

From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

That Dunedin remembers how, in the Botanical Gardens, Dame Ellen Terry planted a tree in the secluded Shakespeare plot, wherein are grown by the loyal elect many of the shrubs and trees that are mentioned in the plays. While the tree was being manipulated, it chanced that one small and earnest worshipper overbalanced himself and fell from a bridge into the stream below; and, on final cheers being given for the illustrious visitor, sweetly she said: "... And another cheer for the boy who fell off the bridge and didn't cry!"

In addition to her tree-planting exploit, Miss Terry presented a garden seat as a memento, and some seeds of that gentlest of all flowerets, the white violet. Many years have come and gone since that day of sunshine, much water has flowed beneath the bridge of disaster; but the mulberry tree has grown and flourished under the wise care of that artist of the garden, Mr. Tannock; and recently a box of its wood was made and sent to England for the acceptance of the great, sweet actress, whose friendly looks and words are cherished in the memory of those who lined up on the garden paths, as she left on the arm of Mr. T. W. Whitson, that enthusiastic president of vesteryear of Dunedin's Shakespeare Club, who, in his day, did much towards the encouragement of a love of the plays and the cause of literature in general.

Dame Ellen and the Microphone.

Dame Ellen Terry is extremely nervous before the microphone. About five years ago she broadcast Shakespeare from 2LO. Lord Gainsborough, chairman of the old B.B.C., and Lady Gainsborough went down to the studio to hear her, and Dame Ellen had her daughter Edith in the studio for moral support. Lord Gainsborough, who was in the waiting-room with her for half an hour before the broadcast, thought he had never seen such a bad case of microphone nerves. She kept on reading over little extracts from her speech, fidgeting with her book, and tapping her pencil. Every now and again she would dash into the studio to have a look at the microphone.

The Birth of Jazz.

How many people know how the term "jazz" originated? "Jazz" was born in Schiller's Cafe, New York, where "the boss" had hired a negro musician to amuse his guests. This negro played various instruments, singly and together, mostly placid and melancholy tunes. When, however, he was warned with liquor he began to tackle the instruments one after the other, with more rhythm than tune, blowing into one, banging another, kicking a third, and so on—all very gay and original and cacophonous, but, most noteworthy of all, with a dizzying rhythm and counter-rhythm which were the embryo of modern syncopation. This was the primitive negro love of rhythmic sounds, and, becoming fashionable, was widely imitated. The name of this syncopator was Jasbo Brown. Hence "jazz."

From "The Better Way."

A certain rector went to see a parishioner. She was a charming old dame, one of the chief characters of the village, and the rector looked admiringly at her. In spite of her ninety odd years, that calm face showed no sign of worry or anxiety. "My dear lady," he asked slowly, "what has been the main source of your vitality and sustenance during all these years of your earthly pilgrimage? What has appealed to you as the chief basis of the wonderful vigour of your mind and body, and has been to you an unfailing help through trials and sorrows? Please tell me, that I may forward it on to others." The old dame pondered a moment. The rector thought that he would find here a good subject for a sermon. Ah! she was about to speak. She raised her eyes, dim with years, yet bright with sweet memories, and answered shortly, "Victuals."

The Retort Courteous.

During the war a certain man directed a clockmaker to call for a grandfather clock which was in need of repair; but the clockmaker was so busy that he was never able to come, so at last, in desperation, the grandfather's owner unhooked its pendulum, and heaving up the clock on his shoulder started off for the shop.

At the first corner he collided violently with a lady and sent her flying. She gave him a withering look; but all she said was, "I wish you'd wear a wrist watch!"

Colour and Fabric.

"Fabric and Fashion" was the subject of a lecture given to women recently by Miss Marceline D'Alroy, at Harrods Ltd., Knightsbridge, London. Through the medium of her clothes, asserted Miss D'Alroy, woman expresses her personality and individuality, and in an interesting and original manner she proceeded to demonstrate, with the aid of some of the new season's fabrics, how important it is that line, colour, texture, and design should be carefully studied by the woman who wishes to be perfectly dressed.

A round line conveys an impression of youth; a straight line is conducive to a formal, conventional appearance, while lines running at angles give one a sophisticated appearance. The psychology of colour, too, is of great importance, for, according to Miss D'Alroy's theory, the body immediately reacts to the particular colours in which it is clothed—red being the life colour, blue signifying truth, and yellow, love. Black she holds to be an entirely unfriendly and unalluring colour, though quite smart, and, for most occasions, perfectly correct to wear.

It is not of paramount importance in early youth to study line, colour only at that stage of one's existence being the thing that matters. An older woman must consider both line and colour; a still older woman, line and the texture of the material chosen; while to an old woman the texture of the fabric is most important of all.

Speaking of Mother Eve, Douglas Jerrold suggested that she ate the forbidden fruit that she might have the pleasure of dressing.

"THE BETTER WAY"

A COMPETITION FOR HOME-MAKERS.

MONTHLY PRIZES.

All women whose homes are to them a source of abiding interest and delight, have their own treasured secrets of housekeeping: It may be an unusual recipe, a scheme for brightening an uninteresting room, a labour-saving notion, an idea for decorative work, a dress or toilet hint, or a pet economy. There is always a special method of performing various household tasks—the "better way." "The Radio Record" offers a prize of half a guinea each month until further notice for "Better Ways" from our women readers. The right is reserved to publish any entry not awarded a prize on payment of a fee of 2/6.

Entries must be written in ink, on one side of the paper only, and the name and address of the competitor should be written on the back of each entry.

The May "Better Way" competition closes on May 11, and the result will be announced on the women's page on Friday, May 18.

All entries to be addressed:

"VERITY,"

C/o "Radio Record,"

Box 1032, Wellington.

Country readers are advised to post their entries early to ensure their being in time.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

The Long Arm of Coincidence.

"When living at Akaroa, New Zealand, in 1875, I was called home to England," says an English writer, "and I went from O'Kane's Bay in the steam launch to Lyttelton to secure a berth on board the sailing ship Lady Jocelyn. On leaving again for O'Kane's Bay in the launch I saw a tall bearded man on the wharf staring hard at me (I also was bearded), and I stared back at him until we were well out."

"Soon after I sailed for England in the Lady Jocelyn, going round the Horn and reaching Gravesend in one hundred and one days. A few days later I went to town to get some new clothes, entered a tailor's shop, where I had never before been, and there was my bearded man being measured for a suit."

"He had come to England across South America. We recognised each other at once; we had been together seven years previously at a Crammer's on Woolwich Common."

Tiny Tucks.

Pin tucks, which have enjoyed a vogue for some time past, are more popular than ever. Some of the Paris dressmakers are using tiny tucks only as a media for decoration and line. A delightfully simple model for street wear is of green kasha with wee vertical tucks on the jumper hem, jacket sleeves, and tiny upstanding collar; the jacket fastened at the throat with a darker green ribbon, and swung loosely to show the belt fastened at the natural waist line with a dark green buckle. The skirt had three flat pleats at each side, and was built on a yoke that had V points back and front.

Begorra.

Mr. Cosgrave, President of the Executive Council of the Irish Free State, has only one grievance against American interviewers—they persist in representing him as using the word "Begorra." Nobody acquainted with educated Irishmen needs to be assured that Mr. Cosgrave does not bespatter his conversation with "begorras." But it would be as much as a New York reporter's job was worth for him to fail to introduce this epithet into an Irish interview. Stage Irishmen have exclaimed "Begorra" since time immemorial, and doubtless the reporters decided that Mr. Cosgrave had merely been guilty of an oversight, which was their duty, in all friendliness, to rectify.

New Hankies.

The new whim of wearing a handkerchief on the wrist is rather a pretty one. It is only a scrap of fabric, but much fine handwork goes into the making. The colour chiffon hankies of the past few seasons have been substituted by muslin and lace; some of them are mere wisps with an intricate drawn-thread hem, and others have Valenciennes or Irish lace let in.

Cauliflower Soup.

1 large cauliflower, 1 Spanish onion, 1 teaspoon parsley, 1oz. butter, 1 pint milk, 1 pint cold water or stock, 1 teaspoon pepper, 2 stalks celery, 1oz. flour, 1/2 teaspoonful salt.

Method: Remove the flower from the stalk of cauliflower and wash well in salt and cold water. Peel and slice onion, wash celery, put vegetables in pan with either stock or water, and bring to boil. Remove scum and simmer 1 1/2 hours. Rub through a wire sieve, melt butter in pan, add flour, and cook for a second or two. Add milk and stock, and stir till boiling. Season to taste and serve in a hot tureen. Sprinkle the top with chopped parsley. If water has been used for soup, 2 yolks of eggs can be added at the end after boiling the soup, care being taken not to curdle it.—Miss Christian, 2YA.

A Hint for Starch-making.

The "coons" of America, renowned as good washer-folk, make starch as follows:—To one quart of starch add one heaped teaspoonful of lard, which place in a bowl with starch before pouring on the boiling water. Stir until melted. It will be found that—(1) The iron passes along freely without coating. (2) Articles to be ironed are much more easily handled and pulled into shape. (3) The life of washed articles is greatly increased.

Cocoa Nut Macaroons.

1 tin Highlander sweetened condensed milk, 1lb. cocoanut. Rub the cocoanut into a bowl, mix to a paste with condensed milk; grease a baking sheet and dredge with flour; make the mixture into small heaps with a spoon on the sheet. Bake very slowly for 30 minutes.—Miss M. Christian, 2YA.

Date Muffins.

1lb. stoned dates, 1 egg, 4oz. butter, little salt, 1 cupful milk, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1lb. flour, 3oz. sugar. Method: Chop dates, cream butter and sugar with salt, then add the egg, milk and flour to make a light mixture, beat well and add dates and baking powder. Put into greased saucers and bake in a very quick oven for 20 minutes.—Miss M. Christian, 2YA.

To Save Darning.

Much annoyance is often caused by holes in the toes of socks or stockings. This can be prevented by sewing on to them a piece of chamois leather the shape of the upper half of the toes.

Cut the leather in almost a half-circle about two inches deep and four wide for a man's sock or stocking, and sew on neatly. Backs of old wash-leather gloves may be used. Wash in usual way, rubbing in a little soap to keep leather soft. No inconvenience is caused by the patches, and much darning is saved.

How to Soften Hard Water.

Hardness is generally due to the presence of calcium (or lime) salts in the water. They are readily removed by the addition of a little washing soda, borax, or ammonia. Rain water, "the finest cosmetic," is practically free from dissolved solids. It has been distilled by the sun from the seas and great lakes of the world, and has condensed in the upper atmosphere out of contact with appreciable amounts of solid matter. It is thus able to give an immediate lather with soap without the formation of any curd or precipitate.

Amber Pudding.

2 cups sponge cake crumbs, 2 table-spoons white wine, 3 slices tinned pineapple, 4 yolks of eggs, 1 cup of pineapple juice. Sieve sponge cake crumbs, cut pineapple into small pieces, pour pineapple juice over crumbs, mix in pineapple, and beat in egg yolks slowly, one at a time, and stir well. Place in a buttered mould and steam 1 1/2 hours. Serve with whipped cream.

Revenged.

The up-to-date young woman was approached by a sharp-featured old lady, who said, "Young woman, do you realise that a man had to kill an animal to get you that fur coat?"

"The animal is revenged," said the young thing. "I had to make my husband's life not worth living to get it."

The Letters of Annabel Lee

My Dear Elisabeth:

Privileged is Wellington just now to have the opportunity of seeing a fine collection of pictures by English artists, brought to this Dominion by Mr. E. Murray Fuller, and on view at the Art Gallery, Whitmore Street. Lovers of art will be well advised to stand not upon the order of their going, but go at once. Interesting it is to see the Italian Peasants of Mrs. Laura Knight, quite lately elected a Royal Academician; virile work with life, colour, movement, and also the quality possessed by some humans, of leaving an indelible impression upon the memory even if seen but once. How delightful is the Sydney Thompson corner, giving us more glimpses of Concarneau the beloved, and glowing with the colour of which he is a master. Many people liked the "Pierrot Beguiled," by W. E. Webster, the dainty darling of which fascinates many more than poor Pierrot. Of the two by Frances Hodgkins, I preferred "Ebbing Tide," the other being somewhat puzzling to those who admired Miss Hodgkins' early beautiful work. Lucy Kemp-Welch's horses are such dear, companionable beasts that one longs to stroke them; but for a kind of shimmering glory and sheer loveliness of painting and pose, the "May Morning," by Harold Speed, is, in the opinion of many, the most beautiful picture in the collection. At the Private View on Friday some delightful frocks were worn, one of an elegance most enviable being decorated with a veritable sunburst of crystal and diamante. That friend in need, the black gown, was much to the fore, one quite perfect in line being worn by a recent arrival from England, who, accompanied by her mother, was lucky enough to have some chat from Mr. Chas. Wilson on the merits of the different pictures. A society hostess, who follows the one true light of Art in all branches, wore black satin, with a successful touch of that ermine which always bestows a distinctive touch. It was pleasant to see Lady Stout among the crowd, and one felt she would appreciate the great work on exhibition by women painters, as she has always worked valiantly for the cause that lacked assistance for many years—a better chance for our sex. Two landscapes by A. Heaton Cooper were lovely and wistful as a dream, and always had a small knot of admirers; as also

did one highly praised by Mr. Wilson in his brief opening speech, the magnificent "Autumn," by Arnesby Brown, priced at 250 guineas, and well worth it.

A statuesque Juno, swathed around and about with Geranium-red ring velvet, swishy train lined with gold tissue, ornaments of rich and rare crystals, dark hair parted Madonna-wise, her smile divinely sweet as of yore, Miss Amy Evans played havoc with our hearts at her first concert on Saturday evening. The large audience was all intelligence and discrimination, and accorded applause of the rapturous variety to both the visiting singers. Not a cough was heard, not a chair was scraped throughout, Mr. Fraser Gange being in great voice. Delightful artists these, the rendering of the lovely fragment "Duna" exquisite enough to bring tears to the eye of the least susceptible. Fire, declamatory force, restraint, allied to the beautiful baritone of his, are the attributes of Mr. Fraser Gange; he and Miss Evans proving so charming about encores that the audience hardly realised how rapacious it was. A song of Wales by the Welsh singer was interesting and beautiful; and her interpretation effective in dramatic and devotional numbers on the finely-selected programme; but perhaps the song that reached our hearts most successfully was a beguiling invocation of Celia, in which the singer's voice was very lovely. The youthful pianiste played a Brahms Waltz and some Chopin very delightfully indeed, and is by way of being that rare bird, a perfect accompanist.

How great the vogue of crystal, by the way, and how miraculously it gives just the right touch for decorating what used to be called our person, or the greater adornment and equipment of hearth and home, Earrings, clasps and brooches for our delight make insistent appeal with skilful workmanship and design of the subtlest. Many and varied appear flowers and furbelows, the former ranging from the "lilies and languors of virtue" to the "roses and raptures of vice"; and assuredly their like was never grown on land or sea. What wicked-looking posies some of them are, to be sure. Inanimate things to take upon themselves at times import of the most dire. Par example, a big brass safety-pin innocently reposing on the floor of the apartment of mere man, or a

hairpin, if any are left in the world, takes upon itself a prominence quite out of keeping with its humble utility!

Great is the Sitwell Trio, and the greatest of these is Osbert. Unusually gifted, all three, with the unmistakable flair for literature which, like murder, will out at some time or other, they are badly bitten with that unpleasant modern microbe, the gentle art of self-advertisement. Apparently desirous to live and move in a rarefied atmosphere of the most adulatory, being hyper-sensitive, not to say huffy, to anything approaching criticism of their creative work, they prove a source of joy to the shrewd and vulgar mob, who find the posings and pappings of these gifted ones extremely diverting. Some of Miss Edith Sitwell's "Facade" poems have been set recently to what is described as amusing music; but 'tis difficult to associate anything very rollicking with this Sister Superior, who passionately prides herself upon not possessing a sense of humour, and it will be remembered, was photographed by Cecil Beaton as the Corpse Beautiful. Miss Sitwell has a wonderful sense of the beauty of words, the lure of lovely language; but the meaning around which is wrapped her poetic phraseology is obscure beyond all understanding, possessing an elusiveness only equalled by that of our last three-pence that escapes our clutch and rolls to the furthest corner of the tramcar.

I have been re-reading my "Anthony and Cleopatra," which of all the Plays I love the best. How greatly moving is that last request—

I am dying, Egypt, dying; only I hear importune death awhile, until

Of many thousand kisses the poor last

I lay upon thy lips.

And Cleopatra's majestic voicing of all woe—

Noblest of men, woo't die?

Hast thou no care for me? shall I abide

In this dull world, which in thy absence is

No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,

The crown o' the earth doth melt....

And there is nothing left remarkable

Beneath the visiting moon.

Your

ANNABEL LEE.

