

The Woman's Point of View By "Verity"

Links of Empire

THOSE listeners fortunate enough to hear Miss Winifred Guy's educative and fascinating talk over the air at the children's session at 2YA recently, will be interested to know something of the personality of this feminine pioneer of the poster. Brown of hair and eye, entirely lacking in the voice declamatory and the gesture aggressive, Miss Guy tells a tale of sailing the seas, wandering the wide ways of the world, gathering her sheaves en route, as exemplified in her posters, such as perchance we ne'er shall look upon the like again.

LISTENING to her tale of effort and achievement, the psychological aphorism, that what you think you become, takes on added force. Of a tentative ambition, a hope born and nourished in the heart of a child, has evolved the hazardous, but eventually successful, grappling with difficulties of a new idea, a try-out, so to speak, of a hitherto unexploited medium. A childish hope to see the world beyond, frowned on by obdurate family, kept steadily in view through an interval of teaching school, where instruction was presented through the eye as well as the ear, finally materialised in the collecting of advertisements of the scenic loveliness of many lands, involving long roving in strange surroundings among many creeds and classes. As a result, for our delectation we now have unique opportunity of viewing the beauty and wonder of Europe, America, and the lovely land that we of the Dominions call Home.

ACCUSTOMED as we are to frank ugliness and vulgarity of picturisations that sprawl crudely over landscape of town and country, we rejoice to find our gracious and appreciative Prince of England expressing himself in accord with and admiration of Miss Guy's venture; and ready to acclaim the wide scope of the exhibition and its potentialities for memorable setting forth of the resources of the Empire, commercial, industrial and scenic. Finally, by way of practical and sympathetic interest, H.R.H. presented Miss Guy with official photographs, to be used as she thought fit, of his recent tour of Australasia, still vivid in the memory of his devoted Dominions.

CHATTING over the fire of logs in the small and colourful studio, where hang wonderful examples of present-day posters; clad in black velvet cunningly cut and girdled with quaintness of steel and blue, Miss Guy expressed admiration of our bays and islands, the loveliness of the environs of Wellington, and appreciation of kindness and courtesy extended to her by the advertising world, and others reasonably awake to the advantages of telling the tale of our country to a wider audience, made possible by association with so accomplished an exponent of advertising art. Men she has found notably interested and help-

ful, the feminine faction showing itself more wary and not prone to kindle to appreciation. It was different in Australia, she commented, where—more temperamental and enthusiastic—they rapturously applauded a rising star, a new occupation for women as well as men, and a fascinating study leading far from parochialism that is apt to descend upon those unready to welcome new facets of the social whirligig. Greatly entertained was Miss Guy by our sisters over the Tasman, interviewed and feted by public and



Press, and her tour a triumphant one taking her to many a lonely outpost, where her vivid views of English countryside must have brought poignant nostalgia to many an exile from the Old Land.

TO the originator of an idea which holds infinite possibility must homage be given, and good wishes for further venturesome blazing of picturesque trails.

Books

The Poor Gentleman. (Ian Hay.)

ANOTHER of the series of charming novels we owe to Major Beith, which are like a fresh breeze of cheer blowing across the sometimes unhealthy garden of post-war fiction. A blinded officer of the Great War is the narrator of the story and its unconscious hero. A type we all know and some of us love, immediately he is entered upon our list of fictional friends. Peacefully begins the tale in a London Park, where the Poor Gentleman, as the playing children call him, makes the casual acquaintance of that genial Cockney, Alf Noseworthy. A nice little chap is Alf, trying hard to improve his English accent by a course of How to Speak Correctly, having aspirations to shine on the stage, instead of sticking to his legitimate job of wireless mechanic, and a clever one. His yearning for the higher life leads to strange association with a gang of American Communist scoundrels, posing as British film producers, by whom battle, murder and sudden strikes are engineered with almost complete success, and they find the unwilling, efficient Alf a valuable aid in fitting up a broadcasting station to assist their villainous schemes. Him they imprison in a sinister moated grange, whither through their machinations are held up the blind major, the girl of his heart, and Nigel, that amusing sprig of impertinent post-war youth. Their incarceration and eventual emergence make intriguing reading, there are capital thumb-nail portraits of all sorts and conditions. Alf and his Edna are much to our taste, and that fair and frank English family with their holiday resort near a casino. The broadcasting element is introduced skilfully, tending to make this good story still more up to the minute: the American girl is frank and kind, and almost good enough for the blind soldier, who wins her heart and ours, while through the story runs a gay, sweet quality of the unconscious courage of the teller of the tale.—R.U.R.

To Avoid Breaking Machine Needles.

EVERYONE knows the annoyance and delay caused by breaking a machine needle when passing over a pin. Place the pins at right angles to the seam instead of along it. The machine needle just jumps them or slides off the curved sides.

Furniture for Babies

THE present age has been called, with reason, the golden age of the nursery folk, for everyone is anxious to make them comfortable and happy. Their very lessons are made amusing, and their environment is planned with the idea of training them to form artistic ideals, and to cultivate good taste.

In a well-known English furniture store are being shown miniature reproduction Tudor armchairs for the nursery chairs that would not look out of place in mother's drawing room or dining room should there not be sufficient house space to give the young person a room all to himself.

There is a small Tudor oak chest, too, which would look at home in any drawing room. It is really a toy-box to hold those toys which would otherwise be inevitably hidden away by Miss or Master Two-to-Eight-years-old under chair or chest of drawers, or in the sideboard cupboard of a nurseryless home.

The modern furniture designer, by way of being a clear-sighted educationist, for he realises that Miss or Master Two-to-Eight-years-old needs amusing as well as instructing in the canons of good taste.

So we see amusing wooden chairs which can be used in the house or in the garden. The sides are carved and painted into two realistic-looking baby elephants, which hold up between them the ledge of wood which forms the seat.

Even more fascinating to the small person is the bear painted in natural colouring which serve not only as a chair but as a toy box as well.

In these days of restricted house space perhaps it is as well to train a child's mind early to the shifts, subterfuges and camouflages necessary to the bed-sitting room idea in order that he may be able to plan his own perfect bed-sitting room when he grows up.

So for the room which must do duty as both day and night nursery—the nursery bed-sitting room in fact—one furniture maker is showing miniature oak dressing tables with drawers at each side and recesses at the top for brushes, combs, and other toilet necessities with a mirror at the back, which can be shut down like the lid of a box over these recesses to form a writing table when shut.

Manners'

IN a crowded tramcar a stout gentleman has squeezed into the seat vacated for him by a polite youth.

Stout Gentleman: "Where are people manners nowadays, I like to know? Everyone for himself, that's what it is!"

Straphanger: "Well, governor, you've got nothing to growl about, anyway. You've got a seat."

Stout Gentleman: "I know I have, but what about my missus down there? She's been standing ever since we got on."

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