

From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

They Say:

By the Marama returned many well-known people, among them Miss M. Hanham, whom Dunedin welcomes home after an absence of nearly two years. Gifted in many branches of artistic achievement, Miss Hanham has taught music at "Tona," Havelock North, and "Archerfield," Dunedin, specialising in part-singing, which has become so important a feature in musical training, the performance of her pupils making an extremely favourable impression on Lord Jellicoe when he visited the latter well-known college. After exhaustive study in various arts and crafts, including the latest modes and methods in artistic jewellery, Miss Hanham visited many parts of England, and, in company with Dr. and Mrs. Erickson (Adelaide), went over to Norway, that visionary Mecca that fingers in the imagination of so many stay-at-homes. It is good to know that, after her wanderings, Miss Hanham still finds New Zealand a fair and pleasant place; and it is hoped that students of the arts may have the advantage of her experience, skill, and amazing versatility.

Miss Rachel Mandl (West Coast) is enjoying a prolonged stay abroad, after several months in London. Paris she found delightful, but most of all she enjoyed her long anticipated visit to relatives in Vienna. She is planning a week or so at Nice, after which she will begin to think of the return journey to New Zealand.

Clockwork Wireless.

There has recently been put into use at the Lambeth Hospital, London, what is probably the most wonderful wireless installation of any hospital in the world. All the buildings within the hospital are connected with the central set, and entertainments given at the hospital can be enjoyed by all the inmates, besides the broadcast programme from London and Daventry. The control of the set is automatic, and almost the only attention needed is once a fortnight, when two clocks must be wound up. At present there are 67 loudspeakers and four hundred pairs of headphones, but the equipment can be increased to eighty loudspeakers and two thousand pairs of headphones without unduly taxing the set.

Backchat From the Corpse.

An American preacher was delivering a funeral oration, in the course of which he remarked that the deceased was happy—far happier than he was on earth.

A woman in the congregation then announced that she had been in spiritual communication with the dead, and that this was not correct.

"I have delivered two thousand five hundred and thirty-six funeral orations," remarked the preacher, "and this is the first time I've had any back-chat from the corpse."

Pavlova's Shoes.

Surely one of the quaintest business contracts in existence must be that which binds a certain shoemaker of Milan to send, every fortnight, two dozen pairs of baller shoes to Pavlova. At one time the famous Russian dancer used to rely on being kept supplied with the dainty footwear so necessary for her stage work without making a definite arrangement with any shoemaker. It thus happened that on occasions she found herself practically without any shoes! Rather than face the risk of being without ballet shoes fit to dance in, Pavlova decided to adopt a strictly business-like method of ensuring an adequate supply, and two dozen pairs are despatched to her from Milan fortnightly in whatever part of the world she may be.

Giving Him Air.

It is difficult to find a new joke about Aberdonians. Perhaps the newest concerns a man who fainted in an Aberdeen street. A crowd gathered, and one man in it said, "Gie him air." As the crowd turned away another was heard to say, "Gie him the air yourself."



MISS MARY SHAW, A.R.A.M.

Miss Shaw is a member of a quartet at 3YA, in which also are Miss Nellie Lowe, Mr. A. G. Thompson, B.A., and Mr. T. G. Rogers. She is a singer with English training and broadcasting experience, and her advent into radio at Christchurch will be welcomed by listeners. Her next appearance at 3YA will be on Wednesday.

WOMAN AND HER HOME

Dressed Tomatoes.

Six medium-sized tomatoes, 1 small cold boiled potato, 1 small cucumber, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and vinegar. Cut a round about the size of a shilling from the stem end of the tomato, remove the core without breaking the skin, and sprinkle inside a little salt, pepper, and vinegar. Cut up the potato into small pieces, also the cucumber into thin pieces; mix them together with the parsley, pepper, salt, and mayonnaise, and with these fill the tomato. Smooth over with a little mayonnaise, and serve on a lace paper or folded napkin.—Miss Marion Christian, 2YA.

Home-made Cloudy Household Ammonia.

Ammonia, one pint; methylated spirit, quarter-pint; borax, 2oz.; powdered castile soap, 1oz.; hot water, one quart.

Dissolve the borax and soap in the water; when cool add the ammonia and spirit; perfume, if desired, by adding a quarter of an ounce each of oil of rosemary and oil of citronelle.

Salad Dressing.

For a good ordinary salad cream the following recipe is a reliable one:—1 raw yolk of egg, 4 tablespoons oil, cream, or cream and oil together, 1½ tablespoons vinegar, ½ teaspoon made mustard, salt as required. Mix the yolk of egg and mustard, add the oil, cream, and vinegar alternately, and (especially the vinegar) in small quantities, and rub together well between each addition, or it will not thicken properly.—Miss Marian Christian, 2YA.

Keeping Pianos in Condition.

When a piano must be left in a closed house for any length of time, especially near the seaside, there is no better way to preserve it, as I have proved by experience, than to lay newspapers around the wires and over the keys; in fact, wrap the instrument in newspaper in every way possible. Over all place a heavy woollen covering. The tuner will find your piano in better condition after the winter in which it had thus been protected.

American Pickle.

To eight quarts of cold water add 7lb. of salt, 10oz. of saltpetre, 1lb. dark treacle. Mix all well together and let it stand for 24 hours. It will then be ready to receive beef, pork, or tongue.

This pickle possesses many advantages; the principal one is that the meat never gets too hard or too salt. It will keep good from two to six months, according to the quantity of meat cured in it. A scam rises which should be skimmed off from time to time.

Lincoln Sandwiches.

Cut thinly some brown and white bread and spread with butter. Cut cold boiled tongue and gruyere cheese in thin slices. Arrange the tongue on the white bread; over the tongue place the brown bread, over the brown bread the gruyere cheese, then repeat. Pat under a weight for several hours. Serve them cut crosswise in thin slices. If sandwiches are wrapped in a serviette dipped in hot water and wrung nearly dry they will keep fresh for hours.

Hasty-Tasty Soup.

Break an egg into a breakfast cup; beat up lightly with a fork, add one teaspoonful of Bovril and fill up with boiling water. Result—a cup of very nourishing and delicious soup. This recipe is the result of war-time experience.

A Hair-Washing Hint.

When washing hair, put a tablespoonful of vinegar in the rinsing water. This takes all the soap out and improves the colour, and is especially good for very greasy hair.

How to Shell Brazil Nuts.

Place nuts in a moderate oven until warm. If the shells are then cracked, the nuts will come out whole and the skins can be easily loosened.

The Letters of Annabel Lee

My dear Elisabeth:

Evadne came and went this week, after her tour abroad, in a blue and green suit of travel, an Arlenish Green Hat, and earrings of jade that suited well her slender oval face and expression of sparkling vivacity. Also I had the opportunity of welcoming Mrs. H—, who made an effective passage down the gangway garbed in a suit of stockinette, cleverly dissembled to a slight roughness of surface and markings skilful and deceitful enough to achieve a close resemblance to the hard-worked epidermis of the domestic calf, the charm of which age cannot wither nor custom stale.

I am told that, even after Bond Street, our dressing is quite admirable in taste and modishness, except that we have not yet widened our hat brims, particularly in front. Very distinctive are the clothes secured by Evadne, who on a shallow purse, aided by a taste that is unerring, does wonderful things. Particularly was I charmed with a mole coat of fur, of a chic and slenderness remarkable, and a cheapness that made me sigh. Much she has to tell of English hospitality, of royal gracious welcoming of a stranger in a strange land; of English homes entrancingly oak beamed and stately of staircase, and gardens primrose-starred and thick with daffodils. Interested in many things, particularly the cause of education, she was impressed by a school in a very poor district, where hundreds of children in the slum area are well and truly trained in the art of music as well as in more utilitarian subjects. The singing of these children showed a quality of joyfulness, an exactitude of method, and beauty of modulation, admirably attained by one who is a master in musicianly knowledge and understanding of child psychology. Evadne was taken to hear a concert of the trained voices of two thousand children who sang with remarkable beauty and appeal; and also was told that these youthful followers of the muse sang for the wireless, and, from the impression gained of their melodious achievement and charming articulation, I found myself envying possessors of wireless sets in London.

Do you observe the waistline creeps up and up and up? On the humming thoroughfare, plain and

pretty maidens are wearing brief skirts ruffled to somewhere very near the human waist. In panic I watch the steady ascent, for to me, and to many, the long line is sartorial salvation. A figure that is Junoesque, a limb that is perfect, is adaptive; but imperfection clings to a mode that is merciful, and short legs look better, move better, create a more successful illusion with a not too clearly indicated waist. On conveying myself to an early exhibition of the autumn modes, I find that true and tried ally, the ensemble of navy blue, much to the fore in several attractive silken creations, one with a beguiling hint of powder blue introduced unexpectedly and with success; another boasting a jumper of comfort and elegance, with rose and blue and green stripes that, curiously enough, although they go round and round as insistently as those on a vulgar beer barrel, by a strange skill have the effect of lessening, and not augmenting, that bugbear of modern matron and maid, incipient avoirdupois.

In these days of demolished conventions, grotesque smears and splashes of colour that we are told represent intimate emotion, staccato exclamations of an ugliness and exasperation unexampled, which are looked upon as inspired by devotees of the cult, it is interesting to be informed by that arch-priest of high-brows, Mr. Osbert Sitwell, that the standard of beauty remains lofty; he being of the considered opinion that, matched against the beauties of preceding ages, those of the present day can more than hold their own, the tendency to uniformity being unable to eradicate the stamp of individual loveliness. Quite often he sees faces that in the next few years will assuredly launch a thousand ships. It is encouraging to be assured by this very superior, though sincere, lover of Art (particularly on the Sitwell-esque plane) that there is loveliness now just as in the days of Romney, Gainsborough and Helen of Troy. Mr. Sitwell's wife is a very beautiful and uncommon type, if we are to judge from a group of photographs which are the work of a 22-year old artist, who is responsible also for an astounding portrait of the Sitwell sister, a poseuse par excellence, who has elected to be portrayed in "lying in state," and succeeds in making a

quite triumphant study of a corpse, which common, everyday word, one feels, would be painful and disconcerting to the subject of the picture, the possessor of remarkable intellectual beauty and many gifts and graces, from which the saving salt of humour obviously has been omitted.

Mr. Arnold Bennett is somewhat unpopular for the moment, owing to the doubtful taste of his strictures concerning the absence of the Royal Family from the funeral service of the veteran novelist and poet, whose ashes lie in Westminster Abbey, while his heart remains, as always, in the country he loved and immortalised. Mr. Bennett's admirable and buoyant novel "Mr. Prohawk" has been dramatised and is running successfully in London; the principal actor making up with extreme similitude as a replica of Mr. Bennett himself. Quite an idea this, for the lovers of the limelight, the Margots of this world, of whom there are many, both small and great. It is only necessary to write a play, beg, borrow or pay an actor to make up in your own image; and behold, before you will pirouette, or strut, or glide yourself as you long to be. If you are lucky, that is to say, and pick your actor carefully; there being always the off chance that we might "see ourselves as others see us", an even more interesting experience, and as humbling, possibly, as to hear frank personal comments repeated by a kind and candid friend.

An intriguing idea has been advanced by a courageous citizen of the under world concerning the always interesting subject of the holy estate. This brave lady thinks and hopes that one day, matrimony will be preceded by a trial trip, a preliminary canter, so to speak, over the meadows of romantic experience, which, one surmises, would be apt to become a little battered en route, as the merry men and maids went their rocky way, making short work of those dull, but necessary, bulwarks of convention, created for the bettering up of average morality, which is inclined to be wobbly, and not for those unfaltering, bright, bohemian spirits that in our optimistic moments we imagine ourselves to be, and in reality very seldom are. In any case, as always, the way of the pioneer remains hard.

Yours
ANNABEL LEE.

She Knew.

A dear old lady of 50 was taken by her daughter to the London Pavilion. Half-way through she inquired, "What is this piece, dear?"

"One Dam Thing After Another," replied the daughter.

"Yes, indeed it is," the dear old lady replied, "I see that; but what is it called?"

Narrow-Mindedness.

The park orator was vigorously denouncing a rival speaker.

"He's so narrow minded," he concluded, "that he could look through a pin-hole with both eyes at once."

Monologue, Also Epilogue.

"A monologue," says my tame cynic, "is a conversation between one who has just returned from a visit to the Continent and one who hasn't."

Why the Pictures Are Popular.

My tame cynic says he likes to go to the pictures for the sheer pleasure of seeing a woman open her mouth without making a sound.

Signs of the Times.

It used to take two sheep to clothe a woman; one silkworm can do it now.—"A Textile Worker."

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