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A Christmas Tree at Windsor

By ALAN JENKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

FOR three weeks it had rained. It was the third week of December, 1841. At Windsor crowds of people lined the walls and the Park, peering hopefully through the railings. For hours they had stood there, coughing and sneezing in the most desolate fashion. From time to time the crowd grew impatient, and shouted: "The Prince of Wales! Show us the baby prince!"

And when, for a few short minutes, the rain held off, they were rewarded. Two nurses, preceded by a stern-looking gentleman in a tall hat, were seen pushing a perambulator, heavily screened and frilled, upon the terrace. The good people of Windsor and Eton cheered huskily and, their loyalty demonstrated, turned, shivering, to go home.

As they drifted down the cobbled hill, a murmur of astonishment went up. A woodman's cart came trundling up the hill. In it were several uprooted fir trees. The cart entered the gates of the Castle and disappeared.

"Now what d'ye make of that? Ain't there enough trees in the Great Park to keep Her Majesty in firewood for a hundred years?"

"Don't you know? They are Christmas trees. His Royal Highness had one brought all the way from Germany last year."

"A German tree? Are our English trees not good enough? Well, what does he propose to do with it? Eat it?"

"Indeed, no. He sets it up in the drawing-room. He hangs the branches with gifts and toys, and sprinkles sugar upon them to resemble snow."

"H'm. I don't care to imagine what the Dean will think of it. It seems a heathenish business to me."

"But it is for the sake of the children, my pet. In Germany they dance round the lighted tree. The sight is said to be very touching and agreeable . . ."

It was a month of excitement and celebration at Windsor. Tradesmen were observed calling at the Castle with increasing frequency. There was Mr. Adams, the butcher. All his customers knew what the Castle was going to have for Christmas dinner. The whisper went round: "A baron of beef! Turned the scale at two hundred and fifty pounds, Adams says. Four feet by two! They are to eat it cold. Both Her Majesty and H.R.H. prefer a cold cut off the joint . . ."

Busier still was Mr. Mawditt, the Queen's confectioner. He had not only done all the catering for the Royal Ball in Windsor Town Hall the other night, but he was to provide all the furnishings for the tree—that mysterious Christmas Tree which was causing so much gossip all over the country.

December 23: "Her Majesty and H.R.H. took their usual walking exercise." But to-day, a thousand eyes noted, Victoria did not once look up into her husband's face. It could not be concealed; there had been a quarrel.

Albert had been up to London to see to one or two practical matters at Buckingham Palace. Though you would never have known it from his military impassiveness, he was in a mood of extreme irritability.

"I cannot understand it, Vicky. It seems quite impossible to get anything done in this country."

"Hush, Albert. You'll wake Bertie."

Albert began to pace nervously about the room. "All I wanted to do was have the windows cleaned. They are disgracefully dirty. Indeed, the whole Palace is in a frightful state. Must the Queen of the greatest Empire in the world live in such Dreck?"

"Albert, dear, it's very simple. You have only to instruct the Lord Chamberlain——"

He drew a deep breath. "The Lord Chamberlain, I find, is responsible only for the inside of the windows."

"Indeed?" Victoria lay back on the sofa to rest. She tired quickly since her recent confinement. "How strange! Still, it's better to have half a clean window than none at all, isn't it?"

"Vicky, you're not serious?"

"I don't think windows are so very important. They certainly are not worth quarrelling about." Her brows met in a little frown. She raised herself on one elbow. "But it's interesting, Albert. I wonder who is supposed to clean the outside?"

"For some reason which I personally am quite unable to fathom," he snapped, "one has to apply to the Department of Woods and Forests."

"Woods and Forests?" she cried. Then, seeing his solemn face, she began to giggle helplessly.

"I was not aware that I had made a joke," he said evenly.

"But, Albert, it's so funny! Don't you see how funny it is? The Woods and Forests Department is not allowed to clean the inside of the windows, and the poor Lord Chamberlain——"

"It is certainly ridiculous," he said gruffly. "But I should not have called it a laughing matter. I have no patience with confusion, slackness, inefficiency, lack of method——"

Please turn to page 4

Their voices echoed softly through the vast hall, with its mellow candle-light.

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A Christmas Tree at Windsor

SUDDENLY she was the Queen. Victoria's expression changed. "Albert, please," she said. But his anger was up. Several tiffs had begun this way. She knew what his next words would be.

"It was not so in Coburg."

"It was not so in Coburg," she mimicked. "We know, dear Albert, in Coburg everything was done properly, everything was spotlessly clean, nothing ever went wrong — and I dare say nobody ever knew what it was to be young or to throw back his head and laugh."

"England is still strange to me," he muttered. "I am still regarded as a foreigner. Almost every week I read cruel and ill-mannered attacks on myself in a journal which I understand is meant to be humorous."

"Whenever I ride to hounds, all eyes are on me to see if I am a true sportsman. They criticise my German style of riding. They were amused— I might almost say pleased— when I was thrown at Slough last summer."

"Dear Albert, that is unfair." Victoria sat up and made as if to rise from the sofa. He flew instantly to her and helped her to her feet. Leaning on his arm, she walked over to the window. They stood there, looking out upon the misty bleak terrace and the gardens that Albert himself had designed. Fine rain hissed against the panes.

"Why, you have been invited to hunt with the Belvoir!" she went on. "Do you know what an honor that is? You must not imagine that people want to hurt you. If you expect to be badly treated, you will be treated so. That is human nature."

"My wise little wife!" A smile hovered around his lips. Believing that the crisis had passed, Victoria gave a little sigh of relief.

"You must smile more, Albert. You must be gay, even when you do not feel it. Dear Albert, I am much gayer than you!"

"Gaiety comes easily to you, Vicky. It is in your —" He was going to say "family," meaning the pleasure-loving Hanoverians, especially certain wayward uncles of whom he disapproved. But instead he said "in your nature," and looked with mingled perplexity and tenderness at her. She was so young, so full of health and animal spirits! Perhaps she found him dull; perhaps young Lord Elphinstone, for whom she had shown such a fancy three years ago, would have made her a better husband. Poor young Lord Elphinstone: he had been packed off to India to be Governor of Madras.

"You must never let our people see that they make you feel uncomfortable," she said urgently. "They take you as they find you, and if they find you solemn and severe—"

Continued from page 3

"They are so superficial!" he burst out angrily. "They judge everyone and everything by appearances and prejudices! They have no Deutsches Herz, no German heart, that seeks to find something beyond a man's clothes and manners and customs—"

"Dear Albert, you deceive yourself utterly." Losing her patience she thrust away his arm. "If you cannot make yourself at home here, I think you had better go back to Coburg."

"There are times when I should be most happy to do so!" he flared.

For an instant there was a look of terror in her eyes. Fear of having goaded him too far; the unthinkable prospect of losing his regard; the momentary confession that she loved more than she was loved. She turned quickly and went unassisted to the door. Over her shoulder she called, "Excuse me. I have some matters to attend to."

Left alone, Albert stood by the window staring gloomily at the rain. Rain, always rain, long steel bars of it. Depression settled firmly upon him, and grew into a gnawing homesickness.

HE was thinking of another castle, at Rosenau, in Coburg, where he had spent his childhood. It seemed to him that the sun had always shone in Rosenau, and that the Rhine had never been so sad a river as the foggy Thames. Obeying an overwhelming impulse, he sat down at a little writing-desk by the window and began a letter to his brother Ernst.

"My eyes fill with tears as I think of my dear Fatherland," he began. He paused, then crumpled the paper. Come, this would never do. He tugged the bell-pull. A knock at the door as a footman appeared. Prince Albert sent for his private secretary. Work was the best medicine.

"The distribution of Christmas gifts to the poor of Windsor and Eton," he said. "We must ensure that everything goes smoothly." He turned over the letter he had begun to Ernst, and with business-like speed began to jot notes on the back.

"It is all prepared, Your Royal Highness. Every man and woman will receive four pounds of beef, two pounds of bread, a pound of plum pudding, a peck of potatoes, and two pints of ale."

The Prince nodded approval. "And the children?"

"They will be given half these amounts, sir, also a bag of sweets."

"Excellent. Have we been able to give them a Christmas fire in their grates? I fear that the supplies of fuel have been delayed by the floods —"

"Each family will get a sack of coals, Your Royal Highness."

"There is enough for all?"

"Plenty, sir." The secretary bowed and withdrew.

Twilight crept towards Windsor Castle like a rain of grey ashes. Servants came to light the lamps. Albert stood motionless for a moment, fending off melancholy thoughts. Then he seemed to take a decision. He went to the Queen's apartments and knocked softly on the door. Would he find her in tears—or laughing at him?

"She is angry with me," he thought. "She doesn't answer." Cautiously he turned the handle and peeped in. The room was empty and in darkness, except for a flickering light from the leaping flames in the grate. He called "Vicky!"

No sound but the crackling of logs in the fire, and the wail of his new-born son in the nursery. Bertie's bedtime — of course. Albert advanced a step or two, timidly. He had never before been quite alone in Victoria's room. It was a strange and moving experience. He heard the nurse's voice, softly singing; Bertie wailed no more. He lit a taper, and looked around Victoria's room. She had already begun to decorate it for Christmas. There was holly and mistletoe, and—an unfamiliar shape in a niche beside the hearth. It gave him a momentary shock. He imagined it was a human figure, hooded and swathed in black, motionless and silent, watching him. Then he guessed; smiled with delight, and smiling, retreated from the room.

What he had seen was Victoria's Christmas tree, which she was preparing for him. A childlike excitement swept through him. He hurried across the corridor to his own rooms. Here, similarly hidden, was his own Christmas tree, which he was decorating for her.

As he opened the door he heard her gasp softly, "Albert!"

"Vicky, my dear." In the dim light he could see only her silhouette.

"Albert, I am sorry."

"The Queen is sorry?" he asked ironically.

"Your wife is sorry, Albert. I said things that must have hurt you."

"We both said things, Vicky. Not very grave things, but— I am sorry too." He took her in his arms.

"Oh, Albert! Why do we always behave so strangely at Christmas?"

But he was not listening. His eyes, striving in the darkness, were upon the little Chinese screen behind which his tree for her was hidden. His voice came sharply, "Vicky! You peeped!"

Please turn to page 39

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS



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No Tower of Strength

Kay told herself that somewhere there existed a man who was capable, efficient, and reliable. But he persistently failed to cross her path.

By Rosalie F. Wilson

LETTING herself into the flat, Kay Farnum groped for the light switch next to the door. The room sprang into light, and Kay heaved a sigh of relief, dumped the bundle of groceries on the couch, and collapsed next to them.

She took off her shoe, rubbing her aching foot reflectively. "Men," she said in disgust, and scaled the shoe across the room. "The stronger sex," she said grimly, and hurled the other shoe.

To-morrow they expected the cast would come off Hazel's foot and she would be able to hobble around again, and Kay could stop the long subway ride to and from Hazel's remote outer suburb every night.

"Mike's so helpless," Hazel said, with an indulgent sigh. "It would have made things so much simpler if it had been Mike's metatarsal."

Kay was inclined to agree, with reservations. Substitute neck for metatarsal and you had something almost sensible. There was nothing wrong with Mike as far as Hazel was concerned. He adored her. He was as good to her as he could be on his moderate salary.

There was a tap at the door, and Kay groaned. It sounded again, louder, and Kay made a hurried tidying up and padded across the room in her stockinged feet. She opened the door.

The man smiled engagingly at her. "I hate to bother you, but I seem to have locked myself out. It was on account of the garbage," he added apologetically.

Kay blinked. "It was?"

"Well, yes. You see, I came out to dump it down the incinerator, and I thought the latch was off, but it wasn't, and that I could get back in, but I couldn't."

"That's a shame," Kay said idiotically.

"I tried to get the superintendent to open the door, but he had gone to the pictures, and, well, I seem to be locked out."

Kay wondered what she was supposed to do.

"Look," he said, "don't you know me?"

"Should I?"

"I live in the apartment next door," he told her. "And there's a little balcony connecting our windows on the court. I wondered whether you'd open my window, it's unhooked, and unlatch the door, or if you'd let me through your place to do it myself."

Kay eyed him searchingly. He didn't look familiar, but then she had never actually looked at any of the other tenants on the floor.

"How do I know that you really are the man next door?" she asked reasonably.

"I never thought of that," the young man said ruefully. "I could get the super to introduce us, but he went to the pictures." He looked embarrassed. "I told you that." He went through the pockets of his slacks and withdrew his hands, empty. "Not a credential," he said.

"You could go down to the bar at the corner," Kay suggested coolly, "and wait for him to come back."

"But I couldn't," the man said. "I was pressing a shirt, and the iron's on it. It's getting hotter by the minute."

Kay looked undecided. He could live next door, of course, in which case she was being silly not to open his door for him, but if he didn't, she'd be even sillier to do it.

"Look," he said, taking a deep breath, "my name is Trent, Corley Trent. And I've thought of a way. Do you happen ever to be brushing your teeth at seven-thirty in the morning?"

"Regularly," Kay informed him loftily. "My mother was very strict about it."

"Listen," he said. He threw back his head, inhaled purposefully, and bellowed, "When your heart's on fi-i-i-ire." The "fire" was off-key.

Kay pulled the door open. "Come in." The voice would have been more familiar to the accompaniment of running water, but she would have known that "fire" anywhere.

He advanced into the room, loped unhesitatingly across to the window that opened on the tiny balcony, and clambered out.

Kay sank back on the couch.

The curtains parted again almost immediately and the dark head reappeared. "Many thanks," he shouted.

"Think nothing of it," Kay said.

The head vanished.

Kay gathered up the groceries and carried them across to the kitchenette. This, now, was a good example of what she meant. It was the kind of thing Mike would be likely to do. Or even Mr. Kennicott, her boss.

Whoever, she wondered scornfully, had invented the myth that men were the stronger, more reliable sex and women the fragile, helpless ones? When Hazel, short and a lightweight, had the use of two feet, she could manage a house, two exuberant children, and a hat shop, with one hand tied behind her, while that giant Mike loomed Gibraltar-like in the background. But as soon as she broke one small bone in her foot, the whole fabric of her life collapsed.

Mike was reduced almost to gibbering idiocy with worry. And so, each day, after a tough session at her job as secretary for a well-known perfumer, Kay went out to their home, fed and bathed the children, tidied the house, made Hazel comfortable, and caught the train back to the city.

Somewhere, Kay told herself wistfully before she fell into exhausted sleep, there existed a man who was capable, efficient, and reliable —a tower of strength, and a monument of dependability . . .

At six o'clock the next evening Kay's buzzer sounded. She opened the door.

"Corley Trent," Corley Trent said.

Kay sighed. "You'd better take that lock off and use a simple hook and eye."

For a minute he looked puzzled, and then he threw back his head and laughed. It had a nice, ringing sound. "I'm not locked out now. I came over to thank you for helping me last night and to ask whether you'd have dinner with me."

"Nice," Kay said, "but not strictly necessary. You don't owe me a thing."

"I owe you a shirt. It only scorched a little in the back. No one will ever know if I remember to keep my jacket on. You haven't eaten."

Kay admitted she had not, and a half-hour later they were dining together and Kay had learned a number of things, including the fact that Corley Trent was witty and amusing, and that he had come from a small town not thirty miles from her own.

"Hey," Corley said, "this is fun. Let's do it often."

"I'm pretty busy," she stalled.

"All this week?"

Kay hesitated, considering. He was fun. Maybe he wasn't just another charming screwball. One swallow didn't make a summer. One incident didn't prove a thing. Still . . .

"I'm afraid so," she said regretfully.

At this stage the waiter presented the bill.

Corley reached into his pocket, withdrew his hand with a puzzled frown, felt quickly through the other pockets, and looked foolishly embarrassed.

"It's in your other slacks."

"You must be psychic."

You didn't have to be psychic, Kay thought. Not when your father was an addlepated charmer who always left theatre tickets in his other suit after they had driven sixty miles to the show.

Kay Farnum reached for her purse . . .

She arrived at the office early the following morning and went through the usual routine of carrying the mail into Mr. Kennicott's private office.

Corley hadn't even mentioned her paying for the dinner when he had brought her home. Probably he had just overlooked it, though, she thought swiftly. A man who locked himself out of his apartment and left his wallet in his other suit when he took you to dinner wasn't, couldn't be, any memory expert.

She straightened the blotter and tore yesterday's page from the daily calendar. This was Wednesday, September 28.

The date sprang at her. It was her birthday. Her twenty-fifth. Time was rushing by like an express through a local station, and Kay had the feeling that life was passing her with it.

She shook her head wonderingly. A quarter of a century. With what to show for it?

If it was her birthday, it was Mr. Kennicott's fifteenth wedding anniversary. She would have to remind him about it. She ordered roses sent to Mrs. Kennicott, and telephoned Mr. Kennicott's jewellers and arranged for Mr. Johnson to bring up a selection of bracelets just before lunch.

The outer office was filling up now, and there was a buzz of noise and laughter.

"Good morning, Miss Farnum."

Kay smiled up at Mr. Kennicott, who looked spruce and jaunty as he passed through to his office.

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ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP



"I'd love Alaska," Kay said, promptly visualising a team of huskies drawing her and Corley across the snow.

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Gracie Lindsay

By A. J. CRONIN



Fighting back her fear under Robert's trusting gaze, Gracie urged the boat on desperately.

DRAMATIC CONCLUSION OF THIS SERIAL

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

THE dinghy moved smoothly back towards the houseboat. Daniel rowing, apothecary Hay in the stern, silent and impenetrable, holding the rudder cords as though they were strings of destiny.

He appeared to take no notice whatever of the boy Robert, who sat as silent and withdrawn as the apothecary himself. Certainly he took none of Daniel.

His gaze was bent, with unblinking, saturnine intensity, upon a distant point of the compass. His lips, turned down, wore a slight smile of contempt. He had the air, oblivious and stoic, of an early pagan being ferried across the Styx.

Daniel, on the other hand, was in a piteous state of flutter. He dared not ask a single question, knowing his friend's irreverent tongue, for fear of startling the boy. But what he read in Hay's face did little to reassure him.

Nor when they reached the houseboat had he the opportunity to inquire the facts, for the druggist, in a loud voice, immediately demanded tea.

Hay was a prodigious tea-drinker. He absorbed the beverage in slow, gurgling draughts, each followed by a satisfied "ah!" much as a confirmed toper might relish his liquor after a prolonged period of drought. And to-night he drank six cups.

He ate heartily, too, working his way solidly through all that Daniel placed before him. But at last he was finished. He put down his empty cup and lay back in his seat.

"Well," he declared, as though becoming aware of Daniel for the first time, "you're not such a bad cook after all."

There was an inflection in the remark so dry, so withering, that Robert, at least, seemed to find it funny. All through the meal he had been staring at the druggist with wide, appraising eyes, finding in Hay's ironic composure something to admire, something which matched his own caustic outlook. Now he laughed, no mere spasm of his tight-drawn little face, but a shrill twitter of amusement.

Hay turned slowly, recognising the boy at last. Actually, no introduction could have been happier — nothing gratified the chemist more; there was no surer road to his favor than the spontaneous appreciation of his sardonic jokes.

"So this is him?" he said to Daniel after a lengthy period of inspection.

"Yes, this is Robert," Daniel answered.

"I'll say this much for him." Hay delivered the judgment with due approval. "He's not much to look at. But he seems to have a head on him."

This pronouncement, so unexpected and so flattering, had the effect of making Daniel quiver with pride. For a moment he forgot his burning anxiety to have news of Gracie.

"There isn't a lot of him—yet."

"Stand up, boy," said the druggist, "and let's have a peek at you. Mmh! Ay, ay. Just as I thought. He's got the rickets."

"But something can be done about it?" Daniel said hastily. "I've been thinking it over and I fancied maybe that a leg-iron . . ."

"Leg-iron! Fiddle-de-dee!" the druggist interrupted. His tone was professional, scornfully pitying Daniel's ignorance. "D'you want to murder the boy? No, no, if I had my way o't, they'd put no iron near him but liquor ferri perchloc. He needs milk, cod-liver oil, and fresh air. Don't believe me if you don't want to. I don't care."

"You think they'll be able to put him right?" Daniel inquired anxiously.

"They!" said the druggist with an ironic laugh. "I know nothing about your 'they's.' All I know is that I could put him right in twelve months if I had the handling of him." He gazed hard at Robert. "Do you believe me, boy?"

"Yes," Robert muttered. "Only I'm fine the way I am."

Hay nodded, approving the sturdy independence behind the remark.

"We would get to know each other brawly if we had the chance, you and me," he declared. "Away to bed, now, that's a good boy. I've something to say to your friend Nimmo that'll not bear keeping."

WHEN Robert had gone, or rather when Daniel had returned from seeing him into his bunk, Hay pressed the tips of his fingers together with grim complacency.

"That boy has taken to me. Did you catch how he hung on every word I said?"

"Yes, yes," Daniel answered in a passion of anxiety and haste. "But tell me about Gracie. Can't you see I'm dying to hear what's happened?"

Hay smiled darkly.

"I can soon put you out of your pain. She says she's not coming till later. But if I'm any judge she's not coming at all."

"But why?" Daniel stammered. "Why is she not coming?"

Hay gave his short, derisive laugh.

"Listen to me, my fine man, if you're anxious to hear the news. At one o'clock this afternoon, just as I was starting to put up my shutters for the half-day, your friend Gracie came round to my premises in a regular rush and asks me if I'm taking my usual trip to the boat this afternoon.

"When I told her I was going down for an hour she says, 'Will you take a message to Daniel Nimmo?' 'Well,' I says, looking her up and down, 'that all depends. I might and then again I mightn't.' 'It's to say I cannot manage to get to the boat until seven o'clock this evening.' 'Indeed,' says I, cool as you please."

Maddeningly he paused, then went on: " 'Yes,' says she, 'I've to go to Ardfillan, rather unexpectedly, but I'll be at the boat, seven o'clock, for certain.' 'I see,' says I, giving her another look. 'Well, I'll be going up the Loch this afternoon. And by the same token I will tell him.' 'Thank you, Mr. Hay,' says she. Then, before I could say another word, out the shop she went."

There was a pause. Daniel stared at Hay, the consternation gradually fading from his eyes.

"Seven o'clock," he said. "It's awkward; it'll keep me late; but it's not too bad."

Hay said slowly: "You know, of course, whom she'd gone with to Ardfillan?"

Daniel shook his head.

"She's gone with Frank Harmon."

"But, surely . . ." Daniel gasped.

"And Harmon," Hay continued relentlessly, "has just cleared his desk for a six weeks' trip to Spain. He sails on the Andalusia from Ardfillan Pier to-night."

Daniel swallowed dryly.

"How can you know all this?"

"I know most things that are happening in Levenford," Hay answered with a certain smugness. "Harmon's clerk was in my shop last Monday. And he told me something more."

"What?" Daniel whispered.

"When Harmon booked his passage through the agency he took not one ticket but two."

There was a long, a frozen silence. The druggist, gazing over the top of Daniel's head, brought a stick of licorice from his pocket.

"The weather," he remarked, "is going to change. I smell rain coming over from the Ben. And wind."

Daniel scarcely hea[rd] Gracie! Gracie! he kept cry[ing] lately, in his heart. How co[uld] treat me like this? And yet, [in] the evidence which Hay h[ad] duced, he could not, no, h[e] not believe that she would fai[l]

When the druggist had gone, after six o'clock, to catch the fast train from Markinch, he took a seat on the stern of the boat and in the last low gleam of color from the western sky searched the hazy beach with straining, anxious eyes.

. . . . . .

At half-past four that afternoon, Harmon and Gracie had returned from the regatta to the lounge of the Ardfillan Pier Hotel. Harmon was seated at a small table by the window with a whisky and soda before him, while Gracie, stretched on the adjoining sofa, was drinking a cup of tea, trying to ease the throbbing of her head.

Her migraine had begun at lunch after Harmon had insisted on ordering champagne—which always upset her—and it had continued all the afternoon when, seated with Frank in the mass of people upon the pier, surrounded by shouting, excited spectators, deafened by the brass music from the merry-go-rounds of the fair-ground behind, she had endeavored to see, to enjoy the regatta.

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Adventuress at Large

SPARKLING TWO-PART SERIAL BY MARGERY SHARP



ILLUSTRATED BY KEITH DALGLEISH

THE Fort Flag Hotel was not the sort of place in which Professor and Mrs. Brocard were usually to be found. It was outrageously expensive, and Brocard's salary did not permit extravagance; it was also rather brazen in its display of luxury, and attracted a clientele rather brazen in the display of wealth.

The big garage was full of new cars, the evening dresses on the terrace before dinner came from Paris; while the two cocktail-bars were so perpetually crowded that many guests (Mrs. Brocard calculated) must have doubled their bills for accommodation by their bills for drinks.

In short, the whole place, in post-war England, was a financial phenomenon only to be explained by the fact that very few guests, besides the Brocards themselves and their friend Charles Harbin, ever paid a second visit.

Each summer the beautiful ladies and their sleek escorts, the stout matrons, often with children, but husbandless save at the week-end—each summer all these characters looked the same, but were in fact different: it was as if a fixed sum of loose spending-money annually changed hands.

"No doubt they all prey upon one another," observed Professor Brocard placidly. "A primitive sort of existence . . ."

The Brocards, however, had to be careful. Their budget allowed only beer for the Professor, while his wife, because he left her alone all day, was awarded a sherry before dinner.

The reason Janet Brocard was left alone was also the reason why they stayed at the hotel: it adjoined one of the best golf courses in the country, and Brocard, who, in his youth, had been runner-up for the Amateur Championship, still boasted in his fifties a handicap of one. Charles Harbin had a handicap of three.

Each morning the two men set out to play eighteen holes before lunch (a frugal snack of sandwiches, to save expense) and eighteen after; and this annual three weeks' orgy was the great indulgence of the Professor's life.

But his wife did not play, and though he was frankly glad of it, Brocard felt it only fair that she should be indulged also; hence the splendors of the Fort Flag, which provided her, as Janet herself was first to agree, with a thorough change.

And indeed she found the peaceful, idle, uninterrupted days very agreeable. Her normal life was almost too full: she ran a house single-handed, coached half a dozen history students, and took a fair share in all university activities.

At the Fort Flag, with nothing to do but look on, Janet Brocard's alert and uncantankerous mind found perpetual amusement, while her body took a good rest.

She swam, just a little, and walked, just a little, and worked a little at her gros point—or, at any rate, held it on her knee, for this gay piece of needlework, into which scarcely a stitch was put save at the hotel, there became one of her greatest assets. It provided her, so to speak, with a character: she was the "lady who did embroidery."

Janet did not at all want to be known as the "lady who wrote about Merovingians," and though the positive fact might never come out, she could not help looking suspiciously clever: the bright wools in her lap, the thimble on her finger, saved her from the stigma of being a highbrow and attracted nothing but goodwill.

"What patience!" approved her fellow guests. "How beautifully you do it!"—and passed benevolently on into the bars. The young were particularly enthusiastic: they liked to see a middle-aged woman so suitably and contentedly employed.

"I wish my mother did that," observed one semi-naked nymph, pausing to lean a smooth brown thigh against Janet's chair. The parent in question, hardly more fully clad, was even then hooting impatiently in the family sports car.

"It's a hobby for old age," explained Janet kindly. "I've only just taken to it myself . . ."

Each evening, after the Professor and Charles Harbin had described to Janet all that had happened on the golf course, Janet in turn described all that had happened in the hotel.

The two men—Brocard was a geologist, and Harbin an authority on vegetable pests—listened with interest and surprise.

They also listened with admiration; for even on the first night of a stay Janet could supply more information than either male, industriously, would have gathered in a month.

"This year," reported Janet, accepting her pre-dinner sherry on the terrace, "we've a beauty queen. She's the most beautiful typist in South-west England, picked by the 'Daily Flash' from more than a thousand competitors. She's the one in the white play-suit."

"Healthy little creature," said Brocard. "Did they find out if she could type?"

"Certainly she can type. She can type ninety words a minute. A fortnight here was part of the prize, and that's the beauty editress, with blue hair, chaperoning her. But it's rather unlucky because we've also a film starlet, who is stealing her thunder. She's the one in yellow."

"I think I prefer the starfish," said Harbin.

"I don't see how you can distinguish," objected Brocard.

"She looks tidier."

"You mean more soignee," corrected Janet. "The man with her leads a dance band, and those are our celebrities. The rest are just run-of-the-mill—but I must say I think they're colorful."

The Professor, who always took his wife's opinions seriously, re-focused his attention from the particular to the general, and slowly turned his gaze from one end of the terrace to the other.

Janet, as usual, was right: under the colored umbrellas, more varied colors of clothing, skin, fabrics, and cosmetics shifted like a kaleidoscope.

A few of the guests had already changed for dinner; the rest wore shorts, beachwear or sarongs; and save for a couple of dinner-jackets the darkest tone discernible was the brilliant orange-tan of a man's sailcloth trousers. With a grunt of approval the Professor turned back to his wife.

"Yes," he said, "it's a bright paint-box . . . Have you brought your stripes?"

Janet laughed. Her striped dinner-dress appeared as regularly at the Fort Flag as did her embroidery.

"I'm going to change into it now," she said.

Before they went in they paused to watch, over the back of the terrace, the arrival of the hotel station-waggon. Only one guest had come by the late train: a solitary young woman in a dark travelling-coat. She had a good deal of luggage, and while it was unloading the Brocards saw her stand, as though taking her bearings.

In this there was nothing particularly strange. What was strange was the peculiar, the discriminating quality of the girl's glance.

They were the first three persons to come under the girl's eye; yet she did not appear to see them. Or rather she saw, and at the same instant dismissed them: her gaze travelled straight on, to the groups drinking outside the bar, to the starlet and the beauty queen, to a man in a beach-robe coming up the steps from the sea.

She took them all in; she assessed them; and the result seemed to afford her a moderate satisfaction. Then she entered the hotel.

I have been affronted, thought Janet Brocard.

It was some moments before she could see her resentment as absurd; but she was not used to being looked at, or not looked at, as though she was without any distinct existence. Nor had the incident been imaginary, for even her two companions, as a rule so little open to social impressions, were turning to each other faces of mild surprise.

"I wonder what that girl was looking for?" said Professor Brocard.

They were to know soon enough.

In the meantime, however, Janet, changing her dress, and receiving her husband's compliments, recovered her usual good temper; and they all settled as usual at the table farthest from the band.

All around them bottles of champagne protruded from buckets of ice, claret lay cradled in wicker, cocktails came on trays; but, though the Brocards' table was supplied with nothing but water, it received very pleasant service.

The hotel had a golfing tradition, which the presence of Harbin and the Professor (almost legendary figures on the course) reaffirmed; Janet's distinction was unmistakable, and, moreover, their cheques, though comparatively small, were never worthless.

"The manager's a very decent chap," announced Charles Harbin. "I've just met him, and he asked me to tell Janet that if she cares to use the little sitting-room upstairs, he'll be very pleased."

"But that's private!" protested Janet.

"He said he likes to have it used."

"On a wet day you'd find it convenient," said the Professor. "I call it extremely civil."

"The thing is, Janet reminds him of his better days," pronounced Harbin seriously.

It was very pleasant to be together at the Fort Flag again. They had a great deal to talk about. Brocard's university was in the north; Harbin worked in London. They knew each other's lives by hearsay.

Only over the ice did they fall into an

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easy silence. Pleasant, easy, and familiar, it was also brief. A fresh topic of conversation—which was also to be the main topic of their stay—even then approached across the hall. A waiter held the door. Coolly, taking her time, moving gracefully, the newest arrival entered.

It was at once apparent that she had at least two good reasons for being so late. In the first place, her toilet represented a full hour's work, and in the second, it would have been wasted on any but a full house.

Her dress, of paper-white chiffon, was strapless, almost bodiless; a minimum of drapery curved in two small shells over the bosom above a long, full, elaborately pleated skirt. The girl's very black, very silky hair fell just at the right angle in a half fringe on to her forehead.

One arm, from wrist almost to elbow, was fringed with bangles only brighter, not more golden, than her skin.

Thus she was all white and gold and black, save for the bow of crimson lipstick painted on her mouth; for her eyes, when she raised them, showed almost as dark as her hair.

"Dear me!" said Professor Brocard.

Janet looked at him affectionately. Every man in the room had contributed as it were his silent whistle; doubtless there were spoken — and outspoken — comments as well; but not one, Janet felt sure, so endearingly inadequate.

"Is that the girl we saw earlier?" asked Harbin. "Well, she's certainly very striking. But—do you think she looks quite right?"

Janet hesitated. She was very generous. The girl made an undeniably beautiful show, and one would not have thought it possible, in the dining-room of the Fort Flag, on a Saturday night, for a woman to appear overdressed.

The beauty queen had put on gold lame; the starlet twinkled from about fifty yards of shaded tulle. Many of the other women were jewelled to the limit of their husbands' credit. But none of these—and therein lay the difference—was alone. The girl should have had an escort. She presented, indeed, a mystery. Why was she alone?

When she raised those dark eyes it should have been not to a waiter, but to a protector. No woman, thought Janet, because though the code is old it is still valid, should appear so in public unprotected . . .

She became aware that Charles Harbin waited inquiringly. A simple man, a bachelor, he looked to Janet for all worldly wisdom.

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Lovely Tanya was a mystery. What had brought her to the gay holiday resort alone, unescorted?

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A COMPLETE SHORT STORY BY WALTER C. BROWN

Woman's angle on the case



ILLUSTRATED BY WYNNE W. DAVIES

DELLA heard the car pull up and roused from her half-doze in the big chair by the window. Yes, it was the black sedan—Captain Jim Wyatt's car. Dan was supposed to check out of the homicide office at midnight, but he hardly ever got away on time.

"He's an hour late already," Della thought, glancing at the clock. "And now he'll probably sit out there another hour with Jim Wyatt, hashing over that Hanson murder case.

Uncurling from her chair, Della got up, and paused at the wall mirror to touch the soft halo of chestnut hair that matched her eyes.

"Mrs. Daniel David Stafford," she said softly to her reflection in the glass. She still liked to hear herself saying that after five years of marriage.

Then she went out to the kitchen to start the coffee, which she never failed to have ready no matter how late it was when Dan came home.

Outside, the car door slammed and Della paused, listening. If there was only one slam, Dan would be coming in alone; if both doors slammed, it meant he was bringing Jim Wyatt in with him.

Both doors slammed and Della made a little grimace as she ladled extra coffee into the pot. They were going to drag that Hanson case into her lovely, shining kitchen. Probably they'd sit up until all hours and she'd have no chance to break the news to Dan about her new hat. That darling hat, hidden away for three days now, because this Hanson case had to break the very day she'd bought it.

Della hurried out to meet them in the front hall. "Hi, Dell!" Dan said, kissing her. "How about a cup of coffee for two beat-up bloodhounds of the law?"

"The coffee's already on the stove," Della announced, smiling at Jim Wyatt, the silver-haired captain of homicide.

"Della," Wyatt said apologetically, "I shouldn't come barging in on you at this hour of the night."

"It's no trouble, Captain Jim," Della answered. She smiled at her husband. "Dan, I can fix a quick snack—"

"Nothing to eat, honey," Dan said. "Just coffee—lots of coffee—while we give this Hanson business a final going-over. We're in a tough spot, Dell. We've got to file a charge against Hanson by to-morrow morning or turn him loose."

They went back to the kitchen, and there was a brisk scraping of chairs as they sat down in the breakfast nook. Dan already had the briefcase open, dragging out reports and a sheaf of large, glossy police photographs.

Della shuddered as she recalled some of the awful photographs that had been spread out on her immaculate table. But this Hanson affair, thank goodness, had no brutal angles, just a woman sitting dead in her car, leaning forward over the wheel, as if she had fallen asleep there. Carbon monoxide poisoning left no disfiguring marks, according to Dan.

The Hanson papers and photographs were already passing from hand to hand, making a litter in the centre of the table. From long habit, Della kept her eyes away from the police photographs. But she knew what all the people involved looked like, from the newspaper pictures.

Dark-haired, dark-eyed Margaret Hanson, the dead woman; good-looking Gilbert Hanson, her husband; blonde, baby-faced Francine Foley, the other woman. An old, old story, this Hanson case—a plain-faced woman married to a handsome man with a roving eye.

Della moved around the table, pouring the coffee, while the men's talk flowed on.

"Look, let's get this thing boiled down to its bones," Captain Jim was saying. "Mrs. Hanson takes the car, goes off to her woman's club meeting. At approximately 10.45 the meeting breaks up. Mrs. Hanson gets back into her car and starts for home. Up to that point we're dealing with certified facts. About what happened after that, we've only got Hanson's word.

"According to Hanson, he's home, reading the paper, listening to the radio. He falls asleep, wakes up near midnight, and his wife isn't back. He's worried; he takes a look around, sees the garage doors are shut instead of open. So he finds the car inside the garage, motor still running, and Mrs. Hanson lying across the wheel, dead."

Dan was stirring his coffee, his eyes narrowed and grim. "Yes, that's the way Hanson tells it. And there's nothing wrong with the story—not a thing—except that I don't believe a word of it! And neither do you, Jim."

Captain Wyatt tapped cigarette ash into his saucer. "So what, Dan? This Hanson's good-looking, nice voice, nice manners. He'll tell that yarn to the jury, wiping away a pathetic tear or two, and they won't even leave the box to bring in their verdict—Not Guilty!"

"There are only three angles on a death like this," Dan said. "Suicide, accident, or murder. And we can cross off suicide. The club members all say Mrs. Hanson was in a cheerful state of mind when she left the meeting. She'd made a luncheon date with two of the women for the next day."

"Well, Hanson can make out a pretty good case for accident," Wyatt went on. "Mrs. Hanson's health wasn't any too good. Some kind of heart trouble, with occasional fainting spells. As Hanson claims, she could have had one of her attacks on the way home, and just managed to reach the garage before she keeled over. And there was a brisk breeze that night—the garage doors could have blown shut on her."

"Yes, I know," Dan cut in. "And we have the medical examiner's report against us—not a mark, not a bruise on her." He waved his cigarette angrily. "But I still say it was murder! Hanson had been having trouble with his wife over that Francine Foley. His wife found out he'd been going around with her. And Mrs. Hanson had come into that money six months ago. Twenty-five thousand—cash."

Dan squashed his cigarette in the ashtray with an impatient twist. "Jim, I've grilled Hanson by the hour. He's slick and he's smooth, but I can smell the lie! This is a murder job! I don't believe Hanson found his wife dead in that garage. My money says Mrs. Hanson got home okay, put the car away, and went on into the house, as usual.

"Whatever happened then happened inside the house. Perhaps they quarrelled and the nervous excitement caused Mrs. Hanson to faint. Then Hanson sees his big chance, and grabs it. Instead of trying to revive her, he carries her out to the garage, puts her into the car, starts the motor, and shuts the garage doors behind him. A couple of minutes, and it's all over."

Captain Wyatt picked out the police photo of the death scene in the Hanson garage. "Okay, but how are you going to get around this picture? There she is, dressed as she came away from that club meeting. Same coat, same hat, same handbag and gloves—"

"And all placed there in the garage by Gilbert Hanson!" Dan cut in. "It wouldn't take him two minutes to put her coat and hat on her again, drop the handbag and gloves on the seat beside her."

"Here it is," she said, proudly displaying what had been intended as a great surprise.

"Sure," Captain Wyatt said. "And all we need to prove that is a signed confession from Hanson!"

Dan scowled, swallowing more coffee. "Yes, he's got us beaten. Not a single loophole in his story. We can't lay a finger on him unless we can prove that Margaret Hanson left that car and went into the house before she died."

"And that means we'd have to produce an eye-witness," Wyatt said. "Fat chance!"

Nursing her own cup between her hands, Della sat quietly, remote and unnoticed, listening to their talk, but letting the words flow in one ear and out the other. She had never had any desire to pry into the details of Dan's daily work.

Captain Jim dropped his hands palm down on the table. "Well, Dan, no use beating our heads against a stone wall. Let's face it—we're licked."

"Yes," Dan growled. "But I hate to see that scheming so-and-so get away with it." He lifted the briefcase and began sorting out the jumble of papers and photographs that lay in the centre of the table. One of the glossy prints slipped out of his fingers and slid towards Della.

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MY TRAVEL WARDROBE

By Gaby Morlay



MY TWO-FACED COCKTAIL or dinner dress of taffeta is demure in front but is bare at the back. The ground color is navy, striped with cyclamen, green, and violet. The belt and pagebay buttons are made of the navy taffeta.

I LOVE clothes, and I had a wonderful time designing and buying the materials for those I brought to Australia. They were made for me by my dressmaker in California.

To any girl travelling by air, I'd say choose your clothes so that you don't have overweight luggage. Travel is much simpler and less worrying if you keep within the weight allowed.

By choosing mainly lightweight cottons and silk taffetas I was able to keep within the 66lb. allowed and pack a full wardrobe into three pieces of nylon luggage.

Taffeta, in particular, packs to nothing, and if you use enough tissue-paper there are very few creases. Nylon underwear is, of course, the greatest weight-saver of all time.

In my three nylon suitcases I packed 12 nylon panties, four brassieres, two full slips, three half-slips, two nightgowns, one a shortie of white nylon, the other full-length in lightweight pink wool, with a dressing-gown to match.

I also put in four cocktail frocks and two evening dresses, eight casual summer dresses, one suit, three peasant blouses, two peasant skirts, one pair of lounging trousers, four tennis outfits, six pairs of nylon socklettes, 12 scarves, four handbags, two white fur jackets, one travelling coat, one sweater, one cardigan, and six pairs of stockings.

I found room for 12 pairs of shoes and a pair of slippers in gold elasticised thread.

I didn't have any hat problem, for I don't wear them. Instead of buying hats, I got myself a special Australian trip haircut. It's simple and easy to manage—a good thing for a girl who would rather watch tennis than sit under a blower.

Another wrinkle for girls on the wing is to have clothes that don't need much pressing. This applies even to my two evening gowns shown on the opposite page.

You'll see that I don't like fuss about my clothes or shoes.

All my shoes have toes and backs and inch-and-a-half baby louis heels. These are the rage back in the United States at the moment.

One reason I like plain clothes for myself is that I also like jewellery—and I guess I'm not telling anyone anything when I say that jewellery and fussy clothes just don't go together.

Having an all-year suntan, I like off-the-shoulder frocks and halter necks.

What else do I like? Well, shortie gloves, and always, always, neat waistlines.

My advice to those who like to design their own clothes is that a cute idea isn't enough. As well as being cute, it's got to be right for a girl of your height, weight, and measurements.

These are mine: Height, 5ft. 8in.; weight, 120lb.; bust, 36 inches; waist, 24 inches; hips, 35 inches.



RESTAURANT OR COCKTAIL DRESS of black silk satin has a four-gore skirt and self-covered belt. Skirt length is 14 inches from the floor. Because of its flare, I don't need crinolines under it.



PERFECT for a travel wardrobe is this all-purpose dress of almost uncrushable Indian cotton. I'll be wearing it both indoors and out, for, although the peg-topped skirt looks slim, a concealed centre-front slit gives room for walking.

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for the photographs on these pages. The clothes shown are those she designed specially to bring on her trip.



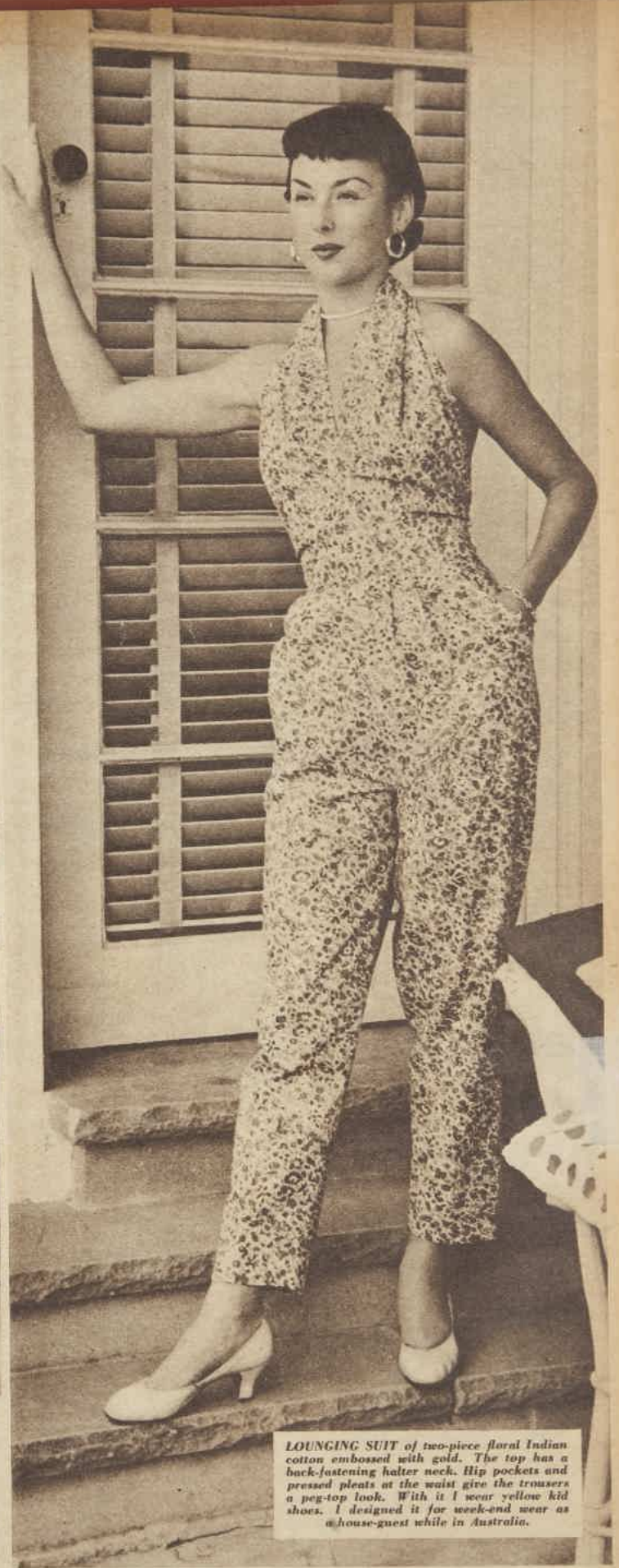
HYDRANGEA-BLUE taffeta ballerina. Rolled taffeta makes the tie at the waist. Under it I wear two frilly nylon slips. The material needed varies from two and a half to three yards, according to width. The shoulder-line can be pushed up or down.





SECOND EVENING GOWN (above) is of yellow taffeta. The folds across the bodice and hips mean that I have only to press the lower skirt when I unpack. The hip folds continue to the back in a fly-away bustle.

MY FAVORITE. Four and a half yards of turquoise taffeta make this formal evening gown (left). This is the sort of dress I love wearing after so much time in tennis clothes. It has a halter neck and back zip.



LOUNGING SUIT of two-piece floral Indian cotton embossed with gold. The top has a back-fastening halter neck. Hip pockets and pressed pleats at the waist give the trousers a peg-top look. With it I wear yellow kid shoes. I designed it for week-end wear as a house-guest while in Australia.

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OLD PEOPLE learn basket-making at Wesley House, which is run by the Port Adelaide Central Methodist Mission, S.A. Mr. William Stanford (left) is nearly blind. His friends are Mrs. Eliza Watson and Mr. James Quinlan.



MRS. ALICE ANNIE THORNBER, aged 86, is the oldest resident at Wesley House. With her is Matron L. V. Penny.

Church has its own clinic

Port Adelaide looks after its old people

By a staff reporter

The Central Methodist Mission at Port Adelaide, South Australia, which is in the charge of the Rev. Arthur McCutcheon, is believed to be the only church in the Commonwealth which conducts a health clinic as part of its activities.

AS well, the mission runs Wesley House, Semaphore South, an old people's home, and is appealing for funds to build a similar home to house 60 as a celebration of the centenary of the mission.

The appeal is for £15,000, of which £8500 has already been given or promised.

The mission also conducts a hostel for homeless men; a kindergarten for 45 children, who receive a midday meal; and Friday night youth clubs where girls study domestic science and boys do carpentry.

The public may obtain a hot three-course midday dinner at the mission for 2/6, and jumble sales are held at which clothes in reasonably good order can be bought cheaply.

A bright-hour afternoon attended by about 200 women is held fortnightly.

The Mabel McCutcheon Memorial Clinic at the mission gives chiropody or physiotherapy treatment to at least 350 people each week.

About 40 doctors send patients to the physiotherapy department. Aching and ill-used feet are their own eloquent ticket to a chiropodist's care.

In a large exercise-room there is a health bike, a health wheel (a real ship's wheel from one of the old River Murray paddle steamers), a wrist-bar, and a monkey ladder.

Physiotherapy cubicles are fitted with modern electrical medical apparatus.



COURAGEOUS Mrs. D. Derrick, mother of the late Lieut. Tommy Derrick, V.C., receives treatment from Sister Beatrice Harvey at the Mabel McCutcheon Health Clinic.

Sister Beatrice Harvey is in charge of physiotherapy. Mr. McCutcheon's daughter-in-law, Coralie McCutcheon, is her assistant.

There are two male chiropodists.

"Pensioners and widows receive free treatment at our clinic," Mr. McCutcheon explained. "Others pay according to their means. One hard-working woman, who had hardly a shilling to bless herself with, used to insist on paying us sixpence when she had it."

The clinic was started fifteen years ago by Mr. McCutcheon's late wife, who was a trained nurse and a physiotherapist. She had been a member of Queen Alexandra's Nursing Corps during World War I.

She set up her clinic in a room in a little cottage beside the mission church.

Mrs. McCutcheon's work was recognised by the bestowal of the M.B.E.

"I believe in decentralising old people's homes," Mr. McCutcheon told me, referring to the centenary appeal.

"Every district council should have such a home," he said. "Old people are happier where they have lived than if they are taken away from familiar scenes and faces.

"All our work is undenominational," he continued. "The 30 homeless men in our hostel have no religion so far as we know. They certainly don't attend our church.

"We receive no Government subsidy. The only way the Government helps us is by providing free freight for our parcels on trains, which, of course, is a help."

At the mission's bright-hour afternoons, "mystery" parcels are opened and prizes awarded for the best cakes, flowers, handwork, and remade garments.

Well-known artists are engaged to give items and community singing is enjoyed.

The enthusiastic singing is broadcast over one of the commercial stations.



GARDENER at Wesley House, Mr. Jim Mills, is aged 80. He was formerly a farmer and hopes to keep the home in vegetables.



MRS. VERA MACDONALD pays regular visits for treatment to the chiropodists at the Mabel McCutcheon Health Clinic.

"You, too, can be a Christmas Eve"



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with **NEUTRALISER BOOSTER**

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FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

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Flying padre's Christmas lasts 3 weeks



FLYING PADRE, Captain Victor Pedersen, of the Salvation Army, visits Father Richard Docherty, M.S.C., at the Catholic Mission at Port Keats. Captain Pedersen's monthly mission trips cover at least 1000 miles of North-west Australia.



OUTBACK MOTHER stands by Captain Pedersen's aircraft at Anthony's Lagoon. She is Mrs. Teece, whose eldest child does Sunday School lessons by correspondence from the Salvation Army headquarters in Melbourne.



PICNIC in the Botanical Gardens, Darwin, was organised by the Women's Home League. Members sold cakes and produce to picnickers to raise funds to aid Salvation Army work in the North-west.



DARWIN'S SALVATION ARMY BAND. The only brass band in the Northern Territory, it plays for many of the town's public organisations, and for celebrations. It has a good repertoire of Christmas carols.



TIMBER CREEK AIRSTRIP (above). Senior-Constable Tas Fitzer (left) and two natives with Mrs. Fitzer and Gordon Jeffs watch Captain Pedersen land in his Tiger Moth plane.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4388965

● ***Salvation Army padre Captain Victor Pedersen pilots a Tiger Moth plane around the vast North-west of Australia to keep in touch with his scattered parishioners. Christmas for him lasts three weeks. His first Christmas services were scheduled for Wyndham early in December. His programme after that included services at the Fanny Bay Gaol and the Leprosarium on Channel Island. Each year children in Darwin do without Christmas tree gifts so that they can send gifts to children at the Leprosarium.***



THE PADRE'S WIFE. Mrs. Pedersen with her husband. When he is away, Mrs. Pedersen gives religious instruction at Darwin's Public School, and accepts full responsibility for Salvation Army Corps activities in Darwin.



OUTBACK MOVIES (above). Aborigines gather to see a 16mm. film show put on at the Salvation Army Mission at Port Keats. Natives consider screenings great social occasions.



NATIVES in the Gulf of Carpentaria area paddle their canoes across the McArthur River to attend a service at Borroloola. Captain Pedersen screened films for them after the service.



SUNDAY SCHOOL at Pine Creek is conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Bentley. Captain Pedersen is due to give his final Christmas service at Darwin.

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Four Years Freedom from CATARRH and BRONCHIAL ASTHMA



Read this thrilling testimony written four years ago by Mrs. J. V. Pollett, a sufferer of Catarrh and Bronchial Asthma . . . "Seven years ago I lay in hospital under drugs, trying to get control of my Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh.

"Treatment seemed to do me no good, and I returned home to live a life of misery. At one stage, I spent no less than four months in bed.

"I used to fear the coming of night, because I knew I'd spend hours longing for sleep to rest me a little, yet, all night long, I coughed and coughed. I felt I would die unless I gained relief. Then one day I sent a friend to the chemist to ask for anything that might give me relief. She brought back a Lantigen pamphlet. Lantigen 'B' seemed just what I needed, and I bought my first bottle. In three weeks I was up and about again, and I have improved ever since. **I am full of energy where once I was dragged down. I can sleep well at night.** Instead of being propped up I just use ordinary pillows again. *I have no signs of Catarrh or Bronchitis, and I never have a headache.*"

To-day, Mrs. Pollett says not only is she well, but that she has *not had a recurrence of her Catarrhal and Bronchial trouble for over four years!* Here indeed is dramatic *proof* that Lantigen 'B' will not only relieve your complaint but will assist in promoting immunity against its return!

READ THESE PERSONAL, WRITTEN TESTIMONIES BY LANTIGEN USERS

If *you* suffer from a Catarrhal or Bronchial infection, then you *should* read these personal unsolicited letters written by grateful ex-sufferers who have proved the effectiveness of the simple treatment with Lantigen 'B.'

"Feel a New Man," says Mr. E.McK. "Lantigen 'B' is a marvellous treatment for Catarrh. I feel quite a new man. Have lost all dull headaches and dull feelings and take quite an interest in life again."

* * *

"Relief Almost Immediately" says Mrs. W.M. "I have been a sufferer from Bronchitis for a number of years and have tried all kinds of remedies without effect. I tried Lantigen 'B' and felt relief almost immediately."

* * *



All These Benefits. Breathing eases, sore, stuffed-up noses are freed, tight bronchial congestion soothed, heavy frontal headaches disappear, you sleep through the night without coughing—wake up rested and fresh.

"Nearly Blind with Catarrh" says Mr. J.D. "I have taken two bottles of Lantigen 'B' and got wonderful relief. My case was a bad one, I went nearly blind and lost my hearing—both nostrils were blocked up. Now my nose is clear and hearing back to normal."

* * *

"Recurrent Colds Curbed" says Mrs. M.C. "My elder son was never without a cold. Since taking Lantigen 'B' he has not had one cold."

* * *

"A God-send to Me" says Mrs. M.B. "I am now able to go to bed and sleep the whole night through without wakening around three o'clock stuffed up and getting no more rest the remainder of the night. It has been a God-send to me to learn of Lantigen 'B,' and for what it has done for me it is worth its weight in gold—mine being very stubborn, severe attacks of Bronchial Asthma."

* * *

"Wonderful Benefit" says Mrs. D.C. "I must tell you of the wonderful benefit I have received from Lantigen 'B' for Catarrh, Sinus and Antrum trouble. Treatment for many years failed to do me any good, but after one bottle I feel a new woman."

* * *

"Doesn't Catch Bronchial Colds Now" says Mr. M.N. "I have been Bronchial for years. Before I took Lantigen 'B' I was always getting colds. After taking one bottle I have not had a cold for 18 months."

* * *

"Baby Relieved from Bronchitis" says father—Mr. J.K. "My son has had three bottles of Lantigen and from the first week of giving it to him he has been a different boy—no wheeze, no cough, only good rest every night."

* * *

(Original letters may be inspected on our files.)



Skilled bacteriologists produce Lantigen 'B' in modern laboratories under medical direction. Constant control maintains the high standard of Lantigen 'B,' ensuring prompt relief in its treatment of Bronchitis and Catarrh. World-wide sales and actual reports from thousands of users prove that Lantigen brings relief and soothes the aching, distressing symptoms. Research workers believe that oral vaccines may be absorbed not only through the intestines (like food), but also through the mucous membranes of the nose and throat.

NO DRUGS • NO INJECTIONS CANNOT HARM HEART • WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH OTHER TREATMENTS • INEXPENSIVE, COSTS JUST A FEW PENCE PER DAY

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THE DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

taken just like ordinary medicine for CATARRH AND BRONCHITIS



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Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 29 December 19, 1951

OUR COVER

It's seldom you find a Santa Claus as pretty as the one on the cover. Instead of a red robe, she's wearing an ermine scarf lined with black, designed by Mr. Christian Dior.

RUSHING THE HOLIDAY ROAD

HOLIDAY time is not the easiest time to remember one's responsibilities.

The long Christmas break seems in prospect like a release from routine.

Many people will take advantage of cars and motor cycles to "get away from it all."

Now, more than ever before, with such an influx of new vehicles on the road—new, and consequently tuned to A1 performance pitch—the temptation is to "Let her go!"

The result is all too often a road accident.

Drivers and cyclists may know to an inch, as many of them claim, what their machines can do.

But the streams of traffic on holiday highways are no place for the virtuoso.

Speed accounts for many of the holiday period disasters. The rush from one party to another, determined to get the last ounce of fun out of a holiday, has often ended in being the very last ounce of fun indeed.

Speeding like this for a purpose, from a "Let's pass the cars in front" mania or merely for the exhilaration of driving fast on a fine summer's day, is a human temptation for which there is understanding, although there is no excuse.

For a drunken driver there is neither understanding nor excuse.

A father's graveside grief, a family's vigil at a hospital has often had its inception in the words to a departing guest: "Just one more for the road, old man."

One more death for the road . . .

Especially in the coming time of holiday traffic every driver must remember that he is at the wheel of what, in legal parlance, is described with such cold accuracy as "a death-dealing instrument."

This week:

● Everybody knows that Gorgeous Gussy Moran is a tennis player famous for the lace-trimmed pants she wore at Wimbledon. Gussy is tired of the pants stories, but her name will probably end up in the dictionary like that of the celebrated Mrs. Amelia Bloomer. One of our girls who went along while the pictures of Gussy's wardrobe were being taken (see pages 12 and 13) reports that Gussy is an exceptionally nice girl who deserves to be famous for her neatness and efficiency, too. Her packing is a miracle of tidiness, and she changed into and out of several outfits in quick time with no fuss.

The pictures were taken at the home of Mrs. Eric Abrahams, at Vaucluse, Sydney, whose children were unable to resist whispering news abroad of the impending visit. Result was that when Gussy arrived teenagers armed with pencils and paper suddenly materialised in the garden and street. Gussy obliged with autographs all round, including several requests for "three, please," from those acting on behalf of absent friends.

Next week:

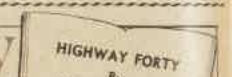
● The cover on next week's paper shows the Sara Quads with their Christmas tree. We decided to have two Christmas issues this year, and both this week's and next week's papers have Christmas features, including fiction. The Quads also have a double-page color spread in next week's paper. Recently they made their first visit to the seaside, and our cameraman went along. The results are charming.

● Other color features next week include action shots of Davis Cup players and a very fine set of stills from "The River," first full-length technicolor film made in India.

Made by Oriental-International films, "The River" was directed by Jean Renoir, son of the famous French impressionist painter. It is based on a novel by Rumer Godden, who collaborated with Renoir in writing the screen play. Both finance and cast for the film came from three countries—the United States, Great Britain, and India.

BOOK REVIEW

By AINSLIE BAKER



WRITTEN with an easy nonchalance and a frequently diverting turn of phrase, Alan McCulloch's "Highway Forty" (America seen through an Australian's eyes) will not disappoint those who last year enjoyed his European adventures in "Trial by Tandem."

A former Melbourne artist turned art critic, McCulloch—in what appears to be beret, shorts, and shirt—went to America to walk across the Mojave Desert from San Francisco to New York.

He was saved from this rash undertaking by a telephone call from Ellen, a fellow Australian, who offered to take him in her car. They were married along the route.

With his artist's eye McCulloch is an astute and refreshing observer.

He finds a seasick passenger looking "like the underpainting of an unfinished portrait by an old master," cars "like aircraft-carriers," and an orchestra "worrying a popular tune into reluctant submission."

The book is enlivened by anecdotes of such celebrities as the surrealist artist Salvador Dali, broadcaster William Winter, Henry Miller, who with Jean Paul Sartre had been one of the founders of the Existentialist movement in Paris, and Irving Stone, author of the Van Gogh book "Lust For Life."

In New York the author planned to raise funds by trying to sell some humorous drawings. He decided to approach the "Saturday Evening Post" "because that journal paid more for original humor than any other paper," and "The New Yorker" because it carried the most prestige.

McCulloch's description of "Gag Man's Day," held in an office hired for two hours each week by the "Saturday Evening Post," is fascinating.

The ensuing session is open house for any New Yorker who thinks he has an idea for an illustrated joke.

Among the novel and random information offered the reader in this gay and unconventional travel book is a certain means of acquiring small change when in New York, and a nerve-racking but reasonably sure means of picking up a free meal.

The author also offers his own theory as to why New Yorkers seldom live in the one building longer than two years.

All who recall the controversy about the Archibald Prize Dobell portrait of Joshua Smith will be enchanted with McCulloch's address to a group of Los Angeles artists on Australian art.

At the time McCulloch was existing only on olives and savories picked up at cocktail parties.

The book is enlivened by a number of black-and-white illustrations by the author.

"Highway Forty" is published by F. W. Cheshire, Melbourne. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.

The Australian Women's Weekly

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Diana Wynyard in "The Winter's Tale"



DIANA WYNYARD, whose wedding with Dr. Tibor Csato took place recently, is seen here in a scene from Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale," which is having a brilliant season in London with Miss Wynyard as Hermione. Seated next to her is Robert Anderson as Mamillius.



PRODUCER Peter Brook has been acclaimed for his work in presenting "The Winter's Tale," and giving it an impetus which it has not had within living memory. Here the King of Bohemia, in disguise, talks with his son, Prince Florizel (standing, in scarlet jacket), and the supposed shepherdess, Perdita (right), who is actually the daughter of the King and Queen of Sicilia.



REUNION of the beautiful Perdita and Hermione after 16 years' separation. Miss Wynyard, who has been acclaimed by critics for her interpretation of the role of the wronged Hermione, visited Australia in 1949 with the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company.

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Contest judges enjoy task

Quiz entries are bright and crisp

Judges of our £5000 Quiz Contest are enjoying their tremendous daily task of carefully reading and assessing the value of each of the thousands of entries.



WHILE JUDGING of each entry is on the quality of answers and not the artistic value, this photograph shows the high standard of presentation which many competitors set for themselves. These are a few chosen at random.

THOSE studying the Romance and Homemaker Quizzes try out the beauty, household, and cookery hints in off-duty hours.

They report that new recipes and improved grooming have brought compliments from husbands and friends.

The panel of judges for the Office Quiz are business men and women. As they read the entries they sigh enviously over the answers of entrants who are obviously deservedly treasured secretaries.

As one competitor said, there should be a general polishing-up of behaviour, grooming, and home and office duties if entrants act upon their own answers.

Verse was the chosen style of some competitors. Others gave their answers in the form of letters to a friend or relative. A few submitted their opinions in short-story form.

Papers rumpled

MRS. S. M. BRIDGES, of Balik Papan, East Borneo, toiled long and hard on sketches to illustrate her answer to the question on the spending of £100 on clothes.

When an unexpected caller took her away from her worktable, her three-year-old son scribbled on the sheets, and then screwed them up. Mrs. Bridges had time only to iron the sheets out before posting to catch the Australian mail.

The four golden rules for housewives brought a big variety of answers, including such down-to-earth suggestions as "Don't discuss money matters with your husband before noon" and "Wear your chains as gracefully as possible."

Mrs. Dunn, of Wagga Wagga, N.S.W., thinks the successful housewife needs "imagination, ingenuity, foresight, originality, individuality, adaptability, and practicability."

Mrs. Helen Grant, of Geelong, Victoria, has always observed the rule her grandmother gave her before marriage.

"Before your husband comes home at night, no matter how tired you feel, do your hair and put on a string of beads," was grandma's advice.

Mrs. Grant said she substitutes lipstick for grandma's "string of beads."

One suggestion in the golden rule for husbands question was "Never let your wife enter for a quiz contest unless you are prepared to starve or take over the entire household for at least a week."

Mrs. Flora Popple, of Williamstown, Victoria, is over 70. She advises husbands not to "take that early morning grouch out on the wife and children; read the newspapers and curse the Government instead, and you'll soon feel quite cheerful."

Good answers

THE Office Quiz took the fancy of secretaries and stenographers who want to be secretaries. Entries show care and intelligence, and elimination is harder than in the other sections.

It also interested many housewives. Their accompanying notes informed us that it helped them feel like youthful career girls for a while.

One woman travelled 20 miles to use a friend's typewriter.

The Romance Quiz indicates that most women think along the same lines when it comes to catching their man. Consensus of opinion seems to be that the woman who gets her man is natural, sweet-natured, punctual, sincere, impeccably groomed, well informed, patient, and tactful.

She must also be a good listener, whether the man in her life is commenting on her attractive qualities or discoursing on the politics of a parm.

Some people sent in as many as a dozen entries in each quiz.

Several sufferers from arthritis apologised for their handwriting. They need not have done so, for the judges found their entries quite legible.

The quoted extracts do not mean that their authors are winners. The judges have a big task ahead and have not even started on a final selection.

Our Queen Mary Book Offer

NEW stocks of The Australian Women's Weekly souvenir edition of "Queen Mary" have been eagerly sought as Christmas presents.

They are available from the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly in all capital cities.

At the special concession price of 14/6 (plus 1/6 postage) the book is excellent value. It is a brilliant pictorial record of the life and times of Queen Mary, 144 pages with more than 100 illustrations in color and rotogravure.

It covers the years from Queen Mary's birth, 1867 to the present day, and besides many intimate pictures of Royalty has portraits and news pictures of celebrities and incidents of the period.

Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, Marie Tempest, Clara Butt, Pavlova, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Amy Johnson are a few of the famous figures which appear in it. There are news pictures of the early suffragettes, of servicewomen in the first World War, of the crowds on V-E Day.

It would make a wonderful gift, and is an offer you should not miss. Call at the addresses at left, or fill in and post coupon below, enclosing remittance for 16/-.

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PRACTISING DECORUM. Sgt. R. L. Ball, of N.S.W., driving, with Staff-Sgt. W. N. Plunkett, S.A., left, and W/O. Bill Wilkinson, of Queensland, acting as Very Important Persons. Decorum is an important part of the training of Royal car drivers, who must never speak unless to answer questions directly addressed to them.

Soldier drivers for Royal pair on tour

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

Australian Army drivers who will act as chauffeurs to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh are the proudest soldiers in Australia to-day. They are in a contingent of 98 men and six officers in the Royal Tour Car Company.

Selection for the company is a recognition of merit and all are thrilled at the distinction whether they are driving, doing clerical or maintenance work, or attacking the complex problem of organising the motor transport for the whole tour.

THESE boys have earned the honor as a reward for careers of fine soldiering, expert driving ability, and outstanding personal characteristics," explained Commanding Officer Major G. T. F. "Joe" Richardson.

A Duntroon graduate, Major Richardson recently returned from England after two years attached to the War Office.

His own war record includes service with the Eighth Army, the Italian campaign, and the South-west Pacific campaign with the Armored Division.

Twenty-four men have just completed the company's first school to familiarise them with their work as Royal drivers.

The course was held at the R.A.A.S.C. Training Depot in Melbourne.

One of them, Staff-Sergeant L. C. Boothby, of Victoria, told me: "We only wish that Princess Margaret was coming, too!"

You could almost hear whistles of accord from his mates.

When the company reassembles early in January in South Australia, intensive training will be continuous until the Royal visit begins.

With the exception of easy-going, rangy Staff-Sergeant Klintworth, all the drivers confided they were feeling a bit nervous at the thought of driving the Royal couple.

"Staff" Klintworth, while beaming with pride about the honor, laconically commented that he had driven every kind of vehicle during his 15 years in the Army, without being nervous, and he was past getting the jitters now.

Drivers are being coached in what to say as well as what to do when at the wheel of a car carrying the Royal pair.

All men in charge of vehicles which form part of the Royal entourage must adhere to split-second schedules and have their timing and pacing perfect.

Drivers sit at the wheel in the Army "attention" position modified only enough to control the car.

Hands rest on the steering wheel in the ten past ten position of a clock-face.

At lectures in decorum and ceremonial they have been told that Royalty must not be addressed except in answer to direct questions.

Drivers must be as enigmatic as a sphinx, and are not even required to salute.

Should a tyre be punctured or engine trouble develop they would draw in to the kerb, and make no attempt to "fix things" until the Royal passengers had been transferred to another car.

All orders will be received through an equerry seated next to the driver, to whom Princess Elizabeth or Prince Philip will speak on an inter-com. telephone.

Should the Princess or Duke address a driver directly, he will reply to either of them as "Your Royal Highness" in the first instance, and as "Ma'am" or "Sir" throughout the remainder of the conversation, if it continues.

Drivers are the envy of their officers and company transport clerks.

"We'll be stuck away in offices worrying about filling all the demands for transport while the boys will be right in the middle of things," said Major E. C. Driver.

Former Tobruk Rat, transport clerk Jack Hepworth, of Brighton, South Australia, agreed, but he added that he was "tickled pink" to have been selected as a member of the company. His wife, former Army sister Lal Hanson, of Magill, South Australia, was also thrilled, he said.

Although the men have all been Army drivers, the majority were N.C.O. instructors in general military subjects in the Regular Army throughout Australia when they were selected for the Royal car company.

They will be on the job for about six months, including the training period.

Members of the company will be sartorially smooth in the Army's new walking-out dress—dark navy blue barathea jackets with gilt buttons, and razor-sharp creased pants enlivened with a fine red stripe down the outside of each trouser leg.

Drivers, of course, must not smoke.

Cpl. Stubbings told me that although he is a fairly solid smoker he has never had a cigarette while driving, even alone, off duty, since the day he got ash in his eye when he was cruising at sixty miles an hour.

Gear-changing must be as smooth as whipped cream.

No sound or sensation of change apart from difference in speed is permissible.

Former Army lieutenant Mr. T. B. Reidy Crofts, now an engineer with the Daimler company in Melbourne, was impressed by the way Royal tour drivers "took to" the three Daimlers at the first school.

"After quick briefing most of them could change gear so that I could not hear a sound," he said.

The three Daimlers have been "on ice" since their arrival in Australia in 1948 in readiness for the proposed Commonwealth tour by the King.

The Royal tour car fleet will consist of 17 Daimlers, 15 Humbers, six Holdens, and two vans for Royal luggage.



ENGINEER Mr. T. B. Reidy Crofts, of the Daimler Company, explains the mechanics of one of the Royal cars to Army drivers training as Royal chauffeurs during a special course at the R.A.A.S.C. Training Depot, Melbourne.



"ELBOW GREASE." Cpl. H. M. Stubbings, of South Australia, to Cpl. G. H. Hurd, of Tasmania, sprucing up chromium work on the bonnet of a car with his sleeve.

IN ROYAL TOUR CAR COMPANY

QUEENSLAND: Sgt. L. Ellwell, Sgt. A. J. Watt, Cpl. J. R. Miller (recently returned after service with B.C.O.F.), Cpl. V. G. Butler, and W/O. II H. W. E. Wilkinson.

NEW SOUTH WALES: Sgt. R. L. Ball, Sgt. E. Hadlow, W/O. I R. M. Christfield, Sgt. G. H. F. Burling, Sgt. N. Jarvis, Staff-Sgt. K. Abrahams, and Staff-Sgt. W. C. Laws.

VICTORIA: Sgt. N. L. Boulter (formerly B.C.O.F.), Staff-Sgt. A. M. Klintworth.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: W/O. II A. E. Turner, company sergeant-major responsible for discipline and regimental training; Staff-Sgt. W. N. Plunkett, company quartermaster-sergeant; W/O. II Hepworth, Cpl. H. M. Stubbings, Cpl. R. R. Dunkley, and Sgt. J. W. J. Stiggants.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Sgt. W. H. Jones.

TASMANIA: W/O. II B. P. McCarthy, Sgt. W. A. Drewett, and Cpl. G. H. Hurd.

Officers in the company are Major E. C. Driver, of Western Australia; Captain I. H. Hayman, Captain F. A. Goucher, and Lieut. F. J. Wightman, of Victoria; and Captain W. W. Cawley, South Australia.

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"BONNIE"
Slipper casuals in tartan, patterned Italian cottons. Blue-red, green-black, red-yellow.

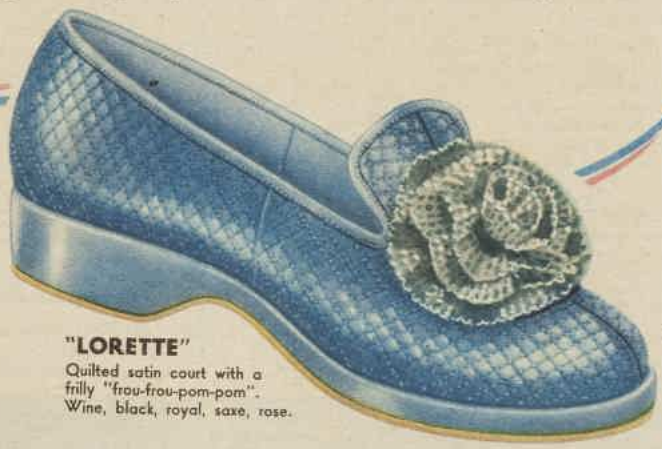




NEW twinkly tartans; pretty quilteds and felts;



"ANNA"
Smooth felt classic with a quilted satin cuff. Royal, wine, black.



"LORETTE"
Quilted satin court with a frilly "frou-frou-pom-pom". Wine, black, royal, saxe, rose.

and every 'Knight' cradles the foot in deep, cushioned comfort!



"KERRY"
Felt courts with stud-sprinkled quilted satin apron. Royal, wine, saxe, rose, black.



"INA"
Stud-sparkled felt court with perky butterfly bow. Wine-royal, red-blue, royal-wine, rose-wine, saxe-royal, black.

(Obtainable at all leading stores)

Wholesale distributors: **J. GOLDBERG FOOTWEAR AGENCIES PTY. LTD.**
Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth

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LADY MARYE ROUS, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Stradbroke, as an air-hostess on the Solent flying-boat in which she came to Australia.



ACTING is Lady Marye's greatest love. She is keen on all parts from comedy to high tragedy, and learns her lines curled up with her head in her hands. In England she appeared with a repertory company.

Earl's daughter wants job

Lady Marye has been char and factory hand

By BETTY BEST, staff reporter

Lady Marye Violet Isolde Rous, 21-year-old daughter of the Earl and Countess of Stradbroke, with a background of jobs ranging from factory girl to lady "char," has returned to Australia because here "people say what they mean."

LADY MARYE has no illusions about Australia, she told me, because she lived here for more than a year when her father was secretary to the Governor of Victoria, Sir Winston Dugan, in 1947 and 1948.

"I simply adore Australia and just couldn't wait to get back," she said.

"Of course, Mummy and Daddy were furious when I told them I wanted to come out here and work, because they just wanted me to stay at home and do nothing.

"So I waited until I turned 21—and just came."

Home to Lady Marye is a farmhouse in the grounds of the old family estate of Henham Hall, in Suffolk.

"We've never lived in Henham Hall itself," she explains. "You see, it's an enormous, three-storied, and very primitive old barn with only one bathroom.

"I've simply no idea how many rooms it has, because I've never thought of counting them.

"The family just moved to the farmhouse, took with them the nicest of the doors and fireplaces, built them in, and added one big room—it's much more comfortable."

Lady Marye says that her family have let most of their land now, keeping only about 500 acres for themselves.

"We use most of it for grazing the dairy herd, but the Government still insists that a part of the land, I can't remember how much, be cultivated for wheat and that sort of thing—which is rather wretched."

Keen on horse riding, Lady Marye has hunted ever since she was a child.

"Things have changed a lot since the war," she told me. "Now the village vet. looks after grandfather's old pack of hounds.

"It's awful, I know, but I must admit that I haven't hunted at all this season. I was too busy sitting in London waiting to get to Australia."

While Lady Marye sat in London she made various efforts to earn her boat fare to Australia.

She had done one term at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and then landed the part of a maid in "Rebecca" with the Ipswich Repertory Company.

"But goodness knows how anyone can live on rep. work," she says. "I was still waiting for an audition with the B.B.C. when I left."

She then took a job in a button factory because she'd "always wanted to be a factory girl."

Next she went to the Labor Exchange asking for part-time work.

"The man was very curt with me," she said. "He offered me a job cleaning out a ladies' cloakroom—starting at 5.30 a.m., and when I said it was a bit early he wouldn't suggest anything else."

Lady Marye eventually landed a job as a charwoman from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. each day.

After a few weeks of charing, Lady Marye had a windfall when she posed for advertisements for a well-known face cream.

This provided enough money for her boat fare, but while she waited for a ship a friend offered her a free trip on the flying-boat his father's company was sending to Australia.

"I was supposed to be an air hostess and cook and look after the crew," she told me.

"I helped with one meal, and then we discovered that one of the crew could do so much better than I that from there on I was only allowed to clean up after him."

Lady Marye said in Sydney that she is prepared to take any job she can get.

"I really must get some pennies quickly. You can't live long on £75, which is all I've got in the world," she said.

She planned to go to Melbourne, to stay with her friend and neighbor of earlier years, Gillian Pain, of South Yarra.



PUNCHING THE BUNDY is no novelty for Lady Marye, who worked in a button factory for two months. It belonged to a friend.



RADIO WORK appeals to Lady Marye, and she hopes to get a job with the A.B.C. The B.B.C. kept her waiting for an audition.



"HOUSEWORK," says Lady Marye, "is one of the things I really know how to do." She will do charing as long as it is part time.





Life can be fine after forty!

Life can be fine after forty if you can keep your energy, high spirits and a sound digestion. Don't let the years get you down! If you think you are beginning to feel your age, *start taking Phyllosan tablets to-day!* If you take Phyllosan tablets *regularly*, you will soon begin to find that your nerves are steadier, your appetite and digestion are improving, and your energy and capacity for enjoyment of life steadily increasing.

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MILK TRAY. Cadbury's famous Dairy Milk chocolate with all these delicious centres—LIME CREME, CHOCOLATE ALMOND, ORANGE CREME, NUT CRUNCH, VANILLA CARAMEL, ROYAL FUDGE, STRAWBERRY CREME, ALMOND NOUGAT, MARZIPAN SANDWICH, TURKISH DELIGHT, COFFEE CREME. 2/2½ LB. BOX

VOGUE. A smooth chocolate assortment with all your favourite centres—RASPBERRY FRUIT SQUARE, WALNUT DESSERT, CHOCOLATE ALMOND, GOOSEBERRY JELLY SANDWICH, CARAMEL, LOGANBERRY CREME, ROYAL FUDGE, BUTTER CRUNCH, CHERRY NOUGAT, ORANGE MARZIPAN, STRAWBERRY SANDWICH. 2/2½ LB. BOX

You know for sure—everyone loves chocolates... Buy a dozen boxes today and make it...

Cadbury's for Christmas

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Our medical feature :

There is no easy cure for rheumatism

But most cases respond to early treatment

Rheumatism, one of the oldest diseases known to man, has become so much a part of daily life that a mild sufferer is inclined to talk about it almost affectionately.



AFTER SITTING for a while, the rheumatic sufferer sometimes has to stand up slowly and painfully. Well-tried medical treatment for rheumatics is considered by many doctors to be better at present than the rash use of new drugs.

TO-DAY, many people suffer almost as severely from rheumatism as their ancestors did.

There is no simple and infallible cure for the disease. Claims for such "cures" are never made by doctors.

The real difficulty is that not enough is known about it. The actual cause is still uncertain.

If every person with rheumatic disease consulted a doctor at the earliest possible moment, there would be a big reduction in the number of lives wrecked by its ravages.

Rheumatism is a broad term. It covers three main types of rheumatic disease.

First, acute rheumatism or rheumatic fever, which particularly affects young people.

Secondly, rheumatism affecting not the joints but muscles, nerves, and their fibrous sheaths. The familiar names are fibrositis, lumbago, sciatica, myalgia, neuritis, and so on.

These forms are the commonest and, fortunately, the least serious, since they neither kill nor cripple, though they can cause much pain.

Thirdly, the forms of rheumatic disease which do affect the joints. These are rheumatoid arthritis, which affects particularly men and women past the prime of life.

Acute rheumatism in young people is not as common as it was even ten years ago. But it is still a tragically disabling disease with after-effects on the heart which may mean chronic invalidism for life.

Parents should realise there is no such thing as "growing pains." Growing is not painful. Any youngster who complains of pains in the limbs, or who is unduly listless and "out of sorts," must be packed off to bed at once. Then get your doctor to call the next day. By doing no more than that you may save a child from months of illness.

Fibrositis, lumbago, and sciatica are familiar forms of rheumatism. Few people realise that prompt, skilled treatment usually means early and complete recovery.

There are different causes for these conditions and different ways of dealing with them. The wrong treatment may make matters worse.

Don't try to "walk it off." People put themselves into bath-chairs that way. Don't rub the sore spot with the nearest liniment and hope for the best. Liniment may be the right answer, but it may not.

Visit your doctor's surgery early and let him make the diagnosis and prescribe the right course of action. You can prevent a really bad attack of rheumatism by seeking early treatment. You can even prevent some kinds of rheumatism by early attention to minor foot troubles.

Where you work and live and what you eat have something to do with whether you get the disease or not.

You may not be able to ensure that your working conditions are ideal, but, without being fussy about it, you should be able to see that your home is warm, well ventilated, and comfortable, and that your diet is varied and well balanced.

Your clothing, and that of your children, should be right for the time of the year. Too much clothing can be as bad as too little.

All these considerations apply to all forms of rheumatism. There are other and special problems which have to be taken into account in rheumatoid arthritis.

This form is responsible for the most pain, suffering, and invalidism.

It steals on insidiously, seeming perhaps nothing more than a mild debility in the early stages, listlessness and fatigue, a mild evening temperature, loss of weight, perhaps palpitations, attacks of cold and blue fingers.

Without laboratory tests, which may seem scarcely warranted in the early stages, diagnosis is difficult.

When the disease has truly developed, the characteristic symptoms appear—the tender swellings of finger and wrist joints, which may turn slim hands into fantastic shapes, the symmetrical and merciless progression in either limb from wrist to elbow, elbow to shoulder, ankle to knee, knee sometimes to hip.

Fortunately, the spine is rarely affected.

Many leading authorities to-day believe that sufferers from rheumatoid arthritis belong to a class of persons who have certain internal glands badly adjusted, so that they cannot adapt the reactions of their bodies to stress or strain, whether physical or mental.

Rest, both mental and physical, will always be a necessary part of treatment.

All sorts of things, such as damp houses and unsuitable occupations, have been suspected of causing rheumatoid arthritis.

Last year the Empire Rheumatism Council made a detailed inquiry into some of these beliefs.

Over 1000 men and women were examined. Half of them suffered from rheumatoid arthritis and the other half were quite healthy.

Statistical analysis of the results suggested that damp houses, previous illnesses, and unsuitable occupations were not important factors.

Common beliefs about climate and family history appeared somewhat justified. The tendency to rheumatism does seem to run in families.

Also rheumatism is usually worse in cold, damp weather. Many sufferers are "weather sensitive." Pains are particularly troublesome just before wet weather.

While the disease is active, patients require rest and must be treated as bed cases. This doesn't mean that a patient should lie like a sack. Daily exercises in bed and other forms of active treatment are often needed to prevent stiffening of the joints.

Rest is important

Rest means removal from active life and all its attendant stresses. The family can help by keeping their own worries away from the invalid.

Sleeplessness is common in rheumatoid arthritics and may be due to too many bedclothes. A hard mattress is better than a soft one. A patient can change position in bed more easily.

On getting up, outdoor shoes should be provided and slippers banished.

Flat foot may be added to the other troubles unless good shoes are worn.

Only in the very last stages, when the surfaces of the joints have been destroyed, and the disease itself has more or less "burned out," can it be said that a person is incurable.

With early medical care this stage is rarely reached. Even then, a good deal of relief and improvement can be gained by careful and suitable treatment.

Diet is important in rheumatoid arthritis, as in all other forms of rheumatism.

Sometimes such foods as rhubarb, spinach, or certain fruits should be avoided.

The really important thing is to get the patient's body weight up to normal or above it by means of a good mixed nourishing diet.

Despite all the new preparations, aspirin is still one of the most effective in combating pain.

It is usually given in doses of 10 grains, that is, two tablets, every four hours during the day.

There is no rule-of-thumb method for treating cases. Each patient presents individual differences and needs, and the mode of attack is designed by the doctor to suit the individual patient.

We have heard a lot recently about cortisone and A.C.T.H., the new "wonder drugs."

Although they point to an exciting future, they are still in the developmental stages. They are very scarce and expensive.

They can do harm in some cases, although it is true that remarkable relief can be obtained in others if the drug is continuously administered.

Like insulin in diabetes, relief remains only while these drugs are being given.

Until these drugs are safe, lasting, and more plentiful, sufferers from rheumatoid arthritis must wait patiently and rely on the well-tried methods recommended by their doctor.

There has been a great awakening of interest among the medical profession, and among the public, too, in this crippling disease. To-day, 75 per cent. of cases can be cured if recognised and treated early. In a few years that 75 per cent. may be 95 per cent. or more.

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Who has a gift problem?



No worrying what to give, no hurrying from shop to shop. In just ten pleasant minutes at any jewellers, stationers or store you too, can choose a Biro Ballpoint Pen that's just right for everybody on **your** Christmas list. And what's more, priced just right for your own gift budget.

Standard Biro. Black, grey or cerise cases, **28/6.** With cap and clip of gleaming oronite, **32/-.** Refills, **3/11.**

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WITH THE WORLD WIDE SERVICE

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. . . I mean a Disprin"

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Obtainable only from chemists

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they stay brighter longer...



REPRESENTATIVE IN AUSTRALIA FOR THE BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON COMPANY LTD. ENGLAND



"No — oh — el . . . Noel — Noel — NOEL . . ."



"Aw' right, so I'm actin' very mysterious. But you'll understand why on Christmas morning, Slug."

It seems to me

By Dorothy Drain



GOODNESS knows it is hard enough to get Christmas shopping done in lunch hours. When you are hampered by a passion for toy trains it is nearly impossible.

It is idle to pretend that this is an unselfish passion. And I don't think that the other faces which bear similarly bemused expressions while the trains make their endless circuits are parents, uncles, and aunts. I think fully 50 per cent. of the watchers are either hypnotised or would like to buy trains for themselves, but are stopped by the cost and/or convention.

Even nicer than the actual trains are the accessories. There is a shining white station—would that all suburban stations were like it—marked, "passengers, extra."

And if you look long enough round the window to which my nose was glued for half an hour the other morning you'll find some choice passengers, ladies with baskets and men with umbrellas, mixed up with the latest models in toy soldiers.

* * *

AS usual there's a fine selection of lethal weapons among the gifts for children.

I notice a commendable effort by the manufacturer of one six-shooter to avoid reproaches on the encouragement of violent tendencies.

The box for the gun carries a certificate that the owner "having pledged himself to be kind and honest at all times is a fully qualified Junior Sheriff of the Wild West."

"Oh, yeah! Well, it's my turn to be Al Capone, see!"

* * *

NOT since the flying saucers has there been such an interesting mystery as the footprints of the "Abominable Snowman" photographed on the slopes of Mt. Everest by the British Himalayan Expedition.

Stories of these footprints began with the first Everest expedition in 1921. The Tibetans say that they belong to wild men of the snow, with feet turned backwards to enable them to climb easily. Terrified of the unseen creatures, the Tibetans call them "abominable snowmen."

From time to time, parties attempting the ascent of Everest have come on such footprints. Some of them rejected an explanation by experts who saw photographs that the footprints were those of a bear.

The mystery is still unsolved. Its peculiar interest lies in the implication that this world could still contain creatures, animal or human, whose existence is only guessed at.

Makes you think there could be a counter-attraction to those visits to other planets which are forecast as future possibilities.

Earth-bound travel agencies may yet use the slogan, "See your own world first."

AS a connoisseur of pocket diaries, I am delighted to discover something that has formerly escaped me, a "Schoolgirls' Diary."

It contains the greatest fund of information that I have ever come across in a pocket diary.

There are notes on the care of silkworms, lists of Latin and French verbs, and a list of countries of the world (with the cautions proviso—"Correct at the time of going to press.")

A section on books to read has some splendid titles, including "Care of Reptiles" and "Wonder Book of Things To Do," which opens up endless possibilities.

In the pages for personal memoranda there are a few headings which are not vital to the adult user—"exam results" and "athletic results," for instance. However, "pocket money" is easily adapted.

And think what an aid to conversation is "films seen," with a column for remarks.

* * *

CHICAGO tram passengers are objecting to jokes printed on the backs of their tram tickets. They don't think the jokes are funny enough to offset their high tram fares.

People are so hard to please. Practically anything would be more amusing than "Not transferable. Please destroy on alighting."

* * *

SIR DOUGLAS MAWSON has denied a report in which he was quoted as suggesting that penguin eggs from Antarctica could relieve Australia's egg shortage. Penguins, fluttered by the rumor, will be pleased at the denial.

Really, said the grandmother penguin, these disturbances are going too far.

And personally I'd just as soon live in New York the way things are.

There was a time when you could count on peace in the Antarctic.

In fact, I once heard an American explorer say you could hear a clahk tick.

And if the above rhyme bothers you, don't give it a thought.

Because (said the grandmother penguin) there's worse to come, sport.

Time was when the only human you saw round this way was Shackleton or Sir Douglas Mawson.

(Neither of them was a man to hand us a deal that's raw, son).

And sometimes we had to pose for pictures by Captain Frank Hurley.

But otherwise there were no interruptions to make a penguin angry or even sutly.

Nowadays the snow is always littered with snoopers looking for uranium ore.

And as if that wasn't enough to make us old inhabitants sore.

There are whispers that hungry Australians are likely to swoop down here after our eggs.

Which means that in time we shall have all the horrors of civilisation, such as footboard trams, television, anxiety neuroses, and competitions for the most beautiful legs.

. . . that's a job for 'DUREX'



HOLDING DRESS PATTERNS
Attach dress patterns to materials with transparent "Durex" Tape and they will lie smooth and flat and cannot slip.

AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE



Now, more tape for your money. With the handy "Durex" Plastic Dispenser you now get 200 inches of ½ inch tape for only 1/6.
100 ins. ½ in. TAPE, 1/-
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PLASTIC HAND DISPENSER only 3/-. Tape 4/9

DUREX BRAND Cellulose TAPE

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For many years a highly successful home treatment for Bunions has been widely sold on the Continent under the name of B.D. (Baume Dalet). It is now available in this country. Perfected by a French Chemist, B.D. (Baume Dalet) is simple and easy to use. It possesses remarkable penetrative properties which enable the soothing and healing medicaments to be carried right to the seat of the trouble, there to begin at once the job of (1) relieving the pain; (2) reducing the swelling and inflammation; and (3) restoring the displaced toe to its natural position. Get a tube of B.D. (Baume Dalet) and give it a fair trial. Obtainable 4/6 at Chemists.



CHEMISTS RECOMMEND

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Wish them all a happier Christmas!

...with gifts by

Potter & Moore

With your season's greetings, express your good taste. Choose from the famous Potter & Moore range of specially presented Christmas gifts. There's an ideal gift of exquisite perfume or toiletries to suit her tastes. And for the male element — the Potter and Moore range of better grooming essentials is designed to captivate the masculine heart. What's more, you'll find Potter & Moore gifting is easy on your pocket.





Mitcham Lavender, Talcum Powder, and Bath Salts in beautifully designed Christmas pack.



Beautifully presented gift set containing Talcum Powder, Mitcham Lavender Water and Toilet Soap.



Another attractive gift set from the Mitcham Lavender range, containing Talcum Powder and Lavender Water.



Superbly designed Christmas pack containing Potter & Moore Shaving Cream De Luxe, Brilliantine Hair Tonic, Talcum Powder and Toilet Soap.



Another masculine heart-winner—Christmas gift set containing Potter & Moore famous Brilliantine Hair Tonic, Talcum Powder and Shaving Stick De Luxe.



Potter & Moore Shaving Bowl De Luxe in gleaming, colourful plastic, in specially designed gift pack.

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Traditionally yours...

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English Creators of Fine perfumery for 200 years.

OBTAINABLE AT ALL GUILD CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

Potter & Moore famous Mitcham Lavender Water in presentation pack.

Potter & Moore Mitcham Lavender Bath Salts in beautiful gift package.

Specially packed for Christmas giving — Mitcham Lavender Talcum.



Aladdin Lamp.

Watch your friends' eyes light up when they see these unique little gift novelties containing Mitcham Lavender, each packed in separate gift pack.



Novelty Gondola.

Miniature Table Lamp.

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Net fishing from an ocean beach

Beach fishermen on the South Coast of New South Wales keep a sharp look-out for shoals of salmon and other fish which come close inshore.

THESE pictures show a typical group at work at Red Point, near Port Kembla. The men say that Red Point, which was named by Captain Cook, is an ideal fishing ground.

When the catch is salmon it is sent to the canneries at Moruya and Eden, because the market for Australian salmon is mostly confined to canned fish.

As well as salmon, Red Point fishermen net sea mullet, black bream, luderick (called black fish in N.S.W.), garfish, and small quantities of flounder, which they send to the fresh fish markets in Sydney or sell in the busy coastal city of Wollongong. Days are long for the beach fishermen, but they have the sea and the sun for compensation and a cup of billy tea at the end of a long haul.



RED POINT Beach, N.S.W., from above.



BOILING A BILLY when the nets are in.



LOOK-OUT men relax for a cup of tea.



BOATS are mounted on wheels to be carried over the sand, but they are not easy to move.



A SHIRT tied to an oar keeps seagulls away from a haul of salmon on the beach at Red Point.

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WHEN FISH are sighted the boat crew encircles the shoal with a net, and hauls on the ropes.



NETS are examined and put into order after use.



BOAT brings fish to boxing point on beach.



BOXED FISH is hauled from the beach.



NET MENDING in the quiet of evening ends the busy day. Pictures by Molly Lyons.

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"Flatter her with 66-Gauge 15-Denier Glamasheer . . . the sheerest Hosiery in Australia!"





"They adore Bubble Sheer . . . it's enchanting 60-Gauge 15-Denier!"



Beau Monde HOSIERY FOR ALL OCCASIONS

BUT *Specially* FOR XMAS

"Kant-Run's a gift inspiration . . . 'cause it's Ladderless!"





ALL LEADING STORES CAN SHOW YOU THE COMPREHENSIVE BEAU MONDE RANGE OF NYLONS, PURE SILK AND LISLES.

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TEENAGERS. Rosemary Burns is welcomed by her partner, Ian Hotson, who with four other boys, John Robertson, Bill Morton, David Wilson, and Winston Birdsall, gave a dance at John's Darling Point home.



UNDER THE TREES. Vivacious foursome Ken Monro (left), Sue Brunninghausen, Bryan Baker, and Jennifer Roche enjoy refreshments on the lawn at the dance given by Christopher Cullen at the Rose Bay home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cullen.



COMING-OF-AGE DANCE. Guest-of-honor, Jillian Nivison, of "Mirani," Waleha, with two of her guests, Geoff Marquis (left) and Graeme MacPherson, at her twenty-first birthday party at the Pickwick Club. Jillian's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Nivison, helped her to receive the guests.

Social Gottings

IN Canberra this week the spotlight moved from Christmas shopping and parties to the Royal Military College, Duntroon, when the college held its graduation ceremony.

Proud parents, official guests, and pretty girls who had received one of the much sought after invitations to the graduation ball, which was held in the evening following the ceremony, arrived in Canberra by car, plane, and train.

The Administrator, Sir John Northcott, was present at the graduation ceremony. Lieut.-General V. C. Secombe, G.O.C. Eastern Command, and Major-General W. J. V. Windeyer, Second Australian Division, C.M.F., also came from Sydney.

Other official guests were the Minister for the Army, Mr. Jos. Francis; Minister for Defence, Mr. P. A. McBride; Chief of the General Staff, Lieut.-General S. F. Rowell, and his wife and daughter.

One proud mother was Mrs. R. Hannigan, who flew from New York in time to be present to see her son, Richard, graduate.

• • •

JANUARY bride Helena Kinsella was guest of honor at a shower tea given by one of her bridesmaids, Robin McDonald, at Robin's Killara home. Helena, who is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. V. J. Kinsella, of Killara, will marry Rex Atkin on January 26.



HAPPY FOURSOME. Jenny Linsley (left), Brian France, Elizabeth Bowman, and Dennis Kelynack at the breaking-up dance held at Carl Thomas' by country girls who have been staying at the C.W.A. Hostel. The hostel closes down this week.



CHRISTMAS PLAYS. Jennifer Human, young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Human, distributes programmes to Mrs. Alan Atwill (left), Diana Calder, Mrs. Claire Knox, and Sue Playfair for the plays which were part of her parents' Christmas party.

ORANGE blossom which had been first worn by her grandmother and then by her mother was brought out from its tissue wrappings and tucked into Judith Blackwell's veil for her wedding to Donald Durie at St. Margaret's, Turramurra. Judith is the elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Clive Blackwell, of Turramurra, and Donald is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. John Durie, also of Turramurra. Congratulating themselves as well as the newlyweds were Judith's cousins, Mrs. Tom Clerk, from Auckland, New Zealand, and Mrs. I. M. Johnston, from England, who managed to arrive in Sydney in perfect time for the great day.

THE popular English stage stars Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton are spending a few days' relaxation at Gwen Plumb's Whale Beach home with Melbourne friend Mrs. George Uhrich, wife of the U.S. Air Attache.

Evelyn and Frank sail for New Zealand on December 20. Before their play "Bell, Book, and Candle" closed at the Theatre Royal the couple gave a farewell-cum-17th wedding anniversary party in the Green Room at the theatre. Members of the company gave them a wedding anniversary cake decorated with 17 candles and miniature Piwackets—the name of the cat in the play. Just for fun, Evelyn and Frank pinned up their marriage licence, witnessed by Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall.

• • •

DISPENSING Christmas cheer at their station home at Michelago last week-end, the Jim Ryries entertained about forty country and city friends. A special toast was called for James Julian, the latest-born Ryrie, who, needless to say, was not at the party. In spite of their determination to call the new baby Julian, the Ryries are already feeling that the odds are against them and that he will end up as Jimmy.

Sydney friends at the party were Bunny and Clive Statham and country guests included Len and Bea Bligh, from Crookwell; Jock and Jeanette Mackay, from Braidwood; Tony and Joan Litchfield, from Cooma; and David and Bonnie Campbell, from Canberra.

Anne



CAPTAIN Peter Cook, only son of Major and Mrs. G. S. Cook, of Bellevue Hill, and his bride, formerly Joan Beattie, of Melbourne. Peter's grandfather was the late Sir Joseph Cook.



CHRISTMAS PARTY. President Nita Day (right) presents guest-of-honor Elizabeth Northcott with a Christmas gift of flowers at the party given by the younger set of the Women's Pioneer Society in the society's clubrooms.



OUTDOOR PARTY. Peter Barker, Pam Higgins, Pat Eyles, and Shirley Bower round the fire at the party given by the junior committee of the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind at the Point Piper home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Lands.

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London's Lord Mayor takes office

● After his swearing-in as the first Australian Lord Mayor of London last month, Sir Leslie Boyce carried out the traditional ceremonies associated with taking office, climaxing in a reception and banquet at the Guildhall, where Alec Murray took these exclusive pictures.



LORD MAYOR of London, Sir Leslie Boyce, in his ceremonial black-and-gold robes. The robes cost each office-holder nearly £1000.



GUILDHALL RECEPTION. Sir Leslie and Lady Boyce (above) receive the Earl and Countess Mountbatten before the Guildhall banquet. Below: Sir Leslie escorts Mrs. Winston Churchill to the banquet; Mr. Churchill follows with Lady Boyce.



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PANORAMIC VIEW of the splendid Lord Mayor's banquet held at the Guildhall, London, on the evening after the new Lord Mayor's traditional procession through the city. At the main table the Lord Mayor sits facing Mr. Churchill. On the Prime Minister's left is Lady Boyce, then the Archbishop of Canterbury. On Sir Leslie's right is his predecessor in mayoral office, Sir Denys Lowson. The traditional menu began with turtle soup and ended with "maids of honor," cakes made from an old English recipe.



YOUNGEST SON of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Charles Boyce, who acted as page to his father, with the maids of honor who attended the Lady Mayoress. The girls followed the custom of wearing identical dresses.



PREVIOUS LORD MAYOR, Sir Denys Lowson, with Lady Lowson, congratulates Sir Leslie and Lady Boyce at the reception and wishes them good fortune during their year at Mansion House, the mayoral residence. Sir Denys and Lady Lowson were Jubilee guests in Australia last August.

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● Striped shantung one-piece is belted snugly at the waistline. Mollie Parnis model.



● High-necked and sleeveless stole dress in cotton. One end of the stole is fashioned into a brief sleeve. Morgan Fanth model.



● Dress and stole of fine cotton tweed. The dress is buttoned with pearl discs.

FOR THE JUNIOR FIGURE

● Simplicity is the charm of these five summer-weather models, styled for the teen-age figure by New York designers. All have slim lines with easy walking fullness in the skirt.



● Orange, purple, and green plaid cotton one-piece has a form-fitting bodice and unusual turned-under sleeveless boomer skirt. Claire McCardell model.



● Dotted Swiss skirt and white blouse-like bodice-top are designed all in one piece. A velvet belt and a bunch of parma violets complete the ensemble.

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TRIO OF BEACH HATS. The wide-brimmed hat, left, is bordered with plastic hearts. Price about 21/-. Coolie hat, centre, in natural straw, has contrasting raffia edge. Price about 21/-. Head-hugging model, right, is outlined with multicolored plastic discs. Price about 13/6. By Coleman.



STRIPED COTTON waterproof beach-bag, above, has large outsize pocket with a slide fastener. The bag is made in five colors. Price about 48/-. Designed by Herbert Caspari.

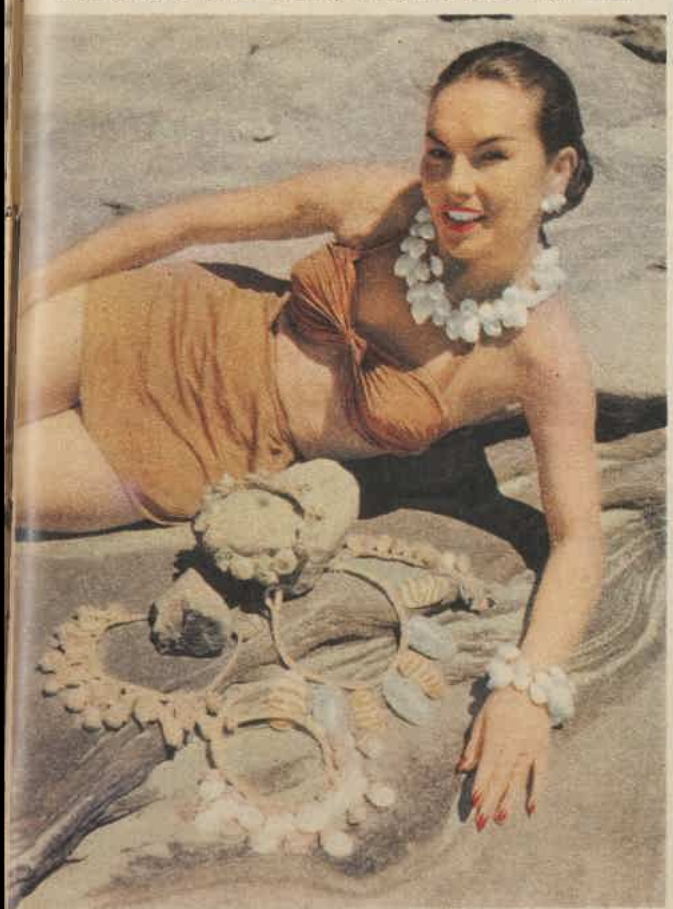
WHITE CHENILLE beach robe, left, is tied at the waist and neckline with thick, matching cord. Sizes 12 to 18, made in six attractive colors. Price about 83/-. Pacific-Chenille Craft.

AUSTRALIAN-MADE

Beach accessories

★ Here are new ideas for summer beach-wear, some essentially pretty, others practical. The Australian shell ornaments, photographed below, have already been displayed in England, France, and America. All the accessories are on sale in leading stores throughout Australia.





EXOTIC shell jewellery can look attractive on or off the beach. The three-piece set worn by model is priced: Necklace about 55/-, earrings about 20/-, and bracelet about 40/-. The other designs are in the same price range. These designs by Diana Bowden are made in Port Douglas, North Queensland.



BEACH SCUFFS in terry towelling. Colors: white, blue, lemon. Price about 38/6. Joyce, California.

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As I read the Stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Go off the deep end on December 22, and you'll be mixed up in a willy-willy. Be pleasant, but rely only on yourself. December 24 may bring wonderful news.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): A gift you didn't expect or a pleasure for which you've longed may loom up suddenly. December 20 will provide a hint of what's in store and December 25 should bring the big moment.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): The Gemini plane is certainly going up. You may be cheerfully looping the loop with people and events on December 20, but on December 23 you really make a happy landing.

CANCER (June 22 - July 22): Cancer folk are at the heart of Christmas festivities, and their biggest effort is on December 19. They will struggle with obstacles on December 21, but be sitting on top of the world by December 24.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Leo people when aroused can accomplish the impossible. Criticism, or pessimism, on the part of others will be a challenge on December 21. Faith in yourself will win on December 24.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Have you a journey ahead? The holiday trip is a bringer of good fortune to the Virgo family. Arrangements made on December 20 should be exciting. December 23 is full of sunshine.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): A surprise packet on December 20 could cheer you. If young and eligible, a romance. If older, the fulfilment of a wish on December 25.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Deep down, undemonstrative Scorpio folk yearn for affection. Don't be discouraged if December 22 is disappointing. December 24 will send your spirits soaring.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): You'll have fun and games, and you'll dish out hospitality with reckless generosity, particularly December 22 and December 25.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Steady, reliable sons and daughters of the "Goat" will cast off cares as December 22 dawns. December 24 could be a day long to be remembered.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Aquarians will be in constant demand, helping others. News comes on December 19, a brainwave on December 22, and on December 24 comes a reward.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): December 22 will not be what you thought, but something much more worth while will happen on December 25. Your plans for others should add up to enjoyment.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

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Worth Reporting

DURING her recent visit to England, Mrs. Harold Rischbieth, founder of South Australia's Royal Naval Friendly Union, was shown over the former Royal yacht Victoria and Albert.

Now out of commission off Whale Island, Portsmouth, Victoria and Albert is a store for furnishings used by members of the Royal Family when making a sea voyage.

At the end of the reception-hall are two high-backed Jacobean chairs on which, in the yacht's seagoing days, the King's pages used to sit.

Queen Mary apparently made no concession to ship-board tradition. Her bed measures six feet by four.

Queen Elizabeth's cabin has walls of pale green brocade sprigged with pink rosebuds, and her bed a cream quilted chintz cover. The blankets are of pink honeycombed Shetland wool.

Princess Elizabeth's and Princess Margaret's cabins have pale green tapestried walls. The upholstery in Elizabeth's is cream chintz with pink roses, and in Margaret's green chintz patterned with moss roses.

Other reminders of past Royalties were the small baby chair with carved arms and claw legs which belonged to Queen Victoria, the baby grand piano of Queen Alexandra, and the dining and banqueting room's 80 Hepplewhite chairs chosen by King Edward.

* * *

OVERHEARD in a teashop.

First old lady in lavender-and-lace accents: "It's a terrible thing, dear, to think that we shall probably never live to see the return of good manners and natural graciousness." Second old lady, a snappier version of her contemporary: "I can do without the good manners and natural graciousness. All I hope is that I won't die before we can get Canadian tinned salmon again."

RIVETS



Pen friendship rewarded

TEN years ago a Kempsey, N.S.W., schoolgirl began a pen friendship with an American schoolgirl of her own age. The Australian girl was Vilma Dalton Webb. The American schoolgirl is now Mrs. Loraine Densley Pierce, of Texas, U.S.A.

After exchanging hundreds of letters, the two have at last met.

Vilma, who took her degree in dentistry at Sydney University a year ago, recently went to the U.S.A., where, for the next 12 months, she will work on the staff of a Boston dental hospital.

Loraine, with her husband and two children, made a long motor trip from Texas to meet her. Before Vilma begins her job, the two pen friends will visit the Grand Canyon in Arizona, the Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico, and motor into Old Mexico.

While she is working in the hospital Vilma intends to earn extra money by getting casual typing and shorthand jobs. After her year in Boston she will come home by way of England.

The girls told an American newspaper reporter that they did not feel any awkwardness at their first meeting because they both knew each other so well.

* * *

IN a Belfast, Northern Ireland, girls' school the pupils were asked, "What is an opera?"

The answer received from one of them ran: "It is a theatrical performance in which the hero is stabbed, but instead of bleeding to death he just sings."

Book about old Tasmania

WE had a breath of fresh air from Australia's deep south when ex-sailor and author John McLean called in with a copy of his book, "Bruny Island and Adventure Bay."

He was visiting the mainland from his island home on Adventure Bay, Bruny Island, in the Derwent River, Tasmania.

Mr. McLean came from Scotland 20 years ago and settled in Victoria, but bush-fires drove him out.

For the past five years, since he retired from the sea—he was Chief Petty-Officer, R.N. and R.A.N.—he has been living on Adventure Bay.

He was so impressed with the rich history of Tasmania's east coast that he decided to collect its stories and make them into a book.

In "Bruny Island and Adventure Bay" he has retold, with considerable charm, stories of the Tasmanian adventures of people like Captain Cook, Matthew Flinders, Rear-Admiral Bruny D'Entrecasteaux, and the tragic aboriginal girl Truganini.

We specially liked the book because, knowing the east coast of Tasmania and having fallen in love with its magnificent bays and islands, we were pleased to be reminded of the history and legend surrounding them.

Happy Christmas for sailors

CHRISTMAS for naval ratings from Flinders Naval Depot who are without friends or relatives in Melbourne should be brighter this year.

They will be able to stay at a leave centre being built in part of the north-eastern annexe of the Exhibition Building.

The centre will be established at a cost of between £25,000 and £30,000 by the Naval Hospitality Centre Committee, recently formed under the chairmanship of Mr. Ken Luke.

Beds, hot and cold meals, showers, lounge, recreation, and locker rooms will be available to the boys on leave.

The committee will also arrange accommodation for them in private homes.

Woman's Angle on the Case

DELLA found herself looking down at the police photographs of the death scene in the Hanson garage. There was nothing startling about the picture. Margaret Hanson's face was hidden, lying against the wheel as if asleep, her dark hair undisturbed, a little hat circled with roses on her head.

It was the hat that made Della stare—a fragile hat, just a bit of white shining straw with a ring of roses. But what made Della's heart start pounding was the fact that Mrs. Hanson's hat was almost an exact duplicate of the one she had hidden away upstairs.

Dan was smiling patiently at her, his hand waiting for the photo she had picked up. "Dell, I didn't think you were interested in these little souvenirs."

"I wasn't looking at Mrs. Hanson," Della answered. "It's her hat, Dan—it's so like one I just bought. You haven't seen it yet—but it's almost exactly like this hat in the picture. It startled me. But I can't imagine why Mrs. Hanson has it on backwards——"

Della broke off, conscious of the sudden silence that filled the room.

"Dell, let's have that last part again," Dan said slowly, in a strained voice. "You say Mrs. Hanson has her hat on backwards? You're sure of that?"

"Why, why, yes, of course I'm sure," Della answered. "Look at the circle of roses! See that big, full-blown rose—it should be at the front, of course, and those little half-budded ones at the back. Any woman could tell that at a glance, without even looking inside the crown to see where the label is."

Dan's eyes had a sudden light in them. "And you have a hat just like this one? Right here—in the house? Well get it, Dell, get it!"

Even then Della did not

Continued from page 10

quite realise the significance of her words. She ran upstairs for the hat, and hurried downstairs again, a little flustered over the abrupt and unforeseen way in which her little domestic secret had come out into the open.

"Here it is," she said, proudly displaying what had been intended as a great surprise.

Dan practically snatched the hat from her hands. "Label—label?" he muttered. "Here it is! This is the front, Dell? This is the back?"

Dan and Captain Jim were huddled over the hat and the photograph, studying, comparing. "Check and double-check!" Dan said then, and a long, low whistle came through his teeth.

"We've got him, Jim!" he exclaimed. "We've got Hanson's hide nailed to the barn door!"

Dan was grinning at her. "Nice going, Dell! That was great!" he said. And Captain Jim gave her a big hug. "Della, I'm proud of you!"

"Jim, we'd better phone Bender at the office," Dan said. "We'll tell him we're coming in right away. We'll get Hanson out of his cell and go to work on him."

They went hurrying to the telephone in the hall, leaving Della staring at the little hat in her hands and then at the one in the glossy photograph, fully aware now of the decisive role she had played in breaking the Hanson murder case.

"Oh, what have I done!" she thought frantically. "All I did was buy a new hat—and now it's practically put a rope around a man's neck! My lovely little new hat! I'll never be able to wear it now! I couldn't—I simply couldn't ever look at a hat with roses on it again"

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A Christmas Tree at Windsor

Continued from page 4

PROTESTINGLY Victoria said: "Albert, I did not, believe me! The screen does not conceal it very well, and so I could hardly help—"

"Don't you know it is unlucky to see someone else's tree before Christmas Eve?"

"But it is so dark, dear Albert. I could not possibly have seen anything important."

He gave one of his rare chuckles.

"Never mind, Vicky, I have just seen something that makes me very happy."

"What is that?"

"I saw—in your room—that you too remembered."

"Albert! You peeped too!"

"Vicky, I didn't mean to—"

"For shame, Albert!" She was laughing now; but was suddenly serious. "And why should I not remember?"

"I thought perhaps the trees we had last year were just to please me. To make me feel less homesick."

"Albert, how can you say such a thing?"

"Ought I not to put away all German things, now that I have become so English? Isn't that what the people think?"

"Christmas is not an English monopoly, and Christmas trees are not exclusively for Germans," she cried indignantly, seizing his arms and looking up into his face. "Why should not everybody in the land have a tree for Christmas? Let them follow their Queen's example!"

"Vicky, I see you have mistletoe above your door. So have I."

"Yes, Albert. That at least is a thoroughly English custom! Though I do not suppose that the old Druids foresaw that it would be used as an excuse for——"

His arms closed around her.

On the morning of Christmas Eve came a wonderful change in the weather. The walls and ramparts of the castle sparkled with hoar-frost, the flooded meadows rippled no more. The waters were glazed over with ice that grew thicker every hour, until people could walk upon it as upon a public highway.

As dusk fell, the lamps of the castle shone out. Royal aunts and uncles arrived in their carriages to wish the Queen and her husband a happy Christmas, and to greet the new princeling.

In the hall were three Christmas trees, all hung with gifts. Vicky's and Albert's, one on each side; and in the middle a great fir, eight feet high, with six tiers of horizontal branches. A dozen wax tapers burned along each of them. The upper branches were hung with colored baskets of sweets, the lower ones with cakes. At the foot of the tree was a round table, with yet more sweets upon it, and toys and dolls, all of British manufacture; and useful presents for all the servants, done up in discreet packages.

But now it is late at night. The little Princess Royal, also called Vicky, just beginning to walk, has tottered around the tree in awe and ecstasy.

And the heir-apparent, in his long, white clothes, has been put to bed long ago.

THE guests have gone. Most of the servants have retired. Victoria and Albert are left together by the tree.

"A happy Christmas, dear Albert!"

"Frohliche Weihnachten, schatzi!" They take hands.

"Albert, what are you thinking?"

"I am thinking—that we are alone. How seldom we are alone together, Vicky."

"You are not thinking of—Germany?"

"No. No, Vicky, I swear it. I have not thought of Coburg all the evening. It was such a happy evening!"

"I am glad, dearest. So glad. What are you laughing at, Albert?"

He was shaking with silent mirth. "Emily—the little scullerymaid—when she opened her parcel!"

Victoria hid her face. "But, Albert dear," she gasped, "you know I always believe in giving the servants useful gifts."

"Such as warm winter underclothes!" he chuckled. "Really, we might have warned the poor girl not to open it on the spot. I tried to keep a straight face, Vicky."

"Never mind, dear. I blushed enough for both of us."

He strolled over to the grand piano and lifted the lid. "Play for me, Vicky. We have had so little music this Christmas."

"I will play if you will sing, Albert."

Their voices echoed strangely through the hall. It was such a very big castle for two young people to live in. Their two heads were caught in the mellow light of the tree's hundred candles. The rest of the room was dark, invisible, full of shadows, perhaps of ghosts. Suddenly Vicky stopped playing.

"You are tired, Schatzi."

"It's so quiet here," she whispered, gripping his arm. "What time is it?"

"Ten minutes before midnight. In ten minutes it will be Christmas Day. They say, you know, that we like to keep Christmas because it reminds us of other Christmases. Do you remember how it was last year, Vicky?" He fingered a few notes on the piano — a phrase from an old German carol.

"Yes." She looked down at his white hand on the keyboard. "Our daughter was one month old. We were a little disappointed because we had hoped for a boy."

"How foolish we were!"

"I was poorly. You had to lift me from my bed to the sofa." She looked up boldly. "But I am much healthier this time, am I not, Albert?"

"I wonder what Bertie will be like when he grows up?" Victoria said.

"He will inherit a golden Empire," Albert murmured. "He must go among his people and understand them. Ah, Vicky, what possibilities this country has! They are not half realised yet."

"Dear Albert," she whispered. She found him very beautiful when the fire entered his eyes and he spoke in this manner.

"If only they would let me work for them," he went on. "There is so much to be done. A stronger army. Better houses for the people. I should like to see every workman with his own cottage, and every cottage with a bathroom. It is possible, Vicky. We must look after the people. If we do not, they have every right to rise up and strike us, as they did in the French Revolution."

"Albert!" The Queen gave a little shriek of horror. "You are speaking like a Radical!"

"It is our duty, Vicky. Every day we hear of new scientific discoveries, new machines, new skills, new trades, new wonders for improving human life. We must see that every man, woman, and child shares these benefits."

"Dear Albert!" his wife murmured.

"Our generation is fortunate, Vicky. The country has come through its troubles. Men have grown wiser. There need be no more civil wars, no more wars of any kind."

The first stroke of midnight boomed out. One by one, all the clocks in the castle took up the jangling, tinkling chorus.

"You are so sure, Albert?"

"Nobody can be sure, Vicky. But everyone can hope."

She followed his gaze up to the topmost branch of the big Christmas tree, where the queer little white angel stood defiantly, lit up by a circle of guttering candles. "That is why we have our tree, Vicky. That is why people light candles, here and everywhere. Because they hope."

(Copyright)



"So now my worries are your worries. Well, some blonde in Riverside is suing us for breach of promise."

Keep up Listerine Routine on your holidays too!



The germs that cause colds and sore throats never take a holiday—they go along wherever you are. So make sure you pack LISTERINE, the safe, 5-point antiseptic, and keep the family protected and happy. LISTERINE Antiseptic is the proven family germicide that wards off dangerous throat, nasal and other infections—and the pleasantest means of ensuring personal hygiene with its swift antiseptic action.

THESE THINGS HAPPEN— EVEN ON YOUR HOLIDAYS

SORE THROATS
Immediately you notice dryness, treat with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC. So pleasant to use but so powerful that tests show 96.7% destruction of bacteria common in throat and mouth, after LISTERINE gargle.

COLDS
At the first sign—protect yourself and others by timely LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC gargles. If too late for full prevention, any LISTERINE treated cold is milder because LISTERINE destroys germs which set up "secondary infection."

CUTS AND SORES
ANY broken skin—scratch, bite or split—is an entrance for infection. Avoid trouble and ensure quick healing by applying LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC. A safe treatment for surfers, too!

HALITOSIS
Woe betide the holidaymaker trying to impress if unpleasant breath announces him! Far less chance of offending when you gargle night and morning with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC. Get the habit—it guards against infection, too!

DANDRUFF
Embarrassing dandruff flakes ruin grooming and confidence. Restore healthy beauty to hair with LISTERINE. Massage NOW! Laboratory tests show LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC is fatal to Pityrosporum Ovale, infectious micro-organism which causes dandruff by breeding in hair follicles. Once scalp is clean, prevent re-infection by adding LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC to your regular shampoo.

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A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

for the safety of all who use our roads

Lord of all gladness, come, abide
Here in our homes this Christmastide.
Star of Thy love shine over them
As on that night at Bethlehem.

Guard every place where children are.
Be with all travellers near and far;
Out on the highroads, everywhere,
Bid them to go with ceaseless care.

Giver of life, with Thy right arm
Shield us, and keep us free from harm.
Send out Thy light on all our ways,
Lest death's dark shadow cloud our days.

Let us be one in heart and mind,
Constantly watchful, calm and kind.
So shall Thy people find again
Thou art their safety, Lord. Amen.

William Tainsh.

DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● The short, bouffant, usually sheer evening dress is a leading choice for small formal parties. I have designed a dress of this type for a young reader in Victoria. It also answers numerous other letters from this week's mail.



"WOULD you please design a frock suitable to wear to small dances? I have just turned 18, am 5ft. 4in. in height, with bust 36in., and have never worn very sophisticated clothes.

First of all, sophistication is not desirable in a young girl's frocking, and this summer most party styles are simple. The design I have chosen is illustrated at right. For the material I suggest a pastel net made over a matching taffeta slip. It would look equally attractive in any other diaphanous material.

A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in 32 to 38in. bust. The price is 4/9. This includes a pattern for the slip. The panel at the top of the page tells you how to order.

PAPER PATTERN for this dance dress is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6¾yds. of 36in. net, and 6¼yds. 36in. taffeta. Price complete, 4/9.

Youthful style

"DO you think it would be suitable to combine three pieces of cotton material in a frock for a 10-year-old girl? The pieces are 1½yds. of white, 1½yds. of navy, and about half a yard of red."

Yes, your materials could be combined successfully for a simple one-piece. Have the dress back-buttoned, with a fitted bodice, finished with a neat little turn-over collar. Have the collar white, a bodice yoke in navy, and the remaining part of the bodice and skirt, to the hipline, white; then the last section of the skirt navy. Have the navy-and-white sections marked off by red piping.

Jacket length

"WHAT jacket length is correct with a full flared skirt?"

A short jacket is correct with a wide hemline, either nipped at the waistline or finishing just above it. These new, shorter jackets are really a modern translation of designs worn with crinoline skirts in the 'eighties.

DRESS SENSE PATTERNS

WHEN ordering a paper pattern for the design illustrated, address letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Enclose the illustration of the design and cost of pattern, 4/9.

Be sure to give full address, including the State you live in, and also supply size.

C.O.D. ORDERS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED.

I will be glad to advise you as usual in my column on any fashion problem.

Beach shorts

"COULD you please suggest a white material suitable for beach shorts that would not need starching and would be easy to wash and iron?"

I suggest shorts made in terry towelling. Towelling is being used in the United States for beach wear and casuals. No ironing is necessary, and it's comfortable to wear. Of course, it will not tailor like linen, but it is perfect for simple "boxer" shorts finished with an encased elastic binding in the waistline to ensure a snug, comfortable fit.

Evening wrap

"I AM going on a boat trip and would like a suitable light wrap to wear in the evenings."

A stole made in heavy silk, a fleecy hand-knit, or a fine wool jersey would be perfect. They range in size from 20 to 30in. wide and 60 to 80in. long. Many make a feature of fringe trimmings. There is also (quite new, too) the triangular shawl-stole, single or double, made in any of the above-mentioned materials.

Smart shades

"WOULD you please tell me if green and brown are still being worn? Both colors suit me, but I don't seem to see much mention of either shade this season."

In the Paris dress collections Balenciaga showed quite a number of models in cafe au lait and brown, and Jacques Fath launched several models in soft green.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

● NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 62.



ATTRACTIVE three-piece holiday ensemble includes blouse, shorts, and skirt. The material is a British slub linen, obtainable in white, natural, green, blue, grey, navy, and maize.

Ready To Wear: ANITA (blouse). Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 35/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 37/3. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 22/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 24/9. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

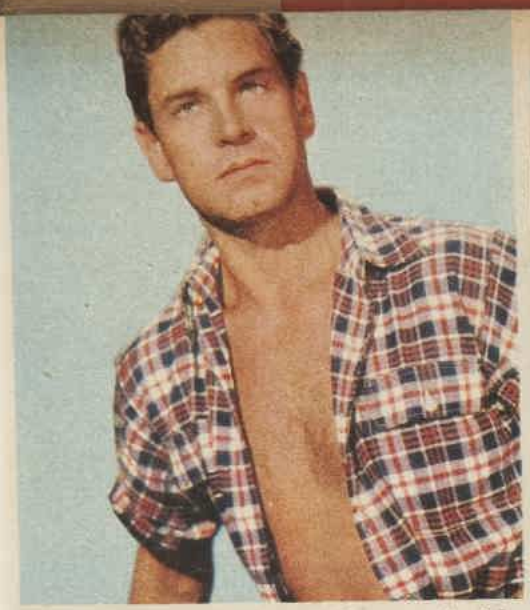
Ready To Wear: NERIDA (shorts). Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 30/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 19/9. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

Ready To Wear: WINSOME (skirt). Sizes 24½, 26, and 28in. waist, 39/11; 30 and 32in. waist, 42/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24½, 26, and 28in. waist, 26/3; 30 and 32in. waist, 28/9. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra.

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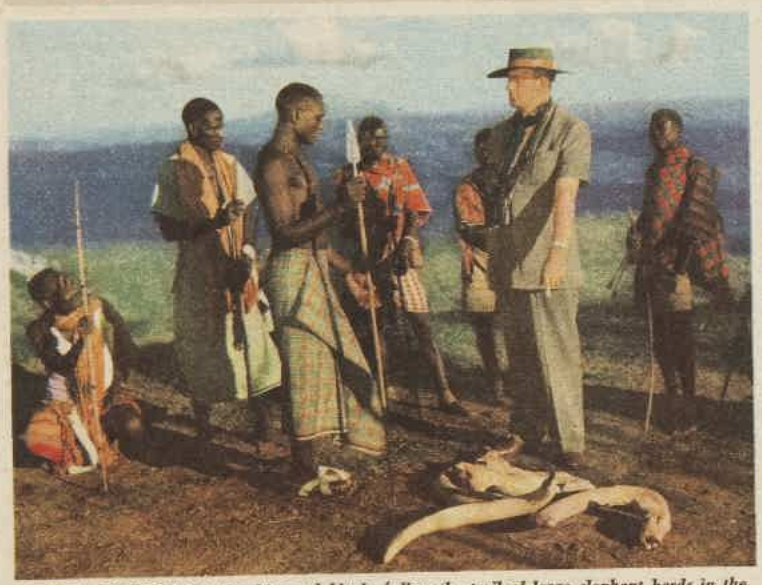
ANTHONY STEELE (above) is virile game warden Bob Payton of "Where No Vultures Fly." With no money and little help, he establishes a game reserve in African jungle.



MARY PAYTON (Dinah Sheridan) and nine-year-old son Tim (William Simons) feed Lucky, a baby anyx, with milk from a bottle. The family camp is part of the hunting-ground of fierce tribesmen, who hunt wild animal herds which roam the territory. With more than 1000 square miles of rugged country to cover, the Paytons find the life primitive.

Royal command performance

● Lush jungle is the background of Ealing's African adventure film "Where No Vultures Fly," which had its premiere before the Queen and Princess Margaret.



IVORY POACHERS, both white and black, follow the trail of large elephant herds in the proposed game reserve. Posing as a wild-life photographer, Mannering (Harold Warrender), above, is really the chief ivory poacher, and he constantly intimidates natives.



NATIVE VILLAGE SCENE from technicolor adventure "Where No Vultures Fly." Cameramen took their cameras into the wild heart of Africa to film authentic tribal customs and record a rhino charge, a wounded elephant hunt, and animal hunting.



PALAVER with natives fails, and "old lags" leave the village.



GAME PARK safe at last, the Payton family settles down happily.

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of pure white light



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SPORTS COMMENTATOR

"FAST SPORT NEEDS FAST TALK – AND THAT MEANS SPEARMINT DURING EVERY 'BREATHER'"

Wrigley's Spearmint eases nervous tension . . . You finish the day feeling fitter when you enjoy Spearmint every day.





LOOK TO YOUR SHOES

•STAYS ON
•DRIES QUICKLY
•EASY TO APPLY

KIWI WHITE
IN TUBES, JARS, BOTTLES



POPULAR British film star David Farrar, his wife, and daughter Barbara take a stroll around Beverly Hills during their recent visit to the coast, where David completed his first Hollywood-made picture. Handsome movie offers followed, but the Farrars elected to return to England before deciding about future assignments.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ *Show Boat*

MISSISSIPPI showboat "Cotton Blossom" paddles out of the mists of memory with a new technicolor paint job, lavish trim, and a cargo of entertainment stars for a third version of the romantic musical "Show Boat."

This is the showiest adaptation of "Show Boat" to come out of the regions vaguely associated with the deep South.

Nostalgic music by Kern-Hammerstein and unadulterated sentiment are, of course, the essence of this vintage tale. The material has been handled with a sure touch by M.G.M. to keep the audience alternating between laughter and tears.

Kathryn Grayson, as the simple river girl, Magnolia Hawks, is swept off her feet by the courtship of dashing gambler Gaylord Ravenal (Howard Keel); they marry and his addiction to cards and dice becomes the cause of much swooning and heartache before they get together for the finale.

Alone and singing in duet they put over tuneful songs for which some of us have a weakness; these include "Why Do I Love You" and "Only Make Believe."

As you may remember, the real drama in "Show Boat" centres around pretty Julie La Verne (Ava Gardner), who is the unhappy product of a mixed white-negro marriage.

When the secret of her birth becomes public, this poor girl has a terrible time being spurned by white folk, separated from friends and deserted by her weak husband (Robert Sterling); then she is pursued along the downward path by blackguardly Leif Erickson.

Ava is no Helen Morgan at the piano, but her Julie is a glamorous creature who doesn't get out of hand.

In less earnest vein is Joe E. Brown's amusing figure of Capt'n Andy, the genial river-boat owner, Agnes Moorehead as Parthy Ann, his wife, and the fresh charm of new song-and-dance team Marge and Gower Champion.

Baritone William Warfield plays the role made famous by Paul Robeson and sings "Ol' Man River" admirably.

In Sydney—Liberty, St. James.

★ *The Scarf*

ARTY presentation and psychological mumbo-jumbo obscure the theme of "The Scarf" (United Artists) which tells of the efforts of an amnesia victim to come to terms with himself and the world which judged him guilty of strangling a young student with her neckwear.

The audience meets John Barrington, played bleakly by John Ireland, as he stumbles across the Mojave Desert after escaping from a State asylum for the criminally insane. Barrington has a vague plan to retrace the events leading to his arrest and conviction.

This flimsy idea is further cramped when the audience meets a group of peculiar people who become mixed up in Barrington's problem.

With authorities hard on his heels, Barrington makes contact with hermit turkey-farmer James Barton, who packs a gun, plays a 'cello in the wilderness, and burbles about the beauty of solitude.

While Barrington hides out among the gobblers, not far away his supposed friend, preposterous English psychiatrist Dr. Dunbar (Emlyn Williams), plots to have him apprehended.

Next one to make an appearance is a tough young woman of uncertain morals who is called Cash and Carry Connie (Mercedes McCambridge). As you might expect, Connie proves that she has a heart as big as creation in spite of her belligerent manners.

Connie and the hermit are instrumental in tying guilt for the crime where it belongs by using a replica of the murder scarf to reconstruct the event.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

CITY FILM GUIDE

CAPITOL.—"April Showers," romantic musical comedy starring Jack Carson, Ann Sothern. Plus "Silver Canyon," a Western.

CENTURY.—★★ "Stage Fright," British thriller starring Marlene Dietrich, Michael Wilding, Jane Wyman. Plus featurettes.

CIVIC.—★★ "Street With No Name," semi-documentary crime drama starring Richard Widmark, Mark Stevens, Lloyd Nolan. Plus "The Counterfeiters."

EMBASSY.—★ "Prelude to Fame," English drama set in Italy starring Guy Rolfe, Kathleen Byron, Jeremy Spenser. Plus "The Body Said No," starring Yolande Donlan, Michael Rennie.

ESQUIRE.—"Thief of Bagdad," re-issue of early Eastern fantasy in technicolor starring Valerie Hobson, Conrad Veidt. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Show Boat," musical extravaganza in technicolor starring Kathryn Grayson, Ava Gardner, Howard Keel. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "Double Crossbones," a technicolor period comedy starring Donald O'Connor, Helena Carter. Plus "Air Cadet," starring Gail Russell, Stephen McNally.

LYRIC.—"Jesse James," Western based on lives of famous American outlaws starring Tyrone Power, Nancy Kelly, Henry Fonda. Plus "The Return of Frank James," starring Henry Fonda, Gene Tierney.

MAYFAIR.—★ "The Scarf," psychological drama starring John Ireland, Mercedes McCambridge, Emlyn Williams. (See review this page.) Plus "Hit Parade of 1951."

PARK.—★★ "The Thing From Another World," scientific fantasy starring Kenneth Tobey, Margaret Sheridan. Plus "The Return of Wildfire."

PLAZA.—★★ "Secret of Convict Lake," period Western drama starring Glenn Ford, Gene Tierney, Ann Dvorak. Plus "Million Dollar Pursuit."

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Appointment With Danger," crime drama starring Alan Ladd, Phyllis Calvert. Plus "The Great Missouri Raid," Western starring MacDonald Carey, Ellen Drew.

REGENT.—★ "Bird of Paradise," technicolor romance set in the South Seas starring Debra Paget, Jeff Chandler, Louis Jourdan. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—"Fantasia," Walt Disney musical fantasy in technicolor.

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "Show Boat," musical extravaganza in technicolor starring Kathryn Grayson, Ava Gardner, Howard Keel. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★ "One Wild Oat," British comedy starring Stanley Holloway, Robertson Hare. Plus "Open Secret," starring John Ireland, Jane Randolph.

VARIETY.—★ "Samson and Delilah," deMille extravaganza starring Hedy Lamarr, Victor Mature. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—"The Prince Who Was a Thief," technicolor Eastern adventure starring Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie. Plus "The Raging Tide," sea drama starring Stephen McNally, Shelley Winters.

News from studios

From LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

HOWARD HUGHES' 25-million-dollar flying boat is reported to be almost ready for another test flight. Before its first flight in 1947, many people in Hollywood believed that it wouldn't fly at all.

★ ★ ★

FILM stars' children are liable to get mixed up by the famous names they are always hearing. Little James Irving Morgan, nine-year-old son of Dennis Morgan, saw a cute pair of twins in a pram the other day and innocently asked his mother, "Are they the Warner Brothers?"

★ ★ ★

ALAN LADD is getting tired of people calling his phone number by mistake. The other day, one caller thought he was talking to the local carpenter, gave a long story about window-sash trouble he was having, and ended up by saying, "So I guess we need a new rope over here." Ladd answered sharply, "I'm afraid I can't help you. This is the District Attorney's office and we gave up using the rope years ago. We use the gas chamber now." Then he hung up.

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1 **SUPERVISION** of gold bullion delivery from the refineries to a London bank is the job of meek Mr. Holland (Alec Guiness), right, who secretly plans to steal a million pounds' worth of bullion.



2 **FACTORY** owned by Mr. Pendlebury (Stanley Holloway), left, is visited by his friend Mr. Holland, who is interested to find that souvenir paper-weights of miniature Eiffel Towers are exported to Paris.

THE LAVENDER HILL MOB

SHOWING that a scriptwriter with ingenuity can find a comedy slant even in crime, T. E. B. Clarke won the Venice Film Festival award for the best scenario with his "The Lavender Hill Mob."

Satirising pseudo-respectability, the film takes its title from a highly dignified London street and centres action on a meek bank employee whose pose of worthiness veils a secret plan to steal a million pounds' worth of gold bullion.

Alec Guiness was the natural choice for the central role in Ealing's production.



3 **IDEA** of getting rid of bullion by making it into paper-weights and exporting it is hit upon by pair.



4 **HOLD-UP** gang, previously hired by Holland and Pendlebury, succeed in getting the gold. Holland has them bind him up well, so it will appear that he was overpowered.



5 **SMELTED** gold is made into innocent-looking paper-weights, which are exported to Paris. Soon after, Holland and Pendlebury go there to collect them and sell them on Continental black-market.



6 **MIX-UP** occurs in Paris when English schoolgirls innocently buy six of the paper-weights. Fearing trouble from Customs officials when girls reach England, Holland and Pendlebury frantically try to retrieve them.





7 **PURSUING** the girls to England, Holland and Pendlebury are unable to persuade one of them to part with her paper-weight; Holland snatches it from her and is chased by police.

8 **ENJOYING** himself with pretty Chiquita (Audrey Hepburn) in Brazil, where he escapes with money from the gold sale, Holland thinks his dreams of luxury and ease are realised. But before long English police catch up with him.

Spontex
THE NEW HYGIENIC SPONGE
MADE IN GT. BRITAIN

now but Super-soft cellulose

GIVE SPONTEX THIS CHRISTMAS!



This is the Spontex Toilet Sponge. Other shapes for other uses.

CELLOPHANE WRAPPED

Other useful suggestions for Xmas

Spontex—the new hygienic sponge is made, not from rubber, but from super-absorbent cellulose. The Spontex sponge is ideal for all toilet purposes; for the shower, for the bath, for the wash basin—for baby's bath too. Housewives have proved that Household Spontex makes home cleaning easier. Motorists have found that Car Spontex makes car cleaning twice as quick, twice as easy. Whatever the washing or cleaning purpose—Spontex does the job better than anything else.

SPONTEX FOR THE SHOWER
Soap-foaming, skin-freshening, hygienic Spontex makes every shower a massage treatment too!

COSMETIC SPONTEX
Ideal for applying make-up, suntan lotion, liquid hair shampoo, etc.

SPONTEX FOR THE HOME
Dirt-removing, grease-receiving, easily-cleaned Spontex for every household task: special dish mop: Spontex makes washing up quicker and cleaner too!

SPONTEX for the CAR
Soft, resilient Car Spontex cleans quicker, holds 25 times its weight in water.

FROM CHEMISTS & STORES

Look at your skin
..others do!



Help skin blemishes disappear with

REXONA SOAP
especially medicated for 'SKIN CARE'

You simply can't hide blotches and skin faults with make-up! But you *can* clear up blemishes with Rexona Soap because it is especially medicated with Cadyl* to restore skin to natural loveliness.



11½d. PER TABLET
Slightly higher in some country areas

★ *Cadyl is a fragrant blend of 5 rare beauty oils, exclusive to Rexona Soap. Rexona's silky-fine lather carries Cadyl deep into the pores where most blemishes start.*

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No Tower of Strength

Continued from page 2

AFTER a while, Mr. Kennicott's buzzer sounded. Kay took up her notebook and went into his room. He was tilted back in his chair, his eyes screwed shut, sniffing at an amber fluid in a small vial.

"Smell this," he said, handing it to her.

Kay rubbed the scent on her wrist, and sniffed. "M-m-m-m, nice."

"Got any ideas for it?"

"Heavy, provocative, a touch wicked. How about 'Lurid'?"

Mr. Kennicott sat up abruptly. "That's good. That's it precisely. Why didn't Clyde think of that?"

"Clyde's got a lot on his mind, I guess."

"We pay him to have a lot on his mind. That young man is turning out to be a disappointment to me."

Clyde Filgree, Mr. Kennicott's assistant, was a nice, if somewhat innocuous, young man. Kay thought of the news that had drifted in on the grape-vine, considered the probable effect on Mr. Kennicott when he learned of it, and decided to boost Clyde's stock without waiting: "Charmion is trying to lure him away. Apparently they think he has something on the ball."

Mr. Kennicott rubbed his chin. "That true?"

"I have a friend over there."

"Hm-m-m," he said. "Interesting. What are they using as bait?"

"Bigger money," Kay grinned.

"Well!" said Mr. Kennicott slowly.

"Congratulations on your anniversary," Kay said.

Mr. Kennicott looked blank for a minute, glanced at the desk calendar, and stiffened. "Nearly forgot. Can't imagine how it happened."

This was the fifth year running that he had nearly forgotten. Kay smiled at him.

"I've ordered roses for Mrs. Kennicott and arranged for some bracelets to be brought up for you to select from."

Mr. Kennicott's face showed admiration. "You think of everything, don't you?"

"I try to." She had thought about a nice, solid, dependable man of her own, and what happened? Corley Trent happened. "Why do I keep thinking of him," she wondered angrily. "It isn't as though he means anything to me."

Mr. Kennicott handed her the letters piled on his desk. "Take care of these, too. There isn't anything here you can't handle."

She took the letters. "You have an appointment at ten to decide on the art work on the Ete packaging."

Mr. Kennicott considered that. "Tell you what," he said. "You look at it. If it suits you, okay it."

Kay flushed with pleasure, gathered up her notebook, and was almost to the door when Mr. Kennicott called her back. "Sit down a minute, Kay."

She perched on the edge of the chair, waiting.

"Matter of fact," Mr. Kennicott said, "I have something to ask you. If Clyde decides to go over to Charmion, would you like his job?"

Kay's heart started an excited tattoo. Assistant to the president of one of the most successful perfume firms in New York.

"I—I don't know what to say," Kay stammered.

"Don't say anything. Think about it," Mr. Kennicott said kindly. "No hurry at all."

Back at her desk, Kay sat staring into space. Life was funny, she reflected. Only a few hours ago she had felt that she was getting old without achieving anything. Tomorrow she could be Mr. Kennicott's assistant, a real career job.

Why, then, hadn't she said yes at once, quickly, before he could change his mind? What, she wondered uneasily, had caused her to hesitate? . . .

At five-thirty the buzzer at the door of her flat sounded. Kay remained stubbornly where she was. Her worst suspicions had been confirmed. Whatever else he was, Corley Trent was no tower of strength.

Kay stared in fascination as a five-dollar bill was pushed under the door. It was followed quickly by a sheet of white notepaper, and then a second sheet.

Kay removed her shoes and tiptoed to the door, where she knelt and gathered up the lot.

The money was, of course, in return for the dinner. She unfolded the first sheet.

"This will inform you," it read, "that Corley Trent has been known to me all his life, and that he is an excellent young man of fine character, dependable, honest, and completely reliable."

There was more in the same vein. Her glance jumped to the signature of the Reverend William Dickinson, United Congregational Church, Belfield.

She unfolded the second letter. It was much in the same vein and referred to Eagle Scout Trent. It was signed by Scoutmaster George Foster, Troop No. 5, of Belfield.

Kay started to laugh, tried to smother the telltale sound, nearly choked, and reached for the doorknob. Corley Trent stood outside studying the ceiling, rocking back and forth on the balls of his feet. "My mother said those would come in handy some day."

They went to a double-feature Western, and afterward, because it was still early, they bought sandwiches and brought them back to the flat, where Kay made coffee.

The sight of Corley, at ease across the table from her almost as though he belonged there, gave Kay an odd sensation she refused to define.

"I know all about your childhood and your character," she said, "but you've never mentioned what you do all day."

"I'm an engineer. Civil."

"You mean you build bridges and, well, things?"

"Bridges, roads, buildings."

Kay giggled softly. "I'd hate to be the first man across any bridge you built."

"Now, look," he said, "I build a mighty nice bridge."

"I'll keep it in mind," Kay promised. "You never can tell when I might need a bridge."

"As a matter of fact," he said smugly, "I just got a sort of promotion. The firm has some contracts in Alaska, and they're sending me up to take charge of construction."

The sandwich gathered in a tight, hard, cold knot in Kay's stomach. "How—how nice."

"I'll be away three years," Corley said.

The coffee curdled cosily around the knot of sandwich.

Three years in Alaska. He'd never remember to pack long underwear. He'd probably catch pneumonia and freeze to death in some snowdrift. Why, she felt unreasonably, couldn't they have sent him to Rio or some other sensible climate?

"Do you think you'd like Alaska?" he asked.

"I'd love it," she said instantly, seeing a team of huskies pulling the sled across the frozen plains, while she and Corley were bundled warm and cosy beneath the blankets in the sled.

Kay blinked. "Hey, wait a minute. You're the one who's going to Alaska."

Corley's hand closed over hers on the checked tablecloth. "I know it isn't much time, but I wanted you to think about it. I'm not leaving for two weeks, and even that isn't much time, but it's not as though we were total strangers. You've got letters of reference to prove what a dependable man I am, and you could check on them, and maybe in the next two weeks we could sort of get to know each other better."

"You aren't," Kay demanded incredulously, "proposing to me?"

"Well," Corley said irritably, "I've never done it before. Didn't it sound right?"

Kay began to laugh. "I'm not getting married. Maybe never."

Certainly not to a charming screwball, not with two horrible examples staring her in the face—Hazel for one and Mum for another.

He stood up. "I wish you'd think about it, Kay."

Kay moved across the room, fast. "I have thought about it." She shuddered slightly. "Thanks just the same," she said.

Corley took two strides across the room, and suddenly Kay was in his arms and all the lights blinked out and the earth rocked and the room spun crazily. When he stepped away, Kay groped for something to hold on to. "I . . ." she said. "I . . . it's getting late."

After he was gone, Kay leaned against the door, trying to control the odd beat of her heart. He would be around only two weeks more. After that she'd be safe. Assistant to the president. The only sensible thing to do, then, was to avoid seeing him at all, she decided, as she settled to sleep.

But in the cold light of morning she knew that the only decent, human thing to do was to spend as much of the two remaining weeks with him as she could. Alaska was so far off, cold and dark and lonely. She had no right to refuse him the small solace of her company before he left.

And so they went out every available minute.

She could have had a wonderful time if it hadn't been for the sense of imminent loss that nagged painfully, continuously at the back of her mind.

Before she quite realised what was happening, she was standing in the middle of the railway station with people hurrying past, and trying to keep the good-byes gay, with the tears streaming down her cheeks.

"A week at the home office first," Corley said, his mouth white around the rim, "and then off to Fairbanks."

"I—h-hope you have fun," Kay choked.

Corleys' eyes were reproachful.

She watched the gates swing back and her heart gave a sudden drop.

Maybe the towers of strength were humorless, Kay thought wildly, the monuments of dependability stodgy and dull. Dependability wasn't everything, her heart cried.

Anyway, even if she was doomed to a life of abject misery with Corley Trent, it would be infinitely better than dying by inches without him.

"Corley, wait!" she cried. "I'm coming, too!"

They could be married in Boston. Hazel could send her things after her.

"Good-bye, Mr. Kennicott," she thought sadly. "I wanted that job, but I suppose I just didn't want it enough."

The train started to move. Soon lights began to flash by swiftly in the darkness of the tunnel.

"That time you forgot your wallet," Kay said.

"You didn't want to see me again," he told her. "Remember? It was the best excuse I could think of at the time."

Kay looked thoughtful. "I believe," she said dreamily, "we're going to be awfully happy."

The conductor moved unhurriedly towards them. Corley reached into his pocket, searched his wallet, dived madly through his possessions, and paled.

"Lose something?" Kay inquired.

Corley sank back on the seat. "Nothing important," he said. "Only my tickets."

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Adventuress At Large

Continued from page 9

WITHOUT even waiting for Charles to speak, Janet made the simple, slightly cryptic explanation, "I think it's because she's by herself."

Charles Harbin considered this carefully.

"Perhaps, later on, she'll make a friend," he suggested.

"Perhaps she will," agreed Janet—and at once saw the answer to the question her husband had asked. For, of course, that was what the girl was looking for; in the current idiom, a friend, in fact, a protector. And why not?

"I call it bold," said Professor Brocard. "Even brazen. And yet—"

"And yet?" prompted Janet. Every now and again, when he could turn his attention from the geological to the human species, her husband surprised her by his shrewdness.

"If she hopes to make a conquest," said the Professor, for you see I go further than Charles—and I can't help being reminded of the mating plumage of certain birds; though that of course, usually appertains to the male—if she does hope to make a conquest, is not so frank a display perhaps justified?"

"Do you mean justified or expedient?" asked Harbin.

"Both," said the Professor promptly. "What might or might not be justified is the original impulse. But a young woman without family—would you say without family, Janet?"

"Without family to the purpose," agreed Janet—uncontrollably visualising a father who dealt in hardware, a mother patient and perplexed, a younger sister at a commercial school.

"Very well, then. A young woman without family to back her pretensions, and whose pretensions, by the accident of her beauty justifiably (justifiably, Charles!) — high, unless she has an uncommon allowance of brains as well—what course can she take but conquest? Would you say she had brains, Janet?"

"Not what you call brains. But she is undoubtedly, within limits, clever."

"Then there you are. Beauty, acuteness, probably no education. Appetites, of course. And possibly a limited time in which to turn the beauty to enough account to gratify the appetites. So she has to make haste; she has to polish her bow and spear, and put them to immediate use. Hence the tail Janet indicated a Tommy, a Bobby, and a Peter (the Fort Flag always attracted more unattached men than most hotels), a golfer or two and a sporting Belgian. The Professor surveyed them carefully as a class of honors students, and observed that they offered a pretty fair field.

"Though, of course, one must allow for wastage," he pointed out. "Some of them may be leaving. Janet, my dear, we look to you for news of the campaign."

"I'm not sure I shall follow it," said Janet. "I'm not sure it will amuse me."



"Want to know exactly how far your £12 a week would go in this house?"

But she could not help following it. When the heroine of a musical comedy has made her entrance, a concerted number follows, and amid the swelling chorus Janet Brocard for the first time felt her solitude vulnerable. No longer, when she sat sewing on the terrace, did fellow guests praise her embroidery and pass on. They praised and stayed.

Or at least the women did. The men were mostly concentrated elsewhere — on the beach, if Miss Duval was bathing, or on the tennis court, if Miss Duval was playing tennis, or, if Miss Duval was thirsty, in the bar.

"Don't you think it's a vewwy odd name?" lisped the beauty queen, standing meekly by Janet's chair. "I mean, Tanya Duval—well, it doesn't seem to match, does it? I mean, one's Wussian and the other's Fwench."

"Perhaps she had bilingual parents," suggested Janet rather unkindly. The beauty queen examined the adjective for a moment, and abandoned it.

"Well, I think it sounds made up," she declared.

So did Janet. She also thought it none of their business; but added that anyone, by deed poll, could take any name he liked. The beauty queen looked shocked.

"I don't think that's vewwy nice. I mean, my name's Smike, and when I won the pwize I could see they were disappointed; but I wouldn't have changed it, not for ever so."

She pattered off, righteous but a little disconsolate. Janet did not know whether to be glad or sorry that Miss Smike's holiday was a disappointment.

On the whole, she thought, glad: at least the child's head would not be turned—for the fact was that with all her prettiness Miss Smike's conversation was so flat, her general air so very correct, the Fort Flag found her a dreadful little bore. The beauty editress in particular was bored.

"I'm an adult woman, my dear," she complained to Janet. "I know quite well there's poison in the grape. I've been absorbing it in moderate quantities for years, and it agrees with me. Miss Smike's a teetotaller — that's one reason she got the prize. Personally I prefer La Tanya."

As this was the first good word anyone had spoken for Miss Duval, Janet waited with some interest.

"I'd trust her no more than a snake, of course," added the editress cheerfully, "but at least she wouldn't nestle in my bosom. She says she's a dress designer. I know she's not; she's a model."

"Models must be very well paid," said Janet.

"Not well enough to holiday at the Fort Flag, my dear—though her clothes won't have cost so very much. However, as I hear our Belgian friend has already invited her to Brussels, at least she'll make expenses. Though, in my opinion," summed up this expert, "she's after something more solid."

The starlet could afford to be detached. Her band leader was a fixture; they had been photographed together daily, the hints of their romance already released, and they weren't going to waste the publicity.

"I think she's extremely pretty—don't you, Mrs. Brocard?" she purred. "I think people are being very unkind about her. Of course, if I behaved like that my studio would be furious; but then I've a five-year contract — besides darling Nick—and my future's in the bag."

She added, "But I think if a girl's as pretty as that, and perhaps has a little money saved up, she's quite right to give herself a taste of gaiety. It will be something to remember—don't you think so?"

"You mean when she's scrubbing floors?" suggested Janet.

"That's just what I do mean. And I think other people are so unkind not to see it. . . ."

Mrs. Robins was much franker. Mrs. Robins was one of the stout, under-clad matrons.

"I think it's scandalous," she proclaimed. "And it's not on account of my girls — they didn't come here to catch husbands. I just think it's scandalous, the dead set she's making at that poor young man."

Janet glanced along the terrace—following the angry eye of Mrs. Robins—to the poor young man in question. He was the one called Tommy.

He wasn't really poor, of course; he exhibited, in his car and his clothes and his drinking habits, all the signs of wealth; but as he now followed Miss Duval up the steps from the sea—thin as a skinned rabbit, dripping like a ducked pup, laden with rubber beach-toys—he looked at once so meagre and so foolish as amply to justify Mrs. Robins' description.

Moreover, he was quite obviously infatuated. When Tanya turned and spoke to him, he looked up with a wide, idiotic grin; she had to speak twice before he understood that the toys should have been left below.

In the next moment Janet was suddenly touched to the heart.

She did not wish to be touched, but poor Tommy got under her guard. For he simply let the toys drop so that they flopped down the steps, bouncing to the sand below. Because Tanya did not want them, they no longer existed . . .

"I believe I shall go in," said Janet. "The sun's a little too much for me."

Though the weather was remarkably good, Janet was indeed finding the small upstairs sitting-room a great convenience. She was not, however, to enjoy it long, for after two or three days the manager apologetically informed her that it had been taken, as part of a suite booked by a gentleman arriving at midweek.

Janet had to conceal a genuine regret. Her husband, on the other hand, who had so warmly recommended its acceptance, was rather pleased.

THE Professor suspected that Janet had spent too much time in the sitting-room, to the neglect of her duties as special correspondent; if he and Harbin hadn't used their own eyes, he complained, they might never have known about the nobbling of poor Tommy.

"For nobbled he is," diagnosed Professor Brocard, as they sat down to dinner that night. "Nobbled, lassoed, or, if you will, hooked."

"Harpooned," suggested Harbin.

"Too final," objected the Professor.

"Not in these days. They shoot the harpoon from a sort of gun, I believe, at quite long range. The whale has still to be brought in."

"Then I accept the harpoon. Tommy has been nobbled, lassoed, hooked, harpooned—and all in four days flat. I call it remarkable."

"Hotels are like liners," said Janet. "All emotions are forced."

"I still say it's a remarkable performance. You observe that Tommy has changed his place?"

Please turn to page 46



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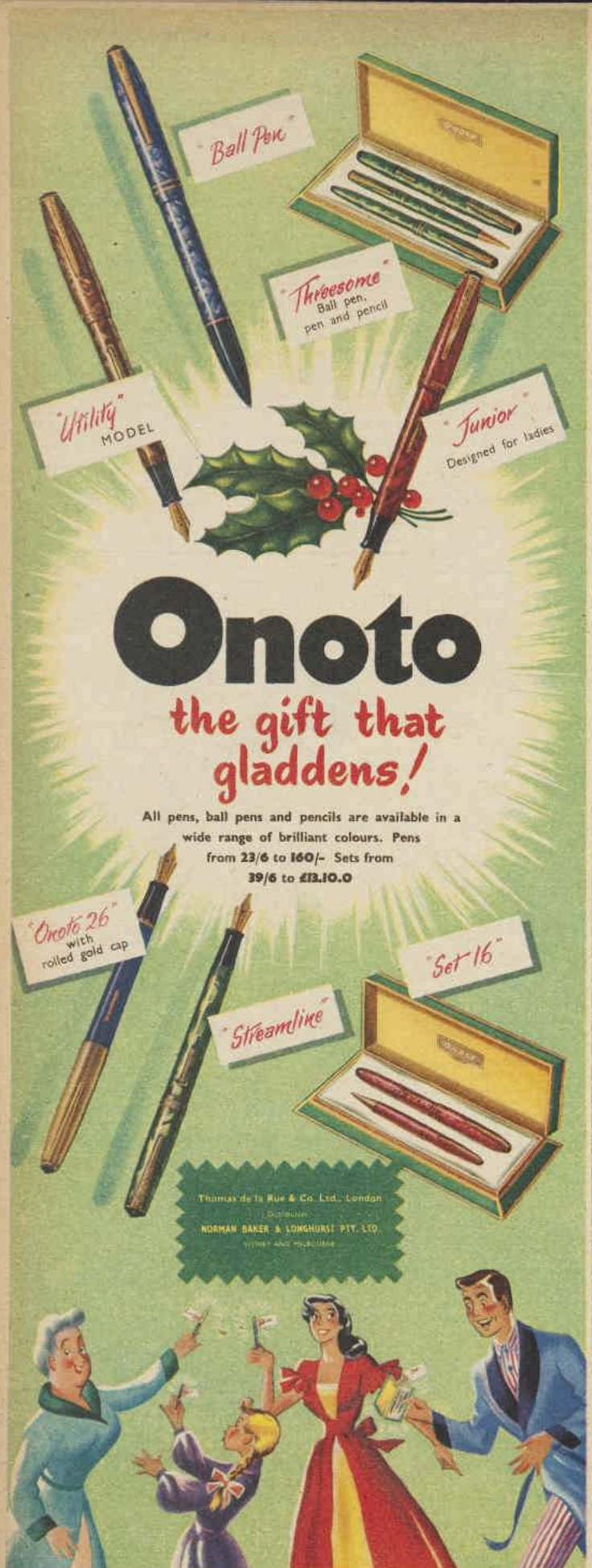
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And yet remarkable strength and endurance



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Adventuress At Large

Continued from page 45

JANET had observed the change at lunchtime. Poor Tommy and Miss Duval were not yet at the same table, but they had tables side by side, with an ice-bucket permanently between them.

This rearrangement had caused substantially more than the usual amount of talk; Janet inclined to agree with the magnanimous starlet that people were very unkind about Miss Duval.

Perhaps she genuinely likes poor Tommy, thought Janet. After all, why shouldn't she? They appear to share the same deplorable tastes; she may even think him good-looking.

"He isn't actually repulsive," said Janet aloud.

"He repels me," retorted the Professor instantly.

"He's no worse-looking than some of your students. He's only weedy. His features are really quite good."

"Their expression defines vacuity," said the Professor. "My students, indeed!—there's not one among the whole lot of them that wouldn't make ten of your poor Tommy."

The general verdict of the hotel, though not quite so harsh, agreed with Professor Brocard. Miss Duval had nobbled poor Tommy, and from mercenary motives alone; it only remained to be seen whether she could clinch the matter while his infatuation still lasted.

For on another point opinion was solid: Miss Duval's objective. She was no good-time girl. Her intentions were strictly honorable.

The situation was still in this highly interesting juncture when there arrived at the Fort Flag a magnificent, chauffeur-driven limousine. It arrived, in fact, the next morning.

Out of it stepped a small, grey-haired, middle-aged man whom the manager was there to greet in person; for this was Mr. Cook, who had engaged the first-floor suite, and with it Janet's lost sitting-room.

Any new arrival, particularly at midweek, was certain to attract attention. Mr. Cook attracted it, particularly, and paradoxically, by behaviour which anywhere else would have been inconspicuous to vanishing point.

He never, for example, sunbathed, but always went fully clad, except when actually in the sea. His sports clothes, though all new, were all conservative.

His only noticeable possession was a panama hat whose superlative quality was as obvious as a price ticket. This he wore constantly when out of doors, and doffed politely (though mutely) when passing a female.

In short, he cut such a figure as would have made him the joke of the hotel if he hadn't been a millionaire.

"But there are no millionaires nowadays!" objected Janet. "They've all been taxed away!"

"Plumbers are always in demand," said the Professor. "Our friend the manager informs me that this is none other than A. D. Cook, maker and layer of sewers. I have no doubt he is very comfortably off."

In general, however, Mr. Cook was spoken of as a contractor; everyone wished to be civil to him. But this was not easy; Mr. Cook, either from diffidence or pride, kept very much to himself. He used his sitting-room a great deal, and the bars not at all; and as things turned out, the first person he made friends with was Janet Brocard.

She had left, in that sitting-room, and never missed, a half-skein of crimson wool. An indifferent housemaid thrust it into the blotter; a couple of days later Mr. Cook found it; and by careful observation decided to whom it belonged.

Panama hat in one hand, the wool in the other, he firmly approached, and his very firmness told Janet that he wasn't a proud man, but a shy one.

"That's very nice of you," she said. "It belongs—see—to my rose."

"I guessed it did," said Mr. Cook. He looked pleased, but still diffident. "If," he said, "you used that room yourself, ever, I'm sorry to have turned you out."

"But it was never mine!" protested Janet.

"I don't like doing it," persisted Mr. Cook.

He was so obviously sincere, and so obviously troubled, that Janet impulsively invited him to sit down.

So began what the rest of the hotel rather maliciously (and enviously) referred to as their beautiful friendship. Janet did not mind this in the least. She liked Mr. Cook, and if he chose to spend most of the day at her side, she rather welcomed his company.

In the evenings he was shier, for he had the old-fashioned respect for academic learning, and though the Professor and Charles Harbin liked him, Janet suspected Mr. Cook of finding their conversation erratic.

Mr. Cook, the millionaire, had, so to speak, no conversation at all. With all his practical ability, any rapid give and take of ideas was quite beyond him. What Mr. Cook liked was to sit comfortably beside a nice woman and talk about himself.

As for Janet, who had never met anyone of his type before, she was constantly astounded by its contradictions.

If the Caliph of Bagdad dropped in about a new sewage system, thought Janet, Mr. Cook wouldn't turn a hair; but in most other directions he was simply ignorant, and in his private character extraordinarily unsophisticated.

The possession of wealth seemed to have left no mark on him whatever; if he had a big house, he bought it (he told Janet) because it was a bargain, and near his works; and if he had a luxury limousine it was because he needed some sort of car, and a good one saved trouble.

"So was my bicycle a good 'un," said Mr. Cook, with a smile. "Best 1906 model. Mother saw to that."

Janet heard a lot about Mr. Cook's mother; how in the years when he went straight to night school after a day's work, she always sat up for him with a little snack of something hot; how she put her own savings to his to buy the bicycle, so that he could get out into the country on Sundays; how when he brought her back a bunch of flowers she always made a great fuss of them.

"I made her very comfortable before she died," said Mr. Cook. "I like to think of it."

Janet heard also about his wife, a gentle little thing, very loving; and how when she left him he put everything but work out of his mind.

"You may not credit it," said Mr. Cook, "but this is the first holiday I've taken in twenty years."

"And how are you enjoying it?" asked Janet.

"It's a bit much for me," said Mr. Cook.

The truth was that he was shocked. He was shocked by the sunbathing and the drinking and the spending; he was shocked by the open flirtations and by the dancing cheek-to-cheek. But he was trying not to let it be known, because his suite was costing him five guineas a day, without board.

"I'll stick it out another week," said Mr. Cook.

Had Janet been gifted with prophecy she would have taken hold of him then and there, and hustled him up to his rooms, and stood over him while he packed; she wouldn't have let Mr. Cook out of her sight until he was safely in his luxury car, headed for home.

To be concluded

The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

I PASSED them on the street. She was all dressed-up in the best three-year-old style and was holding her father's hand. They were apparently homeward-bound, for as we passed I heard her say, "Now I want to see my mummy."

Perhaps this expedition was one of the first without her mother. How natural to want to get back to her. Yet I wondered whether this very natural remark disturbed her father at all. It would have caused at least passing concern in some men.

In spite of ourselves, at times there is likely to be an uncomfortable feeling arise if we feel that a child seems to prefer the other parent.

In some instances there is active rivalry for the affections of the youngster. But even



"I want Mummy."

where this is not true, a parent who can be honest with himself knows this passing "jealousy."

The important thing, of course, is to realise how natural the situation is—the child's preference, our own reactions—and to take the whole thing in our stride.

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WHAT a fiasco this whole idea had been! The very thought of it made Gracie's temples throb again.

She took another sip of tea and partly closed her eyes. There was nothing to offend in her surroundings—an ordinary, slightly old-fashioned seaside lounge furnished in red plush furniture, with potted palms in brass containers and a frilled paper fan in the empty fireplace.

No, she did not mind the room. What she could not bear was the sight of Frank, sitting beside her drinking his whisky and watching her, watching her with that odd, possessive smile.

His manner, for that matter, had been peculiar ever since they drove out of Levenford, a peculiarity which had increased as the hours went by, until now, although she told herself not to be a fool, she was conscious of a vague stirring of alarm.

She had always flattered herself that she "knew" men and understood how to manage them. Her many conquests in Calcutta, none of which had passed the outposts of polite flirtation, were surely evidence of this accomplishment.

Yet to-day, beneath Harmon's easy style, she sensed a quality foreign to her experience—as though behind his pleasant flattery and attentive courtesies there was some purpose which would not yield to her smiling protests or graceful, fascinating ways.

She had never really cared for him, of course; he had been merely the antidote to her wounded pride. At first, perhaps, his good looks and dashing appearance had pleased her, but that veneer had worn thin, and now, especially when her physical being had sunk to its lowest ebb, she saw him in a different light.

Why, oh why, had she come? Her eyelids fluttered with sheer nervous fatigue, and yet, jaded and dejected though she was, she refused to surrender to wretchedness. She had been foolish to consent to this expedition, but it was not an irrevocable folly.

She had only to endure the situation for another hour, then she would be free of him. Comforting herself with this thought, she made an effort not to look beyond it.

Meanwhile, Harmon had finished his whisky. Putting down his glass, he moved over and sat on the couch beside her, studying her with a half playful, half sardonic familiarity which set her nerves quivering anew.

"How is the head?" he inquired.

She managed to smile. "Still rather bad."

"What about a drink—a real one?"

"On no account, Frank. I regret that champagne."

"A breath of fresh air will put you right." He spoke lightly. "I've ordered a launch for five o'clock. We'll take a trip out to the big liners."

"But, Frank," she raised herself, "isn't it time I was going?"

"Nonsense." He dropped his big hand on her knee with an easy intimacy. "I want to show you the Andalusia. She's a lovely boat. We fitted her out, you know. The staterooms are the last word."

There was a pause. A strange thought flickered to the surface of her mind. She glanced away, her nervousness increased.

"I know you mean to be kind, Frank, but I'm not really in the mood for a ship inspection."

He laughed.

"You may change your mind when you're on board."

Shocked out of her lassitude, she lowered her eyes, striving to keep a firm grip of herself. What had at first seemed a wild suspicion now assumed an aspect of probability which sent a cold shiver through her veins. Had she not heard somewhere that the Andalusia was listed for an imminent departure?

A fresh surge of anxiety and indignation swept over her. Only by a great effort did she restrain an impulse to question him directly and settle the issue at once. But a scene would gain her nothing. She had a worrying idea that he was watching her, waiting for her next move, prepared, calmly, to counter it.

There and then, stifled by the sensation of his proximity, she experienced an overmastering, an almost terrifying, desire to escape from him. She would have given everything she possessed to be miles and miles away, never to see him again, never, never.

But now, above all, she must disguise her feelings. She forced a smile, made a gesture of acquiescence.

"Oh, very well, Frank. If you're set on it, we'll go."

"Good."

She sat up, glanced at her watch.

"I'll go and tidy up. I must put some Cologne on my forehead."

HARMON'S expression changed slightly, and he gave Gracie a narrow, slanting glance. He said slowly: "Don't be long."

"I shan't keep you a minute."

She crossed the lounge and went into the rest room, where she stood perfectly motionless, thinking deeply, with a pale and drawn brow. She felt limp, as though floating in an enervating air. But in a few moments she saw exactly what she must do.

A train left Ardfillan for Renton at half-past five—the very rarity of the service had impressed it on her memory. From Renton she would walk to Markinch—it was a longish way, but in her present apprehension she counted that as nothing.

Then—a faint expression of relief softened her harassed features—she would reach Daniel and the boy. If only she could have stolen away unnoticed without further delay! But that, in the circumstances, was impossible. She must use her wits, rely upon some simple stratagem.

Cautiously, she opened the door. As she had expected, Harmon was in the lobby, awaiting her. She summoned her brightest smile, advanced towards him, and took his arm.

"Now I feel better. The lounge was rather stuffy."

They passed through the lobby to the front porch of the hotel. Suddenly, with a start of recollection, and, by an effort, keeping her voice natural, Gracie exclaimed: "Oh, how stupid. I left my bag on the sofa. Will you get it for me, Frank?"

There was the barest pause, almost imperceptible, during which she held herself rigid, her smile fixed resolutely, as though painted, upon her lips. She had guessed that he could not, without absolute discourtesy, refuse so simple a request.

"All right," he said slowly, turning on his heel. "Wait here till I come back."

Her heart began to beat again. For an instant she forced herself to be still, but no sooner had he disappeared behind the brass-bound revolving door than she stepped quickly into the street.

Her purse was in her pocket. For the time being she had abandoned completely all thought of her luggage. She wanted only to get away, to get away while this opportunity remained.

Outside she flew simply to the station, took her ticket hurriedly, and flung herself into a front compartment of the train, which, since Ardfillan was the terminus of the line, stood waiting at the outbound platform.

Not daring to show herself at the window, she sat back, scarcely breathing, during what seemed an interminable delay. But at last the whistle sounded and the train jerked slowly away. She sighed with relief, and, closing her eyes, lay back to recover her shattered nerves.

The journey, while the actual distance was not great, was slow and tedious. The train stopped at every station, interminable halts, during which the guard stood with the porter on duty, waiting for the signal to fall. Yet Gracie made no complaint.

During these two hours, as they clanked across the countryside, she gazed deeply into herself and saw, for the first time, how thoughtless and unwise had been her conduct since her return to Levenford.

Impulse alone had guided her. And under the shifting currents of her wayward moods had she not lapsed, almost, to the estimate which the town had formed of her, and drifted perilously near to a great disaster?

A shiver passed over her, succeeded by a sudden rush of resolution, and a sense of responsibility such as she had never known before. Her lips came together firmly, and in her distant eyes there shone a strange light, as though she glimpsed, against the darkening sky, a new and brighter vision of the future.

It was nearly eight o'clock when they finally drew into Renton, and Gracie, stepping on to the platform, felt a surge of energy in her limbs. The evening was still and silent, and the thought of the long walk ahead did not displease her.

At a brisk and steady pace she struck out on the Markinch road that wound along the Loch shore.

At first she encountered several of the townspeople saunteering in pairs, enjoying the tranquil air. But when she had travelled a mile or thereabouts she passed the last of them and the road reached out in front of her, entirely deserted. A lovely road it was, too.

Every turn brought back a memory of her girlhood. Yet she had never seen the Loch so still, so glassy, or so glowing. It lay like molten silver, shot by the colors of the sultry twilight, made more mysterious and beautiful by a great slow-flapping heron which steered its low and lonely course along the iridescent shallows.

Gracie took off her hat, carrying it in her hand, striding out bravely, breathing in the humid, fragrant air with deep and thirsty breaths.

Please turn to page 50



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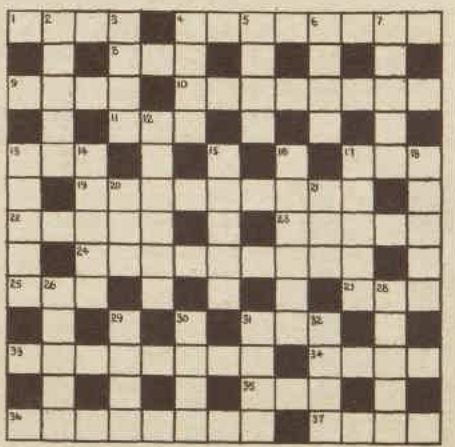
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Midday (4).
4. Amount of slope (8).
8. Organ (3).
9. Joins on (4).
10. Intrinsic (8).
11. Hint (3).
13. Before (3).
17. Employ (3).
19. Retainer (9).
22. Carriage-road (5).
23. What imparts motion (5).
24. Insect (8).
25. Intelligence (3).
27. Repent (3).
31. Dirty hovel (3).
33. Famous race (8).
34. Finishes (4).
35. Everything (3).
36. Watermarked paper (8).
37. Entice (4).



Solution to last week's crossword



Solution will be published next week

DOWN

2. Command (5).
3. Cosy dwelling (4).
4. Seize (4).
5. Highest male voice (4).
6. Inscription of the Cross (4).
7. Approaches (5).
12. Hang (6).
13. Bequeath (5).
14. Order by authority (5).
15. Garden pest (5).
16. Building material (6).
17. Total (5).
18. Weird (5).
20. Woman's name (3).
21. Assent (3).
26. State in the U.S.A. (5).
28. Below (5).
29. Drop (4).
30. S'pose (4).
31. Photograph (4).
32. Shout (4).

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Gracie Lindsay

Continued from page 47

PRESENTLY the sun dropped down behind the mountains, and the greenish afterglow flashed across the sky. Then the waters were touched by phosphorescence, and darkness in reality began to fall.

Instinctively Gracie hastened her pace. She was not afraid, yet the loneliness of the scene, the inky shadows of the woods upon one side and the eerie silence of the Loch upon the other tightened the fibres of her troubled nerves.

Once or twice she fancied she heard a sound, the sharp snapping of a twig, the noise of a stone dislodged, and immediately her imagination peopled the hidden places with prowling shapes. She could have laughed at this absurdity, but, somehow, laughter did not come.

Now it was after ten o'clock. She knew where she was, of course, by this time, not more than a mile from Cantie Bay. Suddenly she wished she were safely there. With difficulty she restrained herself from breaking into a run. Quickly she rounded another bend, and there, to the right, behind a belt of trees, she could just make out the dim glow that was Markinch village.

But she did not turn towards it, since she wished to avoid the narrow path along the shingle. Instead, she kept to the road, leaving the village behind her. Then, half a mile farther on she climbed the gate of a field and cut across the dew-drenched fields.

She had made no mistake. It was the Bay. She felt the dry softness of the sand beneath her feet. She was at the water's edge now, halted, her eyes searching, her breath quickened by expectation.

Ah, yes, there was the light of the binnacle lantern. Then dimly in the darkness the glimmer of the houseboat took form, lying out there in the inky shallows.

Cupping her hands about her mouth she called out: "Cooee! Daniel! Daniel!"

Immediately there came an answer, in tones of joyful recognition.

"Gracie. Is that you?"

"Yes," she cried, all her being diffused by happiness and relief. As she heard Daniel row towards her in the dinghy she felt that she had reached a safe haven at last.

. . . .

The next day came fresh and fair. It had rained heavily during the night, but in the morning, although the wind remained high, the sun broke through the racing clouds and steeped the Loch in brightness. To Gracie, seated on the deck of the houseboat with her son, the world wore a strange new aspect.

They were alone. After breakfast Daniel had departed hurriedly for Levenford, still apprehensive as to how Kate had reacted to his protracted absence from home, yet at the same time justified in all his tribulations, and so filled with contentment, he had gone off humming a little tune happily.

And now, sheltered by the high bulwarks, over which the crusted "white horses" of the Loch were visible, Gracie and Robert were playing a game of draughts.

Gazing at his small intent face, the dark eyes downcast towards the board, the long lashes casting shadows upon the pale, still hollow cheeks, the lips compressed in contemplation of his next move, there welled up in Gracie such an emotion of longing, mingled with remorse, it seemed as though her heart must break.

Why, oh why, had she shrunk from this reunion through all these wasted years? Why, but for Daniel, and the intervention of a forgiving heaven, had she almost thrown away the most precious thing which life could give?

All that she had dreaded had not even remotely come to pass: Her meeting with her child had taken place simply, without one of those agonising embarrassments which she had feared might arise to shame her. He had accepted her, neither eagerly nor fondly, yet without a word of recrimination.

In unreproachful silence he had heard her halting explanation, that labored story of her protracted stay in India. He had behaved throughout with a quiet sense of knowing everything, of holding nothing against her, merely of leaving the whole solution of the problem to the future.

And how quickly, she reflected joyfully, their mutual adjustment was taking place. The instincts of nature were not to be denied. Already his stoic reticence was breaking down. With guarded, reluctant, half-hidden glances he was drawing towards her, and once, by some well-chosen word, she had evoked from him a shy, appreciative smile.

"There!" she exclaimed, moving one of her pieces. "You've got me in a corner again. And that's the third game I've lost in a row."

"You tried to let me win," he suggested rather sombrely, not looking at her.

"No," she shook her head stoutly. "You're a very good player. You must have had a lot of practice."

"Yes," he admitted. "I used to play at Annie . . ."

Breaking off, as though he had said something wrong, he flushed and gave her an upward glance of apology which caused her swiftly to lower her eyes. But she was too uplifted now to be cast down by her failings in the past, when there lay ahead the sure and shining prospect of atonement.

WITH a swift smile, Gracie exclaimed: "It's time for our lunch. Tell me your favorite dish, Robert, and I'll make it for you now."

His knowledge of cuisine was not extensive, and when she proposed an omelet, which she felt would most suitably tempt his appetite, he readily agreed to give his best assistance in the operation.

Although Gracie had never claimed for herself the virtues of domesticity, occasionally in the past, when Nisbet's men friends were in the house, she would retire to the kitchen, to emerge later in a charming apron with some culinary achievement calculated to win for her masculine approval.

At present, but for a different reason, she exerted herself to please. And it did her heart good to see Robert relish the light savory omelet and French fried potatoes, followed by a candied baked apple and a glass of creamy milk.

It was an extraordinary sensation that, while she herself ate nothing, she should enjoy, should actually taste every mouthful which passed the child's lips. And how many such good and nourishing meals would she prepare for him! Moist-eyed, she pledged herself to care for her forgotten little boy with the most tender, constant solicitude.

She perceived as by a lightning flash, how frivolous, how self-centred had been her life, realised also how, in future, she might find happiness, not in taking, but in giving, yes, giving her most devoted service to the child.

She did not pause to question the permanence of the inspiration which now pervaded her. This was no temporary mood, no transient sensation which, like so many others in the past, had equally excited her by their charm and novelty. Ah, no. This was the ultimate glow, fortifying her with its warmth and beauty.

The future opened up like the clear fresh pages of a book in which the record of her accomplishment would be inscribed. With Daniel's help she would find honest employment, she would try so hard, so earnestly, work her fingers to the bone, to make a good and worthy home.

AT this thought, Gracie's mind, always the servant of her sensibilities, was filled with sentimental images. Herself and Robert seated by the cosy fireside on a winter evening when the snow lay on the ground outside. Robert alone, waiting to welcome her with a smile as she trudged home, a little wearily, from her daily toil.

Again, in lighter vein, she saw both of them setting forth from their new abode, to a concert, or better still, to church, where the townspeople would greet them with affection and respect.

The breeze was still high when they returned to the upper deck, and, although Robert had openly hoped to repeat his visit to Inchlade and to wade again in the sandy shallows of the island, Gracie, after studying the choppy water, was forced, reluctantly, to suggest a postponement of the expedition.

There was no hurry, she gently told him, for they would have many days together in this lovely place. They would go to-morrow if the weather had abated.

He gave no outward sign of disappointment, and for her part it made no difference what they did so long as they were together, but lest he should weary of this enforced confinement, she took him up to the poop of the little craft where they could view the whole panorama of the lake, and, wrapping a blanket around them both, began to tell him stories.

Please turn to page 51

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fairy-tales which remained as a legacy from her own eager childhood, then almost by chance she made a reference to an incident which had occurred during her sojourn in India.

Robert's interest was immediate, and seeing his eyes light up with a quick brightness—supplanting the politely incredulous expression with which he had followed her account of giants and dragons—she began to tell him something of the wonders and curiosities of the East.

While he listened, silent and intent, she described the dry and sunbaked landscape, the temples with their minarets and chiming bells, the jungle, filled with strangely colored birds and flowers, with serpents and tigers, too. As his small hand crept timidly towards hers she quickly reassured him with a story of a mongoose which in the compound of her bungalow had bravely cleared out all the snakes.

She made him smile at her picture of the great white sacred cows strolling at will throughout the markets, garlands of marigolds twined about their horns, plundering fruits and vegetables from the stalls at will.

She thrilled him with accounts of the stately elephants trained to move great forest trees, strong enough to carry little houses upon their shoulders, yet so docile they would curl their trunks about a little boy and lift him, without hurt or harm, high into the air.

All this she told him, and much more besides, holding him spellbound through the afternoon while they lay snugly under the rug, the sun and air stinging their cheeks. And the old scow, securely anchored in the shallow bay, silted up with sand and buried in soft mud, bore them forth, in the grand illusion of adventure, two intrepid voyagers, braving the high seas.

The elephants were his favorites, and again and again he returned wistful and wide-eyed to this dominant theme.

"They would lift a little boy actually on their backs?"

"They would," she replied, "especially if that little boy were you."

"And not harm me . . . I mean him?"

"Not at all." Her smile from tenderness turned grave. "One day Robert, when we are settled in our own home, I will take you to the Winton Zoo. You will see all these wonderful animals there. And I promise you a ride upon the elephant's back."

The time passed all too quickly, and she saw, with a throb of joy, how groundless had been her fear that her company would intimidate or bore him. When evening came it was hard to get him below. But at last the darkness forced them down, and in the galley he helped her to cook supper of fried ham and scrambled eggs.

Often, with the coming of the evening, a sort of listless melancholy would fall on Gracie, but now she was gay, gayer than she had been for many months, with a gaiety so infectious it melted even the gravity which the sadness of his life had imposed on Robert.

He laughed and chattered, unguarded, unselfconscious, carried away by the flowing tide of happiness which bore them both along. And, although she knew that he would relapse again suddenly into his quiet solemnity, she at least had broken through, and would do so again, and yet again, until the mask was shattered, and the carefree brightness of a normal childhood re-created and restored.

When he climbed into his bunk—wisely she resisted her inclination to assist him—she bethought herself to sing to him. And listening to an old Scots lullaby he fell asleep, soundly yet lightly, still a little on edge, like one who had known sudden nocturnal disturbances and rude invasions of his rest. From these at least she would now protect him.

When she had washed the dishes, thinking that her movements in the narrow cabin might awaken him, she went on deck. The wind seemingly had dropped, and, mindful of her new responsibility as cook and caterer, she decided she must go to the Ross farm to obtain fresh supplies of eggs, butter, and fresh milk.

This would take her little more than ten minutes. The farm lay conveniently, barely a half-mile back in the woods, and apothecary Hay bought most of his stores from its good-natured owner.

Quietly then Gracie untied the dinghy from its mooring at the stern of the houseboat and rowed the few yards to the shore. There she beached the little skiff and started across the meadows towards the trees. It was dark, gustier than she had expected, and the pines made a heavy sighing as she traversed the wood.

Soon, however, she was at the farm, and, having made her purchases, and chatted a moment with the farmer's wife, she set off briskly on the return journey.

Suddenly, at the end of the wood, as she crossed the deserted country road, which wound its way along the margin of the Loch, she saw the lights of a slow, approaching vehicle.

At first she took it for a belated farm waggon lumbering home, then she realised that it was a car, and drew back instinctively to let it pass. But when the beam of the yellow headlamps picked out her stationary figure a thought struck into her which sent a cold thrill through her breast.

Prompted by this sudden and instinctive apprehension, even as the car slowed down and stopped, she hurried forward across the road, and began rapidly to make her way towards the beach.

But she had been seen—someone called from behind her. That call, more than anything, increased her fear, set her running across the meadows with a wildly beating heart. Burdened as she was, and unfamiliar with the path, she stumbled on the tufty hummocks of the field, blundered into bushes and thick undergrowth.

Twice she fell to her knees. She was afraid now, horribly afraid, and the sound of someone following increased her panic. Someone was close behind her. Her feet were bogged in the soft sand of the beach.

With a sobbing breath she spun round, her figure braced, feeling for one agonising instant that she must faint. She made to cry out, but no sound left her dry throat. Yes, she had known it. The man who stood before her was Harmon.

She stood there, too overcome to speak, too petrified to move. His physical nearness to her, utterly unexpected, intensified by the darkness and the solitude, was more than she could humanly sustain. He must have read the shrinking in her face for, still breathing thickly, he took her by the arm.

"Yes . . you deserve a thorough shaking . . . you've led me a pretty dance. What do you think I am, making me chase all over the country after you?" He paused, controlling a sudden rush of temper. "And then to bolt off like this . . . as though I were the devil."

> *"Men are like wines, age souring the bad, and bettering the good."*
>
> —Cicero

"I'm sorry, Frank," she faltered palely. It was all she could find to say.

"I should hope you are." He had recovered his breath now, and there was in his tone a measured note of reason, a sort of heavy firmness more ominous than anger. "You didn't really imagine I'd let you get away from me. I'm not the sort of man you can play hot and cold with, Gracie."

She lowered her eyes, struggling for composure, while her thoughts raced madly in her anguished brain. What a senseless fool she had been ever to have had anything to do with Frank, to have accepted his favors, flirted with him, and, above all, to have so misjudged him as to believe that he would tamely accept the dismissal she had attempted to impose upon him.

Now, under that sultry calm she sensed a will, tempered by desire and injured pride, which would not yield at all to her pleadings. If only she had run towards the farm and not away from it, all would have been well.

But now he stood between her and that refuge, while on the other side lay the houseboat with the child, from whom at all costs she must keep the knowledge of this horrible entanglement.

"I wasn't taken in," he went on in that same even voice. "I suspected at Ardfillan you were up to some trick. But I thought you might have played a better one. It was easy for me to follow you." He laughed mirthlessly.

"If you wanted a holiday you might have chosen a livelier place than this. It's all so stupid, Gracie. And against your own interests. Anyhow, you're coming with me in the car right away."

"No, Frank, no," she whispered.

"It's no use to argue," he answered flatly. "Things have gone too far between us. We've missed the Andalusia up here, but we can join her at Tilbury."

For a second she had a frantic impulse to scream for help, but a glimmer of reason told her how useless that would be—her voice would never carry from this lonely spot. Besides, she might wake Robert, and this above all was what she dreaded most. Come what may, Harmon and Robert must be *kept apart*.

If ever she saw a gleam of understanding of her situation in that childish eye, then simply she would die. She felt all at once weak and vulnerable. The hard brilliance with which she might once have withstood Harmon was gone forever, lost in the tender softness of her new, protective love.

Yet this instinct gave her resources of another kind; her mind, never more lucid, went on working energetically, and suddenly she saw what she could do.

"Frank," she murmured at last. "If I do come, will you promise to be nice to me?"

"Didn't I say so?" His face cleared slightly.

"Very well," she said submissively. "I'll go and tell Daniel."

At first he did not understand, then following her eyes he glanced towards the light showing on the houseboat.

"Is old Nimmo with you?"

"Yes," she lied. "And I simply can't go away without letting him know."

"I'll come aboard and talk to him."

"No, Frank," she said earnestly. "I couldn't bear it. Let me take these provisions to him. Then I'll make some excuse, get my hat and coat, and come ashore again."

He gazed at her in complete silence.

"Can't you see you've won?" she exclaimed in a dead voice. "You're here and the Loch's out there." She paused and resumed more calmly. "Smoke a cigarette and I'll join you before you've finished."

"All right," he said finally. "Only look sharp about it. If you're not back in five minutes, I'll soon rout you out."

"You won't have to," she said.

Please turn to page 52

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM





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curb her madly beating heart, Gracie placed her bundle in the stern seat of the dinghy, and, with an assumption of resignation, shoved off.

Pulling towards the houseboat she saw the glow of a match as Harmon lit a cigarette, and immediately, knowing that she must be for a moment invisible, she drove the skiff forward with a rapid stroke. The plan which had flashed before her was now stamped clearly, sharp as agate, upon her mind.

With Harmon blocking the beach at Cantie Bay she could not possibly escape that way, but just beyond the promontory, and across the Loch at its narrowest point, there lay the port of Gielston. To reach this thriving little town was not a long row, two miles or less, and Gracie, in her present tensity of spirit, felt fit to do it five times over.

Once she had taken Robert there she would rent a room in the hotel, telephone Daniel, even go to the police. Sick of half measures and futile evasions, she must be rid once and for all of this menace to her freedom.

With a quick turn of the oars she floated the dinghy round the far side of the houseboat and clambered upon deck. Her limbs were trembling as she descended to the cabin where, now turned upon his side, Robert lay asleep.

Having lit a candle which she shaded with her cupped hand, she bent for an instant over him, composing herself, striving to remove that hunted look which the shock of her situation had printed upon her features. Then she touched him lightly on the shoulder.

He woke at once, his wide eyes immediately meeting hers without disquiet.

"Robert," she said, and by a superhuman feat of will she conjured up a smile. "We are going to take a little trip . . . now . . . at once."

He lay there, looking at her. "Where are we going?"

"To Gielston . . . then to Uncle Daniel's, where it will be nicer even than here."

She had expected a protest, some sign of alarm, or at least of petulance at this unexpected derangement of his rest. But all his life this child had been subject to upsets and turmoil, to the sudden descent upon him of the unforeseen. Moreover, because of their happy day together, he trusted her.

He rose without fuss and, while the flame of the candle threw his little shadow in fantastic shapes upon the bulkhead, began philosophically to dress.

It consumed but a fraction of the precious time at her disposal, for she aided him by handing him his clothes one by one from the locker, then, blowing out the candle, she snatched a blanket from the bunk, took his hand, and led him on deck.

An instant later, they were in the dinghy, he in the stern, the blanket across his knees, she in the thwarts with her arms taut against the oars. Scarcely breathing, she dipped the blades in silence and, using the cover of the houseboat, slid away into the darknss of the night.

As she did so a few heavy drops of rain began to fall, plashing upon the water, as though the invisible sky were dripping tears. But although she was bareheaded and without a coat she did not mind the wet. Suffused by a trembling exultation, she could think of nothing but the mercy of their escape.

For a moment the tiny pinpoint of Harmon's cigarette showed faintly on the shore, then she rounded the promontory and it vanished from her sight.

In the bay it had been easy to propel the skiff, but now that she was beyond the point and had started to cross the Loch, the going became more difficult.

There were no large waves, at least none was visible to her in the blackness, yet she felt a choppy tide against her, and the boat bounced and veered occasionally, in an awkward manner. She put her shoulders into the work, however, and made steady advance towards the opposite shore.

About half-way over, the skiff took a sharp dip, reared its bow high into the air, then smacked down hard upon the water. At the same moment Gracie's cheek was stung by a strong gust of wind and a harder spatter of the driving rain.

She had known the Loch since her childhood, and was quick to realise that they had quitted the shelter of Inchlade Island, which lay about a mile farther to the north, and were now in open, unprotected water. But although prepared for some worsening of weather she had not expected it to hit them with such severity.

The dinghy was, in fact, plunging and pitching in a disturbing manner, less from heavy seas than from a rolling ground swell, the aftermath of storm.

And suddenly Gracie became aware of herself alone with Robert in the darkness, upon this heaving waste of waters, far from the shore and the islands, and the shapeless mountains beyond. All that she had heard of the treachery of this Loch, the unplumbed depths and dangerous currents, the sudden gusts and squalls that struck without warning from the clefted hills, fell upon her with cold and terrifying force.

Had she been wise to take this course, or was it her worst, her all-surpassing and most reckless folly?

A haggard shaft struck into her, and, grasping the oars more tightly, she pulled feverishly, with all her strength. But although they made slight headway, their progress was erratic, and still the boat tossed and rolled, lifting like a cockleshell, dipping like a plummet, springing almost out of her control.

A sobbing breath rose to Gracie's dry lips, but, clenching her teeth, she steadied her quivering nerves. This was her doing; she had brought Robert into this predicament; she must get him safely out of it. She reflected urgently. Should she go forward, swing up towards the island, or turn and go back?

Twisting round on the rocking thwarts she glanced towards the opposite shore and was reassured by the lights of Gielston, perhaps not more than three-quarters of a mile away. This then was still her best objective, and with a fresh access of determination she drove the tossing skiff towards it.

Holding tightly to the gunwale, Robert during all this time had not uttered a single word. His gaze remained fixed on his mother's face, and, although stiff with uncertainty, was on the whole steady and unafraid. Meeting those trusting eyes, Gracie was overwhelmed by a new upsurge of feeling.

"It's all right, Robert," she reassured him, between her gasping breaths. "Only a little rough . . . we'll soon be there."

Alas, despite her efforts, the lights of the friendly town crept nearer with agonising slowness. Her spine was breaking, her breast constricted, her hands raw.

Now the high swell was topped by snapping crests which broke over the bows and drenched the tiny craft.

She wanted to weep, to give up. Yet she kept on urging the boat forward by the sheerest effort of her will.

Then, as she pulled blindly, her strength almost spent, the skiff lifted dizzily, she missed the water with one oar, which, meeting no resistance, spun from the rowlocks, and, as she fell backwards, vanished into the surrounding void.

A stab of mortal horror pierced her. Now indeed they were lost. She raised herself slowly, grasping the sides of the wildly gyrating boat. The lights of Gielston were near, the lantern of the pier not more than a quarter of a mile away, but still, in this gale, far beyond the reach of any human voice. She shivered.

"Robert," she said to him, "come to me."

He had seen the oar go over, had read her face, and was crying quietly, crying into himself, it seemed, the tears coursing silently down his cheeks. But he obeyed and crawled on his hands and knees to the centre thwart.

NOW there was nothing Gracie could do but hold the child closely in her arms in the bottom of the boat, shielding him as best she could, feeling the rapid patter of his heart against her breast, murmuring in his ear tender, inarticulate words. And all the time, praying in her heart "Oh, God, anything, anything but that . . . he is so helpless, and so small."

The skiff was now completely out of her control, yet, by a freak of chance, or perhaps by reason of some inshore current, as though to mock all Gracie's agonised and useless striving, it drifted, sluggishly at first, then with increasing speed, towards the Gielston pier.

Peering across the misted water a feverish hope caught Gracie by the throat, rushed through her chilled veins.

"Robert," she cried, "I believe we'll do it." And raising her voice as the distance narrowed she shouted with all her power. There was no answer. The little boat, deeper than ever in the water, seemed likely to founder at any moment.

Rigidly she crouched, while the rain poured down upon her, running into her eyes, blinding her, and again she shouted out aloud. Then to her joy, her delirious joy, there came an answering shout, and dimly she saw figures running on the pier.

At that instant, the dinghy, sweeping violently towards the pier, struck the big iron buoy which marked the entrance to the harbor, and which in the swirling darkness had been quite invisible to Gracie. The force of the impact was tremendous.

There was a sickening crash. The light craft spun around, broke her back, and fell asunder. As Gracie cried, a high despairing cry, she and the boy were pitched into the black Loch.

The shock was devastating. When she hit the water her grip was loosened, and on coming to the surface she saw Robert drifting away from her. Her whole thought was for the child. Immediately she struck out, seized him, struggled back to the buoy.

The boat was gone, their sole chance of safety lay in clinging to the float. Apart from it, the waves would soon exhaust them, but here, at least, they might hang on until their rescuers reached them from the shore.

Desperately sustaining Robert with one arm, fighting the swirl and race of water, she tried to get a finger-hold upon the iron sides. But the sides, though rusted, were round and rimless, and the heavy seas, oscillating giddily upon its mooring chain, crashed at one instant dangerously towards her, and the next swayed out beyond her reach.

She perceived, however, her eyes straining upwards, that the top was perfectly flat with a heavy ring welded into the centre of its ample surface. At that she knew what she must do. Oh, God, she prayed again, let me succeed in this one thing.

Supporting the child beneath his armpits with both her hands, she somehow managed to keep afloat and waited, her pale lips drawn back, waited till the buoy swung down to the lowest point of its arc. Then, with all her might, she strove to raise him to the level surface, but failed.

Again she tried, and again the crashing thing eluded her, tearing the skin from both her forearms as it bobbed and swung away.

Her strength was gone, the weight of her skirt was dragging her down. Desperately, unmindful of her own safety, she came closer, and this time somehow she forced him up to the flat top and to safety.



"You didn't do all that. It's partly in the breed."

A great triumphant sob broke from her. There, for the fraction of a second, with upturned face, she saw him clinging to the ring, then before she could get back the huge weight of iron plunged down and smashed upon her forehead.

The sound of the impact was lost in the night, but out of the darkness a flash of brightness seared into Gracie's brain. For one swift second she knew that now indeed she was upon the threshold of her ending.

Then the roar of the wind and the hissing of the rain, the icy chill of the water which enclosed her, all melted from her consciousness. Her upturned brow, pale speck upon the immense blackness of the lake, was directed towards the sky, where, before her glazing vision, a great dull redness seemed to break and burn.

Sparks flashed in that heavenly glow like the golden corolla of a bursting flower in which she saw still the face of Robert. Then, even as the rescue boat drew near, the waters closed above her head.

Please turn to page 53

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



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Gracie Lindsay

Continued from page 52

ONE evening in the following spring apothecary Hay, having shut up his shop, took his customary stroll towards the Toll Road. It had been a fresh, open day, and now the night was following tranquilly, full of the smell of growing things.

Primroses were yellow in the Overton woods, and the milky hawthorn was about to break.

But Hay, as he sauntered on, hands behind his back and umbrella trailing, found fault, in his own mind, with all that met his bilious eye.

The spring was too early, so the summer would be wet. These green "sourdocks" sprouting in the hedgerows would be giving half the Barleon boys the stomach-ache. Drummore's cattle had broken the town fence. It was a matter that ought to come before the council.

Yet it was strange, as he neared the house of Daniel Nimmo, how his pace insensibly increased. And his air, as he stood at the front door rapping its glass panel with his bony knuckles, was both eager and impatient.

Kate let him in herself, wearing a white apron over the grey dress and such an aspect of cheerfulness as to draw a dry grimace to the druggist's lips.

"Another fine evening, Mr. Hay!"

"It's not so bad. We'll suffer for it later, I've no doubt."

She smiled at him, a chiding, and oh, for Kate, an incredibly friendly smile.

"Away with you, man, and your nonsense." She took his hat between two fingers, since her hands were damp and slightly floury, and nodded towards the parlor. "You'll find them in the room. I'm putting a batch of scones on the griddle."

"Huh!" exclaimed Hay, as though he found the information quite redundant. He gave her a slow, ironic glance which seemed to say, "I mind the day, my woman, when you weren't quite so spry as this." Then he passed into the parlor where, at a table by the open window, Daniel sat engrossed with Robert behind a heap of books.

With every appearance of conforming to custom, the druggist sank in silence into a third chair and stretched his long shanks beneath the table. For a while no one spoke. Hay, fingertips pressed together in appraising silence, bent an intent and slightly jealous eye upon the two students. At last he could restrain himself no longer.

"Well!" he exclaimed, assuming a tone of patronage. "What are we up to to-night?"

Daniel raised his head, as though becoming aware of his old friend for the first time. His manner was reflective, mildly triumphant.

"It may interest you to know that we've mastered the decimal system. Before you came in we had a try at a difficult sum—and, believe me, he got it right."

"Yes?" Though the exclamation was pointedly non-committal, Hay's gaze travelled instinctively towards the scholar. Reddening slightly, Robert smiled at him, not the old wry contortion of his face, but a genuine boyish smile.

It was not merely the smile—the change in him had to be seen to be believed. The lack-lustre eye was gone, and the sallow parchment skin; there was flesh on his bones and a firmness in his cheeks. His brow no longer seemed translucent, and his head was planted securely on his shoulders without threatening, from sheer debility, to topple sideways.

Nor was the alteration solely physical. Something had dropped away from Robert, that shell of precocity, revealing beneath a serious, a sensitive intelligence. The acme surely was achieved by that flush at Daniel's praise—Robert was beginning to be shy!

"In point of fact," Daniel remarked with an assumption of casualness, "I've seldom known a boy so quick to learn."

"That's all very fine," grunted Hay. "Does he know his multiplication table yet?"

"Yet!" indignantly protected Daniel.

"Huh!" said Hay. "What's eleven times eleven, boy?"

"A hundred and twenty-one," murmured Robert without hesitation.

"You see!" Daniel with difficulty suppressed his jubilation.

Hay produced a stick of licorice root from his pocket, broke off a piece, and, by way of reward, silently handed it to Robert. Then he turned warningly to Daniel.

"Don't give the boy brain fever."

"Bless my soul, what do you take me for? It takes me all my time to hold him back. He likes learning."

The argument was interrupted by the entry of Kate with a tray, which she slid along the table among the books with a feminine disregard of all the places which Daniel had carefully marked in them.

"Here's the young man's supper," she declared, pouring a tumbler of fresh milk from the jug. "And since there was new pancakes going I fetched some in for the rest of you."

Kate Nimmo baking pancakes at seven o'clock in the evening. Yes, and serving them, too, without regard for the frigid spotlessness of her front parlor.

Hay opened his mouth to emit a biting satire, but the sight of the soft golden cakes restrained him and, instead, he stopped the orifice with one of them, wrapped round a spoonful of strawberry jam. He munched grudgingly.

"I've tasted worse pancakes than these."

"I know someone else who thinks so," Kate answered with a warm, sidelong glance. "And the jam's home-made, too. Don't you think he's getting a fine big boy, Mr. Hay?"

"Mmh!" said the druggist, with his mouth full.

"Doctor Todd was saying only yesterday that his legs have improved wonderfully."

"Todd!" said Hay in a pitying voice, reaching out for another pancake. "What does he know about it? The man's in his dotage."

"Tut, tut, Mr. Hay."

"Here, boy," the druggist commanded. "Stand up and let me have a look at you."

Obediently Robert stood up, while Hay, first leaning back in his chair for a long-distance view, then leaning forward and running his fingers over the boy's shins, made an examination impressively expert. No specialist from London or Paris could have shown more aplomb or suggested more profound and intimidating knowledge.

Finally he lay back in his chair, tapping his teeth with his thumb-nail.

"He'll do!" he declared in a voice of complete omniscience. "There's calcium in his bones now." He glanced pointedly at Daniel. "I think I told you once before, on a certain occasion, that he would do. And I repeat—he will do!"

Suddenly his profundity dissolved and he broke into his rare neighing laugh, like a cab-horse having hysterics. "I tell you, Dan'l Nimmo, one day his legs'll be straighter nor yours. I've always said you were bow-leggit."

"Tut, tut," Kate interposed again, not overpleased. "That's no way to talk, Mr. Hay. And before the boy, too." She passed her arm about Robert's shoulders. "He is getting tall though. Upon my word, he's nearly up to my shoulder."

"Yes," agreed Hay in a measured tone. "He's at the growing age. He ought to have been in bed half an hour since."

"And he would, too, only he wanted to wait up to see you."

Kate smiled, belying the tartness of her retort, and took Robert by the arm. "Come away now, say good-night, or Mr. Hay'll be prescribing castor oil for all of us."

When they had gone and the two men were left alone, a silence fell. Hay, silently stroking his moustache, kept darting glances at Daniel in his most cantankerous style, as though inviting him to start an argument.

But Daniel, sitting with his fingertips pressed together and a rapt, a listening expression on his face, was too absorbed to pay much attention to his friend. And so at last Hay was forced to say, in his most provoking tone, "You're looking mighty pleased with yourself."

DANIEL, still absorbed in his thoughts, had not heard a word. He murmured vaguely, "Ahah!"

"It's not to be wondered at, of course," went on the druggist. "With all the town running after you and crowding to be photographed at the studio by the plaster saint of Levenford. There's nobody comes for paregoric to my shop just to see if I've sprouted wings. No, no! But it's different with yourself naturally. You deserve it!"

Daniel said quietly: "People in this town aren't so bad, apothecary. They feel they've behaved unjustly. And they're trying to make up for it."

Hay darted a strange glance at Daniel.

"That won't bring Gracie back."

"No," Daniel sighed, his face turning sad. "And yet . . . recently, I've had the strangest feeling. It was tragic, poor Gracie's death . . . but she died at her very best, and that's something for which we should be deeply thankful. You know, Apothecary, she was a strange girl . . . she felt things too deeply, was so easily swayed, seemed always the victim of her own emotions."

Reflectively, he went on, "She was not very constant. Much as I loved her, and no one could have loved her more, I often wonder if she could have held fast to the life I planned for her. If she hadn't, if for one reason or another she had fallen away, then she would have broken more hearts than her own."

He paused gravely. "As it is, she's left us with a memory we are proud of . . . one we can cherish forever."

The druggist was silent, as though digesting this simple epitaph. But in a moment he asked: "Have you heard of Harmon lately?"

Daniel soberly shook his head. "He's still in the East. They say he'll not come back to Levenford."

"And Murray?"

Daniel smiled faintly.

"Davie's settling down all right with Isabel. He's a good husband . . . he'll make a good father. He was never cut out for the reckless life. Yes, old friend, everything considered, things have turned out better than they might."

He paused suddenly at a sound which drifted into the room, then he glanced across at Hay as though asking him to listen. It was the strange and unaccustomed sound of Kate Nimmo singing.

"You see," said Daniel.

"Ay, I see," Hay declared, exasperated beyond endurance. "The Lord works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. Dog's body, but you're a smug little creature. Wait till the boy grows up and starts to lead you a dance!"

"I'm not feared for him, Apothecary, and you're not either," Daniel answered simply. "You're as fond of him as I am."

Before the other could retort he rose and laid his hand upon the druggist's shoulder, at the same time glancing through the window.

"Don't let us argue, man. It's turned a lovely night. And I have a nice bunch of snowdrops picked. The first of the year. Come away and we'll take a stroll up to the cemetery."

He paused and sighed, his eyes distant, tender, unforgetting. "If you have no objection, we'll put the bonnie white flowers on Gracie's grave."

And as the moon rose, shining and eternal, above the firs, the two friends left the house and walked slowly up the road together.

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Beauty in brief:

Refresher hints

By CAROLYN EARLE

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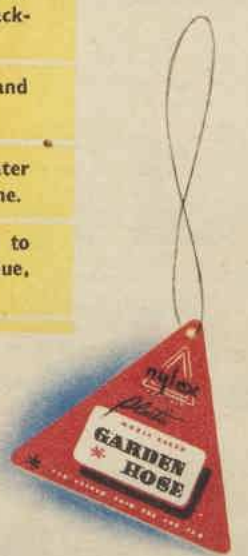
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Christmas Fare

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ROAST CHICKEN with tomato roses, minted potatoes, diced pineapple and papaw, and lettuce leaves; Christmas meat-loaf with celery logs, diced beetroot, mayonnaise cucumber, and celery and radish curls; jellied plum pudding and yuletide punch are luscious fare for "the" meal of the festive season. See recipes on this page.

CHRISTMAS DAY meals should be well planned so that a maximum amount of time can be enjoyed with your family and friends.

A cold dinner suits the Australian climate, saves time in the kitchen on "the" day, and helps to stretch the precious traditional foods, such as poultry and ham, by the addition of colorful and attractive salad ingredients.

A Christmas dinner menu, with dishes such as those illustrated on this page, can be mostly prepared on Christmas Eve, with only the arrangement and service to be done before dinner.

So think ahead and plan for a carefree, happy day.

All spoon measurements are level.

ROAST CHICKEN

One 3½lb. to 4lb. chicken, 2 rashers bacon, 2½ to 3 cups white breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, nutmeg, and dried mixed herbs, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon each of diced onion, chopped parsley, and melted shortening, 1 egg-yolk, fat.

Wash bird well under running water. Dry gently with clean cloth. Prepare seasoning. Combine breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, nutmeg, herbs, lemon rind, onion, and parsley. Bind with beaten egg-yolk and melted shortening. Fill into bird, truss. Cut bacon rashers (rind removed) in halves, arrange over breast of bird. Place on large piece of brown paper, greased on both sides. Wrap into a parcel, pin ends. Place on rack in uncovered baking-dish, with ½in. fat in bottom. Cook in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 1½ to 1¾ hours, depending on size of chicken.

If bird is no longer young, steam for 45 minutes before baking as directed.

Prepare roast turkey as directed for chicken. Increase seasoning and cook 2 to 3½ hours, according to size of bird.

CHRISTMAS MEAT-LOAF

Two pig's cheeks, 1 knuckle veal, 2 cups water if cooked in pressure-cooker, water to cover if cooked in saucepan, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 onion, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 6 cloves, 3 or 4 peppercorns (may be omitted), 1 teaspoon gelatine.

Trim pig's cheeks, remove eyes, hairs, and loose bone. Wash cheeks and veal thoroughly. Gash meat on knuckle well. Place in pressure-cooker or saucepan with water, sugar, chopped onion, vinegar, cloves, and peppercorns. Pressure-cook 1 hour or cook gently in saucepan 2 to 2½ hours, depending on size of pig's cheeks. Remove excess fat and bones, chop meat roughly. Pack into mould. Strain liquid, add gelatine, stir until dissolved. Pour over meat in mould. Chill until firm. Unmould on to bed of lettuce. Serve in slices with salad vegetables.

SALAD ACCESSORIES

Tomato Roses: Wash round-shaped tomatoes, dry. Using sharp small knife and with stalk end of tomato downwards, cut skin only of tomato into six or eight sections. Carefully cut skin and thin layer of pulp of each petal, across top of tomato and half way down sides. Gently bend each petal tip back. Chill. Serve with sprig of parsley in centre.

Minted Potatoes: Cook small new potatoes in their jackets. Remove skins, shake over gentle heat in saucepan with melted shortening and chopped mint. Serve hot or cold.

Cream Cheese Logs: Wash celery and cut into lengths approximately 3in. Remove thin sliver from bottom of each piece so that it rests firmly and evenly with hollow side up. Soften cream cheese with milk, season, pipe or spoon along hollow of each celery log. Top each with strip of parboiled red pepper.

Celery and Radish Curls: Wash celery and radishes, cut roots and green foliage from radishes, cut celery into 2 to 2½in. lengths. Cut radishes from points practically to base, making four or six sections. Place in ice water to separate and curl. Cut each celery length from one end to within ½in. of other end several times, making cuts about 1/8in. apart. Place in ice water to curl.

JELLIED PLUM PUDDING

One and a half cups lemon-flavored custard, 3 teaspoons gelatine dissolved in ¼ cup boiling water, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 pint milk, extra 2 tablespoons gelatine dissolved in ¼ cup hot water, ½ teaspoon coffee essence, ¾ cup sultanas and currants mixed, ¼ cup each finely chopped dates, preserved cherries, and crystallised pineapple, 2 tablespoons marzipan meal, ½ cup condensed milk, 1 stiffly beaten egg-white, 1 tablespoon sherry, cream, cherries and nuts to decorate.

Prepare medium-thickness custard. When cool, stir in dissolved gelatine. One-third fill glasses, sweet dishes, or one large dish, with custard; allow to set. Blend cocoa with milk, add sugar, bring to boil, cook 1 minute. Cool slightly, add extra dissolved gelatine and coffee essence. When beginning to thicken, fold in fruit, marzipan meal, condensed milk, sherry, and egg-white. Fill into glasses or dishes. Chill until firm. Decorate with whipped sweetened cream or substitute, cherries, and nuts.

YULETIDE PUNCH

One and a half cups sugar, 1½ cups water, 1 cup crushed pineapple and juice, 1 cup medium tea, ½ cup passionfruit pulp, juice of 3 lemons and 6 large oranges, 1½ pints soda-water, slices of orange and cucumber, mint leaves.

Place sugar, water, pineapple, and juice in saucepan, bring to boil, simmer 10 minutes, cool. Add tea, passionfruit pulp and strained lemon and orange juice and stand 2 to 3 hours. Add chilled soda-water. Serve with floating cucumber and orange slices and mint leaves.

SCOTCH SHORTBREAD

Four ounces shortening, 2oz. castor sugar, 1 cup flour, 2oz. ground rice, pinch salt.

Cream shortening and sugar until white and fluffy. Gradually work in sifted flour, ground rice and salt. Press into greased tin, prick with fork, make into wedges or finger-lengths. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Store in airtight tin when cold.

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MORE GOOD NEWS! Velveeta is NOT an ordinary cheese, but a cheese food rich in proteins and the milk minerals, calcium and phosphates, and is a good source of vitamin A and riboflavin. Also — Velveeta is as digestible as milk itself. Pasteurised and hygienically packed, Velveeta stays *fresh*. Try Velveeta — *today!*



VL15 *Look for the YELLOW packet.*





QUICK-MIX orange cake needs only one egg and two ounces of butter or margarine. Like most economical cake mixtures it is best eaten fresh. It wins a consolation prize in this week's contest.

RICH SHORTCAKE forms the base of these delicious marshmallow lemon slices, which may be served with ice-cream as a dinner sweet.

Prize summer dishes

The recipes which win prizes this week in our contest are all economical and suitable for the summer season.

PAN - BARBECUED steak wins £5, and marshmallow lemon slices, jiffy orange cake, and crunchy pudding are awarded consolation prizes of £1 each.

These recipes would all add variety to daily menus and would be useful additions to the collection of any cook.

Every week prizes are awarded for the best home-tested recipes received. Why not enter now?

All spoon measurements are level.

PAN-BARBECUED STEAK

One and a half to 2lb. round steak, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 3 tablespoons shortening, 1 chopped onion, 1 stick chopped celery, 1 clove of garlic, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 teaspoons mixed mustard, 2 dessertspoons Worcestershire sauce, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 1¼ cups tomato soup or tomato puree.

Pound steak thoroughly, leave in one piece and rub in salt and pepper. Brown on both sides in melted shortening in heavy saucepan or pressure-cooker. Remove, add onion, celery, and garlic, brown lightly. Pour off surplus fat, return meat and add all other ingredients. Cover closely and simmer 1½ hours or pressure-cook 25 minutes.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. H. R. Cornish, 57 Herbert St., Launceston, Tas.

JIFFY ORANGE CAKE

One and a half cups self-raising flour, ¾ cup sugar, ¾ cup milk, ¼ cup melted butter or other shortening, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, pinch salt.

Sift flour three times, add sugar. Mix milk with melted butter, add orange rind and egg, well beaten, with salt. Fold into dry ingredients. Turn into greased loaf-tin (small size), bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) approximately 30 minutes. Ice when cold with orange-flavored icing.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. McPhail, 80 Wakefield Gardens, Ainslie, A.C.T.

MARSHMALLOW LEMON SLICES

Three ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1¼ cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt.

Lemon Mixture: Half cup sugar, 1 cup water, juice of 2 lemons, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 4 teaspoons arrowroot blended with an extra ¼ cup water, 2 teaspoons gelatine, 1 teaspoon butter, yellow coloring.

Marshmallow: Two cups sugar, 1¼ cups water, 2 tablespoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Cream shortening and sugar, add unbeaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, spread over base of greased slab-tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes. Allow to cool in tin.

Lemon Mixture: Place sugar, water, lemon juice, and rind into saucepan, add blended arrowroot, stir until boiling. Stir in gelatine and butter, continue stirring until gelatine is dissolved. When cold but not set add coloring and pour over shortcake mixture in tin.

Marshmallow: Boil sugar, water, gelatine, and lemon juice 10 minutes. When quite cold add vanilla and beat until very thick and white. Pour over lemon mixture on shortcake. When quite cold and set cut into blocks, serve with ice-cream or cream. Cut into finger-lengths for afternoon tea or supper.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss N. Windsor, C/o 22 Barcena Ave., Wahroonga, N.S.W.

CRUNCHY PUDDING

Half-pound cooked apricots (fresh, dried, or tinned), 2oz. butter or other shortening, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup coconut (or coconut biscuit crumbs), 1½ cups cornflakes, ½ teaspoon vanilla, good pinch nutmeg.

Cream butter and sugar with vanilla and nutmeg. Mix in beaten egg, then work in coconut and cornflakes. Spread over apricots, drained free of syrup, in greased ovenware dish. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven. Serve with ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss H. Stone, 13 Thongbridge St., Mt. Lawley, W.A.

Temperature taking

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

IT is useful for every mother to know how to take her baby's temperature.

That does not mean she should become temperature-conscious, like those who rush for the thermometer every time their baby or toddler feels hot. It should be used only when a baby looks ill.

Never take a baby's temperature by placing the thermometer under the tongue, or the child may bite off the end and swallow the mercury.

Instead, wipe the groin perfectly dry and place the thermometer there. If the groin is not dry, the thermometer may not register.

Bend the baby's knee up against the stomach, holding the thermometer in the fold of the groin for one or two minutes.

A leaflet explaining temperature-taking more fully and giving other nursery hints (such as how to give an enema) can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.



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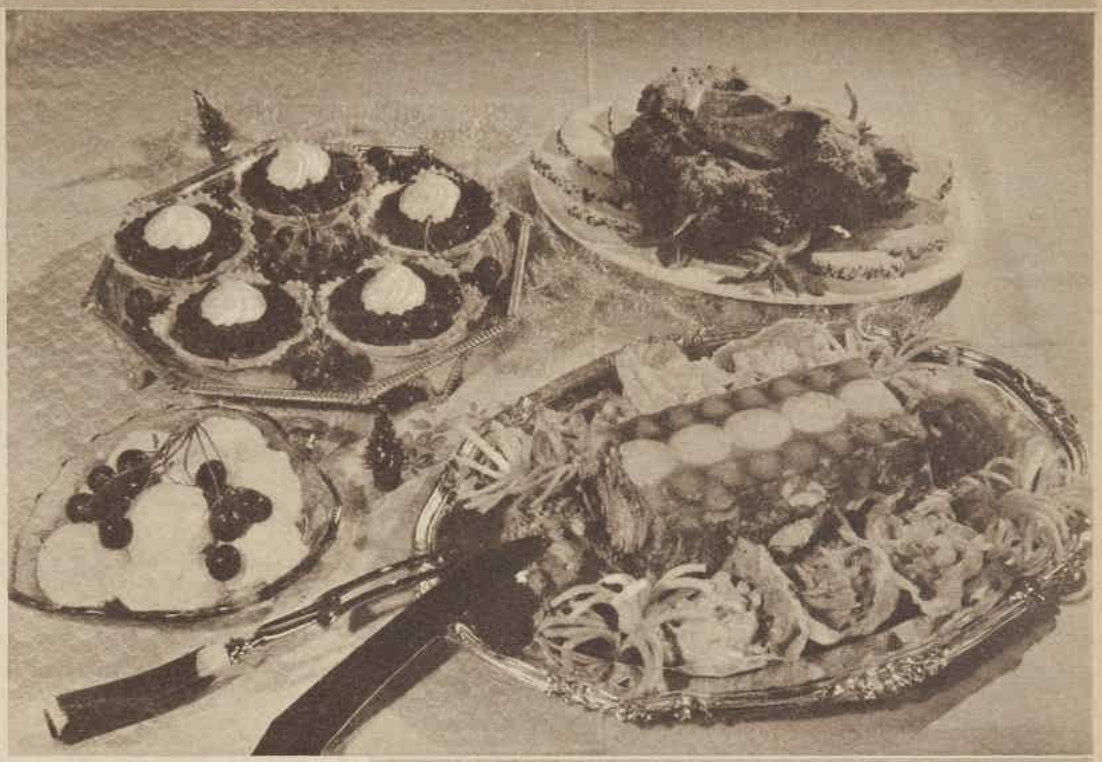
To beat the high cost of Christmas

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

• *Here are some Christmas suggestions with detailed recipes for meals that are festive yet economical.*

TRADITIONAL fare of turkey, ham, rich plum-pudding, and mince tarts could be very expensive this year, but mock ham (baked or boiled), mock goose, and mince tarts (made with economical fruit mince) will create the right atmosphere at reasonable cost.

All spoon measurements are level.



SCALLOPED PASTRY-CASES filled with fruit mince, mock ham (made from a pumped leg of lamb or hogget) served with minted pineapple slices, and a jellied veal-and-rabbit loaf flavored with gherkins and sliced hard-boiled egg are shown above. Ice-cream may be served with the mince tarts, or you may prefer cream or custard. Potato salad (or tinned vegetable salad), grated carrot, celery, and lettuce are served with the jellied loaf.

MOCK HAM

One leg of mutton freshly pumped with brine (give your butcher the order two or three days before you need it), mustard, 1lb. scone dough (made with 1lb. flour and omitting the butter usually used in a scone mixture), browned breadcrumbs, melted butter, cloves.

Wash meat well, or soak one hour in cold water. Drain and dry. Smear surface lightly with mixed mustard. Make scone dough in usual way, roll to ¼in. thickness on floured board. Mould over and around leg, moistening edges of joins to make a firm seal so that covering is quite airtight. Place in thickly greased baking-dish, cook in moderate oven 4 hours or more until meat is quite tender. A fine steel knitting needle or skewer may be used to test the meat. When meat is tender remove scone crust, and allow meat to cool. Brush surface of meat with melted butter, coat lightly with browned breadcrumbs. Stick with cloves to form a pattern.

BOILED MOCK HAM

Choose a plump leg of lamb or hogget and have the butcher pump it well with brine. Place in large saucepan, cover with warm water. Add a few bacon bones, one medium clove-stuck onion, few sprigs of parsley, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, and 1 tablespoon vinegar. Cover and simmer gently, allowing approximately 30 minutes for each pound. Test through the thickest part with a very fine steel knitting needle or skewer. Turn off heat and allow to cool in water in which it cooked. Remove from pan and brush with melted butter, hot pineapple juice, or orange and lemon juice. Sprinkle with brown breadcrumbs, and stud with cloves.

EGGLESS PLUM PUDDING

(Made the day it is served)

One and a half cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon spice, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ cup brown sugar, 1½ cups mixed fruit, ¼ cup finely shredded peel, 1oz. chopped cherries, 1 small teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 3 tablespoons butter or other shortening, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ¾ cup warm water.

Sift flour, spice, salt, and nutmeg. Add sugar, fruit, peel, and cherries. Melt butter in warm water, add soda and lemon rind. Fold into dry ingredients, mix well. Tie in prepared pudding-cloth, allow a little room for swelling. Plunge into boiling water, cook steadily 3 to 3½ hours. Remove cloth and string and serve hot with custard or brandy sauce.

NOTE: Well-washed threepences or trinkets may be added to mixture if desired.

TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS MINCE

Three green apples, 6oz. mixed fruit, 3oz. candied peel, 6oz. seeded raisins or 6oz. extra mixed fruit, 3oz. finely shredded beef suet, ¾ cup sugar, 1½ teaspoons spice, grated rind of 1 small lemon, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1-3rd cup brandy.

Wash and dry apples, peel thinly, cut into quarters, and remove cores. Chop finely. Mix with chopped fruit, peel, raisins, and suet. Add all other ingredients, mix well. Fill into clean, dry jars, seal, and store in a cool place.

OPEN-TOPPED NOUGAT MINCE TARTS

Eight ounces biscuit or champagne pastry (use one egg-yolk in the mixture if possible), 1½ cups stale cake-crumbs or breadcrumbs, 2 dessertspoons marzipan meal (or flavor with almond essence), 2 tablespoons icing sugar (or 3 tablespoons icing sugar if breadcrumbs are used), 1 dessertspoon sherry or orange juice, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 tablespoon apricot jam, 1 egg-white, 2½ cups prepared or tinned fruit mince, cream or ice-cream.

Roll pastry thinly, cut into 1½in. rounds with scone-cutter and arrange over base and around sides of large patty-tins or pie-tins. Glaze overlapping edges to hold firmly together while cooking. Combine crumbs, almond meal, jam, icing sugar. Moisten with slightly beaten egg-white, milk, sherry, or orange juice. Place a layer of this nougat mixture in each tart-case. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 15 minutes. Fill with fruit mince, allow to cool. Serve with cream or ice-cream.

ECONOMICAL FRUIT MINCE

Two cups mixed fruit, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons water, 1 tablespoon marmalade or apricot jam, 2 tablespoons chopped nuts, squeeze lemon juice.

Combine all ingredients, stir over gentle heat until moisture is absorbed and fruit well plumped. Cool.

Note: This mince should be used within a week of making because it does not keep as long as the traditional Christmas mince made with suet and brandy.

MOCK GOOSE

Choose a small leg of veal and have the butcher remove the bone. Fill cavity with sage-and-onion seasoning and sew or tie securely. Leave skin on meat. Place in baking-dish with about ¼in. melted fat, bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric). Allow 30 to 35 minutes per pound cooking time and baste frequently. Sprinkle lightly with salt half-way through the cooking time. Serve hot with small baked red apples, sausage cakes, green peas, new potatoes, and brown gravy. Remove cotton or string before serving.

SAGE-AND-ONION SEASONING

(For mock goose)

One large onion, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, 3 or 4 fresh sage leaves (or ½ teaspoon dry, powdered sage), 1 dessertspoon butter or other shortening, pinch grated lemon rind and nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste.

Peel onion, cut in halves. Cook in boiling, salted water until tender. Drain, chop finely, and mix with all other ingredients.

JELLIED RABBIT-AND-VEAL LOAF

Two cups diced cooked rabbit, 1 cup diced cooked veal, 2oz. chopped ham or cooked bacon, 3 cups made-up packaged chicken soup (strained), or meat or vegetable stock, salt to taste, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 3 tablespoons tomato juice, 3½ dessertspoons gelatine, 2 gherkins, 2 hard-boiled eggs.

Warm the strained soup or stock, add gelatine, and stir over boiling water until gelatine dissolves. Add salt to taste, lemon juice, and tomato juice. Set a thin layer in bottom of wetted loaf-tin approximately 8½in. x 4in. x 3in. Arrange a pattern of sliced hard-boiled egg and gherkin slices on bottom of tin, barely cover with liquid jelly, allow to set. When balance of jelly is beginning to thicken, fold in veal, rabbit, ham, balance of gherkin, and chopped hard-boiled eggs. Fill into loaf-tin, chill until firm. Unmould on to serving-dish, slice, and serve with salad ingredients.

ICE-CREAM

One pint fresh milk, 8 tablespoons powdered milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Warm the milk, beat in powdered milk and sugar. Add dissolved gelatine and beat 5 minutes. Turn into refrigerator trays, freeze until starting to set around edges. Return to basin, beat 5 minutes longer, pour back into trays. Freeze until firm.

Hints for festive fare . . .

• Make your own bon-bons from thin cardboard, bright red or green crepe paper, tinsel, and Christmas motif stickers. Fill with sweets and trinkets.

• *It is a good idea to wrap the legs of poultry in a piece of bacon fat to prevent drying out during cooking.*

• Make gravy for the Christmas meats or poultry at the last minute so it will go to the table bubbling hot. If it is not possible to do this, pour the freshly made gravy into a jug and keep it standing in a saucepan of boiling water until required.

• Do not overload the refrigerator or ice-box; allow room for cold air to circulate. Tinned foods, unopened jars, jam, honey, syrup, and cooking-fat keep just as well in a cool part of the pantry or in the coolest kitchen cupboard.

• *Add some grated pineapple to your favorite mince recipe—it keeps the mince moist and gives a delicious flavor.*

• Keep a couple of bottles of lemon syrup made up ready for cool drinks. Boil 1lb. sugar with ½ pint lemon juice until the sugar is dissolved. Bottle when cold. Use 1 tablespoon to 1 glass of iced water.

• *Include a simple savory in the main menu, if possible, to balance the excessive sweetness of many traditional Christmas foods.*

• Here's a good sweet filling for pastry-cases which may be prepared in advance. Simmer unstoned cherries in a small quantity of water until soft. Rub through a strainer, measure, add equal quantity of sugar, and flavor with lemon juice. Simmer over low heat until thick.

• Provide a light plain cake and plain biscuits for those who like rich Christmas cake only in small quantities.

• Make a good batch of small pastry-cases a few days before Christmas, and store in air-tight tins. These are handy for sweets or savory fillings for hot or cold service.

• If you are lucky enough to be having roast duck, try adding 1 cup orange juice for the last ½ hour of cooking, basting the bird with the juice every 10 minutes.

• Save pieces of pastry trimmed from pie coverings or tart cases. Re-roll thinly, cut into shapes or finger-lengths. Brush lightly with milk (or a little egg-yolk mixed with water or milk) and sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake 8 to 10 minutes on greased oven-tray. Store in airtight tin for use as emergency savories.

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MASTER BEDROOM: Extending double-bed has a mirror headpiece. The electrically lit candle bracket on the wall is mounted on a polished tree root. The black cabinet in the right foreground holds a television set. The coffee-table is a "tear-drop."



ROOM FOR A COUNTRY DREAMER forced to live in the city features a slanting ceiling with beams calculated to make the room look like an outdoor terrace. Flowers and shrubs line an entire wall. The furniture is wrought-iron. Lighting simulates sunlight, and the designer claims that the black-and-white striped floor helps to create an impression of space and fresh air.



LOUNGE DESIGNED to please those who prefer period furnishings dazzled the eyes of visitors to the New York home furnishings display, but was liked by decorators who specialise in antique decor. It features ornate wallpaper and matching upholstery.

There's no place like these homes

This is the last of a series of illustrated articles on New York's exciting furnishings show.

Some of the exhibits shown by well-known designers in the recent New York home furnishings display were experiments in the weird and wonderful.

AIMED at easing the nostalgia of the city dweller whose heart is in the country was designer Dorothy Draper's offering. It suggested a means of converting a small apartment living-room into a semblance of a country terrace.

Overhead lighting filtering through the wooden "arbor" (built inside the room) gave the effect of sunlight and shadows. The uncarpeted floor was of black glass and marble.

A New York Botanical Gardens horticulturist was on hand to advise prospective remodellers about the types of flowers and shrubs to buy, and how they should be kept to ensure length of life.

A rough estimate of the cost of converting a living-room in this outdoor mode was more than £1500.

One visitor said: "Heck, if I had the money to change my place round like that I'd be able to buy ten acres in the country."

The design for a room leading to a small terrace was the work of a designer who exhibited as "Mrs. Earnshaw."

The floor of this room was made of large squares of glass. The corner window had a balustrade. Except for a floor-to-ceiling-length mirror, the curved walls were papered with white silk paper.

An ebony piano stood in one



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EXPERTS say this bedroom was planned to give a feeling of lightness and lack of clutter, despite the array of wrought-iron tables and chairs.

curved corner surrounded by green-and-white striped sail-cloth curtains and valance. The valance was continued in paint along the curved wall. There was a white bamboo settee and one chair had an all-glass back.

Another exhibitor showed a glittering living-room with a long glass coffee table, glass occasional table, glass cabinets and a huge etched mural-mirror. It startled many visitors.

A suggestion for a bachelor girl's room was a compact arrangement in wrought-iron and bleached woods.

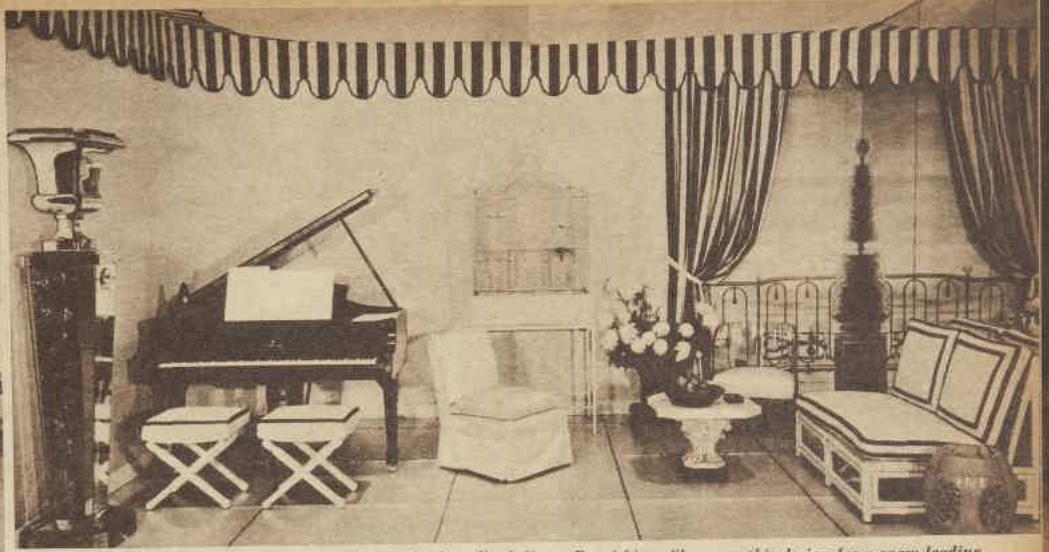
Although most designers stressed modernity, others went to new extremes to please home owners who prefer period furnishings.

One such exhibit featured ornate matching wallpaper and upholstery.

Another designer, Arundell Clarke, presented his conception of the ideal space in which to dream—a bedroom without furniture except for a bed.

The bed was a long, low white platform with an inner-spring mattress, covered with a blue-and-white spread. The ceiling and one wall were "charcoal-blue." Another wall was white to match the skimpy piece of matting beside the bed. The other two walls were draped with cloud-like, grey-blue printed fabrics.

A card in front of this ethereal exhibit read: "Dress in the dressing-room, read in the living-room, but meditate here."



VOTED ONE OF THE 20 BEST EXHIBITS at the New York Home Furnishings Show was this design for a room leading to a small terrace. The floor is made of glass. Curtains and valance are green-and-white sailcloth. The valance pattern is continued in paint along the curved wall. The settee and twin stools at the ebony piano are of white bamboo.



BEDROOM: The designer claims that the clean lines of this bedroom make it both modern and conservative. The bed, bedhead, and narrow cabinets are an all-white unit. A white chair links up with this unit, the lampshades and bric-a-brac. Wall-to-wall carpet and solid furniture symmetrically placed give the room dignity.

From Children to Grandchildren

23 years of VELVET CARE

Says Aunt Jenny



When Aunt Jenny called on Mrs. E. Campbell — the grandmother of 14 children — at 97 Holt Ave., Cremorne, N.S.W., she learned how Mrs. Campbell's family has always been able to save on clothes and linens by passing on many of the things. Mrs. Campbell's daughter, Mrs. Wong said to Aunt Jenny—"These baby clothes have all been handed on to my son John, after years of use. You'd never know it, would you . . . and thanks to Velvet they'll keep that fresh look for years yet!"



"I bought this towel in 1928," smiles Mrs. Campbell. "And do you know, my 7 children and most of my 14 grandchildren all used it when they were babies. There's not a single broken thread — a real credit to Velvet washing."

Tune in every week to "FRED & MAGGIE EVERYBODY"



Pure, mild Velvet is so kind to your hands — so gentle to your clothes. Here's why Velvet-washed clothes last longer . . .



FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS — seen under a magnifying glass — look frayed and worn out because hard-rubbing is necessary with skimpy, inferior lather. And look how those weary-willy suds leave dirt ingrained in the weave.

FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP — seen under a magnifying glass — stay strong as new wash after wash because no hard rubbing is needed — yet not a trace of dirt is left behind. Velvet's extra soapy suds are kind to the most delicate skin and gentle to your clothes, too!

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Enjoy the luxury of the finest textured cotton sheets it is possible to buy. Available in lovely pastel shades as well as the cool 'snow white' finish. Towels too, in a great variety of designs and colours, soft and rich in texture, yet 'brisk' and a real luxury to use.



Horrockses REG'D

the Greatest Name in Cotton SINCE 1791



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until Summer is nearly over, and swelter day and night

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NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post. Send orders for Needlework Notions (note prices) to address given below.

No. 147—HEART-SHAPED DUCHESSE SET

The set is available ready traced ready to embroider on linen in cream, white, pink, blue, green, and lemon. Also on organdie in white, blue, lemon, green, and pink.

The centre mat measures 22in. by 14th., and the smaller mat 8in. by 8in. The lace finish is not supplied.

Price in linen, 7/11. Price in organdie, 6/11. Postage, 6d. extra.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 145—HOUSEGOWN

A cool, attractive design for a summer housecoat is available cut out ready to make. The material is summer breeze cotton printed in a floral design in shades of blue red/black; green/cyclamen; red/grey/green; and cyclamen/blue/green, all printed on a white ground.

Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 28/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 30/11. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra.

No. 146—DRESS

A smart one-piece with white pique pocket trim is available cut out ready to make with full making instructions. The material is summer breeze cotton. The color choice includes red, navy, lemon, sky-blue, and apple-green, all printed with a white pin-spot.

Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 33/-; 36 and 38in. bust, 24/6. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

No. 148—SKIRT

A trim skirt in a floral printed cotton is available cut out ready to make. The color choice includes pink and grey, navy-blue and white, and sage-blue and white.

Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist measurement, 18/3. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

Fashion PATTERNS



Pattern for beginners

F6693: Beginners' pattern for a small girl's pinafore dress. Sizes: 18, 20, 23, and 27in. length for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1¼yds. 36in. material and one-eighth yard 36in. contrast. Special price, 2/-.

F6692: Slim one-piece with sleeveless bodice top. Sizes: 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼ yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F6694: Smart summer style designed with floating skirt panels. Sizes: 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F6695.—Sun-dress and matching stole. Sizes: 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

*

F6696.—Duster coat features back fullness, a straight-cut front, and cuffed sleeves. Sizes: 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.

● *Fashion Patterns may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.*

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The glass with the festive air



● To prevent confusion when replenishing glasses at informal Christmas parties, decorate the glasses with initials in cellulose tape.

ONE roll of tape will trim several dozen glasses.

Cut the segments of the initials from the tape with a razor blade or scissors. Each piece must be stuck in position on the glass.

The letters used for our illustration were about 1½in. high, but the size of the initials will vary according to the size of the glass.

As an alternative, stripes, dots, or squares cut from cellulose tape may be used to give a bright and festive air to glasses.

SERVING DRINKS in glasses carrying distinguishing initials or names makes it easier for the hostess and appealing to the guests. See directions.



EASY WAY of distinguishing glasses is to decorate them with guests' initials cut from cellulose tape. The tape is durable, but can easily be removed.

Pretty hostess apron

● When you're all dressed up with something to serve, slip on this easily made organdie apron.

Materials: 2yds.of organdie, 36in. wide. Bias binding and cotton to match.

Cutting Directions: Half-inch seams are allowed. **Bib:** Cut a square 18in. by 18in. **Ruffles:** Cut two pieces 13½in. by 36in., and two pieces 13½in. by 26in. **Halter:** Cut one piece 3in. by 27in. **Ties:** Cut two pieces 3½in. by 27in.

Sewing Directions: Join each short ruffle piece to each long ruffle piece with French seams. With wrong sides together, pin ends of ruffle pieces together. Measure and mark a point on the upper edge 13½in. from end, and stitch from that point on the true cross to the point diagonally across from it. Trim close to stitching; make a French seam. Make a narrow hem on all outer edges.

Run two rows of gather stitch along upper edge of ruffle. Make narrow hems on upper edges of apron.

Pin gathered edge of ruffle to lower edges of apron, right sides together. Space gathers evenly. Baste. Pin one edge of binding right side to wrong side of ruffle. Baste. Stitch through all thicknesses. Remove basting threads. Fold binding over all raw edges on to wrong side of apron; pin, baste, and slipstitch to apron.

Turn down top corner of apron 2½in. and topstitch the folded edge. Make a narrow hem on each long edge of halter piece, and also on two long edges and one short edge of each tie piece.

Stitch ends of halter to apron, on sloping edges at each side of top, in the following manner: With wrong sides facing, stitch halter at the same angle as apron. Trim away raw edge close to stitching and fold halter up in position and slipstitch, covering raw edge. Gather raw ends of each tie and fold in a quarter-inch at ends. Slipstitch to apron. Turn to right side, and backstitch points of apron securely to ties.

Try on apron and pin darts at waistline. Stich four-inch darts, tapering at each end.



GALA APRON is ideal for the party hostess.

Chair and table for dolly

● Little girls will love these "nursery" pieces for their dolls' play. Table and chair can be made in half an hour from two cotton reels, some raffia, cardboard, cottonwool, and a scrap of material.

CHAIR

Cut the chair back from cardboard (if the cardboard is thin, cut it twice and use double). Wind raffia all round cardboard shape, through the hole until it is completely covered. Fasten end of raffia securely.

Pad top of cotton reel. Cut a circle of material about 2½in. in diameter, place it over top of cotton reel and bind tightly in position.

Place chair back in position and bind tightly to cotton reel. Wind raffia tightly round cotton reel so that it is completely covered and fasten the ends securely.



DOLL'S NURSERY FURNITURE in bright raffia can be quickly made to bring a lot of pleasure to a little girl.

TABLE

Cut a circle of cardboard the size required for tabletop, then cut a hole in the centre ¼in. in diameter.

Cover with raffia, by winding through the hole in the centre. Fasten to top of cotton reel by threading a darning needle with raffia and taking stitches through hole of cotton reel to underneath of tabletop.

Darn over the hole in centre with raffia and buttonhole-stitch the edge lightly and rather loosely. Bind cotton reel until it is completely covered. Fasten ends securely.



Plenty of variety in Small's Milk Chocolate

Just the variety you want for your Christmas party tables: Small's Milk Chocolate with Almonds and Raisins, Milk Chocolate with Cherry Nougat, Milk Chocolate with Ginger.

Small's make Great Chocolate



EMERGENCIES DONT WAIT!

CHECK YOUR MEDICINE CHEST NOW!

That iron must be good and hot to press Father's shirts — and that's hot enough to give you a nasty burn. Be prepared for such minor injuries, because accidents will happen in any home at any time. At least keep on hand these essential first aid dressings:—



★ ZO ADHESIVE PLASTER
★ ELASTIKON E-L-A-S-T-I-C ADHESIVE PLASTER
★ BAND-AID ADHESIVE BANDAGES
★ RED CHAIN COTTON
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