

From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

Mrs. Elmore leaves this week on her return journey to her home in England, and was accompanied as far as Wellington by her brother, Dr. F. Fitchett. Mrs. Elmore has been on a six months' visit to her father, the Dean of Dunedin, who is shortly retiring from his long ministry at All Saints' Church, to the deep and affectionate regret of those who have been privileged to find help and consolation, spiritual and intellectual, from his great gifts.

Round the Shops.

Evening cloaks are delightful, and many models are available suitable to women of varying ages and purses. A heavy black georgette cloak richly embroidered with oxidised bugles and diamante, and made with a shirred pillow is an example of exquisite taste. Another is an apple-green paillette-encrusted georgette wrap, with a handsome border of pink roses and a petal collar of georgette. A reversible gold lame cloak is lined with rich ruby-coloured velvet.

Ring Velvet.

For evening frocks the newest thing is ring velvet that is so drapable, soft and charming.

A lily-of-the-valley green frock, with a full, pointed skirt that reveals a dainty under-dress of silver lace has a flesh-pink georgette vest, and a pink flower at the waist.

A black ring velvet dress, made over a black underslip, has an effective "sunburst" design embroidered in diamante on both skirt and corsage. On another gown in Romney blue, draped gracefully to one side, a girdle of diamante forms a delightful finish.

Sleeves from Paris.

Sleeves which are almost tight to the elbow and have long, drooping Chinese cuffs which are caught in to the wrists are a feature of many of the latest coats, both in fur and fur-trimmed. Some sleeves are almost tight-fitting, with little gauntlets turned back over the hand. On an ermine coat which is made in shallow circular flounces and fringed with little black tails, the sleeves are full from the elbow to form a circular cape round the lower arm. The same shaped sleeve is used for cloth, silk, and velvet coats which are fur-trimmed.

A High Waist-line.

The waist-line, when indicated at all, is set above the hips and pinched in at the back, and on some skirts there is trimming below the hips of a fussy nature. Evening frocks are longer, but those which are worn during the day are still short. A circular flow at the hem of fur coats is an alternative to the long straight coat with a wide fold-over.

No Wonder.

The police doctor handed a high-brow magazine to the suspected inebriate.

"Read me something from that," he said.

The suspected one opened the book, gave one glance and then said, "It's all right, Doc. I'm drunk."

He had tried to read a poem by Gertrude Stein.

The Letters of Annabel Lee

My dear Elisabeth:

Adapting the Rubaiyat, myself when bored do oftentimes frequent a picture play, and find great devilment. The saccharine quality, however, was more evident in the latest Pickford production now running at the Empress, which is of that purely domestic variety in which the World's Sweetheart makes havoc of the sentimental heart. Although she has proved herself a sufficiently accomplished actress in more artistic roles, Mary clings closely to the Little Girl form of divinity, preferring to gaze childishly from fringed and liquid eyes, toss untidy curls, the while she smiles her way into the favour of immense, admiring audiences. Having said this, however, I am all admiration for the manner in which Miss Pickford acts the part of the adorably clumsy "store hand," is guardian angel to her feckless family, storms the affections and becomes the Best Girl of the son of the boss, unconvincingly masquerading as a fellow-employee. The little play moves along smilingly in familiar fashion through wet, wet streets, amongst incredibly rapid motor cars, including a quite idiotic court scene and the vindication of the heroine from mercenary motives, to a satisfactory finale on the boat for Honolulu, where we have our last glimpse of the lovers, clutched in a tornado of transport. All this and more also was obviously to the delight of the chewers of gum and chawers of ice cream who comprised the afternoon audience. Not that the absorption of saccharine sustenance is confined to picture fans; among a large number of the devotees of theatrical art, highbrow as well as lowbrow, apparently 'tis a law of the Medes and Persians that mastication is an aid to appreciation.

We are told that the delightful art of Miss Edna Thomas is to be broadcast by the B.B.C. This is good news for those who remember that charming warbler of negro spirituals and the melodies of the Creole, into the interpretation of which she infused an infinite subtlety and musicianly quality of a unique charm. Now, through the wonder of wireless, the beauty and pathos and rarity of her work will be appreciated by thousands, who otherwise would be unaware of the haunting melody and meaning of these songs of the mixed races.

Triumphantly in these days of simplicity of dress has many a plain Jane emerged from the ordeal of a chemise frock and shingled hair. It is doubtful if in any decade the woman of fifty, or even sixty, summers, has socially had a better run for her money than in this year of our Lord, and aren't we all glad to be alive nowadays instead of the prim and prurient days of Victoria the Good? All the same, "'tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true," that lovely woman does not always look that best which is greatly desirable, however emancipated she may be. A great help thereto will be the veils that, I predict, are soon to descend upon femininity like quills upon the fretful porcupine—not an altogether happy simile, by the way. Consoling are these tiny wisps of tulle or lace that shade the eyes that are apt to screw up and become dull and fagged after a strenuous morning under a glaring sun and amid the screeching trams. And so we welcome the veil which, though only a tiny one, like the historic baby, is as veritably a veil as one worn by a sultan's favourite, and perhaps will prove as fascinating.

At a small, gay recent tea appeared a sports suit that is surely the precursor of what will prove a very attractive uniform for the busy, well-dressed woman. Very simple, very well cut, was this garment of softest satin on the so familiar jumper lines, in colour of twilight green, the low folded belt clasped in front with a brooch of opaque quality and splashed with the hues of a fading rainbow; the whole effect so artistically satisfying that 'twill encourage a sartorial epidemic among those who admit preference for clothing of the sports variety, now that the tweeds and woollens, once so popular in this connection, have been left in the lurch, and more seductive materials employed in the fashioning thereof.

In the realm of the ornamental it is worthy of note that birds and beasts and fishes flaunt a brief day. Particularly the former; and small-winged creatures flame suddenly in modish turbans and skull caps, given verisimilitude to feathered fowl by the addition of sweeping brilliant feathers of some defunct songster. How intriguing to the eye, par exemple, was a tiny bird of crystal, such as was never visualised by W. H. Hudson, with drooping tail of

green and blue plumes, its loveliness perched low at the side and adding piquancy to the demureness of a close fitting hat, worn with austere tailored suit of that black cloth that will make a bold bid for favour in the autumn that looms so close.

In "A Long Week End," an author who lately made a distinguished success in a study of modern youth, tries her hand at a short story with considerable originality and wit. She tells of two lovers who, by the fell clutch of that circumstance that is too much for most of us, are hindered from the marriage insisted upon by convention, and so go off together for an unsanctioned honeymoon. This somewhat ancient theme is played upon with vivacity, ingenuity and literary skill. The devotees of free love are stopped in their enlightened quest by the hazard of fate, and very amusingly made to act in entirely different fashion from those little plans that so woefully go "agley"; finally being roped in for the doing of good works in a small and pious township. And so back to Paddington station, whence they set forth with high hopes, to begin all over again, having been thwarted in their dash for liberty. Which goes to prove that fate still works for our good as well as for our ill, as Emerson told those who lived and loved in the dull days of the Victorian era, when matrimony was the golden goal of the young and frolicsome and also of the old and determined. I wonder if it still is.

"I sez to him, sez I," I overheard in Hill Street, "marriage ain't wot it wos, not wot it's cracked up. Marryin's no use to me, sez I to him, I don't think about it no more. I want a bit of fun, I sez, an' no worries..." nodding a battered head, on which reposed a hat decorated with what was once a feather, assisted by a bunch of the gaudy flowerets one associated with overflow baskets at sale-time.

Her companion shook a conventional head moodily. "Marryin's a sight better than this huggin'-muggin'," she said with finality. "My Jim married me after six months. I've never missed no one like my old man, and that's Gawd's truth. And he'll never come back no more," she finished with a break in the beery voice.

So, as ever, 'tis every man to his taste.—Your

ANNABEL LEE.

The Lure of Linen.

Love of linen is innate in woman-kind. You can always find numbers of the more sober-minded who consider that too much money and time is lavished on clothes and millinery; but when it comes to buying a dozen towels or a pair of sheets, all the world is your accomplice. This regard that linen inspires is not precisely to be explained. Even though linen is so beautifully adapted to its peculiar uses, other fabrics also have their peculiar uses, and in many cases more extended application. Is it due to the ancient origin of linen? Perhaps—and yet wool was used before linen. Certain it is, however, that the genuine housekeeper turns with pride, not to her stock of blankets nor her long-enduring carpets, nor her cotton quilts, but to her shining damask tablecloths and napkins, to her towels and her cool, glossy sheets. There it is! I do not seek to explain it; but linen has a rank, a regard in the world of textiles that is above all others—just as certain personalities stand pre-eminent in a room full of people.

Intrinsic Purity.

In Egypt in ancient times, when they embalmed their dead, they wrapped them in linen—for they knew it would outlast centuries—and now, 4000 years afterwards, when we dig these ancient up, the linen kindly laps them still, though other fabrics about them fall to dust at the first breath of air. In ancient Assyria and in Babylonia linen was always associated with royalty. In all ages it has stood for purity—the very word linen suggests a kind of intrinsic faultlessness. These are secrets of the human heart that do not allow of logical explanation. I enumerate them not, as has so often been done before, with a vague feeling that they constitute a reason why we should continue to buy and use linen to-day, but to show that the love of linen has persisted mysteriously in many ages, and been common to many different societies.—Mrs. R. Thomas, 2YA.

Pineapple Trifle.

Two stale sponge cakes, 1 tin pineapple chunks, 1 pint milk, 2 yolks of eggs, 1oz. sugar, 1 pint cream. Little essence of vanilla. Method: Cut sponge cakes into fingers and put into a dish with layers of pineapple between; soak in pineapple syrup, make custard, and when cold pour over cake, etc. Put a layer of pineapple at the top, whip cream, sweeten and flavour, and decorate the trifle with this. Sprinkle with chopped browned almonds.—Miss Marian Christian, 2YA.

Stewed Ox Tail and Tomatoes.

1 ox tail, 2 ozs. chopped ham, 1 oz. cornflour, 1 small onion, 4 or 5 tomatoes, 1½ pints warm water, 1 oz butter, pepper and salt, and bovril.

Method: Wash and remove the fat from the tail, cut into neat joints, melt the butter in a pan and fry till brown; also fry ham and onion sliced, and tomatoes sliced. Add water and simmer slowly for 3 hours. Put the tail on a hot dish, mix the cornflour with a little cold water, thicken the liquid with this, add pepper, salt, and bovril, and pour over the tail and serve.—Miss Marion Christian, 2YA.

Children's Sessions

AT 2YA.

Monday commences a new week in the realms of magic and fairyland. Toby and Jeff will bow before the microphone and lead you into a veritable hour of delight.

On Tuesday Uncle Jasper will take you still further into the entrancing land of joy. All this girls and boys who believe in fairies and gollywogs are invited to inspect the shady dales and glens of Fairyland. The members of Marsden School are coming.

Thursday—Uncle Sandy's hour. He will show you how the poets rhyme and say pretty things in Fairyland. The Cheerio Radio Club will sing their melodies and duets right from the heart of the woods.

On Friday Uncle Ernest will investigate this fancy realm and give us of his best for one whole hour. The Hataitai Sunday School Choir do not intend to let him spend the hour alone.

On Saturday Auntie Gwen and Auntie Dot, being also of an inquisitive nature, will visit the pixies and elves, and will spend an hour telling you all about their experiences.

AT 3YA.

Sunday, March 25:—Uncle Sam's hour of sheer delight to all children and grown-ups.

Monday—Uncle Jack and Aunt Pat (Aunt Edna is away on holidays)

are in charge to-night. Look out for Uncle Jack's stories!

Wednesday—Uncle Peter and Mother Hubbard, with their quips and pranks and stories!

Thursday—Chuckie and Aunt Pat. Another pleasant hour.

Friday—Big Brother with stories for big and little boys and girls.

Saturday—Uncle Sam and Auntie May—the usual treat every Saturday.

AT 4YA.

Sunday, March 25—On Sunday evening, at 5.45, the children's song service, conducted by Big Brother Bill, will be presented. He will be assisted by a choir of children's voices from the Hanover Street Baptist Church Sunday School.

Tuesday—Big Brother Bill will be right on the job to entertain thousands of kiddies who eagerly await his voice. Besides the letters, birthdays, and bed-time stories, there will be a programme of part songs and glees by the pupils of the Macandrew Road School.

Friday—Big Brother Bill will be assisted by Joyce at the piano, fairy music on the guitar from Big Brother Norman, recitations from Ruth, and mouth organ music from Ken. On this night we will have a thrilling trip in the famous wonder car to see the world's queer folk,

HEADS OF THE CLAN

GATHERING IN CHRIST-CHURCH

Our radio families have grown into a veritable clan, and a monster clan at that. There are thousands of nephews and nieces, and each station has its group of aunts, uncles, big brothers and so on. During a recent week it chanced that Uncle Ernest, of 2YA, Wellington, Uncle Leo, of 1YA, Auckland, and another gentleman from the northern city who gave the children some thrilling tiger stories "over the air," and was forthwith christened "Uncle Mack," were all in Christchurch together. Of their presence full advantage was taken at 3YA. Uncle Ernest talked about monkeys from his experience in South America; Uncle Leo about dogs he had known in Australia; and Uncle Mack, as previously mentioned, about big game hunting of his own in India.

It was a happy thought, therefore, when these visiting uncles were invited to meet their Christchurch colleagues before leaving on their homeward journey. There were present from 3YA, "Pollyanna," "Aunt Pat," "Uncle Jack," "Aunt May," "Uncle Sam" and "Big Brother."

The common interest of all in radio, and particularly in service for the young folk, formed a strong link of friendship and a fruitful topic of conversation. It was a delightful and memorable gathering. Unfortunately "Aunt Edna," "Aunt Vi," "Chuckie," "Uncle Peter," "Mother Hubbard" and "Peterkin" were unavoidably absent. Uncle Jack welcomed the visitors and extended greetings to their respective and various co-workers and radio families. "Uncle Ernest," who has been a radio uncle for two years, made a happy response. One could not but feel that our ever growing "clan" is fortunate indeed in its chieftains, and in the organisation responsible

for their appointment.

Wireless is still in its early stages. The services of the uncles and aunts may be regarded as more or less in the nature of pioneering work, but if the foundations are well and truly laid, then there are great hopes for the future. Being more or less in its infancy wireless will grow contemporaneously with the young and rising generation. They and it will, in the process, react and interact. If it is made a factor for good in their lives, they will come more and more to appreciate its almost limitless possibilities, and themselves to contribute to its splendid development in days to come.

The little function described above was a happy augury. No wonder the children's sessions are so popular!

UNCLE GEORGE AT 1YA

Owing to ill health, Uncle Leo, the Rev. Lionel Fletcher, has had to give up his week-day children's session. His place has been taken by Uncle George, who is in private life the Rev. George Coats, an Anglican clergyman.

A THOUGHT FOR CHILDREN FROM 2YA

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all, be as happy as kings."
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

There once was a silly young negro,
Who sat watching a coconut tree grow;
At the start there was one
But before he had done
There would probably be quite a big row.

—E.L.R.

CHILDREN'S SUNDAY SERVICES

APPRECIATION OF UNCLE LEO

The Auckland Sunday School Union recently forwarded the following resolution to the Rev. Lionel B. Fletcher: "At the meeting of the Union held last night I was instructed to express the sincere thanks of the Sunday school teachers of Auckland for the helpful service being rendered by you on Sunday at 1YA. May your health permit you long to render such service."

WIRELESS AND THE FARMER

The Prussian Government has appointed a scientific commission to study the wonderful results that have been obtained with crops in the neighbourhood of the wireless aerials of Potsdam.

The fields have been planted with wheat, rye, potatoes, and other vegetables, and in every case the crops produced by the land near the wireless aerials were richer than those produced by similar land some distance away.

It has already been shown that crops can be increased by means of aerials supplied with high-tension electricity suspended over the ground and it is quite possible that the immense amount of energy dissipated in space by big wireless stations will yet be turned to useful account in this way.