

# The Woman's Point of View <sup>By</sup> "Verity"

## The Annotations of Annabel

## Books.

## Fripperies

### DEAREST:

Gaily the troubadour of spring twangs his harp in the air, and through clear atmosphere of August days are faintly detected the first thrilling whispers, those intimations of immortality that come with the recurring seasons, bringing with them a hope that lives eternal.

*Why do we mourn the days that go—  
For the same sun shines each day,  
Ever a spring her primrose hath,  
And ever a May her may.*

*Do we not too return, we men,  
As ever the round earth whirls?  
Never a head is limned with grey  
But another is sunned with curls?*

And, resolutely latching the door of our hearts against the wistful close of the old song—

*Ah, but alas for the smile of smiles  
That never but one face wore.  
Ah, for the voice that has flown away  
Like a bird to an unseen shore....*

We forget there are soaking streets yet to be encountered, unkindly blasts to rattle our windows and our bones; and go forth convinced that our star will smile again.

SHOWS in the shops are still tentative in the matter of millinery, the new line of coat and gown remaining unexploited. The aftermath of sales drags itself out, but amid oddments and left-overs and duds of drapery are to be discovered some attractive garments for the 1928 willow-wand of girlhood. In black or some dim, sweet hue, fashioned of taffetas, flared from waist, with here and there an unexpected nosegay perched, sleeveless small frocks are to be had, if not exactly for a song of sixpence, for the by no means exorbitant price of a pound sterling. One such I acquired for Noreen, who is poor, pretty and seventeen, with plenty of wit, which is fortunate, as she will have to work her way in life. I suspect her, however, with all her

intelligence, of being deficient in the acquisitive sense, that greedy eye on the main chance; so she will probably be outstripped in the race by some blond and brainless Lorelei, who possesses the inestimable quality of Always Getting the Best of It.

IN England recently, one of society's youthful glad girls forsook the ancestral palace of peace, boldly challenged competition, and established herself in a shop in a big London thoroughfare, stocking it with elegant volumes de luxe, paper-bound thrillers, ancient and modern literature. A venture of considerable attraction, and some of us would fain follow in her footsteps. She is backed, however, by a sympathetic and generous relation, who, believing in her, is prepared to spend his ample income to finance her venture until such time as she makes good. So there's no particular risk, and all the fun of the fair; money, as usual, clearing the air, dissipating the clouds, scooping the pool.

OF the making of books there is no end, but a special welcome awaits such a one as the Memoirs of Judge Alpers. In the troublous days of youth a staunch, undismayed battler with the austerity of fate, in later years a treader of the path of high honour and achievement; the author has written a wise and witty chronicle of those years of breathless endeavour, incidentally telling many a good story of protagonists known and unknown to fame. Now the labourer's task is o'er; but he has left behind him a book of remembrance, which is an unconscious revelation of noble courage and endurance in the "fell touch of circumstances." Many a youthful struggler who has hitched his wagon to a star will tackle the fray with unflinching zest when he remembers this record of a man so brave and gay in the face of life and of death.

Your

ANNABEL LEE.

### Jean of the Tussock Country.

(By Walter Smyth.)

MR. Walter Smyth, author of this typically New Zealand novel, who is a dweller in our Dominion—Christchurch, to be exact—is to be congratulated on his achievement. There is much deft description of the deep bush and flooding rivers of our lovely land; etched in with a true touch and seeing eye, that also does not fail to mark those oddities of character and conduct that prevail on an up-country sheep-station, where congregate much human flotsam and jetsam in search of a job. Gold and its acquisition, wrong suspects, a hot trail on the tracks of a stealer of nug-

### FAREWELL

*NOTHING shall be the same  
again;*

*Bright birds that sing  
And flash a rainbow-coloured  
wing*

*In hedgerows wet with April rain,  
And every lovely thing*

*Shall be less beautiful*

*Since you,*

*Who were more beautiful than  
these,*

*Have taken wing*

*And flown away, beyond the  
silent seas.*

—S.L.M., in the "Irish Statesman."

gets are all here, together with the rough humour, horse-play and swearing of hectoring station hands; and a great description of a bush fire and magnificent horsemanship. The determined outlawry of English Jim, shut out from the devil-may-care camaraderie of life on the station, with its profanity, quick wrath, and primitive rewards and reprisals, are all factors in a stirring tale of fire and flood and field. The book is excellently printed, its bright wrapper illustrative of the most thrilling incident in a chronicle that rushes breathlessly along until the lovers find bourne in their happy moonlight rendezvous beside the sombre bush, from which comes the occasional hoot of a more-pork. New Zealand from start to finish.—R.U.R.

### A Shining Light.

THEY had been discussing a friend—a quaint Victorian survival, or rather a throw-back, who refused on principle to render any assistance to a complexion which was not entirely flawless. It was Joan, the motoring enthusiast, who said the last word: "It's all a matter of taste, anyway. If she really likes her nose with a celluloid finish, why shouldn't she have it?"

### The Return of the Blouse.

WITH the return of the coat and skirt to fashion, blouses are once more important, and the blouses which now make their reappearance all emphasise the march back to femininity.

A blouse may easily be too grand for its practical, tailor-made companions. It may also be too severe. With a low neck, it leaves the coat collar unadorned, hard in line, against the face. With a high neck it is a little prudish, or manly, and now that fashion is inclining towards a greater femininity this may be wrong.

It is safe to say that, with a plain cloth coat and skirt the blouse may be dainty and bright—in silk, satin, georgette, with embroidery, open-work stitching, incrustations, and something dainty about the neck and wrists, a lingerie collar and cuffs, a necktie, a jabot frill, anything soft and womanly; or, again, a plain silk blouse with high neck and neat tie may be worn smartly.

The jumper shape for a blouse is the most popular. It may have a trimmed front, but the shape is that of a jumper.

### Sports Clothes.

EVEN such small though important accessories as bags must be in keeping with the sporting ensemble, and for a golfing outfit the tweed bags made from the same material as the suit are practical and also decorative. These, of course, are only used in the way to the club and at lunch time, for during the game all "luggage" is more conveniently stowed away in a pocket.

Designed for the sportswoman this spring are useful felt pouches with figures embroidered on the front in brightly coloured wool or insertions of felt.

For golf there is the figure of a woman golfer, a study in arrested motion at the top of a swing, the figure in scarlet on a beige ground, while the tennis bag has a white-clad girl with racket under her arm and an attractive border of coloured tennis balls.

### The Scarf Vogue.

REMINISCENT of a pirate fashion are the new hats of shiny black straw with the crowns swathed with a vivid silk scarf in a plaid design, the ends falling at one side. To complete the gipsy effect a triangular scarf in the same pattern is worn, and the rest of the toilette should be severely plain.

### Flower-Pot Workbox.

THE innocent, gilded flower-pot, holding the decorative posy of velvet roses and leaves, is a neat hiding place for a tiny workbox which secrets all the needle-woman's small necessities.

When the posy of crimson flowers is lifted a lining of crimson velvet, trimmed with gold galon, is revealed; and, nestling in its depths, is a crimson-covered box holding scissors, cottons, thimble, and needles.

When on a table in the bedroom or boudoir the posy in its gold pot is merely a decorative trifle, but when the flowers are removed its utility is shown.

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