

From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

The Modern Girl Again!

Sir Edmund Gosse says: "The young man of to-day, being gentle and gracious, makes up for the boisterousness of the girls." The following verses were evidently written by a "young man of to-day!"—

When I fare forth with Phyllis
Upon her pillion seat,
In my poor heart a thrill is
For all we pass or meet;
In beret, belt, and breeches
She scours the countryside,
Nor heeds the poor thing which is
Her partner for the ride.

Upon her T.T. model
She roars up every hill,
You'd think her off her noddle
To hear her Klaxon shrill;
And I, poor wretched creature,
Bump, jolt, and toss and pitch,
And pray the gods to teach her
To keep out from the ditch.

She takes me to the cricket,
And argues with the crowd,
I don't know how to stick it
When Phyllis thinks aloud.
It's "Well played, sir!" "Oh, splendid!"
"Go on, man, run!" she cries,
And, ere the innings ended—
"Hil Umpire! where's your eyes?"

Sometimes a game of Soccer
She'll take me out to see,
And some "fan" tries to shock her
With forceful repartee;
But Phyllis leaves him dumb, too,
Tho' it often seems to me
She's really only come to
Abuse the referee.

And, strange, I love her dearly,
Just why I cannot tell;
Her boisterous ways are clearly
Beyond my power to quell.
And yet I fancy Cupid,
Who pierced me with his dart,
Will help me, tho' I'm stupid,
To rule her by her heart.

Lamb Croquettes.

Slice up cold lamb and put through a mincer. To two cups of mince add half a cup of breadcrumbs, one tablespoon chopped parsley and thick white sauce to moisten, seasoning to taste. Mould the mixture into round nests, fill with left-over cooked green peas, and cover over with the meat. Dip in egg and breadcrumbs and fry in deep boiling fat.

Beetroot Cups.

An appetising salad can be made with apples and celery, beetroot and lettuce. Cook some small beetroots, scoop out centres. Fill with equal quantities of chopped apple, chopped celery, and chopped beetroot moistened with salad dressing. Serve on individual plates lined with crisp lettuce leaves.

Typist's Genius.

Two water-colour drawings executed by yet another untaught artist have made Miss Christine J. Hearn, a shorthand typist, somewhat of a celebrity among her colleagues at a branch of the Midland Bank, London; and have placed on record her preference for crinoline days.

The drawings, entitled "Yesterday" and "To-day," proved one of the "big hits" at the Midland Bank Art Club's exhibition.

"Yesterday" pictures a demure damsel in a pink crinoline and poke bonnet, looking out of a lattice window at a rose-garden. "To-day" shows an ultra modern shingled flapper, wearing a green jumper suit, and smoking a cigarette in a long holder.

The lady in the crinoline is Miss Hearn's ideal. She herself has never smoked a cigarette in her life. The modern lady is a portrait of her sister.

A Part He Knew.

A Hampstead family was discussing a "play tea," in which every man and woman has to represent the title of a play.

"I'm just going as myself," said the small son, "He who gets slapped."

A DAY ON DARTMOOR

*Light and shade on the misty moorland,
Sunlight, and raindrops glistening
down.*

Soft white mist-wreaths rising and falling.

Hiding the sea and distant town.

*Sweet wet wind from the open spaces
Driving the mist-wreaths far away.*

*Burning sun on the rain-soaked mosses
Where the grey rocks of granite lay.*

*Little stream, with the amber shallows,
Singing down to the distant shore.*

*White-winged seagulls circling over,
Then away to their home once more.*

*Dear white sheep, with their gentle faces,
Cropping grass amid bracken green,*

*Seeking rest in the great tor's shadow,
Slaking thirst in the amber stream.*

*Gleaming road winding ever upward
Where the blue heavens seemed to rest.*

*Glorious vision across the valley
From the top of that great hill's crest.*

*Just a day on the open moorland,
But oh! it's worth to a heart oppressed!*

*Surely my hand touched the hem of His
garments,*

Receiving His peace and joy and rest.

—Nellie Hadden.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

To Keep Loose Covers Tidy.

Take a sheet of newspaper and roll up in a long strip like a sausage. Then push strips well in at the back and sides of your loose chair or settee cover. This will prevent the cover from moving and getting untidy when sat upon.

Easy Darning.

Bed or table linen may be quickly and neatly darned by machine. Use No. 40 cotton, and adjust to the smallest stitch. Sew to and fro across the hole, and then stitching will leave strands across it; then sew to and fro across the strands. The result will be a splendid darn.

Renovating Old Golf Balls: A Wet Afternoon's Amusement.

Drop each ball separately into a pan of almost boiling water. Lift out when the skin of the ball has been softened, say, two minutes. Rub the ball sharply between the corrugated sides of two ordinary butter spades, and when all the gashes and bruises have been rubbed out drop the balls into a pan of cold water to harden. Dry them then take a little golf-ball paint in the palm of your hand and rub the ball between your palms till evenly coated. Drop each ball on an old newspaper to dry.

Real Teddy Bears.

Two real live Teddy Bears from Australia have arrived at the London Zoo. They are Koolas or Native Tree bears, which at first sight look like baby Brown Bears, but are really not related in any way to the other bears of the world.

They never grow up, but remain small and harmless all their lives, rarely exceeding a Pomeranian dog in size. Another point on which they differ from the bears, and one which brings them into line with all the other Australian mammals, is that the female possesses a pouch in which the young is carried until it can fend for itself.

The Koala has peculiar hands and feet, specially adapted for climbing trees, for two of its fingers can be opposed to the other three, so that the animal appears to possess two thumbs on each hand.

If the Zoo succeeds in keeping these animals alive for any length of time, it will be a great triumph, for they are notoriously "bad livers" in captivity, even in Australia, and as far as can be ascertained, only one other specimen has ever reached England alive.

Fairy Fantasies.

Referred to often as Australia's Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mrs. Ruby Sykes Lyon is widely known as a writer of delightful verse and charming Fairy Fantasies. For some months past she has been paying special attention to children's radio bedtime stories and many of her productions have been broadcast by 3LO with considerable success. An entirely new series will be commenced shortly and the reading of them will be in the capable hands and Maurice Dudley as Billy Bunny at 3LO. These are sure to delight not only the many thousands of children who listen in regularly during the Children's Hour, but also the large audience of grown ups who still retain the Peter Pan spirit which prompts them to tune in to 3LO whenever they get a chance to enjoy with the children the Fairy Stories and droll humor of Billy Bunny and the other story tellers.

Returnable by Instalments.

He was an up-to-date young Scot, and he gave his best girl a lipstick for a present because he knew he would get it all back.

Savoury Potatoes.

Bake some large well-washed potatoes till they are soft, but not burst. Halve them lengthwise, scoop out as much potato as possible without breaking the skin. Mix potato with half-pound of cooked fish, some fresh tomato pulp, salt and pepper to taste. Moisten with a little milk, or beaten yolk of egg. Beat well together, then stuff potato shells and bake in a pyrex dish in a hot oven for about 10 minutes.

The Letters of Annabel Lee

My Dear Elisabeth—

All New Zealand, in especial, the Capital City—for Trentham was to have been their triumphant bourne—is in suspense concerning the fate of the two brave men who essayed to fly the Tasman. The trail they blazed apparently held some peril, some snare they had not foreseen; and, in spite of the hope that springs eternal, it is to be feared that for them there will be "no more the heat of the sun nor the furious winter rages." Most of us are gamblers at heart; we are thrilled by those who put all their chances on one throw and all their eggs in one basket; we have a quite inordinate admiration for sheer pluck and endurance, and the national imagination has been captured by the daring of the two aviators of whose fate in the meantime only the gods can tell.

January, that uninteresting month, goes its slow way. Nobody is in town, nothing much happens, fashion for the moment is defunct. One big drapery house has added to its already innumerable departments another in the shape of a beauty salon to aid imperfect femininity; another is demolishing part of its shop on a well-known street corner—Khan-ish edifice to while away our hearts; while another well-beloved sartorial shrine in Cuba Street is selling off, closing its doors, and giving away, so to speak, all of that stock, the quality and beauty of which she who shops can tell.

One hears that in the quite near future we are to be frilled to the waist, which now at this long last is to be at the spot where a waist ought to be; which, alas, means a long farewell to the graceful line, the pliant elasticity and grace so dear to our hearts. Clothes, though sometimes tiresome, are very interesting. What would we do without them? There is a cult in the wider world, one hears, that advises a no-clothing cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to. A book has been written on the healthfulness of the nude by an enthusiast named Hans Soren, who advocates sunlight, the more the better, on the human form, sans frocks, sans "lingerie," and (some will say) sans decency. The book has been carefully translated by Arthur Jones, and has had a considerable sale, being illustrated with quite realistic photographs, which

have attracted some purchasers in the mistaken belief that it belonged to that strange form of reading matter yeckle indecent literature. Mr. Soren's effort has won the tolerance of that broad-minded ecclesiastic, Dean Inge, who, while stating that he considers the author a fanatic, thinks his theories will do good and is not averse from their publication. How amusing, to be sure, to visualise one's dearest enemy taking a walk abroad in Nature's garment! Alack, we are not all modelled on the noble lines of Milo's Venus, nor do many of us rejoice in the slinky allure of the nymphs of Botticelli. Shoes that are pointed, "stays" that were tight, indolence and slackness have done their fell work, and the human body, that masterpiece of beauty, has fallen from grace.

Mr. Beverley Nicholas is amusing and irresponsible concerning his contemporaries in his latest "Are They the Same at Home?" which will prove delightful reading to those who adore personalities and like to hear about "certain people of importance." Mr. Nicholas' pungent and penetrating comments are intriguing to a degree, as he makes merry, with witty impartiality, at the expense of the admirable Miss Ellen Wilkinson, and the mercurial Suzanne, playwright Pinero, and versatile Lloyd George, the modern Noel Coward, and the improving Mr. Wells. Nothing of caution can be discerned, discretion does not appeal to this gay chronicler; all is fish that comes to his net, tolerance is thrown to the winds, while youth and a charming audacity make hay of all and sundry.

Very different, very leisurely, very enthralling is Sir Edmund Gosse's "Leaves and Fruit," the recollections and impressions of a long and richly gifted life. Much does he write, in classic prose, of events and people he has known; and the book contains ripe criticism of art and letters, nor does this great thinker and writer disdain the modern literary young man and maiden, even though they be as exasperating as that high-brow family, the Sitwell trio. Lucky are those who can beg, borrow or steal a copy of this delightful book.

Saturday afternoon found me, accompanied by one other, in the De Luxe Theatre, which I find most restful in its colour effects and feeling of spaciousness. Viewing that

enthralling picture "Ben Hur," I concurred with the opinion of the un-conventional Auckland divine, who recommended his flock to see it, even though they had to live on an apple a day for a week, or words to that effect. One does not readily forget the realism and terror of the galley scene, nor the thrill of the galloping white horses and charioteers in the magnificently staged race. Ramon Novarro is so virile and hand-some a hero, and such a fine actor, the film did not choose as a foil for him a more characteristic type than the sugary blonde who plays the part of the slave girl Esther, simpering and shaking her fair, childish ringlets until one longed to slap her. The Biblical story is introduced with skill and reverence, Miss Betty Bronson, in the glimpse we have of her as Mary, being reminiscent of a Madonna whose lovely face hangs on my wall in reproduction of a famous picture in the Florence gallery. There was nothing to offend, and much to admire; and in one of the scenes most relevant would have been Mr. Chesterton's deification of the humblest of domestic animals.

"Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet;
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet."

In this week of waiting and watching for news—for the fate of the aviators has been in our minds, and keeps recurring to us all—what a boon has it proved to listen to such news as there was given over the wireless, in the clear and measured accents of the announcer. I do not yet possess a crystal set, though I shall in the quite near future, but in the house of a friend I heard of the efforts being made and of aeroplanes circling the sky in fruitless search. It may be, as some say, that these two young men were insufficiently equipped, not experienced enough, to make the hazardous experiment. I cannot tell. I only know that courage warms the heart, and if it happens that, after making their great gesture, they are no more seen, "He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood; and a mind fixed and bent on something that is great doth avert the dolours of Death."

Your
ANNABEL LEE.

For Dusting.

Use a hot duster when polishing furniture in damp, foggy weather. The result is almost magical; all moisture is instantly absorbed and the furniture is polished and not smeared. Keep a spare duster warming by the fire to avoid interruption of work.

Bread Sauce.

When making bread sauce do not waste time preparing breadcrumbs: a decidedly better and more creamy sauce results from adding to the milk the required quantity of bread in a thick slice or chunk, and beating for one minute with a fork just before serving.

Refreshing Baths.

After dancing, or much standing or walking, give the feet a farm bath to which a few drops of turpentine have been added. When followed by a thorough drying with a warm towel and an application of a little coconut oil, finished with a dusting of boracic powder, this treatment will be found exceptionally refreshing.

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