

From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

"The Better Way," No 2

COMPETITION RESULTS

THIS week we are publishing the result of our "Better Way" competition No. 2. The popularity of these competitions and the many excellent entries received make it no easy matter to select a prize-winner. The prize this month goes to "Fay Eglington," Christchurch, for her "better way" of home-building, whose point of view is commendable and really covers the whole essence of "home."

In the belief that there is a great deal of talent among those who have not the courage to take up literature as a career, we are holding a literary competition for our readers this month, which we hope will prove interesting.

The "Better Way" competitions will be resumed at a later date.

The "Better Way" of Home-making.

AM still what is termed a "spinster" (odious word!), but with a home of my own in view I am ever on the alert for any hints I can glean from my married friends on the goodly maintenance of a home and "the better way" of performing household tasks.

Not long ago I spent a few days with a friend whose good housekeeping was almost a byword in the small town in which she lived, and from whom I hoped to learn much. I must confess that before my visit was over I felt very disappointed. Martha was undoubtedly a good housekeeper, yet, in spite of her excellent cooking, her shining silver and brass and her spotless rooms, I felt that there was something lacking in her home.

Martha's cupboards were full of beautiful china and silver, but these rarely saw the light of day, being kept for "company." There was a large drawing-room, a room of beauty and comfort, but this, too, was for other than those of the household. Martha's young son was in the habit of jokingly referring to this room as "The Museum," and I could not but think that his jesting words carried more than an element of truth. Rarely was a fire lit there, the family generally gathering in a smaller living-room while all the comfort and beauty of the drawing-room stood idle—waiting for whom? The casual guest, the passing stranger, while the nearest and dearest were without, partaking of "the second-best."

Wives and mothers, our home-makers, appeal to you. Is this just let alone reasonable? For whom are you building a home? Are your own of such small account that their comfort must ever be a secondary consideration? I, a potential homemaker, stoutly answer, No! Not for mine the "second-best," but all the comfort and beauty I can gather within my home shall be outpoured for them. Is not this "the better way" to build a home and to make it a place of true beauty, comfort and abiding joy?—"Fay Eglington," Christchurch.

THE following "Better Way's" each receive the sum of 2s. 6d.:

Washing Day Made Easy.

TAKE a clean petrol tin and half-fill with water, add 4lb. of washing soda, and stir occasionally until dissolved. Then add 4lb. of ordinary unsalted lime, and stir well, let settle; a clear fluid will result, with sediment at bottom. Fill copper with cold water, add as much soap as desired, and one teacup (no more) of the clear fluid, stir well, then put the dry clothes into the copper and boil well for about half an hour. Rinse well, blue and starch as usual. Does not harm coloured clothes or flannels. Is excellent for blue overalls and men's greasy clothes.

It has proved the greatest labour-saver I have used for six years past.—Mrs. G. Munday, Christchurch.

Fish Batter.

WHEN frying fish, a batter made of custard powder, flour and water (about one dessertspoonful of custard powder to two tablespoons of flour) is a cheap substitute for eggs and gives a better flavour than a batter made of flour and water. Add a pinch of salt.—"E.R.H.," Epsom, Auckland.

Trimming Bacon.

WHEN cutting the rind off bacon, I always use a pair of scissors. The rind can be cut very closely, without wasting the bacon. I also cut the bacon into suitable lengths with the scissors. This plan is much more satisfactory than using a knife.—"Handy," Lawrence.

Cleaning Silver.

EVERY busy housewife dreads the weekly task of cleaning the silver. How many would rejoice if they only knew that a good handful of common cooking salt put into an aluminium saucepan of water and brought to the boil, and while at boiling point the silver immersed for a few minutes and then washed in clean, hot soapy water makes the silver look like new.—Mrs. G. White, Porangahau.

To Cook Steak.

INSTEAD of frying steak "the better way" is to place steak on a slightly greased enamel plate, cover with chopped onion and bread crumbs. Cover with another plate and cook in a moderate oven half to three-quarters of an hour.—Mrs. W. Peterson, Dargaville.

Mending China.

HERE is a way to repair broken china and other crockery. Melt some common alum, which may be obtained from any chemist, in a spoon over the fire and smear it over the broken edges. Press the pieces firmly together, and in a short time it will set and the article is repaired. Wash carefully, and you may now replace it in the china cupboard.—"Handy Housewife," Epsom, Auckland.

Mincing Bread Crumbs.

WHEN mincing dried bread crumbs, the better way is to tie a brown paper bag on to the mincing machine for the crumbs to fall into and then they do not scatter all over the table and floor, also they are easy to pour from the bag into a bottle when ready.—Miss Hector, Lower Hutt.

Cleaning the Hearth.

WHEN next you are using whiting or red ochre for the hearth or fireplace, try mixing it with boiled starch instead of water. It will not rub off and lasts much longer.—Mrs. Jenkin, Masterton.

"FAVOURITE NOVELS" COMPETITION MONTHLY PRIZES FOR WOMEN READERS

TO most women there is some book of especial attraction. It may be they find the story of enthralling interest, or perhaps the country in which the scenes are laid holds peculiar fascination. Again, the literary style may have a unique appeal, or some picturesque period in a historical romance.

For our Competition this month we invite readers to send the name of their "Favourite Novel," with the author's name, and a short summary, not exceeding 200 words, of the reason, or reasons, that it holds first place in the affections. A brief and interesting paragraph should be aimed at, conveying as far as possible the charm the book holds for you.

"The Radio Record" offers a prize of half-a-guinea for the best paragraph. The right is reserved to publish the whole or any part of any entry sufficiently original or striking (apart from the prizewinner) on payment of space rates. 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 decision of the editor is final. A non-de-plume may be used if desired.

The "Favourite Novels" competition closes July 20, and the result will be announced on the women's page on July 27.

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

The Letters of Annabel Lee

MY dear Elizabeth: In this year of grace 'tis but few occupations at which the New Poor does not try its slender and competent hand. Amazing to find those hitherto apart from vulgar pursuit of profit can hold their own and haggle with the best. It would seem that in Belgravia the commercial instinct flourishes as well as in Whitechapel, and with even more success and finesse. The shop-keeper is born, not made, and the tricks of the trade, if not exactly a gift of the gods, a kind of sixth sense essential in treading the path of mundane prosperity.

WITH eclat the mannequins of Mayfair combine sense of salesmanship with graceful, slippery slide, getting off decorative habiliments on lovely ladies with a celerity that makes them well worth high emolument proffered by enterprising, aristocratic employer, and incidentally rendering more difficult and arduous the way of the poor and pretty shop-girl, without influence or education, who a decade ago was a favourite peg of novelists wishful of depicting the perils of virtue.

WOODEN-HEADED are we to appear in the near future, if lucky enough to secure one of those late creations now worn in London by those aware of le dernier cri. Hailing from Paris, these are the work of an original and artistic designer, who weaves upon canvas foundation strange and charming shapes in wood of a most winning flexibility in tones of golden and russet, orange and rose beige and sand. Much sought after are they by noblesse and snoblesse; in fact, by all possessing the numerous shekels required, supply being for the moment limited and exclusive.

AT his brilliant best, Mr. Somerset Maugham is ahead of the majority of contemporary novelists and playwrights, provoking more than casual interest, and at times making imperishable impression; as who will question, remembering that sombre tale of genius and its words and works, "The Moon and Sixpence," which inexorably travelled to its dreadful close with the callousness of a malignant fate. As an example of economy of words, there is the revealing description of marooned travellers and true and terrible sketch of female depravity in the short story entitled "Rain," which no one, having read, is likely to forget. And now there is an "Ashenden," a collection of studies, many of them gruesome, but each an inherent quality of interest that holds the attention in thrall.

WITH many of our novelists, it would seem, we are safe in expectation of portrayal of seamy aspects of life. But with Mr. Hugh Walpole one never knows. From some charming fantasy exhibiting uncanny knowledge of the vagaries of a child's outlook, his versatile talent branches off to turn a searchlight on strange and sordid facets of civilisation. Equally at home with drainers and duchesses, to his probing vision and capable accomplishment, which explore many strange fields, nothing comes amiss, and he illuminates for us the outlook of illuminated dweller in Kedar's tents, dignitaries of the Anglican church, or those appalling and pathetic Old Ladies, the latter etched with devastating fidelity to type. In his able latest novel, "Wintersmoon," Mr. Walpole brings to his crowded canvases welcome reappearance of interesting characters in "The Duchess of Wrex," telling this tale of mod-

ern society and manipulating his puppets with all his wonted verve.

ON these winter nights of cold and streaming rain, hurrying homewards through dreary streets, even the hard-hearted finds time for kindly glance at those cheery habits of the kerbstone, the newspaper boys who shout their wares in young voices rendered raucous by the atmosphere and the nature of their calling. Recently purchasing an evening paper, inadvertently another journal was offered to me. The mistake was hastily rectified, and, surveying me from red-rimmed eyes in which shone a glint of chivalry, with a tact worthy of Adam of Dublin himself, my newsboy remarked casually: "No, that's not the paper for you! A Very Impertinent Paper, that is! Not for a lady like you!" An impertinent paper indeed, and one that I sometimes read; but I appreciated the tribute to my literary taste, as I surveyed those bulging boots that had reached last stage of decrepitude, and ragged coat covering youth so plucky and pleasant and gay.

THIS morning, tramping through my suburb with the nine o'clock brigade, I chanced I passed the open door of a bungalow, in which stood a portly female, lacquered hair gleaming in the tepid sunshine, dangling string of pearls and ornate dressing strangely incongruous at that hour. Before her, across the road staggered an infinitesimal, pampered mongrel on spidery legs, yapping and shivering in its padded coat. "Not too far, darling," pleaded the stout lady. "Come back honey, sweet one; come back to Mummy!" The contrasts of life! Your

ANNABEL LEE.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

The Green Hat.

MOST skillfully decked was a win-dow in Wellington recently with subtle varieties of the Green Hat. A subsidy, one agrees, is due to the perpetrator of the novel that everyone read, or tried to read, concerning the non-moral lady who squashed artistic green headgear upon ravishing golden head, to the tune of much strange chat amid more than mildly Bohemian surroundings. This exhibition of the made, for beguilement of feminine heart and coin, ranged in colour from the attractive duck-egg shade, through many gradations, to a velour of that consoling jade in which golden blondes whom gentlemen prefer look their loveliest. A small cloche, with vanishing brim and small chic buckle, if worn with the right impudent detachment and nez retousse, would be quite capable of seducing an anchorite.

They Say:

THAT through the enterprise of the B.B.C. thousands of listeners in England have had the opportunity of appreciating the superb art of Miss Sybil Thorndike. The great tragedienne's performance of "Medea" has been broadcast, to the delight of those inhabitants of the British Isles fortunate enough to possess, or have a friend who possesses, a radio set.

THAT Dr. Marshall Macdonald's flair for literature found admirable expression in an address given on the occasion of the centenary of the birth of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. In an acute and impersonal tribute to the mystical imagery and haunting loveliness of his poetry, the supernatural quality and spiritual beauty of his painting, Dr. Macdonald was at his notable best. It is to be regretted that so illuminating study of the work of the poet and painter, of his chameleon-like personality, was available to only a limited audience, and was not broadcast for the delight of all lovers of art in its different manifestations.

Women as Critics.

LEON Feuchtwanger, the much-discussed author, finds his most stimulating and finely attuned critics among women. He states that they have a sure feeling for quality, and are capable of sinking themselves entirely in a work of art without losing a discriminating ear for false notes. He is by no means insensitive to their approval. Writing for the "Women's Journal," he says:—"It would be foolish hypocrisy to deny that I find success pleasant—the hymns of praise in newspapers, and among the general public, the approval of the not very large band of friends whose opinion I value; but to all these things one becomes gradually accustomed. What never grows stale is the adventure of work itself, its triumphs and failures, and—perhaps—the joy of seeing its final effect mirrored in the face of an understanding woman."

Women and Politics.

THE Women's Unionist Organisation, which held its annual conference in London on May 10, reported an increase of 90,500 members last year.

The Countess of Inveagh, M.P. presided at the morning session of the conference, and Lady Newton in the afternoon. Mrs. Baldwin met the delegates at a reception on the evening of May 10.

On the afternoon of May 11, the Prime Minister addressed a mass meeting in the Albert Hall.

No Wish to Marry Lindbergh.

WHEN 150 girls in a school in Columbia were asked if they would like to marry the famous aviator, Colonel Lindbergh, only 29 answered in the affirmative. Of the 105 who gave negative answers, 63 were in love with someone else, 17 said he was too popular, 12 "did not care for his type at all," 6 were afraid he might get killed at any minute, and 3 could not bear the idea of marrying a famous man and being known only as his wife.

Barnyard Buttonholes.

THE new buttonholes are most attractive, and get larger every day. Real flowers are worn a good deal by smart women who can afford them, but there are lovely artificial posies that look so real you feel you must smell them. Kingcups, polyanthus, cowslips, and anemones mixed together look very fresh and gay on a tailor-made.

The Duchess of York was seen wearing one of the new barnyard buttonholes the other day.

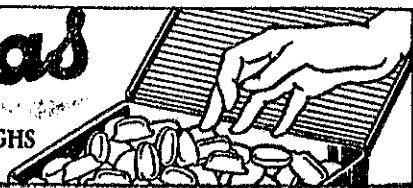
Heaviest Women Smokers.

It is computed that 100,000,000,000 cigarettes are smoked every year in Great Britain, of which 40,000,000 are made every day at the Nottingham factories of Messrs. Players, who celebrated to-day the centenary of their foundation by Mr. William Wright. The firm has evidence that English women are the heaviest women smokers of cigarettes in the world; that soldiers and outdoor workers are the heaviest smokers of all; and that most cigarettes are smoked between six and seven o'clock in the evening.

Shock-proof Watches.

THE newest watches are very original and surprising. The watch itself is scarcely thicker than a penny, and is set on a flat, inch-wide diamond bracelet. Its face is covered with a sliding jewelled lid, and its works are guaranteed shock-proof. These watches are also made up to wear as pendants.

TAKE
Pulmonas
RELIEF BY INHALATION
FOR COUGHS
AND COLDS



Vengeance is Mine!

MAGISTRATE (to prisoner): "I seem to have seen you somewhere before."

Prisoner: "Yes, Your Worship, I had the honour of teaching your son how to rig up a wireless set."

Magistrate (severely): "Six months without the option!"—From "Le Figaro."

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