

From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

The "Better Way"

RESULT OF MAY COMPETITION

THE standard of excellence of the entries sent in for the May "Better Way" contest is most gratifying. The "Better Way" of cleaning chimneys receives the prize of half-a-guinea, and the following nine hints submitted each each receive a fee of half-a-crown. The Rules and closing date for the June Competition will be found on this page. Competitors are specially requested to write on ONE side of the paper only, as many excellent ideas are disqualified through lack of conformity to this rule.

INSTEAD of all the inconvenience of the sweep, readers should try placing some zinc shavings crushed in a ball and placed in the centre of a clear, hot fire. This will give off a bluish flame, and will clear the chimneys of soot.—From Mrs. O. FitzGerald, Avonside Vicarage, Christchurch.

To Boil Rice.

THE easiest way and decidedly the best way I have found—yet I have never seen this recipe given in any cooker book or in any paper.—3 cups of boiling water containing a little salt, 1 cup rice washed in 2 (at least) washes of cold water. Pour washed rice on to boiling water; boil on cool part of stove with lid of saucepan on. Do not stir at all. When rice has used up all the water and looks to have holes in it, put it on the back of the stove to steam until wanted. It is supposed to take 20 minutes to cook, but I allow from three-quarters of an hour to one hour.—From Mrs. J. W. Peek, Rural Route 1, Tauranui.

Non-Slippery Lino-polish.

THIS is a recipe for a non-slippery lino polish. It can be wiped over with a damp cloth without re-polishing, and will not show footmarks. Put one cup of hot water and one oz. of beeswax into a tin, and stand on the stove until melted. Then remove from the fire, add half a cup of turpentine, and one tablespoon cloudy ammonia. Stir well until the mixture becomes creamy.—From Mrs. Jolley, Pihama, Taranaki.

A Time-Saving Notion.

HERE is a time-saving notion that is sure to appeal to most women—we all find our days much too short. Biscuits—home-made ones—are always in demand, yet we hate making them, for the rolling and cutting takes such hours! But next time try this: shape your dough into one or two rolls, about two inches in diameter, and slice into biscuits with a sharp knife. If you have an ice chest, mix your dough in the evening, shape into logs or blocks, and leave it in the ice chest over night. Your dough will be easier to slice after being chilled, and the baking won't take long.—From Mrs. C. Weinstein, 9a Grass Street, Oriental Bay, Wellington.

To Clean a Grate.

I FIND a better way to keep a fireplace that is in constant use is first to apply a coat of grate enamel, then touch up when required with boot-nugget brush and pad. It keeps a brilliant appearance, is economic, and clean.—From Mrs. E. Pound, Ward Street, Cobden, Geymouth.

Repapering a Room.

WHEN next repapering your bedroom or bed-sitting-room order one or two extra rolls of paper, and get the paperhanger to repaper both sides of your bedroom screen to match the walls. The screen can be used for various purposes, namely, to conceal a washstand or dressing table, and transforming a bedroom into a sitting-room. This should appeal to the bachelor girl.—From Mrs. F. W. Harrison, 52 Market Road, Epsom, Auckland.

An Appetising Dish.

TAKE six or eight mutton chops or pieces of beefsteak free from fat, and lay in a pyrex dish or shallow basin or bowl. Dissolve two table-spoons of flour in one cup of cold water, add pepper and salt to taste. Then add to mixture one small dessertspoonful of vinegar, a pinch of baking soda, one teaspoon of sugar, and, lastly, one dessertspoonful of tomato sauce, or half that quantity of Worcester sauce. Pour this mixture over the meat and cover well with lid. Cook for two and a half hours in a moderate oven. This dish will be a dark brown colour, rich, and tasty, and will make any meat tender as well. Serve very hot with mashed potatoes.—From Mrs. F. W. Scott, R.D. Southbridge, Canterbury.

Potted Tomato Paste.

TAKE three tomatoes and one onion, cut up small and fry in 1oz. of butter till they can be mashed smooth; add pepper and salt to taste. Stir in an egg quickly. Take off fire and mix in 2oz. grated cheese and 2oz. breadcrumbs, and mix thoroughly. Put in

jars, and if not wanted at once pour melted butter over and tie down.—From Mrs. Graham, 64 The Crescent, Roseneath, Wellington.

Two Useful Notions.

WHEN planting very small plants, which must be held to the ground, peg down the stalk or runner with a

hairpin. These have the advantage over wooden pegs of not attracting wood lice. They are also very secure.

Perhaps when making a seed and plain cake, one does not have room for two tins on the same shelf, and, of course, the batter must be cooked immediately. In order to overcome this difficulty, take a tin large enough to hold all the cake (in spite of two entirely different mixtures). They may be baked together, merely separated by a paper buttered on both sides. This ensures perfect baking.—From Miss Mavis Manthel, 2 Waitoa Road, Hataitai, Wellington.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

True Piety!

A Scotsman was walking with a very pious man down the streets of Halifax. On passing the Cathedral the man raised his hat, and the Scotsman seeing this did the same.

Later a friend said to him, "Sandy, you're getting very pious, raising your hat as you pass the Cathedral." "Was that the Cathedral?" he replied. "I thought it was the Bank of Montreal!"

From "Where Family Life Fails."

Children are psychic beings. They are sensitive to unspoken thoughts and unexpressed emotion. If there is discord between their parents, even if it is veiled, they feel it. If there is an ugly mentality pervading the house, they sense it at once, and are probably influenced by it for ugliness. I believe that normal children are innocent, and I find them the only attractive people, taken en masse, in the world. The tragedy is that as they grow up they grow less and less attractive, until indeed they become people like ourselves.—Mary Borden.

Lord Mayor's Overdraft.

The Lord Mayor of London, proposing the toast of "The Drapery Textile and Women's Wear Exhibition" at a luncheon in connection with the exhibition, said: "For years past I, like a good many other husbands, have been in touch with many of the fascinating things we have seen at the exhibition to-day. Years after, when looking into the cause of my overdraft at the bank, I have seen that it is your trade which has been the cause of it."

Poems for Little Ones.

The hundreds of adults who are listeners in the children's hour, at 3.0 will be delighted with the series of quaint little "Poems for the Littlest Ones," from the pen of Mrs. Frame, a well-known Melbourne verse writer, who, for some time past, has been concentrating her gifts on rhymes for the wee ones. Under the magic touch of this clever writer, who seems to thoroughly understand what the little ones want—everyday objects appear in a new and delightfully novel garb—and the young folk are taught to appreciate the beauties of nature and to regard them from a keenly interesting viewpoint.

For the Male Shopper.

In the "first street in Europe" (Regent Street, London) stands a man's store which completely disproves the theory that man has not the shopping habit. Even the man who has not hitherto embarked on the uncharted seas of shopping need not hesitate to visit it, for everything has been done to simplify his task and to make it a pleasant one.

He can choose a complete tropical outfit for an attractive "pullover" in a spacious room decorated in Tudor style, with the walls of Napoleonic oak. Overcoats, sports clothes of every description, dressing gowns and bath robes, have their appointed places on other floors. He can also view his reflection in a dress suit under the conditions in which he will eventually wear it.

Lounge suits occupy another floor, and since they are available in more than 114 sizes, even the "last-minute" purchaser should have no difficulty in getting a perfect fit.

The Man in a Hurry.

Shirts in glass cases are displayed on the first floor. There are white ones and innumerable coloured varieties in neat, quiet designs. The denim cpi is a coloured shirt, tie and collar of the same material.

The ground floor is devoted to ties, collars, handkerchiefs, gloves, and umbrellas, but it is perhaps in the basement of this store, where mere man's triumph over the feminine shopper is complete. It contains a large, hygienic barber's shop, and opening out of it a bathroom and a series of well-appointed dressing and changing rooms.

Here a man may arrive with a hastily packed bag, en route for a hurriedly arranged holiday. He may deposit his suit case in a dressing-room, take a bath, be shaved, and return to his dressing-room to find his clothes valetted for him and ready to be put on. His hat can be cleaned and ironed, and collars, ties, or shirts that he has forgotten to bring may be bought on the premises.

COMPETITION RESULT

(Continued.)

Some Excellent Hints.

WHEN blackleading the range, use a brown paper bag instead of a glove for protecting the hand. The bag can be discarded and a fresh one used each time.

For a bad cough an excellent remedy is a teaspoon of slightly warmed vaseline for an adult, and half the quantity for a child. This will cure in no time.

If the carpet edge is curled, paste thick starch along the edge, place brown paper over starched part, and press with a hot iron.

Fruit and vegetables will not stain the hands if cut with a rustless knife. Cold in the head can be cured by taking two or three doses of bicarbonate of soda in half a cup of water, using a little less than a teaspoon of soda.

Thick boiled starch placed on clean linen is excellent as a poultice for drawing poison, etc., from wounds. Should be used while hot for preference.

Half a lemon sliced is excellent for whitening clothes if boiled with them.—Mrs. H. W. Cockerill, 10 Rata Road, Hataitai.

No. 2 Competition—"The Better Way"

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 June 8 "Better Way" competition closes on June 11, and the result will be announced on the women's page on June 15.

All entries to be addressed: "VERITY," c/o "Radio Record," Box 1032, Wellington. (Pen name may be used.)

The Letters of Annabel Lee

MY dear Elisabeth:—"Does everything go wrong as usual?" wrote Voltaire long ago in a postscript to a letter. And there are times that come, individually or to the herd, when the baleful light of an evil star seems to glare upon us. So felt the community when it heard of the severe illness of the beloved Chief Justice; and in the Capital City the one and only morning paper was snatched at with even more than the wonted daily determination to get first look, in order to know the latest bulletin. Sir Charles Skerrett has ever turned to the world so kindly a light of princely hospitality, good comradeship and true sporting spirit amid the changes and chances of life, that we have been very triste over his illness, and everyone rejoices that the ordeal is over and all is well.

Possessing a personality of the most beguiling, a musical voice that utters wise, witty and noble thoughts, preaching a tolerant creed in a world in which, alas, so many creeds are far indeed from sweet reasonableness; graceful of gesture, fearless of expression, Miss Maude Royden moves on her way throughout our Dominion, scattering around her, as she goes, an aura of beautiful achievement and high resolve. Fortunate is New Zealand to see and to hear this great woman, who from the midst of English prejudices and English conservatism, emerged as a spiritual torch that has lighted, and will light, the lamp of faith, hope and charity in many a dark place of the soul. Sincerity and selfless service, these are attributes that lift the latch of the heart of all; and when allied with a knowledge of the wider world and a great gift of oratory, prove a moving force in the cause of righteousness. Even the smug and the fat-minded (to use an adjective beloved of Mr. Michael Arlen) are impressed, and go their ways a little softer, sadder when they glimmer something of nobler aims and ideals co-existent alongside selfish preoccupations, profiteering, and silly scramble for places in the social sun. At the Civic welcome accorded by the Capital City to Miss Royden, the audience was cordial, and the speakers at their good best, in especial the Bishop of Wellington voicing witty and gracious welcome to the distinguished visitor.

Ensembled in silk and moracain of nutmeg brown, slim coat pleated by a London tailor, than whom none is more skilful, jumper dress reaching distinction by means of deft, tantalising

reveals of Oriental embroideries, Evangeline lured me to the Exhibition now shown in the Whitmore Street Gallery, which is demurely perched in so sequestered a spot that 'tis the easiest thing in the world to pass it by unnoticed. In my ramble through the rooms, I admired much that was good, and some that was better than good, reflecting how undeniably the standard of achievement has soared within recent years. The influence of Sydney Thompson's One-Man show of a year or so back is apparent in bold treatment of colour and sweeping workmanship of some younger painters; while Mrs. Tripe's work is, as ever, original and arresting, one sunshiny study of trees and water being a pure joy. There are some charming subjects gleaned by Mr. Murray Fuller in his sojourn on the Continent, good in draughtsmanship and in colour so appealing as to be provocative of a pang of envy. Also Miss D. K. Richmond's zinnias are so gorgeous as they flame and beckon that one longs to carry them away and hang them in just the right surroundings. Another flower study, as beautiful though entirely different in subject and treatment, is Miss Stoddart's sweet primroses and catkins, of a design and execution very perfect and lovely. Two of Nagent Welch's pictures I liked, while of the younger men Marcus King's daring treatment of colour is attractive. Intriguing are both promise and performance of E. D. Jackson, whether her subject be sparkling wavelets breaking on rocks that really look like rocks, or admirable sketch of the head of a grave-eyed girl in a blue gown, drawn with truthfulness and skill, the modelling of face and head excellent, thought and experience shining from the blue, brave eyes of the model. Mrs. Jackson should go far in an art the difficulties of which she faces up to so gamely.

If bored or worried, if the world is awry, your figure too large or your bank balance too small, you cannot do better than pack up your troubles in your vanity bag and go to see "The Ringer," where you will forget them all. Mr. Edgar Wallace's play is extremely good in its genre, and Mr. Moskovitch himself, it goes without saying, very able in his portrayal of the unscrupulous trader in men's souls. Very sinister did he appear, with his mobile face and figure of grace; while Mr. Nat Madison, as Sam 'Ackett, a humorous jailbird, is just as good as we have grown to expect this versatile young

actor to be in everything he undertakes, alike in conception and finish of detail. Mr. Newson, as D.S.O. and Detective, moves and speaks very well indeed; and the whole of the cast is good, particularly the distinctly attractive Cora Ann. Dr. Lomond is beyond praise; he arrests our attention from the moment he ambles on to the stage, in his excellent makeup and portrayal of a son of Scotia, just as though he had wandered in from Manners Street. This big part is played by Mr. Patrie Curwen excellently well, with reticence and consistent appreciation of its subtleties; and we delight in him as, sagging in his chair, or wandering absentmindedly about the room rolling a cigarette, he delivers himself of his droll, shrewd, essentially Scottish comments. Things rush along to an exciting denouement, and the huge and unusually well dressed audience on the opening night was delighted with the play, which went with a bang from start to finish.

Speaking of melodrama, Mr. Hugh Walpole's successful excursion into that particular field of literary endeavour was a terrifying novel, "The Man with Red Hair," which has now been dramatised, with such sincerity that one hears of a hardened dramatic critic being made so literally sick by its realism that in haste and horror he had to leave the theatre; and I don't wonder if the play closely follows the story.

After a spell of this kind of thing, she whose mind to her a kingdom is turns with relief to fresh fields of literature; perchance some gentle modern verse, which still is to be found, though not much of it. Mr. Gerald Gould, for instance.

My love is fair, she is better than fair to me;
She puts me in mind of a wild white seagull flying over the sea;
She puts me in mind of a dim wind going softly in the grass,—
Of things remembered and young things and things that shall come to pass.

Always from a boy, as I walked the evening road
And saw the curtained windows where the warm light glowed,
I have desired little children, and old songs, and sleep,
And an ache has come in my throat for the need I had to weep.

Strange that tender things, and the sweetest, are so often written by men.

Your,
ANNABEL LEE.