

From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

A Fascinating Film.

THERE are twenty different ways of killing cats, 'tis said, and thrice as many ways of wearing a shawl to advantage, all of them exploited in the pictured play, "The Loves of Carmen," now being staged at the De Luxe Theatre, Wellington, and founded on the lovely opera by Bizet.

Against a background of old Spain, with its passion and superstition, its vivacity and violence, the gay, sad story makes an admirable film play; the part of the wanton, lovely gypsy being acted by Dolores del Rio with a daring grace that charms. Of an adorable slowness, lovely and seductive to a degree, she dances her way into the hearts of men; and without shadow of compunction forsakes the nice young Jose for the coarse and virile bull-fighter who has captured her wayward fancy. Provocative to a degree is the dance by which she brings down her quarry; but was it essential for the great Toreador to have such evil "table manners," and that he should consume his victuals with such ogreish appetite? The bull-fight seems a somewhat tame and perfunctory performance, and hardly up to the standard of the blood-and-sand drama that one imagines; but slender, passionate Carmen captures and holds her audience till the last scene, when Nemesis finds her, and the dagger of the forsaken Jose ends her careless, laughing life.

The subtle, haunting music of the opera is exquisitely played by the De Luxe Orchestra, and the Habanera and Toreador songs, by artistic vocalists, are a charming interlude.

Things Women Say.

It is really well worth the extra bit of trouble to keep a husband.—Lady Kitty Vincent.

Parents who want their boys to be brought up in old, die-hard traditions should have to pay for it.—Mrs. Neville Dixey, M.P.

The only advantage of being a woman is that you can't marry one.—Countess of Oxford.

It is sometimes very easy to agree with principles, but not so easy to agree on their application.—Viscountess Bryce.

The modern girl is clever and interesting, and, in a quiet way, knows that life has been good to her and her generation.—Lady Norah Spencer Churchill.

There is more cant talked about motherhood to-day than any other subject.—Mrs. Dora Taylor.

I dislike jazz extremely, on the ground that it makes no real contribution to music.—Dame Ethel Smyth.

Ever since there was a vote, the men's vote has swamped the women. In enfranchising women, the Conservative Government has done more in the cause of peace than any other Government.—Mrs. Stanley Baldwin.

Advice to Women.

A WOMAN who shingles loses control of her face. Given long hair, a variety of costumes, and imagination, a woman can transform herself into a dozen different creatures. She can be demure, or gay, or tragic; but if she loses her hair she is condemned to monotony. For the sake of the artist women should keep their hair on.—Mr. Drummond Young, at the Professional Photographers' Exhibition, London.

Women Farmers.

THERE are now over 20,000 women farmers in England and Wales. The main openings for women in rural occupations are poultry-keeping, rabbit-rearing, and the breeding of goats. Formerly rabbits were reared in England for their flesh alone, but with a decreasing supply of fur from wild animals new breeds of rabbits have been created, and they are now reared largely for the value of their pelts. As much as 35s. a pound is paid for Angora fur, and one Angora rabbit will produce 100% a year.

A Balfour Story.

SOME years ago when Mr. A. J. Balfour was going through a village near the home at Whittingehame he was accosted by one of the old men of the place, to whom he presented a shilling. The old man leaned confidently towards Mr. Balfour and whispered, "Man, dae ye ken, what I'm gaun to tell ye?" "No," said the statesman. "Wee," he said, "it's gaun to rain seventy-two days." Mr. Balfour smiled, and thinking to have some fun with the old man replied, "That cannot be, for the world was entirely flooded in forty days." "Yes," returned the old fellow, nodding sagely, "but the world wasnae sae drained as it is noo."

Paris Shoes.

SHOES in Paris are simpler than last season. A single strap, or two, very little trimming, a slender cut and a straight heel from five to six centimetres high, and there you have the main lines of the fashionable summer shoe for town wear. Beige is the favourite colour, a rosy beige and a grey beige. In fine kid these beige shoes are being made by all the leading Parisian bootmakers. Grey is now recognised as impractical. It is difficult to get the right shade to go with the dress, and grey dyes are not good. They turn yellow and mauve and look sickly, whereas beige keeps its colour or takes on a pleasant "patine" of light brown. Grey is kept for women who can afford to have shoes to wear a few times and then set aside as not to be worn any more.



MISS ANITA WINKEL

—A talented elocutionist heard from 4YA. Photo. Artile.

Evolution of Hats.

HATS were first worn by the ancient Greeks and Macedonians. They were very plain affairs made of felt, not intended to be ornamental, but merely used as a protection from the weather.

Medieval English hats were very splendid and costly. Smart young men prided themselves on their hats of rich materials, decorated with feathers and precious stones.

The shiny silk "toppers" were first worn about 1840, and "bowlers" came into use about ten years later. Straw hats were worn much earlier, and one English town, Luton, became celebrated all over the world for the excellence of the straw hats made there.

Bows Again.

BOWS are a decoration appearing on many frocks this season. One of the newest ways of using these is to take the shiny side of a reversible ma-

terial and thread it through slots in the bodice, ending in bows on the left. Many jumpers have bands added, finished in long ends tied in a bow and sleeves, of course, have their cuffs tied in the same manner. The bows, to be really fashionable, must, however, be of the same material as the dress, although often used on the reverse side.

Beauty a Handicap.

IT is said that for the ambitious actress beauty is a handicap to recognition because she attracts attention before she legitimately deserves it. The present-day stage has its example in that remarkable woman, Gladys Cooper. It would be a shock and a revelation to her adoring public to know the stupendous struggle it has been for Gladys Cooper to get herself accepted as the fine actress she is first and the great beauty afterwards. Yet a murmur in appreciation of her interpretation of a difficult part to which she has given months of study pleases her more than volumes in praise of her famous "looks."

Present Fashions Score.

THE fashions of 1900 look vulgar, pretentious, unlovely beside the simple distinction of those of to-day. Both on the stage and off it was easy to find examples of the advance in good taste and good sense that has been made in the art of designing dresses during the last few years. Not only is the feminine figure more natural in the clothes of to-day, but it is more graceful, more really womanly, less doll-like. Then, again, the materials used to-day are so much more becoming in texture and colour than those which were used in 1900.

By tucking and shirring, gathering and pleating, flouncing and draping, a modern dress is a lovely thing to handle and to wear. There is no binding up of the throat as if it were always sore, no hiding of the ankles as if they were a disgrace. To pause and consider why it is that women prefer short skirts, open necks, free waists, is to realise that they have emancipated themselves from foolishness. They may commit follies still in the manner of dressing—they always will—but they are, at least, more healthily as well as more gracefully dressed in 1928 than they were in 1900.

Apricot Chutney.

TWO cups of apricot pulp, two tablespoonfuls of ground almonds, one teaspoonful of chopped chillies, half teaspoonful salt, half teaspoonful mustard powder, one ounce ground ginger, a saltspoonful of pepper, and quarter bottle boiled vinegar.

Use dried apricots, soaking them till they swell, then stew them till soft, drain, and pass through a sieve. Mix all the ingredients well together. Pour over all the vinegar, boiling, put the mixture in a saucepan, bring to the boil over a gentle heat, and bottle.

British and Best.

WHAT are the largest trees in the world? According to an answer to a question in a general knowledge paper set by a contemporary, they are the Sequoias of America. This is on a par with the statement that the Niagara Falls are the largest in the world, and is purely an American boast. The largest trees in the world are the Damara Australis or Kauri pine of New Zealand.

The land survey report on the Wai-pawa Forest (1919) claims the largest for that forest, and Kirk gives measurements of one containing 31,416 cubic feet gross or 295,788 board feet of sawable timber, whereas the greatest reported yield from a Sequoia is 141,000 board feet, or less than half the amount in the New Zealand giant.

Kipling's Reply.

THE undergrads of Cambridge used to run a magazine called "The Granta," which had many short-lived rivals. The editor of one of these had the impertinence to write to Rudyard Kipling for a contribution, explaining that finances were so low they could not afford more than a guinea per thousand words! He got the following reply from Kipling:—

"There once was an Author who wrote, Dear Sir—In reply to your note of yesterday's date—I reluctantly state—Can't be done for the price that you quote."

"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:

"Little deeds of kindness, little words of love," of many and varied descriptions, are to be passed to the credit of that Society in our midst whose admirable and strenuous slogan is "Service before Self." Latest and greatest of its efforts is one of generous spontaneity and endeavour to ameliorate the condition of the Wellington unemployed, those who for the moment, through force of unhappy circumstances, are unable to help themselves. Little crying children will be warmed and cheered, and discouraged men, whose luck is out, will perchance take heart to seek that work, which at worst is hard but remunerative toil, and at its best salvation. Mr. Springhall is to be honoured for his inspiration of kindness in starting the campaign, and those others also who, in responding with energy and generosity, literally have kindled a fire in dark places, a glow more welcome than those lights flecking the sky at morning which, after a white night of memories, herald beautiful, cold sunrise of a winter day.

BY strange and happy chance, prices are cheaper than ever at the sales this year, and a pleasant practice prevails of marking down, for perhaps a couple of days, covetable wraps, silken shawls, and coats of many colours, fashioned of tweed, velvet, and a new and unattractive material resembling old-fashioned plush that has been out all night in the rain. Each to his taste, however, and to some women these coats hold distinct allure, being delightfully cut, flared, and splashed with fur not too reminiscent of our national asset, the ubiquitous bunny; one of especial invitation, in a window in Willis Street, being of amethyst velour, beguilingly befurred with skilful eye for effect, all to be acquired for the not inordinate sum of four guineas, and calculated to "keep out the cold" as effectively as that "little something" so warmly extolled in an un-

pleasant Scots song popular in a decade that is dead.

IN another window, of a bookshop this time, and a second-hand one, my eye lighted upon a paper-bound pamphlet, on the cover a reproduction of the formal, pointed writing of Grandmama, setting forth "How to Write Letters for All Occasions," by a Lady of Title. With a Corollary on "The Best Way to Win Love, Make Love, and Retain Love." Invaluable knowledge, it will be admitted, more easily purchased than a love philtre, and well worth the money, whatever the cost! Beside it, perched at perilous angle, was discovered a dusty tome on The Care of Canaries, decorated with presentment of one of those fat yellow songsters whose gentle flutterings are so amazingly at variance with strident vocalisation. Another book with title that intrigued was "The Passionate Parakeets," which was justified, surprisingly, by a quite excellent edition of the works of George Borrow. Hastening to possess myself of a copy of that "Bible in Spain," so loved, so mourned for many a moon (my beloved and battered copy having been suborned by conscienceless enthusiast), attention was diverted to the most unlovely "jacket" of my experience—which is saying much, having regard to colour and conception of some present-day posters—illustrating Humorous Recitations, and depicting small, black figure gesticulating upon thin edge of the world, surrounded meantime by varying aspects of the human mouth, in an ascending scale of the Grim Incarnate. All very toothy and terrible, and eminently adapted to recall one's worst day with the dentist, or the crudest nightmare of them all.

THE Royal Academy Show does not appear to be striking this June, except for some strange, luminous pictures of spiritual portrayals, a legacy left by the late Charles Sims. Stark and bewildering seem these excursions into another world than this

pleasant mundane land of ours; phantasmal expanses of colour, over which glide figures of a dim grace that are to be described if one peers long enough with the eye of faith. All of an infinite portent, without doubt, to their creator, whose own life grew grim and tragic at its close. Material things discarded, his imagination soared beyond these voices, revelling in and conveying an atmosphere and an elusiveness that fascinate and baffle. In his earlier, and some would say, his saner method, this artist did memorable work, characterised by fine draughtsmanship and sense of colour, coupled with notable gift of portraiture; but these latter fantastic meanderings in paint are at times repellant, having something in common with those stormy frescoes that were the work of Somerset Maugham's sinister painter in the South Sea Islands, though they lack the sombre genius of those crude and terrible masterpieces.

'TIS the play that pays! The more sensational the better and not necessarily bearing any verisimilitude to life. In which doubtless Mr. Edgar Wallace would concur, as he reels out, with the mechanical dexterity of an R.U.R., those crude melodramas, containing no glimmer of truth of portraiture nor literary quality whatsoever, on which nightly the proletariat—"maistly fools" as the blunt Carlyle considered—gorges itself. And now the versatile Mr. A. A. Milne has tried his hand at sensational drama, which begins with a straight out murder, the rest of the acts being concerned with unravelling of the mystery, and the audience sees it all from the start—an original touch, this, and as such to be commended. "The Fourth Wall" runs successfully, but one finds it hard to reconcile its author with the creator of Christopher Robin, Piglet and the other great adventurers.

Your
ANNABEL LEE.

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

An Expensive Baby.

AMERICA'S most expensive child is three-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt, whose fortune will shortly be \$2,500,000. She costs \$1000 every month, and all her meals are served on gold.

Woman's Precedent.

THE first woman barrister to have the honour of appearing in a trial at the Old Bailey, London, is Miss Enid Rosser, who assisted Mr. H. D. Rouse recently for the prosecution in the murdered police constable case.

