

From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

The Evening Mode.

OWING to the very exacting demands of the fashionable life to-day, frocks must be representative of the ever-changing manner of the mode. These demands have resulted in a generous array of new lines, subtly modified and given a fresh importance by the use of especially-designed materials, new colours, beads, and flowers. Precious stones and metals are seen everywhere woven into the evening mode, adding the glamour of the opera, the dinner, the ball, and the functions that turn winter nights into a blaze of glory. Gold and silver threads gleam through fabrics in floral and geometrical patterns, and sheer crepes brocaded with small delicate metal designs are used for formal gowns as well as the richer brocades. Jewelled buckles of pearls and brilliants are used on the narrow tailored belt or placed at the hip to mark the end of the surplice closing line. Such a buckle to accent such a line is as important a part of the whole, as the flower arrangement of a beautifully appointed dinner table, making a cluster of brilliant light and colour on the expanse between the accent of one's necklace or earrings, or the jewelled buckles or straps of one's shoes.

Faces that Match the Mode.

WINTER is the very season when good looks are most important. Society is always smartest and gayest in winter, and more formal in its demands. The most distinguished parties always come in winter, when you simply must be lovely—now is certainly the time when you should pamper your skin as it has never been before—be lavish with your face-creams, cold creams, cleansing creams, and vanishing creams. If your puritan background has made you consistent in the use of soap and water, cut loose this once and see what a cleansing cream does in its place. Use soap and water, too, if you wish, but use a cleansing cream first. If you haven't a favourite one, try the new ones to convince yourselves. And don't forget your hands are an important part of the picture. Use lots of cream during the winter: these long-suffering appendages have to have frequent baptism in soap and water, but do it gently, and use the best soap; also be sure to dry your hands thoroughly so that no moisture remains to chap the skin. Your hair needs careful attention in this season; in summer it lives a splendidly free natural life, with the wind blowing through it and the sun vitalising the scalp and hair-roots. Many a head never sees the sun in winter, what a change—close air-tight felt hats keep away the very air from its roots. Whenever a warm, sunny day makes it possible, give your hair a sun bath, and brush thoroughly so as to reach the scalp and dust off the hair as well. There are so many aids to beauty—lovely simple things that make your good looks stronger, surer, and safer for all the next winters to come.—Mrs. M. Thomas, 2YA.

The Pearls of a Queen.

A RETURN to more feminine fashions is due in some measure to the good taste of Royalty, which has set the example of wearing the right clothes for different occasions: sport clothes in the morning, simple silk frocks and ensembles in the afternoon, and longer, flowing skirts made of beautiful materials for the evening. With the same good taste, Royalty has never given way to masses of imitation jewellery. The pearls of a Queen, the emeralds of a Princess may be famous, and these ladies would rather wear no jewels at all than wear false stones, unless in a case of diplomatic security.

Royal Simplicity.

NO one could be more simply dressed in the morning than the British Royal Family, the Queen of Spain and her daughters, the Queen of Rumania and hers. In pleated skirts, jumpers, cardigan coats, and long coats, with small felt or straw hats, fur at the neck, and a bunch of flowers to match the ensemble, they may be seen doing their shopping in the Rue de la Paix and its neighbourhood. They are never extravagant, they know what they want, and they realise that dressing well and suitably is part of their job. This attitude alone has its influence on dress.

The Professional Awakener.

WIRELESS is fast completing the extinction of a trade whose decline started years ago on the appearance of the American alarm clock. Lancashire workers, whose watches and clocks could not be relied upon, engaged a man with a long pole who clattered along the streets in wooden clogs knocking at workers' windows to get them up in time for work. This became a regular trade. Then the American alarm clock saved the expense of the professional awakener. Many of the old-fashioned folk, however, preferred to rely on the human clock, but now that the time is "broadcast" everybody's clock can be adjusted several times a day, and the "man with the pole" is becoming extinct.

A COUNTRYMAN'S SONG.

*This is the weather the cuckoo likes,
And so do I;
When showers betumble the chestnut
spikes,
And nestlings fly:
And the little brown nightingale bills his
nest,
And they sit outside the "Travellers'
Rest,"
And maids come forth sprig-mustin drest,
And citizens dream of the south and west,
And so do I.*

*This is the weather the shepherd shuns;
And so do I;
When beeches drip in browns and duns,
And thresh, and ply;
And hill-hid tides thro' throe on throe.
And meadow-riculets oversow,
And droops on gate-bars hang in a row,
And rooks in families homeward go,
And so do I.*

—THOMAS HARDY.

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Influence of Royalty.

THE longer skirt is certainly due in part to the influence of Royalty. It is difficult to look Royal in a short, narrow skirt. On the links and the tennis courts short skirts are right for everyone, even Royalty can lay down its ceremonial manners when playing games, but for "opening things," as Christopher Robin would say, for going to balls and banquets, a short, tight skirt does take away from the dignity of the most Royal personage.

Improving Pastry.

When next you are making pastry try this improvement, which is also an economy. Melt the butter or lard a little, and whip it into a cream before mixing with the flour. Only half the quantity is then required, and the pastry is mixed in far less time.

The Joy of Living.

IT requires very moderate intelligence to realise that happiness is greatly dependent upon mental health. We have only to observe people, to listen for one day to the women who come into one's lives, and what do we find?

Some women appear to have everything that should make for happiness, and are yet discontented, dissatisfied. Others, in an environment far from "perfect," with more than their share of worries and difficulties, manage to live happily and harmoniously.

What is the matter with women who are always a little depressed, self-pitying, without interest and joy in life?

So the sensible woman determines to be physically fit. Indeed, the widespread interest in health and hygiene accounts largely for the increase of beauty and the more youthful appearance of modern women.

Psychology and Happiness.

IF, in spite of a hygienic life and good physical health, a woman is still dissatisfied, full of grievances and fears, what then? The cause may be physical. Misery is sometimes the result of inability to adjust oneself to life, sometimes it is due to unsolved conflicts.

The people who are always misunderstood, the women who are self-centred and complaining, will never be well in spring or at any time of year without self knowledge and a new adjustment to life.

Every human being must, to win health and happiness, develop psychologically as well as physically from the infant to the adult. How few of us do! Some remain "fixed" in the infantile phase, completely selfish and self-loving. Others are really children, boasting, quarrelling, bullying, antagonistic to the other sex. Most of us never pass the phase of adolescence, characterised by irresponsibility and a love of philandering.

It would be an easier, happier world if people really "grew up" in their minds as they do in brains and body.

Well, the next generation should be happier because women, the mothers and teachers, are interesting themselves in psychology, the science of the mind or soul.—Dr. Elizabeth Sloane Chesser.

Our Potent Weapon.

WOMEN are rediscovering the immemorial truth that their most potent weapon lies in their own grace and charm.

Four notable comments upon the revolution—two by Lord Birkenhead, one by a very distinguished German woman, and one by a prominent American business woman—are interesting. The sentiments expressed are all closely alike.

"We women should stay in woman's sphere," said Miss Louise Luckenbill, when declining the post of vice-president of a great American advertising corporation. "Some day," she added, "women will have an even chance in the business world. But it will come slowly and of its own accord, helped by tact. It will not be hastened by fussing and fuming."

The "Uncrowned Queen."

FRAU VON KARDORFF-OHEIMB is one of the three outstanding women personalities in the Germany of to-day. A great and successful worker in politics and business organisation, she has been hailed as the "uncrowned queen" of Germany. But, before all else, she is, most intensely, a woman, with all a woman's sympathy and charm.

She, too, believes that women are "eligible for any and every career," but she never fails to warn her sex against the wrong line of attack. "I always make friends with the men," she says. "The old method is the best one after all. Femininity always has been, and ever must remain, woman's only invincible weapon."

The Man's Angle.

LORD BIRKENHEAD naturally takes the man's angle. And men, needless to remark, agree wholeheartedly with Frau von Kardorff-Oheimb. They may, as a race, be absurdly self-conscious about women, and very shy in our relationship with them, but no man who is a man fails to react to the charm of genuine womanhood. They might, certainly, learn to react more gracefully than they do. And here is something upon which women may well increasingly exercise their wit and tact.

"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 Elisabeth:

In Dublin's fair city.

Where the girls are so pretty,

applies with equal truth and point to Dunedin; and wo'd and married and a' quite lately was one of the most engaging members of the Scottish city's delightful Younger Set. The marriage of Miss Betty Reid to Mr. Mason aroused much interest, for her own and her mother's sake, and also because her father, the late Mr. Charles Stuart Reid, is held in affectionate remembrance by many friends. The golden-haired bride's wedding garment was fashioned of vellum-tinted georgette, flared skirt revealing gleaming glimpses of silvery sheen, long veil of tulle falling softly in pointed draperies. Bridesmaids clad in sunset-coloured frocks of that taffeta which holds such charm for the beholder—though not invariably to the wearer, as it is liable to dire disaster of the splitting variety—with insets of golden tulle, hats of rose-colour and slippers of gold, added colour to a beautiful group. Four radiant girls were conspicuous at this happy gathering: Miss Gracia Finch in rose-pink, black hat picturesque with pink rose; Miss Nancy Barr very lovely in beauteous shawl of mother-o'-pearl tissue; Miss Marjorie Statham, as always, extremely distinctive in oyster satin frock, one slender shoulder revealed by slipping shawl; and Miss Mary Blomfield in shawl and hat of dreamy-tinted pastel tones. Fullness of skirt was noted in many gowns, some dipping ever so gracefully, and quite a few were longer at the back, a more fascinating mode of the moment than it sounds.

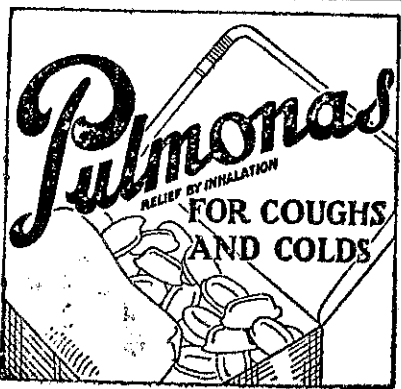
THE Muse of Poetry and the Drama smiled upon the Otago Women's Club on a recent evening, when a talk was given on "Glimpses of Literary London," by New Zealand's poetic playwright, Mr. C. R. Allen. Of an

interest beguiling was the tale that was told of impressions of personalities etched on a mind so plastic and savoured with an alert and far-reaching intelligence. Ingrained in the heart of the hero-worshipper is a simple delight in daily details of the lives of the illustrious. "What porridge had John Keats?" held perennial interest. Mr. Allen's witty chat, however, did not concern itself with matters so mundane, although he did mention Rudyard Kipling's present preoccupation with farming, somehow a surprising pursuit for the author of "Plain Tales." Anecdotes of Beloe, Masfield and Chesterton held much interest in this unusual and delightful dissertation, which was rarely illuminating concerning thronging modern Intelligentsia, from one who is himself a star in the sparkling firmament. We are intrigued to know that Mr. Allen's play, "The Singing Heart," with its captivating central motive and melodious phrasing, is to be put on the market by Basil Blackwell, together with three others, in which is included "When Mr. Punch Was Young," which many people consider the best of the plays.

APATHETIC have we shown ourselves of late towards the political situation, all the talk 'twixt me and thee being concentrated on matters of present urgency, such as the scrimmage over the War Memorial, hideous street noises that fret the nerves, the June sales, the best way to make toheroa soup, and so on. Collectively we have held our breath over that exploit miraculous of Capt. Kingsford-Smith and his giants of the ether, and listened to some quite excellent programmes over the wireless. But we have not bothered about the looming Election until last Thursday night, when we went to the Town Hall to hear the speech of our own J.G., the darling of the Reform Party, its bonnie Prince Charlie, its Young Hopeful. Very early we had

to go, for the crowd was immense, and all innocent and gay, while waiting for the conquering hero, we chanted lilting community songs with enthusiasm, keeping a watchful eye on the door while blissfully warbling how Annie Laurie gie'd her promise true. To the skirl of the pipes—than which there is no more inspiring marching music or more desolate lament—entered the Prime Minister, all smiles, accompanied by adherents and satellites and Wise Men of the east and the north and the south. Excellent was the address of the evening, homely, heartening, and relating to great and good deeds accomplished; covering finance and farming, pigs and property, all the lay of the land and the fun of the fair. And listened to with deep respect by an audience as polite and prim as a party in a parlour: no heckling, no prodding, no eggs! When the turn came for the Minister of Education, he proved amusing and told some good stories; while Mr. Rolleston won hearts by his modesty in comparing, to his own detriment, his speech with one that might have been delivered by the Finance Minister, and going on to give a few short, too short, comments on war and peace. An appealing speaker, with a diction that pleases, and an attractive personality. But I tire of statistics, and we had a good many of them, and gazing at the Olympians, wondered if they could possibly be as good as they looked. Are they the same at home, in fact? Opportunely I remembered:

"Pluto, Pluto, William Tell
Used to yell, and yell, and yell!
Little John Sebastian Bach
Refused to go to bed in the dark;
And the infant G. F. Handel
Couldn't sleep without a candle:
While William Shakespeare used
to bawl,
And wouldn't go to bed at all!"
Your
ANNABEL LEE.



Dried Celery.

When trimming celery for table use, do not throw away any outside leaves or roots that are sound; wash them, and when well drained, place upright in a colander and keep it on the rack. A paper may be placed over it to keep out dust, as it takes some time to dry. When quite crisp, put into an airtight tin, and it will keep for a year or two. It is excellent for flavouring any kind of stock, soup, or stew.

Cooking of Grains.

To test when cornflour or any grain is sufficiently cooked, tip saucepan when the mixture is thick and boiling. If it leaves the sides of the saucepan clear the mixture is cooked. To prevent a lumpy cornflour mixture, add a little hot milk to cornflour paste before cooking. Rice should be cooked in cold milk. Cooking should be slow for about two hours.

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