

From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

The Line of Future Development.

"The Saturday Review" writes concerning "I Believe in God":—"Miss Royden's book represents the standpoint of her addresses in the Guildhouse, where she has done fine work in ministering to the unchurched. It stands for that temperamental Anglicanism, with much liberality of interpretation and wide elasticity of expression, which she believes to be the line of future development. It is a persuasive presentation of that Christ-centred attitude which Miss Royden has made her own and has helped many others to find."

Ave Atque Vale:

THE retirement of Dean Hitchett, with the weight of years and honour upon him, brings to the minds of his parishioners, old and young, past and present, who are scattered throughout the Dominion and the wider world beyond, many long, long thoughts of evening and morning services in the dim and beautiful All Saints Church of blessed memory, when they listened to brilliant and illuminating sermons and elucidation of that one true light we are all groping for in the darkness of our human spiritual vision. It was a happy gesture on the part of the parish to hold a gathering of remembrance, where the Dean made music in "Poet and Peasant," and Mr. Ritchie's short speech was an eloquent tribute. It seemed fitting he should quote from one of the Victorian poets the Dean had taught his flock to know so well.

Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be!

The note of hope was apparent and persistent, as how could it fail to be, bringing to mind that confidence in the ultimate hope inculcated by the teaching of this brilliant and intuitive preacher, to whom many thoughts turn and to whom we hope still at times to make happy pilgrimage.

New 'Cellist for IYA.

Miss Molly Wright, the new 'cellist for the trio at IYA (Miss Hemms having resigned), was born at Buxton, in Derbyshire, and commenced the study of the 'cello when she was nine. At the age of 15 she went to Manchester and entered the Royal Manchester College of Music, where she stayed for eight years. Her first master was Walter Hatton, of the Brodsky Quartet, leader of the 'cellos in the Haile Orchestra, and leader of the grand season at Covent Garden. After four years with Mr. Hatton she went to Carl Fuchs (whose 'cello method is used the world over), and finished her training with him.

Miss Wright was for three years solo 'cellist with the Municipal Orchestra at Lytham—St. Anne's. She has made many appearances at the Lesser Free Trade Hall and the Houldsworth Hall, Manchester, and was a frequent performer at 22Y Manchester.

Miss Wright has a very full, rich tone, and, as might be expected from one of her training and experience, her artistry, phrasing, and interpretation are a sheer delight.

Miss Jeanette Briggs.

Miss Jeanette Briggs, the soprano in the Aerial Singers Quartet, heard from 2YA studio, Wellington, is to be congratulated on obtaining with her L.A.B. certificate a prize of £25, awarded by the Royal Academy. Miss Briggs, who has received all her training from her mother, Madame Emily Briggs (L.A.M., London), has been offered the Royal Academy scholarship. Unfortunately it is not possible for her to take advantage of the offer to continue her studies at Home. Miss Briggs has had numerous successes in her short musical career, and we hope that she will be equally successful in the future.

Radio for Hospitals.

All over Australia the installation of radio has proved an inestimable boon to the sick in the hospitals. Daily we read of installations in the country, and medical men tell us that there are many cases where the soothing effect of music has done more towards a patient's comfort than any other means. It is possible that there has been no invention during the last decade which means more to anyone during illness than radio. Children in hospitals take a delight in writing to their favourite "Radio Uncle," and hearing him call them up, with a cheerful message. The older patients, especially the men—who should be strong and active, but are for the time laid up—delight in a thrilling description of a boxing match, or a speedway race, and to those who have to suffer pain quietly, listening to the sweet strains of a studio orchestra acts as a soothing antidote to pain.

Resourceful!

A missionary in Africa received a visit one day from an old chief, accompanied by two wives, one young and one old, who informed the missionary that he wanted to join his Church. The latter told him the Church did not allow more than one wife, so the old man went away. However, the next week he turned up again with the young wife; both of them were smiling broadly. "Now me join Church," he said, "me all right now." "But where is your old wife?" asked the missionary. "Oh, she all right, too," placidly responded the old savage. "Me eat her up."

A SONNET

*I cannot love my Lady as I would;
She is past loving lovable—she tries
With childish hands the portals
of surprise,
And finds by faith those secrets
understood.
She wears the double crown of
womanhood;
Maternal thoughts make bright
her maiden eyes;
Wisdom would not be pure were
she not wise,
Nor goodness beautiful were she
not good.—Gerald Gould.*

"THE BETTER WAY" COMPETITION No. 2. MONTHLY PRIZES FOR HOME-MAKERS

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.

When more than one "Better Way" is submitted by the same competitor, each entry must be written on a separate sheet of paper.

The decision of the Editor is final and binding. A nom-de-plume may be used if desired.

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

All entries to be addressed: "Verity," c/o "Radio Record," Box 1032, Wellington.

The Letters of Annabel Lee

MY dear Elisabeth—Maude Royden—a beautiful name sounding like a royal title—has made unprecedented mental and spiritual appeal to the people of New Zealand. To men, be it said, as well as to the sex that is valiantly climbing the ladder of progress, and in many fields of achievement flourishes the feminine flag. Who knows but that soon some small, determined hand may have a finger in the political brew? Listening to Miss Royden's stirring sentences regarding British politics, and the fine, balanced, able women who nobly have won their spurs therein, my prophetic eye envisaged the portals of our own Parliament swinging open in welcome to the first adventurous female to sit in state amid the Weary Willies of the House. "If a woman were to advocate some political move," said Napoleon, with inherent lack of gallantry, "that would seem to me sufficient reason for taking the opposite course." And again, with engaging bluntness, "The man who lets himself be ruled by a woman is a fool." Sheer perversity on the part of the great Emperor! And for our reassurance we have twentieth-century Barrie the Kind telling us pleasant home truths, which indeed Every Woman Knows already, or, if she doesn't, she is past praying for. With all our merits and demerits, however, we have been laggards in the political field; though at this long last we are picking our candidate, for I suggest as a slogan:

Lady, be Good!
If you should, would or could,
How you'd adorn
The Cause of reform!

You'd vote without bias
And squash Ananias;
Whose many small lies
You'd quite pulverise!

Force of Habit.

They were court-martialing the soldier for desertion, and the case looked very black until the young officer acting for the defence arose.

"Sir," he said, addressing the president, "I admit that appearances are against this man. But I propose to prove that in civil life he was a plumber—and he was only going back for his bayonet." Acquitted.

When Labour with fuss
Becomes obstreperous,
With mien so decorous
You'd step on the chorus...

WOMEN in Parliament, and Young

Men in Love! The first glances the atmosphere, so it would seem; the latter, as expounded by the most modern novelist of them all, poisons it. In his latest novel Mr. Michael Arlen writes with his wonted captivating grace of style, and the portraits of newspaper magnate, political giant, unscrupulous man of affairs, are limned with penetrating skill and insight. But dear, dear! how weary we grow of those lovely ladies, so forthcoming and sensuous and sad, with slender, supple, insistent legs, and tiny feet, just strong enough to balance the slipping, sliding amoureuuses. Witty and effective enough in small doses, the slightness of plot becomes obvious and tiresome, and the practice of love-making as a fine art productive of ennui—on paper, at any rate!

AFTER an initial hasty rush through Leon Feuchtwanger's "Ugly Duchess," the brilliantly gifted Jewish author of which is the literary darling of London coteries of the most exclusive, I returned to that great and gruesome romance, carefully reading through its pages of genius and horror. A masterly presentment of dim and distant days in European annals; pageant of heroic deeds, battle, murder and sudden death. Not much of "whatsoever things are good, whatsoever things are lovely," except perhaps in the younger years of the Duchess Marquise, whose terrific personality towers over all. Ugly, tragically unable to draw to her those she loved, of a consuming intelligence, a planner of great good to her

AUTUMN

*It is Autumn, and a calmness and a
sweetness seem to fall
Over everything that's living, just as
though it hears the call
Of old Winter, trudging slowly, with
his pack of ice and snow,
In the distance over yonder, and it
somehow seems as though*

*Every tiny little blossom wants to
look its very best
When the frost shall bite its petals
and it droops away to rest.*

—From "Sunny Songs," by
Edgar A. Guest.

WOMEN AND HER HOME

Plain Scones.

Half pound flour, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1oz. butter or lard, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon carbonate of soda, about 1 teacup milk or buttermilk. Mix all dry ingredients; rub in the fat; add the milk by degrees to make a light dough; turn out on to a well-floured board; roll out half an inch thick; cut in rounds, and place them on a cold greased tin. Bake in a very quick oven ten minutes. To make rock scones, prepare the mixture as above; break the pastry off in knobs about the size of a walnut, and bake in a quick oven for ten minutes. Sultana scones may be made in the same way as plain scones by adding 2oz. sultanas after the butter is rubbed in.

Macaroni and Fish.

1lb. cold fish, 4 tablespoons white or parsley sauce, ½lb. macaroni, pepper and salt. Method: Wash the macaroni and boil in salt and water for twenty minutes. Break the fish into flakes, removing all skin and bone. Butter a pie-dish, put the chopped macaroni and fish into the dish in layers, season with a little salt, cayenne pepper, and ordinary pepper, pour over the sauce, and cook for twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

Cream Puffs Made with Wheat Meal.

3oz. butter, 1 breakfastcup of hot water, 4 eggs, 5oz. wheat meal, salt. Boil water, butter, and salt, stir in meal mixed to a paste, boil briskly, stirring all the time till mixture leaves the sides of the pan; put on one side, and when cold beat in the eggs, one at a time, and beat well; put in tablespoonfuls on a cold slide, and bake in a moderate oven about twenty minutes till nice and brown; when cold break at the side and fill with whipped and sweetened cream.

Dainty Dress Accessories.

The close-fitting cap, which, when made in felt, is familiar as the complement of many outdoor toilettes to-day, has been adopted by woman for evening also.

The Parisienne who wishes to vary the monotony of shingled locks, sometimes dons a dainty cap made from some fabric suitable for evening wear, usually fashioned on the lines of the popular felt model.

A cap for the theatre or restaurant is made from fine net closely covered with gold paillettes, edged with cloth of gold.

For Evening.

Evening bags, too, are an interesting study at the moment. A shell-shaped bag in gold metal cloth, hand-embroidered with small Chinese flower designs, has for its clasp a slide fastening of amber banded with gold. A similar bag in white moire shot with silver has a crystal and platinum slide top.

Evening shoes and handbag are sometimes chosen to match. For instance, with a pair of satin shoes, hand-embroidered in multi-coloured silks on a jade green ground, a pouch bag made from the same material is carried. It has a narrow mounting of chased silver, and a long centre plate of carved jade.

Home-made Fig Syrup.

Take 1 pound of cooking figs, 1oz. of senna leaves, pour on 1 quart of water, and cook gently in the oven until one pint only is left. Strain, then add ½lb. of sugar; put back in oven until melted, then bottle for use.

One dessertspoonful for a child of twelve (other ages in due proportion). This is an easily made, economical and effective preparation.

Mock Strawberry: A Supper Sweet.

Mash one ripe banana, sprinkle with castor sugar; add two heaped tablespoons of crisp "Force," and mix with milk or cream (quantity to taste). To be eaten while crisp. This sweet has the taste of strawberries and cream; it is particularly delicious as a dish for a late meal—after a theatre, concert, or meeting, and is light and nourishing.

Shampooing the Hair.

On the next occasion you wish your hair to look its best and have not the necessary time to wash it, give it a dry shampoo with hot bran.

Heat three or four handfuls of bran in the oven and rub it well into the hair. Shake out as much of the bran as possible, and remove the remainder by brushing vigorously with a clean hairbrush.

Hot bran cleanses the hair and frees it from grease without destroying its lustre; and is much more easily removed than the usual finely powdered dry shampoos.

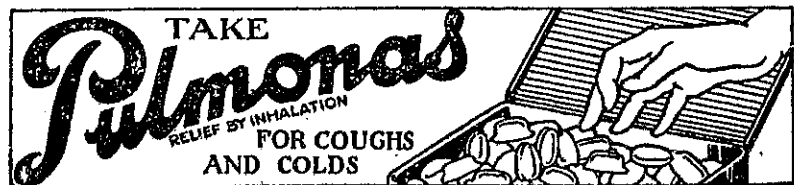
A Delicious Winter Jam.

This will always justify a place in the jam cupboard. Ingredients: Six cooking apples, peeled, cored, and cut up; 6 bananas, peeled and cut in slices half an inch thick; 4 lemons, sliced very thinly; 4 sweet oranges, peeled and cut up (pulp only). Put all in a pan with six pints of cold water, boil for two hours. Add ½lb. sugar to each pound of fruit, and boil until it jellies—about three hours altogether. This is a pretty jam.

Doll in a Crinoline.

A beautifully dressed doll, representing Queen Alexandra when she was a girl, has been sent by the Queen to the London Museum.

The doll, which is 15 inches high, was made in 1863 and is dressed according to the fashion of the day, including the crinoline skirt. The dress is made of silk, in the Queen's favourite mauve shade. A little panne velvet jacket is worn over the dress. It is lined with white silk and trimmed with white silk braid. The pink underskirt, which is worked out in crochet, is wired to make the dress stand out.



Tonking's Linseed Emulsion
is a Certain Cure for Coughs and Colds