

The Woman's Point of View

By "Verity"

Annotations of Annabel

Books

Can You Rest?

DEAREST:

Dunedin, ever to the fore in matters musical, with enthusiasm and pleasant camaraderie welcomed home Miss Vera Moore. This delightful artist is touring her native land, and it is hoped the different centres of the Dominion will have opportunity of appreciating her fascinating interpretation and technique.

SIXTY women musicians of the Scottish City entertained the accomplished pianiste at the Somerset Lounge in an uncommonly successful party, where gay cinerarias bloomed against panelled walls and leaping log fires added cheer. A happy speech of welcome was spoken by the president, and Miss Yorston added graceful tribute, attired in gold that gleamed and much befringed shawl. Delightfully gowned in pale-toned georgette, Miss Moore spoke in beautifully-modulated tones of study in London with the late Leonard Borwick; and of later days in Leipzig, she being accepted in that great centre of art in happiest fashion by inner circle of musicians, and her talent acclaimed by invitation to play at the Schubert Centenary Festival.

SONGS were charmingly sung by Miss Meda Paine, who contributed also reminiscences of Competitions in past years, when two glad girls, the guest of the evening and herself, took part in those educative and exciting jousts.

CHACUN a son gout. Why not? Some like apples, some like onions, and again there are a few to whom bread and cheese and kisses come not amiss. If only people would let us alone to follow the moon of our delight that knows no wane.

BUT it appears that condemnation is the chief recreation of the mediocre mind. Even in the minor matter of meals. This very day, as I struggled with luncheon piolet, a heavy-faced damsel at my table thus, with vain repetition, addressed her friend "If there's one thing I can't stand it's breakfast. I simply can't stand it. Now, there's Bill at our place. He makes me sick, Bill does. Every morning buttered toast and eggs and bacon. Quite sick, he makes me. Can't stand people who eat breakfast. Never could." Poor Bill! One could not avoid the reflection that those Olympians who dine at seven might feel equally repulsed by the sight of this plump and pasty young female "wiring in" at twelve noon upon hefty conglomerate of sodden cabbage and underdone mutton. To those who love to condemn, find fault, point out the flaw in the pattern, the fly in the amber, I commend the following from "Epigrams":

The human species you condemn?

Go see the creatures at the Zoo.
At least, if you are bored by them.
They may be entertained by you.

BESHAULED to the eyebrows was the gay crowd of femininity that flocked, with its attendant swain, to the Opening Night of the Wellington Art Society. Delightful gowns were worn, and wraps were noticeably lovely. Gold and silver of subtle weave were utilised in the latter; brocaded georgette embossed in rose and purple and scarlet burgeoning around the slender gracefulness of the moment's mode. From the walls, Eyes of Youth, as portrayed by Elizabeth Wallwork, dispassionately surveyed the shifting and colourful kaleidoscope; while some portraits of well-known people were so indistinct with life that they seemed part of the human throng. Quite lovely is Mrs. M. E. R. Tripe's "1928," which displays in fullest measure the artist's remarkable flair for imprisoning personality, allied to graceful composition and admirable draughtsmanship. A brilliant study is the painting of Wm. Hamilton, Esq., while others of Mr. A. F. Nicoll's portraits would add distinction to any art exhibition in the world.

THE work of women artists is arresting. No. 140, by Miss Lynch, in truth of portraiture of a beautiful, dark-eyed girl, held always a knot of admirers; Elizabeth Kelly's nude study, in suave gradations of flesh tints, shows brilliant technique; while the work of a youthful painter, Miss Cecil Macgregor, in "The White House," attracted interest and admiration.

THE Private View at Wellington was more than usually crowded this year. It would seem as though, at this long last, New Zealand awakes to the paramount importance of things strictly non-utilitarian, and with repertory societies, play-reading coteries, art galleries, actual or in the air, seeks the hyacinths to feed its soul that the poet commends.

Your

ANNABEL LEE.

THREE WIVES.

(Beatrice Kean Seymour.)

MRS. SEYMOUR, an accomplished analyst of the subtleties and complexities of attraction and repulsion between the sexes, is also an adept in presenting that semi-Bohemian society which is the paradise of the mediocre dabbler in the arts. With all her customary skill she deals, in her latest book, with aspects of contemporary society; her principal theme the reactions of matrimony in the lives of two sisters and their friend Val Hardie, the latter a very youthful maiden with plaited hair and transcendent charm, so we are told, although we see no great indication of it. Unversed in the rough ways of life, married at seventeen to a roue, this child goes to live in India with her dashing husband, and there drees a woeful weird.

Also wrecked upon the shoals of the matrimonial sea is another of the trio, the modern, independent Tory; in spite of her slangy common-sense, clarity of view, and straight-out, frustrated determination to live a life uncomplicated by the emotions. Her experiment with her prosperous, efficient, odious lord comes to untimely finish in the divorce court, whither she is hurried, Mrs. Seymour would have us believe, by the rank selfishness and obtuseness of the male creature.

Third and last is lovely, sweet-natured Stella, whom we leave ranged in comparative peace in the ether of domesticity, linked somewhat precariously with her attractive will-o'-the-wisp of a husband, who possesses in marked degree the inability of the artistic temperament to see any point of view except that prompted by personal impulse. Wistfully Stella hopes her baby will prove a solvent for those problems that recur, in spite or because of fleeting moments of rapture with the charming and unstable Micky, who certainly has a way with women, like many another disarming dissembler hailing from the Emerald Isle.

The novel would be vastly improved by condensation, the fleeting and physical aspect of love being insisted upon to the point of ennui; but there is much interesting writing on facts and phases of modern life, and able presentation of the older generation. True to type is the tolerant and comprehending Carlotta; so is Richard, her husband, with his companionable qualities and engaging weakness; while

HOW many of us workers know the real value of five minutes' relaxation? Many of us never relax even in bed at night. How do you sleep? Do you sleep with all your muscles taut; are your knees bent and your hands tightly clenched, have you a frown of concentration on your face?

Just before you go off to sleep to-night make a mental observation of the position and condition of all the superficial muscles of your body. You will be alarmed to find how little real rest you have been giving yourself. Your toes are curled tightly downwards—you may be one of those people who sleep with their knees almost touching their chin.

It is remarkable how many people complain: "I seem to sleep quite well, yet I wake up feeling tired in the morning"—and no wonder!

Why must we wait until our annual vacation to relax when we can do it at any time during the day? Can you relax? Try it now.

Lie flat on your back, arms lying by your sides, and try—you cannot do it. You have been rigid for so long. It will take you a little while to learn.

Try again. Begin at the top of your head and relax your scalp—you did not know you were holding it taut; next, relax your forehead until your frown has disappeared. The head and face muscles are perhaps the most difficult to relax.

Let your face fall; you will not look your best, but never mind. Now drop your shoulders. Relax your arms inch by inch, relax your legs from hips downwards inch by inch, the muscles of your feet, your toes.

Now what about your brain? Can you make your mind a blank at will? Try it.

It will need an effort to relax completely at first, but in a week you can do it quite easily at any time of the day. When you are working at high pressure spare five minutes in your office and let go.

You will start afresh with renewed vigour. Your nerves will benefit. You will never again find yourself at the end of a busy season suffering from such nervous exhaustion as to feel that if you cannot get right away from your business surroundings you will surely go mad.—A Woman Doctor.

Laura, vicious, vain and wanton, is drawn with subtlety and intuition.

In the war that wages, obviously the author rates her own sex infinitely higher than mere man in the virtues of selflessness and forbearance. Not alone is she upon her doubtful peak of Darien. Long, long ago, for the eternal humbling of Eve's shallow daughters, noble precedent in this direction was created by the Bard of Avon himself.—R.U.R.

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