

# From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

### A. Happy Thought.

Californian kitchens boast of a "breakfast nook," which is just what the name implies. It is a thoroughly cozy little corner, partly partitioned off from the main part of the kitchen, where breakfast may be daintily served without the trouble of carrying everything into the dining-room. The seats are of the old-time settee style and together with the table are built in. The table has hinges at the end and only one huge wooden leg, so that it can be pushed up against the wall for sweeping.

### Decorative Glass.

Decorative glass is irresistible in its appeal, possessing as it does, a rare elusive charm, borrowing and reflecting every ray of light. It is essentially a pleasure purely for the eye, therefore a luxury; but many beautiful specimens can justify their claim to utility by forming part of a dinner-table scheme, in holding fruit or sweets or even floating flowers. Bohemian glass is one of the many beautiful things of which the war deprived us temporarily, and even now the old pre-war standard is only gradually being recovered. Decorative glass is so much more an art than an industry that it takes years of practice to make a first class blower. There is a strangely "fairy-story" attribute of painted glass, for as in the case of painted china, a Cinderella-like metamorphosis takes place in the furnace and the colours emerge from the heat remotely changed.

The new process, known as "craquelé," seen in the new Bohemian glass lampshades look as though they have been shattered to bits and "remoulded nearer to the heart's desire." The minute network of gleaming cracks is made by a process of heating, quickly cooling and reheating the glass. A little fine glass goes far in the making of the success of a dinner table.

### Early Morning.

Day-time is every man's time. The hours of noon-day, and afternoon, and the long golden hours of evening are yours and mine and a whole world's beside. But these early hours before the sun has mellowed the air's sharpness, while the little white mists still cling to the hollows, and the dew is broken only by the rabbits' feet—those clear-washed hours of morning that have never lost the purity of a world before the coming of man—these belong to no one human. Go out into the morning and bathe in the still magic of it and win its secret glory. Leave your indoor dreaming and step a march on life, before the day-time world comes rushing in to the solitudes.

### Visit of Mr. Amery.

Mr. Amery, the Secretary of State for the Dominions, is the first member of the British Cabinet to visit Australia for many years. This very important visit to Victoria begins on October 24, and B.L.O. Melbourne intends featuring him well. The object of his visit is to make personal inquiries into Australian conditions so that he will be able to acquire first-hand knowledge to assist him in dealing with Dominion problems when he returns. He has already been to South Africa.

He will be officially welcomed at Horsham and his reply will be broadcast all over Australia. He will journey on to Ballarat after the Horsham banquet, and once more his words will be caught. When he reaches Geelong it will be to find a microphone up against him, and even in Melbourne he will be unable to get away from it, for his reception by the Lord Mayor, scheduled for Wednesday, October 26, will also be broadcast.

### Wireless in Schools.

Three thousand schools in Great Britain are now fitted with wireless. An article in the current number of "The Journal of Education" states that the time has now come for the British Broadcasting Company to arrange an all day programme for schools on a separate wave-length, and to use this wave-length for the benefit of more advanced students in various kinds of continuation schools at night. Mr. D. C. Temple, M.A., who writes this article which is entitled "Modern Inventions as Educational Aids," says:—"The poorest agricultural labourer can, and apparently does, afford his crystal set, thus coming into contact with the great world at his own fireside. And what of his children? Are they using the headphones also, and if so what do they hear? Has their schoolmaster grasped the potentialities of this new instrument, and has he yet installed a valve set and a loudspeaker in the village school?" The provision of this aid seems peculiarly a matter for those enlightened enthusiasts, who are fortunately to be found in all classes, who really care for the cause of education.

### The Handkerchief Garter.

A new idea in garters, which performs the double duty of suspending the stocking and carrying the handkerchief is evolved from moire ribbon and dainty rosebud trimming. The rosebuds are reinforced with fine hat wire, attached at each end to the garter, forming a loop through which the

### Yet More Raffia!

A gorgeous splash of colour in an otherwise drab or gloomy room is made by combining raffia with cretonne. A cushion cover of large bright patterned cretonne is embroidered over the pattern with raffia to tone, leaving the background perfectly plain. The flowers stand out most effectively. A bright note of colour is brought to the table in raffia napkin rings. Made on a foundation of pliable cane, they are ornamented with wee raffia flowers.

### Community Singing.

Who says sentiment is dead? It still lives and flourishes, or why would thousands of people join so often in joyous hours of community singing when veritable reservoirs of tenderest sentiment are tapped to fill the air with the spirit of good-will and cheer. Community singing at B.L.O. Melbourne is a huge success. People in every walk of life—old men, young men, old women and girls, rich and poor alike—gather together at the studio every Tuesday to sing the good old songs their mothers taught them, and newer ones as well. They sing for their own enjoyment, little thinking, most of them, of the joy they give to the thou-

## The Letters of Annabel Lee

My Dear Elizabeth,—  
Isn't A. A. Milne delightful? I have bought at The Bristol an enchanting volume of his child verses set to music. Notable and charming nonsense. Here, for instance, is the chat of a small domestic climber—

Half-way up the stair is the stair where  
I sit,  
There isn't any other stair quite like it!  
His lair, in fact, and just another  
version of home, sweet home! Again,  
set to music that tramp-tramps to bugle calls—

They're changing guard at Buckingham  
Palace,  
Christopher Robin went down with  
Alice.

Alice is marrying one of the Guard;  
A soldier's life is terribly hard, says  
Alice!

I'll send Margie a copy at Christmas-time, which period of distraction draws nigh, and already are to be purchased all manner of ingenious novelties of powder boxes with long-necked, ringlet-ladies on the lid, silken baglets of futurist design, scarves spotted, striped, and haphazardly impressionistic, all manner of beautiful trifles in that Garden of Temptation, yept Lambton Quay. Alas that in an imperfect world, the gifts I would fain send off on Christmas Eve to John and Jane and Christopher Robin are invariably beyond my poor powers of financing; the prices of the fascinating birds and beasts prowling in the jungle of the shop windows being on a par with their attractiveness. Books there are too of very definite lure; but of these I will tell you anon, when really in the throes of end-of-the-year shopping. Have you read "Crazy Payments," by the way, that strange side-light on latter-day psychology, with its subtle suggestion of a decadence that is also present in the witty novels of Mr. Michael Arlen, for his facile and charming style.

One of his characters takes "orn and orn and orn," and so does an opulent acquaintance of mine. Very decorative was she when calling on me yesterday, in a gown of beige lace, upon the surface of which embroidered medallions fell in miraculously right places, a gleaming crystal disc in the foreground clasping odds and ends of fluttering georgette. This suited to perfection her bleached shingle and cameo profile, as she burred forth her monotonous

hankie is pulled and safely detained, sands of listeners all over Australia who join them in the singing. Invalids and the sick and little children and maimed soldiers in hospitals are in this great unseen community. The aged and infirm and the thousands of women who are for ever tied to their homes, and the people outback are also most appreciative.

### Development in Australia.

Melbourne has commenced an educational programme on Thursday afternoons, which it is prepared to extend as the demand increases. The community as a whole is not yet prepared to spend on its schools what it spends across the bar, or on the race course, but in every community there are to be found people who believe that human progress is coming through the widening of human outlook, the quickening of imagination, the broadening of human sympathies by education. "We would be happy but for our pleasures," an Irish statesman is reported to have said. The only way of displacing the pleasures that waste time, money, physique and talent is by replacing them with others of better quality. This lifting of taste, and quickening and broadening of interest in life is the special task of the radio in education.

## THE SONG OF THE WANDERING JEW

Though the Torrents from their fountains  
Roar down many a craggy steep,  
Yet they find among the mountains  
Resting-places calm and deep.

Clouds that love through air to hasten,  
Ere the storm its fury stills,  
Helmet-like themselves will fasten  
On the heads of towering hills.

What if through the frozen centre  
Of the Alps the Chamois bound,  
Yet he has a home to enter  
In some nook of chosen ground;

And the Sea-horse, though the ocean  
Yield him no domestic cave,  
Slumbers without sense of motion,  
Couched upon the rocking wave.

If on windy days the Raven  
Gambol like a dancing skiff,  
Not the less she loves her haven  
In the bosom of the cliff.

The fleet Ostrich, till day closes,  
Vagrant over desert sands,  
Brooding on her eggs reposes  
When chill night that care demands.

Day and night my toils redouble,  
Never nearer to the goal;  
Night and day I feel the trouble  
Of the Wanderer in my soul.

—Wordsworth.

New Graces in Nets and Laces.

### They Say:

That Miss Doris Hussey's interpretation of dream-daughter Margaret was easily the best in the cast of "Dear Brutus," presented last week by the pupils and under the direction of Miss Constance Theel. With her fine voice, good phrasing, and right conception, it is hoped Miss Hussey may some day be heard by a very big audience "over the air." Barrie's appealing play is somewhat beyond the scope of the amateur; but it was intelligently played, and the audience—amongst whom were to be noticed those critical and appreciative playgoers, Mr. and Mrs. Coleridge—interested and responsive.

### Many a Slip!

One afternoon a motorist of the Jewish persuasion telegraphed to a certain insurance company and said: "I want to take out an insurance policy immediately against the theft of my car." "Certainly, sir," came the reply. "If you'll just oblige me with a few particulars straight away. Now, first tell me, what is the make of your car?" "Oh," replied the motorist ungraciously, "it was a Voetsley."

That Mrs. Malcolm Ross, after touring England in comprehensive fashion, is leaving for Switzerland, and we can't help hoping to have the tale of her travels in another wander book, and some of her clever pictures.

That lots and lots of people have a fellow-feeling for Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who, in a recent delightful causerie, confesses to being quite ordinary and melodramatic in his tastes. He likes to see people knocked down in a picture play, nor would he be averse from it in real life if the people were chosen wisely and carefully! Which perhaps explains the erratic conduct of reckless motorists, to whom, by the way, an American exchange remarks curtly: "Pedestrians should be seen and not hurt!"

### THE CHURCH AND BROADCASTING

A letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the managing director of the B.B.C. says:—"Broadcasting is now a well-secured factor in our national life—a uniquely widespread influence. There is no stratum in our social life, no place of recreation, no educational centre into which the influence of broadcasting does not penetrate. It came so quickly. We awoke to find it in our midst and affecting us all, and as we awoke to its existence we realised with profound thankfulness that it was unquestionably working for good. . . . Provided we recognise that broadcast services do not serve, and are not intended to serve, as substitutes for the assembling of ourselves together in common worship of the one God and Father of us all, I for one am prepared to recognise and welcome their value. By means of the broadcast services much of the inspiration and consolation of the Gospel can reach the invalid who, to his or her constant distress, is cut off from joining in the fellowship of the Churches. By its means we extend the reach and range of leaders of religious thought, and the challenge of the Faith of Christ reaches many in the highways and byways who turn their backs upon churches and chapels, but who listen to the message when it thus takes them by surprise."

plitudes. Those of us who have passed thirty-five, and are still brown of hair and light of heart, she bitterly resents and suspects of being assisted by the serviceable Inecto, or perchance some less creditable channel of cheeriness. This is her conversational stock-in-trade, allied with her ancestry, in which she takes an innocent delight. "The two things that really assist one to get on in life are the grace of God and one's pedigree," said a witty woman once. Particularly the latter, it always seemed to me, being minus that social asset. But now the pendulum has swung. Birth and the grand manner have gone out of fashion, more's the pity, and money is the golden gate to success. In passing, I might mention that if you want to be up to the minute, do have those old crystal beads of yours refashioned into a bracelet for your pretty wrist, a clasp for the girdle round where the waist is now situated; or, better than all, a quite large monogram for the black hat that every self-respecting woman keeps in her wardrobe.

Elsie and I strolled along to the House one night to listen to the wisdom of our grave and reverend senators. Unfortunately, we could not hear a great deal, perched as we were far back in the women's dovecot, where the fluttering was quite considerable. Such a twittering and twittering and rustling of stitching as never I heard. "Don't they listen at all?" asked Elsie, in an awed whisper, with a horrified glance at a nonchalant lady who trimmed her finger-nails with care and thoroughness as she conversed more or less audibly with a friend. Being a well brought-up English girl, Elsie is accustomed to give courtesy where courtesy is due, and holds in high regard certain great names of British statesmen which are household words to her. The discussion was on the amended tariff, an absorbing question to the male mind, but somewhat beyond the scope of the feminine understanding. They all sounded convincing to me, some more than others, being of the species that prefers men to measures. Mr. Wilford was an alert and distinguished figure, his undeniable gift of the gab rendering more arresting his knowledge of the subject at issue; he being one of that small band of M.P.'s who can present their aspect of the question with dignity and impressiveness. The vicissitudes of trade is not exactly an inspiring theme; but had

it been, Mr. Wilford would have been equal to it, as witness during the war years his splendid oratory for the cause. In one of the pens forgotten a Labour member, as he contradictorily twisted his crop of thick black hair into a Byronic curve across his manly brow; while the Leader of the Opposition studied the evening paper with extreme detachment, emerging, however, when Mr. E. P. Lee delivered his sentiments in meticulous phraseology, the while he wreathed himself sinuously round the supporting rail. Also were to be seen New Zealand's own Sir Joseph, back in the Old Home, comfortably dozing in his pew until a quite good little earthquake shook him up; and Mr. H. L. Tapley, Dunedin's great Pooh Bah, whose resounding voice I longed to hear, but unfortunately while we were there he was silent as AYA on an off night. Close beside him sat Mr. T. K. Sidey, triumphantly twinkly as to eye, a halo of accomplishment radiating around him, as he meditated that summer is a-coming in, and with it his love of lang syne, the Daylight Saving dodge. Also did I notice the member for Westland vaulting over a stile to greet some of his cobbles, looking little older and wiser than of yore, but giving and receiving the nods and becks and wreathed smiles that seem to be his prerogative.

And so out into the open once more, where we admired the graceful shadows and shadowy dream palaces into which the misty moonlight transformed the blatant buildings of daylight. We look forward to a time when around us will be reared with much clang and clamour a lordly little city—soaring skyscrapers, dazzling electricity, wireless, television, all the fun of the fair that we can beg, borrow, or steal the money for. But when night comes, it is good to forget this laudable ambition, and with a gentle drift of rain falling on the just and unjust and shrouding the long vistas, to watch the great piles thrown into the high relief of a Brangwyn etching, or linger along the Terrace, rejoicing in the far-flung lights of Oriental Bay or the nearer and dearer gleams and shadows of the street below, which always seem to me singularly enticing. But perhaps it is that we all think our own cabbage-patch the most beautiful, for after all

East, West;  
Home's best!  
Your  
ANNABEL LEE.



—Webb, photo.  
MISS THELMA CUSACK, of 3YA,  
a brilliant young violinist.

### The Fascination of Felt.

In the American world of fashion and sport, vivid felts have found for themselves another use beside adorning shapely shingled heads. Of every imaginable shade, multi-coloured felt motifs have become the accepted thing. They are delightfully simple to use as decorative accessories for personal wear, household articles, cushions, and card-table covers. On frock or jumper or cardigan they proclaim the wearer's chosen sport. Waistcoats completely made of felt are the very latest style for between games or for actual play when the wind is chilly. They are available in a wide range of attractive colours, and the patchwork modernist designs on the pockets lend a new interest to a really serviceable garment.

### Shorn Shoulders.

Paris exploits the slim silhouette above the hips since the skirt has become fuller. The torso is reduced to its least proportions. This is achieved by small armholes, narrow shoulders, and fitted sleeves, the underarm seams being lengthened as far as comfort will permit. Drapery and godets are increased in size on the skirt, making a sharp contrast between skirt and bodice. Not a becoming style unless shoulders and upper arm are unimpeachable.

### RADIO RECIPES

Tomato Toast.—2 tomatoes, 1 shallot, 1 egg, 1oz. butter, 1 teaspoon browned crumbs, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley. into slices, peel and cut shallot into rings, melt butter in a pan, fry tomato and shallot, add well-beaten egg, pepper and salt, and stir until it thickens. Pile on the rounds of toast, sprinkle chopped parsley and browned crumbs over the top. Serve hot.

Devonshire Pudding.—1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 2oz. sugar, 2 tablespoon apricot jam, 1oz. butter, 3 apples, 3oz. bread-crumbs, 2 oz. castor sugar.

Method: Put a layer of jam at the bottom of the dish, stew the apples with a little cinnamon, sugar and water. When cool put a layer on top of the jam. Boil the milk and butter, and when boiling add bread-crumbs and simmer slowly until it thickens. Add the sugar and yolks of eggs, pour over the apples, and bake till set. Make a meringue with the whites of eggs and 2oz. castor sugar. Pile on top of pudding, sprinkle a little icing sugar over, and put in slow oven till just coloured.