

From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

"At Home" in the Art Gallery.

A WIND that wailed and rain of the most devastating were the weather conditions last Friday evening, and they were lucky who could sport a Rolls-Royce, a Ford, or the indispensable Black and White, when faring forth to the Art Gallery to a reception given by the chairman of the Wellington branch of the New Zealand Institute of Architects, Mr. W. M. Page, and Mrs. Page. A pleasant party indeed, with a welcome that radiated kindness, and the hall looking charming as it rapidly filled with a softly moving crowd of fair women and brave men; all made the more interesting because opportunity was taken to present the Institute's gold medal to Mr. Fearn, for his design of the Booth Memorial College. Mr. Moody, of Auckland, president of the Institute, in giving the medal, mentioned that it was the first time the honour had been awarded; Mr. Fearn's few words of acknowledgment included graceful and feeling reference to his late partner, Mr. Austin Quick; and, after the Mayor's short and genial comments, there was strident music of merit, much gay chatter, and time for leisurely wandering and discursive argument as to the best and worst pictures in the gallery.

Beauteous garments were exploited, in particular the chic of the shawl; for, though few can gracefully wear its slippery loveliness, everyone tries nowadays. Coats and cloaks of ring velvet held charm and seductiveness on the coldest night of the year; while a notable woman artist wore trailing black draperies that suited well her stately bearing and shingled grey hair. Gay girls trailed fringed and scarf-like embroideries over flaming gowns; one of the Very Young looking particularly attractive in crisp silken frocklet of a delectable shade of pink very beguiling on her slim blondeness. A shawl of prim Paisley pattern was quaintly decorative, and another of rose-magenta a gorgeous note of colour on the brunette who wore it so well. A Chinese happy jacket looking at home in surroundings so artistic, and very successful was a bridge coat of covetable blue brocade.

A few of the new pendants were worn, gleaming on long slim chains, and proving a graceful and feminine adornment; and admirable was a closely-woven rope of garnets clinging closely to the throat, and full of fascination for lovers of this alluring stone.

A gay and cheery party, and a prized interlude amid grey and bustling wintry days.

The Royal Academy.

AMONG the most prominent pictures at this year's exhibition is a very youthful-looking portrait of his Majesty King George V. by Sir Arthur S. Cope, R.A., and a true-to-life, and therefore beautiful portrait of "Our Queen Mary," by A. T. Nowell. Another picture of interest is "Sisters," by Harold Knight, A.R.A. Mr. Knight has recently been made an Associate of the Royal Academy, a few months after his wife, Mrs. Laura Knight, was elected. Only once before has it happened that a husband and wife were both A.R.A.'s.

Some New Books.

THE Battle of the Horizons is the title of Miss Sylvia Thompson's new book, for which we have been eagerly watching and waiting ever since its forthcoming (and title) was mooted some months ago. It deals with the effect England has upon a sensitive American girl, married to an Englishman, and living in a strange world. The book is considered by its publishers to be one of the most important "new novels." John Brophy's first novel is a remarkable study of adolescence. "The Bitter End" portrays the effects of the brutalities and profundities of life in war-time upon the mind of a boy who enlists under age. An excellent little book of sound advice to youth, from the pen of Dr. Elizabeth Sloan Chesser, has been published recently. "Youth" is written primarily for women, and is very truthfully outspoken on the physiological aspects of human life.

A Woman's Mission.

AS an aid to public speakers, Commandant Allen, of the Women's Auxiliary Service, is loud in her praise of aeroplane travel. She has just returned from a seven days' air trip to Hungary and Czechoslovakia, where she has been speaking on women police. The Commandant thinks it is the easiest method of travel, and she intends never to go by train again. She was astonished to find that nowhere were they ever a minute late, although travelling by five different air lines. Commandant Allen was invited to Budapest by the National Council of Women, and spoke at three crowded meetings. Hungary, like Czechoslovakia, has extremely difficult social problems to solve. So far Hungary has no women attached to its police force, but Czechoslovakia has women in its welfare branch, in the same way that Germany originally had. From Budapest Commandant Allen went to Prague, speaking at two meetings, one for the Czech section, and one for the German, the same evening that she arrived.

OUTLAWED!

Under the cherry trees I lie
That paint the noonday pink;
Neath a heaven of cloudless sky,
A breeze that seems softer than a sigh,
Like a girl's warm breath on the cheek, I think.
Like a woman's whisper and soft caress,
When to a loved one she answers yes!
Under the cherry trees a man
May dream all day in far Japan!

Only the birds share the trees with me;
Gay-clad creatures that come and go,
Born of the Eastern summer sun,
Purple and golden every one,
Coming when summer breezes blow,
Singing the song of the joy of life.
The folly of care and the sin of strife.
Under the cherry trees one can
Almost be happy in far Japan!

How far the London life I led
Seems now in the dim and distant past!
How far the nights and days up West,
The turf, the stage, and all the rest,
Here at sight of the sun they've fled.
And I'm miles away from ocean and lands,
From sound of voices and touch of hands.
Under the cherry trees a man
Forgets the past in far Japan!

THE SYBARITE.

WOMAN AND HER HOME

Flowered Brooches.

NEW hats demand new brooches for decoration, and jewellers have revived the flower designs which were so popular last year, though this year's creations are sufficiently different to make the purchase of a new one essential.

Enamel work, which has now been so popular for some time, is being used in place of brilliants to make realistic blooms with a few precious stones to give the necessary sparkle.

A cyclamen of white enamel has delicate stamens of green with drops of tiny pearls, and in the same shop was shown a big pansy brooch of lapis lazuli with a centre of amethysts. In deep blue enamel a cornflower was made, and the variety of blooms seen endless, so that a brooch can be varied to match the colour of the toilette.

With a severe black and white toilette the cyclamen mentioned would be ideal, or, with an appealing summer frock of flowered chiffon, a bunch of forget-me-nots would add a charming finish to the brim of an accompanying crinoline straw hat.

Young Carrots.

LIKE cats, carrots are most pleasing when quite young. Indeed, when old I have not much use for them—the carrots, I mean; except their foliage, which is beautiful. So much so that in the days of dismal James I., when they were costly, and, therefore, valued, dames of high degree wore plumes of carrot in their hats! Young carrots should be treated tenderly and simply. One best way is to stew them slowly in butter, peppered and salted. At the last add some cream, a trifle of sugar, and some chopped parsley. This way they deserve a course all to themselves. When very tiny they can be fried whole; when they are growing up they must be cut into halves or quarters lengthways, the tapering ends cut off; and off with their heads, of course! Dip the wholes or the pieces into beaten white of egg; then into fine breadcrumbs; then fry deep in hot butter or oil. Serve them with a sprinkling of finely chopped and fried parsley, and, say I, two, or three drops on each of Worcestershire sauce. I have a pot of carrots growing in my garden; many friends ask me for the name of this lovely fern, and will not believe me when I tell it to them. Hard is the way of the truthful man!

W. Teignmouth Shore.

"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:

Interesting and cordial was the official opening of the G.F.S. Hostel, Wellington, and the crowd so great that, by ill fortune, many were unable to hear the speech of the Bishop, Mr. Coates, and others. Greatly to be admired are those who have steadily and successfully forged ahead for the sake of working girls; and in particular much kudos and appreciation are due to Mrs. Sprott for noble and generous effort for the cause. Standing on what is to be the roof garden of the building, aware of beautiful expanse and wide horizon, as the setting sun turned cumulous clouds to flame, one felt a benediction upon liberality and largesse so willingly outpoured. A great place this, to revel in the winds of the world, although in the meantime only a few wistful sprigs of geranium, sprouting in a tub that has seen better days, represent the glory of the garden that is to be.

IN one corridor of the Hostel is a group of photographs of sweet women of a bygone day, who formed the first committee of this most friendly society. Kindliness is depicted, and caps of another age; and a serene dignity denied to the hustling and bustling world of the present. On another landing hangs the portrait of a very lovely lady indeed, inquiry elucidating that she is the enchanting wife of a former Governor of our lucky isles, who for a short space walked among us wrapped in beauty, chinchilla and other lovely habilaments.

Painted China.

MARCEL GOUPY, the French artist whose painted glass has made him famous, has been painting dinner services. Each has a different design, and most are floral effects in bold, bright colours. The china is of a pastel shade or ivory-tinted.

We admired the nice small bedrooms, with names of donors on the lintel, and furnished in the sparse and pleasant modern way; while numerous bath-rooms charmed, and a pleasant living-room clamoured for camaraderie. Kitchen, cupboards, airiness, and wise planning of this homely palace of peace, reflect almost credit on Mr. Coleridge, for ability, vision and forethought, and Mr. Templeton, for carrying out the plans of the architect to such notable termination.

AMONG those who helped to dispense acceptable tea, one noticed a picturesque coiffure of white hair, of the aureole variety, parted in the centre with a naive delight, and coiled low on the neck; almost persuading, in its sweetness of simplicity, to renouncement of ubiquitous shingle. Old men and maidens were represented at the gathering, among the latter very noticeable being a lovely dark-eyed girl in gown of purple hue, which at best is a ravishing setting for beauty, and at worst so entirely devastating.

OF sorry stuff does illusion sometimes consist. Under a spreading chestnut hat lately put forward to gladden the eye of mere man, and worn by a dainty damsel with plenty of hair of her own, were attached what closely resembled nice little, tight little, wiry curls, which closer observation revealed to be composed of horse-hair, apparently intended as part of the decorative scheme, and certainly achieving novelty.

Better Beetroot.

BOIL the root as usual and peel, then put a layer in glass dish and sprinkle with castor or granulated sugar and a squeeze of lemon juice; repeat with each layer of beet. This takes off any earthy taste there may be.

INTERESTING, and not surprising, to hear that Mr. John Drinkwater's comedy, "Bird in Hand," is having a successful run in London. A modern and amusing rendering, this, of Cophetua and his beggar maid. Squire's son and junkie's daughter, to be exact, between whom there once yawned a social gulf of the most impassable, but in these days of the democrat it would seem that all things are possible. Clever characterisation and dialogue that sparkles are to be expected, with that sense of the theatre which is an attribute of this acute and brilliant critic; all allied to very excellent fooling, particularly the guileless chat of an inimitable traveller in sardines, who wanders in to the country inn where this most mirthful play is staged.

A SOPHISTICATED young man is Mr. Alec Waugh, who a few years ago electrified his world by writing a novel, at the age of seventeen, on that perennially engrossing topic, life in an English public school, and discoursing on certain of its aspects and eccentricities with a frankness unprecedented. Then came essays from this versatile and iconoclastic youth, more or less biographical in character; and some stories that contained much cabaret and cocktails and very little incident. Now there is published "Chukka," a volume of short tales of more than average merit, particularly when the author leaves his London and wanders forth to the fair land of Provence for a background to his clever characterisations.

Your

ANNABEL LEE.

Rose Sauce.

THIS is a delightful sauce, which will keep, if bottled. It looks pretty round a white shape or steamed pudding, and can be used to colour anything pink. Take one beetroot, one small lemon, one pint water, one pound sugar, one half-teaspoonful vanilla essence. Peel the raw beet, slice very thinly, and put in an enamelled saucepan with the water, and very thinly pared rind of the lemon; boil for half an hour, strain, add sugar and strained lemon juice boil five minutes. When cold add the vanilla, put in small bottles, cork and seal.

Delicious Scotch Savoury.

SELECT a nice thick smoked blue cod or other salt fish. Pour boiling water over the first and let stand for five minutes. Remove skin and bones. Put the fish into a mortar and pound it. Then add a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a dash of pepper and a little salt, a generous lump of butter, and, last of all, when well mixed, a tablespoonful of cream. Heat all in a saucepan about 10 minutes. Pour mixture over freshly buttered squares of toast, garnish with parsley and lemon quarters.

Re-covering Deck Chairs.

WHEN new canvas for a deck chair is required it is a good plan to allow sufficient length to make up like a roller towel.

Although the initial cost is more, there is a double advantage—the cover can be shifted to equalise the wear and the use of nails is avoided. These eventually tear away the canvas, as well as rotting it by rust after exposure to rain.

Bermuda Pudding.

TAKE 2oz. best arrowroot, 2oz. powdered sugar, 2 teacups milk, 1oz. butter, some dried cherries, and ratafias.

Method: Mix arrowroot until quite smooth with a little milk and boil together with sugar and butter. Put a little into mould; put in some cherries next, then more pudding, then some ratafias and pudding till the mould is filled. Turn out when cold, and serve with custard round it.

When your throat pricks
take
Pulmonas
FOR COUGHS
AND COLDS

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