

From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

They Say:

That the Dean of Dunedin, accompanied by Archdeacon Fitchett and Mr. Whitehead, warden of the Ecclesiastical College, will be in Wellington during the meeting of the General Synod, to be held in about a week's time.

That many people will miss Dr. G. W. Hartly and Mrs. Hartly, who, accompanied by their family, intend leaving immediately for a British and European tour. They will go via Australia, and expect to be away from the Dominion for a comparatively lengthy period.

Beautiful Napery.

Beautiful linen appeals to every discriminating house lover more than any other possession. So much so that if for instance a really distinguished hostess were told that she must make her choice between silver or china or table linen or glass (meaning that the item chosen might be the most valuable possible, and the other three very moderately priced), it is certain that her choice would not be silver, nor china, and certainly not glass, but table linen. An obvious choice, after all, since plated silver can be beautiful, and inexpensive glass and china can have the decorative beauty of rarer example. But there is no substitute for quality in table linen. Nothing can imitate fine, even threads closely and skilfully woven—nothing can imitate (not even when it is starched and glazed to the uttermost), the soft satin smoothness, the suppleness and weight, of best quality pure linen damask. The linen closet is the treasure chest in truth of the fastidious hostess. Beautiful napery is always heavily soft—it falls very much the way satin does, and it has almost a satin sheen, but heavier, softer, finer. We all know, of course, that nothing is more delicious to the face than a heavy damask towel, or more becoming to the bathroom towel-racks.

The Hour of Ceremony.

Dinner in every important house has always been the hour of ceremony. The test of a practised hostess is in dinner giving; the test of a perfectly appointed house in its table equipment is the quality of its linen damask. Linen that is beautiful because of its texture is something that the unknowing seldom, if ever, appreciate.

The hostess without tradition is apt to think if her table cloths and napkins are thickly embroidered and heavily lace-trimmed, they are something to be proud of. Perhaps they are. Perhaps again they are not. It is true that lunch cloths, supper-cloths and tea-cloths, runners, mats and doyleys, can be trimmed as much as purse can pay for. A hampering qualification this last, since it must be pointed out that the more elaborate the trimming, the greater the necessity for fine quality. In other words, trimming must always be in addition to quality, and not an attempted camouflage of its lack.

As an example of bad taste, nothing could exceed a certain picture film, that in one of its scenes attempted to show a fashionable and luxurious dinner-table. Anyone knowing anything at all could see that the over-trimmed table-cloth was of such tawdry cheapness that no woman of taste could possibly give it house-room. One of the characters left the table holding a napkin which stood out like a square of paper muslin, small in size, stiff in texture, and bordered with the cheapest but very ornate lace.—Miss Buccleugh, 4YA.

Disconcerting!

Among the fund of Scottish anecdotes told by Sir Archibald Geikie, the famous geologist, is one concerning a minister who had been appointed to a Scottish country parish. During his first round of visits on his parishioners he called at a small farm, but found only the farmer's son at home. He was shown into the parlour with due ceremony. Glancing round the room his eye finally rested on the bookcase. "Are these all the books your father has in the house?" he inquired of the boy. "Aye," was the stolid reply. "Now tell me," went on the minister, "which of them does he use oftenest?" "That one," replied the boy, at the same time pointing to a large leather-covered Bible, which seemed to be well worn. "Oh, the Bible," said the minister, beaming; "I'm glad of that. How often does he use it?" "On Sunday mornin'," was the reply. "Oh, only once a week?" said the minister. "Well, well, does he read it aloud to you all, or just to himself?" "Na," came the disconcerting reply, "he sharpens his razor on't."

Curacao.

Peel very thinly the rinds of two Seville oranges and one lemon. Add ½ lb. sugar candy and one bottle unsweetened gin. Infuse in a covered vessel for three weeks, stirring daily. Strain and bottle, covering the cork with wax.

A Unique Honour.

Few people feel more sympathy with Lady Haig in the loss of her husband than Mrs. Mary Bell, who for four and a half years shared the duties of maid of honour to Queen Alexandra with Lady Haig, and who had a double wedding with the Haigs in the Buckingham Palace Chapel. Before her marriage Lady Haig was Doris Vivian, Lord Vivian's sister, and we used to take it in turns to act as maids of honour to Queen Alexandra. It was the Queen who suggested that they should have a double wedding in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace. This was an honour accorded to no other commoners either before or after.

A Woman Politician.

The recent return to Parliament of Lady Iveagh has immensely strengthened feminism in the House of Commons, placing at the service of English womanhood one of the cleverest female brains in these enlightened days. She has already given such a taste of her quality that the House knows that she will go a long way. In her speech on the Prayer Book measure she addressed the House of Commons as one to the manner trained, and in a style worthy of a descendant, as she is, of the great Speaker Onslow.

A Bostonian having read Shakespeare for the first time observed gravely: "I don't suppose that there are twenty men in Boston to-day who could have written that book."

The Letters of Annabel Lee

My Dear Elisabeth:

Once more the Scottish City may plume itself upon being the birthplace of a risen star. To the long list of men hailing from Dunedin, who have achieved distinction in this Dominion and the wider world beyond, is to be added the name of the latest appointment to the Judiciary. The wearer of the august robes of equity must needs be a very perfect knight indeed, if adequately he is to fulfil the claims of his high calling; the calibre of those who have gone before setting high standard for the manners and morals of men. Mr. Justice Smith is known to be able and fearless, a humanist who is not hide-bound in theory, but, possessing a strong sense of honourable obligation, is ever ready to attack the nearer duty to humanity with energy and conviction. One predicts for him a shining career upon his proud pedestal; and if, by ill chance, for some transgression we or our friends one day should figure before him in the doomful Chamber over which he holds omnipotent sway, let us hope he will insist on the suppression of names, although perhaps that particular privilege is reserved for the Lower Court, wherein do congregate lesser lights of the criminal constellation.

Which reminds me of Lady Macbeth, that splendid treader of the downward path. A long way to leeward has swung the pendulum of taste, when London is asked to listen to this greatly tragic lady speak her magnificent lines clad in the latest mannequin mode of 1928. Unduly iconoclastic, it would seem, thus to disturb a conception based upon the divine art of Ellen Terry as, swathed in classic draperies of a grace and import sublime, majestically bearing aloft a mediaeval lamp. She intoned that over true tale, "... What's done cannot be undone!" Other days, other ways; but having had a standard set by an Irving and a Terry, a Belieu and a Brown-Potter, it would perhaps be the better part of wisdom to let well alone as far as this particular tradition of the English stage is concerned.

Richard the Good being encountered by chance on a recent evening, in an unwonted mood of frivolity, I was gathered in for a cinema show, whither we travelled by tram, incidentally observing how strangely

"MON VIE A SON SECRET"

(Translated from the French).

One sweet, sad secret holds my heart in thrall;
A mighty love within my breast has grown,
Unseen, unspoken, and of no one known;
And of my sweet, who gave it, least of all.
Close as the shadow that doth by her fall
I walk beside her evermore alone,
Till to the end my weary days have flown,
With naught to hope, to wait for, to recall.

For her, though God hath made her kind as secret,
Serene she moves, nor hears about her feet
Those waves of love which break and overflow.
Yea! She will read these lines, where men may see
A whole life's longings, marvelling, "Who is she
That can so move him?" and will never know.

—Felix Arvers.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

From the New Diary of Samuel Pepys. The Real "You."

"To the office and there found a stir, which I do inquire into, and find it is a subscription list for wyreslesse, which is to be given to the hospitals, and a mighty good idea, too, though it cost me a shilling or two. Whatever I thought amiss of the charity of the town in my ignorance, I perceive I was wrong. Never have I had better proof of the kindness of the folks hereabouts, for everywhere they do subscribe that the wyreslesse music may be conveyed to the poor sick people in their beds in hospital, so that though the patients' feet cannot be set a-jiggling, they may have the refreshment of joyous music in their ears, which shall do much to help them towards recovery of health, which is best served by merriment, lightness of heart, and the praying of God's goodness."

How to Make Tea.

Put the tea into cold water and bring this to boiling point, or a few seconds longer, according to the quality of the tea and the taste of the tea-drinker. Pour through a strainer into a warm teapot. The advantages of this method are a revelation to anyone who follows it.

Cheese Pancakes.

Prepare a thin batter as for pancakes, and set aside for 1½ hours. Stir in 3 tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, make quite thin pancakes, and fry in hot fat. Then sprinkle with a little grated cheese and roll. These are very good as a savoury.

Your face is more nearly you than anything else in your whole personality. Your clothes may belie you, your body betray your soul, but your face exposes you. You may have been born without beauty, but the woman does not live who cannot be made pleasant to look upon. Your thought, your impulse, your courage, your whole way of thinking and living, are in your face, and your intelligence is reflected by the condition of the face, the care you give it, and whatever charm you have. Everything should be done to enhance the face, but the moment you step over the enhancement, the effect is grotesque. Artificiality is beauty bankruptcy. It is better to have an ugly face than an artificial one.

Tell-tale Eyes.

When you say to yourself that a woman is beautiful, is it not generally the expression of her eyes first, and her smooth contour next? The eyes will tell you how young, how well, how happy she is. If she is not all three, then know that she is extremely clever. She knows the secret of looking young and beautiful, the proper way to treat the muscles round the eyes to maintain their mobility and firmness. Sunken eyes, drooping lids, wrinkles and puffiness under the eyes are the real enemies of beauty. Particular care should be taken of the eyes, to keep them strong, clear, and bright, and to keep the skin round them smooth, firm, and young. Eyes can be strong, clear, and beautiful to the last day of one's life if they are properly cared for. There is a method of resting, cleansing and exercising the eyes which is the result of long research and practice by one of the most famous oculists in the world.

A special eye cream nourishes the delicate tissues and muscles round the eyes, eradicating those fine lines that come from strain and neglect. Eye cream should be applied liberally at night, patting it in under and above the eyes with the cushion part of the second and third fingers to firm and tone the relaxed, tired muscles of the eye. Look up as you pat under the eyes. Devote a few minutes to each eye, and allow cream to be absorbed during the night.—Miss Buccleugh, 4YA.

A National Broadcast.

The Welsh National Council of Music, the National Museum of Wales, and the Corporation of Cardiff, co-operating with the B.B.C., have evolved a scheme for a "National Orchestra of Wales" to perform in public and to broadcast nationally.

The B.B.C. undertakes to support the scheme financially, and the Cardiff Corporation provides the Assembly Rooms at the City Hall on two nights a week with permission to charge for admission at popular prices.

The Council of the National Museum of Wales has for one experimental year given the museum for a daily hour of free music, and on four days of each week a midday (or afternoon) orchestral concert will be broadcast from there.

The orchestra will begin with a personnel of thirty on a permanent salary basis. Mr. Warwick Braithwaite, conductor of the Cardiff Musical Society and Musical director of the Cardiff station of the B.B.C., will be the first conductor.

A New Invention.

Anybody who wishes to carry on his or her new correspondence in inviolable secrecy can buy one of the most ingenious machines ever invented. It has a typewriter at each end, with most complicated machinery in the centre. You typewrite the message at one end; it then passes through something over a million combinations, and appears typewritten at the other end as a maze of letters. No one letter ever appears twice the same in the code, so that it is impossible to obtain a key.

When the meaningless array of letters reaches the proper recipient, however, who is, of course, armed with a similar machine, he types the received message, and it is decoded without the slightest hesitation or error.

One of the greatest triumphs for the British manufacturer is a new calculating machine that will add, subtract, and change pounds sterling into dollars, francs, and lira all at the same time, and perform algebraic calculations with a turn of a handle.

Negative Goodness.

"Sometimes," says a well-known woman novelist, "people are given an easy-going temperament, and have not the energy to go wrong." That reminds one of the saying of that cheerful philosopher, Oliver Wendell Holmes, to the effect that, just as there were positive blondes and negative blondes, the latter being fair simply through the absence of colour, so there were positively and negatively good people, the negative variety being those who had never done anything actively bad. The present generation never reads the Breakfast Table series; but it often happens that one sees the thoughts of Autocrat, Poet, or Professor revived in another form, though doubtless without intentional plagiarism. Was it not Gilbert Frankau who spoke of young men, "Too bored to sin, too decadent to bound"?

Baked Bananas: A Jamaica Recipe.

Bake bananas, not too ripe, in their skins, as you would apples, till the skin turns slightly brown. Slit skin and take banana out; serve hot, with cream and sugar or milk. Rasy and most nutritious.

Walnut Filling.

½ lb. minced walnuts, 1-3 cup milk, 1 egg, ¼ cup castor sugar, essence of vanilla. Mix egg, sugar, and milk, and stir in double cooker until thickened. Add nuts and flavouring.

