

From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

From "A Message to Women."

I should like to see woman, with all her modernity, recognising that she has a part to play in life wholly distinct from that of a man, and that her virtues are the gentler virtues, and her main functions more beautiful, as they are less coarse than those of man. Most men can only be saved by their womenfolk, and those men who are damned are often damned by them, besides. If there is ever to be an age of chivalry again, it will be because woman will set man an ideal to which man must aspire before she will consent to be his partner through life. Frankly, woman is not to-day setting before man an ideal of chivalry, and man, the weaker vessel, is infinitely worse for the lack of that ideal. Strength lies in simplicity and gentleness, and the greatest power is wielded usually by those who could not defend themselves against the strong or brutal. It is not for me to censure women. Indeed, in all sincerity, I desire them to give me reason for being able to kneel respectfully at their feet. When all is said and done, it is the old-fashioned virtues, which are not thought highly of to-day, that hold the hearts of men, not, perhaps, in their casual, careless after-dinner moods, but in those moods when, alone with their thoughts, and, maybe, regrets, men wish to God that they had done better than they have.—The Rev. Dick Sheppard, former Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

The New Woman in the Making.

Each woman who sets out upon a way of life different from that of the dependent housewife is an explorer, especially if she sets out to mate and reproduce. The results of such experimental lives are being compiled and studied by the New Woman. She is trying to chart the causes of success and failure. The New Woman of to-day is consciously experimenting with her own life to find out how women can best live. To experiment knowingly with one's own life, to find the Good Life—surely this requires a courage and a genius deserving something better than blame or jeers, deserving, at least, open-minded toleration and assistance.—Leta S. Hollingsworth.

"Zambini."

A much-sought-after sweet on the Continent and a splendid way of giving eggs to an invalid is made as follows: Beat well in a cup the yolk of one egg, add two tablespoonsfuls of sherry, or some other wine, sugar to taste, and beat all again well. Now add small piece of thin lemon rind to flavour. Put cup in a pan of boiling water, and stir until the mixture thickens to a fluffy marshmallow consistency, when it is eaten hot. Served in wineglasses or custard cup, it looks most appetising and is delicious.

A Baked Tart Secret.

The majority of amateur cooks know how annoying it is to find the underneath part of an otherwise perfectly baked fruit or treacle tart, sodden with juice. (Here is a tip given to me by a "chef.") After lining your tin or dish with pastry, brush the latter over with a little beaten white of egg, then put in your fruit or treacle and cover with pastry. When cooked the bottom crust will be quite firm and appetising, even if left until cold. The same hint will be found useful for large open jam tarts or flans.

To Restore Furs.

All furs, save the most delicate, such as chinchilla and squirrel, are immensely improved by a good beating. Lay the fur flat on a table, if possible use a furrier's stick, if not, any smooth flexible cane, and beat it hard and steadily all over. Then shake out the fur, and go over it carefully with a furrier's comb. Furs should also be beaten before storing as this kills any moth eggs before they can hatch.

To Clean Clocks or Watches.

Clocks or watches which are losing time through being clogged with dirt, can be cleaned in the following manner with perfect success: Have the clock ticking, and place it over a convenient receptacle containing paraffin, not allowing the oil to touch the clock, but so that the fumes can penetrate to the works. Cover the whole with another article to keep in the fumes, and leave 24 hours. For example, a small clock could be placed over a cup containing paraffin and the whole covered with a jam jar.

English as She is Wrote.

Here is a nice bit of English from a restaurant advertisement in Rawalpindi, Punjab:—"It is noted here, for the information of the friends, that the restaurant, which is being run on under the special supervision of the experienced hands, is the best company of those who wish to have the delicious foods for their nourishment. "To save from the untrue public notices, we guarantee to provide you with nice foods and teas, taking in view the medical aids, which can only be had from our restaurant on due times." No Difference. "The waiter said, 'What soup, sir?' 'I want thick, now is that clear?' 'Oh, quite,' replied the waiter; 'they're both the same in here!'" Mme. Vera Nemchinova, the Russian ballet star, created a world's record at the Coliseum by spinning 40 times on one toe. A topping performance.

Will Chicago Please Note?

"I have just returned from the French Riviera," a correspondent writes, "and at one hotel I noticed the following in the window: 'English Spoken. American understood.'"

That Daylight Saving!

A farmer to his neighbour: "Ye see, John, just as I tell ye, these scientists would lark about wid the clock, up-setting t'weather; an' noo, as sune as iver they've put clock reight, t'weather's come reight, too."

The First Great Bore.

They were talking in the Babylon Reform Club. "There goes that chap Jonah," said the secretary to the satrap. "He's making himself very unpopular with that fish story of his. . . ."

Saving the Hands.

When doing dry dirty work, a very simple and effectual way of saving the hands and nails from grime is to rub soap (not too wet) well into them beforehand, rubbing them until dry, and to scratch soap gently into the nails. This will afterwards wash off, dirt and all, with cold (preferably soft) water, leaving the hands and nails clean, without having had to suffer the clumsiness of gloves.

QUEST

*So many roads we tramped together,
dear,*

*So many sunny roads in many a
place.*

*Now, though I trail the streets of
all the world,*

I shall not see your face.

*And yet I never pass through any
thrung,*

*Or reach a place where sunny
cross-roads part,*

*Or turn the quiet corner of a street,
But hope is in my heart.*

*And so I shall go hoping without
rest,*

*Seeking and hoping down the
roads of space,*

*Until I turn the corner of some
star,*

And meet you, face to face.

Margaret Belle Houston.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

The Happy Release.

The principal speaker of the evening was something of a bore. After he had been trying the patience of his hearers for twenty minutes the chairman, noticing that a diner on his right was snoring gently, tapped him lightly with his gavel. A second time the diner dozed and again the hammer brought him back to consciousness. Again the snoring became audible, and the chairman, losing patience, plied the gavel to more purpose. "Go on," was the sleepy answer, "hit me again; I can still hear him."

Scott's old ship, the Discovery, has returned from the Antarctic, where one of its objects was to discover if whales were polygamus. This great problem is rapidly pushing into the background the question as to whether kippers swim folded or flat.

We read that the new dance "Kinkajou," consists mainly of shoulder-shrugging. With its immediate predecessors these movements were confined to their critics.

It is reported that Miss Masako Ichijo, daughter of Prince Ichijo, has been selected as bride for the heir apparent to the Japanese throne. The name of the prospective father-in-law is without significance, and there is no reason for supposing the match will be scratched.

"The Imperial Sheik."

In "Napoleon and His Women Friends," by Gertrude Aretz, we have yet another record of the "love life" of the Imperial cave-man, and an account of his reactions towards the women who crossed his stage. The author knows her subject well, and has collected a remarkable record of one of the least significant of Napoleon's activities.

The kind of story to be made from a man's love affairs depends upon his own attitude towards them; and if romance and edification alike are lacking, whose is the fault?

He protests, "I was never in love with any woman except Josephine," but modern historians know better than that to-day. His proclaimed indifference to women, and his notoriously rude and boorish manner, make the subject the more intriguing.

Giorgina, Bellilote, Marie Walewska, Eleonore Denelle, Signorina Grassi (the singer), and Betsy Balcombe (heroine of the very last frolic at St. Helena), and many others figure in these interesting pages, and there are even records of Napoleon's perfectly proper relations with the Queen of Prussia and Madame de Stael.

The Romance of Broadcasting.

Several times during the past weeks I have found myself using in these pages the expression "the romance of broadcasting." The romance of anything lies in the way you look at it. It is an elusive quality, difficult sometimes to define. The tune of a barrel organ, the scent of a flower-seller's barrow of carnations, the fall of dusk over a city street—these things, simple and usual though they are, will sometimes awake that little stab, half pain, half pleasure, which is Romance. We cannot, any of us, deny the romance of broadcasting, which brings speech and music a hundred miles into our room, and which a moment later will carry us to the far ends of the earth, to a Cornish church, a war memorial in Flanders or a Promenade concert.

Must be Kept Alive.

Everything was romantic once. There was the romance of the telephone, which captured the world when instruments were first installed. Everyone wanted to try this marvellous thing which enabled them to talk to their friends many miles away. Then the romance of the motor-car, steadily and speedily making the world a smaller place; the romance of electricity, flooding the world with light at the mere touching of a switch. And now, how do we regard these one-time miracles? We look on them as commonplace and sometimes wonder "whether they are worth the bother." The romance has quite gone out of them. I hope we shall never let that happen to broadcasting. Art is kept alive by the warmth of the fire it kindles in the hearts of those for whom it is intended.

The Announcer, "The Radio Times."

Ornamental Dyeing.

A new dye, of solid pastel substance, with which no liquid is used, has come into being. Just the heat of an iron is required. The design is drawn with the pastel upon the fabric and pressed for a few moments, and the article, be it wood or leather work, lingerie or personal wear, table centre or handbag, is permanently dyed in brilliant, fadeless, washable colours.

After Summer.

Next autumn is predestined to be a "tweed" season; for sports and morning wear, for coats, jumper suits, and coat-frocks, tweed will be first favourite, set off, sometimes, by kashia, angora, or stockinette. All woollen fabrics will be luxuriously light. For the afternoon and evening, velvets, plain and patterned, will lead the way, closely followed by crepe satin of a soft, dull texture.

Screen-making.

You can introduce a decorative note into your living room, or a note of childish gaiety into the nursery, by recovering an old screen. Old World chintzes and cretonnes, in company with a dark oak frame, are effective; fadeless linen or casement cloth are inexpensive; while nursery fabrics have a winning way with them when combined with white or coloured woodwork.

The Bathroom.

An inspiration for a bathroom scheme of decoration is the fresh, cool, water-lily—a blossom of pure beauty resting afloat on its sheltering leaves of dark green. For the ceiling, palest sky blue, and painted walls shading from deep river green to pale, pale green above. Then about four feet from the ground runs a stencilled border of lilies in yellow and white, dark green leaves, and an occasional dragonfly. With pale green painted furniture, a deep green cork line, and curtains of water-lily yellow, a delightfully fresh scheme is complete.

I Suppose He Knows.

"A compromise," says my tame cynic, "is a husband's acceptance of his wife's opinion."

The Letters of Annabel Lee

My Dear Elizabeth,

A democratic and healthful little journey is the holiday daylight trip from Wellington to Lyttelton, and a time-saver withal, though I would not counsel it as a rest cure for nerves that are taut, tempers that are frayed, through grappling with the fell touch of circumstances, and "doing out the duty" so dear to the heart of preachers who abound both in and out of the pulpit.

Smoothly glittered Cook Strait, east and west the sea-winds blew caressingly as the zephyrs upon Bolticellis Venus as she lingered on her ocean shell; while the cheerful and numerous trippers pranced, paraded and sprawled on the decks. Youthful gladiators ramped, roared, and made pillow-fight attacks on the unwary from a vantage point on a species of nautical haystack, and nobody said them nay, as apparently nobody does say nay to the Twentieth Century Child.

Lest I grow prosy, however, on the old, old subject of young, young delinquency, let me tell you of Yellowlocks, christened Kaiserine, which name we both agreed was much too important for everyday use. She stood upon a broad plank, and narrowly, but not unkindly surveyed me with twilight blue eyes.

"You should have your hair wavy," she remarked with kindness and truth, "but I do like your stockings!"

A stickler for style, deportment, emphatically a behaviourist, she pirouetted before me.

"Can you see my bloomers? Gentlemen always laugh when they see a girl's bloomers," she informed me, as one who had knowledge.

By turning a blind eye to certain aspects of a microscopic skirt, I was able to bring reassurance to this budding Lorelei of seven summers, who, shaking demure honey-coloured braids over thin shoulders, told me that Santa Claus had brought to the bedside a frock of yellow frills, also many-hued handkerchiefs, and new boots for Georgy, the latter podgy hero of many freckles and a grown-up peaked cap, being brought along for me to see and admire, with disastrous results, for after one glance, Five-Year-Old broke into loud lamentation and hurried away to a private and perilous lair at the ship's side, followed by sister Kaiserine.

Accompanied by her plus-fours spouse, a lovely lady paced the deck in slim shoes, of crocodile skin, immaculately built suit, her bronze

Eton cut shining and slick and chic. From the shelter of her arm, in resplendent modishness a supercilious doll, tailored to the last inch, smirked seasonal greetings.

"The best they could do" was the ribald comment of my neighbour, a sensible young woman with a real and very engaging infant in her arms. After a long and paralysing wait

the loveliness. In the Public Gardens flame tropical blooms in that begonia house which is a monument to the public spirit and generosity of one of the benefactors of Dunedin, the well-loved city of many bequests, among the greatest and latest being that of Grace Lilian Mitchell. True to the land of her birth and up-bringing, where she is remembered as a golden-haired,

warm-hearted schoolgirl, she returned to New Zealand, after many wanderings, not so many months ago, and bequeathed half of her large estate to those in need, in particular, sufferers through the Great War. Remembered and blessed in years to come by fatherless children and widows, those who are desolate and oppressed, the honoured name of Lilian Mitchell will be held high in the annals of her country.

At All Saints' Church, after a short and beautiful service, heard a sincere and artistic rendering of "Come Unto Me," from "The Messiah," by Miss Sumner, who often sings from station 1YA, her charming voice and musical knowledge being familiar to those lucky enough to possess sets permitting them to open "the ivory gate and golden" of the wonders of wireless.

At the Otago Boys' High School many destined to become figures in the world, picked plums from the educational orchard, amongst them, perchance, being the latest addition to the Dominion's judiciary—Wellington's Galahad of the Laundry, who went forth one morning to collect clean clothes, and proceeded to slay the dragon, eject the rude, rough roisterer, and disturber of unprotected femininity. The same evening came the announcement of the appointment to the Bench, all this being, you will agree, quite in the ancient tradition of beauty in distress, heroic rescue and high honour heaped upon valiant knight-errant. How hast thou risen from blood-shed, O Lucifer, son of the woollack!

And so the first farewell of the New Year, in which we all hope for something better—a clean page—another chance.

Every day is a fresh beginning.

Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain;
And, in spite of old sorrow and possible
sinning,

Take heart with the day and begin
again.

Your
ANNABEL LEE.



MISS JEANETTE BRIGGS.

Miss Briggs, who is a soprano, is a member of the Ariel Singers, who make their first appearance at 2YA next Friday.