

# From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

### Artist to Travel.

At an appropriate time after the performance of "In a Persian Garden" at 3YA on Wednesday evening, the announcer took the opportunity of expressing regret that this would be the last occasion on which Miss Jessie King would sing for Radio in Christchurch. Miss King is shortly leaving on an extended tour through America to the Old Land and the Continent of Europe, where she will take advantage of the opportunity for further study in the realm of music. For some time now Miss King has been a member of the Madame Gower-Burns Grand Opera Quartet, the members of which are as sorry to lose such a talented associate and agreeable companion as listeners who regularly tune in on Thursday evenings will be to learn of Miss Jessie King's departure from radio at 3YA. Musical circles in Christchurch are tendering Miss King a complimentary concert, which will be held in the Jellicoe Hall on March 27.

### An Excellent Motto.

Ever since those halcyon days in Eden, when Eve experimented with her first fig-leaf peignoir, woman has always striven to appear her best. Of course, there were no beauty specialists in those days, but as she had no rivals to outshine, crow's feet and divers wrinkles arriving with advancing years gave her no cause for sleepless nights. However, in these hectic times, when the milestone of forty draws nigh a little dexterously applied, art certainly makes all the difference (at any rate, at a distance!), and, lest we forget, let us remember that excellent modern motto: "Hair and eyebrows may be lost, but a good transformation endureth for ever!" In sooth, woman has always put forth all her arts and graces to attract that elusive biped man! In a night brunettes have become blondes and vice versa. Truly Eve ate the apple and threw Adam the core to get on with! A good example was Lot's wife, a bad "lot" at the best,



MRS. ERNEST DRAKE.

Mrs. Drake is probably the leading pianiste in Dunedin, and has been before the public for many years past. She was formerly Miss Clarice Wood, of Auckland, in which city she was equally as well known as in Dunedin.

—Artliffe, photo.

nevertheless, had she kept her eyes right, and not turned round when leaving the city to give some Johnny the pleasant eye, she would doubtless never have been turned into a tin of Cerebos! Moreover, just as good artificial flowers brighten a dismal room in winter, so will a well-preserved and tended complexion enliven the eyes, and, incidentally, the hearts, of those about one when reaching the evening of life.

In years to come, should the monkey glands become an institution, we shall all be endowed with the elixir of perpetual youth, and there will be nothing left for the beauty specialists to do but pack up their little bags of tricks and gracefully and mysteriously disappear like the flies in winter.

### Passing of Jazz.

Jazz is passing, they say, and what are called the "soulful strains" of the waltz are coming back; the "Blue Danube" has been heard again in the land, and as delightfully as ever. But whether jazz be, in fact, passing or not, it is being abused as if it were, and there are few musically-minded people who will refuse some measure of sympathy with Sir Henry Coward's and Sir Landon Ronald's denunciation of its excesses. Yet, in art as in politics, I am unable to frame an indictment against a people, and still less against a whole world, for jazz is universal, and has been every whit as popular in Vienna, the home of the waltz, as in New York. What is merely bad is never universally popular, and always there is some positive goodness in it. So there must be in jazz.

## WISDOM

A man loves a woman when he has time. A woman always has time to love some man.

Running away with one man because you've had too much of another is jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

If you wish to shine in society, talk to women about their clothes and to men about themselves.

All that raises a titter is not told.

"Watched pots never boil"—but a watched husband does, and quickly.

The woman with a past generally keeps a sharp look-out for the man with a present.

All the nice men are either engaged or married, but the nicest of all are dead. Ask their widows.

## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

### Where's the Catch?

A certain popular clergyman, who shall be nameless, is in the habit of repeating his sentences several times over to enable the congregation thoroughly to grasp their meaning. On one occasion, while preaching in a very poor district, he came to the following words: "Who was John the Baptist?" He brought them out very slowly and distinctly, and then repeated them. He then paused, and after glancing slowly round the church, once more repeated the words, "Who was John the Baptist?" To his surprise, a very seedy-looking individual at the back of the church shuffled to his feet and remarked with a smile, "Look here, guv'nor, I know there's a catch somewhere, but come on, who was he?"

### Table Decorations.

Considering the scarcity and expense of flowers in winter and early spring, coupled with their short duration, more attention might with advantage be given to the construction of the wild garden in miniature, with its tiny lily pool, or stunted fir tree overhanging some rocky projection; many small artificial flowers can be obtained and used in accordance with their rightful season of blooming. If Nature's aid is sought by the introduction of twigs, mosses and lichens, an open-air feeling will be conveyed; many of the "everlastings" are most helpful, and easily be obtained. Colour, of course, should be the dominant note, enhanced by the aid of artificial lighting. Candle shades repeating the motive chosen, give an added charm. A polished table, with its "autumn scene," can indeed become a joy, with its sparks of orange, and the red of the black berry toning in with the purple lines of the fir-bark, the latter forming an excellent substitute for rock, patterned by shadows from the overhanging trees.

### Did Her Best.

Among the many amusing stories which the founder of the Salvation Army—the late General William Booth—used to tell is one concerning a certain woman from one of the slum districts of London. This woman came to him one day, and complained bitterly of the bad conduct of her husband, whom she described as absolutely worthless. The General, who was always rather fond of Scriptural quotations, listened to her tale of woe, then inquired of her solemnly: "Have you ever tried heaping coals of fire upon his head?" "No, was the instant response, "but I've tried 'ot water."

### Tactless.

The least tactful young lover was he who told his girl she was nice enough to eat, immediately after he had been saying that he liked plain food best.

## The Letters of Annabel Lee

My dear Elisabeth:

Many a "nymph, a naiad and a grace" sported on the green on Saturday afternoon, in the Prime Minister's lovely garden, the occasion being a garden party in aid of the great work of the Red Cross. What though the sun with ardent frown Had lightly tinged their limbs with brown.

Of these young twinkletoes? Graceful to a degree were the dances, and delightful to watch in that Arcadian setting of blossoming shrubs and mighty trees. Half a dozen swaying girls in scanty draperies of turquoise, black Gretchen-ish plaits bringing out their eyes' young blue, danced under a vivid silken canopy; whilst a bevy of babelets of five or so, in green and gold frills of exceeding abbreviation, were perhaps most ravishing of all. Miss O'Brien's pretty pupils helped towards the success of the function, which was a very happy one all round, with an occasional insinuating blare from the pipes, and the Tramways band playing gaily in its own musicianly fashion. Punch and Judy met with rapturous reception, Pierrot summoned credulity to consult a Soothsayer, who in strange garb and a quiet corner poured a strange tale into the willing ear of the wearer of a Green Hat. Stalls were stocked with enticing edibles, one vendor in black and white and becoming swathed turban doing remarkably good business. Awed admiration was excited by the wearer of a jersey suit of bright flame-colour, eminently trying in bright sunlight to most complexions, but an ensemble carried off in this instance with audacity and success. Almond green gowns looked delightful, in particular one worn by a flower seller, splashed with impressionistic blossoms of heterogeneous colouring and skilful stitchery.

Peacefully apart from the restless crowd were one or two patients from the Hostel, and one hoped they enjoyed the shifting kaleidoscopic scene. Interest was centred in some carving by one who has suffered, and still suffers, from war disability, who of his generosity sent along the screen, a clever representation of a Maori pah, to help the cause. A beautiful act, coming from one who has given so much for his country.

On leaving, as I passed a fringe of lavender violas, my eye concentrated on a charming group, which might well have been christened "When We Were Very Young." Posed for the camera, young limbs fell into easy gracefulness. Green-garbed elves tip-toed against long banners of creeper that closely clung to whiteness of wall, in the foreground crouched a handful of winged sprites, while against a tree lounged negligent Pan, leopard skin slung round slim body, reedy pipe to lips. The Youth of the World, it seemed, and might have come straight from a happy, lovely tale of Hans Andersen.

Joan says standing room only was the order of the afternoon at the Welcome Home accorded to Lady Ferguson by the Otago Women's Club. Punctually at the appointed hour came the able and charming President who, by grace of a rarely magnetic personality, attracts all grades of society and seemingly antagonises none. A rare gift, this, and not to be lightly regarded. The club reception room was decorated with massed hydrangeas, its attractiveness further enhanced by willow-pattern plates sent from England by Mrs. Colquhoun. Very beautiful in the black velvet hat that made so attractive a setting for dark eyes and silvered hair, Lady Ferguson's address to the members was of great interest, perhaps the most appealing being an account of the great work of the Child Welfare Club in London; it also being good to be told that New Zealand products are finding great favour at home. On the day following this pleasant function in Dunedin there was a goodly gathering for the laying of the foundation stone of the new Town Hall, successfully accomplished by His Worship, assisted by the Mayoress and the Architect (Mr. Mandeno), while Ministers of the Crown sat to attention. Bands played, flags fluttered in brilliant sunshine, the Prime Minister adorned the dais, and so did Mrs. Coates, looking delightful in white; also the Hon. Downie and Miss Stewart, the latter petunia-clad; and Mrs. Mandeno, beautifully befurred. Among the guests were Mrs. Taylor, in enviable furs and a velvet hat, Sir Charles Statham, with his

accustomed bonhomie, Mr. and Miss Denniston, and Dr. and Mrs. Merxington.

During the week I have read Mary Borden's "Flamingo," which runs to a multitude of words, and though interesting, as it could not fail to be from the author of "Jane, Our Stranger," there is at times an unpleasant tang that was not absent from other work of this original and brilliant writer. In "Things as They Are" Miss Delafield tells an "over true tale" of marriage, somewhat dull, somewhat irksome, with a round of everyday duties and an inarticulate husband, to the wife, aware of approaching middle-age, comes a would-be lover, charming and debonair enough to disturb the even ripples of existence; yet, when all is said, she clings to that same existence, says farewell to romance, and goes on "doing out the duty." A quite unoriginal theme, but told with all Miss Delafield's vivacity and sure touch on life's little ironies.

Engrossing are the verses—although for some of them, expletives would seem a more suitable description—of that most modern poseuse of them all, Miss Edith Sitwell. Of an imagination and gift of delineation of the most fantastic and tropical, a staccato wealth of words, and a form of literary expression more chaotic than Browning at his best, this slim little volume leaves one mute, not altogether in admiration. The least bewildering begins thus—

The sky was of cinnamon,  
Stars were like cloves,  
The wind cherubical,  
Fawning and finical,  
Wears silken gloves,  
Came the great painauquin.

Rather fascinating, and faintly reminiscent of Francis Thompson's lovely, fragmentary "To a Snowflake"; but much of Miss Sitwell's work, brilliant though it is, proves intensely exasperating to people who prefer something with a tune in it, so to speak, or at any rate, what they can understand, even if it's only—

If you will lunch with me at half-past one,  
You'll meet Maria's unimportant son!

Your  
ANNABEL LEE.



MISS SHEILA NEILSON.  
F.T.C.L., L.T.C.L.

An elocutioniste, and one of Dunedin's leading concert performers. She possesses a very pleasing diction and manner. Miss Neilson contributes frequently at 4YA.

—Artliffe, photo.

### Queen of Puddings.

4oz. breadcrumbs, strip lemon rind, 1 1/2oz. sugar, 1 pint milk, 2oz. butter, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons raspberry jam.  
Method: Put the milk and lemon rind in a pan and allow to boil. Place the breadcrumbs, butter, and sugar into a bowl, pour the boiling milk over them, removing the lemon rind, and allow to stand, covered, for ten minutes. Add yolks of eggs, put into a pie dish, and allow to become quite set in a slow oven. When cooked spread raspberry or strawberry jam over the top. Whip the whites of eggs stiffly and pile on the top of pudding. Dredge with sugar and brown in a slow oven.—Miss Marion Christian, 2YA.

## Children's Sessions for Next Week

### AT 1YA.

TUESDAY, March 20:—Cinderella with all her host of entertainers will amuse the children.

WEDNESDAY: Uncle Tom's hour, and oh! the rollicking improvisations with which he will delight boys and girls.

FRIDAY: Nod will be assisted by a host of little cousins, and bedtime stories will be told by Nod in a most entertaining fashion.

SATURDAY: Cinderella and all her host of entertainers.

SUNDAY: Song Service conducted by Uncle Leo.

### AT 2YA.

MONDAY, March 19:—Toby and Jeff will delight the little ones with their cheery greetings. The Technical College will join in the fun and give items suitable for young and old.

TUESDAY: Why? Uncle Jasper of course, with his merry wit and entertaining stories. Uncle Jasper has a party of Mrs. Menard's pupils with him and together they will win your hearts.

THURSDAY:—  
Here's Uncle Sandy "The Rhymer bold" to-night.  
Little Girls and Little Boys,

Remember this we pray,  
Uncle Sandy rhymes to-night,  
In his delightful way.

FRIDAY: Uncle Ernest with messages and stories that hold the little ones in rapture. The Kelburn Normal School will assist Uncle Ernest.

SATURDAY: Auntie Dot and Auntie Gwen will lull you "bye bye" with stories, songs and cheery words.

### AT 3YA

MONDAY, March 19:—  
Uncle Jack and Auntie Pat,  
On Monday, we shall hear,  
With lots of songs and stories,  
For children far and near.

### WEDNESDAY:

On Wednesday, Uncle Peter,  
And Mother Hubbard fair,  
With happy Woolston choiristers  
Will drive away dull care.

### THURSDAY:

Our very charming Chuckle,  
Aunt Pat and Cousins small  
With love and mirth and stories  
Will please you one and all.

### FRIDAY

There's no place for care  
to-night,  
Amid all these merry faces,  
Little friends and Peterkin  
With Big Brother in their places.

### SATURDAY:

Uncle Sam and Auntie May,  
With Auntie Vi and Cousin

### Roy

Will quickly while an hour away,  
There's cheer for every girl  
and boy.

### AT 4YA

TUESDAY, March 20:—A delightful treat for the kiddies—Big Brother Bill, assisted by little sisters and brothers in an entertaining hour of songs, humorous recitations and stories, not forgetting birthday letters.

FRIDAY: What a wonderful hour—Big Brother Bill again, with his scrumptious surprises. Trips in a wonder car—but "listen" yourself and you will find out all about them.