

From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

A Revolutionary Change.

Broadcasting at once lifts music out of the concert hall into the auditorium of extraction. It is a tremendous change—a revolutionary one. Music at once is made blind, and the ears are accordingly sharpened. The ear either has to work or frankly abandon the task. If it is lazy it no longer has props to lean upon. If it lags it is the fault of the ear alone—or the music. That is the revolution. Unseen music must live by its own merits. Broadcasting has done more to recapture honour from the performance and bestow it on the composition than perhaps any agency since music was first created.

—Raymond Swing.

A Useful Sweet.

Cut some neat squares of white bread, or else scraps, 2ins. square; soak them in milk. Make a good liquid toffee: ½lb. butter, 2oz. brown sugar, 2 tablespoonsful golden syrup. Generous squeeze of lemon juice. When turning brown put the bread squares in toffee and pile them neatly on a hot dish. Pour over the remaining toffee. Serve very hot, with whipped cream. Children love it. Men always ask for second helpings. Quickly and easily made it is most useful as an emergency dish, and, unlike most puddings, it does not suffer from reheating.

A Breakfast Dish.

A tasty little dish to be eaten with the breakfast bacon, and quickly accomplished. Place some self-raising flour in a breakfast cup, stir in sufficient cold milk to make a mixture of the consistency of thick cream, and a pinch of salt. Then drop the mixture, a teaspoonful at a time, into the hot frying-pan after the bacon has been cooked. Each portion of the mixture will immediately foam into a circular patty, and will rise very quickly. Turn each patty over as it becomes browned, so that both sides may be properly cooked.

Lighter Omelettes.

When making an omelette, adding a few drops of water instead of milk makes the omelette lighter.

An Easy Way to Peel Apples.

Pour scalding water over the apples and then the skins may easily be slipped off and much labour and waste saved.

Luxuries.

A certain man, as well-known for his extreme meanness as for his wealth, drove up hurriedly in his car one day to the door of a celebrated doctor. He was in a state of acute discomfort and fear as a piece of fishbone was sticking somewhere in the region of his throat. The doctor speedily removed the obstacle, and the man breathed freely. "Thank you, doctor," he exclaimed, much relieved. "I'll never eat salmon again, never. And with what ease you removed it—a mere minute's operation, was it not? How much—ah—what is your fee?" "Half-a-guinea," answered the doctor. "Half-a-guinea," echoed the other, "for half a minute's work? Impossible!" "But consider," said the doctor, "a salmon bone." "What has that got to do with it?" inquired the patient. "Oh, a great deal," replied the doctor with a twinkle in his eye. "Had it been halibut or fresh haddock I should have charged less—perhaps five shillings; cod-fish, half-a-crown would have been sufficient; mackerel two shillings; while a herring-bone I might even have removed free of charge, but salmon at this time of the year—well, really, sir, one has to pay for these luxuries." And his patient paid.

The Art of Broadcast Drama.

Wireless drama is becoming increasingly popular in England. A new field of opportunity and endeavour has presented itself with the advent of radio, bringing hope to many playwrights of talent, even of genius, who since the war have been hard put to it to find a market for their wares. Drama is entering upon a new phase, which is the beginning of a new vitality. Radio is rendering this aid to drama because of its power of penetration which is practically omnipotent. We witness every day the miracle of the mountain moving to Mahomet. It is difficult to get people to attend drama; very well, through radio the theatre is taken to them! And so through the ether the spirit of drama is going to reach the fireside of almost every home. What scope is here, what a chance, what golden opportunity! With so wide an appeal it cannot fail to gain more and more recruits who love the ancient art. It means the introduction of a new and vigorous spirit that was so sorely needed. Wireless is the hope of modern drama.

—Dame Madge Kendal.

Gilbert as Prophet.

The popularity of community singing calls to mind an amusing record of the late Sir W. S. Gilbert's power of foretelling the future, which is evidence of his seership, but not of the justness of his conclusions. Forty years ago, long ere our ears were gladdened by community singing, he wrote the following scrap of dialogue in "Ruddigore":—

Mad Margaret: "But see, they come—Sir Despard and his evil crew! Hide, hide—they are all mad—quite mad!"

Rose: "What makes you think that?"

Mad Margaret: "Hush! They sing choruses in public. That's made enough, I think!" Comment would be, in every sense of the word, impertinent.

A Jam and Apple Secret.

If a jam pan has a very little butter rubbed over it before cooking jam it will never burn. It is not always known that apples cook very much more quickly without sugar. They are quickly reduced to a foamy mass, so much desired for many dishes, and the sugar can be added afterwards. Sugar hardens the apples when cooked with them.

CHRISTMAS EVE

By Catherine Parmenter.

*Pine-crowned hills against the sky,
Kneeling low to pray;
Friendly, lamp-lit villages
Along the snow-bound way;
Myriads of silver stars
Gleaming softly bright . . .
Little Inn of Bethlehem,
I see Thy star to-night!*

*Fragrant wreaths and candle glow
In a city street;
Songs of Christmas carolers
High and clear and sweet—
Echoes of the angel host,
With wings of shining white . . .
Little King of Israel,
I hear Thy song to-night!*

*Words of ancient prophecy
Are mine to take or leave;
Visions of a golden age
This happy Christmas Eve;
Peace on earth, good-will to men—
Oh, dim and holy light! . . .
Little King of all the world,
I share Thy dream to-night!*

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

Cadet "Howlers."

An English naval schoolmaster provides these "howlers" of young students in a Divinity examination:—

"Moses sent ten plagues to Pharaoh. The last one was children, so he drowned them all in the Red Sea."

"We remember Jonah because it was through him that the idea of the submarine occurred to modern minds."

"When David slew Goliath with a catapult the age of missile warfare commenced. This incident drove the first nail into the coffin of feudalism."

"The Queen of Sheba was the only woman of his day that King Solomon never married. Hence arose the phrase, 'The wisdom of Solomon.'"

"Zadok was the name of an ointment much used in olden times. On the alabaster box in which it was packed was printed in Hebrew characters, 'Rub it in.'"

"Shimei was fined the maximum penalty by David for spitting in public."

Cream Cheese Without Cream.

Take ½ pint lukewarm water; pour into a basin with a pinch of salt and a small teaspoonful of rennet. When set place in muslin, tie up and hang it to drain. When firm, make up into a small shape and press.

Spinsters of Science.

The decision of London University to grant the degree of B.Sc. to ladies who qualify in domestic and household science was a very wise one. Everything conducive to the proper management and administration of the home is embraced in the curriculum, and the "sweet girl graduate" who emerges successfully from the examination room is able to boast a variety of domestic knowledge before which even the once formidable Mrs. Beeton must pale her now ineffectual fires.

Time was when the marrying man looked askance at the spinster B.Sc. He had every confidence in her ability to solve an obscure hydro-carbon, but could she make edible pastry? He never doubted that she could give correctly, to five places of decimals, the co-efficient of expansion of tungsten, but did she know just how long to boil a potato? He quite appreciated the fact that she could tell at a glance the spectrum of sodium from that of potassium, but could she differentiate with equal certainty between Dorset and Danish?

But now he will look upon the "lady of high degree" with all such doubts removed. With her mental equipment she can be trusted to run anything. Happy will he be if he can espouse her! Never will he experience the sensation of the city-weary husband, engrossed with his after-dinner Corona and novel, being suddenly pounced upon to solve those acute mathematical problems which are usually associated with doing the house-keeping accounts; or to explain the difference between a cheque to "bearer" and a cheque to "order"; or to cope with a refractory kitchen chimney which has suddenly developed a "down" draught. All these little problems will have already been successfully tackled in the University, and the wisely scientist will be fully competent to function unaided at these great climacterics.

Yet, in spite of her specialised training, it seems safe to predict that she still jumps on a chair when a mouse runs across the room!

For Lovers of Verse.

A new book of verse by Humbert Wolfe will make a direct and sure appeal to all lovers of Peter Pan and his home—Kensington Gardens, the latter being the designation under which these charming concerts from the pen of an exquisite craftsman are launched.

They are fraught with the gaiety of blossoms and the gravity of gems. The Laburnum, the "good as gold tree," is thus presented:

Laburnum hangs her golden fleece
Through a thousand lattices
In the silken fleeces caught
Struggles spring, the Argonaut.

Peter Pan is called: "a faun of gingerbread," while the song of the well-drilled Tulip says:

The craftsman, who carved her of
metal prayed:
"Live, oh thou lovely!"
Half-metal she stayed.

A sermon is found in the carved stone of "The Albert Memorial":

"In his heavy monument
Good Prince Albert sits all bent.
Even death could not assuage
The burden of his golden cage."

And so through the pleasantries of the Gardens the reader is charmingly and willingly led.

A Fishing Yarn.

An old resident of an English fishing village used to go out as attendant to gentlemen during the fishing season. "I were out with the Bishop yesterday," he said to an employer one day, referring to a very well-known and popular dignity of the Church, who is also a good fisherman. "Indeed," replied the other; "he's a jolly good man." "Well," continued the old fellow, "e may be, but e do swear a bit when 'e's fishin'." "Oh, nonsense!" said his employer, "I don't believe it." "Well," said the old man, nodding his head wisely, "I'll gie 'ee an instance. I was standing 'longside o' the Bishop, same as I might be aside o' you, and 'e'd got a big fellow at the end of 'is line that was pretty nigh pullin' 'im off 'is feet, and I turns to 'is Lordship and I says, 'If pulls durned 'ard, don't 'e?' and the Bishop says, 'Yes, 'e do.' Well, now, ain't that swearin'?"

Devonshire Apple Cake.

Beat 1oz. of butter and 1oz. of sugar to a cream, add one large grated apple, one egg, and a breakfastcup of flour. If not moist enough, add a little cold water. Bake in a hot oven for half an hour, and serve hot for tea.

Short of Milk.

When friends look in unexpectedly in the evening and you want to offer them coffee, but are short of milk, just beat up an egg, put a small portion into each cup, and pour coffee on to it. It is delicious.

Salted Almonds.

1lb. Jordan almonds, 3oz. butter, 2 tablespoons salt.

Method: Blanch the almonds, melt butter in a pan, add salt, then put in almonds, and allow to cook slowly till a nice golden brown and perfectly crisp. Turn on to a pastry tray and dust with salt. Keep quite airtight.

The Letters of Annabel Lee

My dear Elisabeth,

At fashion shows in London, they make a special showing of frocks from three to four guineas, all of one price, and paraded by pretty mannequins. An excellent idea, isn't it, doing away with all necessity for making pertinent inquiry as to the burning question of cost, perhaps to be answered with a lofty "Fifteen and a half guineas, moddam, for this Little Model Gown. So useful for the mawnings!" Dress designing must be a pleasant and profitable occupation, one would think, and not difficult in these days of simplicity of line and beauty of colouring and fabric. How clever with her clothes is the svelte and capable daughter of to-day. In fact, whatsoever her hand findeth to do she does rather well. But the eyes of youth do not pore much over books, the Oxford Book of Verse is an unknown territory, and the Best Short Stories for 1927 as though they were not. But for ingenuity in heightening her attractiveness from the pictorial point of view and capability in matters domestic, she is hard to beat.

One charming frock lately appearing on the Quay had flame-coloured roses on softly floating skirt panels, the jumperish "body" being of that lovely tint that is not apricot or biscuit or sand, but a blending of all three. One girl with a fair, round face and honey-coloured hair, did her holiday marketing in an immaculate coat of black, with slashes of scarlet suede; that "inverted dome" she called a hat being of an Egyptian swarthy hue and fitted her head as tightly as though it had been gummed on, while two lank, flat feathers, one on each side, clung closely to her radiant cheek. Quite an amusing hat this, and vastly suited to its plucky wearer. By the way, have you tried Xantha? It is an artificial silk, very sheer and shining and chic, it does not ladder, it does not drop, and its colours do not come out in the wash. All of which great and good qualities render it eminently suitable for princess petticoats, and even more intimate garments. One is growing a little tired of the Shingle Ubiquitous, and the same-

ness of the sweetly slender maidens of the mode. Perhaps when the New Year has grown old, and gone the way of all years, we shall be braiding our Titian locks, or stringing them with bands of rosy hue, like the obedient maiden when her mother bade her bind her hair in the days when to be filial was to be in the fashion.

In "Young Men in Love," Mr. Michael Arlen is very glib and diverting, setting forth in his charming prose the vagaries of more of his lovely and bedworthy (his adjective, not mine) ladies, whom, obviously, we are expected to find of a charm quite ravishing, no matter how the conventions are torn to shreds. Lately I saw one of his stories adapted to the screen, "The Ace of Cads" being most effectively acted by the accomplished Frenchman, Adolphe Menjou, that suave fellow, as the daily press has it, whom easy sophistication and insolent poise of a consummate man of the world never fail to interest and intrigue.

For a real thriller for lazy summer days, I recommend to you "No Other Tiger," by that clever teller of tales, Mr. A. E. W. Mason. The story rushes along breathlessly, the Bad Man being a veritable creation, and the plot and denouement of extreme interest and originality. In another vein, and of exceeding gracefulness of expression and spontaneous sincerity, is "The Rustle of Spring," by Clare Cameron. This is a chronicle of the mind and soul of a girl child amid sordid surroundings. Gradually her dormant awareness of beauty and nature, spirit and human achievement is awakened, and her quickening response to whatsoever things are lovely traced with delightful sureness of touch and comprehension of the sensitive reticence of youth. An unusual story, and a charming one.

Why not send for "Disraeli," by Andre Maurois? You already have his "Ariel," the beguiling romance based upon the career of the poet Shelley, that charming and unstable genius who showed such remarkable catholicity in his domestic affections. Do you remember how he joined the

luncheon party after bathing, having forgotten to resume the garments of civilisation? The guests were slightly disconcerted, but the erratic dreamer of dreams in no wise perturbed. Perhaps he was better built than some of us!

At the moment things are quiet, everyone has finished buying, and for the nonce the shops may as well put up their shutters. We have reached "peace after storm, port after stormy seas," the lull between one tempest and the next. What a strange and lovely serenity descends upon the social whirligig when in the churches, on Christmas morning, are sung once more the old, old hymns, the light filters through stained glass, the peace that passes all understanding sinks into the soul, and we think of friends who are real and true and wish them good luck in the name of the Lord. For the poor, the sick and the sad, it may be the New Year will bring a happier dawning; and if it happens that our own luck is out, as is highly probable, the fame and fortune tarry long, there is consolation in the quaint old lines:

He that is down, needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride:
He that is humble, ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

And so we go on hoping that the sun will shine, and we'll get there in the morning, as is cheerily chuckled, or something like it, by one of those strange stringers of doggerel who abound in America.

The clocks are chiming the lateness of the hour; boats and trains are to be wrestled with in the near future; into the small, but not too small suitcase are to be pushed the fewest possible number of frocks and frills compatible with something suitable and any and every occasion. And so, my Elisabeth, with good wishes to your household, particularly the "orchestral accompaniment of children" (as the Countess of Oxford neatly puts it), I must hasten away, hoping you will "hold me in your heart of hearts, as I do thee, Horatio." Your

ANNABEL LEE.

THE KING

"My little Son," she said, "My little Son,

My beautiful, my wondrous Lovely One,
I kiss thy head, thy hands, thy little feet;
Thou art so small, so helpless, and so sweet.

"They come with gifts and look on thee with awe,
And tell in whispers of the Star they saw.
I see but thee. . . . I know no more than this,
That thou art soft as rose leaves to my kiss."

German Biscuits.

1lb. flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½lb. sugar, ½lb. butter, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon jam, Primrose icing, 3oz. sifted icing sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, little liquid saffron, little water if necessary.

Method: Put flour and sugar into a bowl, rub in the butter, add baking powder, and mix to a stiff paste with the eggs. Roll out and cut into rounds with a plain cutter. Bake in a slow oven, and when cooked spread one with jam and place another on the top. Mix the icing sugar with the lemon and water, and, if liked, add a little liquid saffron. Spread over the biscuits and allow to set before serving.

Extracts from an R.B.C.'s Mail Bag.

"We know we are not the cause of the interference as we have a private earth."