

# From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

### A New Zealand Poetess.

"Occasional Verses," by Alice Woodhouse, is artistic work. Published by Ferguson and Osborn, Wellington, in attractive booklet form, it is admirably adapted to send to one's cherished friends at this season of peace on earth, good-will to men; instinct as it is with a love of the high hills and valleys, the ferns and flowers of New Zealand, and also of the rarer loveliness of spiritual things. Many will remember the father of this youthful poetess as a racy raconteur and after-dinner speaker, his wise and witty stories still being recalled, not only in Dunedin, where he practised the profession of law, but much further afield. So it would seem that Miss Woodhouse's gift of expression runs in the family; and to it are allied a true and minute observation, a simplicity and reticence that charm. Her writing is distinctively of this, our own young country; which makes it the more to be prized, poetic vision being as yet rare in the Dominion. The concluding verses, "To-morrow Street," will appeal to many as fanciful and wistful and sweet, while others will find the following poem the truest and finest in this small and charming collection:—

Under a lowering sky,  
Sullen and overcast,  
Limp a few flags fly,  
Drooping against the mast,  
Symbols of loss.

For, when the leaguered town  
Falls to the foe at last,  
Banners all torn come down.  
Over them flies at the mast  
The conqueror's flag.

So we, when one that we love  
Out from our midst has passed,  
Lower our flags, for above  
Place must be left at the mast  
For the banner of death.

### The Vogue of Silk.

Half a century ago, speaking structurally, a black grosgrain silk was the dream of women everywhere. Satins followed for winter, and taffetas for summer. Now, however, silks are enthroned from hat to hose the year round. It remained, however, for a Frenchman to invade the domain of man's attire and convert a silk shirt into a dress. And so silk shirtings are now in high favour for summer dresses, and an important addition to the silk industry. Foreign cablegrams, as well as home fashion writers, tell of the free use of silk for coats, while emphasising its presence in repps in the form of warp threads. It is to be noted that the love of women for silks, aided by fashion, has changed the position of satin from a "inter fabric principally to a spring favourite, since satin was outstanding at the recent spring fashion show held in Paris, under the auspices of the frock designers principally.

### The Charm of Curtains.

There is one matter of theory that is of great significance in the furnishing of the room, and it is that, decoratively speaking, the curtains stand between the furnishing and the backgrounds, consisting of floor, ceiling, and walls. The furniture of a room is its most important decorative feature. It should be the most prominent element in colour and in every other way. The backgrounds against which the furniture stands should be restrained, and very simple, the ceiling very light, the walls a little more colourful, and the floor still more so. But between these two the window curtains must act as a harmonising arbiter. They are neither so critical as the furniture, nor so unobtrusive as the walls, and so they must take the middle course, bringing the final touch of beauty and grace and cheerfulness, after all the other elements have been provided. There is hardly anything in the furnishing of a home which appeals so strongly to the artistic taste of the individual as the curtaining and drapings.—Miss M. M. Puechegnd, 4YA.

## THE COMMON WAY

*I have no wealth, but God has given me  
The power to see  
Joy sitting cross-legged on the top of  
things,  
Holding life's stings  
A-dangling before his laughing face.*

*I have no wealth, but God has held  
apart  
Doors to my heart,  
So that a thousand visions creep my  
way.  
Linger, and stay  
To make a garden of a desert place.*

*I have no wealth, but mine the precious  
gold  
The sun's rays hold,  
The silver of the moon, the jewelled  
stars,  
And nothing bars  
My claim to public treasury of the skies.*

*I have no wealth, but every blade of  
grass  
That feels me pass  
Has for a moment been a home to me,  
Each sheltering tree  
A refuge where Desire, fainting, dies.*

*I have no wealth, but, standing on the  
sands  
With outstretched hands,  
Before me all the ocean's mighty space,  
Wind on my face,  
My soul cries out. Joy answers the  
call.*

*So, as I walk throughout life's little day  
The common way.  
Into the face of morn and eve I fling  
My soul to sing.  
I nothing want—methinks love gives me  
all.*

—Norah Eileen Ormsby.

### Unsophisticated, Perhaps!

The world's most unsophisticated young man is the one who went into a second-hand shop and said he wanted one for his watch! The same man, on seeing the sign, "Umbrellas recovered while you wait," asked to have his lost umbrella found! But he rather surpassed himself when he went into a dairy and asked for a small boy, because of the sign outside, "Families supplied."

### They Say:

That at the recent garden fete, held for a good cause in the grounds of Balmoral Castle, Royal George and Mary the Queen, the former in Highland garb, the latter in pale grey, acquitted themselves right nobly, and proved themselves two Best Sellers!

That people are speculating as to whether our Mr. Sidey should be made a Knight for flooding New Zealand with daylight!

That some bewildered artists' models, to say nothing of weary habitués of recent exhibitions of the painter's art, will echo the opinion of the witty Mr. A. P. Herbert in "Plain Jane":—

I should not presume to express any view

Of the Modernist Movement in Art; But I've studied the works of Elizabeth

Bliss.

And this I can say from my heart—  
She can do what she please  
With her houses and trees,  
And I shall not attempt to advise;  
But I do not believe  
That the daughters of Eve  
Have such very triangular thighs!

### From Dunedin.

The wide circle of dwellers in the Dominion by whom Mrs. W. H. Reynolds is loved and revered will be glad to know she has recovered from a recent bout of illness, and has been recuperating at Macandrew's Bay, where her two daughters have built a house amid the clear sunshine and lovely vistas of this most beautiful of bays.

Miss Gladys Statham, sister of the Speaker of the House, is at present in Wellington.

Miss Pearl Hamilton is visiting the Scottish town, where she lived as a child, and has many friends.

### Reflections.

The advantage of youth is that in youth you see so plainly other people's folly; unfortunately it is given to but few of us to die young.

Some people are born wise; others achieve wisdom. The poor wretch who has it thrust upon him deserves sympathy.

## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

### Foreign Languages and Wireless.

The growth of wireless must enormously facilitate the closer understanding between all peoples. Inevitably one of the immediate results will be a keener interest in the acquisition of foreign languages, more especially perhaps among the young. What an incentive it must now be to the young scholar to know that when he has mastered his French or German lesson he will be better able to understand and enjoy what he hears when he "picks up" Berlin or Paris! Here is an immediate reward to labour, instead of having, as in the days before radio, a vague notion that one day in a distant future he may possibly have a chance to use his knowledge in a visit to these respective countries.—Viscountess Erleigh.

### The Living-room.

Happiness in living in these modern times does not depend upon the number of rooms in which one lives. Much more important is the question of where one can exercise free choice. The modern living-room is becoming more and more the scene of the social activities of the family. Architectural tradition and the demands of modern living combined can produce a room which may serve as a living-room-dining-room, and be so arranged that one may spend all the twenty-four hours within its walls. The living-room, as the name implies, is a place of decided informality in distinction from the drawing-room. It affords a field of much greater latitude for emphasising a strongly personal and individual note in its equipment and in its arrangement.—Miss M. Puechegnd, 4YA.

## The Letters of Annabel Lee

My Dear Elisabeth,

Coin of the realm cannot be so scarce a commodity as I had supposed. I say this advisedly after spending an hour at MacKenna's sale of valuable china, furniture and art treasures of all sorts and sizes, that set me pining for a wand of faery, a Wishing Cap, to work a miracle. Speedily would I have made my own a French statuette, the lightly poised figure of a swift and grace unsurpassed; likewise a useless and beautiful screen of gilt and glass and gleaming brocade, over which some Lady Teazle of a bygone day must surely have cocked a glad eye. At this sale the prices, though high, were low, so to speak; and Wellington's Brightest, Best, and Most Prosperous took opportunity by the forelock and bought extensively. With me went Evangeline, greatly desirous of adding to her already great possessions a buhl table of the Louis XVI period; which she might have acquired for quarter of its value, but let it go, being thrifty to the marrow, in spite of the solidity of her income and the spirituality of her profile. On the principle of sweets to the sweet, I should have liked to buy for a girl in the background, with a Rossetti-like face of sombre beauty, a clock of rare design in Dresden china, backed by branching candlesticks, all very flowery and fragile, and of intricate and fascinating workmanship. Just a fancy of mine to see that sadness lighten over the bustling little cupids; but nobody got these lovely things, as no one would pay the price.

Have you chanced to observe how the right purchases go to the wrong people? Not only at art sales, but in plain, plodding drapery "emporiums," one sees the glow and shine of crystal, the embroideries of the Orient, bedragoned dressing-gowns and hydrangea-blue "nights," snapped up by the dull and dismal. Wherefore not, of course? She who pays the piper calls the tune; and oftentimes though the taste may run to crepe de chine, fate forces into fuji. And vice versa! In the latter amazingly cheap silk, en passant,

are to be had variations of attractive stripe and colouring. Nor is kasha a covering to be despised—that substitute for the once-upon-a-time flannel—which is now made in shades of pastel eminently comforting to brunette and blonde. By no means do I feel a "flannelled fool" as I face the world in a suit of a good grey weave of this friendly stuff, with splashes of right royal blue at the right angles, all cleverly fashioned with skill and discretion by a stitcher in a wide street, without flourish of trumpet or profiteering fee.

Berths on coastal steamers are being booked rapidly for the holiday weeks. As yet I'm not on their little list, for locomotion at the Christmas season is by no means the acme of ease; though it's not the world's worst in this country as I've sometimes thought. A member of staff of a well known South Island college, travelling with two of her students in Italy, recently sped by train to Genoa. Weary of sight-seeing, particularly in Venice (very full of Germans), one girl put up trim feet and ankles on the seat, preparing to rest and be thankful. On a sudden a face appeared at the window of the birdcage carriage, then was withdrawn with staccato suddenness. Anon two Mussolini Fascists appeared, in black shirts and fierce tempers, uniformed and valuable. Pointing to a notice in Italian, and employing much stupid gesticulation, they conveyed the information that gaol, no less, was the portion of those who destroyed property in Italy! Apparently, when going to and fro on the Continent it is necessary to tread delicately, like Agag; or perhaps 'tis merely that, there, as elsewhere, a little power is a dangerous thing, and to set a beggar on even an ambling steed or a dawdling train is unwise.

The Dunedin Women's Club gives charming parties, evidenced by the annual gathering of the Arts and Crafts section. By some happy inspiration, an unusual and original entertainment was presented in the form of "Illustrated Songs,"

warbled very delightfully, and acted in graceful tableau and dance. To the music of the tune and charming "An Old Garden," Miss Nancy Barr looked notably young and lovely in her petticoat of satin and her gaily flowered gown, as she drifted past between rows of lavender and an other-world background of hollyhocks of exceeding beauty. Child-like and winsome looked Miss Coreen Browne (whose flower-fairy pictures are familiar to many), as she "sat" for the Millais "Cherry Ripe," beloved by small boys and girls of past years. "The Laird of Cockpen" and "King's Breakfast," each so funny in widely differing fashion, were very popular; the dairymaid of Mr. A. A. Milne's imagination putting up a great performance, assisted by an almost cow in the corner. Miss Vida Reynolds, in a clear voice and frock of silver lace, read the announcements; and Miss Service looked a "dainty rogue in porcelain," as she danced exquisitely to the music of "Rose Marie"; while others performers demonstrated that Dunedin is in the forefront in matters artistic.

No more for this week. Except that you, a lover of verse, should send for a copy of the Poems of Dick Harris, published since his death. Let us hope a neglected singer will now come into his own. Years ago, when quite young, Dick Harris is remembered as a lounging, Villon-esque figure, somewhat haggard and remote, and with little of the world's goods. In later years he mellowed somewhat, but was never, one imagines, very content; though he possessed the bonhomie and intuitive responsiveness that are attributes of the Bohemian. But his ways were not Wellington ways, and he was incapable of the push and drive inseparable from the successful pursuit of the dollar. At odds with circumstances, unable to follow the gleam across the country of his desire, in later years he grew lethargic and indifferent to a world that did not treat him too well, but which is the richer for the heritage of his verse.—Your,

ANNABEL LEE.



MISS TUI SALT, MEZZO-SOPRANO  
Miss Salt is well known on the concert platform in Dunedin, possessing a sweet voice and a charming personality.

Art-lite photo.

### The Washing of Linens.

How many realise that there is a scientific side of washing linen? Were we a scientific nation, they would have learned long ago that the textile fabrics, linen, jute and wool differ considerably from one another, both structurally and chemically and require totally different treatment in the laundry. For instance, cotton will stand boiling with washing soda, without being injured, while for linen this means gradual destruction, and the fibres come away in fluff. The linen becomes steadily thinner until it goes into holes. Under no circumstances should washing soda be used with linen, and soap powders are best avoided. A mild neutral soap is recommended and with this a scald will do the linen no harm. Now linen sometimes turns yellow after washing—this, as a rule, is not the fault of the linen, but is the result of not properly rinsing out the soap with clean water. Under the heat of the smoothing iron, chemical action takes place between the soap and the natural gum of the flax.

Embroidery should be washed in lukewarm water, then pass through a cold bath wrung out in a cloth and stretched. Iron while still wet, but be sure to keep a piece of muslin or cambric between the material and the iron till it is almost dry, the muslin can then be removed and the naked iron—not too hot—used till the embroidery is quite dry. A great improvement on starch for doing-up linen is the following "stock." Dissolve one ounce of gum arabic in half a pint of warm water. For use, add one tablespoonful of this solution to a quart of water. The secret of keeping linen white is to use as mild a soap as possible and immediately wring it out again and again with fresh water till the soap is absolutely removed.—Mr. A. R. Stevens (from 2YA.)

### Superhuman.

The harassed-looking man was being shown over some works.  
"That machine," said his guide, "does the work of thirty men."  
The man smiled grimly. "At last," he said, "I have seen what my wife should have married."



MISS T. JEFFERSON.

Miss T. Jefferson is a clever elocutionist, who from time to time is heard over the air from 4YA.

Art-lite photo.

### Electric Refrigerators.

An electric refrigerator differs from the old-fashioned ice-chest, in that foods are absolutely frozen. They can be kept indefinitely against a time of sudden demand, fruits can be checked in over-ripening, salads of all kinds are so much more attractive when served ice-cold. It is lack of knowledge in many cases which is the sole reason why these splendid appliances are not more commonly in use. Once plugged in, the refrigerator looks after itself entirely.—Mrs. Barrington, 2YA.

### For Lady Listeners.

Miss Dorothy Dunckley has quite recently achieved a distinct success at BLO, Melbourne. Her broadcast description of the frocking at Henley Cup Day and the Oaks was greatly appreciated, especially by country women, who maintain that they were given an additional interest in the functions by the breezy and often very witty descriptions of the various tiffets. Possessing a very artistic "dress" sense, a rich fund of humour, and a well-modulated voice, Miss Dunckley is particularly adapted for this kind of work.

### A Legend.

A certain railway company in a remote part of Scotland have had to close down in order to renovate and enlarge their stations. They would not have bothered to do so but for the fact that a farmer sent a farm hand to the station to collect a hen-house that he had ordered from Edinburgh, and the man returned with the booking-office in his cart!

### Women and Plus Fours.

When asked for her opinion on the length of skirts, that infallible authority on the fickle jade called Fashion, Lady Duff Gordon, says that she believes short skirts will be "it" for day and useful wear for always—at any rate for many a long year, unless the "jade" elects to be even more at ease on wet and sports days, and a form of riding breeches or plus fours becomes the rage.