

# From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

### Miss Belle Renaut.

Miss Belle Renaut, the clever and popular young singer who appears regularly at 3YA as a member of Miss Frances Hamerton's Melodious Four, has gained her L.A.B. and won the prize of £25 given by the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College, for the South Island students. Miss Renaut has received all her training in singing from Miss Marian Woodhouse, L.R.A.M. (also a 3YA artist), studying theory and ear-training under Miss J. Black, Mus.Bac. She has been studying for only three years, and is to be congratulated on attaining such remarkable proficiency in a comparatively short space of time.

### Spiritual Snobbery.

Once, in discussing some scandal in the Church of England with a Quaker friend, he said to me, "I do not know how you tolerate such people inside the Church. The Society of Friends would have found means of freezing them out long ago." With joy I realised that no one is ever frozen out of the Church of England: no one—or hardly any one—excommunicated from her altars. At her most sacred service, the Holy Communion, saint and sinner kneel together; the sweating employer and the slum landlord with their victims; the profligate with the virtuous. This scandalises the virtuous sometimes. I do not know why, for nothing seems more certain than that we are quite incapable of judging who are the virtuous and who not. For my part, the social snobbery of the Church of England is less odious than the spiritual snobbery which is the besetting sin of more exclusive societies.

We shall never all worship in the same way, but I think we shall some day recognise that all who love Christ are of one communion, and we shall unchurch nobody. In the meantime, I cannot wish that differences of temperament and genius that exist among us should be ironed out into a flat monotony when we approach God in public worship, or even wish that we were all alike. I feel at home in a Church of England service; I do not desire all men to feel as I do, and I respect and even like the differences which I must believe not offensive to God, who made us all individual and different.—A. Maude Royden in "I Believe in God."



MISS BELLE RENAUT.

—Webb, photo.

### Poverty No Bar.

At one time to be well dressed meant to be rich. To-day poverty is no bar to elegance. It is indeed, a social revolution, because as the standard of dress rises, so the standard of conduct rises also. That is why manufacturers have presented a new fabric to civilisation.—Mr. H. G. Williams, Parliamentary Secretary to the British Board of Trade.

### Season's New Colour.

At the third exhibition of British artificial silk goods opened recently at Holland Park Hall, London, there was the new colour—mavis, the hue of a thrush's egg; the mannequin parade, in which the new afternoon frock, with its drooping hem, stood halfway

### Films for Children.

between the short business frock and the long evening dresses; the intriguing new long trousers for women tennis players, both charming and utilitarian, and the weatherproof evening wraps, beautiful and fragile in appearance, yet rendering the wearer superior to a shower.

Every scrap of artificial silk in the exhibition is all-British, and it has been used in every form for which real silk has hitherto been utilised.

In 1927 the production of artificial silk yarn in England was half as much again as it was in 1925. To-day the output of artificial silk is three times that of the old form of silk.

### The Cape Jumper Suit.

Among the most noticeable things in the women's wear is the new cape jumper suits. This cape is going to replace the sleeveless coat. It is made in several styles, but the most popular seems to be tied loosely about the neck and to reach a little below the waist. It is being used on long coats, too, but here it is made in "spiral" fashion, which gives a double effect, like one cape placed above another at the back but single at the sides. These coats, which are sleeveless, have long scarf collars, and are being made for both day and evening wear.

### Colour in Sport.

The sports girl is to be gayer than ever. Joseph's coat could have been nothing to the new sports coat. Foundations of, say, white flannel, are covered in wool embroidery or crochet, which embraces all the colours of the rainbow in, probably, some dozens of shades. Sometimes silk and wool are used together, and here and there applique work is introduced as well.

### "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.

## The Letters of Annabel Lee

My dear Elisabeth:

A gay and glad some crowd gathered at the opening of the Rev Fielden Taylor's Fair at the Town Hall, on behalf of the Mission so dear to his heart and ennobling to his name. Fruit and flowers, sugar and spice, and all that's nice, much fine needlework, the latest diablerie in dolls, great courtesy on the part of willing helpers, combine to make this show of an attractiveness unique; and one carries away, along with smug satisfaction in spending many shekels in a good cause, an impression of blithe boys and merrie maidens, mothers and fathers who brought chuckling babelets, and a general warm feeling of camaraderie and kindness. The Nursery Rhyme march past was delightful; each individual or group being announced with a clarity of articulation and a resonance of tone worthy of the British Broadcasting Association itself. We made wise purchases to the gay strains of a band, myself laying in a stock of household requisite sufficient to keep the wolf from the door for at least another week. "Little Boy Blue" was very sweet and gallant in velvet suit, his wide hat adorned with yellow-brown plumes; dear "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" sidled past; there were two altogether sweet Lavender Ladies; Josephine de Beauharnais was tall and stately for our delectation; "One, Two, Buckle My Shoe" looked regal and handsome in draperies of green and necklaces of jade! I presided over by the well-loved rade, in ermine-trimmed robes, very boyish and happy amid his great flock. Mrs. Frieda Shaw, clad in sylvan green, was a graceful exponent of physical culture, illustrating the contortions a highly-trained, youthful body can achieve;

while a bevy of scantily-clad, dimple-kneed Amazons gave lithe exercises of an interest intriguing.

The Repertory Society would appear at last to have come into its own, and for the past week our slogan has been "The Play's the thing." Charming! gowned, mostly with male escort, feminine intelligentsia flocked to see "Hay Fever," that most diverting play, reminiscent of various odds and ends of Bohemian families and artistic temperament that we've all come across. This beguiling skit on modern men and manners was exceedingly capably put on, being entirely free from that raggedness which is apt to be a feature of non-professional performances. No weak spot was there in the long cast, Mrs. J. Hannah's conception and portrayal of Judith Bliss, that humbug incarnate, being very able and delightful, and a proof of an extreme versatility when her memorable "Maurys" is brought to mind, than which nothing could be further removed from the Noel Coward comedy. Mr. Pope was admirable as a nice young man; Mr. Wauchop, it goes without saying, gave effective rendering of the son of the amusing couple; while Miss Helen Thompson was attractively silly and particularly pretty as a flapper, wearing charming frocks with so appealing a grace that one didn't at all wonder at Simon's temporary infatuation. Miss Stocker's worldling was cleverly conceived and beautifully dressed; and, in the opinion of many, Mr. Gillespie, as the irritable, untidy, very human novel-writing husband of Judith Bliss, gave the best performance in an exceedingly fine production. On the concluding night many beautiful flowers were received, Mr. W. M. Page made a short speech,

outlining the Society's history during its two years of existence, and the producer, Mr. Harrison Cook, received plaudits.

Ornaments of silver and much fine gold are worn in London, so it behoves us to look out those ancient heirlooms, heavy chains and bracelets, linked in sweetness long drawn out, that have descended from Aunt Julia and Cousin Kate. Especially admirable are necklaces that closely elasp the lean throat of the mondaine, somewhat resembling the once-upon-a-time dog-collars; and old and lavish pendants might fittingly be fashioned into a clasp to confine draperies on hip, or, still more of the moment, in front of some silken sartorial success. Enormous bouquets are replacing the demure, highly finished nosegays, of such infinite variety, in which we have rejoiced for so long. A cabbage-like choux is the last cry—the bigger the better; and so bedizened, with her velvet frock of the lightest and slightest variety, slit to the waist at the back, and well cut out around her pretty shoulder blades, the 1928 Venus captures her world. However valiant, none can stand against the march of the Mode; slavishly, coyly, or sheepishly, according to her fashion, woman follows the light. Success lies in adapting to one's own style; and that is just where Evangeline scores. Her clothes float and cling to that graceful slimness as though they had grown there; and, with miraculous aptitude for colour values, she is inclined to make others look ordinary, a quality that, however endearing to mere man, makes her unpopular with the feline sex.

Your,

ANNABEL LEE.

### Chestnut and Tomato Pie.

Rough puff pastry (about 6oz.), 1lb. chestnuts, 1lb. tomatoes, 1 fried onion, pepper and salt, 1 pint stock or water, 1oz. butter, 2 hard-boiled eggs. Method: Boil chestnuts for 20 minutes, and remove outer and inner skins. Melt the butter, fry the onion, then cook skinned tomatoes. Add stock, and, when boiling, add chestnuts, cook till they are tender, season, and put into piedish with sliced egg. When cold, cover with pastry. Bake 30 minutes.—Miss Marion Christian, 2YA.

Women are always asking questions and men are always inventing answers—and women are none the wiser.—Thackeray.

are out this season, one being a combination fireside and smoker's set, very neat, and takes up a minimum of room. Fireside companion sets, fitted with call and coal hammer, are among the new ideas that have come to stay. An item highly recommended for use and decorative effect is the combination fire screen. This screen, made of antique brass and copper, and fitted with fine wire mesh, will stop the smallest spark, the movable back can be adjusted for the daytime without the slightest trouble, and can be made in any size.—Mrs M. Thomas, 2YA.

I have never known a woman yet who could not keep a secret.—H.V.

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### Asking too Much!

A certain American millionaire had long wished to possess a really well-bred collie. When he was in the Highlands he saw a splendid specimen which would just suit him, and he asked the owner what he would take for the dog. "Ah, but you'll be taking him back to America?" cautiously asked the canny Scot. "Certainly, that is my intention, if you'll sell him to me," was the reply. "I no could part wi' Bob," answered the dog's owner emphatically, "I'm muckle fond like o' him," and even the very liberal offer made by the millionaire proved no inducement. However, greatly to the surprise of the American, he later on saw the dog sold to a drover for half the amount he had offered for him, and naturally asked for an explanation. "You told me you could not sell the dog," he said. "I said I could not part wi' him," was the reply. "Rob'll be home in two or three days from uoo, but I couldna ask him to swim across the ocean; na, that would be too muckle to ask."

### Room Booked for a Marmoset.

The Savoy Hotel, London, has just received what one of their directors described as "the strangest telegram ever received."

It is in Italian and comes from Tito Schipa, the lyric tenor, from the Chicago Opera House, and it begs that in addition to a suite for himself a room may be reserved for his pet marmoset Toto.

This animal accompanies him everywhere, even on to the concert platform, and is said to be a great gourmet, with a preference for a dish composed of bananas, peanuts, and whipped cream. A room (with bath) has been duly reserved for Toto.

### Baby Fashions.

Princess Elizabeth follows in her charming mother's footsteps by leading the fashion for her contemporaries. She has revived the long robes and flannels that for a time were replaced by much shorter garments which, although they were supposed to be more hygienic, allowed the tiny wearer's toes to get cold.

### Exquisite Embroidery.

In the layettes all the robes were of old-fashioned length. They were hand embroidered, tucked, and buttonhole stitched so exquisitely that they looked as if hands had never touched them. All the trimming appears at each side instead of the front, so that when the baby is in his nurse's arms, the beauty of his apparel is not hidden against her dress. Muslin and lawn is used, of course; it launders so well; but richly embroidered pink and blue crepe de chine is made up for ceremonial occasions.



MISS ROMA BUSS.

Whose charming soprano voice contributes to 4YA's programme. —Photo, Artile.

### Eccles Cakes.

Half a pound rough puff or puff pastry, 2oz. candied peel, 4oz. currants, 2oz. brown sugar, 1oz. butter, 1 whole egg, a little nutmeg or mixed spice. Method: Roll out the pastry to a quarter of an inch in thickness, and cut into rounds with a plain cutter. Put the cleaned currants, chopped candied peel, sugar, and butter into a pan, and stir over the fire or stove until the butter melts. Allow the mixture to cool, and put a little upon each round of pastry. Fold over, and roll into a flat cake. Brush with egg, and bake quickly for 20 minutes.—Miss Marion Christian, 2YA.

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