

From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

They Say:

That the breasts of two youthful and adventurous young New Zealanders swelled with pride after an unexpected motor drive. Dodging around one of the bays, prowling for pirates, the came upon a painter. Liking the look of their discovery, they tentatively drew near and examined the elusive and lovely tints caught upon the canvas. Gaining courage, they even chatted a little, and when a perfectly good motor-car happened along, which seemed to resemble the coach in which Cinderella travelled to the ball and lost her silver shoe, they accepted with rapture an invitation to get in. Gaily they bawled along, rejoicing in their luck; and it was not until an observant parent noticed their descent from the Vice-regal car that they were aware that the gracious lady who had won their hearts was Lady Alice herself!

That the Corinthian brings back to New Zealand one who has long sojourned in the world beyond Mrs. Elmore, after much travel in England and Europe, returns to the Dominion to visit her father, the Dean of Dunedin. She is a notable artist, whose pastel work in particular is exceptional for beauty of colouring and truthfulness of portraiture.

That Mr. Charles Wilson's lecture at the opening of the Etching Exhibition was genial and illuminative, as was to be expected from such a source. Mr. Hott, in his few words concerning the art of etching in general and his own valuable collection in particular (now on exhibition) was vastly appealing, he being obviously a lover of beauty for its own sake and unaffectedly desirous of generously sharing his appreciation and knowledge with his fellow creatures. Another exponent of the gentle art of etching is Dr. Carbery, that cultured citizen of the world, whose lurid and forceful comments on the method of creating those marvellous lights and shadows delighted several of his fortunate friends.



Photo, S. P. Andrew.
MISS DOROTHEA VAUTIER.

Miss Dorothea Vautier, a well-known personality in dramatic circles, having won championship medals at various centres throughout New Zealand, has been appointed organiser of children's sessions for 2YA, Wellington. Educated at Sonning Girls' College, Hamilton, and St. Catharine's College, Auckland, Miss Vautier in 1922 obtained honours in the Trinity College examination in elocution, and also won the Shakespearean test at Wellington last year against 29 competitors.

Charleston By Wireless.

A very young lady writes to "Dear Mrs. Radio" at 2YA in enthusiastic praise of the dancing lessons which are broadcast. She says that the house was full of visitors at the time, and that they all set about learning the Charleston. An Australian listener, in New South Wales, has written concerning Miss Bates: "We greatly appreciated the young lady's efforts at teaching the Charleston per wireless. Unfortunately we were too late tuning your station, until we were told to step forward with the right foot and place all our weight on it, and so missed the announcement of the young lady's name. I know you will convey to her our appreciation of her novel item. We have not much chance of learning the Charleston away here in the country, and I personally think this young lady's idea is clever."

RADIO RECIPES

FROM MISS NOBLE.

Nut Cutlets.

Ingredients: 1oz. flour, little grated or chopped onion, 1oz. butter, 1 teaspoonful ground mace, 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoonful grated nut, 1 tablespoonful lemon juice, 1 beaten egg, sufficient bread crumbs to make stiff, pepper and salt.
Method: Melt butter, add flour, and cook two together, add milk, stir till boiling, add nuts, lemon juice, mace, onion, egg, pepper and salt, and sufficient crumbs to stiffen. Make into cutlets, brush with beaten egg, toss in bread crumbs, and fry in hot fat. The cutlets are very nice served cold, with salad or tomatoes.

London Buns.

Ingredients: 1lb. flour, grated rind of lemon, 2oz. butter, pinch salt, 1oz. candied peel, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 gill milk, 1 teaspoonful baking powder.
Method: Put flour, sugar, salt, and grated lemon rind into a bowl, rub in butter, add chopped candied peel and

Shakespeare and Broadcasting.

The technique of the broadcast play is not just a matter of writing dialogue and getting people with decent voices to speak it. It must in the absence of scenery convey a sense of both place and action in words that must have beauty of sound.

In this connection it is interesting to read in an English journal an appreciation of Shakespeare as the best broadcast dramatist, for the reason that he sets his scene in his words as he proceeds. Where could one get a finer picture of the setting than in, say, "The Merchant of Venice," with the love scene which begins: "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank—." One sees the dreaming garden, the brilliant sky above, "thick-inlaid with patines of fine gold," the breath of the warm night breeze is on our cheek, while the immortal lines sooth our ear. What a perfect thing to broadcast, if only we could get the actors who would do justice to them!

Shakespeare was a lover of nature, and could never keep out of his action a running commentary setting the stage as he progressed. This care was necessitated by practically the same set of circumstances as make a new technique necessary for radio drama. That is, the Elizabethan stage possessed no scenery, and no means for describing to the audience the locale of a drama, save by the crude method of displaying a placard. The skilful dramatist was forced, then, to make his dialogue do the job

FUTILITY

I cannot work to-night.
I see your face between
Me and the paper white—
I cannot work to-night.
I see your tranquil mien
Upon the pages bright—
I cannot read to-night.
I cannot play to-night.
You're mirrored on the keys,
The melody takes flight—
I cannot play to-night.
I cannot pray to-night.
Upon my bended knees;
You dim the altar light—
I cannot pray to-night.

MUSIC STOLE IN . . .

Music stole in; and all the idle chatter
Of gossip tongues was stilled; and for
An hour
Our hearts were held by the etherial
power,
Forgetful of the long day's fret and
clatter.

No longer in a narrow track of duty
Each life moved dully in its little
round;
Released from servitude by magic
sound,
Our hearts were one with the eternal
beauty.

—Wilfrid Gibson.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

Recherche Race Frocks.

Typical of one of the most important silhouettes of the new season, says Mrs. Thomas, of Kirks, is a delightful frock in daffodil georgette. The interest of this garment lies in the new tucking effect which commences from the slightly raised waist line to the hem in a vertical design—the shorter tucking giving extra fullness at the sides. The long sleeve is finished with tucking and a long frill. The collar is a long turn back with vest in front. An underslip of silk in the same shade goes with this frock. With this is worn a black picture hat of royal palm silk crinoline—short back and wide front brim. This hat is finished with black crane osprey and gold and silver buckle. Black chiffon hose and black patent pump shoes finish a most delightful race outfit.

A three piece gown of crane grey georgette is most becoming for matrons, race wear. This frock consists of wide panels from the yoke edged with a small scroll design in self material, and has the new full length sleeveless coat in crepe-de-chine cut on perfectly straight lines, the only finishing being the same scroll design. A chic model hat goes with this three piece in the same shade. It has the new droop brim and is of bakou straw, finished with band and flowers to tone.

The Children's Hour.

The organisation of the children's sessions is developing well, and at the beginning of next month will be in full swing at 1YA and 2YA. Mrs. Hall, the company's organiser, has been very successful in securing aunts and uncles for the work.

The children's sessions at Auckland will be under the control of Miss Ruby Palmer, of Mt. Eden, a teacher of elocution, and at Wellington Miss Vautier will be the organiser.

Except for the station's silent night, the children's session will be on the air every evening.

The uncles at 1YA will include the Rev. Lionel Fletcher, the Rev. Busfield, and Messrs. C. Bell, Hintz, and G. McB. Salt. At Wellington, during the children's hour, will be heard the Rev. Weeks, Mr. C. Drummond, Mr. Byron Brown, and Mrs. Chatfield.

It may be mentioned that the work of the uncles and aunts is entirely honorary.

There are some special "stunts" in view for the children, one being a "railway excursion" and the other a visit to Otaki, where Maori entertainments will be provided.

Young America.

There is a story told of a small boy in Milwaukee who ran away from home "to find Uncle Bob." He got a lift from a car-driver going towards Chicago by saying that he lived there. When he arrived, he wandered into the park and went to sleep. The police found him, and were puzzled when he told them the object of his visit. Who could Uncle Bob be? The nine-year-old boy scornfully asked them "where they lived, anyway," and explained. Before they sent him back to his parents, they kind-heartedly took him to the studio from which Uncle Bob broadcasts, so he went home quite happy.

The Letters of Annabel Lee

My Dear Elisabeth,—

By invitation of the Minister of Publicity I lately saw a private screening of a film of exclusively New Zealand scenery. The scenes screened were typical, admirably chosen, and beautifully photographed. Our towns are well enough in their way; but the lakes and mountains of these little islands are of marvellous beauty. We saw the aloof splendour of the glaciers of the Southern Alps; Rotorua, uncanonically bubbling and boiling, with its fascinating excursions, courteous Maori guides, and lure for the tourist from overseas; the Milford track in all its fairy-like beauty; Stewart Island, that "isle set in a silver sea," romantic, remote, with its rare beauty of bush and sea and sky. This picture, when shown abroad, should create a vivid interest in our little country. It certainly is calculated to bring a wistful nostalgia to those who, New Zealand born, will look at it in a foreign land. Some lines of a New Zealand poetess, whose verses I have just read and of whose work I hope to tell you anon, seem applicable here—

"Where English flowers are growing wild,
And English song-birds you are hearing,

Remember how our clematis
Shines in a white splash on the green—

The tree-ferns in the cool damp bush—
The long grass in the burnt-out clearing—
The bell-birds calling each to each
Across the gully in between."

It is pleasant to realise that people respond to a good cause, and, to use a good old gag, their hearts are in the right place. This was exemplified in the large audience that turned up at a benefit concert spontaneously given to Madame Gitta Alpars by our local musicians. It was a good programme. Mr. Bernard Page emerged from his aloofness to play, very beautifully, a Nocturne and Scherzo on the Town Hall organ; Mr. Harrison Cook was dramatic and popular; and Madame Alpars herself, arch and gay and tragic by turn, captivated the quite large crowd who had come to wish her good luck in the name of camaraderie. For the rest, amongst much that was good and some not quite so good, Mrs. Wilfrid Andrews's contralto was beautiful in "Not Understood," and also in an encore

popular Scottish ballad concerning Angus who came home from the war. Mrs. Andrews's clear enunciation and attractive deportment—to use that delightful Victorian word and attribute—lent an added charm.

Richard, above all things a reader of books, some frivolous, some obscure beyond belief, tells me of a remarkable novel he has come upon. Written by an author of the fearsome name of Lion Feuchtwanger, and translated very convincingly by Willa and Edwin Muir, "Jew Suss" created a remarkable sensation in London, when it appeared in 1926, and has now reached its thirteenth edition, a few advance copies having just reached this Dominion. Arnold Bennett, surely a judge of what's what in literature, writes of it with unmeasured admiration—"Jew Suss" is a splendid story, but it is also a complete picture of a complex social organism from top to bottom. It entertains, it enthral, and simultaneously it teaches." Also that memmorial "Journal, the "New Statesman," gives unstinted praise, saying this novel has no counterpart, being written as though it were sheer history, with a precision of fact and phrase which Gibbon at his most ironic rarely excelled. A high eulogy, isn't it, of this story of a young Jew of the eighteenth century, who set out to "cut himself an enormous slice of that cake, the world," and ended, as many another might do but for the grace of God, on the gallows; being buried with a small heap of earth from the land of Zion and "he words, "Vain and deceitful and fleeting as wind is the world." Not a cheery conclusion, but curiously as applicable here in New Zealand at this stage of the world's development as in that far-off century in the Duchy of Wurtemberg.

Richard, besides being a bibliomaniac, is fussy about pronunciation, so was greatly bucked recently to find coinciding with his own the judgment of that august assembly of experts, the British Broadcasting Corporation's Advisory Committee on spoken English (no less!) which has published of the pronunciation to be adopted by broadcasters of certain doubtful words. Quite an imposing array of names is to be found in this little list of judges of English as she is to be spoken. The Poet Laureate, Mr. G. B. Shaw, Sir J. Forbes-Robertson, and others of equal note, pass judgment on the fitting emphasis of cer-

tain words in what is, alas, sometimes a shipshod vocabulary, and I commend the little list they have compiled to those, who, on "the air" and off, are doubtful of certain words that flutter on the borderland of correct and incorrect. I notice that in the word calibre, about which I have heard many a heated discussion, they give pride of place to the second syllable. It is good to realise that a standard of quite obvious educational value will be set to all and sundry through the pleasant and simple channel of broadcasting.

The private view of the Etching Exhibition, now on at the Art Gallery in Whitmore Street, was a quite delightful little function; a gleam and a glint, so to speak, in the drab and work-a-day world, and a fascinating record of artistic achievement reaching down through the centuries. Upon the walls hung marvellous and valuable examples of the work of Rembrandt, Rubens, Whistler, Brangwyn. Our little country was represented in the work of Mr. Linley Richardson, and Australia by pictures of the brilliant Lindsay brothers, Norman and Lionel, the former with some of his unmistakable nudes, wonderfully clever in drawing and design, but with a characteristic smear of lewdness. I hear that at an Australian exhibition his work was refused, so he held a show of his own next door, with the result that everyone deserted conventional art and rushed his wonderful drawings! Amongst the noticeably small crowd of visitors at the local show of etchings was a well-known woman artist, whose grey hair and graceful presence seem to "go" with those clever pictures of hers. Isn't it odd how personality sometimes matches performance, particularly with the passing of the years that take and give so much? The younger school of achievement was represented by a girl whose water-colour work is well known; the picturesque and gifted wife of the member for Otaki was wearing a beautiful colourful wrap, and a versatile actor, producer, and painter was there with his bride studying the pictures with absorbed interest. An unusual and enjoyable collection, and as I set my face homewards in the teeth of a wind of Wellington's worst, I smiled to think of the genius that may be imprisoned on a few inches of paper, and sighed to realise that even one of those inches was beyond my ken.—Your

ANNABEL LEE.



Photo, S. P. Andrew.
MISS RUBY PALMER,
Children's Organiser, 1YA.

Breakfast in Bed.

A crisp and tempting breakfast set to decorate the tray for the convalescent's first meal of the day is made from organdie muslin embroidered in bright wools. Consisting of four pieces, there is the tray-cloth, the napkin, the tea-cosy, and the egg-cosy, the latter being a quaint little square-shaped affair. The tray-cloth and the napkin are button-holed in pairs round the edge, and are ornamented with basket medallions in a medley of bright colours. The actual cosies are made of cotton wool with a covering of white satin.

Gin-gered Up!

An Englishman and a Scotsman were having drinks together. The former chose whisky, but the Scot, rather unusually, chose gin. After a few minutes the Englishman inquired anxiously: "Was your gin all right, Sandy?" "Aye," was the reply, "why do ye ask?" "Well, you see," explained the other, "I thought you might have been given petrol by mistake. You've said 'Hoos' several times within the last few minutes."

dates, and nuts. Mix fairly soft with milk and egg and bake in cake tin.

Breakfast Rolls.

Drop a couple of eggs into a bowl, and beat a short while. Add a good tablespoonful of sugar, and beat some more. Have nearly a 1lb. of butter melted, and add next. Then about 1/2 a cup of milk. Start with two cups of flour to which has been added baking powder as for scones, and add gradually till of a consistency to handle lightly. Turn on to a board. Cut into about eight pieces. Take each piece in turn, knead lightly into a small roll, brush with milk, place on greased tin.

One Egg Sponge.

1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon butter.
Mix dry ingredients together, mix golden syrup and milk together, and add. Mix in one egg not beaten, and lastly the tablespoon of melted butter.

baking powder, mix to a moist paste with the egg and milk, make into small cakes, and bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven.

Water Biscuits.

Ingredients: 1lb. flour, 1oz. butter, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, cold water to mix.
Method: Mix flour and salt in a bowl, rub in butter, add baking powder, and mix to a stiff paste with cold water. Roll out on board, and prick all over well. Bake very slowly about 10 minutes.

FROM MRS. SINCLAIR'S TALKS.

Sultana Scones.

Two cups flour, sifted with 2 teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, 1 teaspoonful soda, a pinch of salt, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar.

Rub in 1oz. butter, add 1lb. sultanas. Mix rather soft with 1 egg beaten in a cup of milk. Cut into squares and place on a greased and floured scone tray.

Chocolate Butter Sponge.

1lb. butter, 1lb. sugar, 1lb. flour, 3 eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, 1 teaspoonful soda, 1 tablespoonful co-

coa, dissolved in half a teacupful of boiling water. A little Vanilla essence.

Beat the butter and sugar add the eggs one by one, then the flour with the cream of tartar sifted. Beat in the cocoa dissolved in hot water. Lastly the soda dissolved in a 1/2 teacupful warm milk, with the Vanilla essence added. Place in sandwich tins. Bake for about 15 minutes.

Orange Cake.

Take 1lb. butter, 6oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 6oz. flour, a level teaspoonful cream of tartar, and a level 1/2 teaspoonful soda; 1 cupful of milk. The grated rind and juice of one orange.

Beat the butter and sugar, add each egg separately, then the flour sifted with the cream of tartar; lastly, the soda dissolved in milk, also the rind and juice of the orange.

Pour the mixture into a floured and greased cake tin.

Ginger Biscuits.

1lb. butter, 4oz. sugar, 1lb. flour, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful ground ginger.

Beat the butter and sugar, add the egg, then flour and ginger. Roll out, then cut with a pastry cutter. Slip the biscuits into the oven, and cook for about 20 minutes.

BY MRS. BARRINGTON.

Beans in Tomato Sauce.

Lima beans, butter, milk, tomato sauce. Wash beans well, put on to boil in plenty of water, with a little soda and salt. Simmer gently until quite soft, strain and turn into pie-dish. Mix butter with hot beans, add tomato sauce to taste. Fried dices of bacon may be added. Fill up with milk and place in oven for twenty minutes. One breakfastcup of beans will make three times the amount when cooked.

Whole-meal Bread.

1 1/2 cups of whole-meal, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 cup flour, salt, sugar to taste, 2oz. butter, dates and nuts, milk and egg.

Mix meal, flour, sugar, baking powder, and salt well, then add butter,