

HOWEVER heretish we be at the moment's dernier cri, there is no doubt that fashion soon will insist on head adornment that will materially assist in turning a certain type of beauty into a very creditable replica of an angel in a Renaissance picture. For a-haloed we will go, Paris has proclaimed it, and meekly we follow in her wake. Quite extraordinarily beautifying is off-the-face encircling rim to spirituelle type of face, the wiseful, other-world appeal of which having of late years been pushed into background by blatancy of skimpy skirt, knobby knees and shorn tresses. One prophesies, with some degree of surety, despite playful way of wind and skin exposed to heat o' sun at noonday, much will be braved by blonde and brunette in whose appeal there lingers a suggestion of spotlessness from the world's wicked ways, combined with youth, and the right curve of throat and profile. So let the Botticelli type of maid and matron not linger for posterity to plant aureole upon tresses no longer marcelled, but hasten to add to their sartorial successes a Halo Hat.



expect humour, courage, or even common sense from such an empty-headed, resentful little wretch—and naturally she takes a jaundiced view of club life. It is a pity that Mr. Priestley has chosen to sneer at this phase of communal existence. It meets a great modern need, and many women consider that it offers them—besides economic independence—both interesting companionship and breadth of outlook in greater measure than does the more solitary furnished room or flat. She may be right. We admire Mr. Priestley; but probably the incensed feminist, on this occasion, knows a great deal more about the subject than mere man.

It is quite on the cards that an apparently docile husband may secretly long to devote time to hobby or sport or study, but, stifling his perfectly human and lovable desire, sets out to "better the position." Which, perchance, accounts for the somewhat wistful and hunted look you will sometimes see on the faces of successful men. It is true that, to some, competition is the breath of life, and the be-all and end-all of existence on this planet; but there are gentler souls who, having won all that is needed for comfort for those for whom they are responsible, would fain

8, at which Miss Young presided, the guest of honour being Miss Lorna Rae. The two women novelists have much in common, both being young, full of interest in every movement, and especially concerned in the psychology of women. E. H. Young is Mrs. J. A. R. Daniell, widow of a solicitor who was killed in the war. She is essentially English, a hard worker, and is now concentrating on her seventh novel, which will be awaited with eager anticipation by the many admirers of her sound creative achievement and pungent analysis of humanity's foibles.

IN the recent woodcut revival in England the art of Miss Clare Leighton has found many devotees. Some readers will recall her poster work for the Empire Marketing Board, and also she has made her mark in book illustrating. A writer in "The Bookman" states that her reputation in Britain was established by her work in Hardy's "The Return of the Native," and in Mr. Thornton Wilder's "Bridge of San Luis Rey," both, one imagines, extremely difficult to illustrate in any medium, particularly the latter haunting chronicle of strange lives impinging upon one another. Miss Leighton makes skilful utilisation of white line contrasted with bold massing of blacks, and her work should be well suited to Mr. H. M. Tomlinson's magnificently powerful and original writing, "The Sea and the Jungle," having been illustrated by this girl artist.

SWEDEN, the land of a highly intelligent and industrious populace, possesses a vein of artistic ability and enthusiasm which is steadily making its influence felt in aesthetic circles of the wider world. Outstanding in achievement among devotees of art in Scandinavia is a brother of Sweden's King, Prince Eugen, who is now exhibiting in London at the Exposition of Swedish Industrial Art. Against all competition this able and energetic country leads in this particular branch of artistic activity; and it may be an encouragement to our sisters who, with toil and endeavour, follow the gleam of commercial art, to know they are in aristocratic company, particularly if they have a streak of the snob in their make-up, as most people have.

"SHE is so like a saint. She must be a creature of another race, so high and mighty and angelic, doing things by impulse or some divine inspiration—not effort and struggle of will. But she seems almost too holy to be talked about as a mere wonder. She appears as completely led by God as Joan of Arc."—Mrs. Gaskell on Florence Nightingale.

"SISTER" Aimee McPherson, the Los Angeles "hot-gospeller," has bought a hula skirt in Honolulu on her way to India as an aid to studying the women's movement so that she can "help the women of India spiritually." If one put Miss McPherson in a self-respecting work of fiction, one would be accused of overdoing it. Yet the amazing fact remains that she has a large following in Los Angeles, and the "services" at her Temple defy all description.

Nothing can utterly die,
Music aloft upspringing
Turns to pure atoms of sky
Each golden note of thy
singing.
And that to which morning
did listen
At eve in a rainbow may
glister.

Beauty when laid in the grave
Feedeth the lily beside her,
Therefore the soul cannot have
Station or honour denied her
She will not better her essence
But wear a crown in God's
presence.

—Edward Fitzgerald.

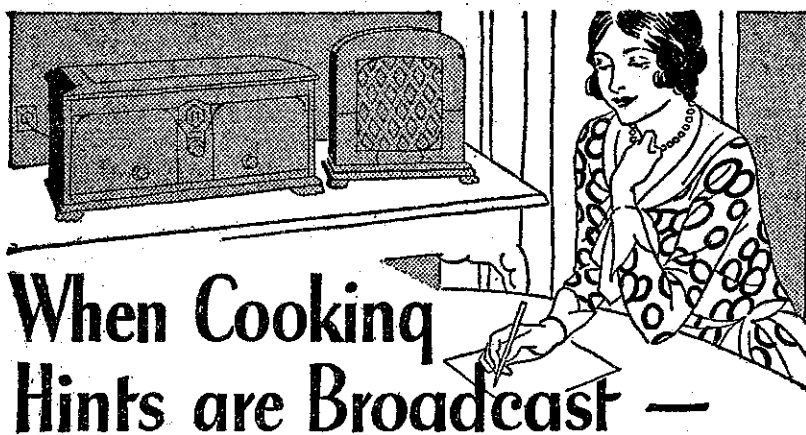
go a-roving over the blue hills, or lounge by a crackling fire and dream dreams.

DO you know that an asbestos mat makes an ideal toaster, as it becomes very hot, and ensures a crisp brown toast without burning? That lamb chops will be greatly improved in flavour if a little lemon juice is squeezed over them before cooking. That velvet hats which have become spotted with rain should be brushed lightly with a small wire brush, such as is used for cleaning suede shoes? That sheets can be tested for perfect dryness by putting a hand mirror into the bed; if filmed, the sheets are damp? That crystal, in a setting of silver, is greatly favoured as a jewelled extra to dress or hat; that straight quills or wings of carved crystal decorate many berets in knitted wool and silk; and tiny crystal flowers are used as a border to a turban of black satin?

ANENT women writers, it is interesting to note that E. H. Young, author of the very successful "Miss Mole" and five other novels, including a very special favourite in one's own library, the inimitable "William," is chairman of the Writers' Club this year. An interesting social function was a luncheon in London on March

AN indignant clubite in an English paper, having read "Angel Pavement," thus takes popular Mr. J. B. Priestley to task: "As a resident in a London women's club, I wonder where Mr. Priestley obtained his 'copy.' For no club resembling the Burpenfield Club can exist. What he describes may approximate to a mental home, or a poor law ward, but let him not call it a typical women's club. No less unfortunate creation is his mouthpiece, Miss Marfield. No one would

IN an English contemporary, thus muses one who possesses the seeing eye and the understanding heart: Many clever women of forceful character marry men with the intention of making them turn easy-going nature in the direction of wresting commercial success from whatever powers there be, and a typical wife of this variety never loses her managing ways, however high a man may climb. One admires her energy and resource, but is it ever wise to nag, even with the highest motives?



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