

# From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

### They say:

That the frocking of Mrs. J. Gordon Coutes at the successful and largely attended garden party given by Mrs. Macarthy Reid at the Hutt on Saturday, carried with it a note of the inimitable charm and freshness of youth. Ivory triple-ninon, palely patterned, enhanced by a coat of heavy ivory marocain trimmed with shorn lamb; a white hat under the brim of which was set a soft feathery chou all went to make an exceptionally delightful ensemble—one that is not readily forgotten.

### A Water-Colour Show.

At the rooms of the British Medical Association, at 26 The Terrace, Wellington, at present is on view an entirely charming collection of water-colours, the work of H. H. Tombs. Anyone to whom delicacy of colouring and charm of composition make appeal will do well to look in for half an hour during this week. The small exhibition covers a wide range, from the cottages of England and a delightful London interior to gay bits of colour on the Mediterranean Sea and the Indian Ocean. Several views of Switzerland are to be seen, perhaps the pick of these being a Tarn at Grindelwald. Also is New Zealand and Australian scenery represented, differentiation of atmospheric effect being treated with sincerity and skill. To many doubtless the most fascinating picture of all will prove an Arab boat at Suez, which gaily scuds through aquamarine waves right into the heart of the beholder. Many of these attractive bits of colour are to be purchased for three, or even two, guineas; one dreamlike effect of a mass of cloud floating on blue ocean to be had for the latter sum.

### N.Z. in Australia.

Those interested in the far-too-sunny south may like to hear of friends of yesteryear who met recently in Melbourne at a pleasant tea party. Mrs. McKendrick was there (once Janet Landels), Mrs. Gamble (nee Tapper), Mrs. Donald Matheson (Ethel Hazlett), Mrs. Instone (Cora Fisher), Mrs. Callander (nee Fraser), Mrs. Gerald Doorly, her sister, Miss Whitson, and Miss Scherek.

Concerning Paula Scherek, so greatly appreciated by musicians and laity for her vivacious personality and great artistic gifts, many Christchurch people will regret to hear of an accident that befell her. Fumigating a box of clothes, on opening the lid Miss Scherek received the full blast in her face and was very near suffocation. Eyes and ears were badly affected, and for some time she could not speak. Nothing daunted, she soon fared forth, carrying a card, "An accident. I cannot speak," and also a pencil and block for communicating with her friends, thus bravely keeping the flag flying. As always, she is a vivid figure in large brown leather coat fitting nowhere in particular, the shortest of skirts, black skull cap, and high Russian boots.

### An Authoress's Party.

A novel way of entertaining guests was introduced by Mrs. Stuart Menzies, the authoress, at her party at the Hyde Park Hotel recently.

The hostess, who had arranged for a number of well-known Parliamentary characters to be impersonated, wrote for each impersonation a little verse emphasising some characteristic of the person represented.

Thus, when the entertainer impersonated Lord Balfour he recited the following lines, hitting off the Conservative leader's indecision during the tariff reform controversy:—

I am not for free trade,  
And I'm not for protection;  
I approve of them both,  
And to both have objection.

This was Mrs. Menzies' tilt at Mr. Churchill:—

Some say that my coat is reversible,  
And whenever a change is rehears-  
ible  
My country I'll serve  
With magnificent verve,  
My objections are always submers-  
ible.

Mr. Baldwin's pipe, of course, was pilloried:—

To cartoonists and other such folk  
My pipe is an excellent joke.  
To be perfectly fair  
I haven't much flair,  
But there's certainly plenty of smoke.

### A Little Knowledge.

"Can you show me one of those pianos you just wave your hands over? I want to buy one as a present for my daughter."

This was an actual inquiry in a London piano shop recently.

The gentleman had evidently been reading of the young Russian, Professor Theremin, who extracts music from the waves of ether by "waving his hands in the air" over his magical box. He wanted a piano of that type!

### Radio and Country Life.

A further good work is being accomplished by radio, which elaborate and expensive schemes have failed to do—to attract settlers from the cities to the outback, and to keep them there. The awful loneliness of days and nights, and the entire absence of social life and amusements, have driven many good men back to the city. Wireless, bringing to them the voice of the outside world, has changed the lives of thousands of outback settlers. Loneliness is forgotten when men, white men, and women, too, unseen but heard, banish space and boredom with song, music, and story. Through the familiarity of their voices on the air those people become firmly established outback as friends. Thus wireless is doing a work of national importance. It is quieting the urge in young men in the country to get to the city and to see life. It is keeping station folk abreast of the times. Newspapers and letters arriving weeks late are no longer devoured eagerly as "news." Radio has told of all the events of the day so quickly and completely that men thousands of miles from cities often know the march of events more speedily than their city brothers, who might wait for the newspapers to tell the stories the following day.

—Uncle Sandy, 2YA.

## WHY?

If every part of atmosphere  
Is filled with flying thought,  
In oral speech or music's strain,  
And to the ear is brought?  
If wireless messages can pass,  
And make the air their slave,  
From continent to continent,  
Across the ocean wave?  
And in the twinkling of an eye  
Be audible to men,  
Ten thousand leagues across the sea,  
And far beyond our ken?  
If song with all its liquid notes,  
As true as voice of bird,  
Can winged fly beneath the stars,  
And instantly be heard?  
If nothing in the heavens above,  
Or on the earth below,  
Can intercept a melody  
Upon its onward flow;  
In lands on either side of earth,  
Or in the realms on high,  
And all the ether pass it on  
Beneath the vaulted sky?  
If desert plain, or sand-blown dune,  
(Immensity of space)  
Can offer no obstruction, or  
These flying thoughts efface?  
If highest mountains cannot stop,  
These messages of air,  
Why should we ever doubtful be,  
That God can hear our prayer?

—Uncle Sandy, 2YA.

## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

### An Art of Broadcasting?

Is there an art of broadcasting—or can it do no more than borrow its form, like its material, from arts already in existence, music, drama, and the rest? This question has during the past five years been much under discussion. The sceptics, who still regard broadcasting as either a toy or a scientific freak, will tell you that it is no true art—only an inferior interpretation of the other arts. Do not listen to them. They are of the tribe of highbrow who believe that nothing which has a wide and popular appeal can ever be, in any sense, artistic. The fact is that broadcasting, having achieved comparative technical perfection, is gradually feeling its way towards an art form of its own. The development of this will be no overnight growth. Art does not come to birth that way. During the course of the next few years broadcasting will be giving to us something which no other art—the drama, painting, the cinema—can give. The first fruit of this patient development is the new form of drama which young writers like Cecil Lewis, with a faith in the potentialities of the broadcast play, are giving us. (From the "Radio Times.")

### Our Candid Friend.

This is a true copy of a letter received from a New Zealand listener:—Your programme reminds me of a 3rd rate Boarding House, dishing up morning after morning, day in, day out, Lamb, Ham, Sausages, or Mutton. For a change they would hash them up and call it Dry Hash. The only difference being you mix them together in couples and eat, only to make the flavour worse, then there is the tryo—yes, they are trying, that's all one can say, I am sick of hearing them, one gets tired of rice for breakfast, dinner and tea all the year round. I am so sorry Miss T.—was indisposed, however I had also suffered enough with her only effort, I developed a fearful spasm, however I got rid of it with a good strong Brandy only to get it again when her partner sang solo. Thank my lucky stars they did not sing together. I really believe I would have had to laid up for a time. What a wonderful recitation of — to say it was rotten is to flatter it. Your soprano singers, not one out of 20 are worth a tin of fish. I would dispose of them like I would a scraped Ham Bone, Miss — well she can sing, but we do not get much of her, not that I care much for sopranos however I like to give credit when due. Miss — may be alright, but — in my opinion is superior over the wire, then there is — and lots of others, whose songs are of Moses' time, all of Love, Love, and Love makes me sick, give us something with some life in it, here a few songs they might sing. In the Sweet Bye & Bye, Down amongst the Dead men, The Dying Duck, Its a Sad Sad World, Mother's Dead Baby, and such like they are so elevating and would brighten the workers of the City Council and say Workshop workers in their evening's, do not on any account fail to have these sung in Italian as they all understand the Dago language. However Mr. Announcer you (poor fellow) have to listen to it all. Oh! Oh! how I do envy you, thank goodness I can put down the Phones, if your programme does not improve I may be hard on it next time I attempt to criticise. Yours & cetera, Crystal User. P.S. My misfortune that I cannot buy a better set so that I could tune it on to a live wire.

### For Dog Lovers.

Alexandre Dumas, the famous author, claimed some extraordinary qualities for his dog Pritchard. He said, "Pritchard is the only dog in whom I have found originality and unexpectedness, the qualities that one finds in a man of genius." Allowing for the natural exaggeration of a lover of dogs, it is true that any dog possesses the qualities that one finds in a man of genius. Which submits the question, Can dogs think and reason? My own opinion is that they can, since some of the things they do undoubtedly pass beyond mere instinctive reaction.

Probably most of us will refuse to go all the way with Alexandre Dumas, remembering his Gallic exuberance of phrase, but most of us agree with another thing the same famous author said about dogs.

"I think God is equally concerned with man, and with all the other animals to which he has given life," he wrote. "But perhaps God has a special leaning towards dogs, for of all the animals it is the one to whom he has given an instinct that comes nearest to the intelligence of man."—Pastor W. D. More, 4YA.

### An Explanation.

A speaker at a recent meeting of the U.S.A. Institute of Radio Engineers partly explained a mystery that has troubled many men since Adam.

He was discussing loudspeakers. He told how the distribution of harmonics differentiates the various musical instruments, and how the richness of a tone, at its original source or in its reproduction, increased in proportion to the number of harmonics. Then he made this statement:

The fundamental frequency of a man's voice is of the order of 125 cycles per second, and of a woman's voice 250 cycles. In order to reproduce a man's voice in its full richness, the reproducing device must handle frequencies only as high as 5000. A woman's voice has more harmonics, so that it would be necessary, in order to reproduce her voice with equal richness, to handle frequencies up to 7000. That is one reason why it is so hard to understand a woman!

### A Radio "Shadow."

An American destroyer division reports that there is a radio "shadow" along the north side of Haiti, which makes it impossible for ships cruising along the north side of the island to communicate with vessels on the south side during the times when the high mountains of Central Haiti intervene.

### Bang Went Someone's Overcoat.

The returned Aberdonian was recounting the glories of London.

"I went into one of their tea shops," he said, "and for sixpence I got a cup of tea, a scone, and butter, and a new over-r-r-coat."

### True Wisdom.

A bachelor is a man who looks before he leaps, and having looked, does not leap at all.

Ever since Eve was produced by depriving Adam of a rib woman has hindered man from putting on side.—Mr. Douglas Woodruff.

## The Letters of Annabel Lee

In heaven the only art of living,  
Is forgetting and forgiving,  
Mutual forgiveness of each vice,  
Such are the gates of Paradise.

### My Dear Elisabeth:

Thus sang Blake, simply and sweetly, in time long past, and we are as far off as ever from his gentle creed. But if we all grew too good, 'twould be but a dull world. Balzac's opinion was that dissimulation adds to the charm of women, and doubtless many are of opinion that recrimination adds to the charm of the world. Talking of brawls, lately I saw a film version of Joseph Conrad's "Romance." Full to the brim is it of primitive passion and piracy, deep blue sea rolling round an isle of mystery; whither quests Ivor Novello, in the guise of a Spanish captain who is at once mountebank, soldier and hero. Youth and beauty in distress he rescues from the Bold, Bad Man, skilfully depicted by Roy d'Arcy. Joseph Conrad's beautiful story has been converted into thrilling melodrama that produced a series of shocks not at all resembling my suspense and delight when first I read that epic narrative of the vision splendid depicted by the magical pen of the master. Of all the handsome protagonists of the screen, Ivor Novello carries the palm. Youthful and of a grace remarkable, with great gifts as an actor, and nothing of the experience-scarred touch that spoils John Barrymore for the role of ardent Romeo, he has a nobility in the shaping of head and face for which one usually seeks in vain among the heroes of Hollywood.

This week that nice boy Richard Barthelmess is appearing in "The Patent Leather Kid," in which gripping screen play his admirable abilities find scope. Never again, perhaps, will he have so wonderful a chance as in "Broken Blossoms," that realistic and heart-rending tale of Chinatown; but in this latest role he does very fine work, portraying how, in the terrible school-room of the Great War, slackness, brag and paltriness are purged away, giving place to qualities that go to make one of those men whom we remember, or should remember, with high gratitude through all the years that are left to us.

Verily this year of our Lord is the Day of Youth, which shines with a great effulgence at home and abroad.

### Frivolity on the 'Phone.

A man rang up the box office of the Little Theatre, London (the home of repertory) the other day. "What play are you putting on next Saturday night?" he asked.

"You Never Can Tell," was the reply.

"No, I suppose you can't with a repertory company," agreed the inquirer.

### The Subtle Difference.

"What is the difference between 'Scots' and 'Scotch'?" asks an inquirer.

"Twelve and six," says one who knows.

Cecil Beaton's one-man show in London was an example of this, whither thronged modern man and maid in great number to admire its own contours, or those of its friends, depicted by this youthful and brilliant painter, photographer and sculptor. With the independence of his age and time Mr. Beaton refuses to be bothered with people unless he happens to like them. How enviable, to be sure! Oh, would some power the gift give us to take the same stand!

Also with the perennial and fleeting charm of youth is Rex Whistler, lately making a great success in decoration of the new Refreshment Room in the Tate Gallery. Of an interest unique, brilliantly clever indeed is the painting he has achieved. Ruins are depicted in his decorative scheme, and prancing steeds; moonlit abbeys, antelopes, gazelles, and all the fun of the fair; while through the beauty and wonderment walk, and ride, and linger slender ladies with their cavaliers, wearing quaint garb of another decade. On every wall of this fascinating room is a painted sequence of whimsical and decorative fantasy; all this extraordinary vision and executive ability having been acquired in twenty-two short years, perhaps inherited from the misty past, or it may be just a plain gift from whatever gods there be.

The Summer Sales are in full blast, and shop windows are bedecked and bedizened with truly terrible left-overs, cast-outs, the rejected of all. Extremely pitiable they appear, and dear at the price, however cheap. Here and there, if one has a sharp eye and a pound in the purse, a good garment may be snapped up. One such confronted me recently; a dainty-damsel-ish confection in silk of the shade beloved of middle-aged mediocrities who buy it because it matches their eyes. Fashioned with the skimpy "body" of the moment, billowy skirt vandyked at hem, over the shining surface of this Frock for a Debutante, as the placard has it, are little scattered nosegays of the forget-me-not species of horticulture, the whole creating an effect of a pink and blue shepherdess of Arcady.

To many women the cult of blue has great appeal, and they will rejoice to know that turquoise is again high in favour. Chunks of it are

## TO ELECTRA

I dare not ask a kiss,  
I dare not beg a smile,  
Lest, having that or this,  
I might grow proud the while.  
No, no, the utmost share  
Of my desire shall be  
Only to kiss the air  
That lately kissed thee.

—R. Herrick.

### Just as Well!

Tony Weller was right when he said "Beware of vidders," for widows know all about men, while the only men who know all about them are dead.

### Radio Enters the Show Business.

Broadcasting, which started as a part of the electrical business, has developed into an important member of the show business. Pay-rolls of from 500 dollars to 2000 dollars a night are paid out for talent alone on the big American chains; outstanding entertainers are reported as getting as much as 2000 dollars for a single short appearance before the mike. And radio is making its own artists, too. So great has been the demand of the public to see radio artists face to face that a broadcasting chain has established a bureau to provide personal appearances for its own artists.