of satisfaction; then sombrely the base would slide in to meet the treble trickle which always came when his lips finally parted—and evenly, with untiring rhythm, the orchestra would ebb and swell untiringly as the sand sifted slowly through the glass. Tensely, Jeanette would listen until there was just an hour left wherein to snatch a brief reprisal before the clattering announcement of the milkman. Jeanette, in a panic of despair, threatening to leave not only her pretty bedroom, but her husband also; working herself into hysterical restlessness, carving shadows under her eyes, ushering in limp, ineffectual days; his dearness, his kindness overlooked; their marital happiness enveloped in a cloud of devastating snores!

With Barry gone from the room, peace stole gently into the wearied eyes of Jeanette. Thank goodness, it was Sunday morning and she could stay

in bed. Softly, evenly, the tiny oxidised bedroom clock ticked in the warm silence, lulling with its mesmerising insistence jangled nerves. Drowsily she gazed at the Sun God. Contentedly... warmly... sleepily.

SUDDENLY, swiftly, with lightened body, she was gliding, flying, every nerve tingling, light, beauty, freedom unutterable pulsing through her being—straight into the heart of the sun. Her hair, a sheen of bronze-gold, streamed on the breeze; her eyes, deeply blue, shone with expectation and joy; weariness gone, her arms outstretched in joyous abandon, even as the Sun God in the frame.

"Where to, and why?" questioned her brain. But her heart already knew. Jeanette seeking, Jeanette ultimately finding, the splendid god of dreams! Unerringly she glided as with pre-

By HELEN NEWTON

destined knowledge into a bewildering paradise of flowers. It was a garden—a garden of indescribable delights. Was this Heaven? Exquisite winged things flashing, trilling in harmonious melody; flowers, flowers everywhere, cool and shyly tinted, or blazing brilliantly in seductive abandon; caressingly soft the touch of succulent green grass under her feet; deliciously heady the perfume rising as incense heavenwards; blue, blue the sky above, and divine the somnolent lull and rhythm of the whole garden. Jeanette's soul expanded, thrilling to the wonder, smushed with the beauty. Softly and surely she stepped

## In the Street To-Day



WHILE walking in the city to-day a sound reached me above the noise of the hurrying feet and the murmur of many tongues.

It was the vibrating tones of a violin. There was something insistent in the notes, so that I quickened my steps in search of the player. I found him at last, an aged street-fiddler, standing in front of a pair of great wrought iron doors. It came to me as I watched the nervous tapping of the music-maker's foot that the old man was trying to speak with his instrument—trying to tell the hurrying throng that he was hungry, ill-clad, and cold.

But, like the majestic twin doors, the passers-by gave no indication that they heard or saw.

—Veronica M. Mills.



**P**ERSONALITY and charm—pearl-white teeth beautifying the smile of confident youth—all are hers to-day. But in five years' time—what of those pearl-white teeth; will they enhance still lovely contours or ornament the tired mask of indifferent health?

Over 50% of all illness is traceable to germs, of which a considerable variety enter the system through the mouth.

Whiteness of teeth is desirable, but more than whiteness is necessary—protection against harmful germs is imperative.

TENAX DENTAL CREAM, Alone, contains the powerful antiseptic TI-TROL OIL, which is 11 times more potent than Carbolic.

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**LIFE—A BUSINESS**

It is a paradox, perhaps, that, while Home Life is a refuge from business, it is itself a business.

Money enters so largely into everything that it must be planned for in every phase of life.

It is in business that money is earned, in the Home, chiefly, that it is spent, and there is no sound reason why the spending should not be regarded as being just as important as earning. In fact, it is far more important, for earning is difficult, and must employ wisdom, forethought, and energy, while spending is easy, so easy that there is temptation to spend unwisely.

Every Home, then, is a business, and needs an economic system, of which the Savings Bank Pass Book can be the valuable basis.

**Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia**

(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government.)

**The GODDESS**

(Continued from Page 8)

"I KNOW. But I'm not afraid."

He smiled. Then, with a slight bow, a Continental bend from the waist, he closed the door, closed it with a soft finality. They heard his precise, strutting footfalls pass along the corridor and downstairs. Gloria Mundy remained by the door until she heard him leave the house.

There were heavy draperies at the doors and windows. These she dragged across, muffling street sounds and the distant wall of violins, the piping of flutes.

"You may come out, now," she said. Jarvis McCabe left his hiding-place. He was ashamed and sorry for what he had seen. "Here is the letter," he said. "Then I must be going. My ship sails at dawn."

"You can't leave. Burton is watching."

She came close to him. She smelled of roses and spice. Her hair was crisp, and curled at the nape for all its smooth sweep back from her forehead. Very earnestly she looked at Jarvis McCabe, full in his eyes. He felt an unfamiliar excitement, a surge of warm delight around his heart: he had been so long aboard his ship, so long absorbed in work. To be close, like this, to a vivid, living creature stirred in him the long-neglected emotion of pleasure in another. An hour or so ago he had been a contented, a vaguely restless, but contented man. Now, with a quick intake of breath, he found himself trembling at this woman's nearness. He thought: "I'd better be off, before it's too late."

SHE took the letter, opened it with swift decision, and read it eagerly, avidly, as if she absorbed every written word, implication beyond implication, meaning beyond meaning. Her fingers seemed to stroke the paper. And again McCabe thought of Calhoun the big, homely man, pacing the bridge or lying stretched on his bunk, awake but dreaming, lost in some remembrance, some hope, striving to remain close to something he had lost, allowing no voice or face or happening to confuse the memory.

"He wants me to come to-night," she said. "With you. He is waiting for me. He will take me away with him on his ship. He says I am to trust you."

She decided to show the letter to McCabe. It read simply:

"An accident has brought me into this harbor. I am sending a young officer, Jarvis McCabe, whom I trust. He will bring you to me. Your letter, received a few minutes ago, decided me to risk everything. It is impossible to live away from you. I cannot go, myself: as you know, I might be recognised. I am waiting. Do not fail. Andrew."

"Is there a way out?" McCabe asked. She ran to the window, opened it, leaned out, started back with a frightened face. "Burton's men in the alley. That means—"

She came back to McCabe and put her hands on his shoulders.

"Young man, do you love your captain so much?"

McCabe smiled. "Why," he said, "I don't really know him. I do my duty, of course."

She stood there, holding him.

"He is very fine. Very noble. Very wonderful. I tell you. I know. It was in the war. I, on a torpedoed ship in the Mediterranean. He rescued me. Me and many others. He was brave and gentle. Enemy and friend alike. Afterwards he came to Syria to find me. He found me—poor, sick, desperate. Starving! Living on the streets. . . You understand? Sailor and beggar and drunkard. . . He found me, half crazy. No shoes. No roof. And he brought me to England."

McCabe felt a strange jealousy. No woman had ever loved him as this woman loved his captain. His throat was dry. His heart began to pound. He pitied her, he did not know her, yet, for no reason save their isolation and their youth and their common danger, he felt the impending disaster of love for her. Her face, uplifted to his, was grave and yet eager. Who was she?

This was not reality; it was a scene in a play, unreal and exciting. The dim lights, the odor of flowers and tobacco and musk. Her quick breath, her pleading eyes. Her lips parted to show the small white teeth.

He put up his hands and clasped

hers on his shoulders. They looked at each other with a great questioning, a great intimacy, and, bending his head, he kissed her, not as Mundy had kissed her, but quietly, for a long moment, a moment exquisite and terrible and endless. He had never known that love, infatuation, could be like this. That it could blind him. . . .

She drew away from him at last, and he heard her say:

"Now, perhaps, you understand—your captain wants me."

She ran into the bedroom and he saw her opening drawers and cupboards, pulling out garments, shoes, brilliant scarves. She began to dress. . . .

"I'm ready, young man."

"There is a way up through the attic and across the roofs," she said. "Follow me. Go quietly. And forget that you kissed me. I am your captain's—for ever."

THEY tiptoed to the door in the dusk of the room, and she opened it quietly, gently, an inch at a time. The corridor was lighted, and, peering over Gloria Mundy's shoulder, McCabe saw that a man's shadow lay along the floor, flat, sharp, like a paper silhouette. It was the shadow of that bully of the public house. He stood motionless at the top of the stairs with the light behind him. His flat head, his thick, bull neck, enormously enlarged and elongated. His clenched hands. Hands like steel clots. His arched legs, spread and firmly planted. Waiting.

Mrs. Mundy stepped into the corridor and spoke to him:

"Burton? This is I—Mrs. Mundy. You need not wait. I am alone. But I am not afraid to be alone. I will not ask you to wait. It was very kind of Mr. Mundy. Very thoughtful. But there is no need. . . ."

"I have my orders," the man said. "I stay here until Mr. Mundy comes back."

"Good - night," she said. She said it so sweetly, with such gentle resignation! Slowly, smiling at Burton, she unwound the lace scarf from about her head and drew it between her fingers. "Good-night, Burton."

"I have my orders," he repeated. His shadow remained fixed upon the floor, as if riveted there.

She came into the room again. "You see!"

"Is there no other way?"

She shook her head.

"When do you expect your husband to return?"

"At midnight. One, two o'clock. Perhaps not until dawn. When he gambles, he forgets everything, even me. When he is winning, he plays all night. Then he gives me jewels, valuable things. If he loses—as he does at times—he takes everything away from me again."

"I'll wait," McCabe said, "until he comes. I'm armed. He will, I think, let me go. He will understand."

"No," she said, "he won't."

"I've got to get back to my ship, Mrs. Mundy."

"Do you love your ship so much, young man?"

"Yes." And suddenly, unexpectedly, he did. He thought of the "Goddess" lying out there in the fog, and to him she was home, she was sanctuary. He thought of his room, his books, the familiar pictures and treasures. He wanted to be there, intact, free. He loved this stranger, desired her as he had never desired a woman, but he wanted, too, to be away from her, to begin, if he could, to forget her. "Yes," he said, steadying his voice, "I love my ship."

"Come here. I will make coffee for you. We will be happy for a while." She spread out her hands in a gesture of surrender. "We are prisoners."

He followed her to the sofa before the fire.

"How did you know that Calhoun's ship was in the harbor, Mrs. Mundy?"

"I was watching from this window. On clear days I can see the channel. I have glasses, I know when the ship, his ship, passes. Twice a year! I watch and weep. Your captain watches, too. He comes as close as he dares. And does he weep, young man?"

"Sometimes, I think he does."

(Please turn to Page 36)

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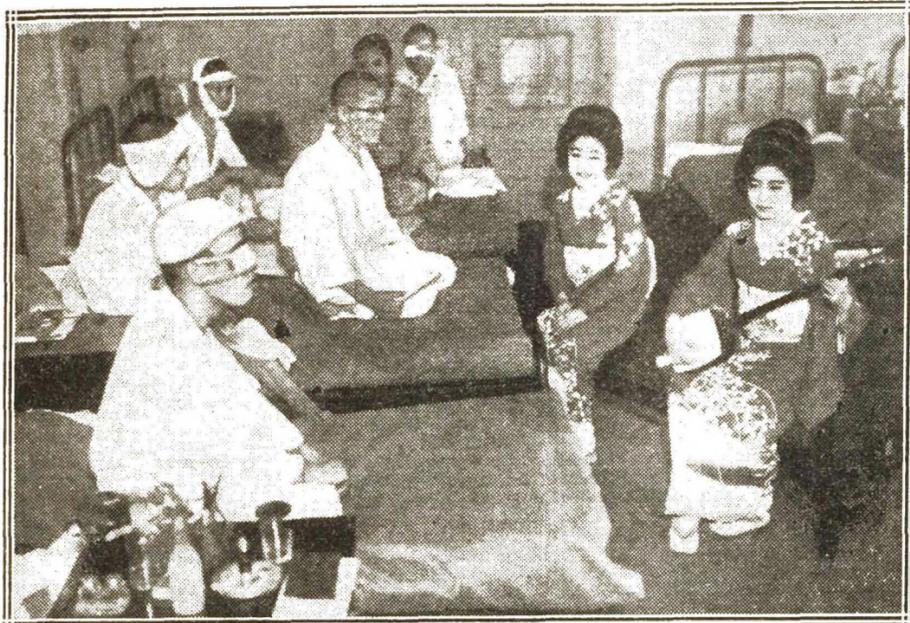
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# WOMEN'S NEWS AS TOLD BY THE CAMERA . . . . .



**SOLDIERS AND GIRLS** are the same the world over. Pretty Gelsha girls visiting a Tokio First Field Hospital to entertain Japanese soldiers with songs and music.



**CAPTAIN TOWNSEND** of the "Strathaird," tries his luck at Randwick with horses of the Turf. Sea horses are more in his line.



"A DREAM COME TRUE," said Mr. Will Ashton before leaving for a six weeks' journey in his caravan—a real studio on wheels. Mr. J. MacDonald, director of the Art Gallery, is seen farewelling Mr. Ashton and Mr. Archer Russell. Mallacoota West is their destination.

(IN CIRCLE): A close-up of Mr. Will Ashton.



**MR. AND MRS. CHARLES LLOYD JONES**, photographed on their return from a visit to Suva by the "Monterey" this week. As flu. broke out, part of their holiday was spent on an island in quarantine.



"CHINESE BALLET" of the Red Cross Younger Set, rehearsing for "Steps and Stairs" at the Savoy this Thursday. The producer is Bobby Roberts, and the ballet mistress Miss Bullough.



**DRESSES FOR TWOPENCE!** These attractive cotton dresses, ranging in price from twopence to sixpence, and fashioned from flour bags, cotton sheeting, and various cotton materials, were shown at a Cotton Conference in America as an example of the adaptability of cotton.

AN INTERESTING new picture of the world's heavyweight champion, Primo Carnera, taken with his mother during his recent holiday in Italy.



**MISS CYNTHIA BROOKES**, of Melbourne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Brookes, with her fiance, Mr. Gengoult Smith, Lord Mayor of Melbourne, at Randwick.



**THIS YOUNG MAN** has won two first prizes and a championship in baby shows. He is Bobby Bird, aged three, of Manly. Swimming is his favorite hobby. What a fine example he is of the healthy children reared in Australian sunshine.



No. 1.—Charming picture hat of organdie in all delightful pastel shades and any head fitting. PRICE 14/11

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No. 2—Smart tailored Linen Hat, with check edge and trimming. Obtainable in all shades, including white and all sizes. PRICE 9/11

No. 3—Delightful little Hat in finely-sewn dull Neora Straw, trimmed with Gros-grain ribbon, in all colors. Two head sizes. PRICE 16/11



No. 4—A Coarse Speckled Racello Straw in mixture colorings. Smartly trimmed with ribbon as illustrated. An ideal hat for Summer days. PRICE 18/11

No. 5—Attractive Hat of fine Neora Straw with the new medium brim. In pastel shades also navy and black. PRICE 18/11

Use Our Lay-by Service—it's easy.

**HORDERN BROTHERS**

Three CHURCHES May UNITE

Presbyterians Will Discuss Big Questions

In the afterglow of the Great War, when we were, as we thought, building the new world that was to be, the Presbyterian Church of Australia conceived the idea of uniting with the Methodist and Congregational Churches in one strong, co-ordinated body.

Nothing definite came of it, and after some years spent in negotiations and adjustments the matter was practically declared off. At the Presbyterian General Assembly at present meeting in Melbourne, and representing that Church throughout all Australia, the question has been revived, with better chances of ultimate success, it is believed, than at any previous period.

WHILE from the point of view of any real advance the matter has been in abeyance for some considerable time past, all three of the churches concerned have kept their union committees intact, and reports of an academic and non-committal character have been brought up by them year by year to their respective church courts.

This year, however, the report by the Presbyterian Committee on Church Unity possesses what in everyday matters might be termed a "kick," in moving definitely in favor of the reopening of negotiations for union between the Presbyterian and the other two churches already named.

The "N.S.W. Presbyterian," in its latest issue, goes so far as to mention this as "the main question" before the Assembly, and it is stated in well-informed and influential quarters that the feeling in favor of the proposed union is stronger than it was at the outset of the movement 13 years ago.

Initial Difficulties Over

Previous negotiations have not gone for nothing. They covered all the preliminary ground, successfully attacked all the initial difficulties, even to the extent of the formulation of a statement of church belief and policy which was accepted all-round.

Little now remains to be decided, therefore, beyond the conviction that the time is ripe by reason of the existence of the true spirit of union in the minds and hearts of all the parties concerned—an essential condition of any such transaction always and everywhere.

Evidence of the existence of this spirit is forthcoming in the degree of co-operation already reached.

The Presbyterian Board of Religious Education has joined forces with the Methodist Church in Australia and New Zealand, though the latter country is not contemplated in the union now pro-

posed, of equal value with the common theological point of view engendered, and which should prepare the way for the work of these men in the united church of the future.

The attitude of the other churches concerned has been one of mutual goodwill. The General Conference of the Methodist Church of Australasia, which met in Sydney in May last, expressed its satisfaction "at the continuance of the work of the Joint Australian Council of Churches contemplating union," and also its willingness "to discuss the question of church union with any church which desires to do so," and authorised its committee to make arrangements accordingly.

The attitude of the Congregational Church is similar. Its representatives have taken part in several conferences with those of the other two denominations, and at its assembly this year instructed its committee to "welcome any reopening of negotiations for church union, and in collaboration with the State unions, to take whatever steps may seem desirable to accomplish the object in view."

In Other Countries

The proposal is in line with union movements on a wide scale throughout the world. The Presbyterian Churches in Scotland, the Methodist branches in England (last year), the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational denominations in Canada, and the non-episcopal churches of South India have all united their forces, setting an example which now seems likely to be followed in Australia.

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posed, for some time past, and a working plan of co-operation in force at Canberra from the outset of the city's founding, for all three churches, has recently taken on a still more definite shape.

At Suva, Fiji, Presbyterian and Methodist ministers have for some years past been stationed for alternate periods of three years at one central church.

One essential condition of a working unity has for years past been in process of development in the United Theological Faculty at St. Andrew's Hall, within the University of Sydney, where joint classes of students of the three denominations, by a long-standing arrangement, attend lectures by the principals of the three theological colleges and other professors and tutors.

A foundation of personal understanding is thus being laid, which is at least

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# Men Don't Like Vamps In BUSINESS

Women are everywhere preferred to men as private secretaries, except perhaps in the Police Department, where one may have to combine secretarial duties with those of a "chucker-out."

Agreed that women are cheaper, more pliable, and more contented with such a career than men, on what basis are they engaged?

**U**NLIKE America—judging from its films, at any rate—"vamps" are completely at a discount as private secretaries in Sydney, and a business training is only one of many necessary qualifications.

Sir Mark Sheldon's Miss Stapleton is pretty and has charming manners, but is a very quiet frocker and has a "bun."

Mr. Frank Albert's treasure, Miss Fanning, and Mr. Bradfield's former secretary, Miss K. Butler (now married), are definitely "highbrow"; those University professors with private secretaries, such as Sir Henry Barraclough, mainly choose graduates.

Lever Bros.' appreciation of Joy Stayner is more because of her B.Sc. than a result of her good looks; Elliott's like to feel that their Miss Marshall can be safely left in charge by her "boss" for months at a time.

Mr. W. A. Holman's secretary is a political enthusiast; Judge Long Innes has his daughter, Pat, as associate for the same reason that Rev. F. T. Perkins, when headmaster of Cranbrook, chose daughter Dorothy for his secretary.

So that, Edgar Wallace, Mr. C. M. C. Shannon, Mr. S. A. Maxwell, and many others who have married their private secretaries notwithstanding, personal attractiveness to one's employer is not a primary consideration.

In fact, it is the men, not their wives, who dislike "sex-appeal" in the office, saying it would be a worry and distraction, and that they wouldn't thank their woman business associate for anything more than friendliness. As a rule, too, Sydney women secretaries work in rooms separate from their employers.

Mr. George Fitzpatrick, whose secretary, Miss May Sheehan, is said to have signed more circulars than any other woman in N.S.W., says "the average employer does not want a pretty private secretary. He does, however, value a pleasant-looking girl. The girl whose chief concern is lipstick and rouge, whatever other qualifications she may have, cannot succeed. It is the private secretary who helps to keep the show going smoothly, and one of her principal jobs is to keep her chief from

being irritated by trivialities. Shorthand and typing knowledge are only the basis of her qualifications. Being well-read, too, is a big factor, although the most priceless requisite is plain commonsense.

**T**HERE is no comparison between men and women secretaries, as the woman usually looks to her job as a career and is not matrimonially minded, whereas a man regards his as a stepping-stone. There is hardly a firm in Sydney who has not had an important male executive leave to go to someone else, taking with him 'trade secrets.' The women have only one big drawback. A man will willingly train another person and be glad to be allowed to have someone share his responsibilities. Women however, cling to their responsibilities and try to do everything themselves. This weakness is as real as it is foolish. The average man to-day is considerate and courteous to his secretary, and she is rewarded with his absolute reliance.

Dr. Purdy, City Health Officer, thinks women are particularly conscientious, and thus make good secretaries, and that, provided they are intelligent and well trained, they needn't be either pretty or fashionably dressed.

Mr. Maxwell, director of S. A. Maxwell and Co., prefers women private secretaries to men, because a woman, far more easily than any man, can obtain the confidence of the rest of the staff and can indicate, long before any mole-hill becomes a mountain, any little rifts in the lute brought about by clashing temperaments, or the like.

Mimi Spaul, formerly secretary to Professor Radcliffe-Brown, thinks that an overdressed secretary makes a man feel ridiculous. Make-up, however, does not matter if over-much is not used. It is women, not men, who are critical of this. So long as a private secretary's hair is well groomed, and her hands manicured, even without good looks she will pass muster.

Miss Edythe Taylor, secretary to Mr. Hodgson, of the Royal Automobile Club and Nandy Johnson, secretary to Mr. G. W. Nicholls, of P. T. Taylor and Co., think that one must take into consideration the secretary's duties when deciding if personal attractiveness is necessary.

Miss Taylor says that in a position such as her own, ability to respond tactfully to various clients' moods, to know

## Women Secretaries Favored for Their Ability and Loyalty



What about reversing the position? Here is a woman of affairs with a man private secretary.



The sort of secretary that wives would probably choose for their husbands if they had the picking.

evolved," says Mr. Sommerlad, "she would be my choice if I had to pick a secretary. What I want is reliability, tact, and the capacity to keep one's counsel."

**T**HE women give varied replies as to what they require in an employer. Mimi Spaul doesn't like to be treated as a machine. One of her previous employers used to dictate pacing up and down the office like a caged animal, and put her into an absolute fever. A man should be firm and strictly businesslike—there must be no dictating, then, when he has finished his part of the job, chatting with you, forgetting your part has still to be done, until finally you must rush your work through in double quick time.

Miss M. J. Yahl, private secretary to Mr. Stuart F. Doyle, thinks the private secretary must be an expert stenographer. She must possess an excellent command of the King's English, so that if necessary she can sub-edit hurried dictation, or dictate correspondence to others, without effort. Tact and initiative, too, are essential, and ability to give complete satisfaction in an interview, so that the impression gained is that she sympathises with, and understands, the "other fellow's" point of view. Lastly, but by no means least, she must always be able to anticipate, or "mind read."

typists. The latter is the case of Sadie Field, confidential secretary to Mr. E. C. Sommerlad, managing director of the Country Press. "But although she has

which ones like to chat, and which do not, and a talent for being personally pleasing, are very necessary requisites. Private secretaries may, like Miss Johnson, jump straight from business college into their job, or they may evolve from junior clerks and general

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**SO THEY SAY!**

THE early women of the Bulolo and the Koranga, Salamaua, and the Edie have proved that the pioneer spirit is as indomitable as ever in the breasts of Australian women.

—Ion L. Idriess.

THE best of men and the best of women may live together all their lives, and for want of some consent on fundamental questions, hold each other lost spirits to the end.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

"MEN know that women are an over-match for them. If they did not think so they could never be afraid of women knowing as much as themselves."—Dr. Johnson.

THOSE who always speak well of women do not know them sufficiently. Those who always speak ill of them do not know them at all.—Gillaume Pigault-Lebrun.

"EVERY love affair is composed of elements of gold and of clay, of sunlight and savagery, while in a busy man's life women are alternately blown aloft like soap bubbles, or jettisoned as lumber."—C. E. M. Joad, in his book, "Guide to Modern Thought."

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**THEIR REAL NAMES**  
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**MRS. BONNEY Plans to FLY HOME in OCTOBER**

Since her arrival in London, Mrs. Bonney, the Australian airwoman, has been completing plans for a return flight to the Commonwealth in a fast machine. She expects to leave in October, and to put up a record.

From Neil Murray, Special Representative in Europe for The Australian Women's Weekly.

LONDON.

**THIS** quiet-voiced, plucky little woman has found every moment occupied since she came here, for, in addition to ordinary business and social engagements, she has been writing the story of her flight. The book is now completed and in a London agent's hands, but, in order to do so, Mrs. Bonney has on many occasions sat up all night until dawn working on it.

To-day, at her London headquarters, the Forum Club, she talked of her plans for the homeward journey, and mentioned wistfully that she was homesick for a sight of Australia.

"The people here have been more than kind, and in many ways I am having a lovely time. But Australia every time for me! Australians in London have been wonderful to me. They certainly do stick together, and they know how

"However, October will soon be here, and then I shall be hopping off for Australia again. Major Murray Jones, of Sydney, is arranging with the de Havilland Company for a really fast machine. In my old bus in which I flew to England, the engines were so inadequate that at times when crossing the desert and encountering strong head winds, I could push her along at only 35 miles an hour."

She says that one of England's most interesting manifestations, to her, is the way in which women have taken up flying purely as a recreation or as a means of getting from place to place quickly in order to fulfil social engagements. It is quite usual for women of fashion to lunch at their country houses in the north of England, and a couple of hours later step out of their aeroplanes looking fresh and "soigne," two or three hundred miles south, ready to enjoy a party.



MRS. BONNEY.

to make a compatriot feel at home. Lots of them wrote to me directly I arrived, offering hospitality and the use of their cars.

"I find, however, that London life does not suit me very well. I find it difficult to get used to the late meal hours—lunch at 1.30 or 2 p.m., and dinner at 8.30 or 9 p.m.

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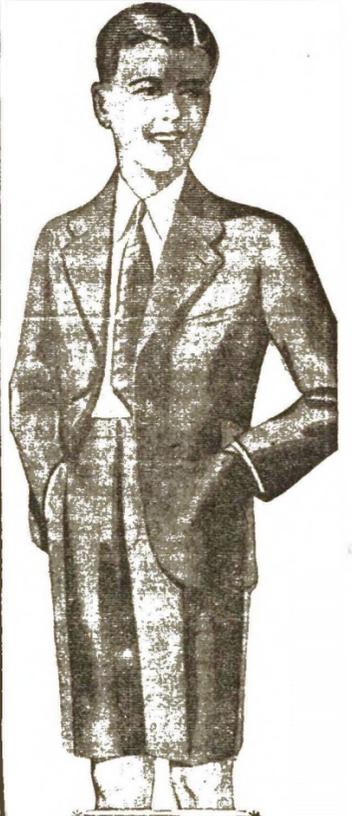
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"PAY LESS AND DRESS BETTER"

# The Swing of the Pick

## Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.

**T**RAMP, tramp, tramp . . . The prisoners filed down the bleak road to the quarries, grotesque and shambling-looking in the shapeless, canvas garb of ignominy. Silent and thoughtful all. Some sullen. Others approaching the end of their term, almost optimistic. Their thoughts these days far away. The whole a study in faces.

Intellectual faces, though marred, perhaps, and coarsened by a hunted, haggard expression. And brute faces—heavy, callous, cruel; eyes suggesting the animal ruthlessness of a jungle beast tearing its kill to pieces.

Vicious, weak faces. Lit with that queer light that lies in the eye of the cunning imbecile; and thin, furtive, rat-like faces, every feature crying a warning of treachery, trickery, and utter selfishness.

**Tramp, tramp, tramp. . .** Murderers blackmailers, forgers, house-breakers—the makers of the dark history of our enlightened age—on they plodded to the quarries.

"Halt!" The warders, carrying carbines, brought them to a standstill, and then they made their way to their respective places, with pick and shovel and all the implements necessary for their work.

Two of the party were working together side by side, and presently one said softly, after a swift glance around:

"Here we are again."  
"Yes." They did not look at each other and their picks rose and fell steadily. They had been working side by side for some days now.

The man who had spoken first was about thirty-three. Sharp and intelligent-looking with bright, blue eyes. Though healthy-looking, he was thin and there was a hardness about the mouth and general expression which might have stirred, in an astute physiognomist, something like a vague warning.

The other man was at least ten years older. Grey-haired, thin but not healthy-looking, with a refined face heavily lined.

Round the corners of the tight mouth were traces of humor allied with the awful sadness. Humor, too, in the eyes, grey and clever.

The sort of face that made an observer say, "I wonder what kind of mental hell that man's going through as he swings that pick?"

The thud—swing—thud of the picks punctuated, like a kind of awful pendulum, the silence and thoughts of the two.

"Nice morning," said the younger man. Thud—swing—thud. . .

"Very."—Swing—thud—swing . . .

"Did you hear the latest joke? That weak-minded bloke asked the Governor when they were fixing up his papers the other day, before letting him loose, to write him a good reference, as he wanted to get a nice job as soon as possible.

"He's just finished six years. Reminds me of the old lag who, going out, asked the warden at the gate where the nearest jeweller's was."

**SILENCE**, but for the crash of the pick. The warden was strolling in their direction, carbine swung over his shoulder. When he was fifty yards past them, the younger man spoke again:

"I've never asked you any of these mornings how long you're in for. First question as a rule in the social circles we move in. Not that I adopt or practise the observances according to custom. No more than I speak prison slang."

"Ten years." Thud—swing—thud . . .

Never did they look at each other, these men. Suddenly the older man's pick became stuck and he had to put his weight against the handle to dislodge it.

"Tough stretch. I've got six more to do. Done one already. They transferred me here from Wormwood

Scrubs about a week ago. Been here long?"

"Six months."  
Silence. The warden was coming back again.

"Thought you hadn't been here long. 'Smatter of fact, I was lucky. Had a dandy lawyer—Raebury—expect you know him. Thought I'd go down for ten this time myself. I'm not popular with the judges, you know." He grinned, though the other could not see him, and wiped the sweat from his upper lip.

"So you've been in prison before?" half whispered.

"Twice. I've a season ticket, so to speak. You see, I was trained—"  
He stopped suddenly. No talk now but the noise of falling stones and the thud of their picks, for footsteps were behind him.

Then, after a time, he continued garrulously, for speech to these men was like a rare and refreshing drink.

"— was trained as an engineer. I was a good engineer, though I say it. Then I was employed by a safe-designing company. From designing some of the best in Britain, I graduated to opening them. It used to give me insomnia to think of all the safes and strong-rooms in the country crammed full of bullion, that I could have opened as easily as a lot of cocoa tins."

"You don't seem to have profited much by it."

Came a deep chuckle from the other. "I've a nice little pile tucked away outside that they've never been able to get, and never will."

Another silence. Then from the older man:

"Then you're lucky. If it's not an indiscreet question, what got you here? Somebody interrupt you when you were investigating a safe?"

"Not a bit of it. Ambition got me here." Thud—swing—thud. "I tried my hand on a bank."

"Good heavens! Tried to open a bank?"

"That's it. Benworthy's Bank. Not

one of the biggest in the country, but a bank. Perhaps you recall my case now. It caused a bit of a sensation."

There was something like pride in his voice, though he gasped a little with his exertions, and, again, wiped the sweat from his face.

"Then you're Stanton? I think they described you as the most dangerous safe-breaker in England."

"That's me," said the other, grinning. Thud—swing—thud.

They caught me trying to get in. 'Smatter of fact, the boss of the outfit was working all night or something, otherwise I would have got in.

"He heard me and 'phoned the cops from inside. I'd like to have a talk with him." Thud—swing—thud. . . "Heard something about that bank going bust afterwards. Serve 'em right."

All was quiet again for, once more, the warden was patrolling. Then, when he was at a safe distance:

"If I'm not being curious, what's your own trouble?"

A faint smile touched the corners of the older man's mouth.

"Well, they gave you seven years for trying to get into that bank and they gave me ten for trying to get out of it—in a hurry. I'm afraid I'm the man who spoiled your job that night. I'm Benworthy, you see."

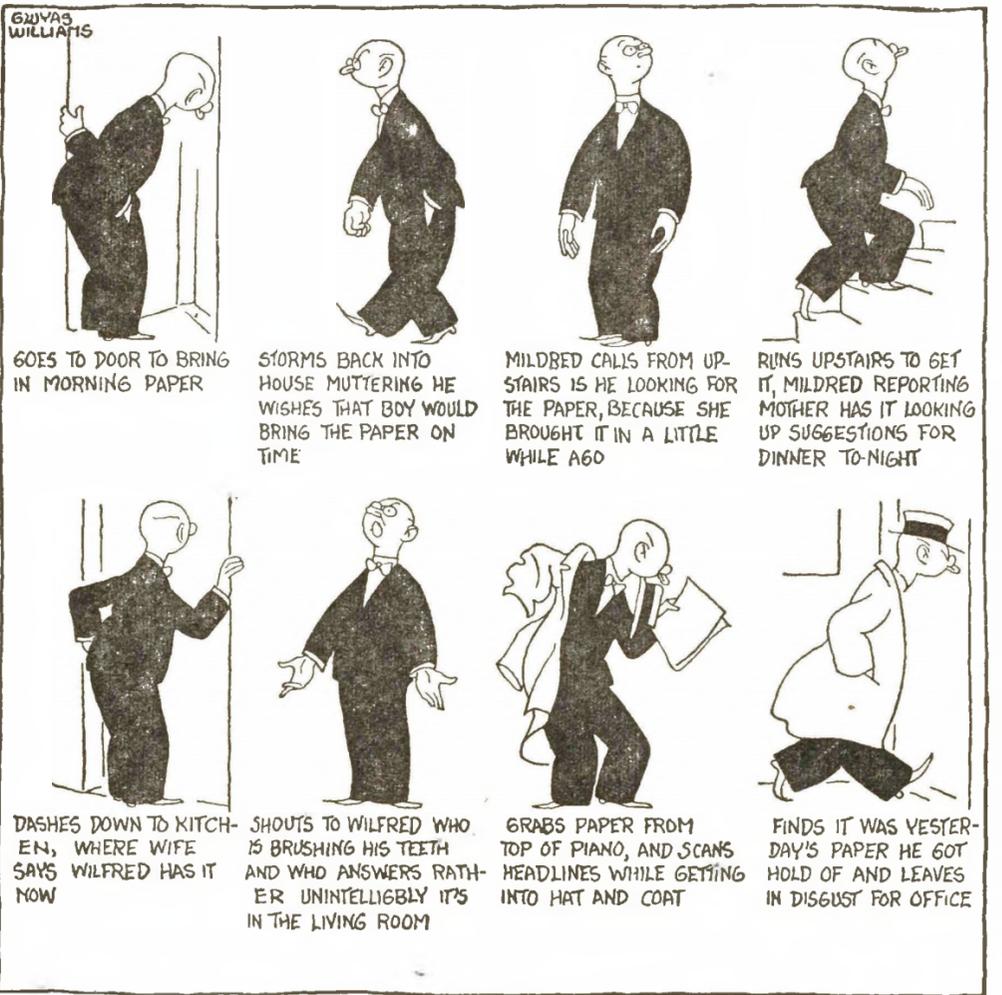
"Gosh! Isn't that rum?"

"Stop that talking there!" ordered the warden, from behind them.

Thud—swing—thud—swing. . .

## The Morning Paper

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



—By—  
**CHRISTOPHER CRAIG**

# Things That Happen

Please  
Read  
These  
Rules

ALL incidents sent to Things That Happen must bear short titles, giving a clue to what the story is about. Items must be true and must not have been published before, or have been submitted to other journals. A prize of £1 will be paid for the best entry each week, and there will be consolation awards.

### Bites Worse Than Bark, Too

A NEIGHBOR of ours wished to put up a notice discouraging hawkers, but, being a very truthful person, he rejected the usual "Beware of the dog" because he has not got one. However, he has overcome the difficulty by displaying in conspicuous letters "Beware of the bulldogs," and explains to us that this refers to a nest of bulldog ants just outside his gate. The notice, by the way, is very effective.—Mrs. W. H. Elliott, "Benburb," 189 Storey St., Maroubra.

### Baby at the Ball

AT a dance last week I saw an unusual "threesome" that seemed to solve the problem of "what to do with baby if you haven't anyone to mind it." A young couple and a baby of about twelve months old were dancing to the strains of an old-time dance. The child was sitting on the father's left arm, while the mother's right arm supported its back. They appeared quite unconscious of the interest they aroused.—Mrs. Scott, 41 Byron St., Campsie.

### Best-Laid Plans

THE male members of a well-known south-western (N.S.W.) family decided to take a city holiday. The women folk expressed a desire to accompany them, but were discouraged and told that this was to be a real "bachelor" holiday.

The men departed by car without leaving the slightest clue as to their city address.

Deciding that two could play the same game the ladies boarded the Sydney-bound train a few days later.

On arrival they secured a flat, and within an hour of settling in they heard the gate click.

With the country person's usual curiosity as to the next-door neighbor, they took a peep through the window. Their surprise was great when they beheld their own menfolk entering the adjoining flat.—"Vortex."

### The Nurse Girl

MY friend's "char" was lamenting her inability to find a position for her 14-year-old son.

"I'd sooner work my fingers to the bone than let him be a nursegirl," said she grimly.

Asking for an explanation, I learned that Master Fourteen's headmaster had sent a note to the mother, saying that his brother wanted a boy for his nursery, and added that nursery work offered scope to an industrious lad.

"I sent him a letter this morning!" said the mother, indignantly, "and told him no son of mine was going to be a nurse girl for anyone, and looking after kids is a girl's job!"

I wonder what the headmaster and the nurseryman brother thought of it.—A.E.C. "Orange Grove," Lower Portland, Hawkesbury River N.S.W.

### Teething Band

AN elderly lady in a shop was wearing a black velvet band around her neck, which she frankly admitted was to hide the wrinkles.

A small boy, whose mother evidently used a teething band for her baby, came in, and, in a most sympathetic voice said: "Oh, Mrs. B, are your teeth troubling you?"—Mrs. C. G. Bloore, 33 Ross Street, Forest Lodge.

### Eviction

A FRIEND of mine, answering an advertisement for a carpenter, arrived at the address very early, but was preceded by 20 other applicants.

When the advertiser came to interview them she exclaimed, "Oh, it is only a small job. I want the door and windows removed from one of my rooms. The tenants aren't paying the rent, and I cannot get them out."

All the carpenters left in a body.—L. E. Rootes, Edna Avenue, Liverpool.

### Their Spare Wheel

SOME friends of mine were motoring through the city. As they pulled up at a tramstop, one of the party noticed with surprise a spare wheel bowl past the car.

Her amazement turned to horror when she discovered the wheel was off her own car, and a serious accident was prevented by their stopping when they did.—O. A. E., Tempe.

### Boomerang Luck

LAST month a Gympie man had reason to be blue. He had a ticket in the Golden Casket, and when the result slip came along he saw he had won a £5 prize. Not thinking he would win another prize he wrote down to the Casket office asking them to send his prize along in tickets. Imagine his feelings when he received a letter from the office containing tickets to the value of £105. The poor man had won a prize of £100 besides a £5 prize, which was all he thought his luck was worth. Needless to say, the £105 worth of tickets did not win anything.—Miss E. Vinson, Nambour, Queensland.



LADY: Young man, if, during your flying, you should see my large cockatoo, I would be exceedingly glad if you would catch him for me!



After her bath comes this simple rite! . . . a daintily perfumed powder, refreshingly cool . . .

Just a gentle dusting of this exquisitely perfumed powder after her bath — no more — but what a difference it makes. How soft and soothing it is . . . how comfortably cool it will keep her, no matter how strenuous the day's programme. Yes! the modern miss has discovered that this superlatively fine powder, really made for tender baby skins, is ideal for her own use. Its refreshing coolness and mildly antiseptic ingredients prevent perspiration odour, or any other discomfort.

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P. 6.33.

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How shall I tell my daughter? Many a mother wonders. Now you simply hand your daughter the story booklet entitled, "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday." For free copy, address Miss Lillian Cheek, c/o G.P.O. Box 2589EE, Sydney, N.S.W.

MUSIC and RADIO

By ROBERT C. McCALL

VIOLIN Genius DUE Here Soon: EISTEDDFOD Echoes

We are at last to be visited by one of the genuine musical celebrities of the day while yet he is in the period of the prodigy.

MORE than one critic of recognised authority on the other side of the world has declared that Yehudi Menuhin is the greatest living violinist.

The announcement that Tait's had arranged with the prodigy's management to bring him to this country so soon is, I think, as surprising as it is gratifying. He is such a gilt-edged draw-card in America and Europe that one would have thought it impossible to entice him away. I suppose his very sensible parents who have always guarded him assiduously from overwork (and the adulation of his admirers) decided that the six months break on the water and in the new world would do him good.

AT any rate, we are at last to be visited by one of the genuine musical celebrities of the day while yet he is in the period of the prodigy. Master Menuhin is about 16 years old. He is the oldest of three children of Mr. and Mrs. Moshe Menuhin. His father was superintendent of the Jewish Educational Society of San Francisco. His mother was born in the Crimea, and his father in Palestine. They were married in New York, where they both graduated at the University. After Yehudi's birth they moved to San Francisco.

Early Successes

AT the age of six the chubby-faced, healthy youngster with the charming smile swept San Francisco off its feet as soloist with the orchestra. A little later he played the Mendelssohn Concerto in a concert of his own. The critics were flabbergasted. He was quickly snapped up by New York, and scenes of riotous enthusiasm again were aroused by his fiddling.

YEHUDI'S parents wisely returned the lad to his studies with Louis Persinger and it was not till nearly two years later that he reappeared in public, this time to see the whole world agog with his genius. It was just a series of sensational triumphs right through Europe and then in Britain. The story always was the same — a prodigy has arrived, a prodigy whose stock-in-trade consisted of a dazzling technique, a miraculous memory, an exceptional musicianship, and a delectable tone, but glorifying all these, the power of mature interpretation illumined by the flame of genius. No wonder Yehudi has been called "the greatest violin genius since Mozart."

Eisteddfod Aftermath

THE tumult and the shouting of the City of Sydney Eisteddfod now has quietened. The organiser, Mr. Roland Foster, tells me that it should come out about square financially. In every way he thinks it was a greater success than had been expected. It probably will be an annual event. It is expected that the Eisteddfod next year will be conducted on a much larger scale and will run for a fortnight.

IT is a pity that the happy and friendly tenor of the Eisteddfod was disturbed by the action of the Lismore Choir in disputing the judge's decision. This, of course, is quite opposed to the spirit of such competitions. Not content with this, they ventilated their grievance in the local paper, and Press repercussions were roused as far away as Brisbane. In any case the Lismore Choir had no chance of winning — it was placed seventh, not second. It also was advised that a slight mistake had been made soon after the result was announced.

FRIENDS of Mr. Roland Foster are entertaining him at luncheon in recognition of the work he did in the organisation of the Eisteddfod.

Singer Returns

RAYMOND BEATTY is back in Sydney after about two and a half year's study in England and the United States. He is still the same energetic copper-topped baritone. On the decks of the Aorangi he declared that he was feeling in good form, no idle remark, because during the voyage he figured in a charity recital to which he contributed 19 songs.

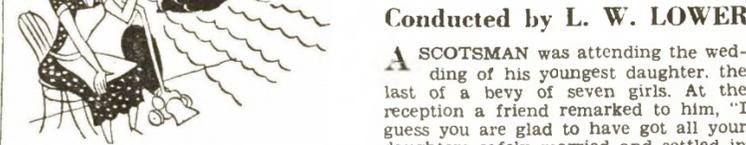


MR. FRANK HATHERLEY, who was the leader of community singing with 3LO Melbourne for five years. He came over to Sydney to 2BL seventeen months ago, and has assisted in developing the human touch, the very real comradeship that has its inception in community singing.

T O-MORROW evening Mrs. Bryce Carter will lecture before members of the Music-Lovers' Club on the life of Brahms.

DON'T forget the concert at the "Con." on September 20, by the orchestra and choir. Dr. Orchard will present an unusually interesting programme, featuring the Bach "Magnificat," also the double violin concerto of Bach (with Lloyd Davies and George White as soloists), Vaughan Williams' "Norfolk Rhapsody," a motet, "Sing Me the Men," by Holst; a ballad for chorus and orchestra, "The Fire Rider," by Hugo Wolf; and the Sibelius poem, "En Saga."

BRAINWAVES!



VILLAGE Shopkeeper (to customer): "Well, that's three hot water bottles, two dozen lemons, and a large tin of bath mustard. I'll send them right away. All well at home, sir?"

"YOU kiss nearly as nicely as your young sister," remarked the boasting sheik. "That's what your young brother says," replied the girl.

WILLIE: "Pa, does bigamy mean that a man has one wife too many?" Pa: "Not necessarily, my son; a man can have one wife too many and still not be a bigamist."

THE Waiter: "Are you the boiled cod, sir?" The Wag: No; I'm the lonely sole, with an empty place, and I want to fillet."

AVIATOR: "Wanta fly?" Flapper: "O-oo yeth." Aviator: "I'll catch one for you."

Conducted by L. W. LOWER A SCOTSMAN was attending the wedding of his youngest daughter, the last of a bevy of seven girls. At the reception a friend remarked to him, "I guess you are glad to have got all your daughters safely married and settled in life." "Yes," he replied solemnly, "I am. The confetti was getting rather gritty."

MOTHER (pleased with attention from daughter's fiance from Woop Woop): "Where did you learn to adjust a lady's cloak so comfortably." "Aw, er, that's all right; many an old cow I've rugged in my time."

"MAVIS is acting strangely lately. Is it hereditary?" "No. Her oddity, I think."

HE: "I would go through everything for you." She: "How much have you got to go through?"

FIRST Spinster: Will a pair of stockings hold all you want this Christmas? Second Spinster: No, but a pair of socks would.

HOST HOLBROOK says. The correct Olive for the cocktail is the Manzanilla Holbrook. Manzanillas are crisp and tasty \*\*\*

GUILTY!

Does 1933 find you just where you were in 1932? If so, your CONSCIENCE must find you Guilty of Wasting Spare Time, and sentence you to an hour of I.C.S. study each night.

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Call at the Treatment Rooms, and see the nurse in charge, or write for FREE Booklet of valuable information. ERNEST HEALEY, Pharmaceutical Chemist, VAREX Ltd., 502N, George Street (between Lowe's and Angus & Coole's), Sydney.\*\*\*



U.S. battleships in the Pacific.

# WAR TALK in Australia is LIKE 1914

There has been a sudden agitation for Australia to join in the world-wide race for bigger armies and navies.

Mrs. G. A. Wood, a prominent worker in the cause of disarmament, has written the following article for The Australian Women's Weekly, in which she opposes war-mongering.

"THE most dangerous lunatics we have had to do with this century have been the 'Be Prepared' agitators. To be prepared you have to amass big guns and little guns and heaps of explosives. Once you have done that the rest follows. Some fool gets a fright and pulls a trigger—and then you are off. You cannot have dangerous weapons without wanting, at some time, to use them.

"All those people who go about saying that war is inevitable, and giving us their views on the next war, are either dangerous lunatics or criminals."

So writes J. B. Priestley, who celebrated his 21st birthday in 1915 in the front line, and saw a generation of his friends killed beside him.

The late Viscount Grey, in his "Twenty-five Years," describes how in moments of depression he used to ask himself if he could possibly have prevented the Great War and that he came to the conclusion that "militarism and the armaments inseparable from it made war inevitable. Armaments were intended to produce a sense of security—that was the justification put forth in support of them. What they really did was to produce fear in everybody."

THIS point of view was stated even more clearly by the women of Great Britain, the United States, Japan, and France, in a deputation to the Prime

Minister before the Naval Conference in 1930. "We publicly assure you," said the leader of the English deputation, Lady Horsley, "that for every reduction of armaments you achieve, and for every thousand tons of ships you can send to the scrapheap, you will receive the gratitude and the unswerving support of the vast majority of the women of this country. Of nothing are we more convinced than that disarmament and peace are bound together. . . . We know only too well that the very existence of our people depends upon the safe delivery in our ships of food from over seas. . . . But if it were proposed to double our battleships and double our cruisers should we not at once see that we were not in less, but in greater, danger of starvation than now? It would rouse the whole world against us."

Contrast this speech with the present cry for a strengthened navy!

Last February Miss Dingman, chairman of the Women's International Disarmament Committee, presented the Disarmament Petition containing over nine million signatures from women of 55 nations to Mr. Arthur Henderson at the Disarmament Conference. Thousands of signatures went from Australia.

These Women considered dis-

armament was the best method of obviating war, and for saving them from a repetition of the sacrifice and suffering resulting from the carnage of 1914-18.

When Miss Dingman presented the Disarmament Petition to Mr. Arthur Henderson at the Disarmament Conference last February, she emphasised the same point—that preparations for war lead to fear and distrust, and ultimately to war itself.

"The peoples of the world," she said, "call upon you to let nothing turn you aside from the unwavering purpose of freeing mankind from the intolerable burden of preparation for war, and from the atmosphere of hatred and insecurity which these preparations engender."

THE women also struck straight at one cause of war in urging international control and supervision of the manufacture of arms. "The only firms that are paying big dividends are the munition factories," said a broken-down returned soldier to me, bitterly. "The interested rings which turn out battleships and munitions will have to be watched and kept in order, as avarice is a diabolical," says Brigadier-General F. Crozier, while urging people to rise and protest emphatically against any rumor of war.

No sentimentalist this man who can write, "I recall I have trained or helped to train seven new battalions, each of which fought itself out of the Army List."

Surely the time has come for clear and honest thinking. Let us not shrink from it.

We know that the nations promised that the disarmament of Germany should be the first step in general disarmament, and we believe that the delay in keeping this promise has helped the rise of Hitler.

We know that two of the leading Paris papers are controlled by munition firms.

MRS. G. A. WOOD is the convenor of the Peace and Arbitration Committee of the National Council of Women of N.S.W., a member of the Council of the League of Nations Union, and the president of the Gordon Centre of the Rachel Forster Hospital and the Sydney Needlework Guild. In the accompanying article she is not representing any society, but is expressing her own views and those of the millions of women who signed the Disarmament Petition.

We know that while the Lytton Commission, consisting of representatives of five Great Powers, was striving to settle the trouble in Manchuria, private firms of these same Great Powers were supplying both belligerents with arms.

We know, too, that the Soviet army is being supplied with big guns and tanks by the Great Powers.

Now we want to know what is behind this agitation for defence in so many countries?

It is said that we must have a navy to protect our trade routes. Have we not the honesty to acknowledge that tariff restrictions have been strangling trade more permanently and persistently than enemy battleships? Read the protests of the Belgian Consul and the Trade Commissioner for France in the daily Press.

WHILE we are rejoicing at the presence of Japanese and German wool-buyers—why these constant references to "an enemy" against whom there is such urgent need to defend ourselves?

"A hungry man, black or white, is an angry man." There are many hungry men in the world to-day ready to spring to arms. Therefore, say the politicians, let us increase our vote for military expenditure (the world spent nine hundred million pounds on armaments last year) and train these hungry unemployed men to defend their countries. And when

(Please turn to Page 26)

# THE HUB

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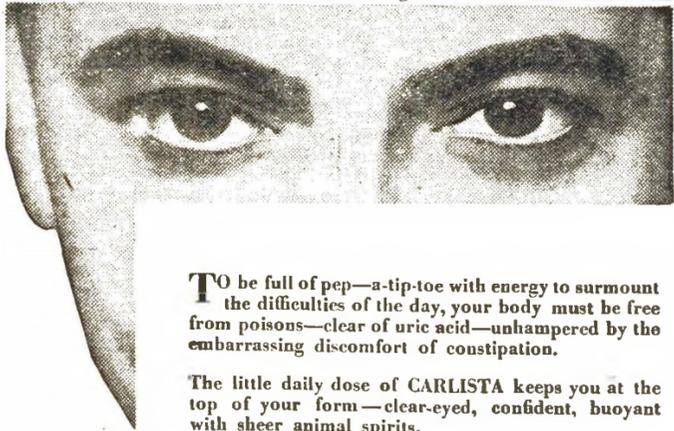
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# THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

## A Quick Change BEAUTY TREATMENT

of vital interest to every woman who wants to look her best—at short notice.

By EVELYN

**P**ERHAPS you are a business girl—a busy housewife—or a woman who, after a day of tiring social duties, is confronted with an irresistible invitation to a dinner, a party, or a dance.

*You know you are not looking your best. You are tired. You have not time to rest . . . yet a half-hour's careful preparation will banish fatigue—you CAN be the life of the party.*

**F**IRST and foremost bring out the nicest frock you've got and your daintiest lingerie. Put away the idea that because you're tired, nothing matters and that any old thing will do. Get everything ready so that when you have completed your brief toilet you will not have to fuss about anything and so spoil the effect and perhaps your evening.

Set the bath-heater going, or turn on the taps if you're the fortunate possessor of hot-water service. Now dust some talcum powder into your stockings—especially if going to a dance. Dust a little also into the folds of your undies. The work of a second—but a help to daintiness.

Brush your hair well for a couple of minutes. If you haven't a setting lotion, dissolve as much gelatine (crystals) as will lie on a threepenny piece in hot

water, and brush this into your hair until it is damp. While the hair is moist, set the waves, using either one of the many wavers you can get, and which you will probably have by you, or, failing this, coax the waves, and after fixing them with pins or clips, slip a shingle cap over your hair.

### To Banish Fatigue

Your bath should now be ready. Throw in a handful or so of perfumed crystals, and, before you step in, rinse all dust and make-up off your face. Cover the face and throat with your favorite skin food (see illustration),

*Cover the face and throat with nourishing skin food just before you enter your bath, like lovely Shirley Grey, Paramount player. Afterwards, rinse off with astringent lotion.*



*New sandal styles demand that feet receive their due share in attention and care. Above: Glittering, enamelled toes receiving the final touch. And at left—toes aapeep in sandals of sapphire blue with gold edging. Modern, you'll agree!*

## ...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME



••BY A DOCTOR••

### TONSILS AND ADENOIDS

Why should tonsils and adenoids need removal?

The tonsils are small glands lying at the back of the throat. Their particular job is apparently concerned with coping with germs that invade the throat; sometimes the germs become too much for them, and they become infected and create what is called a septic focus from which germs and poisons are absorbed which may affect different parts of the body. Thus, rheumatism is sometimes due to infected tonsils, as is also heart trouble. Then in the growing child the tonsils may grow so large as to almost meet in the middle line of the throat and cause serious obstruction to swallowing and breathing.



Adenoids are fleshy masses of tissue lying at the back of the nose. They also may become so enlarged as to cause a serious obstruction to breathing. A child with enlarged adenoids and tonsils is generally a mouth-breather, and mouth breathers frequently develop misshapen faces; the palate becomes high and arched and the mouth rather narrow; the tongue often hangs on the edge of the mouth, and the child dribbles; frequently, too, the child's mentality is affected, while chronic colds and running ears are common.

Whatever may be the exact function of these organs, the body gets along quite well without them, and no harm results from their removal; on the contrary, it is often astonishing to see the rapid improvement in a child after the removal of infected tonsils and adenoids. Colds disappear, running ears clear up, and the child rapidly puts on weight and becomes brighter.

### The Perfect Food

How young can a baby be given eggs?

This is a matter of opinion, but the writer has seen artificially fed babies of six months, and even under, having a little egg yolk in their bottles. They seem to have done very well on it. Egg is almost the perfect food. In giving it to a baby, some authorities advise that one drop be tried the first day, two drops the next, and three drops the next, and so on. However, if it is desired to give egg yolk to a baby, the matter could with advantage be discussed with the family doctor.

### Itching

How can I cure persistent itching?

Find and remove the cause. Itching of the skin is a most unpleasant condition and sometimes becomes so bad as to be unbearable. The cause may be some local condition, but it may also be some general condition of the body such as jaundice and diabetes, in both of which conditions generalised itching is common.

Local reasons vary. A common cause of itching of the feet, for instance, is a tiny fungus, so small as to be seen only under the microscope, that is often picked up on the beaches or other public bathing places. This little fungus usually infects the skin between the toes, which become scaly and sometimes white and sodden. It causes intense itching, especially at night time when the footwear is removed. Scratching removes portions of skin and leaves cracks between the toes that are very painful.

While it is difficult to avoid scratching a part that is itchy, it is nevertheless a dangerous procedure, for any break in the skin may cause infection to gain entrance to the body, and abscesses, erysipelas, cellulitis, and even blood poisoning have followed a scratch.

## COMPACTS

IF THE space between your nose and lip is very long, and your mouth too wide, place a little rouge on the fluting of the upper lip. This will give a shorter effect where it is needed and tend to lessen the width of the mouth.

SOON THE beaches will be calling. But it is well to remember that swimming will upset the best of permanent or natural waves, so after your swim rub the hair as dry as possible. Then press the waves with your fingers, and if you can let the hair dry for a few minutes with combs in the waves, all the better for your smooth and lovely coiffure.

working it well in with gentle but firm massage movements.

Relax completely in the bath with your face still covered with skin food and your hair in the wavers and net. Relax mentally as well as physically. Forget that you have had a busy or tiring day—forget that you are going out—forget everything.

It is important to get into the right mental state.

After five minutes of complete relaxation, brush your body vigorously, then stand up in your bath and, with a large sponge, give your body a sponge over with warm, cool, and then cold water. Finally, an all-over rub with Eau-de-Cologne or toilet vinegar.

Dry the body with a rough towel, rubbing until the skin glows. Dust with talcum, and use a deodorising liquid on the armpits. Then get into your dressing-gown.

Rinse the cream off your face with an astringent lotion. Use rose water if you haven't anything else, and give your eyes a bath in the eyecup, putting a pinch of boracic powder in some warm water.

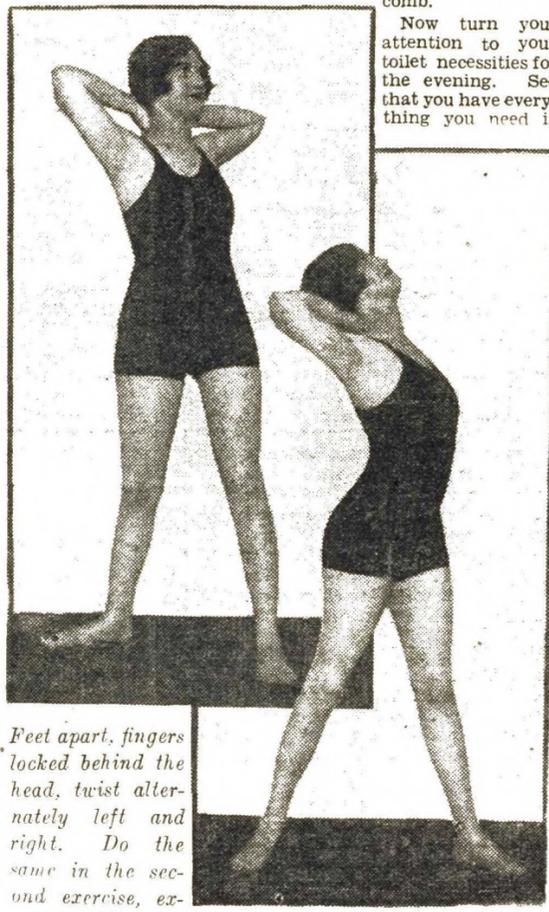
If you have a few moments, rub your hands well with a whitening cream and give them a brief, but careful manicure. Don't use a nail varnish if your hands are not all they should be, as you will only draw attention to deficiencies in this way. If time permits, lie on the bed for a few moments with lights out, or blinds drawn. But you should feel fresh enough after your sponge down to commence dressing at once.

Apply your make-up carefully, and in good light. It is best to give any spare

moments to this if you want to feel you are looking your best.

Before putting on your stockings, dab the feet with Eau-de-Cologne. When you take off your shingle cap, you should find that your hair has responded quickly to the temporary treatment and curling lotion, and should be set in lovely waves with your fingers and the comb.

Now turn your attention to your toilet necessities for the evening. See that you have everything you need in



*Feet apart, fingers locked behind the head, twist alternately left and right. Do the same in the second exercise, except bending backward slowly with each twist.*

your handbag. You don't want a last-minute rush that will undo your half-hour's work. And the whole treatment should not take longer.

When your preparations are completed, and you have donned your smartest frock and wrap, you should look as fresh and well-groomed as if you had spent hours at a beauty parlor.



—Photo by Monte Luke.

### MISS DOROTHY STANWARD

The Beautiful Theatrical Artiste, is another of the lovely girls who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier

## Its Effects are Wonderful

**Y**OU can't compare Mercolized Wax with face creams. There is no comparison. Mercolized Wax works on an entirely different principle. It is pleasantly soothing, just as most face creams are, but, unlike creams, Mercolized Wax is beneficially active.

Mercolized Wax helps the skin to do its own cleansing. Permits it to show its natural beauty. It stimulates the pores and enables them to throw off particles of dust and powder. This wonderful Wax then absorbs and thus removes these impurities. Having cleared the complexion, Mercolized Wax leaves the skin beautifully fine and supple, and ready for the light dusting of powder which is all that is necessary when the face is refined and, as it were, dressed with Mercolized Wax. Invaluable for Windchaps, Freckles, Sunburn, Surface Skin Imperfections, and an Ideal Base for Powder.



AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

# Mercolized Wax

"The Modern Skin Beautifier"

# Intimate Jottings

## Did You Know That—

**SIR PHILIP GAME** says he is going to back Peter Pan again this year?

Elizabeth Browne has taken to a blue hat with heaps of white flowers and a very superior eye-veil?

Phyllis Hipsley, in pink frock and tiny hat to match, is more like a bridesmaid than a golf champion?

John Dease has resigned his mastership at Scots College to devote himself to the theatrical art?

Ian Valentine left for Calcutta in the "Strathaird" for a teaching job, being recommended by the Archbishop of Canterbury?

## "Strathairdonians"

Last big dance night at the Australia was the venue of a reunion of "Strathaird" cruisers who travelled on the P. and O. luxury liner when she inaugurated Australian cruises on overseas liners at Christmas time by making a trip to Norfolk Island, and saving quite a lot of the "best people" the trouble of arranging the usual Yuletide festivities.

Some of the frocks for the occasion were among the daintiest worn this season, and the dancing, enhanced by several new steps from London and the Continent which were introduced by the "Strathairdonians," provided many thrills.

Noticed among the large gathering were the Mackay Sims, and parties presided over by Dr. and Mrs. Satchell, Dr. Broughton, Bill Cowper, and Sydney's most eligible bachelor, the debonair Claude Paine.

## Bridge Danger

Mr. Stevens et Cie of the State Government are shortly to be approached by a representative deputation of North Shore women with the object of getting a large number of railway bridges, now constituting a grave menace to children, widened and enlarged sufficiently to make them safe.

At Pymble, Turramurra, Gordon, Killara, Lindfield, and other places on roads traversed by school children, are situated edifices over the railway on which numerous accidents have occurred, and many more have been averted more by good luck than good management, more notably on those bridges which have steep brick walls on either side and no footpath.

Motorists are also taking an interest in this proposed reform, the need of which has taken heavy toll of them in personal injury as well as car damage.

## Freedom of City

The Lady Mayoress, due at a party last week at the Women's Country Club at half-past two, did not arrive until a quarter to four. She was more agitated than anyone, for punctuality is one of her many virtues.

The truth was she did not know where the place was (in George Street, over Anderson's), and no one could tell her. The chauffeur put her down at the New Zealand Club and drove off. After a weary tramp around the city, Mrs. Hagon went back to the Town Hall and reconnoitred from there.

## What Is a Gentleman?

EVERY hostess these days is on the qui-vive for some novelty to introduce when entertaining, so some good might accrue from an innovation launched at her last festive gathering by Mrs. Frank Copland, when a prize was awarded the feminine guest who gave the most apt definition of "a gentleman."

"One who always uses the butter-knife in his wife's absence" won the verdict of the judges.

## Architect On Art

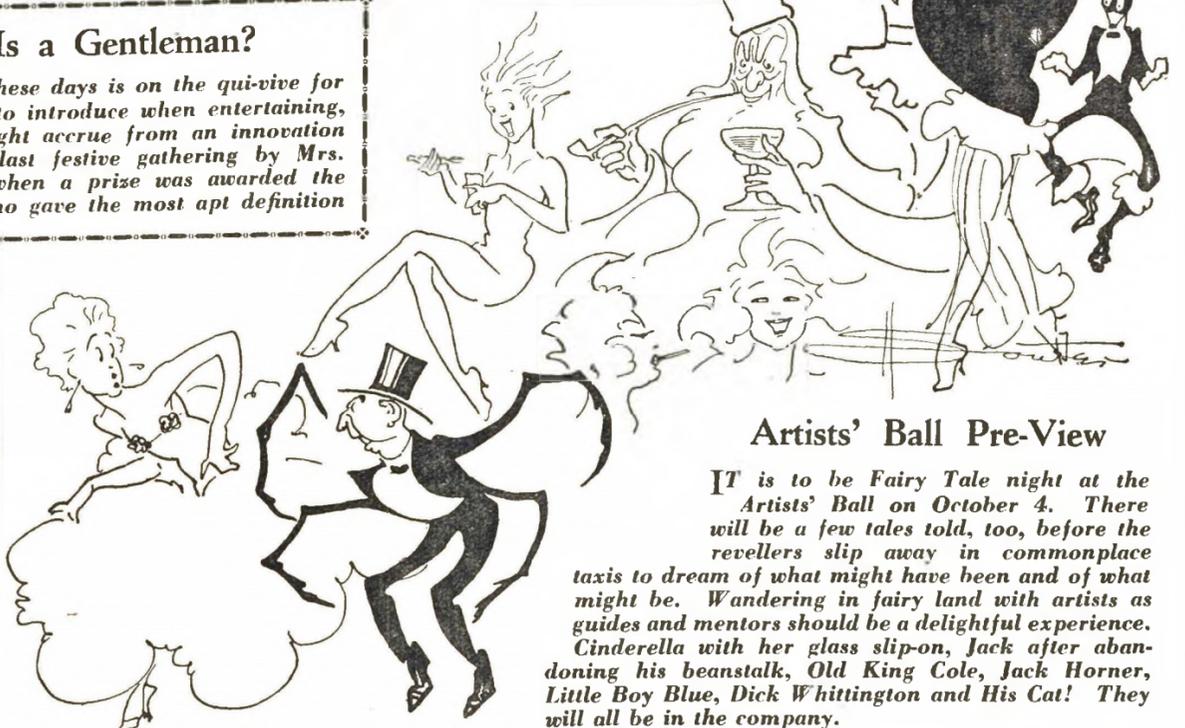
At the opening of the Society of Artists' Exhibition a few days ago, at which, by the way, women predominated by a large majority in the audience, Professor Wilkinson was asked by a painting enthusiast why the selection committee, when deciding on purchases for the Gallery, seldom seemed to select the most representative work of the artists they favored.

"To get to the root of that problem," said the Professor, with a twinkle, "I think it would be necessary to hold a Royal Commission in the homes of the members of the selection committee, and get a close-up of their individual taste in art, together with their wives' opinions about them."

## An Ill Wind

Melbourne people have been so sympathetic about the robbery at the flat owned by Cyril Ritchard and Frank Leighton in Toorak, that the two actors have been inundated with gifts from admirers.

Cyril Ritchard's well-known camel's hair coat, which was taken by the thieves, has been replaced by a new one which he declares is ten times as good as the original one. With it came a lavish cigarette case to match the coat.



## Artists' Ball Pre-View

IT is to be Fairy Tale night at the Artists' Ball on October 4. There will be a few tales told, too, before the revellers slip away in commonplace taxis to dream of what might have been and of what might be. Wandering in fairy land with artists as guides and mentors should be a delightful experience. Cinderella with her glass slip-on, Jack after abandoning his beanstalk, Old King Cole, Jack Horner, Little Boy Blue, Dick Whittington and His Cat! They will all be in the company.

## Hates Noise

The Mayor of Woollahra, Alderman Robinson, must be one of those strong, silent men. Noise appears to be his bugbear. He won't have the Sabbath calm disturbed by cricketers in the parks of Double Bay, Rose Bay (Lyne Park), or Rushcutters Bay, it is said, and he wants to make it compulsory for flat-owners to install sound-proof floors.

As the football season is practically ended, prospective Eastern Suburbs cricket teams are getting very perturbed, and plan to make a monster petition to the council. As for the inhabitants of flats, surely he could not spoil all their fun by protecting neighboring victims from their loud-speakers? Although, again, he may, for we forgot to mention that Mr. Robinson lives in a flat.

## Lost No Chances

During the war Mr. Robinson was Mayor of Woollahra (after he had left an arm in France), and the Woollahra Red Cross ladies wanted an interview. Evidently terrified at the idea of a lot of women all talking at once, he tried to keep them away from his doorstep by saying that he always left home at 9 a.m. Unfortunately, the deputation arrived next morning at eight-thirty!

## Leisure Hours

Although said to be the reason for the Double Bay tram stopping at Henrietta Street, Mr. Justice Cohen is no longer able to use the trams on account of heart trouble. Yet since he has retired from the Bench he has been just as active as ever in other ways. He gets through a great amount of Red Cross work, and is also writing his reminiscences.

These are mainly being collected for the benefit of his grandchildren, but as the Judge is particularly observant, humorous, and widely experienced, should not end their appeal among his family circle.

## Masked Friendship

With charming disregard of the artistic temperament, about thirty of Dagmar Roberts' friends conspired to arrive at her home on Monday evening not only unheralded, but wearing the ugliest masks they could lay hands on.

The idea was, however, not to do a little gentle lynching, but merely to have a surprise birthday party. Betty and Kathleen Collins, daughters of Albert Collins, the artist and actor, were the ringleaders, though others who are old enough to know better were Anthony Musgrave, of the Museum staff; James Jardine, the artist's nephew; Jessie Britton, and Mr. Vatamanoss.

As Dagmar and Eleanor Roberts, Colman Wall, and Eric Shilton, and the Collins', are all stage enthusiasts, we leave the party to your imagination.

## Chalet Customs

AT the height of the snow season at Kosciusko, there were three honeymoon couples staying at the Chalet.

This cosy, romantic little spot is miles from anywhere, and all that, but the dormitory system for the sexes is the Chalet custom. Ladies to their dormitory, gentlemen to their dormitory, when the lights go out at night!

It was really too touching to see one pair of newlyweds creep downstairs before breakfast and, shivering, hold hands for a breathless minute before the noisy rush to breakfast began.

## Former Vice-Regals

Staying at "Clifford," Potts Point, is Mrs. Blackstock, an Englishwoman who was out here at the outbreak of war, when her husband was private secretary to the Governor-General, Sir Ronald Munro-Ferguson.

Mrs. Blackstock heard last week from Lady Novar (as she now is) that her mother, the Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, has just celebrated her ninetieth birthday in great style. Lady Novar's niece, Lady Doris Blackwood, having acting in her blood, took to the stage after leaving Australia, where she was so feted, breaking off her engagement with her Sydney fiance, Arthur Macarthur.

However, she is now married, and has two daughters. Also popular here were Lord Frederick Blackwood's boy and girl. Both are now married.

## Racing Whispers

Shakuni is in three races at Rosehill. He won't win the three, but—

We would like to see Peter Pan win on Saturday, but form wins more races than sentiment, so wait a while.

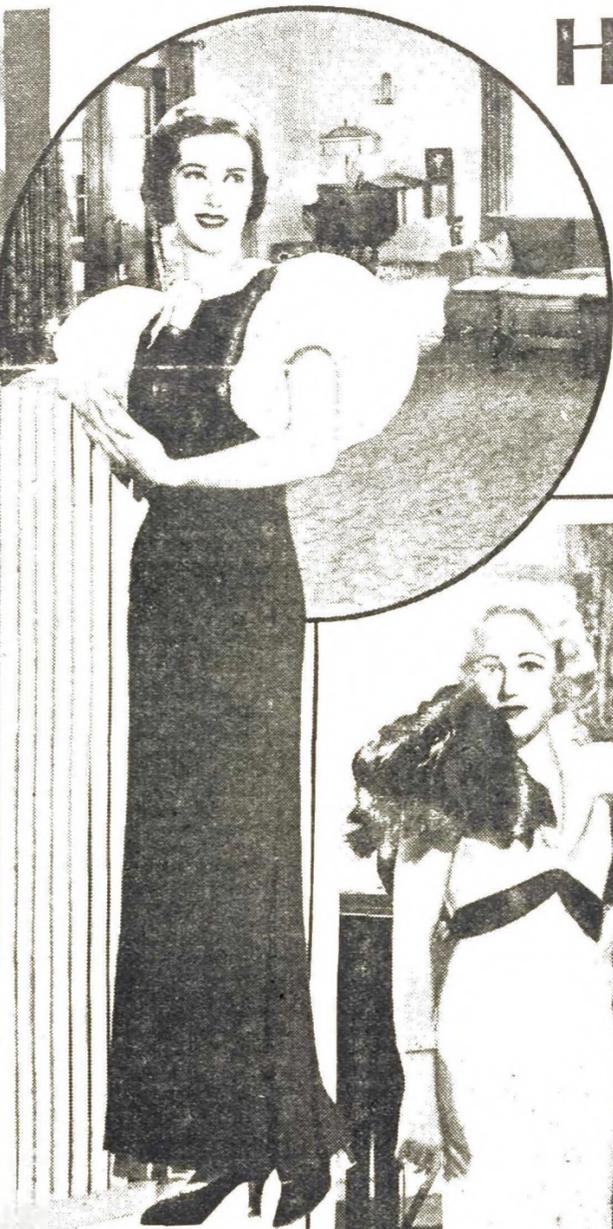
After his failure at Randwick, Bronze Hawk may be at tens in the Camellia Stakes. Well, here's hoping.



Miriam Moxham's beautifully balanced and living "Four Horsemen of the Revelations," on view at the Society of Artists' annual exhibition at the Education Department. Its coloring is dull and sombre.

# EVENING ENSEMBLES

from  
**Hollywood**



● **THE BUTCHER COAT** is one of the newest and most attractive ideas for evening wraps. Elizabeth Young, Paramount, wears one of stiffened white satin, made three-quarter length and displaying very wide puffed shoulders. The frock is of white crepe with colored bead embroidery at the neckline.

● **SIMPLICITY**, a dinner frock of exquisite and piquant simplicity. The material is black crepe, cut on long, straight lines and worn with a puffed sleeve blouse of white organdie. Worn without the blouse, Elizabeth Young, Paramount, has a more décolleté dinner frock.

● **RUFFLES**. The ruffled age returns. Judith Allen, Paramount, wears a striking gown of black net, featuring enormous sleeves of alternate black and pink ruffles. The skirt is accomplished in a series of vertical ruchings of the black net. Chanel, famous French modiste, designed this frock.

● **PRELUDE**, a clever furless evening wrap worn by Adrienne Ames, Paramount. White velveteen combined with black are the materials. It would be a very suitable wrap to wear with the evening frock, "Lady Be Different."

● **LADY BE DIFFERENT** is the caution of the modiste for 1933. Wynne Gibson, Paramount, ventures into the unusual in a gown of white crepe, exquisitely cut on the cross, displaying a right shoulder ruching of black velvet petals and left ruching of white velvet. A black velvet sash meets the neckline in the front.



Modern Glasses as an aid to health and beauty

## EVERY evening There's Personality in the New Modes

For the ingenue there is

frock and coat pictured above has either huge shoulder trimmings or large puffed sleeves, showing that the trend of 1933 evening wear is to give a becoming frame to the head.

a direct contrast, that adds to the allure of each. Frills and furbelows await her pleasure. Tiny rufflings attach to neck and hem and the most fanciful notions to her sleeves. Muslins are her prerogative. They may be glazed or just crisp and fresh, they may be sprigged or in soft pastels, or, again, just pure white.

The hard, smart lines seem to have disappeared altogether. The modern idea is to have one's frocks and coats made as becoming and soft as possible. The hard neckline and smart, sophisticated coiffure has gone. To-day we must be feminine.

In a tiny coatee she may proffer piquant charm, or in an ultra-smart model, luxuriously be-furred, gaze demurely forth on all beholders. Evening wraps offer a delightful scope and, lest they interfere with the set of the shoulders, the fully puffed sleeves of the choicest gowns will be detachable.

Soft ringlets nestle at the nape of the neck, emphasising the graceful outlines of the head.

Floral motifs are very chic. They are made in pastel

tonings and worn on the shoulder or at the back of a low décolletage.

Elegant simplicity has been superseded by personality. Each gown has a definite message to convey. The lady of stately mien expresses her statuesque grace in trailing skirts. Dignified shoulder treatment emphasises her regal carriage. Lacquered satins and gleaming silks, skillfully patterned or in rich, glowing colors, are the mediums she will choose.

EYESTRAIN causes frowns and ageing lines to appear on the face—and if unchecked takes toll of health.

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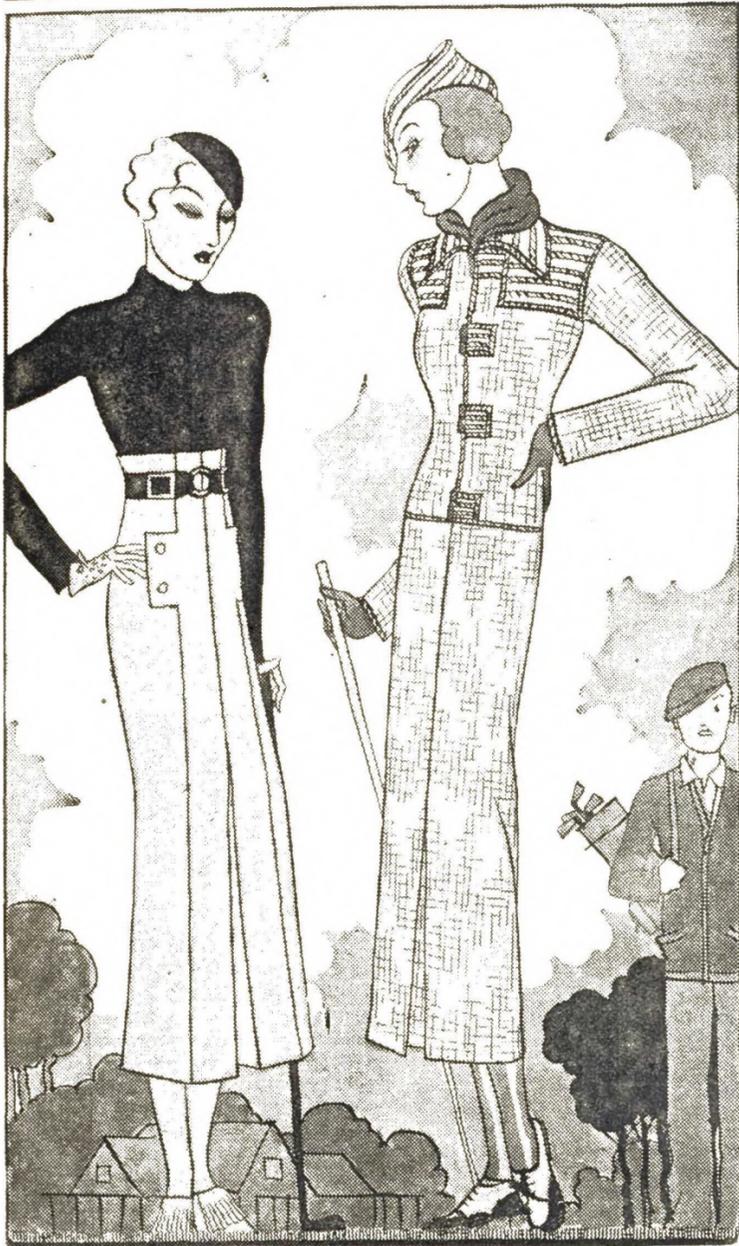
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A golf ensemble consisting of a white flannel skirt and navy blue jersey sweater. The skirt is divided and comes above the waistline. The belt is navy suede with a large chromium buckle.

This skirt and cardigan are made of woven string. The coat is trimmed with bands of rope. The scarf is bright green. The hat matches the suit.

# The FASHION PARADE

BY JESSIE TAIT.

## Golf, TENNIS & Spectators' ROPE LACINGS ON SPORTS CLOTHES

FOR in-between tennis sets Patou has designed a most amusing wrap, the inspiration coming from the sportswoman's habit of tying a cardigan round the neck by the sleeves and buttoning it at the waist. This wrap has no sleeves, and ties both at the neck and waist, just covering the back. It is made of wool or velveteen in some bright color.

Most of the new sports clothes have been designed for double duty. The colorful cottons for summer can be used for both tennis and golf, the cleverly tailored linens the same, and the knitted things can be used for travelling and morning wear.

Regular sports clothes are those that have been designed for active wear, rather simple in silhouette, but with plenty of concealed fullness for action.

THE first thing one notices about them is their length—they are smartly brief. Nothing is so dull as a too long tennis or golf dress. Just below the knee is the correct length.

### String Again

String or tobacco twist twine is particularly smart. Heaps of sports jackets and coats are laced up with string; sports belts are made of it. Chanel winds ordinary string around the crown of a sports sailor, and leaves off the ribbon band. Whole suits are made of woven string. It is uncrushable, easy to wear, and cool.

For golf there is a hand-knitted string skirt and cardigan and loud green woollen sweater. Navy blue and dark brown light woollen sweaters are worn with string skirts and suits. These three-piece

affairs for golf consist of a slip-over sweater or blouse, a straight, slim skirt, and a loosely fitted, casual, short coat.

### Colored Suede Jackets

Perforated suede jackets come in new colors—raspberry red, almond green, soft yellow, and sapphire blue. These new swagger hip-length models can be used in a dozen different combinations, with sweaters, separate skirts, summer frocks, and even flannel slacks.

Browns, greens, and yellows are still the leading colors for golf clothes. With the new fashion for dark tops, the sweaters are smarter if in a deeper tone to the skirt. A yellow wool skirt with a high-necked brown jumper. A dark green jumper with a lighter skirt, etc.

The new tennis dresses are nearly all backless—or low cut.

White pique and washing silks are most used. A dress of chalk-white twill has a bright blue polka-dot scarf twisted through the straps of the sleeveless dress. It goes round the back of the neck, and the ends knot at the base of the straps in front. There is a tailored belt of the blue spotted material.



At top: Chanel makes this spectator sports suit of heavy natural linen. The top is of fine wool jersey in stripes of blue. The hat is Maria Guy's sports sensation.

Above: Another spectator suit is in pearl grey sheer woollen. The blouse and cuffs are wine red crepe with white spots. The sailor hat has a brim of grey straw and crown of the spotted crepe.



Long shorts for tennis of crisp white pique have a backless top of the same material, which ties at the neck and waist with small bows.

A tailored frock for tennis of heavy white crepe-de-chine. The belt is of string in stripes of red, white and blue.

## TROUSERS and the Divided SKIRT

THE vogue for divided skirts has descended to plus fours. Mainbocher and Vera Borea show them in their new collections. They are the result of plus four ski-trousers. They are made in tweeds and linens, and are the same length as men's—the tops of the linen ones are finished off with a ribbed knitted section that keeps them in place without buttons.

Tailored trousers "a la Marlene Dietrich," are not being worn by well-dressed women except for sports wear.

Divided skirts are definitely on the style list for all sport. For those with "not so slim" hips, Schiaparelli's divided skirts are cut circular with excess fullness removed by tucking down the front and back. This removes that terrible back bulge that even the best-cut tailored trousers succumb to in time.

Vionnet is in favor of pyjama trousers for yachting, being the more feminine type of trouser. Other designers make theirs just like a man's, out of wool and cotton. Jane Regny sticks close to the mannish last, but cuts her trousers off at the knees. These knee-length

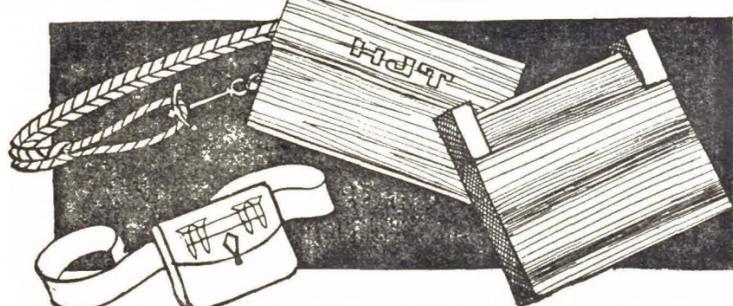
outfits are for tennis and golf, and are made of grey or white flannel or coarse linens.

### Three In One

There are three in one ensembles that equip one for almost any summer sporting event. They are made with a frock or suit which is worn over knickers, or the shorts, or plus four type. These, in turn, can be worn over a bathing suit.

A jumper of navy sheer wool, knee-length shorts of white flannel, and a wrap-round skirt of white. You wear the skirt to the clubhouse and leave it there. Grey flannel shorts, wine-red tie, silk tailored blouse, and a wine-red flannel skirt. String color tweed linen shorts and skirt with a nigger brown blouse with white spots.

The divided skirt and "long" shorts are perhaps worn more for tennis than golf. Skirts of white pique or linen, just below knee-length, have the appearance of ordinary skirts until in action. Then it is seen that they are divided. Ordinary white shorts with backless white tops are much in favor



A nautical belt made of twisted twine. Instead of a buckle there is a miniature metal anchor. The golf belt is of brown suede. The attached purse is for powder puff, cigarette case, etc. The two bags sketched are of wood! They go with the new wooden sports jewellery, buttons and buckles.

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by "Cecille" for 6/6

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## PREPARING for Empire Pageant

DURING the week to visit the rooms of the British Empire Pageant Committee in the Queen Victoria Buildings was to run the risk of having a paint brush thrust into your hands and of someone insisting upon your aid in the work of painting the separate pieces of the Totem ballet dresses.



Mrs. A. D. Batty, joint hon. treas. of the pageant.

To say that you had not the slightest knowledge of handling a brush would not be taken as an excuse. It is expected that this Totem ballet, which is part of the Canadian section, will be one of the most pleasing features of the pageant, and will be a welcome revival in Sydney.

The pageant will be held in the Town Hall on September 26, 27, and 28.

## Women Pharmacists Organise

THE needs of the times, as well as a desire to keep up-to-date, and conversant with the progress of women pharmacists in other States was responsible for the formation of the Association of Women Pharmacists, established in Sydney last week.

Owing to the serious position with which pharmacists are faced at the present time there is great unemployment in their ranks. Women have been affected to a large extent, and the first aim of the new association will be to relieve this state of affairs as much as possible, and assist the younger women who qualified in recent years with the benefit of its experience and advice.

Mrs. M. S. Clarke is president of the association; Mrs. B. S. Berry and Mrs. Fischer, vice-presidents; Miss H. M. Bradley (Earlwood), hon. secretary; Miss McCarron, assistant secretary and treasurer; Miss I. A. Rowley, hospital representative; and Miss B. O'Brien, representative of the Younger Set.

There are more than 100 women pharmacists in N.S.W., and 80 of them are in the metropolitan area. About 15 women conduct their own businesses.

Pharmacy is not a new profession for women. More than 20 years ago Miss M. Parkes (Waitara), Miss McPherson,

## Homely Tea Caddie Has Interesting History

If you were among the number who listened to Miss Elizabeth Allan's address on "Tea Caddies" at the Lyceum Club, you will no longer be able to treat the homely tea container on your kitchen shelf with a careless hand.

ALTHOUGH they have always been utilitarian, tea-caddies have a most interesting history, and have played their part in the development of art.

The earliest examples of receptacles for holding tea came to Europe from China, and were made in the shape of a ginger jar. These jars were later imitated by English kilns, but very soon their shape was changed, and many forms of ornamentation were used. Other examples, chiefly of earthenware, were made in Holland, but the English products were the more elaborate. Porcelain caddies were superseded by those of wood, pewter, tortoiseshell, copper, and silver.

In the 18th and 19th centuries the most elegant caddies were made from rosewood and mahogany, and the form



of the sarcophagus was often used in imitation of the big wine coolers of the period. Hepplewhite and Shearer's tea-caddies were square, oblong, or round, and were delicately inlaid and often beautifully painted, while Chippendale made them in Louis Quinze.

In Queen Anne's time tea became a fashionable beverage and more attention was paid to the tea-table. It was then that boxes were made to hold the bottles of silver and porcelain in which the leaf was stored.

These and other interesting details Miss Allan told her audience, and no doubt many would at once exchange their caddy, bought at a chain store, for another of more interesting design, in consequence.

and the late Miss Wilson (Killara), qualified at the University of Sydney, and were the first to do so. Mrs. Clarke, the president of the association, was apprenticed to Miss Parkes, and was the fourth student to graduate.

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## Don't Forget



TO aid the funds of the Kindergarten Union of N.S.W., Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Walker will throw open the grounds of their home, "Tregoyd," Raglan Street, Balmoral, on Sunday, September 17, from 2 to 6 p.m. for public inspection. Admission by silver coin.

FOR preliminary funds for the Floral Festival, a gala matinee will take place at the Theatre Royal on September 26. The arrangements are being made by the sports section of the festival, and Mrs. S. Burleigh is the honorary organiser. The Blind Institution will benefit as a result of the entertainment.

THE annual fete of the Church of England Homes will be held in the Chapter House on September 26 from noon to 6.30 p.m. The official opening will be performed by Lady Game at 2.30 p.m. The joint secretaries are Miss Thelma MacCartie and Miss Dolly Bignold.

THE Younger Set of the Women's Auxiliary of the Legacy Club of Sydney is arranging an evening under the title of "A Spring-time Dance" at the State Assembly on September 26. Miss Dorothy Mortley is president of the dance committee, and Miss Enid Fairfax honorary secretary.

MISS MARCIA HALLER, a member of the committee of the N.S.W. Motor Omnibus Employees' Association's first annual ball at Mark Foy's on September 16, the proceeds of which are to alleviate distress among unemployed members.



WITH the title, "An Evening in Japan," a ball will be held aboard T.S.S. "Kitano Maru," which will be berthed at No. 7 wharf, Walsh Bay, on September 28. Funds are for the Anti-tuberculosis Association of N.S.W. The honorary secretaries are Mesdames W. T. Coyle and M. E. Palmer, and the honorary treasurer Miss Hilda Marks.

SEVERAL debutantes will be presented to the Lord Mayor, Aldermen R. O. Hagon, and Mrs. Hagon, at the seventh annual ball of the Independent Order of Oddfellows, which will be held at the Wentworth on September 28. Mrs. G. R. Bannerman will present the debutantes.

ON September 19 a lecture will be given on small garden rockeries by Mr. H. H. Hazlewood at 2.30 p.m. in Vickery's Chambers, 78 Pitt Street. Plants and seeds will be for sale, and the proceeds will aid the Gurry Hills Free Kindergarten.

"EXPERIENCE," the home of Rev. and Mrs. A. Rivett, McIntosh Street, Gordon, with its beautiful gardens, will be open for the inspection of the public on September 23. Funds are to assist the candidatures of Miss Patricia Minchin (Chatswood) and Miss Hazel Preston (Lindfield) in connection with the Northern Suburbs Agricultural and Horticultural Association.

NORTHBRIDGE Younger Set is holding its first annual cabaret ball in the Masonic Hall, Northbridge, on September 18. Proceeds are for the maintenance of a cot in the Royal North Shore Hospital.

MISS DORIS FITTON has placed the Independent Theatre club room, 60 King Street, at the disposal of the Junior Theatre League for their American tea, which will be held on the afternoon of September 16 at 2.30. A musical programme is being arranged.

SEAFORTH Young People's Club will hold its annual dance in the Soldiers' Memorial Hall on Friday, September 29. Funds are for the Church of England parish, West Manly.

S.T. JOSEPH'S Cerise and Blue ball will be held at Mark Foy's Empress Rooms on September 27. Proceeds are for the college bursary funds.

THE Anti-Tuberculosis Association of N.S.W. will hold its annual meeting at the Lady Mayoress' rooms on September 20 at 3 p.m.

TO raise funds for expenses of the Overseas League ball, which will take place at Farmer's Blackland Galleries on October 5 a bridge party will take place at the Overseas Club, commencing at 2 p.m. on September 21, and Miss Phyllis Edwards is organising a tennis tournament at Bellevue Hill on September 20. Lady Game is president of the ball committee; Miss Enid Waddy honorary secretary, and Miss Enid Linton organiser (B2415). Funds are for the Far West Children's Health Scheme.

All communications of social interest should be addressed: Jane Anne Seymour, The Australian Women's Weekly, G.P.O. Box 1551E, Sydney.

## WOMEN of Many Nations CONFER OVERSEAS

It would seem that we are now in the ebb tide of the woman's movement, and some of the hard-won privileges of women are endangered in this time of economic stress.

THERE is all the more need, therefore, for women to hold international conferences when they see jeopardised so many of the causes they have worked for—the right of women to work on equal terms with men, the welfare of children, peace and international understanding, racial and religious tolerance.

Miss Mary Jay, of Sydney, who was a delegate to the meeting of the International Council of Women—the executive and some of the standing committees—in Stockholm recently, has written an account of her experiences.

At the invitation of the League of Northern Housewives, the Liaison Committee of the Rural Women's organisations held a conference at the same time as the I.C.W. meeting.

The Countess Dalsy di Robilant, president of the National Council of Women, Italy, and the other Italian delegates broke the journey at Berlin in order to study questions from the German point of view.

A large number of delegates spent several days in Copenhagen, where Miss Vinter Hansen, secretary of the National Council of Women of Denmark, arranged for them to visit a domestic science school, hospitals, day nurseries, maternity hospitals, and model flats. They were also entertained at a special supper at Frederiksberg, seeing national folk dances and the bonfires which are lighted on June 23 in honor of the Solstice.

### Delegates Welcomed

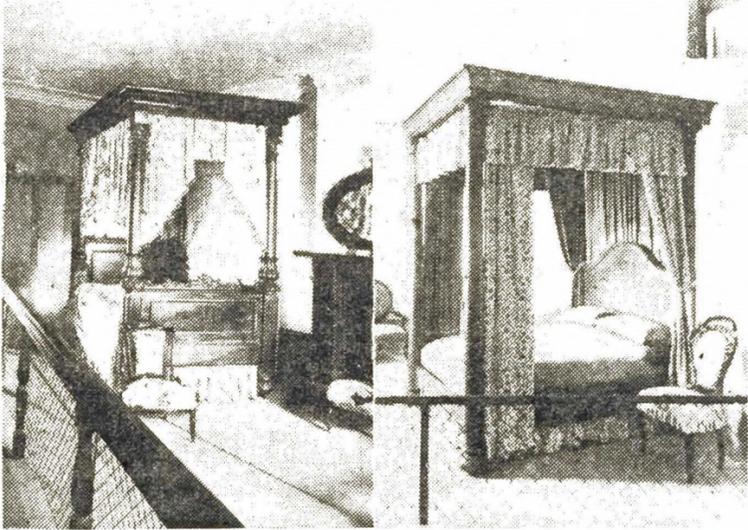
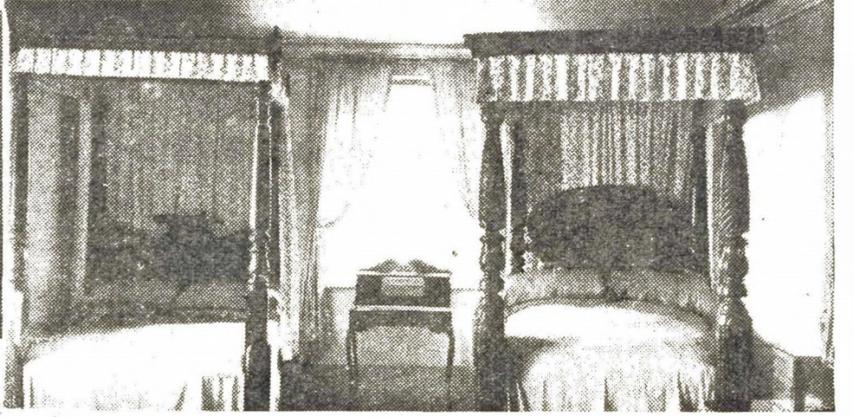
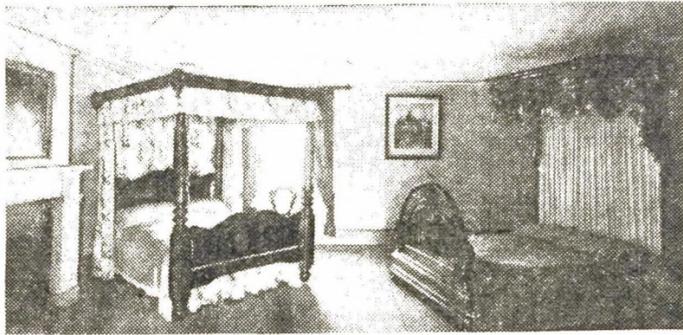
The ceremonial welcome meeting which inaugurated the I.C.W. meeting was held in the beautiful Town Hall, a masterpiece of Tassin. Her Royal Highness, the Crown Princess of Sweden, was present at this meeting. The president of the National Council of Women of Sweden is Miss Kerstin Hesselgren, who is a well-known figure as a delegate to the League of Nations Assembly each year. Mrs. Marie Michelet, president of the Northern Housewives' League, welcomed the rural women.

The Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, president of the International Council of Women, gave a short presidential address, and then introduced to the audience the heads of the different delegations.

At the farewell dinner held on July 4 "Auld Lang Syne" was sung by a party of Swedish musicians as a compliment to Lady Aberdeen's Scotch nationality, and as this air is easy to learn it is probable that it may become the official farewell song of the I.C.W.

The many resolutions on the agenda were dealt with in preparation for the big triennial conference of the I.C.W., which will be held in Paris next year. The most important of these dealt with the dismissal of married women teachers in many countries, and with other aspects of the question of the right of women to work, with child wel-

# HISTORY of Antique FURNISHINGS



Modern architecture does not provide accommodation for beds like these. The illustrations show (top), reading from left to right, the boys' room and the girls' room. (Bottom): A bed that belonged to a former Governor, and the room of Miss Wentworth.

FOUR years ago the public was not admitted to the upper storey of Vaucluse House. The reason was that there was nothing there to see. Since then, however, bedroom furniture typifying the period having been bought by the trust, and gifts received from public-spirited citizens—the Wentworth family by terms of the will were not allowed to

buy more than a certain amount of their ancestor's belongings, so that the bulk went to outsiders—these rooms are now open for inspection.

Although most of the beds are not Wentworth relics, one must not suppose they are therefore uninteresting.

The beds in the boys' room came from Government House, Parramatta. The

Although the official "high jinks" of Vaucluse House are not celebrated until October 26—Wentworth's birthday—it is during September that this wonderful old home is most popular, for then the famous wistaria is in bloom. This article tells of some of the recent additions to Vaucluse House furnishings.

one on the right, designed in French fashion, is peculiarly interesting as being one of those beds whose mattress practically touched the floor, so that the dashing gallants of the past, after drinking their four bottles of wine at dinner, could be rolled straight from their positions beneath the table into bed.

The bed on the left is a true old Jacobean four-poster, showing an advance on that of bedroom two in that its curtains only cover three, not four, sides. It is made of solid mahogany, and is an excellent example of the sort of thing our ancestors used to sleep upon—boards, covered with straw palliasses, and then a feather mattress on the very top. Just outside the scope of the illustration is a handbarrow with a rather pathetic history. It was presented to Miss Parkes to wheel the first sod at the opening of the North Shore Railway.

The right hand bed in the girls' room was once the property of Dr. Dunmore Lang, a contemporary of Wentworth, and created quite a furore recently when the Protestant Federation of Women visited Vaucluse House. It is of Jacobean type, and a beautiful piece of work. It is, with the exception of the bed in the previous room, the heaviest of all. We would find it rather a climb to get into to-day, but it is not nearly so high as some of its relatives, which required the use of steps.

The remaining bed in this room is a cedar four-poster, typically Early Colonial. It was formerly in the possession of the late Professor Harrison.

The fine old four-poster in bedroom three formerly belonged to Governor



Fitzroy. At the disposal sale of furniture from Government House, Parramatta, it was bought by Mr. Barton Smith, of the Woolpack Inn, Parramatta, in whose possession it remained for 40 years. Then, after being stored for years it was bought by the Vaucluse Trust as typical of the period, and as nearly as possible a match to Mrs. Wentworth's real bed. At present the drapes are made from liberty chintze, and very cleverly so, considering that only £20 was allowed for doing up all the bedroom furniture, although really full-length curtains would have completely enclosed the sleeper in past unhygienic days. The bed is ordinary modern-day size, but looks very much smaller, owing to the height of the canopy. The carving is finely ornate in typically Georgian style.

Miss Thomasina Wentworth (Mrs. Fisher, of the Priory, North Sydney) once occupied the fourth room. The bed is Old Empire, of sturdy mahogany, and was imported by the Church family about 120 years ago.

## EFFECT of DEPRESSION

That the economic depression of the last few years has made people more kindly to each other, and broken down class distinction to a large extent, was the opinion expressed by Mrs. J. W. Greene, Lady Mayoress of Brisbane, in an interview given to *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

In her official capacity as Lady Mayoress Mrs. Greene is brought prominently and actively into touch with many phases of political and social life, and to each of her manifold duties she

### Views of Brisbane Lady Mayoress

and to cultivate the moral and social virtues. She is averse to the widespread habit of over-indulgence in intoxicating drink, which, she says, is so noticeable at dances among the old and young.

Mrs. Greene thinks that women need to be aware of arousing sex-antagonism by being too militant in their endeavor to secure citizen rights. These things can best be secured by co-operation. Women are proving their worth, but they must maintain their standard and be qualified to hold what they gain.

There should be co-operation between the sexes in any movement pertaining to public welfare, and a husband and wife should have mutual interest in the affairs of the home, as well as in the larger life outside the home. Women should not consider that they were superior to men, their work was just as essential as that of men, but different.

A cause that always has the sympathy and help of Mrs. Greene is that of the Country Women's Association. She was the first president of the first C.W.A. seaside home, "Lota," Wynnum, twelve miles from Brisbane.

The home was opened in 1924, when Mrs. Greene was Mayoress of Wynnum, where her home still is. She has held office in the C.W.A. ever since, and is now president of the Wynnum branch of the C.W.A.

### Social Service

Mrs. Greene is also president of the women's section of the Queensland Social Service League, which in Brisbane employs 30 women daily at a salary of 7/6 per day. The Government pays the wage, and the women's section finds the money for the material for the work, which consists of making garments for distribution to the needy.

The money for the material is raised by public entertainments, and in June of this year Mrs. Greene organised the Lady Mayoress' Ball, raising thereby £140. The amount was augmented by a Government subsidy of 10/- in the £.

Brisbane's "Wear More Wool" campaign was recently inaugurated by Mrs. Greene, and Wool Week will be held there during October. While in Sydney she intends to visit a factory to see the manufacture of wool mattresses.

The Lady Mayoress, who is on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smyth, of Gordon, was a Sydney girl, and a pupil at "Shirley." She was a member of the first girls' cricket team.



Mrs. J. W. Greene is seen in this picture (on left) with Miss Ruth Preddey at the official farewell dinner to the visiting interstate women's cricket teams held in Brisbane this year. Miss Preddey is one of the special writers for the sports pages of *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

fare, with mental deficiency, with disarmament and international arbitration, and the educational value of the cinema. The I.C.W. has recently added broadcasting to its list of subjects, and Mme. Dreyfus-Barney gave a special address on "Broadcasting and the League of Nations."

The National Council of Women of India has invited the I.C.W. to hold its next executive meeting in India.

brings to bear a kindly good humor, wide experience, and tolerance.

Speaking of her work, she said, "My job is my hobby; I find my pleasure in it, and give up my time to doing it satisfactorily. I am never bored; the life is too varied, and it is interesting to conduct meetings, and plan fetes, balls, and functions."

Mrs. Greene thinks it is incumbent on women to be understanding and tolerant

## SEX BAN Lifted in METHODIST CHURCH

In Melbourne this week the claim of a woman, Miss D. Williams, formerly of Sydney, to enter the ministry will be considered by the Presbyterian Assembly.

This definite application to enter a sphere of work hitherto confined to the male sex is causing great interest.

THE attitude of the churches to women in its ministry is changing, due perhaps to the persistence of women.

After a 10-year agitation, Methodists, at their annual conference in London last month, adopted a report proposing the removal of the sex bar against women.

The main recommendation of the report is:

"That existing ministries of women which involve a dedication of life service already approved by conference shall be united and absorbed into a new order of women's ministry."

The Rev. G. E. Hickman Johnson, secretary of the Methodist Missionary Society, commenting on the report, said: "I know the point of view that this is not the time in view of the



MRS. ELLA M. GRIFFITH, hon. secretary of the N.S.W. Women Justices' Association, is vice-president of the Council for Social and Moral Reform, and executive member of the Travellers' Aid Society. —Johnson

surplus of men ministers, but it is not a worthy argument. We ask the acceptance of the principle that no woman should be debarred from the Christian ministry, merely on the ground of her sex, and that women be admitted in the pastoral session of the church."

The Rev. C. Enzor Walters, of the London Mission, commenting on the cleavage of opinion, said there were insuperable barriers to the admission of women.

"You cannot admit women into this itinerant ministry unless you are willing to say that in every possible way, in stipend, in position, in questions of marriage, you will treat them absolutely as you treat men."

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## WOMEN DELVE Into Nation's Big PROBLEMS

WHILE many of their sisters were busy with the household duties which are numerous on Monday mornings, about 50 women gathered at Challis House, Sydney, and, shaking off personal and housewifely cares, they delved deeply into ways and means of improving the status of their sex. They discussed big problems, too.

Such subjects as "Revision of Federal Constitution," "Tariffs," "Electoral Reform," and "Subdivision of States" were dealt with by the members and their menfolk no doubt would have been surprised at the tenacity with which they were held to the subjects in hand when they showed the slightest inclination to stray.

The views of party politics were submerged in the one unanimous aim of gaining equality for women, for the meeting was held under the auspices of the Australian Federation of Women Voters and the United Associations.

Mrs. Rischbieth presided, the speakers being Mesdames G. Melville, R. Sharpham, Misses B. Mocatta, and Dalrymple-Hay.

Not only did these women show that they were cognisant of the facts concerning protection and tariff, the importance of supporting primary industries such as wool and wheat, but they also proved that they knew how the trend in these matters affected the everyday woman in her purchases of matches, saucepans, stockings, silk underwear and even reels of black and white cottons. "Australians seem to have a mania for buying imported goods," Mrs. Melville said in reference to Protection, "so that it is necessary that neglected industries be given a chance to improve as that of the manufacture of shoes and stockings has."

Chartered companies developing the north of Australia were shown by Mrs. A. E. Greenwood to be beneficial from the point of view of defending or populating Australia, but not in retaining her high ideals for they were released from all labor restrictions, such as the White Australia policy.

Next Monday, at Challis House, women will again meet, this time to discuss such involved and intricate subjects as "Banking, Credit, Currency, and Exchange Rates," and "Nationality of Married Women."

## HEALTH, Safety and RECREATION WEEK

REPRESENTATIVES of over 75 different organisations all interested in health matters are working on the committee that is arranging the Health, Safety, and Recreation Week, which will be held from November 17 to November 28.

The present joint chairmen of the committee are the Minister for Works and Health (Mr. Weaver), and the Lord Mayor of Sydney (Ald. Hagon). The vice-chairmen are the Director-General of Public Health (Dr. Dick), the Director of Education (Mr. Ross Thomas), and the Commissioner of Police (Mr. W. H. Childs).

Special features are being organised and these will include a surf carnival at Bondi on November 18, and a monster sports meeting and physical culture display at the Sports Ground on November 25.

There will be educational fixtures, broadcast health talks, health week luncheons, addresses by prominent health workers in schools and colleges,



## GREAT SEPTEMBER COMPETITION!

1ST PRIZE £25 2ND PRIZE £10 3RD PRIZE £5

AND 20 PRIZES OF 10/- EACH. All this money to be won by the simplest effort imaginable. You just select three adjectives from a list of twenty-one and place them in a sentence describing your chemist's service. Look for this sign in his window; that means he has the entry forms. There is no fee to enter the competition; just make a purchase at your chemist's from a great choice of products represented by these advertisers.



<p><b>PARKE - DAVIS VANISHING CREAM</b></p> <p>Non-greasy, delicately perfumed, deliciously refreshing. Excellent as a base for face powder. In jars for the dressing table, 2/6; in tubes for the handbag ... 1/-</p>	<p><b>CEREBOS HEALTH SALINE</b></p> <p>Pleasant to taste, gentle to the system, a certain corrective of functional irregularity and its symptoms—headaches and feverishness. Take a teaspoonful in half a glass of water every morning. 3/-                  Bottle ... 3/-</p>	<p><b>"SOLYPTOL" ANTISEPTIC</b></p> <p><b>THE IDEAL MOUTH WASH</b></p> <p>This valuable germicide should be in daily use in every home. At the first sign of 'flu or cold, use a gargle as directed. Small size 1/6. Large size 3/6</p>
<p><b>DENTALUX "ADDIS" TOOTH BRUSHES</b></p> <p>There is a Dentalux "Addis" Tooth Brush for every need. Strong, sterilised bristles make for service and safety. Guaranteed by the oldest firm of tooth-brush manufacturers in the world. Prices from 1/6 to ... 2/6</p>	<p><b>MERCOLIZED WAX FAMOUS BEAUTIES USE IT!</b></p> <p>If you value your complexion, apply a little Mercolized Wax before you go out—it prevents chapping, chafing, windburn. A beautiful powder base and a fine face-cream. At all chemists.</p>	
<p><b>IPANA TOOTH PASTE</b></p> <p>Both dentists and chemists recommend Ipana Tooth Paste. It keeps the teeth perfectly clean and makes them brilliantly white. 2/- a super-size tube. Trial size ... 1/-</p>	<p><b>VINCENT'S A.P.C. STOPS 'FLU</b></p> <p>To stop 'flu, or a bad cold, take a genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Powder or Tablet with a hot lemon drink before retiring—as recommended by doctors, chemists, and nurses. Used successfully in influenza epidemics.</p>	<p><b>GARGLE WITH LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC</b></p> <p>every two hours when you have a cold or sore throat. Repeated tests show that Listerine Antiseptic reduces mouth germs by 98 per cent. Non-poisonous, absolutely safe, actually healing to tissue and deodorising. 3oz., 7oz., 14oz. bottles.</p>

Note: Prices in this advertisement apply to the metropolitan area.

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# CHEMIST

## POTTERY EXHIBITS



Examples of hand-built pottery that are being exhibited by the Misses Ada I. Newman, Jessie Newman, Ethel Atkinson, and Vera Margoliouth at the Ceramic Art Studio, 147 Elizabeth Street.

## FIGHT for Privilege of OFFICE

The Australian Women's Weekly congratulates the United Order of Druids which, at its annual meeting last week, refused to accept a proposal that women should be debarred from holding the office of district president.

OF 140 delegates assembled, representing a membership of 18,000, only 10 could be found to support the proposal to deprive women members of their undoubted right to any official position.

Discussing the matter with The Australian Women's Weekly, the Grand Secretary said:

"We have in our society female lodges, and we have dual lodges which accept members of both sexes. The women members of dual lodges render great assistance in social matters and their presence at meetings has a great benefit upon the other members. Where smoking and drinking were regarded as suitable entertainments some years ago to-day music and social intercourse have taken their place in the lodges.

"We have also a woman's association which is running a popular girl competition very successfully. It is holding a series of dances to raise funds to help the unemployed members, and doing excellent work in this direction.

"The presence of women in Grand Lodge has only come of late years. Now women come to Grand Lodge either as representatives of female lodges, or as delegates of the dual lodges. They introduce questions of interest to their branches, and certainly add decorum to the proceedings.

"For years past, only men held the position of District President, but now women have claimed the right to hold these positions, and, although there was a little opposition on the part of some of the lodges, they won their point easily."

CLASSES FOR BUSINESS WOMEN—Physical Culture, Posture Culture, Eurythmics, Langridge School of Physical Culture, 254 George Street.\*\*\*

HOLBROOK HOLBROOK says: The Holbrook Olives are grown in the sunny Olive groves of Spain. Packed in Australia.\*\*\*

window displays, educational conferences, procession, health talks in factories and workshops and inspection of model food factories and plants.

An innovation this year will be a conference of hospital auxiliaries, and the Safety League is arranging a display of safety games by school children. The Racial Hygiene Association is convening a conference under the auspices of Health Week to discuss racial health problems.

The executive requires a new cover design in three colors for its Health Week Booklet, and has decided to offer a prize of £3/3/- for the best design. This design must be bright and attractive and suggestive of health and vitality, and preferably of outdoor life. The size of the cover is 7 1/2 in. x 4 1/2 in. The competition will close on September 20, and the prize-winning design will be selected at a meeting of the Health Week committee on September 21.

## War Talk Like 1914

(Continued from Page 19)

high explosives, fire bombs, and poison gases have done their worst in another "war to end war," perhaps the enfeebled survivors of a destroyed civilisation will begin once more to discuss disarmament!

The tragedy of the situation is that we elderly people, who have lived our lives and who could well be spared, will not pay the penalty, if we allow the world to blunder or drift into another war. The price will be paid by the young with their ideals and enthusiasms and their quickness to respond to the cry "Your country needs you."

Hearing around us the same arguments and appeals that led to the great disaster of 1914, we mothers tremble for our children, whom we brought into the world at the risk of our lives, and whom we have reared to clean, honest, kindly manhood and womanhood.

The last war destroyed a whole generation. Those men who died should now be directing the affairs of the world. Shall we allow another generation to be wiped out?

No! Before politicians and military men try to entice our sons into brighter drill halls and gay uniforms, let them seek first to remove the causes of ill-will between nations—nationalist propaganda, insulting criticisms of other countries, and selfish and irritating trade restrictions—and let them also make it impossible for any private individuals to profit by the sale of munitions.

# THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

—: By Jane Anne Seymour —:

**E**VERYONE knows what statistics do so when the poet says "in the spring," and statistics say "most marriages occur in the autumn," we know which we believe.

Besides, just look at us now Margaret Hagon and John Collins, notwithstanding the previous week's full moon, fixed their wedding for September 12, Pauline McDonald and Dick Allen decided on September 14, and so did Doreen Blaxland and Anthony Bowen, although September 15 seemed a better idea to Pat Penman and John Harris, and they are only the tritons among host of minnows.

Yet a couple of months ago there was hardly a wedding in sight.

**T**WO of these spring brides are all for Art with a capital A, while the other two are out-and-out athletes. Pat Penman has a prejudice against outdoor sports, and, indeed, for violent exercise of any kind. So riding, tennis, and golf are of no interest. Dancing, however, is another matter. This comes under the heading of "Art." Theatricals, in which she made a name as Tisha Guille, will have to go by the board on her marriage yet this and the broadcasting work she has been doing for the past year she



MRS. DOUGLAS MUNRO, of "Gundibri," Merriwa, who has been visiting Sydney.

has adored. John has the same tastes as her own, loving all the arts and being a great reader.

**D**OREEN BLAXLAND is an artist, having studied at the Tech., specialising in black and white drawings. Since Anthony, who works in hand-beaten brass, appeared on the scene, however, her interests have switched more to art of this type. She hopes to have a studio, which they will both share in the home at Rose Bay. As she has lived at King's School for so long (her father has been master there for over 20 years) she is eagerly looking forward to living near the surf. She does play tennis, but not nearly as well as Anthony, she says.

**P**AULINE McDONALD, too, is sporty in her tastes. One of the thrills of Gladwood Gardens last season used to be seeing her hop into the car in the mornings and rush over to Bondi, clad in shorts. She finds golf, tennis, and surfing the most interesting things, and is glad to have arranged her affairs so that her future home is in Edgecliff Road, not too far from the breakers.

**P**OOOR little Stephen Leach, another graduate member of the Players' Club, has been having a bad time lately. His baby car looks so inviting that no sooner is it parked than joy-riders spring from nowhere and borrow it for the evening. This had already happened twice, and then, last week he left it outside St. James' Hall while attending rehearsal. Again it vanished, and this time the new owners seemed to have packed their bags and taken it for a real holiday, for when we last heard Stephen was still mourning.



THIS IS a living woman, though few would recognise Miss Thelma Yin in her portrayal of the Ming goddess, Kwan-Yin. She will form one of a group of Chinese pottery, arranged by Mrs. Sterling Levis for the gala matinee at the Theatre Royal on September 26 in aid of the Industrial Blind Institution.

—Peter Pan.

**R**USKIN and Whistler are always good for a quotation, and at the opening of the Society of Artists' Exhibition we listened quite patiently to the time-honored saying about throwing a pot of paint in the face of the public. However, Fred Leist's "Apotheosis of the Australian Bush" made up for everything. Mr. Leist has not captured the spirit of the bush just by chance, for he has travelled widely among strange lands and strange peoples, and studied them with as deep a sympathy as any anthropologist. The coloring of this picture is so wonderful that it seems an almost superhuman feat. We were going to steal it, but someone else got in first and paid sixty guineas for it. Not like another effort, of which a visitor from Europe asked: "If the lady who had forgotten her teeth had a frog in her lap."

**T**HE exhibition as a whole is of a remarkably high standard, and, though originality is shown, there are very few works "modern" in the sense that they jump out and hit you in the eye, even if photographic reality has been pushed out of focus by some, particularly the younger set. Pinks, greens, yellows, and mauves are all gay rather than harshly bright in Jean and Gwen Ramsay's works. The model for Jean Ramsay's "Bed Picture" is Mrs. Foote (painted when she was Bethia Anderson). Gruner, who visited the opening for the first time in five years, has a blue idyll of Narooma, and Nora Heyson, Arthur Murch, George Bell, Norman and Lionel Lindsay, are all exhibiting studies that should not be let go begging.

**M**OST alarming possibilities were opened up by Mrs. C. G. Berge when she donated a prize for the best decorated table, according to Pickwick tradition, for the Pickwick Book Club ball at Farmer's on Friday, to aid the deaf, dumb, and blind children. Members were not quite sure what was required, and ideas ranged from an "Oliver Twist" table, where one ripped off the tablecloth and refused one's guests supper, to a "fat boy" table, where one ate all night, and a Mr. and Mrs. Pickwick table, where one's hobby was to dandle twins.

**W**E must not forget — we did forget our pencil and so don't remember anything about any of the speeches, even Mr Stevens' — that we went to the Red Cross rally at the Town Hall. Someone had been busy at work, and red crosses, mottoes like "Warm Clothing for T.B. Soldiers" and "After Care for Soldiers' Dependents" were hung all round the hall and the little Junior "Hot Cross Buns" filled up the platform seats. Nothing was missing in the way of "atmosphere." The attendance, too, was large and enthusiastic. In fact, we were told by someone who looked reliable that the Pittwater Younger Set, who number 400 and easily raise their quota of £300 annually, and run a clubhouse as well, had booked out all one gallery and part of the other.

**I**N honor of granddaughter Cynthia Brookes and Cynthia's fiancé, Melbourne's Lord Mayor, Mr. Gengoult Smith, Mrs. H. Emmerton, of Melbourne, gave a dinner party at the Australia. Also present were Mr. and Mrs. Mackay Sim and Madeline, Mr. W. M. Hughes, Dame Mary and Helen, Betty Bunting, Captain Townshend, Colonel Macfarlane, Alastair Mackinnon, and Bob Bunting.

**R**OSEMARY SHEPHERD is one of the pretty Australian girls who have been making the most of the London season. Miss Shepherd is the guest of her relative, Lady Helen Gibbs, and with her went to Eton for the ceremony of the 4th. Yolande Proctor, too, writes that she is having a marvellous time, together with her brother and a former Sydney girl, Dorothea Hughes, B.A., who, like Yolande, intends to have a career as a dancer.

**L**ADY RICH evidently believes in keeping her family in touch with one another. Her old home, "Stanser," at Elizabeth Bay Road, was turned into flats when the different members entered into matrimony. Sir George and Lady Rich occupy the ground flat, their on George and his young wife have the top flat and Mrs. Ashby Hooper (Miss Jill Rich) has the bottom flat. Since last week the upper flats have been deserted, and everyone congregates at the Hoopers, for the attractions in the new son and grandson.

**J**EAN and Ruth Waterhouse, with their cousin, Margaret Waterhouse, were very disappointed when they arrived at Luva to find that flu was raging in Fiji. Their mother, Mrs. Leslie Waterhouse, however, consoled them by taking them on to Honolulu, which was more than they expected.

**W**HAT bother about not having any club or society where graduates of both sexes may mingle? St. James' Hall, during the production of one of the layers' Club shows, seems to do just as well. Dr. George Mackaness, Mr. Arthur Bibley, Mrs. Muscio, Miss B. Tildesley, and Mr. R. Windeyer are only a few of the University identities one is liable to bump against in the stalls. Last Saturday the MacCallums—Lady MacCallum, Dr. Walter MacCallum, and Mrs. Lightoller—were there in force; Alatheia Siddons, who is a B.Sc., had emerged from whatever lair she has been lurking in, and hon. carillonist Fletcher, Lillian Gardiner, Tom Esplin, Robert and Helen Turner, Marjorie Thompson, and Marjorie Phillips were also staying up late.



HERE ARE Betty and Meg Bunting, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Bunting, of Samarai, who have taken a flat at the Astor for the next three months while they are holidaying in Sydney.

—Monte Luke.

**M**ARGARET GORDON, of "Manar," Braidwood, will be renewing old acquaintances when she arrives in Colombo. She will be the guest of Mrs. Michael King (Margaret Macarthur Onslow), and will also visit Captain and Mrs. Coles Osborne. Mrs. Osborne will be remembered as Marjorie Meares.

**A**LTHOUGH love-interest has predominated during the last few days, we have also been very "racy," not to say "gambly," and certainly to say "dressy." At the Randwick meeting some women were all for disregarding the climate. Cynthia Brookes had on ermines, it is true, but they didn't very greatly hide a blue and white silk frock. June Baillieu was in sand colored, pink flecked hopsack, with a folded turban of the same material. Philippa Stephen, escorted by Captain Leslie Board, of the 10th Hussars, strolled up and down the lawn in pink hopsack with a contrasting spray of mauve flowers as an exciting "extra." Melbourne's Mrs. Emmerton not only wore a posy of primroses, but carried a bouquet of nasturtiums. Mr. Spencer Brunton was tickled to pieces at his beloved Maitdale coming second. In fact, Mrs. Brunton very handsily having a birthday, he has given her a racer for her very own. It is called Gladwood, after their home

**O**NE can usually count on the Y.W.C.A. for some good deed or bright idea. The latest effort comes under the heading of bright idea. The younger girls of the Y. arranged to hold a Commonwealth community gathering in the principal cities of Australia on Tuesday last. As well as enrolling new members and getting renewed pledges of loyalty from old ones, which, although it may sound like one's own periodic season-ticket ceremony, is quite inspiring really, the brilliant mind which conceived the whole affair did not stop there. It decided to institute a candle-lighting ceremony, too, whereby fourteen citizens, each representing a community, should light a candle and present a roll of names of the citizens of the community which she represented. We carefully name no names, but Dorothy Newby Fraser is Y.W.C.A. councillor for Sydney.

**B**EING an enclosed order, the St. Clare College nuns cannot as a rule bake themselves in limelight, but, being their jubilee it was felt that they should be allowed special privileges and to hold a ball at Mark Foy's on Tuesday. Coming to Waverley with a handful of enthusiasts and a small house, the "Poor Clare" nuns are now in charge of a large and important establishment. Jean Hassett and Joan Radmore were specially chosen as flower girls to attend the 30 debutantes at the ball because they are daughters of men who were students at St. Clare's. Interest was also aroused by Miss May Fitzgerald's donation of silver bells, to be given to the guests during the evening, and at midnight to ring in the jubilee.

**W**HAT does every woman know about present? That she will get seats for that mannequin parade, or die in the attempt, or, if not quite that, she is certainly prepared to stand. During the week nearly every shop has been overrun with top-coated drab objects deciding to mend their ways, if only they can learn how. The feature about this year's shows is the making of them not only mannequin parades, but little tramas. Lovely girls not only trail about in ridiculously unpractical organdie gardening frocks, but they do so among weeping gardeners and falling leaves, and visions not only saunter up and down in surf suits, but (at Farmer's, at any rate) their unholy calm is suddenly disturbed by a drowning youngster, who has to be rescued, with lifeline and dripping perspiration, by a handsome life-saver. One gets so carried away by all this that the frocks themselves almost go in one ear and out the other—almost, but not quite.



MISS LOIS THORPE, who is a committee member for the Overseas League ball at the Blaxland Galleries on October 5.

—Peter Pan

**W**E quite suspect that mother mightn't have liked the gambling ideas we acquired at the "Sport of Kings," which our latest Little Theatre presented at St. James' Hall last week. But it was very funny. And, one thing about us, we are very responsive to personality, and was the audience pretty social? Tall Colin Friend came to cheer along even taller boon-companion Richard Croker; Betty Ross-Gore was a vision-in-black usherette; a color also favored by Max Shannon. Audrey Nicholson gave "Chip" Deniston the full benefit of her profile all the evening; Roger Martin arrived engulfed in a bevy of beauty; Cam Webb and Bill Doberer were both seated conveniently nearby Evelyn Postle's little black hat; and Mrs. Arundel-Nott fluttered about during the intervals lapping up congratulations on son Charlie's work

### FOX RABBIT

and all kinds of skins dyed to latest shades and dressed in a wide range of smartest Chokers, Coats and Hats at lowest prices. 1 FOX SKIN DRESSED BYE AND MADE UP READY-TO-WEAR, as illustration.

27/6

This offer is for readers of this paper only. Illustrated catalogue on request. Fur renovations expertly done at low prices. Post Furred Skins to us from anywhere—it costs no more.

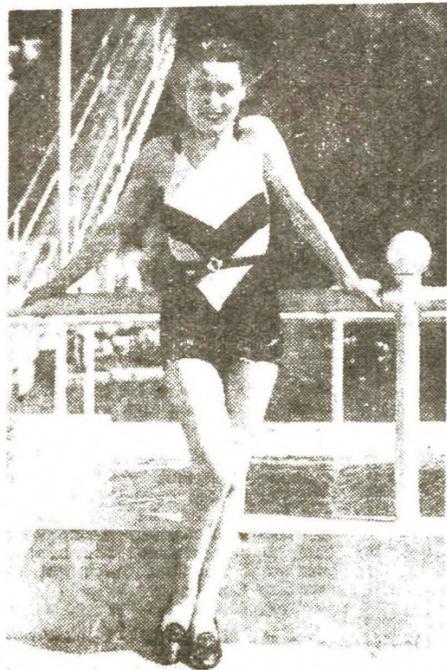
**NETTLEBERG'S**  
Old Established Furriers.  
COR. ELIZABETH AND BOURKE STREETS, MELBOURNE, CI.

## SAIDE takes Her FIRST Plunge

Being the weekly diary of a discerning shopper

**P**RICES and practical notions were relegated to the background this week when tidings reached me of co-operation between our camera and a bevy of beauty in bathers, fashion's newest releases.

At Mr. Hugh Ward's home at Bellevue Hill the camera maintained its reputation for unimpeachable veracity, and the lasses took their morning plunge. They are mostly completely missing as to back, and thoroughly modest for the remainder—pyjamas and slacks and what not.



MAGPIE effect in stripes is worn by Madame Tula.



MISS KATH RODGERS THOMPSON, of Melbourne, who is spending a holiday in Sydney, wearing a lettuce green mesh suit.

LEFT: They're turning their backs to the sun this season.



TWO WELL-KNOWN SURFERS, Zita Harris, in a striped suit with wide white pants, and Dorothy Warrington James, in black and white checks even to the towel.



A ROW of Beauty. Madame Tula, Kath Rodgers Thompson, Dorothy Warrington James, Betty Ann Hill (wearing a hand-knitted costume with crossed straps), Zita Harris, and Marie Holmes, in cigar brown with bright yellow spots.

### Be Prepared for the Day!

THE DAY for Prosperity Shareholders is looming nearer. Recent results confirm the opinion that BIG CASH PRIZES will definitely come their way in the immediate future—and not later than State Lottery 159.

To secure a ONE-THIRD PROSPERITY MEMBERSHIP SHARE, (giving a potential return to you of £1,666 13 4) send Postal Note for 2/- and a stamped envelope showing your name and address to

**PROSPERITY,  
6 PARK HOUSE,  
SYDNEY, N.S.W.**

As the expected WINDFALL may occur in the very next Lottery, immediate application is recommended.

Note: The Management of One-Third Membership Shares is the oldest-established syndicate undertaking in Australia, and, incidentally, the FIRST company in Australia to formulate and conduct Legal Lottery Syndicates. Bank Reference on every Share Certificate issued. KNOW WITH WHOM YOU ARE DEALING.

### STOP TIRED, ACHING FEET. NEW DISCOVERY.

Send for this new insole that relieves suffering and stops perspiration. Guarantee foot comfort especially in summer. Send postal note for 1/- with size to Box 46, Q.V.B., Sydney.

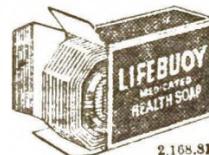
## A WIFELY SCHEME—that worked... by "STEVE"



### BE SURE YOU DO GET LIFEBUOY

Substitutes cannot give you real protection

THE huge success of Lifebuoy Soap all over the world has encouraged numerous substitutes. These soaps have no name behind them—nothing to guarantee that they give you any protection. In a matter as vital as this you must have a soap that is utterly reliable. Always demand Lifebuoy and you'll be absolutely safe.



A LEVLOR PRODUCT

2.168.81

# Potter & Moore's MITCHAM LAVENDER

THE ORIGINAL FRAGRANCE

Direct from England

A touch of Mitcham Lavender breathes an inimitable delicacy of charm all its own. Countless beautiful women, for nearly 200 years, have sought its subtle fragrance.

Mitcham Lavender is the true lavender—the original and genuine—distilled by Potter & Moore since 1749. It is now available in many delightful toiletries at all chemists and departmental stores. Try some—send the coupon below in answer to our special offer.



POTTER & MOORE'S  
1749 MITCHAM LAVENDER

**SPECIAL OFFER:**

For Watch Bottle of Mitcham Lavender, send 1/- in Postal Notes or Stamps for Postage and Packing to W. J. Bush & Co. Ltd., Dept. U7, Box 1131 J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name .....  
Address .....

## Opening BIDS and RESPONSES

Contract Bridge—Article 14

By FRANK CAYLEY

THIS is because sound opponents of the game agree that "An opening 'no-trump' declaration should not be made if the hand contains a possible suit call."

The player who consistently opens with "no trumps" at auction is a selfish bidder and a handicap to his partner. The same applies in contract.

Unwittingly, the average "no trump fiend" attempts to justify his conduct by advancing what is actually the main argument against such methods. He says, "I like an opening 'no trump' because it shuts out the opposition."

Now, who really wants to shut the opposition out? If by this means we could extract the high cards from their hands it would be a paying proposition, but unfortunately such is not the case. The better-informed player says, "I dislike an opening 'no trump' because it shuts out the opposition."

An opening suit declaration has the added advantage of making your partner's response much easier because the bidding can be kept low.

Remember, "No Trumps" is an excellent final declaration but an undesirable opening call.

On the rare occasions when you do commence with "no trumps" you will hold a hand of this type.

S: Q 7 5 3 D: A Q 4  
H: K 9 8 4 C: 6 5

An opening of "one no trump" by dealer, or second hand denies a suit call, and indicates possession of 2½ honor tricks with three suits stopped.

The Life of the Party  
... wherever she goes



FROM middle age to the "silvered sixties" time touches men and women lightly if they care for their health. They, too, sometimes get "run down," tired and often nervy, and the remedy is always Clements Tonic—that rejuvenates—that fortifies the blood, feeds the nervous system and brings renewed health and vigour. Old or young can derive great help from Clements Tonic when "out of sorts"—for Clements is safe—a natural tonic, free from drugs and stimulants.

**"Every Day I am Feeling Much Improved"**

West Preston, Vic., 29th May, 1933

"For the past 12 months I have suffered with heart trouble, rheumatism and neuritis, and naturally found it hard to sleep. A relative of mine urged me to take Clements Tonic, which I am glad to say I did, and every day I am feeling much improved and well on the road to recovery."

"I would strongly recommend it to anyone suffering the same way, and especially women of middle age."

—(Mrs.) F.W.

(Original letter on file for inspection)

For "Nerves," Lassitude, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Loss of Energy, take Clements Tonic without delay.

Prices at Chemists and Stores in Capital Cities in the Commonwealth, 3/- and 5/3 a bottle.



## CLEMENTS TONIC

"Gives you Nerves of Steel"

14.203

## Zella Shatters Prize-Winning Record

### Wins Cash for Hundreds of Her Clients All In One Lottery

The £5000—imagine the joy of the 7 people for whom Madame Zella won the first prize. But Madame Zella is not content with winning only big prizes, for she realises that while there is only one first prize in every lottery, there are hundreds and hundreds of smaller ones, and unless she wins many of these, as well as the big prizes, hundreds of her clients must be disappointed. That is why she is so pleased with her latest record: In the 151st Lottery she won so many prizes (an absolute record number) that hundreds of her clients collected Lottery cash from that drawing.



Madame Zella is now using a Code to pass important messages on to her clients.

**£1715 FOR 2/-**

By joining Madame Zella's syndicates you will receive a one-seventh share in a ticket in the first available State Lottery—a share which may win £715 in hard cash for you. In addition to that, Madame Zella will send you two tickets in the "Sunbeams (No 2)" Art Union, in which the first prize is valued at £1000; and she will send you, also, one of her famous character Horoscopes.

**Character Horoscopes**

By knowing the exact date of your birth (day, month, and year), Madame Zella can calculate the position the stars occupied at that time, and thus tell you what influences they may exert in your life. In the character reading she sends you she will give you all kinds of interesting information and advice which may assist you in various phases of your life.

**JUST DO THIS:**

To get your one-seventh share in a ticket in the next available Lottery, your two tickets in the "Sunbeams (No. 2)" Art Union, and your character Horoscope, just cut out this article and send it with a postal note for 2/-, and an envelope stamped (please don't forget this), and bearing your name and address, and a sheet of paper showing the exact date of your birth (day, month, and year), to Madame Zella, Dept. C2, Box 4327 YV, G.P.O., Sydney.\*\*\*

That is the reason why so many people have realised that Madame Zella's "Science of the Stars" Syndicates are by far the best to join. Not only has Madame Zella won the £5000 and the £1000, but she has also collected an astounding number of minor prizes for her clients. As mentioned above, her wins in the 151st Lottery were an absolute record.

Why not have your share of these many wins? Remember when you join Madame Zella's "Science of the Stars" Syndicates, you give yourself a wonderful chance to share in the big money, and at the same time, you are certain that Madame Zella, judged on her past performances, will win so many of the minor prizes, also, that you have a much better opportunity of collecting Lottery cash of some kind.

**151**

**ZX £5000-4U**

As mentioned above, Madame Zella won a record number of prizes for her clients in the 151st Lottery. The above Code message tells more about these astonishing wins. It brings great news not only to those hundreds of people who have won Lottery cash, with Madame Zella's help, but to every one of Madame Zella's clients, old and new.

Don't disregard this message. If you have the Key to Madame Zella's Code refer to it immediately, and learn the meaning of this vital announcement. If you have not yet secured your copy of the Key, you can have one, absolutely free, by joining this famous Astrologer's "Science of the Stars" Syndicates, as described below.



THE PRINTED JACKET makes its debut. Adrienne Ames wears a jacket of black, white, and red over this one-piece frock of the same print with a black skirt. The hat carries out the same combination. Note the fashionable white pique gloves.

Third or fourth bidders should be at least half a trick stronger.

Slight additional values are also advisable when your side is vulnerable.

One leading authority advises 4 to 4½ honor tricks for a vulnerable "no trump," but I consider this strength to be unnecessary.

**The 4, 5, 6 Count**

This count is an invaluable guide to all calling and is particularly applicable to "no trumps."

4 to 4½ honor tricks between two players should produce "One No Trump."

5 to 5½ honor tricks between two players should produce "Two No Trumps."

About 6 honor tricks between two players should produce "Three No Trumps."

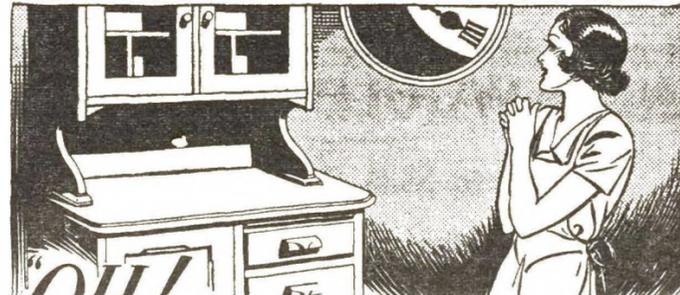
A knowledge of these simple facts will enable a player to bid all his hands according to the honor tricks held without recourse to any of the clumsy, unsound and artificial counts which have been so widely used by incompetent players.

After your partner has made an original call of "one no trump" you may raise to "two no trumps" with slightly more than two honor tricks, and to game with slightly more than three honor tricks.

A take-out may be given if you hold a biddable suit (preferably of five cards) and a fraction over one honor trick in the hand.

With a biddable suit and any fraction over three honor tricks you should make a "forcing take-out."

DRIES IN FOUR HOURS



OH! How Lovely!

"You know—I did want to change the colour of the kitchen furniture but I couldn't find just the right finish until I was told about "QUICK" Enamel. And now—oh! how lovely!"

## QUICK GENERAL PURPOSE ENAMEL

is made in 20 fascinating shades and Black and White. All are intermixable to secure intermediate tints and they dry hard with a lovely gloss in about four hours.

There is a Berger, Sherwin-Williams or Rogers agent near you—ask for particulars and a "QUICK" colour card.

*Now in Australia*

**Pond's New Face Powder**  
that captivated all America!



In America, the Pond's Company, makers of the famous Cold and Vanishing Creams, determined to create the one perfect face powder to be sold at a reasonable price. So they copied three luxurious powders — one French, renowned for its subtly alluring scent and costing \$10 (£2); the second American, noted for its perfectly blending skin shades; and the third, French, famous

for its light clinging texture — and combined the leading qualities of each into one inexpensive exquisite powder! This lovely powder instantly became a favourite. Everyone loved it! You will love it too! At all department stores and chemists, in four shades: Naturelle, Light Cream, Rose Cream, Brunette. 1/6 per box.

**POND'S**  
*New* face powder

Send this coupon and 2d. to cover postage for free samples of the new Pond's powder, and of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, to: W. J. BUSH & CO. LTD., DEPT. B2., BOX 1131 J, G.P.O., MELBOURNE. Check choice of colour: Naturelle ; Light Cream ; Rose Cream ; Brunette .

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

**KNEES WOULD NOT BEND**

Had to Slide Downstairs!

Better Again After Seven Years of Pain

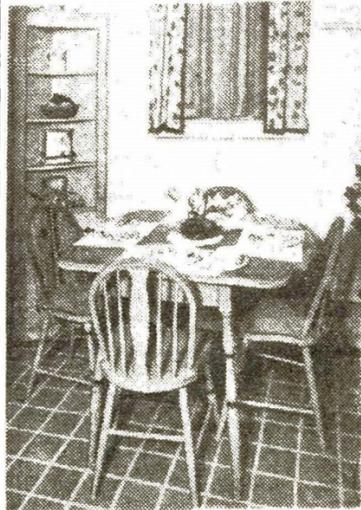
This woman—a widow—has a message of hope for every sufferer from rheumatism. She bore the pain of it for seven years—yet she is quite all right again now. She writes:—"I am a widow, aged 55, and for seven years have suffered terribly with muscular rheumatism and rheumatic gout. Two years ago I could not bend my knees to walk downstairs. I had to slide down, and then pull myself up again by the rail. I had to have a stick to help me along. Then early in April last year I was advised to try Kruschen Salts. I got one bottle, and by the time that was gone, I began to feel brighter and better. I have gone on ever since, and am now able to walk with comfort."



—(Mrs.) F. M. T. Rheumatism, like gout and lumbago, has its origin in intestinal stasis (delay)—a condition of which the sufferer is seldom aware. It means the unsuspected accumulation of waste matter and the consequent formation of excess uric acid. If you could see the knife-edged crystals of uric acid under the microscope, you would readily understand why they cause those cutting pains. And if you could see how Kruschen dulls the sharp

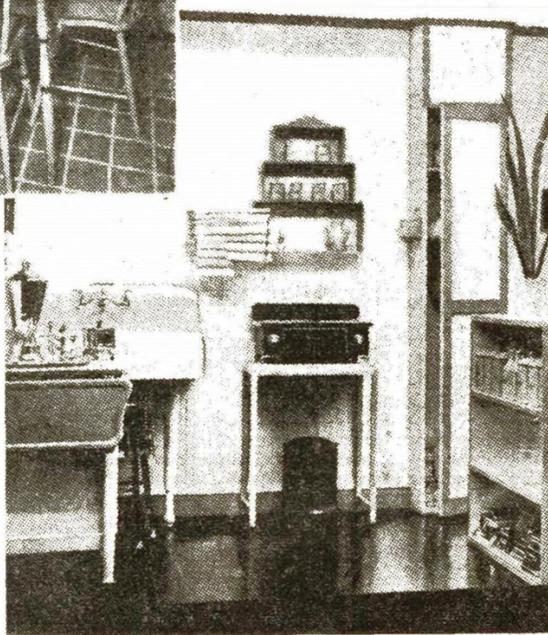
edges of those crystals, then dissolves them away altogether, you would agree that this scientific treatment must bring relief from rheumatic agony. Moreover, Kruschen so stimulates the organs of elimination that mischievous uric acid never gets the chance to accumulate again. Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle.

**Creating CHARM in Your KITCHEN**



A pleasant art and worth pursuing, since the kitchen is probably the most constantly lived-in room throughout the day.

A SMALL corner cupboard finds many uses in the kitchen or breakfast alcove. Washable print curtains bound in color vie with the flowers on the dishes in color and charm. AT RIGHT: Plenty of color here! A modern kitchen carried out in ivory and green, with black and scarlet notes. Even a garbage tin can be smart if it is painted black. And note the smart little china canisters.



By Our Home Decorator

"AND this is my kitchen..." You're being shown over a friend's newly decorated house. You've given due praise to the charming color scheme of living-room and bedroom, admired the view from the windows, or been tactfully silent as occasion demanded: but — your housewifely instincts are now instantly on the alert—the cheery, spotless, and well-ordered kitchen before you, however, scores for your hostess double-quick honors in that first, quick glance. And closer inspection leaves you convinced that she is one of those clever housewives who have learned the art of creating charm in the kitchen.

Often, in furnishing the kitchen, there is the great temptation to rush ahead and buy a little of this color, a saucepan or two of that, and some prettily patterned oilcloth, with the result that our kitchen is a bit wild in appearance, and not at all the well-ordered and restful workshop it should be.

As in any room, the first thing to settle upon is a color scheme governed by position and lighting conditions. Then begin with the walls and floor of the room. Fresh, clean paint has a marvellously rejuvenating effect. If your kitchen is very sunshiny, you may use tones of blue, but plan to combine a bright, cheery color with it, for blue itself, particularly on painted walls, can be very cold. If the reverse, use a soft, daffodil-yellow, which is guaranteed to bring sunshine into the darkest corner. Paint mouldings, or trim a shade or two deeper than the walls.

But, even in a kitchen, painted walls may become monotonous. Canvas-back wall coverings similar to oilcloth are excellent, and are well worth your earnest consideration.

There are many interesting patterns, as well as plain colors, to choose from. And, of course, this covering is washable.

The darkest color is always at the bottom in room decoration. Painted floors, when waxed, make good kitchen floors, but linoleum is undoubtedly the best. Besides, it offers a wide range of pattern and color to aid any color scheme. Select it with as much care, decoratively, as if it were a rug for the living-room floor.

With the background and floor in more subdued and neutral colors it becomes sheer fun to introduce colorful detail. New ideas are constantly appearing in accessories, new colors, and if one adheres carefully to a well-

planned color scheme, an interesting and restful kitchen will be the result. IF there is a breakfast nook in conjunction with the kitchen, it is more important, still that the kitchen be as attractive as possible, for nothing has so cheering an effect on the average disposition as pleasant, sunny surroundings. If you haven't a breakfast nook, and wish that you had, a three-fold screen covered in harmonising patterned oilcloth will make a most impromptu place for a small table and some chairs. Further interest can be added by a simple little corner cupboard, some pictures, and, of course, flowers.

Besides colored canisters and gleaming saucepans with colorful handles, which are available everywhere, oilcloths are probably one of the most valuable aids to kitchen decoration. The wide range of its enamel-like, plain colors, the genuinely artistic beauty in both color and design of its soft linen-finish patterns, suggest innumerable uses, from shelf coverings to window trimmings and gay little stool and chair cushions, table runners, and cookery-book covers.

Of course, it must not be forgotten that, in spite of all the color available for the kitchen, there are those who prefer in the main the all-white kitchen. And not without reason, since a definite color scheme may become monotonous, with consequent jarring to the nerves. Still, we Australians love color, and insist on having it around us. For those who prefer white, however, the merest touch of color at window, or in pan or bowl, is sufficient to remove the hospital-like mien of the all-white, and involves little labor and expense to make a change when it becomes tiring.

Window boxes of nasturtiums, gaily colored phlox and lobelia, geraniums, or mignonette (the latter accredited as being an antidote to the common house-fly) offer wonderful scope to the artistic propensities of the home maker. And curtains fashioned of theatrical gauze lend beauty.

Logically speaking, the kitchen is the centre of the home, so why not make of it a place of color and charm?



A WOMAN'S work is never done—but why worry over a little matter like that if your surroundings are bright and cheery!

**CLEVER IDEAS**

WHEN INK is accidentally spilt on a carpet, table salt should be instantly applied to the spot. The ink is quickly absorbed by the salt, and when the latter is removed by a vacuum cleaner the spot will be scarcely visible.—Miss Ryan, 20 Amiens Crescent, Matraville.

WHEN SERVING a salad, place a saucer face downwards at the bottom of the salad bowl. Any surplus water will then run under the saucer, and the salad at the bottom of the bowl will not get too wet.—Miss E. Cook, "Glencoe," 3 Clifford Avenue, Thornleigh.

THE SMELL of moth balls and camphor is often very objectionable, but there is a highly efficient, odorless substitute ready at hand. Moths hate printers' ink; so wrap up articles to be put away in a quantity of newspapers, first having given the article, be it the winter fur, woollens, or what not, a good sunning—"Narcissus," 160 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

HERE'S A WAY of washing overalls stained with grease, oil, or paint, with a minimum of labor. Fill the copper with water and bring to the boil. Bail half the boiling water into a trough for rinsing and to the remainder add 1 lb. shredded soap, and 1-cup of kerosene. Put the overalls dry into this mixture and boil for 20 minutes. Remove and rinse in warm water. Wring well and hang out to dry.—D.M.H., 123 Hastings Parade, Bondi.



WHEN boiling handkerchiefs, one or two drops of eucalyptus oil added to the water will not only thoroughly disinfect them, but will also make them snow white.—Miss R. Schuster, "Kerala," Albert.

A NEW use for cocoa: Use cocoa as you would nutmeg for junket, puddings, etc. It provides decoration and imparts a different flavor. It is also tasty sprinkled on whipped cream that is piled on cakes or fruit dishes.—"Cap S. Aus.," 18 Victoria Street, Mile End, S. Australia.

Greta, dear, aren't these CESARINE FROCKS just too cool-making?

**CESARINE**  
The Wonder Cloth  
1/11½ Yd.  
62 Shimmering Shades

**EASILY EXPLAINED**

MRS. S.: Mother! Is that another new hat you're wearing?  
MRS. J.: And just you wait till you see the frock I bought to go with it!  
MRS. S.: Wherever do you get the money for all these new clothes?  
MRS. J.: Well—the truth is, your father and I have begun to watch every penny we spend, and you can't imagine how much we've saved lately.  
MRS. S.: I wish Roy and I could economise.  
MRS. J.: Then just you ask Roy to get a copy of "The Private Man's A.B.C." and study your income and expenditure month by month.  
MRS. S.: Where can you get this book?  
MRS. J.: At all Newsagents and Stationers, or send two shillings to Box 3805P, G.P.O., Sydney. Then you'll save pounds every month.

# Spring FROCKS Are Gaily PATTERNED



**WX136.**—Simple frock with short sleeves. This frock is made from spotted linen. Material required, three yards 36in. To fit size 36in. bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**WX137.**—Frock of printed marocain with contrasting jacket. Material required, three and a quarter yards 36in. for frock and one and one-eighth yards 36in. for jacket. To fit size 36in. bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**WX138.**—Frock of elephant crepe with contrasting scarf and paneled skirt. Material required, three and three-quarter yards of 36in. and three-quarters yard of 36in. for scarf collar. To fit size 36in. bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**WX139.**—Dainty frock of figured crepe-de-chine with double cape of organza. Material required, three and a half yards 36in. and one and a quarter yards 36in. contrasting. To fit size 36in. bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**WX118.**—Latest style in small boy's play suits with serge trousers and silk or cotton shirt. Material required, one yard 36in. for shirt and one and one-eighth yards 36in. for trousers. To fit size 6-8 years. Other size, 4-6 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9½d.**

## THEY Are PRACTICAL, Too!

SPRING will be a season of dots and dashes, of frills and flares. Our pattern service offers you a choice of delightful styles depicted in gaily patterned materials. Varying from tiny abbreviated affairs to full length, the new sleeves are featured in a delightful range. For the small boy there are three serviceable tub-suits.

**WX119.**—Small boy's tunic suit. Material required, three-quarters yard 36in. for tunic and three-quarters yard 36in. for shirt. To fit size 2-4 years. Other sizes, 1-2 and 4-6 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9½d.**

**WX120.**—Boy's suit with collar and cuffs of the same material as the trousers. Material required, one yard 36in. for blouse and three-eighths yard 36in. for collar and cuffs. The trousers require three-quarters yard 36in. contrasting. To fit size 4-6 years. Other sizes, 2-4 and 6-8 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9½d.**

**WX140.**—Frock of plaid material with jacket effect and puffed sleeves. Material required, three and seven-eighths yards 36in. To fit size 36 in. bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**WX141.**—Linen skirt with jacket of contrasting material. The skirt is knife-pleated back and front. Material required, three and a quarter yards 36in. for skirt and two and a half yards 36in. for jacket. To fit size 36in. bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

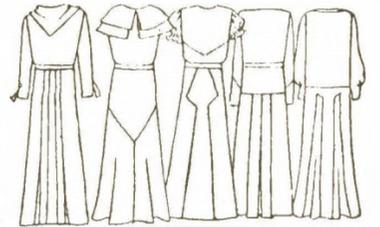
**WX142.**—Linen jacket and jumper and skirt of figured material. Material required, four and a half yards 36in. for skirt and jumper, and two and a half yards 36in. for jacket. To fit size 36in. bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



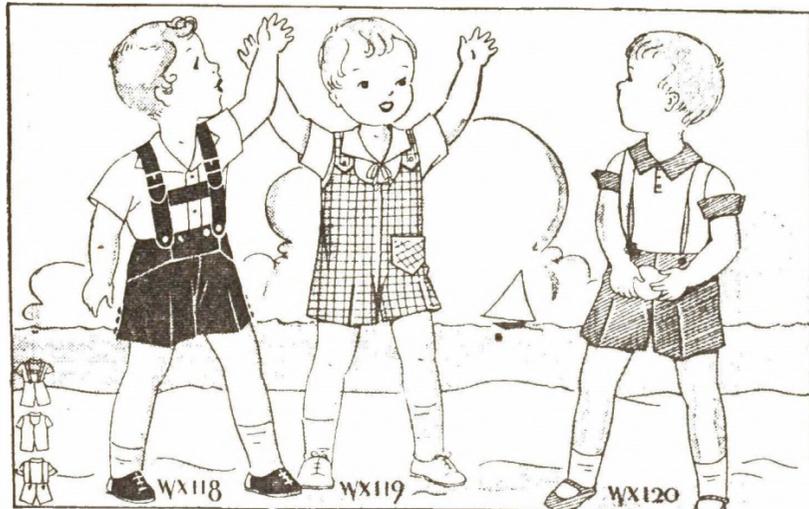
### FREE PATTERN

**SWAGGER** coats will figure in every smart wardrobe. This smart model has a scarf of check silk at the neck. The raglan sleeves give just that note of importance that is so modish at the shoulders.

**WX149.**—Shirt blouse of striped silk. Material required to fit size 36in. bust, three and a quarter yards 36in. Size, 44in. bust requires three and a half yards 36in. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, 40, 42, 46, and 48 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



**WX150.**—Frock of crepe satin with contrasting sleeves and collar. Material required to fit size 36in. bust, three and a half yards 36in. and one and three-eighths yard 36in. contrasting. Width at hem, three and one-eighth yards. Material required for 44in. bust, three and three-quarter yards 36in. and one and a half yards contrasting. Width at hem, four and a quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, 40, 42, 46, and 48 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



**FREE PATTERN**  
 In return for this coupon, free patterns may be obtained on personal application at our offices as follows:—  
 SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street.  
 MELBOURNE: "The Age" Building, 239 Collins Street.  
 When free patterns are required by post, forward this coupon and stamp for postage to the following address only:—  
 The Australian Women's Weekly, G.P.O. Box 4088W, Sydney.

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All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly at the prices indicated. Inquiries and letters regarding the pattern service should be addressed to the Pattern Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney; or Box 1088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

The first talking picture graciously patronised by THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING & QUEEN.

An Absolute Triumph!

Jessie MATTHEWS in

# "The GOOD COMPANIONS"

Story by J.B. PRIESTLEY

This fascinating story of a Troup of Pierrots—their ups and downs, their loves, their hates, makes the most glorious picture of the year.

PRINCE EDWARD

Albert Cazabon and Concert Orchestra presenting "Famous English Melodies," assisted by Les Waldron at the Organ.



## AWKWARD Moments

### Readers Tell and Win Prizes

The last three lucky people to win Viennese jumpers for their "Moments" draw this popular competition to a close. Details will appear in next week's issue of new competitions, for which £100 prizes will be offered. The competitions will include something which will be quite novel to Australian readers.

THE three best "Moments When I Had to Run" were sent in by:—  
Mrs. Vera Lyons, 8 Boronia Avenue, Wollstonecraft:—"The fastest run of my life was in Market Street, when I discovered a man's umbrella hooked on my arm (I had been selecting one at a shop for my husband's birthday)."

"I felt every policeman was chasing me, and could not get back to the department quickly enough."

Miss Sylvia Rhodes, "Rhodesia," 23 Harbor View Crescent, Lavender Bay:—"Last summer, at our Middle Harbor shack, the radio was playing one breathlessly hot afternoon. My silky terrier barked incessantly. I scolded him and threatened him in vain. Finally, I went out on the verandah, which looked down into a ferny hollow, and, to my horror, I saw a large snake, body erect, swaying to the music from the wireless. My small brother was coming in a direct line with the snake. I ran like the wind along the side of the fence and caught him within a yard or so of the awful menace that threatened him."

"Later my elder brother shot the snake as it still continued to sway to the rhythm of the music."

Mrs. G. S. Beeston, "Blackalls," Lake Macquarie, N.S.W.:—"Looking out of my window one day last December, I observed our Xmas dinner making rapidly for the lake."

"Visions of a meal minus duck sent me sprinting, and it was not till I had the Muscovy back in the yard with his wing cut that I realised what fast time I had made."

These readers win consolation prizes of 5/- each:—

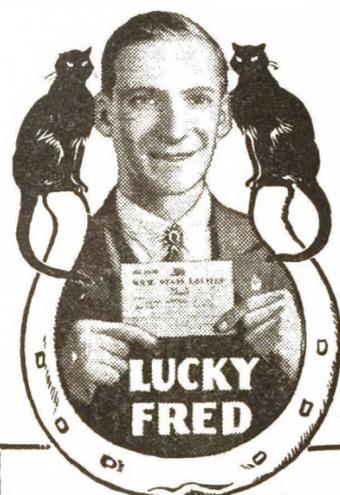
Mrs. W. Thornton, 4 John Street, Woollahra:—"Was sunbaking after a swim. Bull-ants crawled underneath my

costume. Naturally, quick action was necessary. Fortunately, nobody was about, so I stripped off. My dog grabbed my costume and made off towards the men who were fishing 200 yards away. That run in the nude is an unofficial world's record. Yes, I caught the dog 25 yards this side of disgrace."

Mrs. J. Vidler, Bellambi, N.S.W.:—"It was at a country picnic—I ran in a ladies' race. Never much of a 'sprinter,' for days before the event I practised assiduously in a quiet spot where no inquisitive eyes could see, and felt quite pleased at the result."

"The great day came at last, the race began, and I ran and ran and passed the winning post—last."

Miss M. Queeney, 26 Addison Road, Marriekville:—"Weary and footsore after a morning's washing and a two-mile walk to the township for provisions, I was induced to run only by urgent neces-



## FIRST PRIZE

## Again on Monday IN 152nd LOTTERY

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, Lucky Fred won the first prize again on Monday in the 152nd Lottery, making it THE FOURTH TIME he has won the FIRST PRIZE OF £5000 in the N.S.W. State Lottery.

In addition to the first prize, Lucky Fred also won two £250 prizes, with tickets numbers 85076 and 61234, £40 with ticket number 92818, £20 with ticket No. 61180, and numerous £10 and £5 prizes, making a new record, which, of course, was previously held by his own lucky self.

Only a fortnight ago, Fred completed the hat-trick when he won £5000 in the 148th Lottery, and those who believe in Lucky Fred have scooped a rich reward for their 1/8.

Here are the five people who share the first prize, and who will each be handed that welcome cheque for £1000 which they were able to collect any time on Monday, because Fred guarantees one-day service to his prize-winners:—

- Mrs. S. M. McDonald, Weronga, Rothbury, via MAITLAND.
- Mrs. S. McLean, 34 Eccles Street, SOUTH CASINO.
- Mrs. E. M. Gill, Bonnie Doon, Marsden Street, GRANVILLE.
- Mrs. M. Lovett, Seddon Street, BANKSTOWN, N.S.W.
- Mrs. J. MacPherson, Sunningdale, South Street, DOUBLE BAY.

### SPECIAL OFFER Four Fifth Shares in Different Tickets for 5/6!

Surely you don't want to know any more! Lucky Fred has won the first prize of £5000 on FOUR OCCASIONS, including the £5000 in the 152nd Lottery, drawn on Monday.

His winners had only one-fifth share each, so to give you a still greater chance, Lucky Fred is offering you FOUR ONE-FIFTH SHARES in different tickets in the next State Lottery to be drawn, for 5/6.

CHARM-OWNERS' WIN Again on Monday five people who won £1000 each were all proud owners of Lucky Fred's Charm.

Decide now to have your Lottery Share with Lucky Fred, and next week, like the five happy people to-day, you may have £1000 in the bank.

LUCKY FRED'S SAME DAY SERVICE. Fred writes and tells you at once if your share wins a prize, so if you have not a result slip handy, you always know if you have won a prize in Lucky Fred's Syndicates. Here is something else: You can receive your winnings the same day the Lottery is drawn.

COUPON  
A CHARM AND SHARE FOR 2/6  
A FIFTH SHARE FOR 1/6  
OR 4 FIFTH SHARES FOR 5/6

How to send in

Simply clip out this Coupon, and if you would like a Lucky Charm, as well as a Fifth Share, send a Postal Note for 2/6; but for a Fifth Share only, send a Postal Note for 1/6; for four fifth shares in different tickets a postal note for 5/6, and please do not forget to enclose a stamped envelope bearing your own name and address.

Lucky Fred's Syndicates are guaranteed, and are the luckiest Syndicates you can join. Results prove this! So while you feel lucky, send to Fred!

You know the address:—  
Lucky Fred,  
Desk WW3,  
Box 3908 TT., G.P.O., Sydney.

### J. C. Williamson Stage Attractions

**THEATRE ROYAL**  
Commencing Saturday, Sept. 16.  
For Loveliness and Laughter

THE  
**QUAKER GIRL**  
with  
MADGE ELLIOTT,  
CYRIL RITCHARD.

Box-Plan at Paling's for both productions.

**CRITERION**  
At 8.10.  
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

For a Joyous Star in a  
Joyous Play,  
DOROTHY BRUNTON  
in  
**ROAD HOUSE**

### PARAMOUNT'S CYCLONE OF WIT, MIRTH, AND SONG

You'll enjoy every moment of its fast and furious frivolity, its new tunes and beautiful girls. The season's swiftest musical comedy, with novelty, song, dance, and comedy.

COMMENCES at the REGENT . . . SEPTEMBER 16.

# "INTERNATIONAL HOUSE"

A Paramount Picture

- PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE
- W. C. FIELDS + RUDY VALLEE
- GEO. BURNS & GRACIE ALLEN
- COL. STOOPNAGLE & BUDD
- CAB CALLOWAY + ORCHESTRA
- Sari MARITZA + Stuart ERWIN
- Bela Lugosi + Baby Rose Marie
- GIRLS IN CELLOPHANE

• Hear Rudy Vallee sing "Thank Heaven for You"; Baby Rose Marie sings "My Blue Birds Singing the Blues"; Cab Calloway and his Harlem Maniacs and others.

Watch for these Paramount Pictures:  
"THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK," with Fredric March, Cary Grant, Carole Lombard, and Jack Oakie.

"SHE DONE HIM WRONG," starring Mae West.

"THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE," with Miriam Hopkins and Jack La Rue.



IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE, IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN.



MISS KATHLEEN LAWSON, who is taking the part of Betsy Bourke, in the Petersham Musical Society's production, "Dearest Enemy," at the Petersham Town Hall, on September 19, 21, and 23, to assist the Benevolent Society and Renwick Hospital for Children.

city. As I breasted the hill which brought me within sight of my cottage I saw a cow vigorously chewing the clothes on the line."

Mrs. N. Highman, 89 Prince Street, Grafton, N.S.W.:—"I was aboard the 'Baradine' at Durban some years ago. She was due to leave for Capetown at 5 p.m., so after lunch I decided to have a last look around the shops. Returning about 3 p.m., as I came in sight of the docks, to my horror I saw the boat moving out! How I ran! Only to arrive breathless and be told by an amused steward on the wharf that the boat was merely 'being moved to the opposite wharf for some reason before sailing.'"

### COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

Recipes

R

Clever Ideas

Things That Happen

C

T

Other

O

Entries

Clip out any or all of these four small coupons and attach, with gum or a pin, one to each corresponding entry. All correspondence to Box 1551 F. G.P.O., Sydney. —W.W., 16/9/33

### GREY HAIRS.

GREY HAIRS make you look years older than you should. Grey hairs also set up a barrier, keeping men away from you. This is the age of youth; and to be young-looking is a great asset in more ways than one. Then why have grey hairs showing when they can be safely restored to their natural colour in a clean and pleasant manner? Rumsey-Williams' Grey Hair Restorer will do this for you; also the scalp itself will receive great benefit from using it. The surface dandruff will disappear and your hair will become lustrous, soft, and nice to look upon. You can wash it and let the sun shine on it to advantage. Nothing greasy about it. Why not decide to try it? And to make it easy for you to get it, your chemist can get it for you from his wholesaler or direct from me. Price 4/-.

RUMSEY-WILLIAMS, Hair Specialist,  
Kembia Building, Margaret Street, Sydney.

# PRIVATE VIEWS

Films are seen by our critics at trade screenings arranged by film distributors. The reviews, therefore, sometimes appear on this page considerably in advance of releases in metropolitan theatres in the various States.

## "THE GOOD COMPANIONS"

GENERALLY speaking, we regard hyperbole as the prerogative of the publicity man, but a considered judgment of "Good Companions" suggests the most extravagant titles.

When, through a chain of diversified misfortunes, Jess Oakroyd (Edmund Gwen), forswears his family frigate to seek adventure "down south." Inigo Oliphant (John Gielgud) a disgruntled schoolmaster, walks out "into the blue" and Miss Trant, a well-bred spinster of uncertain age, decides to use her small inheritance to the cheeriest advantage while it lasts, Fate has in store for them a rendezvous with the "Dinky Doos" at Rawsley, a village in the heart of England. Oakroyd is a typical "Chum" from Yorkshire; Inigo Oliphant a product of the English public schools—"Oh, absolute!"—and Miss Trant a delicate and refined Englishwoman, to whom anything in the way of experience is a sealed book.

The latter decides to use her modest patrimony to finance the "Dinky Doos" renamed "the Good Companions"; Inigo Oliphant becomes the pianist of the concert party, and Oakroyd, the handy man, carpenter, joiner, and property man.

The personnel of the original concert party includes the most amusing characters, each of whom gives a portrayal that is a little cameo in itself.

Jessie Matthews, as Susie Dean, is the



MADGE ELLIOTT and Cyril Ritchard opening for a farewell season in "The Quaker Girl," at the Sydney Royal.

soubrette, and in "Let Me Give My Happiness To You," the number specially written for her by Inigo Oliphant, she scores a tremendous success. The good old happy ending finds the concert party booked for a season at Bournemouth, Susie's name in electric lights in Shaftesbury Avenue; Inigo Oliphant conducting an orchestra and deeply in love with Susie, while for Miss Trant an old romance is revived, and she becomes the wife of one, Dr. MacFarlane.

Though Jessie Matthews, of the piquant face and perfect legs, is starred in this film, and gives a very delightful performance, each member of the cast is equally good. From beginning to end the show is one hundred per cent. English, and one hundred per cent. perfect entertainment.—Gaumont British.

## "THE QUAKER GIRL"

KEEN interest will centre round "The Quaker Girl" season, opening at the Sydney Royal on September 16, in view of the fact that it will be the last appearance of Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard before their return to England. "The Quaker Girl" itself is a show that will never pall. Furthermore, it provides for the popular leads two roles in which they should be ideal. Gus Bluett, fully recovered from his recent illness in Melbourne, Frank Leighton, Leo Franklin, and Marie Le Varre are others in the cast.

"Music in the Air," with its extraordinarily clever cast, opens in Melbourne this week, and Isabel Elsom, the brilliant English star, is at Her Majesty's, Brisbane, where Noel Coward's "Private Lives" and "Her Cardboard Lover" are programmed.—J.C.W.

## "THE FACE AT THE WINDOW"

TENSELY dramatic sequences, relieved by touches of humor, culminate in a tender finale in "The Face at the Window." Raymond Massey, with several portrayals of Sherlock Holmes to his credit, is a product of the British stage, and is the strong, silent 'tec in the picture. Isla Bevan is the blonde maiden in love with the youth who is suspected of being the notorious Wolf—the masked and cloaked murderer whose victims are poisoned from the pressure of a ring. The settings are in France, and the underworld of apaches which constitute a fair part of the picture, is certainly overdone. Claude Hulbert adds the humor to the picture, and gives an excellent performance.—R.K.O.

## "THE F.P.I."

IF you are a scientist or if you are air-minded you will no doubt get a thrill out of "The F.P.I." but we cannot suggest any other reason for being even diverted by it, though we will admit we would like to see the principals in a happier release. Jill Esmond looks not only gorgeous in her various costumes, which included an exquisite evening gown and a trim aviatrix's suit, but gave the impression of being a very exceptional personality. But actually her gestures and her every facial expression appeared to be faithful reproductions of the director's instructions. Conrad Veidt, Leslie Fenton, George Merritt, and Donald Calthorpe were others who struggled to make something worth while of a story, which, to put, it mildly was labored.—Gaumont British.

## "THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK"

THOSE who are at all air-minded, and like spectacular manoeuvring in the ether will find "The Eagle and the Hawk" an exciting drama, although there seems to be a lot of unnecessary killings-off. Fredric March gives a fine performance as the wealthy clubman who leaves the lounges for the Flying Corps. Gary Grant as the two-fisted construction boss fits his part admirably. Both will appeal to the men, and thrill the women. The rotund Jack Oakie, who does a good deal of grinning throughout the picture, also does a fair amount of serious thinking. Attractive Carole Lombard is the breaker of hearts. "The Eagle and the Hawk" shows war at its worst, driving home the emptiness of glory.—Paramount.

# LITTLE THEATRES

THESE young amateur actors certainly enjoy themselves. Still another group came into being last week with the production at St. James Hall by the Cameo Theatre of Ian Hay's "Sport of Kings," a play not highbrow in any respect, but quite good fun, both for the actors and their audience, judging from general expressions of goodwill. Charles Arundel Nott was the most accomplished member of this new venture, although Mervyn Plummer, who reverts from respectable family butler to bookie's clerk, was runner-up. Cedric Kempson was good as the hypocritical old father, although rather apt to rely on the prompter. May Wilds, the submissive wife, and Richard Croker, the frivolous friend, were also satisfactory.

THE cause of all the excitement at St. James' Hall last Saturday was Beverly Nicholls' "When the Crash Comes." The idea was good. What would happen if England were given over to the Communists, and several scenes were quite originally conceived.

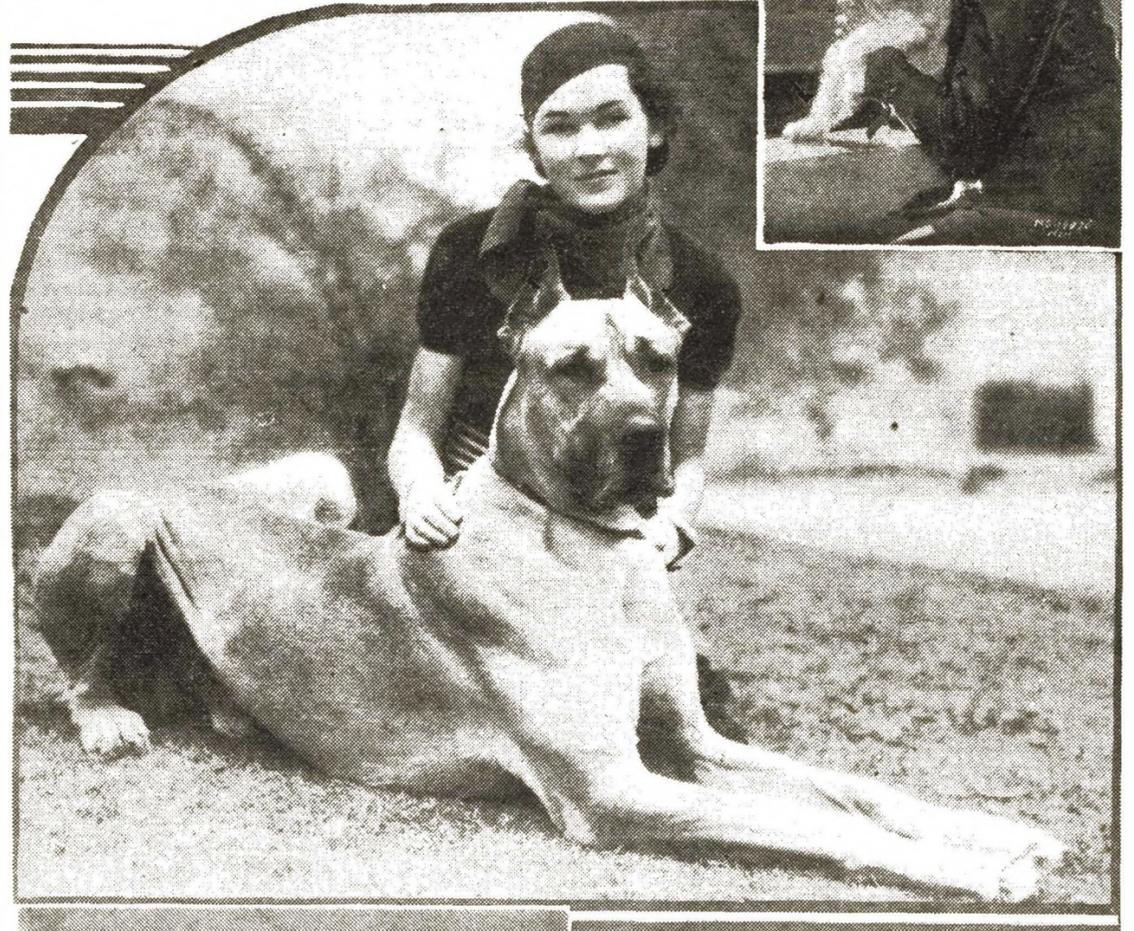
but, on the whole, it was spoilt by poor construction and was reminiscent of hundreds of other writings. The ending, too, was almost too sickly to be borne. The acting in almost every case was excellent. Muriel Steinbeck, as Celia, the young aristocrat, who falls for the Communist, Jimmy Maxwell (Wilfrid Blackett) was outstanding, although her performance had its weak moments. As a matter of fact, the scenes varied considerably. Some were perfectly managed, others quite weak, even when played by the same set of characters. Wilfrid Blackett got well into his part, and gave a fine performance. Bee Wines was splendid as the patrician mother, both in looks and acting ability, but Myrna Dickey's voice and general deportment were quite out of keeping with the pretty but "common" character she was meant to portray. Nija Firth was remarkably well disguised as the Communist mother.

MESSAGE, Baths, Weight Reduction. Langridge's Women's Section, 254 George Street. Tele., B4578.\*\*\*

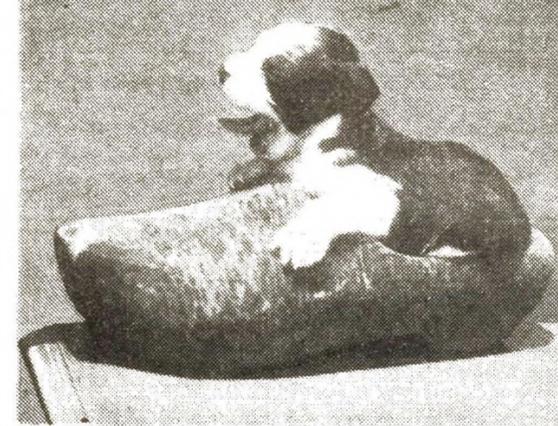
# EVERY DOG Has His DAY

One of the most delightful traits of the stars is their devotion to their pets, and certainly their tastes in the matter are widely divergent.

The choice of a pet and the treatment of it are regarded, generally speaking, as a very fair indication of the disposition of the owner. One would not expect to see an acquaintance of the cave-man persuasion devoted to the well-being of a tiny Pomeranian; similarly, the daintily-dressed debutante with social aspirations would find a bulldog rather overwhelming—and certainly not a becoming accessory to her carefully selected toilette.



(Top) Una Merkel chooses a cute little Sealyham. Maureen O'Sullivan is enormously proud of her Great Dane, and she has every reason to be, for he claims royal lineage.



This tiny canine belongs to Karen Morley, and he obviously enjoys the joke when she gives him a fitting in an old family clog.

GRETA GARBO, ever mysterious, has not disclosed, even to the assiduous camera man, her choice of a pet, if any, but we recall her persuasive way with Clark Gable's Alsatian, "Fels," both in "Possessed" and in "Susan Lennox."

By SAIDE PARKER

Thoroughly cosmopolitan tastes mark the stars' choice of pets. There are Great Danes and tiny Pekingese, a collie that is air-minded, and a spotted pup with a sense of humor.

THE study of the canines on which the various talkie celebrities have fixed their roving attention assumes an added significance, if it may be taken as being indicative of the disposition of the stars themselves.

There's charming little Maureen O'Sullivan, who was chosen by no less a personage than John MacCormack to play a leading role in "Song o' My Heart." As her name indicates, Maureen is a colleen from the Emerald Isle. She is the daughter of an army officer, a major in the Connaught Rangers.

Her constant companion is of Royal Scandinavian blood, at least so his name indicates, and his bearing certainly gives the impression of blue-blooded forebears. He is Prince Erick, of Willow Run, a Great Dane.

Since the tragic death of Paul Bern, the late husband of Jean Harlow, many extraordinary stories about the ash blonde star have gained credence. Her vivid personality and striking appearance lend color to the wildest rumors. Curiously enough, her taste coincides with that of Maureen, of the sporting Irish blood. Her Great Dane answers to the name of Bleak.

It is difficult to draw any inference from Joan Crawford's choice of canines. Her tiny Scotch terrier, Woggles, is a general favorite, while Jacques claims an equal share of her attention. He is a magnificent St. Bernard.

Sister is known as the bird dog. Not that she is ever given "the bird!" She is a beautiful collie and belies the streak of treachery, commonly attributed to her breed, by following at Wallace Beery's heels with the most unswerving de-

vote, even when he takes to the ether. For Beery is a keen aviator, holds a pilot's license, and spends every available moment aloft.

A very obvious choice is that of another star who is air-minded, Una Merkel, of the soft voice and twinkling blue eyes. Her droll expression and keen sense of humor would be wasted, for instance, on a lugubrious bull terrier, though, when one recalls her performance in "Daddy Long Legs" one feels she would break down the resistance of the most seriously-minded canine.

Zip, however, belongs to the breed noteworthy for their own sense of humor. He is a Sealyham with a rough coat, a quaint nose, and a quizzical gaze.

Many amusing stories are told of the whimsical Jean Parker. For instance, Jean was chosen to ride on one of the floats in a pageant at Los Angeles. One of the M.G.M. executives saw her photograph in the paper next day, and sent for her to make a test. Jean replied that she regretted her inability to

obey the summons, as she had a previous appointment to go hiking!

Jean's proteges are so immature as to make it difficult to catalogue them, but they are boys—and girls, no doubt, of the bulldog breed. There are nine of them in all.

Karen Morley, who is actually Mrs. Charles Vidor, is a very unusual personality. On the screen she wears the most utterly sophisticated clothes. Off-screen she doesn't even use make-up. She just isn't interested in clothes and reads extensively. But whether she's a bookworm or a lover of gaiety she evidently appreciates a dog with a sense of humor. The picture of her tiny pet shows how much he enjoyed the joke when Karen tried the family heirloom on his baby feet.

There are all manner of unexpected disclosures when one studies the matter. Jean Hersholt has a gorgeous



Jean Parker is evidently fond of family life. Her proteges are nine young things of the bulldog breed.

Chow. Clark Gable a lovely silken-eared Irish setter. Lena is a sorrowful-looking Daschund devoted to William Bakewell, while Walter Huston has an Alsatian.

# Before BABY Comes



## For Mothers and Young Wives

By M. TRUBY KING

WHEN you consult your doctor, or physician in charge of an ante-natal clinic, be prepared to tell him the following things:—

(1) Whether or not this is your first baby. (2) Whether you have had any still-born babies. (3) Particulars of your family history from a medical aspect. (4) Whether you have had scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, rheumatic fever, or any other illness. (5) Whether you have had any miscarriages or premature labors; and (6) whether you have ever suffered from anaemia, kidney trouble, or pyorrhoea.

Never forget to tell your doctor about any fears that may be troubling you. He will explain them away—for most fears are quite unfounded—and you will have peace of mind and consequent freedom from worry during the rest of your pregnancy. No one can be in perfect health who is worrying.

The mother-to-be should not imagine that she is in any way an invalid. Ordinary household duties may be performed as usual with advantage to her health. However, it is important for the mother to refrain from doing any heavy lifting or carrying. She should also avoid going for motor journeys over rough roads, and should not use a treadle sewing machine during the last few months of pregnancy, as it might cause miscarriage.

Violent scrubbing of floors, stretching her arms up to high shelves, hanging curtains, etc., should be avoided; but there is no harm in doing the cooking, dusting, washing, and a moderate amount of sweeping.

Sea-bathing is excellent for the expectant mother, so long as she does not get exhausted in the waves, but simply swims about in calm water. Such bathing may be continued up to the last week of pregnancy, if the mother feels so inclined.

OPINION is divided on the advisability of the mother-to-be playing tennis, golf, and other games. Provided she does not enter tournaments, but ceases to play before she becomes fatigued, the woman who has been in the habit of playing games need not give them up

"When should I consult a doctor?" is a question frequently asked by the expectant mother. The answer is, "As soon as you know yourself to be pregnant."

Do not put this visit off from month to month, for this is the first duty you owe your unborn babe.

until she feels they are too much for her.

The best exercise of all is walking. The expectant mother should try to have a three-mile walk every day in the open air and sunshine. Choose a part of the day when the sun is not too hot, so that the walk can be really enjoyed, and have an object in your destination so that you will not feel the walk is merely a duty to be performed without enjoyment.

Hurrying up and down stairs is to be avoided. Go slowly. At night, see that your bedroom is well supplied with air. The windows should be open top and bottom, and there should be a cross current of air through the room—coming in at the open window and going out at a door, ventilator, or chimney.

The expectant mother should drink plenty of water. Drinking water will not make you fat, as is commonly supposed. It may be taken warm or cold, but no fluid should be drunk hot. Tea and coffee are to be avoided, like-wise alcohol in any form. The best drinks are milk, water, and fresh fruit juices. Up to six oranges a day may be taken in drinks with advantage. When oranges are not procurable, tomato juice may be substituted. There is no ob-

jection to weak tea and weak coffee if they do not upset the individual woman, but neither are at all necessary. Strong tea is very often the cause of heartburn.

The mother-to-be should wear nothing tight round her waist. There must be a free flow of blood to the abdominal organs, so that baby may grow; therefore, do not wear skirts which are tight round the waist or drag on the hips. It is best to wear one-piece frocks, hung from the shoulders. Elastic in bloomers should not be tight. During the last months of pregnancy the mother will probably need some support. Directions for making a special maternity support that gives comfort can be obtained from the Sister in Charge, Mothercraft Society, 283 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

There should be nothing tight round the breasts. It is natural for them to become larger during pregnancy, so they should not be constricted by tight brassieres, which prevent their full, natural growth and flatten the nipples.

Next week's article will deal with the correct diet during pregnancy.

This is the second of a series of articles on Mothercraft by Miss Truby King, daughter of the world-famed specialist in matters of child welfare. The articles will be an immense help to every young mother.

# MOVE With the TIMES

Do you move with the times? Do you steer yourself carefully along the avenues of Progress? Do you mind your step? Do you keep up to date? Or do you allow yourself to be driven astern by the backwash of Life's tidal waves?

## Advises LOUISE MACK

NOTHING is so old-fashioned to-day as gross extravagance; nothing is so unpopular. Nowadays people who give colossal parties with riotous profusion of vands and wines are shuddered at, rather than run after.

A practical little bride-to-be writes:—"I am marrying a poor man, but my mother wants to make our wedding as attractive as possible. She wants us to have champagne. Do you think that is necessary? I'd rather have the cash."

Of course, champagne isn't necessary. To-day, to be extravagant, is to be vulgar. It always was. But the fact was obscured beneath its multiplicity of trappings. Under the seduction of Tokay, the lure of iced champagne, the warm breath of turtle soup, the endless dishes, course following course, the glitter of diamond tiaras, the smartness of the servants, the wealth of silver and glass and flowers, the vulgarity beneath was lost sight of, though its presence was suspected by the sapient who shivered a little sometimes as though a cold breath had blown in their faces.

Something else was obscured, too, and that was the hunger of the poor.

To-day, if you move with the times, you see that the hungry are fed.

To-day, if you move with the times, you obey the new order of precedence. You don't look into your Etiquette Book, if there is one left in the world, to see who gets served first, and who comes next, and who comes last.

Terrible quarrels have been waged in the past over those little questions, often by Archbishops and Bishops, as to who went in first to

dinner; but to-day we have moved with the times. All we are concerned with to-day is to feed the hungry, and, if there is any first, then it must be the children. That's simple, isn't it?

Now, I wonder if any of us are still going on in the same old way.

A Portuguese proverb says: "You should not tie up a dog with a string of sausages."

Are you the one who can't resist the sausages?

Then, believe me, you're very old-fashioned! You are, in fact, as out of date as an old tooth-brush.

### Eccentricity

Across the seas, even the most luxury-loving American women are hard at it, substituting the feast of reason for the terrapin dinner, and affirming loudly that they are "enjoying the immunities of impecuniosity with the opportunities of millionaires," led by the dauntless Eleanor Roosevelt, their President's wife, who buys one new dress a year.

We who love Sydney (and who does not?) might take as a warning the words of the Delphic oracle when asked, "What can hurt Sparta?"

The answer came boldly: "There is only one thing that can hurt Sparta, and that is PROSPERITY!"

A correspondent writes that her two daughters are always telling her she is eccentric and old-fashioned.

"I am only 48," runs part of her letter, "so I don't see how I can be old-fashioned. I simply do things the same way as I've always done them. But my girls want everything different. They want olives with the sandwiches at afternoon tea. And I'm not allowed to say 'drawing-room'; I've got to say 'lounge,' and I find it rather hard."

The danger of not moving with the times is Eccentricity, and the danger of eccentricity is that only a few leagues further on lies the way to Madness.

The greatest exponent the world has ever seen of moving with the times is our own Prince of Wales. But H.R.H. does more. He moves the times himself. HE IS THE TIMES!!!

Louise Mack regrets that she is unable to answer any correspondents directly.



ETIQUETTE.—When a man enters a lift in which are already a lady and an older man, with his hat on, he should not put his elder out of countenance; he should retain his hat. He will remove it, however, if ladies occupy the lift, and if, already in occupation of the lift, he finds a lady entering with an unmannerly man; being in possession, he justly sets the tone.

# DON'T BE A SCRUB-A-DUB-DUB

by Matt Moore



GEE! THIS IS HARD WORK.

HELLO, NANCY - IS MOTHER HOME? WHAT ARE YOU DOING AT THAT TUB?



I'M PLAYING HOUSE, AUNT MARGARET, AND I'M SCRUBBING CLOTHES THE WAY MOTHER DOES.

WHY DON'T YOU BE A MODERN LITTLE GIRL AND SOAK DOLLIES. CLOTHES CLEAN INSTEAD OF SCRUBBING THEM?



HELLO, MARGARET - I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN. I LOOK A SIGHT - I JUST FINISHED SCRUBBING THE CLOTHES.

SO I NOTICE, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO THROW AWAY YOUR WASHBOARD AND GET YOURSELF SOME RINSO?



WELL, I'LL TRY RINSO JUST TO PLEASE YOU.

YOU'LL THANK ME FOR IT! RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES WHITE AS SNOW-AND IT'S SO EASY ON THE HANDS.



NEXT WASHDAY

I'LL NEVER NEED IT AGAIN NANCY. I'VE WASHED THESE CLOTHES AUNT MARGARET'S WAY-WITH RINSO. SEE HOW WHITE THEY ARE - JUST FROM SOAKING.

YOU FORGOT THE WASHBOARD, MOTHER.

## Don't rub—clothes SOAK clean in Rinso

RINSO gives such piles of rich, creamy suds that every trace of dirt is loosened and carried away without any rubbing. Give Rinso one trial and you will be so delighted with the results that ever afterwards Rinso will have a regular place in your grocery order. Rinso makes linen a wonderful, snowy white, and it is splendid for colours, too.

You can use Rinso for soaking or boiling.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED

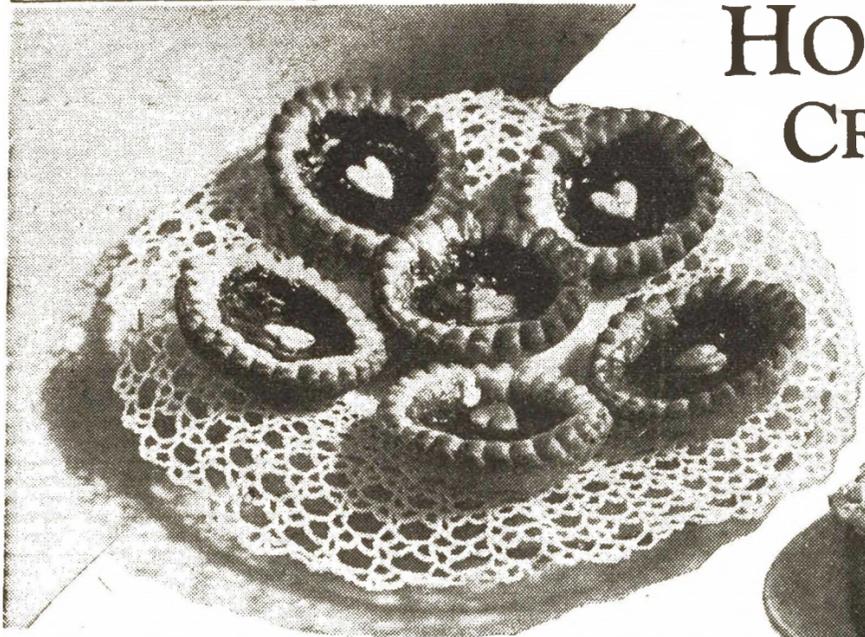


Creamier lather . . . more washing power

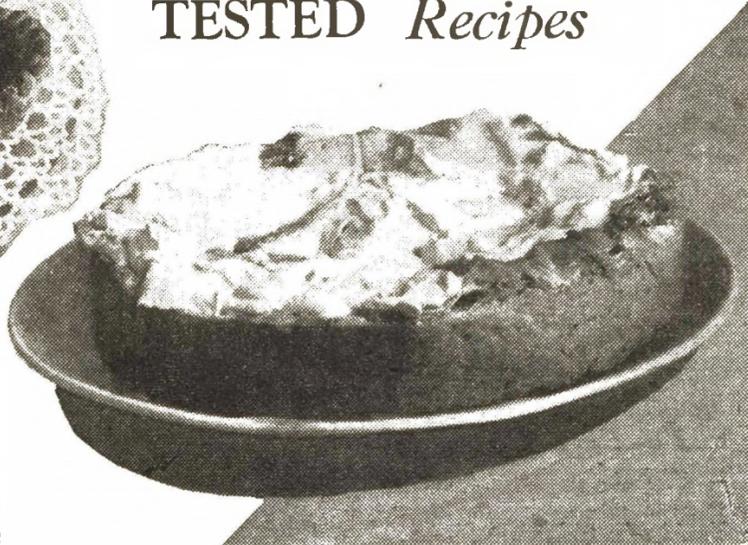
# HOW to Make TENDER and CRUMBLY Short Crust PASTRY

With Several DELICIOUS TESTED Recipes

IF you would gain a reputation as an expert in the art of pastry making heed this advice: Sift the flour before measuring. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Keep everything as cold as possible. Handle ingredients lightly. Use good shortening. Handle as little as possible.



The Jam Tartlets are quite easy to make. Don't they look tempting? And how delicious a Pineapple Meringue Tart can look—and taste!



Nowadays it is not only necessary to have a good recipe, but one must also have "a light, cool hand." This is one of the secrets of success in pastry-making. Accuracy in measuring ingredients, too, is an important factor.

By MARGARET SHEPHERD

FOR many, many centuries pastry has been a feature of English cooking.

Wasn't it Henry the Eighth who when travelling across country would send one of his retinue ahead to a selected house with the Royal command to provide suitable accommodation, and to be sure and have a "pye?" One wonders whether they were all good pie-makers in those days, or whether it mattered very much—providing the filling was sweet and satisfying.

To-day, however, pastry-making is a real art, and short crust to be a success must be tender and crumbly. Shortness is due to the type and quantity of fat used. If a quantity of fat is to be used, consider its flavor and odor. The fat is always rubbed into the flour. When cold it should not be too firm as a soft fat is easier to mould, and also spreads in fine layers without oozing out. The fat should not be warm, neither should it be too cold as it does not shorten easily. Butter makes an excellent shortening. Next in favor comes beef and mutton fat in equal quantities, well mixed together. If mutton fat alone is used, it makes a lighter and whiter crust. But it is not so rich or short as beef fat, which is rich but not so light or white. Rub the fat lightly into the flour with knives or finger tips.

A good deal of the success of your crust depends on how this is done. Work quickly and lightly as the heat of the fingers softens the fat and tends to toughen the dough.

### This Way For Success

IT is as well to cut the fat in with a knife until it is like the bread-crumbs. Use cold water. A little ice melted in it will improve your crust. The quantity of water depends on the type of flour used. Some flours absorb more water than others. Therefore, add water gradually, using enough to hold the mixture together. Dust the board, or marble slab, lightly with flour, turn out the dough and with a quick light touch roll it into a circular form with the hands and then roll out to size and shape required with rolling pin which has been dusted with flour. A hot oven is necessary for the first 10 or 15 minutes' cooking. Then reduce the heat and cook for another 10 or 15 minutes, according to the nature of the pie. If it is a double tart and the filling is to be cooked at the same time, reduce the heat after the first 15 minutes and cook for 30 minutes at a lower temperature.

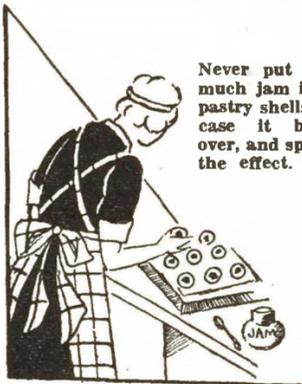
### Short Crust

1½ cups flour, ½-cup of shortening, 1-teaspoon salt, ½-teaspoon baking powder, 6 tablespoons cold water. Sift the flour, add the salt, and baking powder. Sift again. Add the shortening (butter or beef and mutton dripping). Mix in well with the tips of fingers, taking care to lift the flour well

up to keep it as cool as possible. When the flour is like bread-crumbs, and there are no large pieces of fat, add the cold water very gradually. You may not require so much water. Mix in well with the flour, making it into a firm, but not too moisty dough. Turn on to a lightly floured board, and knead lightly until the dough is smooth. Then roll out quickly, keeping it in a circular form. It should be 1-8 to 1-4 inch in thickness, and about one inch larger than the surface it is to cover.

If the short crust is to be baked before it is filled, fit it into the lightly greased tin, easing it around the sides well before trimming and pricking it well with a fork to allow the steam to escape.

Or it might be a better plan to put a layer of grease-proof paper over pie-crust, then fill with some grain as rice, barley, etc. Cook in a hot oven to commence for 15 minutes, then reduce the heat for another 15 minutes. After the first 25 minutes the grain can be removed and the crust returned to the oven to finish cooking and to dry.



Never put too much jam into pastry shells in case it boils over, and spoils the effect.

If the pie is to have a double crust the top crust should be thinner than the bottom one. Moisten the rim of the bottom crust with cold water and place the top crust in position. Press the crust together firmly and then decorate. Make two or three cuts in the centre of top crust to allow for escape of steam.

### Jam Tartlets

Firstly, prepare the short crust as above. Then roll out to a quarter-inch in thickness. Cut out with a fluted cutter to the size of the patty tins, which have been lightly greased. Lay the pastry in lightly, and add a little jam—too much will boil over and spoil the appearance of the tarts. Decorate with scraps of the dough fashioned into novel shapes. Cook in a hot oven about 10 minutes.

### Pineapple Meringue Tart

Short crust pastry as above, 1 pineapple, 2 egg yolks, 1 cup milk, 1 cup sugar, essence, 2 egg whites, and 1 tablespoon sugar for the meringue.

The pineapple is cut into dice and stewed with sugar and a little water. When cold put it in the tart and cover with a custard made with 2 egg yolks and 1 cup milk, sugar, and essence. Then cover with a meringue made with the well-beaten egg whites, and sugar, beaten together until stiff. Pile on the tart and dry in a slow oven for one hour.

By the way, the meringue tart illustrated was made with the open shell filled with grain, and when cooked the grain was removed, allowing the tart to dry—as explained above.

### Chocolate Crumb Tart

2 tablespoons bread-crumbs, 3 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 4oz plain (unsweetened) chocolate whipped cream, and cherries.

Prepare the short crust and line the lightly-greased pie-tin, easing it around the sides. When well in, press lightly against the sides. Then decorate the edge by pinching the dough between the first finger of the left hand and the finger and thumb of the right hand. Beat the eggs well. Add the melted chocolate, bread-crumbs and sugar, and a few drops of vanilla essence. Mix well. Pour into the tart case and bake for 20 minutes, or until the filling is firm. When cold, cover with whipped cream and decorate with chopped cherries.

### Butter Scotch Tarts

Short crust, 2 cups brown sugar, 4 teaspoons cold water, 2 teaspoons essence, 2 tablespoons butter. Make the short crust, roll out 1-4 inch in thickness, and cut out with a fluted cutter to size of tins. Line the

## Best Recipe Winners

THIS week's prize of £1 has been awarded for a most delicious recipe—apple cake pie, "the pride of the family and admiration of all visitors," according to the winner, Mrs. C. James, Bay Road, North Sydney. Here is her recipe:

### APPLE CAKE PIE

Rub quarter-pound butter into one large cup of self-raising flour, and a pinch of salt. Mix with one egg beaten well with two tablespoons sugar. Add a little lemon juice. Take half this mixture, roll out, and line a cake dish. Fill with the following apple mixture: Stew six apples with one large cup of sugar, juice of lemon and strip of rind, two cloves and about one tablespoon of water.

Shake well at first in order to avoid adding more water. Remove rind and spoon apple into pastry mould. Shape out the balance of pastry mixture and cover quickly. Prick with fork, and cook about 20 minutes. Delicious served with cream or custard.

### GREEN MOUND

Put a shoulder of mutton into a saucepan, cover well with boiling water. Add one heaped tablespoonful of salt and simmer until bones can be easily removed. Bone and place on an oval dish. Have ready a very thick and green parsley sauce made from some of the liquid from mutton and milk. About one cupful of each according to the quantity required. Pour this over the mutton, completely covering it. Leave until quite cool, and serve thinly sliced.

—Mrs. A. Campbell, Public School, Yalgogrin North.

### THE STEW PERFECT

Everyone is familiar with just stew, but here is the perfect way for appearance and flavor.

Cut up 2lb bladebone steak into neat cubes, and roll in flour. Scrape a large carrot, chop finely an onion and slice a tomato. Just cover all with water, and bring quickly to the boil, with the lid well-fitting to prevent escape of flavor. Turn down gas and simmer for two hours, shaking the pot occasionally. Before serving, thicken with a paste made from one tablespoonful of cornflour, and one of Worcestershire sauce, one teaspoon of salt, and a shake of pepper—and a dark rich, well-flavored stew may be served with vegetables.

—Mrs. E. Staples, Wellington Street, Newtown.

There is another £1 prize to be won next week! Address your entry to Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney, marked "Best Recipe Competition."



## HOT WATER for EVERYTHING



Bath heaters for the bathroom . . . . . service heaters for bath, shower and pedestal basin . . . . . storage heaters which supply hot water to any part of the house . . . . . sink heaters for the kitchen . . . . . heaters for every purpose . . . . . hot water for everything at any hour of the day or night

These heaters are equipped with the latest labor-saving and safety promoting devices; they are as dependable as the day and they cost so little to run that every home can afford an ever-ready supply of steaming hot water.

Come and see the varied display of water heating equipment in our showrooms. Compare them point for point with any other type of water heater and you will understand why the majority of people use gas for heating water.



Look for the Seal of Efficiency before you buy your water heating appliance. It is a symbol of safety and a guarantee of satisfactory service.

At your service always

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

Show and Demonstration Rooms  
Pitt and Barlow Streets, Sydney  
(Near Central Station)

GAS COSTS LESS THAN 1/2d. A UNIT

**PINEAPPLE  
BACON HAMS  
SAUSAGES** Perfect Flavor Superior Quality  
LOOK FOR THE TWO BLUE STRIPES

# Economy .. by all means, but why make your feet pay the price?



Stylish Brown Kid — three-hole tie shoe. Genuine lizard trims. Also in Black Kid. 37/6 35/-



In white Nubuck! Quite the season's most popular style. Note the pleasing line and the Maltese cross punch. 29/6



Fashionable Two-tone Shoe, in White and Brown. Ideal for smart summer wear. Also in White Buck and Black Patent. 21/-

Guard against the economy that saves your pocket—but tortures your feet—and sacrifices your smartness, too!

You'll take to Rigney Shoes the instant you see them. Smart, friendly shoes that bespeak good taste and which will serve you well for many a step.

Made from selected materials by craftsmen who excel, Rigney's shoes are designed after the very best styles for your satisfaction.

But there's more than that! In creating their shoes, Rigney's give an eye to your health and comfort, for they know how tired, aching feet mar fitness. So Rigney's Shoes retain a "springiness" that prevents fatigue; so they're designed to allow your feet their natural freedom, and they never pinch or squeeze!

As value for money, as sound economy, Rigney's Shoes for both men and women are unequalled, and as for comfort—well, just you try Rigney Shoes, and for the sake of your feet the sooner the better, we'd say!



Note the superb line of this Black Glace Kid Court Shoe! Effectively plain, very smart. Also in Hampstead Brown Kid. 21/- 22/6



A Spencer Model! White Buck Gusset Court Shoe. Very smart. Also in Black Kid and Brown Kid. 29/6 31/6



Popular Three-hole Tie Shoe, in Black Glace Kid. Pin punch perforation, neat stitch. Also in Indies Brown Kid. 29/6 31/6



Genuine Scotch "Zug" Shoes, the Hall-mark of good shoes for men. Comfortable styles from 39/6.

Also Genuine Scotch Zebu Shoes. First Importation to Sydney of Light Tan Zebus. 39/6 39/6

Black Friedelburg Calf Shoes. Brown Calf Shoes. Black Calf Shoes. 39/6 33/6 30/-

# RIGNEY'S

147 KING STREET, 2 Doors from Castlereagh Street.  
262 EDWARD STREET, BRISBANE.

# The GODDESS

(Continued from Page 12)

SHE put her hands over her face.

"I remember. . . . He was bringing me back from Syria. . . . We talked. . . . We walked along the deck of the ship together, back and forth. I loved him. But I could not tell him. Perhaps it was pity he felt for me, the poor vagrant, the poor soiled one! Then he told me: he was married. A long time married to a good woman. There was a child, a girl. I remember her name. He spoke it, and it was as if he put a knife in my heart. Can you understand?"

"Yes."  
"He said: 'I went back for you because I could not forget you. But I can do very little for you.' He said I must learn English. Work. Take care of myself. Perhaps marry. I said: 'No, I love you.' He would not listen to me."

She lifted her head sharply.  
"He was good. Brave. He thought first of his wife. I was wicked. I did not think of her, but of myself. I was young. I wanted to be near him. A little house. A home for him. Me to cook and sing and make things nice for him. To watch for his ship. To wait, storing up love, until he should come. Then to run to meet him! To hear his voice, to see his eyes grow dark and bright, to kiss his hands, to lie close to him—until he sailed again. You understand?"

"Yes."  
"But he thought first of his good wife. He was like you, who think only of your ship."

"That is not true. I am ready to die for you, if necessary. Gloria Mundy."

"Why?"  
"Because you are truly a woman. You have given me something very precious, very rare."

"What is that?"  
"I thought tonight that what the poets call romance had gone out of the world, that there remained only pounds and pence and routine and disbelief and the business of waiting for old age and death. Now, I know better. In less than an hour, I have learned that what the poets claim is true; there are more things in Heaven and on earth than meet the eye. . . . You, for instance. And this room. And the kiss I gave you. And the fact that I won't kiss you again. And what we're up against. It's all very queer and wonderful."

"And death? Is death wonderful?"  
"Don't be thinking of death."

She was on her knees before him. She leaned forward and put her head against him, closing her eyes like a tired child.

"We stopped at Marseilles," she said, going on with the story as if there had been no breaking off, "and there Mundy came aboard. He saw me and liked me. A gentleman. Rich and willing to marry me. . . . Your captain was glad for my sake. He said I must do it. He was afraid for me, alone in England. . . . 'You must. You must.' So I did. But it was no use."

"What was no use?"  
"I loved your captain. And he loved me. Something strange, alive, tormenting, here in our hearts."

"You saw him again?"  
"Never."  
"Then why—"  
"Mundy knows."

She lifted her head again and looked into Jarvis McCabe's eyes.

"Do you believe, young man, that love is a good thing? Mundy will perhaps kill us both, or be killed himself. And your captain is less than he might be to-night, sending for me. And you are troubled. You are not as calm, as sure as you were an hour ago. And the wife, the child whose name I can remember. . . . they must suffer. All because there is between your captain and me this feeling, this longing, this wonderful, strange power. . . . We talk across wide spaces, sea and stars and continents. We speak—he from his ship, I from this window. All because we looked at each other five or six years ago, when it was wrong that we should. . . . And Mundy hates He hates not your captain but me

because I trouble his soul. And I do not mean to. Believe me, young man, I do not mean to. I am myself. I cannot help what is in me, or what I am, or what I seem to be. I am stupid, really."

"You are lovely."  
She put her fingers on McCabe's lips. He thought: "I will not kiss her again. I must not. I must get out of this, somehow, and back to the ship."

He stood up, thinking he heard footsteps in the corridor. This was a confounded queer business. There were things about it he could not understand. The policeman, for instance. . . . Was she what she pretended? Was she worth fighting for?

He glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece. Midnight.

He thought: "I'll get out now. This is nonsense, being kept prisoner here by a jealous husband and a gang of hired ruffians." He was in a civilised country, and could demand protection if necessary.

"You have a telephone?"  
"No. Not up here. Downstairs."  
Already past midnight, there remained only a few hours before the "Goddess" sailed. Calhoun would not wait. He was an officer first, a man, self-interested, only when the ship had been served.

It was this certainty—that Calhoun would not wait—that drove Jarvis McCabe to do what he then did. Closing the window softly, he turned



ACTOR: I'd like to know, madam, who will entertain your guests when I am gone?  
LANDLADY: Don't worry, Mr. Splutter, now you're getting a broadcasting engagement I 'ope to tune you in on the wireless.

to Mrs. Mundy with an assumption of confidence.

"I am going to get rid of Burton," he said. "Then we can go upstairs and over the roofs. You say there's a way."

THE shadow was no longer there. Burton had moved again. Advancing to the head of the stairs on tip-toe, McCabe saw him in the hall below, lighting a cigarette. The flare of the match illuminated his thick features.

Jarvis McCabe stared at him. He stirred, drew breath, and the man below leaped as if stung. With an oath, he blew the cigarette out of his mouth.

"Let me by," Jarvis McCabe said.  
"Stay where you are!"  
"I'm coming down. Get out of the way."

"You stupid fool. Do you want to be shot?"

Jarvis took a step down and their two revolvers snapped. From below, from above a spurt of blue and crimson. A noise. Racketing around the empty hall. Smoke. A mist like a fainting. . . . Pain. . . .

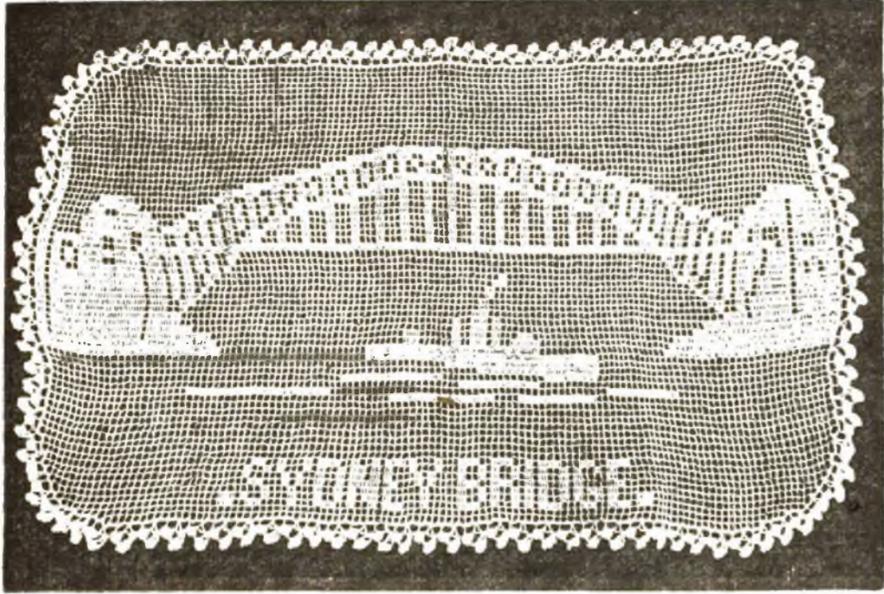
Glancing down at his hand, Jarvis found it red, and the useless, fluid fingers relaxed, letting the revolver drop. This phenomenon held him. The drizzling red, and spatters on the floor. . . . "My blood. . . . I'm going to be sick at my stomach."

"Young man!"  
A wail from the door behind him.  
"Young man, shall I come now?"  
Then he looked below.

Burton was on his knees, clutching at his stomach. The pity of it. The immense, shuddering horror of it. And the vile satisfaction of having escaped the same fate, for a space. He is gone. I live. To go on a while longer. I put him there. The lonely, tragic struggle for life, the priceless, incalculable awareness; and a red shutter closing down. . . . irrevocably.

(Please Turn to Page 38)

# And Now IT'S in CROCHET!



AN EXPERT in crochet work has specially designed this traycloth, or centre-piece, for The Australian Women's Weekly. With the full, clear directions for working—free on request—the most timid beginner needn't hesitate to make this clever and absolutely charming reproduction of the great bridge.

## "Symphony of Steel" Tray Cloth, or Centre-Piece.

Experts and beginners alike will not be able to resist, surely, this inspiration in crochet of the Sydney Harbor bridge. With its nautical air, lent by the outgoing ship, it is altogether new and delightful.

And here is your opportunity for immortalising "Our Bridge" in crochet. Full instructions for making will be sent every reader FREE on request.

WHAT a fitting or memorable gift a traycloth or centre-piece such as this would make for an overseas friend! The design, when completed, measures 18½ inches by 10 inches. All you require is a No. 4½ steel crochet hook and one ball of No. 8 Mercer crochet cotton.

It would seem like genius to work out such a unique design, yet, by following the full, clear directions (free on request), crochet lovers will find it both pleasant and easy to make.

Now that knitting days are over, crochet is having its turn, and here is the not-to-be-missed opportunity to achieve novelty and charm with your little steel hook, quickly and inexpensively.

Requests for instructions to be addressed to Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney.



## HERE'S CHARM Hand-in-Hand With COMFORT

### Step-Ins Designed to Grace Any Type of Figure . . .

LINGERIE of filmy softness has a subtle fascination for everyone of us, don't you agree? And now, what a relief it is after the seemingly long winter to slip out of woollies, fold them away in camphor, and turn our attention to slenderising silken, or delicately tinted and be-sprigged, undies.

Study the lovely lines of the garment pictured above. Such an ideal feeling of comfort and freshness these step-ins add to the wearer. Fitting gracefully into the waist, and having a delightful flare on either side, they're just the smartest thing for coming wear.

They can be worn under the closest fitting of our summer frocks without the slightest suggestion of bulkiness to spoil the line.

The charming girl above chose the purest of white crepe-de-chine for the bodice, and white satin for the flare and panels. But you can make them of washing satin, celanese, rayon, or voiles, to match your newest and most colorful frocks.

Take particular note of the fact that they fasten up on the left side—so designed as to fit the figure to perfection.

## REAL HONITON Lace is a THRILL

All women love beautiful things, and of all beautiful things lovely lace is outstanding in its charm and appeal. "Real Honiton" always calls for a breathless gasp of admiration.

NO lace has ever equalled its delicate intricacy of design. Yet it has all been created by the nimble fingers of an extremely limited number of old English country women.

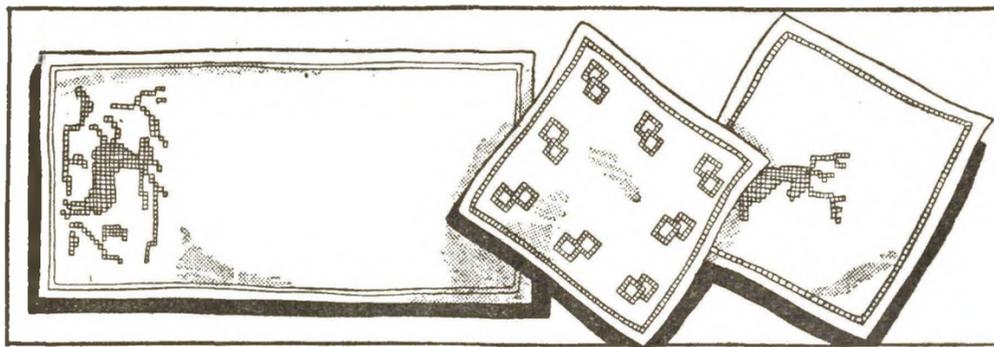
Scattered over the downs of the lovely Exeter, the country where Jan Ridd wood gentle Lorna Doone, are a few homes where Honiton lace is still made. Those who carry on this marvellously fine work are mostly old ladies who, naturally, are gradually becoming fewer in number. With them will die their craft, as they are not passing on their art to the newer generation since the cost of production is too great to be profitable in this commercial age.

To those who have not seen the real Honiton, it may be described as similar to, but very much finer than, the finest Brussels Point, which most of us have seen, at any rate in its machine-made form.

Every one of the filmy stitches, even the gauzy braid-like foundation, which combine to make its cobwebby daintiness, is simply the creation of nimble fingers aided by many bobbins and a lace pillow.

Wonderful designs are evolved. The beauty of these can be described but inadequately. True appreciation can only be the result of careful inspection. On her marriage, the Princess Mary was presented with a fine length of this

lace—a Royal gift truly, to a Royal personage. The ladies of Exeter could have paid no higher tribute to our Royal family than this for, even in its local habitat, so highly is Honiton lace prized that in the museum at Exeter even the photograph of a specimen of the lace is kept locked in a glass-case.—C.A.



## HAVE YOU TRIED Lovely POINT D'ASSISI Work?

Point d'Assisi rather resembles cross-stitch, but each little square, instead of being crossed with two stitches, is outlined with a straight stitch along each side. The cross comes at the wrong side of the work, and yet the back of the embroidery is as perfect as the front.

THE stitch hardly needs description. Suppose you are working a hem, as on the mats shown above, or a formal design with straight lines, bring your needle through at the top left corner of a square, put it back again in the top right corner, bringing the needle out again at the bottom left. Put it through at the bottom right, bring it out at the top left, and in again at the bottom left, the needle this time coming out at the top left of the next square, ready to repeat.

When you want to fill in the surface of a design, as, for instance, those quaint heraldic animals, which were adapted from an old crest, work the parallel sides of the squares first until the surface is covered, then turn the work so that all the other lines can be filled in the same way, completing the squares. In this case, bring your needle through at the bottom right corner of a right-hand square, put it back through the top right, and bring it out at the bottom left. Then it goes through the top left corner, and out at the next bottom corner to the left. Any thin lines, such as the stag's antlers, are worked a square at a time, in the same way as the hems are done.

The original point d'Assisi was worked in one color, but these modern mats combine many colors. In the left-hand picture (a cloth ten inches and a half by twenty-four inches), a brown stag with golden antlers leaps spiritedly among green branches bearing red flowers.

Any cross-stitch design may be used for this stitch.

When working on a fine linen it is wise to draw three or four ways to mark out four squares.

## A GAY NEW ADVENTURE IN FACIAL LOVELINESS..

NEVER BEFORE HAS MAKE-UP HAD SUCH FASCINATING POWER!

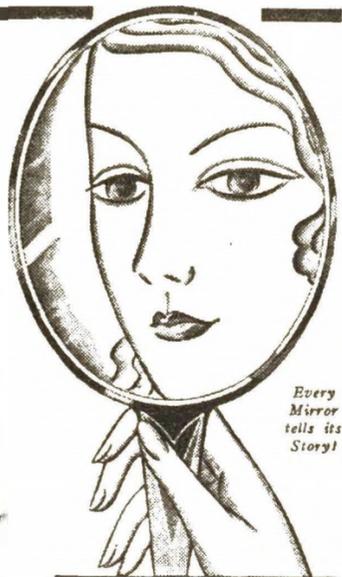
NOW—the pliant, subtle, dewy freshness of perfect girlhood's skin—for women of all ages. An end to the hard, artificial look that comes from ordinary commercial toilet articles. Instead, magic creams, lotions, powders, lip and cheek colours that connive with Nature to take away the dull, maturing effect of time, climate, wrong diet and the result of using inferior make-up in the past.

The Kathleen Court Beauty Aids represent the most complete and most scientific range ever offered in Australia at reasonable prices. The quality of each article is the highest possible for its purpose—no harmful soap in the creams; no poisonous dyes in the rouge and lip colours; no burning alkali in the soap and shampoos. Where the product can be made to perfection locally it is—where it can be made better abroad, it is so made.

Six modern factories, in two hemispheres, combine to produce this, the most successful series of beauty aids offered during the last ten years. Quality and Value tell.

### A SPECIAL BEAUTY METHOD FOR PRESENT SEASON'S NEEDS:

At night, apply a little Kathleen Court Cold Cream, wiping off lightly. Next morning a "beauty wash," using Paris Facial Treatment Soap, then a dash of the Kathleen Court Astringent Skin Tonic. When dry, apply Facial Youth Day Cream, Golden



Every Mirror tells its Story!

Youth or Rare Tulip Face Powder, Rose Petal or Seventeen Rouge and one of the thrilling new Kathleen Court Lipsticks. To make the hair rich, lustrous and wavy, use Hennafoam Shampoo; if starting to turn grey—a little Glendol Scalp Stimulant will restore its youth. You may not need all these preparations at once, though, if you do, the total cost is the lowest known in any country for such exquisite quality. Only high-class Chemists and Stores can supply you. If in any difficulty write personally to Kathleen Court, Australia House, Sydney, or A.M.P. Chambers, Wellington, N.Z.

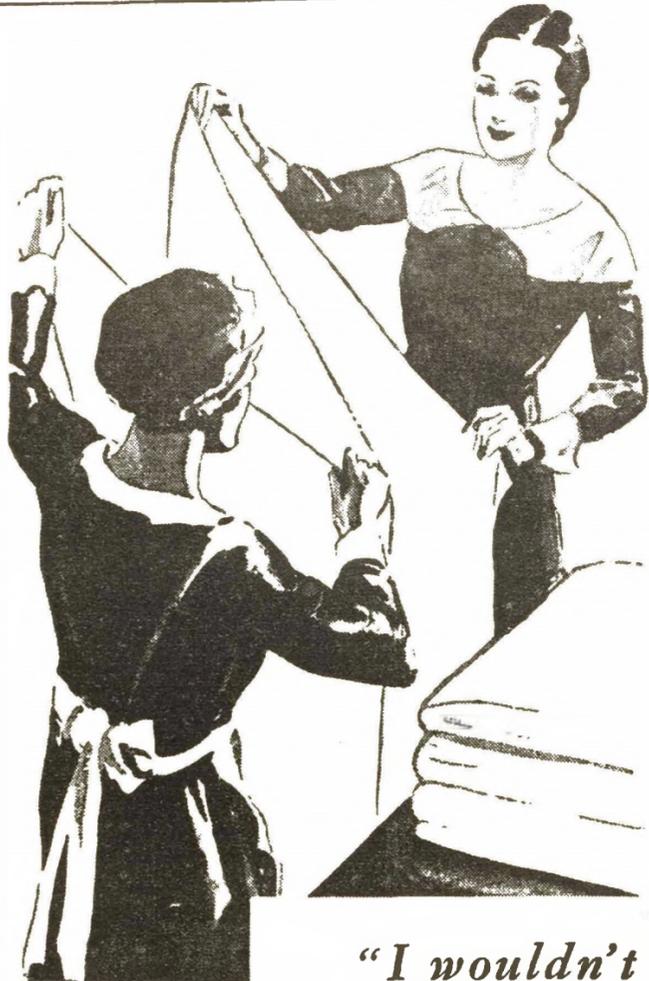
**Kathleen Court**  
AIDS TO BEAUTY

**REFRESHING AND ECONOMICAL TOO!**

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"I wouldn't own a white tablecloth that hadn't had a rinse in blue water: I'm as up-to-date as anybody in the way I wash—it saves work and the things come up clean. But I never miss the last rinse in blue water—it gives the things the loveliest white. Just blue for the last rinse and you've the real white."

**Reckitt's BLUE**  
Remember! Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

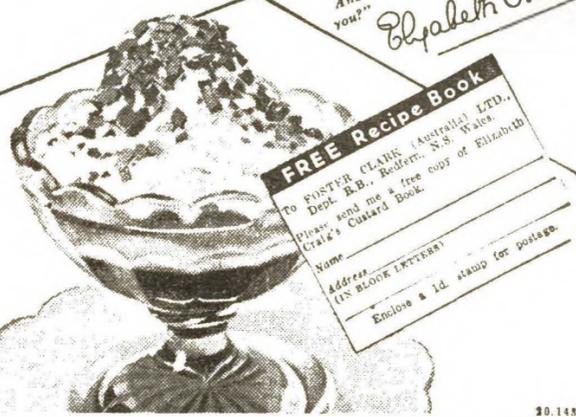
**SAVOY CREAMS--another delicious surprise from Elizabeth Craig's Custard Book**

New ways of cooking your favourite dishes, with custard—new custard dishes that will soon become family favourites—these many new recipes of Elizabeth Craig's, specially prepared for Foster Clark, make a book that's well worth having. England's foremost cookery expert recommends custard whole-heartedly for its food value and Foster Clark's in particular for its purity and its delicious flavour. Therefore refuse imitations and insist on Foster Clark's.



**Foster Clark's**  
creamy CUSTARD

"When I use a custard powder I always choose Foster Clark's Creamy Custard, because I know how pure and wholesome it is. And I think it's delicious—don't you?"  
*Elizabeth Craig*



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To FOSTER CLARK (Australia) LTD., Dept. F.B., Redfern, N.S. Wales.  
Please send me a free copy of Elizabeth Craig's Custard Book.  
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(AS BLOOD LETTERS)  
Enclose 4 Id. stamp for postage.

# The GODDESS

(Continued from Page 36)

THE body collapsed, straightened, was still. A hand, clutching the bright, smoking steel, lay upon the floor. . . rigid . . . white in death . . .

"We must go, young man."  
She stood beside him now. She had wound the veil about her hair again, and again was wrapped in the black garment with loose, wide sleeves. She touched his arm. He had never seen so white a face, such terror-stricken eyes.

"You're hurt."  
"My hand." He lifted his arm and looked. A hole, neatly through the palm and, already, coagulation, drying blood. But he could not use his fingers, bend them.

Leaving the revolver on the floor, he followed the Syrian woman to the back of the house. They went quickly, but on tip-toe, so immense was the silence of the house after the splitting detonation of the two shots. A closed door opened into a small storeroom, where a ladder to a door in the ceiling led to the roof. Jarvis McCabe climbed up, used all of his strength, and could not open it. The door was fastened from the outside. It held. He put his head and shoulders against it in a vain effort.

"Someone is coming up the stairs," Mrs. Mundy panted. "They will kill us. . . Hurry! Please hurry!"

He told her.  
"It's barred. We'll have to go back. I'm sorry. We should have gone out by the front door to the street."

He turned to clasp her hand, and in the brief meeting of their eyes, he conquered himself. She was somehow pitiful in her stubborn pleading. If anyone had her, it must be Calhoun. He, McCabe, would keep out of it; he would close his eyes and his heart to her. He would leave the "Goddess." He would never tell her that she had in an hour's space become so dear to him. . . she would not know. . . Behind his eyes there was the stinging salt of unshed tears. . .

He let fall her hand, and went quickly to meet Mundy on the landing.

Mundy carried a revolver easily in his right hand; his left covered McCabe's discarded weapon.

He said, "I have you. Now then, who are you?"

"My name is McCabe. I am first officer of the freighter 'Goddess.' I came here with a letter for Mrs. Mundy. And I was detained."

"You killed a man!"

"In self-defence. When I tried to leave the house, he fired at me."

Mundy's pallid face was transformed; his lips were a blue line beneath the theatrical excellence of his moustache. He glanced with disdain at his wife. The muscles of his cheeks tightened, quivered visibly.

"You will go to your room," he said. But Gloria Mundy shook her head.

"No."

"You will go to your room."

"No. Never again."

"I think, sir, you'd better let her come with me. She is not happy," McCabe steadied his voice and took a desperate chance: "She loves Captain Calhoun. Let her go. I'll come back and stand for what I've done. You have my word for it." Then he said a queer thing for him to say, for any young, thoughtless sailor to say: "Love is more powerful than desire, or even revenge," he said. "Or even walls."

Mundy licked his lips. He jerked his head towards the door of her room.

"Go in there and wait!"

"No," she said.

She was pale, too. Her eyes turned dark and immense in her small, white face. But the terror had gone out of them. In its place there was triumph and a stubborn pride, rebellion, release, and a magnificent, calm disgust, profound, primitive, unchangeable.

"Go into your room," Mundy said again, "or I will kill you."

"Stop! You won't do that!" McCabe shouted. "You don't dare—"

"Let me go," she said quickly, interrupting. "I don't love you. I never will. Do you blame me, hate me, for what I cannot help? When I am gone, across the ocean to South America, you will

forget me. You will say to yourself, 'Why did I bother to keep her? I am well rid of her. She was lazy and selfish.' You will marry again. A nice English woman who will make you happy. I will be with Calhoun. Or else dead. That is the way it is with me. I cannot be different."

"You would be better dead," Mundy said, "here, with me."

He advanced upon her, the bright steel levelled at her heart. Ugh! A flash of horror, or sick fright, went over McCabe when he saw what she intended to do. He threw himself forward to stop her. Then, in acute revelation, he saw that it was best. She screamed, put up her hands, and hurled herself at the stair-railing, crashed over and down, her body striking with a sound that McCabe was to remember all the rest of his life. The sound of living flesh and bone shattered and crashed into instant death.

They stood there, staring.

Then Mundy said, "Go down, it is too late. She has her way."

Mundy, with shaking hands, lifted her. She was broken in his arms. One of the red slippers fell off, and, stooping quickly, McCabe recovered it, hiding it in his pocket. Mundy swayed. His face was extraordinarily old and lifeless. When he spoke, he had to lick his lips, to force his swollen tongue to speech:

"Go back to your ship. Say nothing of this matter. I will settle with the authorities. She is mine, now."

McCabe turned and ran out of the



**PROUD AMATEUR:** It pays a man to grow the best.  
**RIVAL:** Yes. Why don't you?

house, down the steps, and groped his way along the railings to the corner, to the parking, across to the wall, and down, and down, to the Kingsway. A clock struck somewhere, and the three strokes were both loud and muffled. Three o'clock. Dawn in an hour. . . Could he be the same man who had climbed this hill a few hours ago? He left behind him on the wet pavements a spattered red trail, a trail that wavered with his unsteady progress: drunk, he must have looked—and in uniform—drunk, coming from some revel, some gaiety. . .

The water-front was deserted, but he found the boatman, crouched beneath a tarpaulin, waiting to take him back.

"The 'Goddess.' And hurry."

"Aye, aye, sir."  
They shoved off into a choppy blackness towards the lights of the freighter revealed by the lifting of the fog.

Concealing his wounded hand, McCabe went at once to his captain's cabin. Calhoun was still sitting there beneath the swinging light. The big man glanced up at his officer and smiled.

"You were too late?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. She tried to get to you. She failed."

"She is dead?"

"Yes, sir."

Suddenly, Calhoun put his head down on his arms.

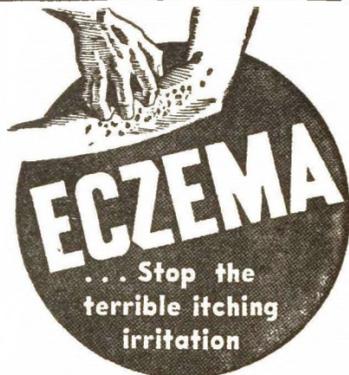
McCabe went outside. He thought: "I'll keep the slipper. It's mine. It's all I've got."

He stood by the rail, looking at the town, biting his lips to keep back the stinging salt of unshed tears.

Eberhardt came along the deck and paused, grinning.

"Well, it's all right. We can sail, I told you, eh? Only seven hours and already she is free to go. . . Ach! The fog is lifting. Again you can see the town. A quiet place, eh? A dead town. Looks as if nothing ever happened there. . . As if nothing ever happened there."

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with REXONA

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the rapid healer  
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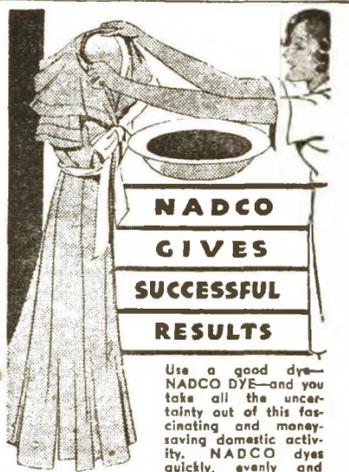
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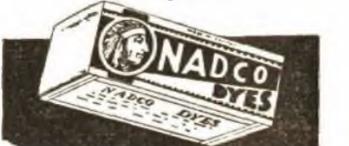


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All Chemists and Stores

1/3 a packet.



The Old Gardener Presents—

# Spring's FLORAL Debutantes

WHAT a day, Miss! What a day! Birds singing; sun shining, everything fresh and green. Look at them blossoms! See the tender green shoots on those trees. Winter has packed up her bags and gone north, Miss, and spring, the lovely young disciple of summer, has arrived to do her work.

To-day, Miss, I am going to have the honor of presenting to you the flower debutantes of this season. Most of them have never been presented before. If your Excellency likes them, Miss, they are to do their coming out this summer in the courts of your garden.

As I have lots of lovely flower maidens waiting to be presented, I must be quick and brief.

\* \* \*

MY first debutante, Excellency, is "Prince," the new daughter of the hasta daisy family. She is wonderful or cut flowers, having long stiff stems, notice the pure glistening white of her petals. She is a perennial and can be divided each year.

And now, Excellency, the new zinnias were introduced in Mexico in 1860 and was only a small daisy-like flower. But look at her now! This group of zinnias here, Excellency, are new members of the giant Dahlia Flowering zinnias. Here are "Canary" Bird (primrose), "Crimson Monarch" (crimson), "Eldorado" (rose), "Old Gold" (gold), "Luniasa" (deep pink), "Illuminator" (deep rose), "Dream" (lavender), "Polar Bear" (white), "Scarlet Flame" (scarlet).

Yes, Miss (I beg pardon, "Excellency") they are all new, and aren't they lovely? These here are the new giant Mammoth zinnias, "Violet Queen," "Lavender Queen," "Rose Queen," "Cerise Queen," "Grenadier" and "Orange King."

Let me now present some new daughters of the Lilliput zinnia house. They make wonderful display borders. These are "Scarlet Gem," "Dark Crimson," "White Gem," "Purple," "Golden Gem," and "Salmon Rose."

\* \* \*

THIS is a very special young lady, your Excellency. "Meconopsis," the new blue poppy. Isn't she beautiful with her sky blue petals. You didn't think it was possible, eh?

Here's another group of the antirrhinum, or snapdragon family: "Monarch," "Cottage Maid," "Crimson Pink," "Rose Dore," "Venus," "Queen Victoria," "Ghestia," and "Rose Pearl."

What's that, Miss...? Oh, those two sitting out... Come here, me darlings, and be presented to Her Excellency! These are the new wallflowers, "Fire King" and "Ruby Gem."

I think you have heard of these before. Anyhow, here they come for the spring presentation. "Guinea Gold," "Marigold," and "Golden Gleam" nasturtium.

\* \* \*

THIS pretty one is the new petunia, "Double Inimitable." She is beautifully striped and blotched. No, your Excellency, she hasn't been at the claret cup. It just runs in the family.

And now... introducing the new

# The NEW BOOKS

## AT A GLANCE

### MAGIC VOICE of the LYRE-BIRD

The lyre-bird is regarded by naturalists as Australia's greatest natural history attraction. Had it been possible for Australians to have designed a creature specially for tourists they could not have done better than Nature has done in providing the lyre-bird.

BECAUSE of its exclusiveness or perhaps for the same reasons as people born in London know nothing of the Tower, Australians are relatively ignorant of the wonders of this strangest of birds. However, recent publications should remedy this.

We have already had Ambrose Pratt's charming book, "The Lore of the Lyre-Bird," which is so delightfully written that it brings tears to the eyes, and a neat volume of lyre-bird photographs has been compiled by Guide Alice, of Mount Buffalo, Victoria, and Charles Barret, the well-known Melbourne naturalist. Now a fresh volume is added to lyre-bird literature. "The Magic Voice," by R. T. Littlejohns. The book is about the same size as Ambrose Pratt's, and is similarly illustrated.

Writing of the peculiarities of the lyre-bird, Mr. Littlejohns says: "The tail of the male is one of the finest ornaments worn by any creature. In spite of very heavy legs and feet, the bird is most graceful in its movements, and its progress through dense forest undergrowth is the poetry of motion."

"Even in its habits it is unlike other birds. The clearing of mounds or display places by the male bird, the display itself, the choice of mid-winter as the breeding season, the failure of the male bird to assist in the nesting activities, the laying of one egg only each year, and the long period of incubation (about five weeks) help to keep up the lyre-bird's reputation for being unorthodox."

Referring to the display mounds, on which the lyre-bird performs, the author says: "Each mature male has a little



territory of his own, perhaps a few acres in extent, in which he alone tends up to twenty or thirty mounds... these consist of small, circular clearings, four or five feet across. All growing ferns are removed from the patches, and accumulated debris is thrown aside. The earth is finely tilled and raked with the feet until mounds have the appearance of well-kept garden beds, slightly raised in the centres."

The lyre-bird is, of course, particularly famous for its mimicry. Mr. Littlejohns took part in successful efforts to broadcast and take gramophone records of the lyre-bird's song. His book provides a time-table to the lyre-bird record, describing changes in the song and what they portray.

(The Ramsay Publishing Co. Our copy, Robertson and Mullens, 5/-.)

### Science Wins!

## A LAXATIVE must be GENTLE to be safe for a WOMAN!



Your system needs a laxative! A gentle, efficient laxative that will lubricate the entire body. Avoid pills, salts and ordinary purgatives. Their action is too severe. Instead, take Lubri-Lax, a preparation containing Petrolatum.

In a natural manner, Lubri-Lax produces a regular, gentle bowel activity. It keeps the system clean... it is safe... it is the only lubricating laxative, and doctors recommend it.

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BEWARE! Ask for Lubri-Lax by name—avoid all substitutes.

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2/- and 2/9 per jar.

### Short Reviews

"Mr. Jiggins of Jigginstown." Lady Longford. Another woman humorist, and a very excellent one. Extraordinary how women are writing most of the best books at present. Lady Longford takes the much-used plot of the very rich old man, the hungry relatives, and the surprising will, and turns it into a gem of wit. (Gollancz, 7/6.)

"The Body in the Silo." Father Ronald Knox. A detective story of rare quality. During recent years the theme has been treated in short story and book form by several different writers, but Father Knox has a style of his own, which makes any book of his readable. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6.)

"There Sits Death." Paul McGuire. This is perhaps one of the best new detective and murder stories. The teller of the story listens to the confidences of several interested parties and has to separate the false from the true. The book is highly praised by overseas critics. (Skeffington, 7/6.)

"Past the Blind Sky." Fred Rothermell. Might have been better called "Private Life of an Astronomer." If you've been to the local observatory and take an interest in stars, you must have wondered what it would be like to be married to an astronomer. This book tells you, and, moreover, is an education in popular astronomy. The astronomer lives with his head in the stars, he does not know he has got any feet. His wife tries to persuade him to come to earth and at least to come to bed. Well worth reading. (Thornton Butterworth, 8/6.)

"Murder at Monte Carlo." Phillips Oppenheim. The latest from this expert's pen. It is different to his other mysteries with the Monte Carlo setting. Crime and luxury go hand in hand; and, of course, there is a lovely girl in the case. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6.)

"Nigella, called by her house, 'Devil in the Bush.' And a devil she looks, too. That red beauty there is the new verbenas, 'Lucifer,' and here, with her, is the verbenas, 'Golden Queen.'

And now, Miss, last, but not least, the new daughters of the perennial phlox house, 'Asia' (lilac), 'Boule-de-feu,' 'General Von Heutz,' 'Pantheon,' 'Profusion,' and 'Esclermonde.'

All these floral new-comers can be planted now in warm climates, or a few weeks later in colder climates.



KIND LADY: And what did your father die of, Annie?  
ANNIE: I dunno, but it weren't nothin' serious!

alium, or snapdragon family: "Monarch," "Cottage Maid," "Crimson Pink," "Rose Dore," "Venus," "Queen Victoria," "Ghestia," and "Rose Pearl."

What's that, Miss...? Oh, those two sitting out... Come here, me darlings, and be presented to Her Excellency! These are the new wallflowers, "Fire King" and "Ruby Gem."

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\* \* \*

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Dear Sirs,  
I have been suffering from Rheumatism and Rheumatoid Arthritis for 12 to 14 years. I have taken a course of your 'ASPRO' tablets—three after each meal—and often, when in pain, have taken an extra dose before going to bed. I obtain very great relief from this treatment; in fact, I do not know how I could have continued to move about without 'ASPRO.' The pain has gradually improved, and now I find I need to take 'ASPRO' only occasionally. I can confidently recommend 'ASPRO' to all sufferers from Rheumatism.

Yours sincerely,  
(Sgd.) A. H. BURNS.  
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All Down with 'Flu — Soon About Again — Thanks to 'ASPRO'

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Dear Sirs,  
I am writing to you to let you know what 'ASPRO' Tablets have done for my children and myself.

We have all been down with the INFLUENZA at once, and all we have taken are 'ASPRO' Tablets and lemon drinks. We all had high temperatures and bad headaches, but thanks to your 'ASPRO' Tablets we are all about again, only being three days in bed.

Yours truly,  
N. GYLE

# The REAL Thing

(Continued from Page 6)

WE had. There was no going against that argument, anyhow.

"The real thing," says Kelly, who's walking about openly offering congratulations to himself upon the realism which he has conjured up for the express benefit of Reality Pictures Corporation. "The real thing," he says. "It can't be beat, Mr. Goldbigger. I've heard you say so yourself many a time. All you got to do now is to get your cameraman to work and—"

"You crazy fool!" shouts the great D.B.G. "We may get drowned!"

Kelly looks hurt at the suggestion. "Well, of course," he says, "there's that to be thought of. Still, there's reasonable chances about our survival. And anyhow, think of them poor people who got blown through that plate-glass window," he says, brightly, "and them unfortunate sky pilots. They didn't mind givin' their lives to the great cause, Mr. Goldbigger. In this moment," he says, giving himself a pat on the back, "we must all bear in mind the cause we are upholdin'. Ladies and gentlemen, sea captains included, Nelson expects—I mean," he corrects himself, "Reality Pictures Corporation expects—"

Actually, the chances of our survival were a hundred per cent., because the water inside the reef wouldn't have drowned a pigmy, but Reality Pictures Corporation didn't discover the fact until long after the event so to speak.

The fuss Reality Pictures Corporation was kicking up was shocking. Poppy Pilchington had fainted in the villain's arms. The villain, curiously enough, seemed to be about the only one who hadn't lost his head completely. But the sea captain hero manages to recover himself next moment and snatches Poppy Pilchington out of Hesketh Montgomery's unwilling arms. People were pushin' and shovin' all over the place, and the cameraman wanted to jump over the

side, thinking the schooner was going to turn turtle, camera and all. Only Kelly got hold of him. It was Kelly who started to work the camera while the Merry Mermaid was settling herself well inside the reef and dropping to pieces under our feet.

We all got ashore at last. The hero puts the heroine down on the lovely white beach and bends above her beautiful prostrate form.

"Register emotion," says Kelly encouragingly. "This is the real thing you know. You ain't actin' now. You're in love with the girl, your heart's on fire," he says, a bit surprised by his own eloquence, "you have just been shipwrecked off a desert island, in the midst of the tropic seas, with the girl you love, and the villain somewhere around, and you don't know if the girl's dead, or dying, or anythin'. Come on, now! That's better!" Click-click-click. . .

The great D.B.G. is ragin' on the beach like a lunatic, with the rest of the company looking about as happy as a lot of half-drowned cats in a two-foot crate in the guard's van of the Flying Scotchman doing seventy miles an hour through a raging snowstorm. Suddenly the great D.B.G. ceases his stamping and collars hold of Kelly.

"Say, you loon," he screams, "what kind of place are we in now?"

"Why," says Kelly, "I believe it's an island."

"I guess it's an island all right!" The great D.B.G. is foaming at the mouth almost. "But what kind of an island, you goat?"

Kelly pushes him away.

"Don't shout," he says, "I ain't deaf. I reckon this is one of them real de-

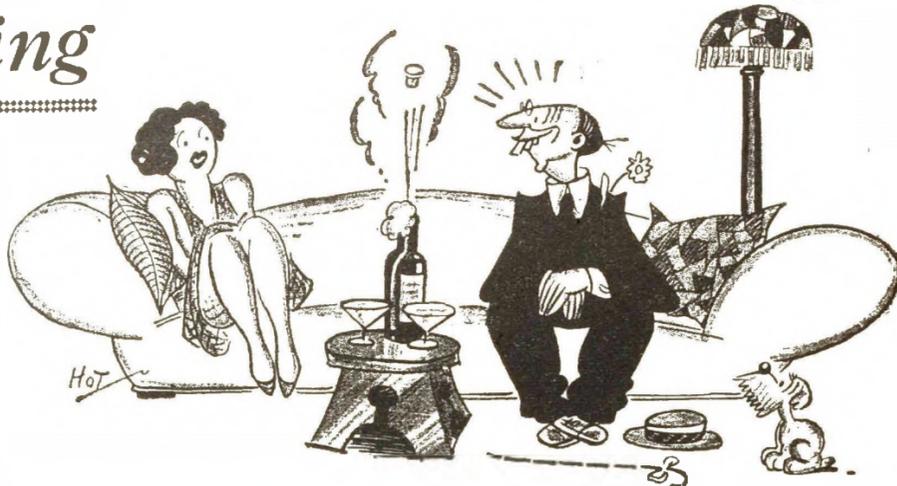
sert islands, Mr. Goldbigger," he says, with a pleasant little smile. "I said I'd do the job properly, knowing how particular you always are about such things. Look around you, Mr. Goldbigger. The green palms swayin' gently in the white winds of the Southern Seas, the lovely beach, the clear blue skies," he says. "What more could Reality Pictures Corporation ask of one? Why, if we're here a few years—"

"I—I kind of guess you're jokin', young man," says the great D.B.G., all the wind taken out of his sails, so to speak.

"Joking? Not me," says Kelly, righteously. "No, I wouldn't do a thing like that, Mr. Goldbigger. This is the real thing. A real desert island in the midst of the tropic seas—"

It was, too. There wasn't any chance of floating the Merry Mermaid. Kelly had seen to that all right. But me and Kelly made some trips out to her later in the day and fetched some provisions and clear water.

"Some people are an ungrateful crowd," says Kelly, winking at me. "After the way I've striven to give Reality Pictures Corporation the real stuff to work with—"



SUITOR: I have something to say to you, but I don't quite know how to begin.  
SHE: Would it be any easier if I sat on your knee?

TIME glides by. Reality Pictures Corporation has become a pretty ragged lot. Reality Pictures Corporation has whiskers on it. Even the heroine begins to look the real thing in castaway maidens, according to Kelly, who ought to know. There's another thing. The hero, Jim White, has fallen in love with her. The real thing, not just play actin', as Kelly contemptuously calls it. And one day, when the sun is streaming down, a fight starts. A real one, too. Between the hero and the villain, who wants the girl.

Kelly rushes across to the great D.B.G., who's looking pretty sick.

"Now's your chance," he says. "Them

two fellows are goin' at it hammer at tongs down on the beach. They look like they're goin' to kill one another any time. Come on, where's that laz hound of a cameraman?" he shouts.

I daresay we did look much like the real thing by that time, anyhow. Half starved, in rags, snappin' and snarl'n at each other all day long—and ha! the night as well. All except Kelly, who seemed to be getting real enjoymer out of the affair. He spends most of his time lugging the great D.B.G. around the island, in the blazing sun, takin' bits of film, anything that happens to catch his eye. Sometimes the great D.B.G. is almost sobbing when he gets back along with Kelly. But Kelly the encouraging kind all right.

(Please turn to Page 42)

## ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THIS DELICIOUS SPRING HEALTH FOOD



These new Oaten Cake Biscuits, appetising, light, and cake-like in texture, will delight your family and your guests

In addition to their wonderful flavour and quality, they are rich in protein value and also in essential vitamins

Try them for morning tea, afternoon tea, lunch, or supper. You will find them supremely delicious, wonderfully valuable and sustaining, and extremely popular with everyone.

# ARNOTT'S FAMOUS OATEN CAKE BISCUITS

ALWAYS ASK FOR ARNOTT'S FAMOUS BISCUITS

# FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

FRED put the glistening shoes on, and found to his great delight that they were a perfect fit. He then picked Tony up in his arms, saying, "Where will we go to first of all? I'd like to see the ginger bearded man again, wouldn't you?"

Tony looked up as much as to say he would, too, so Fred looked about him and wished.

He had no sooner wished than he felt himself rising gradually from the ground. What a queer sensation!

With a sudden spurt Fred went flying through the air at a terrific speed. The rain was just drizzling down now, but, strange to say, Fred never felt a drop fall on him. And the wind, which was so unkind to him when he was lost in the forest, was now quite calm and silent, and seemed to be whispering something in his ear which he couldn't quite make out.

Fred travelled along, looking at everything with the keenest interest, and discovered that the sky had become a beautiful blue, with white fluffy clouds taking the place of the nasty threatening grey-black ones which not so long ago had reigned in the sky.

How peculiar it was to go through the air, Fred thought, and marvelled at getting the chance of doing it. He had often dreamed of walking in the air, but never had he thought he would actually do it out of a dream. But here he was—going through the air like a rocket, and with no fear of tumbling down to earth with a bang!

At last he felt himself dropping, and he landed in the doorway of a little cottage with the words "Mushroom Grove" written on a black board in big orange letters over the door. Silently he pushed the door open, and gazed in.



The Ginger Bearded Man.

# Connie's Letter

My Dear Pals,—

I am glad so many of you like our serial, and I wish to thank you for all the nice things you say about it.

Ada O'Shannassy, of 48 Andreas Street, Petersham, wins the prize of 5/- for the best letter this week. Ada tells me of all the places she visited when she went touring the South Coast. Here is a little extract from her letter: "On either side of the Bulli Pass Road, trees, bushes, and ferns, and flowers of every variety were growing in abundance, adding great beauty to the drive."

Well, pals, good-bye until next week.

Cheerio,  
From your Pal,  
CONNIE.

He saw before him a group of little men, all dressed alike in their brown trousers, orange shirts, and short brown coats. They all had ginger hair and long ginger beards! They seemed to be discussing something very important, for they were all chatting and mumbling in such a way that Fred judged that all was not well in the Land of Magic. He was sure they would get on much better if they didn't all persist in talking at the one time. But evidently such an idea had never crossed their minds, for they were quite content to say what they wanted to say even if no one listened. As they paid no attention to Fred, he had a good look around the room. In the corner a log fire was crackling away, and a round copper kettle was dangerously balanced (very dangerously balanced to Fred's way of thinking) on one end of a log. He expected it at any moment to topple off, but it didn't.

As he gazed at the kettle he thought how happy it was, for it began to sing in the funniest of ways. And the lid every now and then would rise as if it was winking.

FRED thought he could stay here all night without one of the little men being any the wiser for his presence, so he thought of a way to attract their attention. A big blue book was perched on the mantelpiece, so after standing on his toes and giving a big jump he

# TERRY and TEDDY TERRIBLE TWINS

HERE COMES TERRY CARRYING A BUCKET OF WATER. HERE'S WHERE I HAVE A BIT OF FUN!

HA! HA! HA!

HE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT! I'LL GET QUITS JUST AS SOON AS I DRY MYSELF!

WELL, WELL, THAT TRICK WENT OVER ALL RIGHT, AND NOW I'LL JUST GET THIS TUB FULL AND GIVE HIM ANOTHER BATH!

HE WILL NEVER NOTICE THIS!

COME OUT HERE TERRY, I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING!

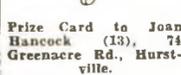
IDEA!

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW

SLAM! SLAM!

## Putting on the Hat

HERE is a jolly game to play when you have some friends in for dinner or have a birthday party. It causes such a lot of fun! Draw a life-size picture of a little boy or girl on paper, or cut one out of a picture if you can find one. Then cut out the shape of a hat, and stick a pin through it. Now each player takes it in turn to stand a few paces from the wall, where the picture is pinned up, and after being blindfolded, he takes the hat, holding it by the pin, and stepping forward, pins the hat in the place where he thinks it ought to go on the head.



It is funny to see where the hat is usually put—anywhere but on the head.

reached it—then with a bang let it drop to the ground. This interrupted their conversation, for they all turned round and looked in different directions to see where the noise came from.

"Well, if it isn't one of the lost boys!" cried one of the little men, discovering Fred by the fireside. "How long have you been here? We're very sorry we have neglected you like we have, but you have come to our land at rather a trying time. You see, we are expecting a certain unpleasant visitor. We have kept her away for a long time now, but I am afraid she will come back shortly. She is a very wicked witch, and wants her pretty little niece back so she can torment her. We have tried very hard to keep her away, and were just putting our heads together to contrive some new way of keeping her away for good. But, alas, we have come to no definite conclusion." Here the little man sighed.

Fred was not at all surprised at this, considering all the row they were making. But suddenly Fred got an idea—"Oh! I know what to do. If you will only leave it to me I am sure I can frighten her away," he said.

(What is Fred's idea? To be continued next week.)

## JUST CHATTER

JOAN UNDERWOOD, of South Broken Hill, is fond of writing stories; Arthur Fear, of Five Dock, has quite recovered from his recent illness; Joy Pike, of Coogee, collects all sorts of cards; Roy Forsyth, of Armidale, sits for his Intermediate this year; Valma Maguire, of Leichhardt, likes writing verse; Maureen Maloney, of New Farm (Qld.), is fond of writing stories, playing tennis, and sewing; Jean Mould, of Manly, attends the Manly Girls' Grammar School.

Marie Tasker, of Brookvale, likes sketching; Mary Allen, of Lakemba, is fond of gardening; Phil Walburn, of King's Cross, likes playing tennis; Jean Samuels, of Bellevue Hill, is a keen story writer; Peggy Condon, of Dulwich Hill, is an ardent admirer of beautiful scenery; Esie Wall, of Willoughby, has a pet cat called "Tommy"; Jean Chandler, of Walsh, is fourteen years old; Margaret Rosser, of Kurri Kurri, likes reading and drawing; Jean Rose,

Introducing Jean White, of Pymble, who is very fond of playing tennis.

of Granville, is fond of writing verse; Jean Rutledge, of Burwood, recently went to Mt. Wilson for a trip; Boreen Hughes, of Turramurra, likes writing stories; Marjorie Lowe, of Ourimbah, is fond of painting; Nita Daves, of Centennial Park, writes stories; Beryl Holder, of Mayfield West, is thirteen years of age; Joyce Lindsay, of East Maitland, likes writing verse.

## FOR FUN & FANCY

UNCLE: Your money-box is empty, Jack.  
Jack: Well, I was saving up for a rainy day, and it rained yesterday.  
Prize Card to Jack Wright, 111 Railway Road, St. Peters.

Nurse: Don't wriggle, Peter, you must be washed. See what a nice clean face the clock has!  
Peter: Yes, but look at its black hands!  
Prize Card to Arthur Wright, 111 Railway Road, St. Peters.

Teacher: The mole eats as much every day as it weighs.  
Bright Pupil: Please, sir, how does the mole know how much he weighs?  
A man was seen to enter a restaurant and place his umbrella on the stand. He then wrote a note and attached it to the umbrella. The words on the note were: "Prize-fighter; back in ten minutes." He returned ten minutes later to find the umbrella gone and another note in its place. The words on the note were: "Long-distance running champion; won't be back at all."  
Prize Card to Ken Summerbell, 45 Captain Piper's Road, Vaucluse.

Teacher: What is book-keeping, Tommy?  
Tommy: Not returning borrowed books, sir!  
Prize Card to Elene Pepper, 10 Spring Street, Chatswood.

**CARRIAGE PAID**  
At the zoo a rheumatic old cheetah said: "People, will tread where my feet are." And he made such a fuss. When he travelled by bus, That they brought him a little two-seater.

**A SAD ADVENTURE**  
There was once a young lady of York, Who went out to float on a cork, She put out to sea, And between you and me, She was fished out next day with a fork.

Elise McGovern (10), c/o Post Office, Narrabri, wins 2/- for sending in neatest correct solution of Chatswood No. 12.

What is that which, if you name it, you break it?  
Silence.  
What can you find twice in every corner, but only once in a room?  
The letter "r."  
What sort of men are always upright and above-board in their movements?  
Chessmen.  
Why is the letter "D" like a wedding ring?  
Because "we" could not be "wed" without it.  
What parts of England are also in France?  
The letters "E," "A," and "N."  
Prize Card to Herbert Kerwin, Barcardine, Queensland.

Teacher: Have you not finished your essay describing a tennis match, Tommy?  
Tommy: Please, teacher, it began to rain and the game was postponed.  
Prize Card to Jean Rutledge, 8 Neith Parade, Burwood.

Teacher: What is the plural of penny?  
Frank: Twopence.  
Prize Card to George Campbell, Charlotte Street, Dentilquin.

Auntie: Now, you mustn't have any more cakes now, Donnie.  
Donnie: Well, Auntie, if I'm ill it will be your fault, because you stopped me at the thirteenth.

**QUEER ADVERTISEMENTS**  
Lost: A fountain pen by a man half-full of ink.  
Lost: A broom by a lady with a good straw head.  
Lost: A bicycle by a man with a punctured tyre.  
Prize Card to Ella Reid, Clarke Street, Murrumburrah.

Each week Prize Cards and cash prizes are awarded for the best entries. When a pal has won twelve Prize Cards, a prize of 5/- will be given. Address all contributions to Connie, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

# The REAL Thing TRAINING is Important FACTOR

(Continued from Page 40)

"WE got to think of Reality Pictures Corporation," he keeps saying. "We can't let the public down."

"I guess I don't care a tin-wistle about the rotten public," shouts the representative of the biggest drum in the motion picture industry that ever heard itself beaten. "When are we goin' to be taken off this blatherin' island? I guess Reality Pictures Corporation can go and take care of itself!"

Then one morning, bright and early, out from the green jungles, comes a bunch of the most hideous-looking people you ever set eyes on. Rings through their noses. Carrying great clubs and spears.

"Cannibals!" says Kelly, clutching hold of the great D.B.G., who's shaking like a jelly. "What an opportunity!" he says. "Quick, get the camera in position!"

"I—I guess this is the end of us," says the great D.B.G. in a note of resignation. "I guess they'll knock us on the head right away."

"Not likely!" Kelly scoffs at him. "Why, the whole bunch of us wouldn't fill a good-sized cooking-pot! No, sir, we're all right for the time being. They'll keep us a while and fatten us up, and later on, if somethin' don't turn up—"

Click-click-click . . .

Kelly is working the camera like mad, when all of a sudden, he stops and stares with his mouth wide open.

"What's the matter?" I says. "What's hit you now, Kelly?"

He points with a shaking hand and his face has gone green. Round the headland, streaming towards us, were about a dozen or more canoes, all manned with dusky warriors.

"Well," I says, "I don't see that it matters a heap which lot get hold of us. It'll all be the same in the end, I daresay."

Kelly's still working the camera, although he seems to be unaware of the fact.

"You idiotic fool," he says. "These other fellows are the real thing!"

Of course, the first lot weren't. They were part of "Kelly's Cannibal Cruises," all dressed up and brought over for the occasion. But the real fellows got busy pretty quick. The "hamstrung humbugs" scattered all over the shop. And then all in the same moment almost there's a terrific crash which knocks me and Kelly off our feet and a shell bursts on the beach below us. On the sea line there's a thin grey smudge of smoke.

"A warship!" says Kelly, beginning to laugh. "And British at that, by the look of her!" She was.

Well, skipping over much that followed, we come to the time when me and Kelly is sittin' on the lonely beach at Tarookooki, with our rags flappin' on our bodies and the worms gnawing inside. It's about 18 months later on, I reckon, although it might have been a hundred.

"A fine condition for 'King Kelly's"

Cannibal Cruises' to have got to," says Kelly groaning.

"—wild duck an' green peas," I says, "and a big blackberry pie like my dear old grandmother used to make!"

Suddenly we looks up and sees the coffee-colored postman from Tarookooki. He shoves a letter at Kelly.

His face works as he reads it. Then, with shaking hand, he passes it across to me.

"Reality Pictures Corporation, 124th Street, New York, N.Y."

"Dear Mr. Kelly,—

"I guess you'll be surprised to have a letter from me, but I've been reckoning for some little while that Reality Pictures Corporation owes you some slight acknowledgment for the services you have rendered us. Reality Pictures Corporation, my dear Mr. Kelly, is not the kind of concern to be swayed or influenced by trivial considerations. Reality Pictures Corporation, my dear sir, is far too big-minded to nurse any sense of grievance, either real or imagined, against anyone with whom it has had associations. Now, sir, if I have succeeded in making my meaning clear, I should like to quote you a few extracts from the 'Boston Metropolitan' upon Reality Pictures Corporation's latest release, 'White Flames in the Southern Seas.'"

"Mr. Dwight B. Goldbigger's latest film, 'White Flames in the Southern Seas,' is proving quite a sensational success. In fact, it has taken the picture houses of the United States by storm. Reality Pictures Corporation, which Mr. Goldbigger represents, has always been noted for the unusual realism of its productions, but it is generally admitted by film fans and critics alike that, on this occasion, it has excelled even its former magnificent achievements. 'White Flames in the Southern Seas' is a masterpiece of realistic acting and photography. The scene where the schooner is wrecked is so realistic in its conception that one might almost believe it had actually taken place. Take again, just as an example, the fight between the sea captain and the blackguardly ship owner. Or the last scene of all, in which rival bands of cannibals meet on the island beach and fight to the death before they are interrupted by the arrival of a patrolling warship, by which the castaways are eventually rescued. There is only one expression which can do justice to this remarkable picture. Of late we have been surfeited with South Seas films, but it is generally conceded that 'White Flames in the Southern Seas' stands alone. It is the REAL THING."

"Take a look at this," says Kelly, and shoved a draft for five thousand dollars under my nose. "Payable to K. Kelly," he says, "and sent with the compliments of Reality Pictures Corporation."

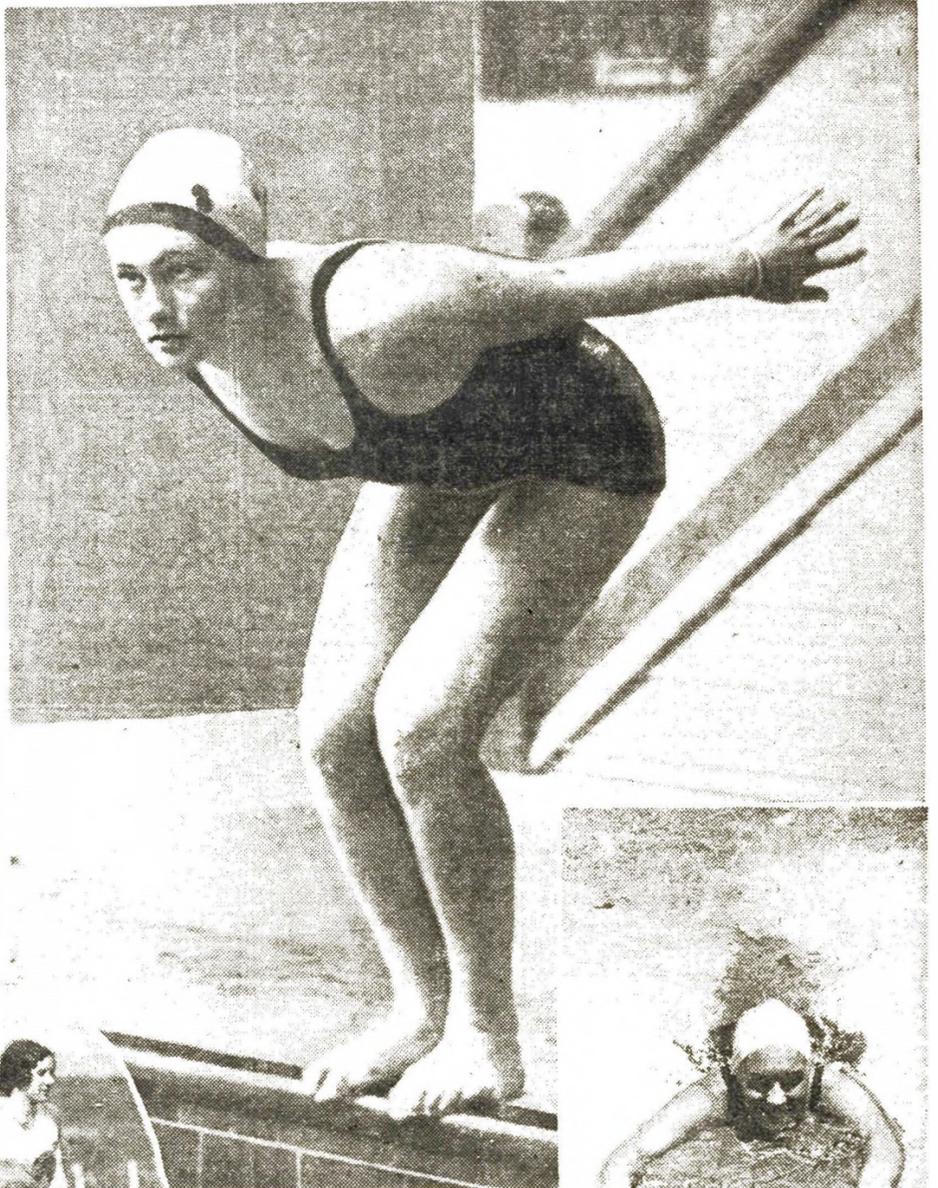
"Come on," he says, jumping to his feet, "let's go along and cash it right away. Cheques are all right, of course, and I reckon I must have misjudged Reality Pictures Corporation, but you can't beat the real thing."

Well, can you?

(Copyright)

## in GIRLS' SPORT

When a world champion as young as Ellsworth Vines is defeated by a practically unknown player, there must surely be something fundamentally wrong with the system of training responsible. An occurrence of this nature in the foremost sporting circles serves to strongly accentuate the tremendous value of correct training. There are various aspects to be considered in addition to the generally considered matter of "doing the daily dozen."



(Above) Claire Dennis ready to take the plunge. As an Australian representative at the Olympic Games at Los Angeles last year, Claire Dennis established a world record.



(Left) Eileen Wearne, another Olympic performer, in action.



(Right) Helen Madison, the American world record breaker. This swimmer, who has forsaken the sporting world for the talkies, is seen using the board which was a common sight during her assiduous training.

## Australian GIRLS

### Not ALLOWED to OVER-TRAIN

Ethics of training in sport in England, in Australia, and in America are essentially different. In the English schools sportsmanship takes very definite precedence over performance. The growing girl is taught to play for the love of the game rather than for the results to be achieved from prowess.

In Australia there are no hard and fast rules. Sport is optional at schools, though every facility and encouragement are afforded. Due largely to our climate, which allows such golden opportunities for sport, it becomes an accepted part of the daily round, and it is safe to say that nine out of ten Australians between the ages of ten and fifty follow an organised sport of some sort.

IN America, where finance plays such a big part, sport has been widely professionalised, with resulting principles completely revolutionary to British ideas of sport and sportsmanship. Training of juniors is comparable to the application of a vast machine patented with the idea of producing as many champions as possible, with professionalism and consequent financial gains as the ultimate aim.

Helen Madison affords a typical instance. Having reached the top of the amateur tree, she has been offered and has accepted a contract in the talkie world and will shortly be seen on the screen. Histrionic ability, previous stage experience or appearance were negligible factors, her sporting prowess is the qualification that is to be capitalised.

American trainers look for players in the junior ranks. The girl who shows promise is subjected to systematic cultivation. This includes hours of practice every day, diet, and intensive study of the psychology of games.

On the latter feature they lay heavy stress. Vines' trainer, Mercer Beasley,

is said to have stood at the side of the court willing him to win. That a sympathetic supporter may greatly assist a player has been forcefully demonstrated by Jack Crawford's success, much of the credit of which may be attributed to Mrs. Crawford. But her support assumes a chiefly practical, not a psychological, aspect.

The American trainer further expressed his surprise during the recent visit that there was not evidence of rigorous training of juniors in England. In America, he said, they have champions ready to replace champions. He predicted that Helen Wills' successor would be Caroline Babcock, and that Frankie Parker would replace Ellsworth Vines.

The system that has produced a player of the calibre of Vines can produce his successor. That Vines, at twenty-two, is stale, over-trained would spell tragedy were it not for the fact that the obvious corollary awaits him, that of a lucrative post as a professional.

In view of this sensational failure of a world champion one wonders just what bearing training has had on the recent forfeit of Mrs. Wills-Moody to Miss Jacobs. The immediate cause of

course, was a recurrence of an old injury to the back, but it looks as though training or over-training might have been a contributory cause.

EXECUTIVES of the various sporting associations in Australia administer the matter of training on a much more conservative and a wiser basis. No player is allowed to suffer from over-exertion. Judicious supervision prescribes adequate space of time or number of games for training.

Mrs. Chambers, manager of the last Olympic women's team to Los Angeles, professed unbounded surprise at the American attitude. Helen Madison spent the greater part of every day in the water. She used a board as a means to perfecting various strokes conducive to speed, sometimes covering more than a mile at a stretch.

The Australian girls, Claire Dennis, Eileen Wearne, Bonnie Mealing, and Frances Bult led a perfectly normal life. Under Mrs. Chambers' supervision they repaired to the track or the baths, as the case might be, and put in a certain amount of practice every day. No particular diet was enjoined on the girls. They ate plain, nourishing food, and retired early.

THE wisdom of adhering to this normal procedure was instanced by the tragic death of the young German swimmer, Ruth Litzig. Having created a world record by a non-stop swim of 79 hours, she developed a high temperature and cramp. In a serious condition she was taken to hospital, where she died shortly after admission.

Training and diet are matters which the controlling bodies of different women's associations view with the utmost gravity. So rapid has been the growth of women's sport that it is admittedly difficult to decide just the amount of nervous and physical energy a woman is capable of expending in sport, but general medical supervision combined with the utmost discretion on the part of those responsible for the training, has resulted in the happiest results in Australia.

You housewives have a strenuous life. Your duties last from early morning till late at night. Your cares are endless and nerve-wracking. You are so busy thinking of others you are apt to neglect yourselves. Your work is exhausting, but does not provide healthful exercise.

Doctors say that housewives, more than any other class, suffer from Constipation, Torpid Liver, and their resultant ills — digestive disorders, weakness, dizziness, fainting spells, sick headaches, backaches, and nervous irritability. Do not neglect these symptoms.

Regular use of

**Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills,** as needed, will bring about a wonderful improvement in your condition. For cleansing the system, they are unexcelled. By using them at the first sign of irregularity or touch of biliousness, you will have more energy, feel brighter, and ward off many of the aches, pains, and ills common to housewives.

HOST HOLBROOK says: My Worcestershire Sauce will flavour the Soup. Season the Gravy, make the simplest meal appetising.\*\*\*

# Keenly CONTESTED HOCKEY Finals

For the past four years a keenly contested struggle for the premiership has been fought out between Nereids, winners of the morning division of the association fixtures, and Gumnuts, winners of the afternoon division.

Final matches for the first two years in succession resulted in a tie. Last year, however, Nereids registered a win by three goals to one to secure the coveted title.

THIS year Nereids again triumphed, though only by the narrow margin of one goal, in a hard-fought match. The goal was scored by Nereids' centre-half just before the half-time bell rang.

Both teams include stalwarts in the field of women's hockey. Miss Eva Redfern is the coach and captain for Nereids. Their goal-keeper, Miss M. Mathieson, is recognised as the finest goal-keeper in the State, while the team also includes interstate players Hatwood, Love, and Holmes.

Among the members of the Gumnuts team are the two Wicks sisters, who hold the unique distinction of being the only two players in New South Wales to captain overseas teams. Miss Tory Wicks led the Australian women's hockey team to tour Europe in 1930, and Miss Nancy Wicks the N.S.W. team that recently visited Suva.

Other members of the Suva team to play with Gumnuts are Hollingworth, Taylor, and Hooctor, and they are also interstate players.

Reviewing the status of so many members of the two teams, it is to be expected that any issue between them will be an epic struggle.

## Changes in Women's Cricket

MOST surprising is the transfer of Miss D. Blake and Miss H. Benson, who have signified their intention of playing for the Cheerio team this season. Miss Blake has captained the Sans Souci team for the last four years. Under her captaincy the team has won the State premiership each year. Miss M. Hanan, who has been such an outstanding player with Oldfields, will also join this club. The Cheerio team will be considerably strengthened by the inclusion of these two players.

Miss Pearl Cottle, who, as a promising junior, was a member of the Sydney Club, will play again this season with the Kuring-gai team. Also joining this team again is Miss Thurlie Thomas, who was at one time treasurer of the association. Miss Clarke, one of the most enthusiastic players in "B" grade last year, will be playing "A" grade with the Cypress team during the coming season.

Sans Souci Wanderers, who won the "B" grade premiership last year, will be promoted to "A" grade section this year. The Oldfield Club will have the additional support of Miss E. Carpenter and Miss P. Knight, who will considerably strengthen their ranks this season.

The University team has signified its intention of competing this season in the afternoon fixtures of the association.

Mrs. Hudson, who is one of the vice-presidents of the N.S.W.W.C.A., gives a glowing report of the prospects of the Annandale Waratahs.

Four years ago Mrs. Hudson founded this club, and its membership has shown a steady increase. For the coming season they will field three teams with emergencies, no mean achievement on the part of any suburban club.

DR. MARIE HAMILTON (president) and Mrs. F. J. Davy (secretary) of the N.S.W. Women's Hockey Association, keen spectators of the hockey match between the Nereids and the Gumnuts.

MISS MATHIESON, the goal-keeper for the Nereids hockey team, clears the ball from the goal, which Miss Stubbs, of the Gumnuts team, has hit.



### It's a Pioneer

FOR the first time in the history of women's sport a special cricket bat has been made and autographed by a woman interstate cricketer.

The autograph is that of Ruth Preddey, The Australian Women's Weekly sports representative, and State selector for the N.S.W.W.C.A.

The bat is made from selected willow, is specially light in weight, and the length of the handle has been made with a view to effective use by women players.

## CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF ENDS

(From our Melbourne Representative).

Is women's golf ceasing to be just a friendly game, and becoming the business-like battle of tactics that men's golf is?

Play in the just completed championships of the Australian Ladies' Golf Union has been a tremendously earnest business throughout and there have been some magnificent scores and some workmanlike play.

PROBABLY for the first time in the history of women's golf, exception was taken to the tactics of one of the semi-finalists. It was suggested that Miss J. Hood Hammond, the N.S.W. champion, may have deliberately slowed up her game while playing against Miss Odette Lefebvre (N.S.W.), whom she defeated.

There was some controversy about it, but it did not interfere with the general good feeling among the players, themselves.

Miss Hammond's explanation that she is always a slow player, especially when nervous, that in any case Miss Lefebvre is used to her play, and that her slowness is partly due to an early wrist injury seems to have been generally accepted, but it has not convinced everybody, and the incident is regarded by some people as the first sign of guileful tactics being introduced to women's golf.

Only very earnest and hard-hitting players could have battled through the rain and blizzard, and given such a creditable performance, in the last day's play.

Miss Oliver Kay's (N.Z.) win, 9 up and 8, was a very popular one, and Miss Hammond was a very sporting loser. Miss Kay played a game that could hardly have been more brilliant even in the finest conditions. Miss Hammond's play was not quite up to her standard on earlier occasions, but her green shots were excellent.

This year's teams from the various States are regarded as the strongest field that ever fought for the championships and the N.Z. team is hailed as being without doubt the best and most sporting team to visit us from overseas.

After a round of dinner parties and tea parties the teams have returned to their own States with the exception of one or two players. The N.Z. team carried back with it the Tasman Cup as well as the Australian Women's Championship Cup, and Victoria keeps the Interstate Cup.

## FOOTWORK Is Important

By RUTH PREDDEY, State Selector, N.S.W.W.C.A.

THAT footwork is one of the most important features of sport should be a self-evident fact to participants in every game.

There has been, however, a marked tendency of late to rely rather on a keen sense of anticipation and a quick eye. Though these two attributes contribute largely to the success of a player they can only give maximum results when allied to proper foot movement.

Play is slowed up and golden opportunities lost when a player has her weight on the wrong foot. The player who is correctly poised can cover a surprising amount of ground without the slightest effort.

It is a common failing to-day for a woman player to stand flatfooted, thus occasioning a slight stumble. Though this player actually reaches the ball, that ungainly start will, in all probability, leave her in the wrong position for the next movement.

There are those, too, who go to the other extreme. At an important tennis match recently I was amazed to see a well-known player standing on the very tip of her toes to receive a service and then standing like the Rock of Gibraltar when delivering her own service.

To receive on tip-toes means readjustment of position should the ball be out of reach and even this delay, slight as it may appear, can make all the difference in a well-placed, firmly hit return, and one that just gets over the net for the opposing player to treat as she wills.

To serve with two feet flat on the ground is worthy only of an arrant beginner.

The first thing tennis players should be taught is to take full advantage of their height and reach. This can only be accomplished in serving by the quick transference of the weight from one foot to the other.

I have particularised in the matter of tennis because this example is still fresh in my mind, but footwork is equally important in any branch of sport, be it tennis, golf, swimming, cricket or hockey.

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 239 Collins Street, Melbourne, C1.

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# Jocelyn's RACING REVIEW

By "JOCELYN"

IT was, as is usually the case with Chelmsford Stakes day, a tough meeting. The successes of rank outsiders such as Serabite, 16 to 1, Turbine, at any old price, and Pretzel at twelves, left punters completely and literally at a loss.

Randwick looked its best after the recent showers, and an attendance of 26,000 would seem to indicate that the good days of the turf are returning. A cold westerly, however, made conditions anything but pleasant for those who ventured out without their winter wraps. One missed the familiar band music on the lawn, despite an occasional selection through the amplifiers.

The racing broadcast on the course was a great boon to many who find it difficult to follow the fortunes of their fancies with eyes untrained to picking out colors from a distance.

Only three races on the programme throw any light on the important events just ahead of us at Randwick, Caulfield and Flemington.

The Tramway Handicap brought to light a dark horse for the Epsom in Jack King's Turbine, one of the outsiders of the field, which snatched victory at the post from Shakuni by a head.

The surprises of the race were the utter failure of Bronze Hawk (Epsom favorite) to pace it with the field, and Dermid, who was unlucky to be galloped on and injured during the race. Turbine clipped a fraction of a second off the Australasian record for 7 furlongs.

LAST week I foretold that the great New Zealand mare, Silver Scorn, would provide the wherewithal for your Randwick race frocks before Epsom Day, and, judging by her display in the Chelmsford Stakes, my prophecy will soon be realised. After tailing the field all the way to the straight entrance, Silver Scorn came right round the bunch with a terrific burst and only failed by a neck and a half to land the prize money.

In carrying his burden of 9.8 to victory,

Thank goodness my editor did not ask me to give a few tips for last Saturday's meeting at Randwick.

Those who picked a winner, apart from the Hurdle Race, can consider themselves lucky indeed.

the Newcastle horse, Rogilla, showed what a classy customer he is. All weights and distances are alike to this chestnut champion. Topical, the Metropolitan favorite, appeared to have the race at his mercy at the distance, and will not lose many supporters in the Metropolitan by his display.

The Spring meeting will be continued this Saturday Rosehill will be the scene of action. The course is a splendid one, means of transit by rail or motor are cheap and handy.

Given fine weather, a great crowd should be there to see the "Guineas," generally regarded as giving a pretty good line on the Derby candidates.

All the best three-year-olds will be seen under silk, including a couple of Victorian champions in Wheriko, Break Up, and Rapsonia. The form of Shakuni on Saturday, however, indicated that the Brazen colt will take no end of beating.

Rogilla heads the weights for the Spring Handicap of 11 furlongs, but more than likely his owner will not ask him to carry this burden. Two other winners of Saturday last are in the field, Pretzel and Regal Son, also Maitdale, who ran second to Pretzel in the Spring Handicap, and the winner should come from one of these.

Perhaps the greatest attraction of the day will be the re-appearance under colors of Peter Pan, the public idol, who will contest the Hill Stakes (w.f.a.) over one mile. Even if he were back to his form of last year the Melbourne Cup winner would be no certainty in this, which, on paper, looks a match between Chatham and Silver Scorn.

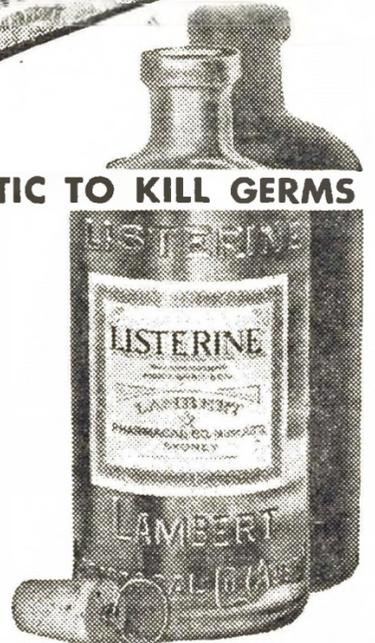
Good as the topweight is, I expect to see the lilac jacket and yellow sleeves of the New Zealand mare first past the post.

## THIS PASTE TO CLEANSE AND POLISH



## THIS ANTISEPTIC TO KILL GERMS

Listerine  
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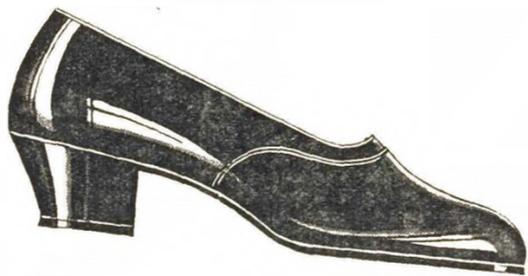
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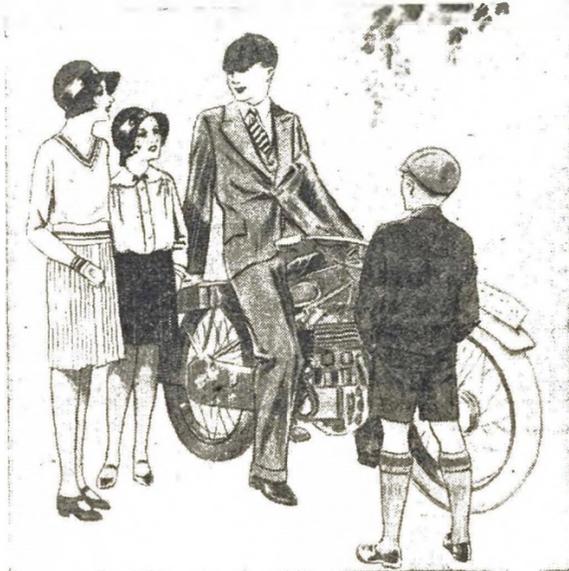


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## 7'9, 8'6 Golf Shirts 6'3

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## Boys' 3'9 Golf Hose 2'6

Save 1/3 on every pair of these Boys' Hose! Made from all pure wool in grey, black, marl with fancy turn-over tops. Sizes to fit 12 to 8 shoe. Usually priced at pair, 3'9. Now offered at only 2'6



Boy's and Youths'

## 7'11 Oxford Shoes 6'11

Save on Boys' and Youths' Tan or Black Yearling Calf Oxfords! Excellent fitting shapes, quality uppers, stout leather insoles and Crepe Rubber soles and heels. Sizes 10 to 13. Usually 7'11 to 8'9. Now priced at 6'11 and 7'11, according to size.

## 22'9, 24'9 School Boots 11'9

Some Half and some less than Half Price! The famous Hansman's School Boots in Tan Calf or Black Box Calf. Quality Shoes that will give no end of service! Excellent fitting shapes; genuine welted soles. Sizes 10 to 5. Us. 22'9, 24'9. Pair, 11'9

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