

# From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

### A Super-woman.

From America comes this interesting statistical item: "And only a woman! In the thirty years of my married life I have served 235,425 meals, made 33,190 loaves of bread, 5930 cakes, and 7960 pies. I have canned 1550 quarts of fruit, raised 7660 chicks, churned 5640 pounds of butter, put in 36,461 hours sweeping, washing, scrubbing. I estimate the worth of my labour conservatively at 115,485 dollars 50 cents, none of which I have ever collected. But I still love my husband and children, and wouldn't mind starting all over again for them." And yet only a woman! Surely she must be a super-woman to have kept such minute records for thirty years.

### Her Retort.

Here is a story of an old woman, ailing and half deaf, who was called upon by an official of the Ministry of Health. "I'm not a bit worried about the Minister's health," she snapped. "I've been laid up with the rheumatics myself these last two years, and he's never come near me." And she slammed the door.



MISS NELLIE LOWE, OF 3YA.

One of the finest contralto soloists in Christchurch, and a regular singer at 3YA, she is one of the most popular artists at this station. Leading musical societies are always anxious to secure her services as a soloist at their concerts.

### Quaintly Put.

At a gathering of provincial advertising men in England recently one of the speakers created laughter by reading the following advertisement of a certain Indian native newspaper:—"The news of England we tell the latest. Written in perfect style and much earliest. Do a murder get commit we hear and tell of it. Do a mighty chief die we publish it in borders of sombre. Staff has each one been college, and write like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circulate town, and extortionate not for advertisements."

### Schoolboy English.

A Manchester schoolmaster the other day asked his children to write something about sheep. One paper said: "The sheep is noted for its woolly coat and in a St. Luke's." Read it aloud and you may, perhaps, gather what the boy meant.



—Steffane Webb, photo.

### MRS. HELEN MURDOCH.

A talented artist, who frequently sings and plays at 3YA. She has a fine mezzo-soprano voice, and she accompanies herself. Many of her songs are her own composition, both words and music.

### The Retort Negative.

A friend from New York brings me a tale of a mild little man who was waiting in one of the hotel telephone booths for the operator to take some notice of him. At last she designed to look in his direction. "Are you wanting a number?" she asked. "Oh, no, miss," was the reply, "I just stepped in here to develop a photograph."

## MISS MOPPET

Miss Moppet, five  
Years old, but wise  
And very much alive,  
Did once surprise  
And shock two ladies (prim's the only  
word),  
Who had an odd obsession  
That children should be seen, not heard,  
By chatting gaily from her sofa-corner,  
Indifferent to pained glances cast upon  
her,  
And finally making use of an absurd  
Expression.

Miss Moppet, talking nineteen  
To the dozen,  
Detailed how she had been  
At the WEDDING of her cousin  
Jane, and when Uncle Jack married  
Aunt Claire,  
She too had been there;  
At various BURINGS she had played  
a part,  
Minor or major as the corpse interred.  
Was human, cat, dog, monkey, rabbit,  
bird,  
So she related with a touch of art.  
She had helped at more than one  
CHRISTENING  
(She wondered if for such the vicar paid  
is);  
Then fell upon the listening  
Ears of those prim ladies,  
Without warning,  
Her expression of regret  
That she had never yet  
Been at a BORNING.  
—A. C. S. Scrimgeour.

## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

### The Fe-Mailed Fist.

If you have ever had the privilege of attending a bargain sale at the end of a London Season—of visiting that bourne (and Hollingsworth) from which no traveller returns, unscathed—I think you will agree with me that the much vexed question, "Should women attend boxing matches?" is an interrogation of supererogation. The "brutalities" of the ring seem to me to compare favourably with the brutalities of the bargain counter, for our woman-folk emerge from a jumper-fight in a far worse battered condition than our heavy-weights from a glove fight.

I have seen the violet eyes of the morning reduced to over-ripe damsons by the evening; shell-like ears have attained the size and consistency of crumpets; damask cheeks have proven that when Woman has a cause at heart she can always "come up to scratch." I have even known a permanent hair wave to be carried home in a paper bag. By all means, then, let women attend the ring. The only thing is—won't they find the proceedings a trifle slow and tame?

### The Real Trial.

The minister was going round the prison, stopping every now and then to speak to one or other of the prisoners. "Ah, my dear unfortunate friend," said he to one of them, "this is a world full of trials." "It ain't the trials that worry me, guv'nor," came the reply, "it's the verdicts!"

### Recipe for Christmas Cake.

1lb. butter, 1lb. sugar, 8 eggs, 1lb. flour, 1lb. currants, 1lb. sultanas, 1 tablespoon treacle (if a dark cake is liked), 1lb. cherries, 1lb. almonds blanched and chopped, 1lb. dates (if liked, stoned), 1lb. prunes (stoned), 1 teaspoon each of vanilla, almond, and lemon essences, 1 glass whisky (rum or brandy, if liked). Cream butter and sugar together; add eggs, beat well; add the fruit, cleaned and dried, the chopped almonds, prunes, dates, and cherries, and then sift in the flour; add the treacle and flavourings, and, lastly, the spirits. Beat well, put into a lined tin or into two medium-sized tins, and bake in a slow oven for four or five hours. If the fruit is put in before the flour it will not sink to the bottom.

### Grilling and Toasting.

These can be managed quite successfully with an electric range, provided the upper element is red-hot before commencing. It should be turned to high at least eight minutes before beginning to cook. No one attempts to grill over a fire which has just been lighted—the same thing applies to electricity.—From a talk by Mrs. Sinclair at 3YA.



—Steffane Webb, photo.

MISS BELLE RENAUD, OF 3YA. The possessor of a beautiful contralto voice, and very popular with listeners, Miss Belle Renaud is a member of the Christchurch Broadcasting Vocal Quartet, which is such a feature on 3YA programmes. Her solo work is excellent, and her voice blends admirably with the voices of the quartet. She is particularly well equipped for radio work, her voice being of sonorous toned and soft blending quality. Miss Renaud's home is in Lyttelton. She is a pupil of Miss Woodhouse.

### Woman's Last Word.

One afternoon during carnival week a lady rang up 3YA: "How is it we are having so much gramophone? I thought we were going to have a description of the races, with gramophone between." "So you are," was the reply from the station. "It seems to be all gramophone," she retorted. "Well, you're having all 'be races.'" "No, we're not," said the lady, and promptly rang off.

### A Smart Repartee.

Yvette Guilbert, who recently has been recalled to mind as a contemporary of Cavalieri in the programmes of the



—Steffane Webb, photo.

MISS THELMA AYRES, OF 3YA. Rangiora is this young lady's home, but all listeners-in to 3YA know well her beautiful soprano voice, which broadcasts excellently. Miss Ayres was very successful at the recent Wellington Competitions.

Folies Bergeres and Ambassadeurs, once evoked from Oscar Wilde one of the neatest of his repartees. He met her for the first time in her dressing-room in a Paris theatre. Continuing to get ready for the stage, as she looked in her mirror, Guilbert murmured, "You know, M. Wilde, I believe I am the ugliest woman in all Paris," to which Wilde replied, with his most courtly bow, "Du mende, madame."

## The Letters of Annabel Lee

My Dear Elizabeth,

With the rest, on Friday the 11th I stood in silence with bent head, as is enjoined on us lest we forget, amid the hurtle of things, those who fought and died that we may live, those who "will not grow old as we who are left grow old." 'Twas a strange calm that fell on our bustling town for those two long minutes, not the scrape of a tram or the smack of a hammer broke the stillness, even a cold little breeze that blew seeming to hold its breath, while all sorts and conditions, wool king and wharf lumper, just and unjust, bond and free, stood motionless and communed with the past. Time halted, nine years were as nothing, while our hearts remembered a past sunny November morning. Clearly I recalled the bells clashing the tidings to joyfully incredulous ears; and afterwards, as I stood in a garden on Wellington Terrace, there came a sudden clear singing of children. Piercing and joyous and sweet was that paean of joy; to overwrought nerves telling of hope fluttering a shattered wing, a new dawning after the world's long nightmare.

English Elsie, whom I chanced to meet on Friday, was in Salonica when news of the Armistice came through, but, true to her reticent type, says little about it. Greatly does she pine for London the beloved, with which she hopes to be more and more in contact through broadcasting, that miracle of the air profoundly mysterious to me, but concerning which she has a quite amazing knowledge. We bought tickets for the Doll's House now being raffled for the R.S.A., without hope of winning it on my part, for I'm not one of the lucky ones, as a stout and stodgy matron observed with truth when discussing my chances of attaining the holy estate!

"Look not thou down, but up!" Rabbi Ben Ezra's counsel in Browning's great poem, might serve as text for "Seventh Heaven," a production of the Fox Film Company, screened privately last week at the De Luxe Theatre. Not for those who boast they are tired of the war, and all pertaining to it, is this poignant story

that grips the interest and plays on the emotions even of those who, like Hermione, are not prone to tears. It is a story of Paris, and the love of a "sewer rat" and gutter girl, whose shabby garret so near the stars was to them a paradise. Much of a braggart is the amiable, valiant Chico, something of an atheist, a great deal of a hero; his ambition being to forsake his horrible task amid the refuse of the slums and become a street cleaner. This hope is realised through the kind offices of one of those padres whom the war taught us to revere. But Chico did not long revel in his rise to fortune; for the Great Clash came, there was no opportunity for even the briefest of wedding ceremonies, only time for a clasp of hands, the words exchanged "Chico, Diane—Heaven!" and another soldier of France tramped away to the melancholy and majestic music of "The Marseillaise." The girl who calls forth his chivalrous devotion is appealing and tender and true; and when her bold and careless lover returns from the war, battered and blinded, it is through her faith and loyalty that this Quixote of the slums finds his belief in le bon Dieu whom he had doubted. So the wistful story ends on a note of hope, and is superbly acted by the two stars Janet Gaynor and Charles Darrell, who, it is not surprising to learn, found themselves famous after their great performance in this film.

The Choral Society in "Aida" was lucky in its conductor, Mr. Colin Muston, and that the audience appreciated him was manifested by acclamation. Also the soloists were artistic, conscientious, and some of them dramatic. Miss Kate Campion is the possessor of a pure and flexible soprano, and a temperament admirably adapted to emotional display. Mr. Barry Coney, as always, gave a delightful rendition. Mr. Hubert Carter's voice and interpretation were beyond cavil, while Miss Mina Caldwell's beautiful contralto was very effective though she might, with advantage, have infused more fervour into the music. Mr. Harrison Cook is always worth while, whether in excerpt from opera, rol-

licking barcarolle, or Scottish ballad. The remaining soloists were adequate, the choir and orchestra more than common good. Altogether a distinctive rendering of Verdi's fiery and dramatic work, which in its Oriental blaze and splendour was produced in Australia a year or so ago by the Quinlan Opera Company.

To the jigg and jazz, and amid the spectacular decorations of the Ritz tea-room, I saw a mannequin parade of champagne shoes and stockings (only one pair of patent leathers), hats large and befeathered enough to satisfy Mrs. 'Enry 'Awkins, and some very lovely frocks and frills, the latter being quite noticeable as a trimming. Such a crowd of worshippers at the sartorial shrine. I had positively to work my passage through the patient queue to reach my place in the sun, or rather the electric light, so pleasantly dimmed by the fascinating colourful shades that are a feature of this restaurant. The garments on show included a filmy frock of the tint known as biscuit, the wide hat attractively trimmed with a huge matching poppy. You would have liked a sports suit, of the blue beloved by many, the epockets and close-fitting "cloche" adorned with a flat, flat flower of red, which was very smart and extremely reminiscent of an enlarged decorative postage stamp. Also I saw a flowered blue georgette, with crystal buttons, the ubiquitous fur slung round the shoulder being of white fox; and a cream georgette flatly pleated over flesh pink, worn with the prevailing large hat—the whole thing eminently becoming to some slim girl, or even one not so slim.

You should send for an apple green velvet coat which I admired, very shirry and shimmery, and ruffled with miraculous skill midway between the collar and hem; also a hat of your favourite beige, with a drooping plume of the ekind worn by the Duchess of York. You see there is plenty of choice when you come to make your Christmas purchases. I do hope that will be quite soon.—Yours,

ANNABEL LEE.

### From a Cynic's Cyclopaedia.

Alliance: The union of two or more people or peoples, because they knew too much about each other for their individual safety, if alone.

Bourgeois: An adjective generally descriptive of the man who uses it.

Cleverness: Knowing how stupid you are, and hiding it.

Empty Purse: The best friend of a man's virtue, and the worse enemy of a woman's.

Flapper: A young girl who knows as much as her mother and enjoys the knowledge more.

### A CYNIC'S COURTSHIP.

Love threw me a rose  
In kindly thought,  
At summer's close  
Love threw me a rose;  
It ended in blows  
And later in court;  
Love threw me a rose  
In kindly thought.

### Headlines in an Up-country Paper.

"Flying the Irish Sea;  
Lady Bailey's Great Feet!"

### Orange Cake.

2 eggs, 6oz. flour, grated rind large orange, strained juice of 1 orange, 5oz. butter, 6oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder, little milk. Method: Cream the butter, sugar, and orange rind; add eggs, beat well, then add flour; add the orange juice and milk, beat the mixture well, and stir in 1 king powder. Put into a greased sandwich tin and bake half an hour. When cold spread with the following icing and sprinkle some coconut round the lges: Orange icing: Mix 6oz. icing sugar with sufficient orange juice to make thick, colour yellow, and use.