

# ELEVENTH BIRTHDAY

## TARANAKI WOMEN'S CLUB

### DELIGHTFUL PARTY HELD

A huge bowl of vividly tinted abutilons, tall sprays of scarlet berried cotoneaster and masses of tawny chrysanthemums artistically arranged with autumn foliage made a charming setting in the lounge of the Taranaki Women's Club last night for a very bright and happy party arranged to celebrate the eleventh birthday of the club.

On arrival, the guests, who numbered close on 100, were received by the president of the club, Mrs. D. Hutchen, who was wearing a gown of Burgundy triple georgette with matching lace inset in the bodice and sleeves. A pretty finish was given by a shoulder spray of pink rosebuds and violets, the gift of the committee. The Mayoress of New Plymouth, Mrs. E. R. C. Gilmour, who was a guest of honour, had chosen a gown of black velvet.

A pleasant ceremony took place at suppertime, when the lights were turned off and the birthday cake with its 11 candles was carried in. The honour of cutting the cake was accorded to Mrs. F. E. Wilson, first club president.

An enjoyable programme had been arranged to entertain the guests and this opened with several part songs by members of the musical circle, Mrs. C. G. Sunderland conducting and Miss Frances Broad playing the accompaniments. An amusing one-act play, "Slow Curtain," was then read by members of the play-reading circle, those taking part being Mesdames E. J. Reid, C. E. Monaghan, Guy Macallan and the Misses I. McMullan, S. Thomson and A. Wells. Stage directions were read by Mrs. D. F. C. Saxon.

#### TALK ON INDIA.

A most interesting talk on India was given by Mrs. R. E. Fisher. Mrs. Fisher wore a silver fox cape over her charming black gown, which was designed with heavily sequined corsage and relieved with a large rose-coloured flower.

Mrs. Fisher began by describing Bombay, one of the most beautiful cities in the world, passing on to Calcutta, Delhi, Karachi and Lucknow.

Cawnpore, she told her listeners, was the Manchester of India, full of mills yet a pretty town. "I am sure it is the natural habitat of ginnias," she said. "They grow in a profusion of colour and size all along the Cawnpore roads."

"I stopped at Agra for a night to see the Taj Mahal," continued Mrs. Fisher. "It is indescribably lovely—by moonlight exquisite, and soft and rosy in the sunsets. I can only say however much you have heard of its beauty you will never be disappointed when you actually see it."

Mrs. Fisher went on to tell of her visit to Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, "all unbelievably beautiful, like an Eastern Venice." She told of the Shalimar Gardens and the blue kingfishers that dart in and out of the trees.

"The Kashmir women are fair and beautiful and the men rather miserable-looking specimens," she continued. "They have worn skirts for centuries because when last conquered their victors said 'These are not men—let them wear petticoats.'"

"India is a land of great contrasts and contradictions, of strange superstitions and beliefs, terrific heat and torrential rains, beauty and deformity all crowded together. Yet withal it is a most fascinating country," concluded the speaker.