

From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

Evening Hats.

The dress worn with it is in black crepe marocain, with long gold lame sleeves trimmed with sable cuffs, and a swathed sash of lame round the hips with fur-edged ends. A close-fitting hat to match is made of soft felt in two colours, black and golden beige in alternate rings from the rim to the top of the crown.

A white chiffon evening coat is also lined with quilted satin, and has golden-brown fur round the hem. A white brocaded chiffon dress is worn with it. The skirt has two tiers of petals and a straight bodice. Topaz or amber jewellery trims it, and a Basque beret made in amber or topaz velvet may be worn as a head-dress.

A lame evening cloak has exaggerated revers to form a hood, another in gold lame and white cloth has a big capucin hood. This coat is reversible, white and black from white and gold.

An original and becoming evening hat is made of gold lame, which is black on one side. It is cut into the shape of two large veined leaves, which are shaped to the head to fit quite tightly.

The evening hat is likely to have a place in fashion next winter. It will be worn in restaurants and theatres, where it will be classed as a coiffure, and so avoid the claim of the vestiaire.

Unusual Styles.

Unusual styles which are not entirely divorced from popular fashions are found in the rue de la Paix to-day. Eccentricity is not approved by French designers, but individuality is becoming more popular, since dress is now democratised, and is no longer the luxury of the rich, as formerly.

The first noticeable feature of unusual clothes shown this season is the material. Every ensemble, whether for wearing in the house or out-of-doors, is made of something unusual in colour and design. There is a black chiffon velvet coat trimmed with beige moulton, which is lined with a broad-

ed silk of beige, figured with small gold and coloured flowers. A dress of the flowery material is worn under the coat, and a Tam o'Shanter is made of black cellophane trimmed with moulton pom-poms.



MISS HELEN WILSON.

Miss Wilson is one of the younger pianistes of Dunedin, and has received a splendid musical education at the Bath School. She frequently appears at 4YA.

Another afternoon ensemble is in black and gold. A black cloth coat is hand-worked in narrow gold stripes running down bodice and sleeves. Join a deep band of sable fur. The hand-quilted satin lining is of soft golden-beige satin.

Girl Artist Prodigy.
The work of Miss Jacynth Parsons, aged 16, now on view at the Medici Galleries, Grafton Street, London, is attracting a great deal of attention. There are no less than 153 paintings and drawings, all produced by her between the ages of three and sixteen. Their variety is remarkable, and their merit so extraordinary that prophecy would be futile. What will this power, so potent at sixteen, be at twenty? The things already done could not be improved in their own line of thought, colour and craftsmanship. Sight and insight quicken an apparently inexhaustible inventiveness. Teaching could not improve her technique, and she is fortunately free from the tyranny of art school training. The future must be left to herself and the gods who inspire her. In the meantime, she is just a happy-hearted, level-headed girl, and quite proof against the enervating influence of flattery.

Commercial Candour.
Business people are notoriously truthful, but I did not expect to find a laundry as frank as one whose advertisement I saw yesterday.

"Bring your laundry to us and have it properly finished off" it ran.
The parson's daughter dutifully typed out her father's sermons. She had, after many washouts, become engaged to a very eligible young squire. Next Sunday father read out as his text, "Lay not up to yourselves trousers in Heaven."

A Favourite Colour.

The popularity of green is far from waning. In one or other of its many new shades it is seen in coats, frocks, and hats. Bright green umbrellas, light green necklaces, deeper toned duvetyn handbags, are smart. Decorations are oxydised silver and brown fox fur.

Autumn Woollens.

Newest woollen materials are as soft and luxurious and as light in weight as silk. There will be a vogue for Angora used with tweed for sports suits or with crepe de chine for walking. Kasha is right for hats and scarves, and leather in companionship with tweed will be popular—leather trimmings, and leather coats trimmed with tweed.

More Colour.

"Colour in the Kitchen" is the slogan of all true housewives, and many are the means of its introduction. Floral medallions for pasting on the tea caddy, cereal jars, food containers, and the various accessories pertaining to the kitchen are a simple way of achieving a delightful effect.

THE HIGH HILL

*I went up to a high hill
To seek a spirit leaven;
I went up to a high hill
To set me nearer Heaven,*

*I went up to a high hill
In blue serener air;
I went up to a high hill
To see if God were there.*

*But God was not on the high hill,
On the high hill apart;
God was not on the high hill,
Not being in my heart.*

*I went down to a deep vale,
And there I made my prayer;
I went down to a deep vale,
And lo, my God was there!*

*One need not go to a high hill
Be he with faith unshod;
One need not go to a high hill
If he would find out God.*

Clinton Scollard.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

An Antidote.

If, at any time during a home application of henna to the hair, the dose is inadvertently overdone, and the hair dries just rather too red, an application of warm olive oil will put things right. Apply it freely and let it remain on for some time, then wash off with plenty of soap and warm water.

For the Holidays.

A heavy leather writing case becomes a burden when travelling. Make a flat one of bright coloured taffeta and embroider it with wool. Lined with buckram and bound with galen, a large pocket to hold paper and narrow strap for keeping pen and pencil in place, this is a pretty and useful thing to include in the packing.

Beaded Straps.

For evening wear, beaded shoulder straps are an undisguised blessing. They fasten to the undies with a tiny clasp and if they do happen to show, the effect of the "tout ensemble" is enhanced rather than marred.

A Famous Woman.

Go back 150, or even 100, years and what shall we find was the lot of British children? Very different from to-day, and largely for one reason. We now look upon childhood as an end in itself, admiring its charm and sighing when it is over. Our forefathers looked on it as a preparation for manhood and womanhood, and were impatient of childishness; at every moment the little ones were reminded that they must grow up, and what they would be depended on the way they must behave now. A glance at old English school books shows this plainly. The S.P.C.K. in the eighteenth century was responsible for most of the elementary, call charity, schools of England, and published the readers which were generally used.

In 1793 the famous Mrs. Trimmer began to write for the society. She was born in 1741 at Ipswich, and moved in good society. She met Dr. Johnson at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Her family consisted of twelve children, and she educated the six boys partly and the six girls entirely herself. The terrible death-roll in the big families of these days is illustrated by the fact that all twelve died before their mother.

Mrs. Trimmer wrote "The Story of the Robins," which is still read by English children to-day, edited the "Family Magazine" (the first of its kind), managed several Sunday schools and industrial schools, and wrote school books. One of the latter, "The Charity School Spelling Book," is entirely in words of one syllable and has many moral tales, with a note: "When you read a fable, take particular notice of the moral." The schooling which our great-grandparents received may make us laugh; but have we not gone to the other extreme and dispensed too much with moral instruction?

The Letters of Annabel Lee

My Dear Elisabeth,

In the still night I write, through the window I can see the Tinkari hills darkly looming against a white sheet of moonlight, while from a "bach" near by comes the mechanical glide of a dance tune played on one of the best gramophones I have heard. January is a slack social season, people are apt to hurry along with a certain furtiveness, recognising they should be on some sea-girt isle, being soothed or saddened by the swirl of the waves, or else reclining on a bank where the wild thyme grows, with a pipe and a book, or even an Abdullah cigarette and a cup of that particular brand of China tea that never fails to cheer. Meeting me as I hasten along the path of duty, they smile sympathetically, realising that the fell clutch of circumstance compels me to be on the spot, to keep the bridge, like Horatius in the brave days of old.

Speaking of open skies and great spaces, at the kind Christmas-tide a friend of my heart sent to me Hudson's "Green Mansions," that fascinating narrative of crystalline prose and tropical horizons. In recent fiction I have liked immensely Margaret Kennedy's "Red Sky at Morning," with its acute observation, merciless analysis and vivid portrayal of post-war youth, its arrogance, its brilliance and its casual cruelty. Not so original, it may be, nor so entirely arresting as "The Constant Nymph"; but who but the most optimistic could expect another inimitable Sangster family?

For absolutely the last word in gladioli, most thrilling is a flower-filled window in a Wellington by-street. Nothing could be more interesting than the straight thick stems, with their orderly arrangement of thronging blooms of a size and colour unparalleled—new varieties, all of them, it seemed to my untutored eye. One example of deep crimson, with streaking of purple, boasted the biggest blooms that ever I saw, attracting flower-lovers from far and near by size and novelty; another of rose-red, and one of creamy-white, the latter smudged with patches of blood-red, were, perhaps, loveliest of all; while an uncommon one of lavender that merged into violet bore the pretty name of Alwyn. A long line of these would be a miracle of beauty against your thick green hedge which is invariably

so remarkably well-groomed and pruned to the needs of the workday world.

Lately I heard news and views from Mrs. N—, on a visit to this Dominion from New York City, which, obviously, to her is but another name for a mundane paradise. Comparing our little social round with its gaudy plutocracy, always to our detriment, she told me of the quite admirable way in which women's clubs combine to bring about reforms of one kind and another. As a domestic example, if the humble potato soars to a high price, these wise women reject and boycott the popular accompaniment to the family dinner, and concentrate upon nutrition less costly at the moment. Result, a desirable decrease in price and everybody happy. This method they apply in other directions; concerted action, and lo! reform apparently follows as surely as night follows day. Also, the tale was told of excessive smartness in clothes and grace in wearing thereof; which is no news, as all the world recognises that la belle Americaine is famous for her frocks. Rather surprising, however, to be told that New Zealand femininity lacks grace of figure and bearing, comparing unfavourably with the New York and Chicago matrons and maids; being addicted to heaviness of hip and clumsiness of movement. I had not observed it, as the Scotsman says, and made inquiry as to actual weight, discovering the American sylph to be usually something betwixt eight and nine stone, which I should judge to be about the same as our own average avoirdupois.

A fancy dress party was my happy experience on a recent evening. Very gay and intriguing was this gay gathering of dancing boys and girls of a few years and pleasant ways. The occasion was a birthday party given by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Field to Miss Lorna Donne, who wore an enchanting frock of larkspur blue, made in the fashion of Lang Syne, very flouncy, very floaty, with a tight, low-cut bodice and lacy pantalettes tied round the ankles. With a blue ribbon twisted in her dark hair, the wearer was most sweet, a fresh and fragrant rose of a girl in her old-time frock. Our host, looking as though he had just stepped from a canvas of Frith, R.A., wore his wedding garb, a quite delicious

get-up of a coat of another decade, white reach-me-downs, huge button-hole and elegant top hat. A bustling and trained gown of silk of sober hue, which, I feel sure, would have stood alone, being of a quality unsurpassed, was entirely charming; as were also two other gowns of the same demure and dignified period, one with a shoulder cape bristling with pleats and beads; all with the bonnets of our grandmothers, and so sweet. No wonder a veteran journalist, himself imposing in most becoming Lord Chancellor-ish robe of state, when conversing to these three delightful Victorians, was transported to other days, other manners, and almost persuaded himself that he was back in the leisurely and courteous era of his youth. Our hostess was in something flowing and picturesque, she being of the fortunate few who impart to their habiliments a quality of their own gracefulness; a pretty youthful maiden wore a lovely sweeping gown of pearl-colour, with wide fichu and plumed cavalier hat. Striking was a stately member of society's younger set in short and shimmering frock of black, thick, coating of powder on sleek Eton crop, two beauty patches at the miraculously right spots, all rendered the more intriguing by the wearing of a black mask, of a dash and allure quite remarkable. Monsieur Beauchaire trod a measure of to-day with grace and decorum; a Sydney student of art was dashing and sheik-ish in Spanish garb of the blood and sand variety, the bizzare touch of earrings proving extremely becoming to his dark good looks; the daughter of the house looked slim and boyish in cricketer flannels; whilst the youngest member of the family deceived everyone in voluminous and graceful draperies essential for the incognito of the occasion. That convincing Scot "Mr. Magillicuddy" provided the low comedy, and played his bag-pipish part so successfully that it was difficult to believe a mere slip of a girl hid behind the ample waistcoat and carried off that noisy aggressiveness so cleverly. All this charming party in the setting of a room beautiful with old pictures and china; the guest of the evening including everyone in a gay friendliness and youthful graces that irresistibly reminded me of the unselfish charm of the Duke of York's Elizabeth—Your

ANNABEL LEE.



BIG BROTHER BILL.

Big Brother Bill, of 4YA, the darling of thousands of kiddies. In private life he is a well-known clergyman in Dunedin. He has been associated with Child Welfare all his life, and is the possessor of the happiest knack of entertaining the young folk. He is one of the few speakers whose personality fairly emanates from the loudspeaker. He has a charming manner, and a wonderfully clear voice.

Children's Music.

It is a wise thing to keep the children interested in music—an art which is certain to be of benefit to them all through their lives. The schools are doing their best. They cannot, however, fight against some of the out-of-school influences. Street music, which the children hear as soon as the school door shuts upon them, is one such influence—foolish comic and blatantly sentimental songs, and the harmful excitements of unending jazz. That influence can be corrected in the home by parents' encouragement of the taste for good music the youngsters cultivate in school. Set them singing—the school-songs or the good songs most parents know. It is worth while.

Rossini's First Master.

Rossini, who died on November 13, 1868, began his musical career under peculiar conditions. At the age of seven he was placed under Prinsetti, of Novaro, for harpsichord lessons. This professor, who combined the selling of intoxicants with his music teaching, had an extraordinary method of scale playing with two fingers only. In addition, he was able, with considerable facility, to fall asleep while standing. Rossini, a quick-witted youngster, played such pranks on his droll maestro, and neglected his studies so completely, that his parents, after three years, placed him with a more capable man, Tesi. Shortly after this change, while yet only ten years of age, Rossini secured a professional post as chorister and was able to contribute to the family exchequer, at that time in very low water.

AT NIGHT

*Home, home from the horizon far
and clear,
Hither the soft wings sweep;
Flocks of the memories of the day
draw near,
The dovecote doors of sleep.
Oh, which are they that come
through sweetest light,
Of all these homing birds?
Which with the straightest and the
swiftest flight?
Your words to me, your words!*

Alice Maynell.