

# From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

### A NOVEL COAT.

Great enthusiasm is being shown by American women for the new Coolie Coat. It is certainly a most attractive affair both for beach and negligee wear, and many odd occasions. As a holiday garment its advantages are numerous. Being distinctly Japanese both in colouring and design, it is delightfully easy to pack. Printed wool delaine is one of the favourite fabrics used for this new favourite.

### HATS AND SHAWLS.

Something entirely new in shawls is made entirely of coarse wool. Large crocheted motifs in a choice of beautifully blended colours, joined together with the good old-fashioned hairpin work, go to make up this novel contrivance. Of course it is finished with the ubiquitous fringe. The true cloche hat has at last died a lingering death; the vagabond lived only a brief space. Many crowns are now lower than before. One of the newest combinations is of felt and straw. A hat with a felt crown has a brim of contrasting straw underlined with felt.

"Wireless in a wonderful way has widened the range of interests which can be pursued in the home circle, and thus has enriched family life. It has also made a notable contribution towards increasing the sense of common interest between the nations of the world."—The Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George in a letter to the Managing Director of the B.B.C.

### OUR CHILDREN.

The training of our children! What numerous and diverse opinions we hear on this subject nowadays! Such a lot has been written about it, too, but the most helpful and practical book we have read is Mrs. Muriel Winch's "Your Children: Some Chapters on Early Home Teaching and Training." She is not merely a theorist: her methods are the outcome of great experience, and are essentially constructive, placing first the health, happiness and formation of character of the child. Mrs. Winch strikes a happy note midway between the stern methods of our grandmothers, who repressed their children, keeping them in the background, and the present-day parent who "fusses" the child and gives it an entirely wrong sense of values by dragging it continually forward on every possible (and impossible!) occasion. Every modern mother knows that it is during the first few years of life that the child's will is waiting to be formed, and this alone makes the job of motherhood a whole-time one.

Mrs. Winch's book deals with the child's health, first steps in education—teaching it independence, yet building up that most valuable quality—to help others as well as itself. Toys, she says, should be of the very simplest; the child should be encouraged to evolve them out of its own imagination. There are chapters on training the senses, on imagination, on misanthropic children, on punishment, psychoanalysis in the nursery, on the most beautiful way to inculcate the facts of human life in the child-mind. Altogether a sound and valuable help to mothers who realise that theirs is a life-long responsibility—in fact, to everyone interested in children, for we are all made aware of the fact that the well-brought-up child is infinitely pleasanter to live with than the unfortunate little "pampered precocity."

We never love the people who try to educate us: They can't even teach us to do that.

### A TALE OF TELEVISION.

What will come after broadcasting? Television is surely close upon us, and it is merely a matter of time when its mystery will be revealed. A member of Captain Scott's South Pole Expedition experienced a "television" on December 15, 1912. He was in camp by the coast of the great Antarctic continent, and being over-tired after the day's trudge, could not sleep, but lay in a drowsy condition. All at once, before his half-closed eyes, came a picture of five men standing round the tent, from the top of which two flags were fluttering. The explorer immediately opened wide his eyes, to see only the round sun through the grey tent cloth.

He jumped up, got hold of a chronometer, and as quick as thought his "dream vision" was scientifically recorded in the presence of witnesses. Time passed, and the episode faded away, until almost a year had gone, when the December night's vision popped out anew. On November 12 the explorers found what remained of the early belongings of Scott and his men out on the Great Ice Barrier. One of them found a little book, "Captain Scott's Diary Journal." Our "televisionist" hurriedly turned the pages and to his amazement read: "The Norwegians—five men—were here on the Pole, December 15."

Some months later investigations proved that not only the picture but the time of the hour was exactly correct.

We have also heard of a telephone subscriber who dreams dreams and sees visions. She is evidently prepared for television at any moment. Going to

her 'phone the other day to speak to a friend, her eye lighted on a small round mirror. It was perched on the top of the speaking apparatus (the previous speaker evidently had powdered her nose while waiting), just above the line of vision. "Oh," murmured our dreamer vaguely, "this must be television and I didn't know we'd got it!" She even got a little excited as she dialed the number, fixing her eye expectantly on the mirror. A voice answered, but no vision appeared! "Is that you dear?" she exclaimed. "There must be something wrong with the 'phone I CAN'T SEE YOU!"

"Anyway," she protested to her friend, who hurried round in great alarm, fearing she was ill, "the electricians have been in the house for two or three days, and how was I to know they hadn't put in 'television' while they were about it!"

### PARIS IN PYJAMAS.

A model in which a high collar strikes an entirely new note, is fashioned in heavy crepe-de-chine of white ground with a yellow checked design. The trousers are straight and loose; the simple tunic is innocent of sleeves; the high collar is of plain yellow crepe-de-chine, fastening with a flat bow at the back of the neck. A belt to match, in which the flat bow repeats itself, fits loosely round the hips.

## PROOF?

(By Ethel Romig Fuller.)  
If radio's slim fingers  
Can pluck a melody  
From night and toss it over  
A continent or sea;  
If the petalled white tones  
Of a violin  
Are blown across a mountain  
Or a city's din;  
If songs, like crimson roses,  
Are culled from thin blue air,  
Why should mortals wonder  
If God hears prayer?

## FRAGMENT

An idle poet here and there  
Looks round him, but for all the rest,  
This world, unfathomably fair,  
Is duller than a witling's jest.

Love wakes men once a life-time each;  
They raise their heavy eyes and loom  
And lo! what one sweet page can  
Teach  
They read with joy, then shut the  
book.

And some give thanks, and some  
blaspheme,  
And most forget—but either way,  
That, and the child's unheeded dream  
Is all the light of all their day.  
—Coventry Patmore.

## COME, LISTEN AND LEARN

A very exclusive sports costume hailing from Paris was described by Mr. Wood in a chat on Fashions from 3YA, showing to what extent extravagance can be carried in the matter of sporting outfits. "It was a cream jersey silk jumper-suit," he said. "The skirt was knife pleated, and the jumper quite plain, with patch pockets of real baby calf skin. This animal trimming was carried out also in bow effect at the neck, making the collar fairly high, with cuffs to match. Completing the outfit was a close-fitting hat, pleated handbag, and shoes, all carried out in baby-calf to match the trimming of the suit. This outfit created quite a flutter when it first appeared!" Mr. Wood went on to say that the most outstanding feature about sports clothes is the short coat, principally without sleeves, repeating some colour note of the trimming, such as a belt or piping. It is interesting to note that grey is a favourite colour at Deauville, Biarritz, and other Continental resorts. Grey, combined with violet, is a good tip for autumn in New Zealand.

Paris favours once more the two-

piece tailored suit in black, navy and grey. These are especially smart, and will be worn by the woman of discrimination. London also favours the plain light grey tailored suit.

Skirts are a trifle longer, but still sufficiently short to be extremely smart. They may be even a bit longer than merely covering the knees, but can by no means be termed long skirts.

The waistline still soars, sometimes reaching to normal, but only occasional models show a clearly defined waist.

A curious yet dashing style in New York is the bright red felt hat, of the small, close-fitting type. It is seen at the smart luncheon places along Park Avenue, and is very popular at Palm Beach to wear with white frocks. This little red felt shows an interesting ridged crown, and the important slashed crown turning up across the front. Two little red acorn ornaments are posed on the crown.

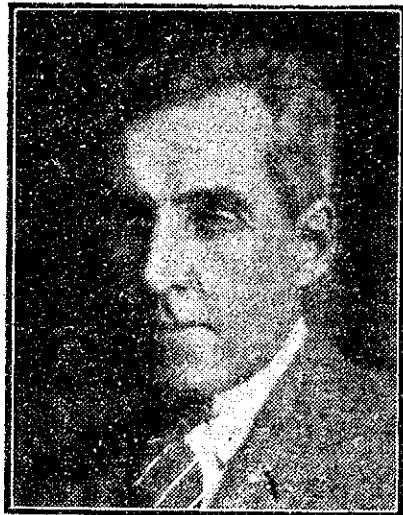
Mr. Wood remarked that the smart woman is just as interested, if not more so, in the picture she presents when she is viewed from behind, as when she is facing her audience, which goes to prove his knowledge and understanding of his subject. "This very excellent wisdom has been in the minds of many of the French millinery designers this season; for very frequently they place their trimmings (with restraint, of course) at the back of some of their smartest little hats.

## Special Interview with Mr. C. R. Allen

I trod an unknown path, the dusk was falling, the wind chilly, and, like Chesterfield, I was a little weary of this silly world, as I drew near the residence of Sir James Allen, lately New Zealand's own High Commissioner; my aim being to interview his gifted son, Mr. Charles R. Allen, joint-author of the play produced last week for the benefit of the Plunket Society. Once indoors, however, my point of view veered, gloom vanished under the gracious courtesy of Lady Allen's greeting, and I ventured to hope that, after all, authors were not so aloof and unapproachable as I had feared. And, as it turned out, for a short half-hour my lines were cast in a pleasant place. After lighting a fire for me—which pleased me, for, being cold, I am dull—Mr. Allen chatted of men and manners, and his life in London, the lure of that fascinating city evidently binding his heart with hoops of steel. Those who know anything of Mr. Allen's books will not be surprised that he is mainly interested in music, books, poetry; and he told me he was a member of the London Pantom Club, that most modern of modern institutions, where gather together many of whom we hear now and again from the great world beyond, but alas, do not expect to know much about on the personal side. The late Cayley Robinson, A.R.A., was president of the Art Section when Mr. Allen was in England, and Mr. John Drinkwater presided over the literary top-notchers. It was interesting to hear illuminating comments on the latter, and to realise that the author of "Abraham Lincoln" has a very human side, and loves to read aloud to the other members his own verses, even as you and I would do, if we could write poetry like Mr. Drinkwater's! The Pantom Club brings out a quarterly, of which I saw an interesting number. Nothing cheap or nasty about this publication; critical reviews, unbiased comment, a sensitiveness alert—as to the trend of art in all its phases—modern, sane, arresting. I quote at random from a contributor:

"No true greatness is achieved in any art without that intense love of it which is deeper than words, a love in which loss of sleep, forgotten food, and rest long delayed count as naught in the balance against the great result to be achieved."

Art for art's sake, in fact; and one feels in one's bones that, when Mr. Allen is pursuing the Grail, writing those rare books, with their poetic diction and imaginative perception, material consideration will not weigh greatly. In this journal I noted this paragraph: "Following on the production by the



Pantom Players at the Eytinger Theatre last July, the British Drama League has accepted for publication in its autumn series a volume of 'Fancies' by C. R. Allen. Mr. Allen's third novel, 'Tarry, Knight,' will shortly be published by John Hamilton, Ltd."

Several of Mr. Allen's plays have been produced for the sweet cause of charity. Within the last year or so, "The Four Foundlings" was acted in London for the benefit of the well-known church, St. Martin-in-the-Field, meeting with a most appreciative reception from the London Press. This playlet is included with several others, among them "When Mr. Punch was Young" and "The Singing Heart," this latter containing, in the opinion of many, his most delightful work, with its ex-

quisite imagery and central inspirational theme. Mr. Allen wrote "Nemo," a quaint and beautiful play for children for Italia Conti, in whose School for Dramatic Education so many gifted sprites have been trained for a successful career on the English stage.

Speaking of radio and its tumultuous possibilities, Mr. Allen said he had a letter recently from Captain Perkins, of Robertson and Mullins, stating that in one of his weekly literary talks from the Melbourne Station, 3LO, where it is his custom to recommend to his listeners books that are worth while, he had spoken of Mr. Allen's "Tarry, Knight" as one to be looked for by the discerning reader.

We spoke of music, too, but Mr. Allen says he does not often sing these days—not in public, at any rate. I reminisced a little, and told him how one morning, in time long past, I sat in the dim and wistful light of an old church and listened to his very appealing voice in a beautiful devotional solo. This was at All Saints, Dunedin, before the shadows gathered and the shattering war years had had their way. In that same church now glows a stained glass window of noble design, in memory of John Allen, of the Gallant Company of those who passed from us in the Great War. This other son of Sir James and Lady Allen also was possessed of great literary gifts, as those who have read his published Letters will remember. He was one of a band of brilliant young university men, perhaps the most outstanding of whom was Rupert Brooke, who, had the gods seen fit, would have taken great places in politics and art and letters, in England or her Dominions, as their fathers did before them.

On the subject of children, whom he understands so well and depicts in magical fashion, Mr. Allen was reticent. Not to be wondered at, perhaps, for some things do not lend themselves to discussion, but are mysterious and fragile as the wing of a butterfly, and of such is the heart of a child.—H.V.L.

## ARTISTIC AMATEUR ENTERTAINMENT FOR KARITANE BABIES

All the world and his wife, femininity very smartly apparelled, turned up at the show given last week in Wellington for the benefit of the Plunket Society. The music was excellent, glimmering girls danced and postured, and two plays, produced under the direction of Mr. W. S. Wauchop, were entirely successful. Especial interest was taken in a farce of which the joint authors are Mr. Hubert Rose and Mr. C. R. Allen, the novels and plays of the latter being at present so much a topic among the literary elect. "How to Look at Pictures" is funny to a degree; no end of amusing situations, extremely witty and allusive dialogue, with irresistible backhanders for the extremists of the modern school of colonists. The scene takes place in a studio, where Mr. Morris Dunkley, as a stockbroker impersonating a painter,

was really delightful; finished acting, diverting fooling, and attractive personality. From Mrs. Coleridge one expects good work: she has the faculty of living in her part, be it grande dame, or kitchen girl, and her performance of the harassed housekeeper added another to her list of successes. Miss Rona Allen (sister of the playwright) looked well but had little to say, and the rest of the cast acted capably, notably Mr. Todd McCaw, an irascible and literal-minded colonel. A very funny farce, extremely clever and droll, and when, at the end of the performance Mr. Allen bowed acknowledgments to loud cries of "Author, author," he must have felt in his bones that there was no doubt of its success. A short sketch, "The Hat Trick," was presented in right professional fashion by Mr. Wauchop

(most mirth producing as a flower girl), Mr. Vivian Rhind convincing as a pavement artist in love, and Miss Marjorie Statham, the latter very loveable as a little Cockney girl, speaking her lines well, and acting with natural charm and restraint. One would guess that Miss Statham has a natural sense of the dramatic, and her dancing charmed the eye with its gay grace and vivacity; as also did that of two dainty darlings of six or so, who were a joy to behold. Miss Madeline Vyner's pupils did graceful and charming work, and Miss Vyner herself was quite lovely in classic pose and movement in the "Hymn to the Sun." Altogether an uncommonly good show, and one hopes these gifted people will keep on doing things like this, and that as a consequence the Plunket babes will laugh and grow fat.

Of the many interesting subjects broadcast at our afternoon sessions, Mrs. Blackmore's talks from 3YA to homemakers on "Household Efficiency" must surely be among the most warmly welcomed. She has set before us a standard of personal efficiency which we should strive not only to attain, but to maintain, bearing in mind that "not failure, but low aim is crime." "The home," said Mrs. Blackmore, "is the place where each of the inmates shall be helped to attain the highest point of efficiency, and for the woman in the home as a partner with her husband in the business of home-making in its greatest significance there exists the grave task of making every member of the household the greatest possible asset to the nation and the world. There are three phases of social fitness towards which the home should contribute:—1. Physical Health. 2. Intellectual Attainment. 3. Spiritual Poise. The spirit of co-operation in the home is the first step towards making every member 'the greatest possible asset.'" The English schoolboy is trained in all matters concerning his school, to put personal wishes and ambitions aside, and to place first the honour and glory of his school. This is the true co-operative spirit—where each member works not for his own benefit, but for the good of the team."

Mrs. Blackmore spoke also of the importance of training both boys and girls in the responsible business of home-making. With regard to boys she said: "They are trained for business—trained to make money, and trained sometimes, it seems, to waste it, but no attempt is made to impress upon them their future responsibilities as husbands and fathers. This is best done by making as little difference as possible between the boy and the girl in the duties and responsibilities they are expected to share as members of the family."

Mrs. Blackmore showed how home training can be held responsible for social efficiency in three important ways:

1. Team work for the home and community.
2. Training in the value of thrift through the expenditure of the home.
3. Training in value of physical fitness—"a sound mind in a sound body."

Speaking of the home-maker herself, she said: "There must be the efficient and intelligent expenditure of her own time and energy. Loyalty to home and family has long since ceased to mean complete immersion in the affairs of the home. The modern home-maker must be able to inspire and to stimulate to higher thought and achievement as well as to keep the family well and happy. She needs a wider vision as pictured by Grace Crawley:

There is a radiance where women move,  
About small household tasks if they but see  
Beyond the polished surface of old woods,  
The dazzling triumph of a living tree.  
If they but see beyond the white, heaped flower,  
Beyond the red, glassed jellies on a sill—  
Wide, joyous wheat fields laughing in the sun,  
God's face above an orchard on a hill.