

The Woman's Point of View By "Verity"

The Annotations of Annabel Books

Novelties for the Home

DEAREST:

The fences are down at the time of writing. Not our spiritual fences, those enjoined upon femininity by insistent pastors and masters; but the material fences set betwixt us and the man—and, more particularly, the woman—next door. Last week in Wellington's fair city it blew half a gale, and great was the toll by way of minor wreckage which, though short of tragedy, was yet infinitely devastating to a safe serenity. Treasured privacy was wrested from us, barriers of hedges were swept away; and our coming and goings raked by windows of our neighbours, who doubtless felt equally resentful, however guiltless one might be of the prying and peering sometimes allied with open-eyed proximity.

What with storms and tempest, feeling triste as we do in bidding farewell to enchanting Poletti and Flor, Rota's beguiling voice and person, Scamuzzi's dramatic force and magnificent baritone, all the musical delight of the Fuller-Gonsalez combination—which assuredly has given us of the best, altogether avoiding the "muck" prescribed by Dame Nellie Melba for her fellow countrymen, as revealed by certain up-to-the-minute memoirs—we have sought distraction, in a Poster Exhibition advertising other climes and gentler zephyrs than those at present raging round New Zealand.

IN the temporary studio of Miss Winifred Guy, bird of passage from overseas, are to be seen eminently arresting examples of modern poster work in England and the Continent. At the opening of this exhibition many well-known people were to be seen, including representatives of the Victoria League, under whose aegis the show takes place, while Sir James Allen, introducing the exhibitor in brief, illuminating sentences outlined the raison d'être of Miss Guy's tour of the world, and the genesis of the present beautiful and widely scoped posters.

Commercial Art is in its infancy in our Dominion, and this revelation of possible achievement must prove an incentive. Lamorna Birch, R.W.S., whose lovely lakes and islands need no introduction, finds fascinating exemplification; while Yeend King so pictures the lure of Lladudno that, wistfully viewing, an overwhelming desire to go thither is born. Illustrating that great corporation, the L.M.S., Maurice Griffenhagen employs noble design and colouring in the "Gateway to Scotland"; and also for this far-reaching organisation are

poster designs by names to conjure with in the world of art. For a British Industries "ad." (to use the vernacular of commerce) Clausen, R.A., exploits his incomparable talent in dark, symbolic visualisation of miners, curiously arresting in design and execution.

INVITING to immediate odyssey of the wide world is a blazing Cunard poster; and who could resist the gay grace of 18th Century beau and belle of Bath, who under light of crescent moon extol the delights of that salubrious resort? On behalf of the Zoo, green-clad Littlest One marvels at fish of supernatural slipperiness; while a historic English Cathedral is seen in its nobility of exterior and interior beauty; and no one would doubt Brussels as ideal holiday bourne when its loveliness is placarded by the brush of Leonard Richmond, R.O.I. Fain would I have lingered, but with ravished glance at a memorable, characteristic specimen of the daring drawing of Brangwyn, and an advertisement of Canada, all force, truth and virility, I went forth more than ever impressed with the resources of our Empire, and with a far, fine hope one day to see some aspects of the world so magnificently illustrated by present-day advertising.

TIS interesting to find, in a late booster of broadcasting and eloquent speaker at the microphone, a great Chief of the Gold Coast, who lately intrigued London, whither travelled this dark giant in order to receive his knighthood from the English King. Sir Orfon Alta is a Hercules in bronze, who on occasion dons royal crown and draperies of gleaming gold and green. It would seem he carries, if not his heart, his soul upon his silken sleeve; being attended at all functions by his materialised "soul"—an aloof-eyed, copper-skinned limpet—who may, or may not, prove an enviable spiritual asset, but meantime doubtless is to be regarded as a stepping-stone towards salvation.

IN Germany, also, the old order changes, and placid house-keeping frau emerges into open-air enthusiast, divesting herself of clothing on many beaches, together with her brood, with engaging publicity; while dull, flaxen-haired school-girls, pursuing their studies, shed unnecessary habilaments until little but shoes and stockings remain of old, respectable vestments.

Your
ANNABEL LEE.

Death Comes for the Archbishop

(By Willa Cather.)

THIS is a beautiful story, but it will only be appreciated by the literary elect, who will cherish it for its clear and charming style, its historical sense, and entire neglect of that obvious sex appeal of which we have had such plethora in recent years.

The accomplished American novelist tells the life story, a noble chronicle, of a missionary bishop in New Mexico of a century ago; describing with meticulous clarity life in that hazardous country, peopled by lawless nomad tribes, whose doctrine is violence and to whom human life is of no more consequence than the flick of a finger. Strange and terrible journeys are undertaken by the follower of a well-

DX

Have you ever wondered, my sisters,
With the inquiring mind of our sex,
What is meant by that curious term,
Those mysterious letters DX?

Well, they mean that a trip to the
movies,
Fell through—and you've not been
yet,
For an otherwise amiable husband
Is glued to a radio set?

DX stands for distance stations,
For sleeping alone at night,
For very big bills from the council,
For burning electric light!

Some women lose their husbands
By accidents, chills, or wrecks,
But there are lots of radio widows
Whose husbands are searching DX.
—Ella May.

nigh invisible gleam, in company with that loyal and trusty henchman, Father Vaillant; great adventures come to them, both of the flesh and the spirit, and friends of every colour and caste. The story goes its fascinating way, enriched by Miss Cather's scholarly vocabulary; and after incredible dangers overcome, thirst and loneliness and stark bereavement, at the long last the old and saintly Catholic priest goes the way of all flesh and, after a life lived on the Christ-like pattern, meets death, "delicate death," with the same serene and indomitable quality of spirit.

This minute and able conception of a rapidly vanishing type of ecclesiastic is told with rare power and insight; allied with admirable knowledge and skilful portrayal of life in a distant country and century and that rare and reticent expression we have grown to expect from Miss Cather, singularly refreshing amid the wilting welter of much fiction at present turned loose upon the public.—R.U.R.

A Self-Wringing Mop.

SOME of the newest labour-saving devices which have come to lighten the daily round of the English housewife are worthy of note.

There is a self-wringing mop for washing floors with the minimum of effort. In appearance it is like an ordinary mop except that it has square ends to fit into the corners. At the side there is a small handle, which, when turned wrings the mop. This enables the use of much hotter water and also keeps the hands clean. When needed for polishing a floor the cotton mop may be removed and replaced with a dry polisher.

A Potato Masher.

THEN there is a masher which prepares potatoes for the table in a very few seconds. This is a perforated metal cylinder with a wooden plunger, which pushes the potatoes through the holes. It is a great improvement on the ordinary methods of mashing.

An Iceless Refrigerator.

THE iceless refrigerator is a boon to housewives when ice is unprocurable. It automatically becomes cooler as the temperature of the air rises. It is water-cooled, having a container at the top, from which the water slowly penetrates to the absorbent lining of the food chamber. The hotter the day, the greater is the acceleration of the process of evaporation, ensuring a perfectly cool safe for all kinds of food.

A Milk-Boiler.

THE problem of milk boiling over is solved by the new milk containers. They are made of aluminium in the form of a jug with a covered top. This top has an outlet in the centre and also small perforations. These break the skin of the milk as it rises thus preventing all possibility of the milk boiling over.

A Thermos Jug.

THE old familiar thermos flask is being replaced by a new shape. Made like a jug to facilitate the pouring out, they are to be had in bright shades of blue, pink or green, and strike a cheery note of colour at the picnic party.

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

When your throat pricks
take
Pulmonas
RELIEF BY INHALATION
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

