



On Fashion

FASHION is a fickle jade, always changing, last year favouring this, now that, and next year something else. Seemingly quite uncontrollable, her vagaries have far-reaching effects. Unemployment can be caused, an industry made or crippled, and the health of nations affected by the elusive creature.

The present slump in the wool market is largely attributed to fashion. She no longer favours wool, silk having taken her fancy. Cotton, too, is out of favour to a large extent. The result is a hard time for sheep farmers, heavy losses for woollen mills and other concerns in the industry, with resulting unemployment; the crippling of the cotton industry, and a tremendous boon in silk and semi-silk goods. The one consolation of sheep farmers and the wool industry generally is that fashion is seldom constant for long. She may be expected to smile again on wool, when she tires of silk, if no other material has taken her fancy. However, her constancy often lasts long enough to ruin an industry or a branch of it. The vogue of short hair for women, for instance, has meant almost the entire closing down of plants where formerly the manufacture of hairpins, hatpins, and veils was carried on.

That fashion can affect the health of nations is obvious. She decrees that a certain feminine figure be desirable, and tight corsets are worn; she favours long trailing dresses, and they are worn; and although the tight fitting hats she calls for are productive of innumerable headaches, we do not say her nay.

Such an influence does fashion wield that a writer in an English journal seriously suggests that she should be brought under control, but this is easier said than done. In the first place, no one seems sure where to find her or even what she is. Paris is often cited as her place of abode, but there are reasons for supposing that her influence emanates from the business interests that deal with clothing, dress, and adornment. An even shrewder suspicion is that she is already controlled—and that by a small but clever group of people with a curious but sound combination of business instinct and artistic expression.

It is agreed that she is a mystery and an undoubted expense not only to the individual but to whole countries.—Rolling Stone.

Weekly Half-Guinea Prize

To Encourage Original Literary Talent

IN order to make the Home Journal Section of the "Radio Record" of the fullest possible use and interest to readers, and at the same time to encourage literary expression and development of thought, we have decided to inaugurate several special sections on the basis of original paid contributions.

In this we are following the experience of our contemporary, the "New Zealand Dairy Produce Exporter," which has discovered amongst the women readers of the Dominion's farm homes quite a mine of literary talent. We are sure that, in the special field covered by the "Radio Record," talent exists, and we think we will be rendering a national service in the literary field, and adding considerably to the value of our paper in its field of home interest, by affording the same opportunity for expression.

We are, therefore, offering a weekly prize of Half a Guinea for the best original Short Poem, on any topic, serious or humorous (providing the entry is up to standard).

In addition, a special page will be set aside for the publication of original matter of general interest to women, dealing if possible, but not essentially, with radio, electric equipment and home-craft generally; or views on books, radio, radio lectures, poems, thoughts and reflections—humorous or serious. All matter offered for publication must be definitely original and not hitherto published. Space rates will be paid for all matter used.

A special prize of 5/- will also be awarded in the Cookery Corner for the best and most useful recipe submitted each week, preferably adapted to, or suitable for, electrical cooking. Preference will be given to the originality of the recipe and the personal experience embodied in the contribution. The right is reserved to use recipes of other than the prize-winner on payment of space rates.

Successful contributors will be required to make their claims for payment at the end of each month, by forwarding a clipping of the matter published, together with date thereof, to "The Accountant 'Radio Record,' P.O. Box 1032, Wellington."

Quaint Characters I Have Known

ONE of the quaintest characters I have ever met was Mrs. Twigg, a neighbouring sharemilker's wife, who had a large and ever-increasing family. I don't think I have ever seen her without a child in her arms, or, more often, dangling on her hip, but she did not seem to let her numerous progeny worry her, and always each new arrival was heralded with the greatest delight.

When the twelfth little Twigglet was, with utter lack of ceremony, ushered into this world, she seemed to assume a new dignity, and treated all us other women as the unsuccessful competitors in a marathon. Quite openly, she pitied us.

She was an artist in many ways, but particularly in the way in which she accepted gifts of cast-off clothing.

"I'll take it if you bring it over after dark," she told me, in the most off-handed manner, when, in answer to her very obvious hints, I offered her my last season's costume. Considering the fact that the chances of my being seen entering her gate with a parcel were a thousand to one, and since she blandly wore the costume unaltered to the school picnic the following day, I could not see the force of it. But there it was!

And when, on her own terms, I did present it to her, she accepted it like a queen conferring a favour on a not-too-popular subject. In fact, I left her, feeling quite relieved that she did not haughtily refuse it altogether. I sup-

A Radio Fraud

ON March 18 I invited several friends to bring their children and "listen-in" to Admiral Byrd's address. I tuned into Wellington and was getting good results, when suddenly the Admiral's voice faded away completely. After spending some time trying to recapture it, without success, I switched off.

"Oh, Mr. B." exclaimed one of my friends, when my husband joined us for afternoon tea, "the wireless was a fraud. He glanced inquiringly at me, and I reluctantly admitted that it had been. 'I feel so stupid,' I said, with a deprecating smile.

Upon investigation we discovered that the earth wire had been broken off close to the peg by one of the younger children, who had been sent outside to play.—Nada.

The Eternal

IT is interesting to note at what age a child begins to speculate on death and dying, and how he is personally affected. A neighbour died, leaving a young family, and evidently little David, aged 3½, had heard us talking about it. As I put him to bed he looked at me very seriously, and asked, "Mother, will you die?"

"Some day, dear," I answered, trying to speak lightly. His lips quivered and he said with difficulty, "But I don't want you to. I would be all by myself then."

There is a household of eight here, yet if mother died he would be "all by himself!" I was profoundly touched, and comforted him by telling him I intended to live until he was a big man.

"But if you get sick?" he persisted. I promised I would get a doctor, who would be sure to make me well again. He fell asleep comforted, but every now and then I find him looking at me in a wistful way, and I know he is thinking it over again. So I try to get up some game or make a joke, to show him how much alive I am.—Becky.

pose it satisfied her sense of pride, and, despite myself I was impressed by her strange procedure.—Oh, Mack,