

From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

They Say:

That Dunedin is specially sunning itself in the fierce light of praise and enthusiasm heaped upon Miss Isabel Wilford by the English public and Press; Mrs. Wilford, the mother of the risen star, being a daughter of a notable house belonging to the Scottish city, which has a reputation for being foremost in the field of appreciation of art in all branches. Miss Wilford is the only daughter of Mr. T. M. Wilford, orator and parliamentarian, whose historic gift, it would seem, she has inherited in full measure. Beginning her stage career at Hollywood, she quickly attracted attention, and starred successfully in four screen plays. Subsequently she toured New Zealand and Australia with "The Bat" Company, her attractive personality and performance winning high praise. Later one remembers her beguiling acting in "The Merchant of Venice," with Moskovitch in his great performance of Shylock. Afterwards the plucky and gifted trader of the uphill path to fame and fortune, which is no royal road, but must be essayed with faith and courage, tried her luck in the wider world beyond our little islands, hoping to "arrive" some day on the English stage, which she has now so triumphantly done. Six months after arrival she secured an engagement to understudy Ruth Vincent, subsequently playing her part, a low comedy one, with outstanding success. This was the prelude to her appearance in a minor role in "The Garden of Eden," the while she understudied Tallulah Bankhead. And when the hour struck, the chance came, Miss Wilford was more than equal to it, to judge by her rapturous reception from the English public, which as a general rule is not remarkable for over-enthusiasm. We are glad, but not surprised, calling to mind an unforgettable performance by this actress, then a very youthful maiden indeed. The occasion was an amateur show, given for the cause, during the late war years. Miss Wilford impersonated the symbolic figure of Grief. No word was spoken, the effect relying solely on facial expression, significance of pose, abandonment to emotion. And for a few short minutes tragedy lived before our eyes, stark grief, wordless and beyond hope. Extraordinarily clever in conception and execution for so young a girl; and now that Miss Wilford's great gift has full recognition, and the world is her oyster, her own little country over the seas rejoices.

Smart Smoking Suits.

The smoking or lounge suit has superseded the negligee in the wardrobe of milady for boudoir wear. They are immensely popular in England just now for the inevitable cocktail party. Two extremely attractive examples were on show at the Pageant of Industry in Wellington last week. A particularly smart affair had trousers and waistcoat of rich scarlet satin, with the popular mandarin coat of scarlet and gold brocade. The trousers were of generous proportions, in the top half tapering from the knee to the ankle, embellished with buttons of gold. This and the little stand-up collar gave an air of piquancy to a very charming toilette. The other model had a coat of shot gold and rose, a one-sided rever striking an entirely new note. The loose trousers were of black satin, the jacket and rever being widely bordered with black satin to match.



—S. P. Andrew, photo.
MISS ISOBEL WILFORD,
who has achieved a dramatic success
in London.

PATIENCE.

Lord, give me patience! Hope I have,
But hopes are curses when they cry
For swift fulfilment, lest they die.
Patience, not hope, is truly brave.

Give me a patience that will work
Through the grey years for sweets
delayed;

Nor ever faints, nor grows afraid,
When doubts assail the spirit's gate.

Give me a patience that will work
With little things to little ends;
That wealth of time and care expends
On duties which the heart would shirk.

Give me a patience that will bear
With others, when the pin-pricked heart
Would send through scornful lips a dart
Steeped in the venom of despair.

A patience that untiring proves;
Thwarted, yet all-expecting still;
That climbs above the present's ill,
And waits, and waits, and meanwhile
loves.

Stephanie Ormsby.

Child Welfare.

Here is a subject of vital importance to the nation. Surely there is no man better qualified to stress its importance and to speak authoritatively concerning the incidental problems which he himself has done so much to solve than Sir Truby King. By his self-devotion to a great cause, Sir Truby has beyond all question rendered a signal service to his country, and the honour that has come to him has been well earned. Throughout New Zealand his name is a household word, by reason of the beneficent institutions which, through his untiring efforts, have been brought into being for the preservation of infant life. Sir Truby King will, on the evening of the 12th, conclude the lecture, the first portion of which was broadcast from 2YA on Saturday, November 5.

Getting Busy!

Head Gardener (to Roy): "Now then, Alf, look alive an' get a move on. Jest hoe up all them little weeds, an' put a Latin label on the big ones. 'The missus is comin' 'ome this afternoon!'"

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Indian Ink for Ebony Brushes.

When ebony brushes become brown or discoloured through repeated washings, their blackness can be restored by applying a good waterproof Indian ink to the affected parts with a small brush. One or two coats can be applied in a few minutes, as the ink dries rapidly. Incidentally, Indian ink is an excellent black dye for small wooden articles.—(From an English journal.)

Summer Coats.

Fashion has decreed that the georgette coat shall be a special feature for summer wear. These coats are chiefly in shades of beige, and are carried out with pleatings, both accordeon and box-pleating, embellished with beautiful chintilly and fine guipure laces. The interesting feature of these coats is the quiet distinction of real simplicity they impart to any toilette.

English Crystal.

The skill necessary to produce high-class crystal is inherited and only acquired by glassmakers after generations of practice. Nowhere on earth is this so apparent as in Great Britain, famous throughout the world for its crystal of sparkling brilliance. The aim to express beauty in glass not only applies to the more costly examples of craftsmanship, but also to pieces designed to meet the modest purse. Good taste and the dictates of fashion unite in calling for cut crystal, suitable alike for decoration and table use. Moulds so much used on the Continent are rarely to be seen in first-class English glassworks. Fancy yourself in one of these glass houses, among the glass blowers, and the scene of their labours immediately impresses you. Active figures are seen moving against the glow from the working holes of the great furnaces, and coming closer—not too close, for the heat is scorching—you can watch them like so many magicians creating beautiful things out of clear liquid—a puff of breath, a wave of the hand, a turn of the wrist, and presto! a wine glass, a vase, a bowl—what you will in glass.

The "Cutting Shop."

First of all the pattern is roughed on the article by means of a revolving flat iron wheel, against which the cutter steadily holds the glass. As the wheel rapidly turns, a thin stream of sand and water falls on its edge from a container above. The rough cut article is then passed to an operator who controls a stone wheel, which effects a smooth finish to the original cuts. Glass cutters have a training period of seven years, but it takes many more to turn out an expert operator.

Polishing is the final process which supplies the "sparkle" to the crystal. The old method of polishing with wood or cork wheels, brushes, and putty powder has given way to the acid bath, which is not only speedier, but gives a greater brilliancy. Next time you feast your eyes on a perfect piece of crystal think of the craftsmanship necessary to produce the shape of the article, but especially the art of the cutter who has transformed the plain shape into a thing of beauty. Silverplate, so much in demand in past years, has had to yield the pride of place to crystal.—From Mr. A. R. Stevens's talk at 2YA.



—Steffano Webb, photo.

MR. N. WOOD,

of the D.I.C., Christchurch, who made a name for himself as a most interesting fashion raconteur in a series of afternoon talks from 3YA.

The Letters of Annabel Lee

My Dear Elisabeth,—

Grey the sky and could the blast on the morning of Labour Day, that most popular holiday, coming as it does amid everydayness of this workaday world, at just the right moment for a spell. Some donned their plaidies, however, and fared forth; many to Trentham, where it blew half a gale, which almost spoiled the fun of the fair; others to the country where, in spite of storm and stress, blossoming fruit trees flaunted bravely and lilies bloomed by the wayside. At a passing station, pink and purple and sweet in the wet wind, tossed and beckoned a garden of dear old-fashioned stocks, surely an inspiration on the part of some sower of seed, for this gay garden is a joy to the eye and refreshment to the spirit of bored travellers in dull trains, passing by on their little journeys. As the day grew up a little, the sun, which had coyly lurked in seclusion, allowed small secret glimpses of light to frisk over the hills; the sea began to shimmer, gambolling lambskins and fat, fat sheep dotted the fields, the wind-blown trees recovered tranquillity, and gradually the landscape took on the curly, comfortable look of a Birrell Foster drawing. Two boys near me fell on and off the seat, and banged the door after the manner of boys, however attractive, and these were of that variety; one of the fairness that turns to carotid gold in a high light, with the freckles that hold the heart of susceptible females, the other with the black and waving hair, and the blue eyes of Ireland. Me they would have none of, rejecting my unimpaired overtures; being engrossed with a stolid driver who paraded his puffing engine up and down outside in the leisurely New Zealand manner. Leaving them to this mainly interest, I bundled off the train at a peaceful place on the line, which is just far enough from town to be out of the usual track of the crowd, and where, or so it seems to me, the sea beyond the grey sands and the lupins stretches out to the wide horizon more enticingly than elsewhere. Suzette's very sophisticated week-end cottage is very attractive, set as it is in a garden of pinks and poppies, her crackling wood-fire a joyful sight and sound, and her many clever labour-saving tricks making the absence of the hired help quite negligible. Her spoilt and friendly Pomeranian, a host in himself, barked vociferous welcome, and for lunch we had one of those savouries for which Suzette is famous, cooked on an electric stove, which is the most fascinating thing in the way of cooking apparatus I have seen. Suzette welcomed me in a silken, scanty royal blue frock, with a suggestion of the ubiquitous jumper style, straight behind and pouched before, with dodgy pleat or so in the skirt in front. Coming home, over Plim-

merton, there was a wonderful sunset. The sky, of a crystalline clearness and the shade familiarly known as duck-egg blue, was a background for a huge and stationary bank of golden cloud, like some awesome messenger from a Land Beyond, with fluttering, flaming satellites. A brave sight, clutching at the heartstrings; but the good old holiday-makers rustled their twopenny-halfpenny newspapers, shut their silly windows, turned up their coat collars, with never a look or a "Guid save us!" for the miracle of the heavens. Vegetables all, and perhaps because of it life is the simpler for them! Do you remember Heine, at the end of his brilliant and hectic life, writing from his mattress grave? "It is so much better to be a vegetable, and walk in the old well-trimmed path, than to be one of those fellows to whom all the roses nod and all the stars wink!" What do you think?

There is one glory of the moon, one glory of the sun, and another of plain, plodding human endeavour and achievement, the "old proud pageant of man." Of this latter was the show in the Town Hall organised by the New Zealand-made Preference League. Fain would I have led to it, driven, pushed, if need be, by the scruff of their necks, all those who beclit, patronise, or fall foul of New Zealand, my country, the boasted land of the bunnies and the breezes. Frocks there were and furs, matches and millinery, hosiery and high-steppers. I pondered the gleam and glitter of the smile of various maidens, wondering 'twas the shine of youth, which is like no other shine, or whether the vaunted Pepsodent has everything to do with it. Anyhow, to be on the safe side, I bought quite a lot of this toothy preparation, so that I may smile and smile, even though I feel like a villain. A graceful nymph in a clever and provocative dance extolled the virtue of the Gloria gramophone, and incidentally the amazing sinuosity of the dancer herself. Blithe girls trod the stage, walked the plank, like trained and mannered mannequins, showing off the latest creations for any occasion, from a party at Government House to a night-night, in which one could drop off to sleep with a beautiful feeling that one is looking one's best. Quite a definite lead was given as to coming fashions in the springtime, which also is the ring-time; and looking at New Zealand-made garments on New Zealand-made girls, one thinks again of the Tennysonian silky-sweet couplet—
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove,
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Very intriguing were the frocks and furbelows, and fain would I have achieved a suit, sober in hue with a thin white line, excellent in weave and cut and finish, an exhibit of the Wellington

Woollen Company, and well worn by a dashing denizen of society. The leisurely long-ago was resuscitated in the fashions of a day that is dead, one English rose of a girl being particularly shy and adorable in a lace-trimmed, billowy blue gown. These amateur saleswomen included several of the Most Youthful Set, who slipped and glided through their allotted parts with the nonchalant air and extreme aloofness of the species whose jobs for the moment they jumped. Do you remark, by the way, how popular a name is Marjorie? And pretty, too, but not so pretty as the girls who bear it. Where are the gentle Janes, the bonny Kates, the Nessies, and the Jessies of yesterday? By her name ye shall date her, so choose carefully for your blue-eyed twins, and study Rossetti's lovely little list—

Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys,

which will never go out of fashion. Clever, graceful, finished is the maiden of 1927; whatsoever her small and capable hand findeth to do, that she does efficiently. She toes the line successfully, whether it be posturing and publicity, or that harder row to hoe, the solid daily grind of "doing out the duty." Yes, to use a Dickens gay, Todgers can do it when it comes to the pinch, and New Zealand will not fail.

Speaking of Dickens, Clement May's entertainment in the Concert Chamber was a delightful one. There are those who still love the tales of the great story-teller, and to these the impersonations were a sheer delight. Mr. May is to be congratulated upon the fidelity and artistic completeness of his reproductions of the Barnard drawings; a true disciple of the novelist, his make-up alone was worth going far to see, and his acting entirely satisfying. Sydney Carton! Before us, haggard, reckless, infinitely moving in love and renunciation; Uriah Heep, with his ugly face and miserable body, treacherous mongrel that he was; Micawber, the good-humoured, the debonair, swaggered across the stage, optimist to the bone. For the rest, a contralto vocalist sang artistically; Mr. Norman Aitken was effective in a dialogue, and Mr. Whittle, as ever, an incomparable accompanist. But, above all, was it a Dickens hour, carrying us back to the days when enthusiasm yet survived, and we lay under greenwood tree with a book, kicking our heels in ecstasy as we toiled with Copperfield, fell for the fascinating Steerforth, starved with Jo, and thrilled to that immortal journey to the scaffold. Long and many lie the years between since Dickens was the vogue; but to many the spell still holds, and they are grateful to Mr. Clement May for thus strengthening the silken strands of remembrance.—Yours

ANNABEL LEE.

Was it Television?

The following is an extract from "Memoirs of Sir Almeric Fitzroy, 1926," and may perhaps be another instance of television:—"An extraordinary incident occurred in connection with Sir J. Ferguson's death (he was killed in the Jamaican earthquake). Sir Charles Ferguson (now Governor-General of New Zealand), was on his way to London by a night express, when in a most vivid dream he saw his father killed in an earthquake. So strong was the impression that for the greater part of the journey his mind was occupied with revolving the consequences and estimating what he would have to do. On arriving in London he went down to



Art-lite photo.
MISS MARIE TUCKER,
pianiste a 4YA Dunedin.

Windsor, still under the influence of the reflections excited by the dream. The first thing the following morning, he was called to the telephone to hear from his servant the announcement of his father's death. So prepared was he for the communication, that he asked no questions, and accepted the news as the obvious confirmation of his own fears. Subsequently Mrs. Baird worked out with her brother, allowing for difference of longitude, the exact time of the dream, which they found to have taken place at the very moment of the disaster."

Not Rude.

"Then you deny," said the magistrate, "that you were rude to the police officer when he asked to see your licence?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the motorist. "All I said was that from what I could see of him I was sure his wife would be happier as a widow."



Art-lite photo.
MISS M. BILLS,
soprano, who frequently sings from
4YA.

Another Retort.

This incident reminds me of a tale I once heard of a humble Shakespearian actor who used to perform in a booth in Cork, Ireland, some forty years ago. "Jimmy Gooseberry's Theatre" was a humble affair, the footlights being candles stuck in bottles, while the only rule as to dress was that patrons in the front row were expected to wear shoes and stockings.

On one occasion when Jimmy, thickly coated with burnt cork, was playing Othello, one of his passages with an Amazonian Desdemona was hailed with ribald laughter by some of the audience. Nothing daunted, Jimmy stepped down to the footlights and addressed the audience.

"Lave aff, now bhoyos!" he cried. "Lave aff, an' Desdemona an' me'll fight anny two of yez after the show's over"—a sporting offer that was quite the hit of the evening!