

From the Woman's Point of View.

By VERITY.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

The Unhappy Heart.

LIFE, to those of us who live at all, is conflict and endeavour. "More like wrestling than dancing" it seems, in truth, to be, with full measure of trouble, sometimes a little joy if we are lucky.

And one thing is sure: There is far too much unhappiness that is preventable, ridiculous, pathetic, unnecessary. There are women miserable through broken illusions they should never have created; illusions of perfect friendship, ideal love, life without pain. There are women unhappy because they persist in quarrelling with friends who fail to conform to their standard. Some ignore crimes in acquaintances and refuse to condone trivial faults in their friends, who are no more perfect than they are themselves.

Supersensitive.

WE are too easily offended by those we love, especially if we are supersensitive. Longing for that tender, uncritical, understanding love which is so rare that it may almost be disregarded, the supersensitive woman is "disappointed" with life.

Young people must expect a few disappointments if they are critical and intelligent. Those who have reached the forties without achieving some philosophy of life will suffer terribly from "disillusionments." Without philosophy we cannot smile at ourselves, nor discern the secret of our dissatisfaction. What happens, asks the student of physics, what happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable object?

If self-love is immovable from the ego and the instinctive longing for power is unsatisfied, what happens? Conflict—pain from which we try to escape. What are the ways of escape?

*"Where gripping griefs the heart would wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
There Music, with her silver sound,
With speed is wont to send redress."*
—Richard Edwards.

Restless pursuit of pleasure, phantasy, or day dreaming, drugs, or drink?

These are all destructive and increase the soul's unhappiness, cause neurosis, even that dissociation of consciousness we call mental breakdown, insanity. The sensitive, tender-minded people suffer if they fall below their ideal, partly because they feel so intensely that loneliness of spirit which may lead to despair from lack of sympathy.

Value of Kindness.

THAT is why kindness is so valuable in the world. Women who seem happy are not necessarily so. We wear masks of cheerfulness or cynicism, and there are only one or two persons in a lifetime to whom we are simple and sincere. Is this self-protection or is it courage? Most women are much braver, more intelligent than they realise; but they fear to face themselves. They hide their loneliness behind self-assertion, talkativeness, indifference, laughter, that so often covers heartache.

Why not try to accept life differently, learn to adapt to work and friends, and relations, in a word, to environment? If we cannot do the work we long to, let us make the best of a job we must get through, even if it is entertaining hosts of acquaintances. If we cannot live with the people we love, let us try to like better the people we live with.

It is better to smile than to mope, to accept philosophically than to waste hours longing for the unattainable.

Waste of time is crime. We have not a thousand years to live. The present is all we have. "It is the present only of which man can be deprived."

If, for the moment we suffer, we can at least console ourselves with the realisation that pain may stir to life a new and finer idealism.—Dr. Elizabeth Sloane Chesser, in "The Psychology of Loneliness in Women."

Homely Perfumes.

DRIED sweet-smelling leaves—marjoram, thyme, geranium, verbena, lavender pips—make delightful "wash-balls." The leaves should be crumbled, mixed with fine oatmeal, and put into muslin bags. A bag dropped in your washing water perfumes it deliciously; oatmeal, too, is beneficial to one's skin. Fresh elder blossom in muslin bags in washing water also has a revivifying effect on reddened complexions.

If the roots of purple iris are washed, dried very slowly in the sun or a slow oven, the fragrant violet perfume, called orris root, can be obtained.

The Letters of Annabel Lee

MY dear Elisabeth:

As is usual in the gracious city of the south, in appreciation of art the Florence of New Zealand, Dunedin rose to the occasion in enthusiastic support of the Fuller-Gonzalez Opera Company.

Each night a fresh Italian opera was produced by this magnificent combination of artists; a wonderful test of ability and endurance, to which the performers, individually and collectively, rose like a bird. The rendering of "Il Ballo" in particular was superb, and considered as fine as a production at Covent Garden; the tenor and baritone especially achieving enchanting beauty of tone and interpretation. This opera of Verdi's, in his later manner, will be remembered, together with the great and tragic "Aida," as marking the climax of his career, though he lived afterwards to an advanced age.

IN relation to this epoch-making musical event, Izal, Scamuzzi, Polenti an Rota, the tenor, are names to conjure with. The season opened in Dunedin, with a house each night packed with the best and brightest of intelligentsia, the early doors often sold out before nine in the morning.

The efficient, melodious chorus is made up of talented girls picked from all parts of Australia, at least one of the charming galaxy being well-known to radio listeners in the sister continent, and a great favourite in concerts by wireless. Each girl is a trained vocalist, and several have been students at Sydney Conservatorium.

Only two of the principal women singers speak English, one being the delightful Danish soprano Margherita Flor, and the other the brilliant Henkina, who hails from Russia.

NOVELIST, playwright, and gifted student of the human comedy, Miss Clemence Dane is at her brilliant best in her latest novel, "The Babyns" is not amusing reading, with its earnestness of purpose and entire absence of superficiality; but it is an

WE will buy an old house
When we are richer;

One to arouse

The pen of an etcher.

Seeming—so mellow—

To have grown from the ground,

Sown in a hollow

With birches around.

Under an oaken

Quiet of beams,

By the years unshaken,

We'll dream our dreams.

Nor would we bother

With seasons or clocks,

While our hearts shone together

In love's equinox.

Our Youth, poised finely

Thus, would believe

That age can be only

Midsummer eve.

—Cecil Day Lewis, in "The Spectator."

ARCADIA

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

Books to Read.

THOSE who love the "year at the spring," and the spring-time of life with its enchantment and fragility, its mysterious awakening and blind obedience to instinct, its inevitable urge towards the untried and unknown, its beautiful promise and its great, wide hope, will delight in Gerald Bullett's volume of short stories, "The World in Bud." Mr. Bullett is at his best when handling the idyllic romance of opening life.

"Thistledown and Thunder," by Hector Bolithé, is a tale of his own travels and adventures most attractively told. Born in New Zealand, Mr. Bolithé experienced the familiar "difficulties of a colonial boy struggling towards taste and discrimination and knowledge, without any of the contacts which make these things easy in England and France." But there came a great day when he was able to embark on a steamer for England and discover the "Old World." His attitude of mind is somewhat refreshing. His great longing for personal "contacts" with noted artistic and literary people, his eager curiosity and keen delight and great zest for life savour of the colonial schoolboy. In South Africa he edited a weekly paper, but found his happiness finally in England.

The Mahila Samitis.

THE Women's Institutes of England, which work for improving and developing the conditions of rural life by providing centres for educational activities and social intercourse, are now recognised as a great national institution for good. But it is not so generally known that an almost similar organisation exists in India, with flourishing headquarters in Bengal.

The Mahila Samitis (which, being translated, mean Women Associations) were started as far back as 1913 by Sarej Natmi Dutt, the wife of Mr. G. S. Dutt, a member of the Indian Civil Service.

Mrs. Dutt, having travelled much with her husband, was a woman of broad views and outlook. Realising the hard lot of India women under the purdah system, she strove at all times to foster a spirit of social intercourse among women, and, coming to the conclusion that this could best be done by forming women's societies, she founded these Institutes or Mahila Samitis, which have proved an even greater boon to the women of Bengal than to their sisters in England.

They have opened up such a wide field of interests, hitherto quite undreamt of by these women and girls. Although Mrs. Dutt passed away in 1925, her work lives on, growing and spreading more wonderfully from year to year, because her countrymen, recognising the importance of what she had accomplished in so short a period, lost no time in organising as a memorial to her name, the Association which to-day carries out her ideals and aspirations.

Women Engineers.

THE old belief that a "mechanical brain" was an unknown quantity so far as women were concerned, got its first solid refutation during the war, when the woman motor driver

*Music is in all growing things
And underneath the silky wings
Of smallest insects there is stirred
A pulse of air that must be heard;
Earth's silence lives, and throbs, and sings.*—Lathrop.

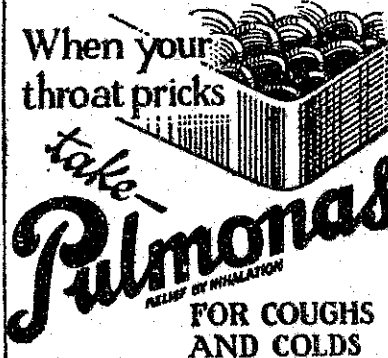
showed she could prove as good a mechanic as her brother.

Since then women have travelled far in this branch of industry; the woman engineer is very much of an established fact, and there is now a very flourishing Women's Engineering Society in England.

The Well-cut Glove.

GLOVES are nearly all washable. Chamois for the country, suede for the town, and in pale colours which run through all the biscuit shades, all the beiges, all the whites. Some have fancy stitchings, some have little gauntlets piped, stitched, incrustated, and embroidered with the Aubusson stitch in delicate Aubusson colours. It is not easy to get gloves which fit perfectly when they are of the washing kind, but it is getting easier, since the glove-makers are cutting their gloves to allow for stretching and shrinking, according to the material used to make them. It is usually wise to have your gloves a size too large when they are for hard wear and have to be washed frequently. It is wise, too, to measure the fingers and thumb very carefully, because after washing the glove which is too short in the fingers looks clumsy and is not comfortable. The well-gloved hand is a sign of good dressing once more. The negligence which marked this detail during a short period has passed, and the well-cut, well-worn glove has returned to fashion and its old significance of gentle breeding.

As the essence of courage is to stake one's life on a possibility, so the essence of faith is to believe that the possibility exists.



Schoolboy Howlers.

THE following howlers are given exactly as the boys in his class wrote them originally: Stipend: "When you are in a room full of smoke you are stipend." "What a parson preaches his sermon on." Rector: "Something worked by electricity." "Something in parts to be put together." Somnambulist: "A man who writes a poem, but is frightened to send it up because they might say nasty things about it." "A very clever person." Strathspey: "A battle with spades." "An empty whisky bottle."

Are Women Revolutionaries?

RECENT statistics reveal the fact that there are 5,000,000 more women than men in Soviet Russia, and that of 71,000,000 voters only 24,000,000 are men. Can it be true that women are more revolutionary than men?

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TO YOU

Good-natured chance guides both our careless feet

To wander through the winding City maze,

Or by the river or the woodland ways,
Until, as if by accident, we meet;
And with extended hands and smiles we greet

Each other, seeking out some gracious phrase

To show our pleasure and prolong delays—

Then part again with some well-worn conceit.

Have you not thought, as I have often times,

That these chance meetings are not wholly chance,

But some love story that we both rehearse,

Our meetings marking as by perfect rhymes

The joy and sadness of some great romance

In which we both shall speak the final verse.