

# From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

They say:

That the jubilee of Dunedin's Shakespeare's Club was an artistic and social success, as was to be expected in the southern city, that is apt on occasion to do things so uncommonly well. Many past members made a reappearance, and Mr. J. C. Stephens's speech was memorable and interesting, recalling as it did the club's history and achievement through the years, and in the great tribute he paid to its founders, through whose ability, enthusiasm, and loyalty the club had been an entertaining and educational force. Especial recognition of the great work of Mr. A. H. Burton was accorded, and also to Mr. T. W. Whitson, whose long association, intellectual attainments, and unselfish zeal will long be held in remembrance. Many notable names in the Dominion's history were recalled as patrons of the club, and Mr. Stephens, president of the club, made graceful reference to former holders of the office, and paid an especial tribute to the scholarly addresses of Mr. Alex. Wilson, afterwards published in book form.

On a stage decorated with graceful palms, and banners of blue and gold, past and present members are to be congratulated on their brilliant work in extracts from the imperishable plays; the performance of Mr. A. C. Hanlon and Mr. J. B. Callan in "Othello" being especially memorable. It was good to listen once more to the wonderful voice of the former as Hamlet, in which he was admirably seconded by Mrs. Gair's Ophelia, Mrs. Laurence, daughter of a former well-known dramatic singer, gave a very fine rendering of Queen Katherine; but, amid so much that was artistic and arresting, it is difficult to particularise. During an interval Miss Meda Pains, in gold tissue, sang a Shakespeare song to the charming lilting music of Dr. Arnes, causing one to wonder whether any modern stuff is as good; and Mr. G. W. Johnston sang a Schubert song delightfully. A pleasant supper party was held behind the stage after the performance, where it was interesting to see Mr. Hanlon like a present-day Shakespearean Bunthorne, surrounded by budding Juliets, Ophelias, and Desdemonas.

### The Joy of Looking Slim.

Style and slinness are not dependent on youth. When you are shopping or having tea at your club, watch the hundreds of well-dressed women who pass. See how many women of middle age or over have a graceful, easy carriage and style. As carefully observe the young girls of from 18 to 24. Some of them are exquisite, but are all of them? Alas! not by half. Many of them, with their heads craned out and their backs curved in, look dowdy and loosely hung together. This loosely hung together look is not attractive. The body should suggest a sculptural-like firmness. One sure and evident fact, and oh! so divinely comforting this is, is that style, posture, and a youthful figure are not attributes limited to either age or youth. The posture, litheness, and style of the many women of the stage and screen are a living proof of this statement. The years touch them so lightly because they have learned that the appearance of youth is merely a matter of knowledge applied with care and attention.

### Correct Posture.

Style in the art of dress or any other fine art is a matter of correct line. And never forget that the well-groomed woman, be she thin or stout, is the well-corseted woman. If you have the secret of correct posture you can retain at sixty the youthful lines of sixteen. The fault lies in your spine—not in your age, nor even in your excess weight. Ignorance of the proper function of the spine—the keystone to health, beauty and youth—has resulted in that thick settled look, that tell-tale sign of age!

Although we cannot all have the goddess-like lines of Venus de Milo, correct proportions, elasticity and litheness are within every woman's reach if she will inform herself what a perfect figure is and exert herself to attain it.—Miss Buebleach, 4YA.

### Women and Politics.

Thirty-eight women candidates have up to the present been endorsed by the three political parties to contest constituencies at the next general election in England. Nine are Conservatives, six are Liberals, and twenty-three are Socialists. Among the Conservative candidate will be the Duchess of Atholl, M.P., Lady Astor, M.P., Lady Iveagh, M.P., Mrs. Hilton Philipson, M.P., and Mrs. Pankhurst.

### Shock for Hall Porters.

There was a mild sensation at one of London's big hotels the other night. A superbly-dressed woman came in after the theatre for supper, bearing in her arms apparently a very young infant.

Commissionaires and hall porters ran forward amazed, and there was almost consternation when she was seen to fling the baby down with her bag and her wrap on to a settee.

It was then discovered that the baby was made of wax. It is the latest toy which women carry about with them.

Rather an expensive toy, for the cheapest of them costs about fifteen guineas.

### Premier's Story.

England's Prime Minister tells a good story against himself. Films were made of his tour with the Prince of Wales, and one company presented Mr. Baldwin with a copy. The other day he had a number of friends staying with him at Astley Hall, and it was decided to show the picture.

When the apparatus was fixed up it was found that a new carbon was required. So Mr. Baldwin motored into Kidderminster and called at a picture palace. At the pay box he asked the girl if he could see the manager. "No, you cannot," she replied. "He cannot see travellers in the evenings."

### Practice.

An applicant for the position as a floorwalker in a large store was asked what experience he had. "My twins have just finished teething," said he.

## YOUTH RENASCENT

Hearts and heads and heels of feather—  
These are gifts that will not stay;  
They triumph over any weather  
But Time will bear them all away.

Some say that on another earth,  
Or happy once again on this,  
Again as babes we come to birth  
So once more taste our youthful bliss.

Up the highway, young blood singing  
Chase the rim around the world,  
Feathered heels of youth are winging—  
All too soon are pinions furled.

Youth is gold in morning light,  
Flashes back from leaf and rill,  
Gleams in all there is that's bright.  
Flies from everything that's still.

If it's so, since age we must  
In nerve and sinew, heart and brain,  
Let us, ere we fall on rust,  
Kill ourselves to live again.

—F. Tennyson Jesse.

## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

### Emergency Heater.

To make an ordinary oil lamp into a heater in times of emergency, invert a large flower pot over the chimney. See that it does not touch the glass anywhere, and support it well. It will throw off quite a good heat.

### Cheese Custard.

Ingredients: 1lb. cheese, grated or shaved finely, a teaspoonful of breadcrumbs, one pint of milk, one egg.

Well butter a pie-dish. Put a layer of breadcrumbs, then a layer of cheese, until the dish is nearly full, breadcrumbs being on top. Add a little salt. Well beat the egg and add the milk. Then pour gently into dish until nearly full. Bake in a slow oven as you would a custard. Serve with mashed or chip potatoes. This is a very delicate and nourishing dish.

### "Modern Misfits."

A "Reconciliation Bureau" is part of the work of the Salvation Army (says the "Morning Post"). Its business is to mend the quarrels of husbands and wives, uncles and aunts, or, as the yearly report so aptly terms it, "of other such contentious individuals."

The work of the first year can now be studied in detail, and an eighteen-page booklet, published recently, is edited by Mrs. Booth. From these we learn that of 300 cases analysed by the Salvation Army during the first few months of the bureau's work, 69 were brought to a happy issue. In 171 cases people were advised and helped by employment or by being given financial aid, and in 23 cases legal or medical aid was found.

### Marriage as a "Release."

Salvation Army officers have learnt many things from their inquiries into other people's troubles. Here are some of the things they say:

"Too many boys and girls leave school without having obtained a rudimentary knowledge of the things that are vital to their future happiness."

"Young people should know more about the elementary laws of the mind and spirit, discipline, sacrifice, and hygiene."

"Many youths who contemplate marriage are actuated only by the desire to possess, while some young women regard matrimony as a release from the monotony and drudgery of factory, shop, or office life."

Unemployment and the housing shortage are responsible for many unhappy marriages, but Mrs. Booth also blames the "marked materialistic tendencies of thought which have a deteriorating effect upon family life." Lack of proper respect for parental authority and over self-assertion have made many marriages which have afterwards proved failures.

### Britain First Again.

Less than a year ago Mr. John L. Baird, the inventor of television, set up a receiving screen in a Glasgow hotel and, over a telephone trunk line, displayed the antics of a London office-boy. Recently New York cabled the news of successful television installation in four or five private houses. All this within a year! Where shall we be within ten years?

In public entertainment, education and the like a revolution is coming which will transform the world. And once again it is Great Britain, with her young Glasgow engineer, that has made another mighty contribution to the welfare of humanity.

Education, at long last, will become a living thing, at least in the humanities. Children will leave school knowing the Chinese better than neighbours in their own streets. They will have seen Canada and New Zealand for themselves. Agriculture they will have studied at first hand under all conditions.

They will have been on personally conducted tours over the great engineering works of the world.

Yes, a fascinating game this to dip into the future. And then, recalling with pride that the genius of a Briton has provided the means, we may well express the sincere hope that the material which we provide shall be fully worthy of our nation's greatness. At the least, television will make war more impossible and ridiculous than ever.—A. Corbett-Smith.

### Care of Linen Embroidery.

A great improvement on starch for doing up linen is the following "stock": Dissolve one ounce of gum arabic in half a pint of warm water. For use, add one tablespoon of this solution to a quart of water. Nothing is easier than to spoil a good piece of embroidery by washing it carelessly. Every trace of soap must, of course, be rinsed out before the drying process is begun; and then, as it is most unwise to wring an embroidered article, it should be folded in a clean dry towel, and as much moisture as possible pressed out of it. The embroidery should then be pinned right side up over a piece of clean blotting paper on a board or deal table; and if the pins are many and stuck in firmly and the material stretched as tightly as possible, the delighted embroideress will find waiting for her next day a beautifully crisp, clean piece of work which needs no ironing, and probably looking much finer than when the last stitches were being put into the embroidery. The storage of linen is of importance. A cool, fresh room in a press from which daylight is rigidly excluded is the ideal storage for linen. Under these conditions it will retain its white colour, preserve its silky sheen and far outlive linen which is stored in a hot press or which is constantly exposed to daylight.

MRS. R. THOMAS, 2YA.

### A Telling Retort.

A certain American statesman, well known for his ready wit and the telling retort he always has for an interrupter, was on one occasion addressing a rather rowdy meeting when a turnip was thrown at him. It fell harmlessly on the platform, and the statesman, picking it up, showed it to the audience. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "one of our opponents has lost his head!"

Irishwomen spend £1,000,000 annually on silk stockings.

## The Letters of Annabel Lee

My dear Elisabeth:

"The priest will always be a priest, even though no church ordains him." Her own memorable sentence is applicable to Miss Maude Royden herself, whom quite soon we are to be privileged to see and hear. In her recent book "I Believe in God," this gifted lecturer and writer outlines so persuasively the grounds for her triumphant asseveration of her consciousness of the Divine that almost she persuades to be Christians those who dwell in the darkness of doubt. Very tolerant her charity, and extensive her phraseology as she sets forth her creed of what might be termed modernised Anglicanism, Miss Royden being a potent force in the Old Land, and it is certain that our little Dominion will not fail in its gesture of appreciation and hospitality.

The dear old subject of the matrimonial misfit never fails to lightly lure the thoughts of young men and maidens, old men and children, as witness the crowd that gathers to gaze with passionate attention at the outward and visible signs of a "scrap" between Bill and his missis in Tory Street. At present this perennial problem engages the attention of playwrights; and Mr. Robert Lorraine shows power and imagination in his production of another of Strindberg's plays unpleasant. The unattractive topic, is Mr. Kipling's phrase, "the hatred of man for woman, the hatred of woman for man," and the exponents of the unhappy gospel of a husband and wife penned up on a lonely island. To the island comes an unsuspecting young man, whom the tigerish lady forces into amorous intrigue, while all the time tragedy stalks in the offing, although the denouement strikes an unconvincing note of reconciliation between this distressing couple.

More modern, if not more normal, and likewise "more suited to adult audiences," in the simple slogan of the picture proprietor, is "Regatta," another version of the triangle eternal, in which an Egyptian, persuasive, suave, and capable of exceedingly fiery spasms, tries his wiles with entire success upon the heart of an Englishwoman, beautiful, cultivated and of the great world. The lady responding with ardour, marriage is discussed with the alluring Oriental, the previous matrimonial tie apparently to be quite easily un-

tangled by an exceedingly accommodating spouse. It being represented to the chivalrous sheik, however, that such a union would spell social ruin to the lady, the Gordian knot is cut by his spectacular suicide. All very entertaining, and entirely unedifying.

Certain droll little books were published in the days when people of no importance desired to be taught how to comport themselves in what they termed the upper circles; these amusing compilations being termed "Habits" and Speech of Good Society," or something of the kind. Other times, other manner; and the modern version of this cult is the appointment, by a British Film Company, of a well-known society woman to act as social overseer in the production of the silent drama. A step in the right direction which it is hoped will be followed in America, remembering as one does disastrous solecisms committed in some unconsciously humorous production wherein was essayed the apparently herculean task of reproducing men and manners in the stately homes of England.

"Pilgrims," by Ethel Mannin, enchains the attention of those interested in the many manifestations of the artistic temperament. The diagnosis of life in the studio quarter of Paris, with its faintly ironic touch, is pitiless and diverting. Truth and realism are stamped on the description of these polyglot poseurs, who laugh and jostle and paint in this vivacious and up-to-the-minute novel concerning the world of art on the Continent. All very human and convincing, except the hero himself, whom Richard describes as a mug where women are concerned. Certainly somewhat of a laggard in love is this ultra-impressionistic young genius, who out-cubists Epstein in splashing portrayal of the colour of the world; and after some sordid explorations in the primrose path of the emotions, he loses his golden girl, who somewhat surprisingly gives herself to the lordly come-hither of a brilliant, Bohemian rake, who in profanity, ability and dirt is miles ahead of Mr. Locke's Beloved Vagabond.

While rambling through the best shop in town, with special favour I regarded an evening gown of black ring velvet, its slender flare of skirt and sombre distinction most agree-

### Buying Beauty.

Prophesying smooth things is always an endearing occupation, and, according to the advertisements to be seen in the pages of every paper which caters for feminine tastes, it is just as easy to be beautiful as it is difficult to be good. Beauty, that "excellent sweet thing," eludes most of us, but when all's said and done, half a loaf is better than no bread, and the half-loaf of good looks is cheap, if it helped to appease man's—and woman's—hunger for the withheld gift of the gods. But indeed beauty can be bought. Hie you to the stores of Mother Nature, present the cheque of a generous disposition and a healthy mind in a healthy body—for this you may purchase "a countenance in which doth meet sweet records." Sympathy—universal sympathy—is a wonderful beautifier of the countenance. Wherever you will find it masquerading as "good looks." After all, as Oscar Wilde said, "It is in the brain that the poppy is red."

### RETROSPECT

Grey sky, brown water, as a bird that flies,

My heart flits forth from these,  
Back to the winter rose of northern skies,

Back to the northern seas.

And I remember me how twain were one,

Beside that ocean dim,  
I count the hours passed over since the sun,

That lights me looked on him.

And dreaming of the voice that, save in sleep,

Shall greet me not again,  
Far, far below I hear the Channel sweep,

And all his waves complain.

—Andrew Lang.

### A Useful Night Lamp.

Into a four-ounce bottle put a piece of phosphorus the size of a pea. Then fill the bottle to about a third of its capacity with olive oil which has been heated, not boiled, for fifteen minutes. Cork it well, and in the dark it will be bright enough to see the time in the middle of the night.

This lamp ought to glow continuously for six months, but should it become dim, uncork the bottle for a few minutes, and it will glow brightly again.

### Cooking in Thermos Flasks.

A thermos flask (pint or quart size) is a handy and useful "fireless" cooker, in which almost any food that is cooked by boiling in water, stock, or milk, is cookable. Raw food put in the flask at night is hot and deliciously cooked in the morning. Put meat, fish, vegetables, and fruits (cut small) and cereals in flask, then add liquid for the cooking boiling and seal at once. No food cooks under three hours, but it keeps hot for twelve hours without overcooking or losing flavour.