

## CHOOSE YOUR HAT—

**H**ERE are three hat types that defy the Spring's veil mode.

The low-crowned Sailor. A model is in light weight taupe felt with under-brim and crown-top of black. A narrow black band circling to a stiff wide bow at back.

Another is the Turban. One, in two tones of velvet—one side of dark, one of light—is built of concertina folds that are lifted high in front.

A third is the Tam. A Spring model (photographed for you) is in black felt, built on a bandeau and wired to remain flat. The cleft on the side and the patent leather "feather" are both young and amusing.

If you are the type of woman who loathes a veil, these are your hats.

—A.T.



## WHILE THE KETTLE BOILS

*Dear Friends,*

I had a letter all planned for you this week, dealing with further activities for the Centenary Celebrations, but faced, as we all are, by the tragic world happenings, I am moved instead to talk to you of those happenings and their effect on us all.

Though we were prepared in some measure for the final blow, it did not make it easier when eventually it came. It fell with a stunning force on all those who listened to Mr. Neville Chamberlain's momentous words—"We are at war!" A thousand terrors were released on us; a bitter procession of memories from the last World War that will live again in the struggle we are about to face.

I was one among thousands who listened to those fateful words. I felt bewildered, heartsick; lost in a world that had suddenly lost all reality. It was like moving in a nightmare. I thought of all the women throughout the world who are about to be bereaved, and it seemed their pain was like some gigantic burden laid on the shoulders of the world. I felt it, physically.

The thought of sleep that night seemed intolerable. It is my habit each night to read a little before retiring, and to make notes of any interesting facts or details I may chance across. I had no conscious intention of doing that this night, yet all at once I found myself with my book and pencil in hand, seeking my old place in front of the fire. The truth came to me then, and with it a comfort and an inner conviction. I no longer felt lost. I had caught at an anchorage and I knew a new courage.

It is a truth that will help you all. Simply this—Keep on with your job. We've all got our job. If it is only pottering about the house—it is your job. And in it lies your salvation. It will keep you steady and sane in a world that has suddenly gone mad. It will give you something to hold to; something to which you can turn your bewildered thought. It is in reality your anchorage. Cling to it. These are not mere words. I have proved their truth. It is impossible to think or live in a state of chaos.

In the days of trial ahead of us it is imperative that we create for ourselves a proper mental viewpoint. You will best achieve this by "Keeping on with your job!" You will find that things will settle into their right proportions, and no matter what we are called upon to face in the future, you will be able to meet it calmly and to see it in its right perspective.

My thoughts and hopes are with you all,

*Cynthia*

## YOU KNOW THIS CHILD

**"N**EVER mind, darling—Mummy will get you another!" is a phrase that falls on the ear as inoffensively as it does familiarly. Surely there can be no harm in such an ejaculation. And there are moments when it seems that nothing less will stem a small person's grief or disappointment at the loss of some cherished thing. But we must make our own decisions about the when and how of using it.

I saw a small girl break an expensive toy wilfully, out of bravado and to demonstrate her own power and importance. Another child looked on, half awed, half admiring . . . "Ooo! Look what you've done!"

"Pouf! That doesn't matter! Mummy will get me another!"

She was only repeating what she had learned by experience to be the truth—what her parent had assured her over and over in matters large or small. At last she had come to value nothing. She was the indulged child.

Perhaps she will also be an indulged woman.

But it is pretty certain that she will, sooner or later, fling away or shatter something that cannot be replaced. She is a child with unhappiness ahead.

—KAY

## Decoration

**T**HE vogue for the all-white drawing-room is not, after all, the dismal failure some of us predicted, though not many have had the courage to try the experiment. Especially if your room is small is it successful. That is, if you like a feeling of space, for it seems to double the size. White furniture, leather or fabric, with or without chromium, is definitely a luxury in the average wear-and-tear home, but it's worth it for sheer elegance and the extraordinary sense of serenity it conveys. Don't overdo either it or your relieving colours. These can most tastefully be greys or blacks, greens or blues. Reds can be used only very discreetly. Yellows, cyclamen pinks, and mauves more freely. Walls, ceilings, and woodwork should be the same, but floors should be covered with a wall-to-wall carpet in your chosen dominating colour. Modern carpets can be found in creamy white with perhaps an odd drawn centre motif, but they are really for the room that is a "Show-piece." It's an experiment for this Spring that is well worth trying.

—V.W.

*"There will be stars over the place forever . . .  
Over the place forever . . . while we sleep."*