

ACCORDING to that notable novelist, avowed feminist, and frank critic of the times, Mrs. Virginia Woolf, women are fast approaching the time when they may use their gifts, unimpeded by prejudice, lack of money, family duties and frail feminine reputation. All that is needed is talent, a settled income and a room of their own, and any day they may blossom upon the world as famous novelists, critics, even poets. "Give us a chawnee, gov'ner!" is apparently all we need to ask. Mrs. Woolf holds the opinion that "good writers, even if they show every variety of human depravity, are still good human beings. They live in the presence of reality." So whatever your failings, my gifted sisters, apparently there's regeneration in the pen of a ready writer, plus the aforementioned amenities of existence. —Undine.



a handle at one side and the cord emerging from the other. Two hooks are screwed in to the walls and the cord is then stretched from the box to the hooks and back again. The hooks, of course, should be screwed into opposite walls to form a triangular area on which to hang the clothes.

MISS CAROLINE HASLETT, secretary of the Women's Engineering Society and director of the Electrical Association for Women, and one of the new C.B.E.'s in the Honours List, found herself in engineering. She says she was a failure at all the ordinary women's jobs, and it was by accident that she discovered where her talent lay. She was given a job during the war as secretary in a boiler company, and she soon asked if she might go in to the works. In December, 1919, she became secretary of the first Women's Engineering Society, and devoted herself thereafter to helping girls who were born engineers to follow their bent.

WHEN is a hall not a hall? According to modern estate agents, it is a hall if it is a narrow passage. If it is large enough to contain a chair and an aspidistra, it is a lounge. It is a pity that a word which suggests comfort and restfulness should be misused. A real lounge is certainly not a small and draughty hall. It should be a cosy, quiet place with some soft chairs, and perhaps a chesterfield and a few books. It need not be large; in fact, a little lounge may be the perfect snuggery. It does not need expensive furniture, and certainly not a large table, because no meals will ever be served in it, except possibly tea, and all that is necessary for that is a low occasional table which will support a tray. It should, I think, have an electric stove or gas fire, because it will often be used at odd times. Even if the house is centrally heated, a glowing stove adds to the cosy effect of the lounge. Gas stoves, properly fitted so that all fumes pass up a chimney, are perfectly healthful.

PEEPING at some of the advance fashions, I have discovered tunic frocks for the afternoon. These tunics are to the knees, and of coloured or patterned materials. Most of them maintain a straight line, but a few show flares at the hems, and they all go over black slips. That would seem to be the general style, and it is not difficult for the discerning needlewoman to appreciate how easily she may renovate a last year's frock to conform to the new mode. She needs merely an underslip, and the neck-line of her frock simplified if necessary. Then, a triangle of the black material introduced on the bodice or as mock-cuffs completes the renovation.

IS the vogue of Maeterlinck gone for good? Time was when "Wisdom and Destiny" and "The Bee Book" were perused devoutly and acclaimed as "The Treasure of the Humble" and the highbrow alike. Nowadays even those curiously haunting plays of the Belgian mystic are flung into limbo by the general public. His family and friends, however, do not abate en-

## Death of a Child

*All the love in the world  
Was hid in the touch of his  
hand,  
And the rose on his cheek  
And the sleek  
White limbs, and the question-  
ing, bland,  
Wide eyes, with their petulant  
wonder.  
Now all the roses lie under  
And all the snows, and unbid-  
den,  
Quiet, quilt-like, the clover  
Creeps over,  
Where, in the cold earth, is  
hidden  
Dark-curtained, close-curtled,  
All the love in the world.*

—MARY MORISON WEBSTER.

thusiasm, and Melisande and Magdalene still subtly stir emotions in the little theatre which the dramatist has added to his new home, the Palais d'Orlamonde, at Nice. The roof of this theatre, like that of the green drawing-room, in this lovely abode, is a blossoming garden. The house backs on to a steep cliff, each arched window overlooking the sea. A long marble gallery runs to the house, its pillars wreathed in roses and illumined by hidden electric lights; while in the dwelling itself the marble hall is sheathed in verre antique and coloured marbles. The second floor of this house of dreams is panelled with golden onyx, bedrooms and salon decorated and furnished to represent rooms in old Italian paintings.

A GOOD idea for photographs is to keep them in a portfolio, and I would suggest a little treasure room at the top of the house for all the pictures and oddments we feel we cannot possibly part with. One jar of flowers placed in a good light can compensate for all the pictures and knick-knacks in the treasure room. Or one flower picture over the mantelpiece. This is the only decoration permitted in the really modern room. This one picture is enhanced tenfold by the bare walls, for it is not in competition with other things which distract the eye. The bare walls train the eye to form

and symmetry. Bare walls give peace and serenity, which is another reason for their vogue and cultivation in the present era of noise.

THERE is much speculation as to the identity of "A Daughter of Eve," author of a piquant little volume, "A Woman's Utopia," which is something new in the flight of the imagination, says a correspondent in a woman's paper. The anonymous author presents some diverting ideas, food control and compulsory slimming coming in for quite a lot of attention. It is also remarked that in a woman's Utopia women will be serious workers, and always look dignified and right; uniforms will be general, but away from office or shop will be at once discarded and butterfly emerge from chrysalis. Which, after all, is not so far removed from the ideas prevailing in our own land of the free, which in moments of gloom appears to us to be anything but a Utopia.

POLITICS for the nonce are the thrill in Mayfair. They are one of the newest ways of raising funds which appeal committees have devised for 1931. A series of three lectures on "Parliament and How it Works," is proving a popular way at the moment of killing time, or helping on the good work, just as you like to phrase it. Women members of Parliament are in demand for these occasions, Miss Ellen Wilkinson being regarded as a "draw" among political lionesses.

LORD BEACONSFIELD was certainly a master of the fine phrase, and it is doubtful, addressed in the following fashion, whether any woman would fail to be flattered, even though it were the austere Queen-Empress to whom the graceful effusion was addressed. On a former fourteenth of February, an amatory anniversary now being revived in England, he thus addressed Victoria the Good: "O to repose on a sunny bank, like young Valentine in the picture that fell from a rosy cloud this morning; but the reverie of that happy youth must be rather different from mine. Valentine dreams of the future and youthful love, under inspiration of a beautiful love. Lord Beaconsfield, no longer in the sunset but the twilight of existence, must encounter a life of anxiety and toil; but this, too, has its romance when he remembers that he labours for the most gracious of beings."

LAST year we were all very much perturbed about our waistline, "highly" being the appropriate adjective. This year the ultra-high waistline is being definitely lowered to just above the top of the hip-bone. Parisiennes say that they find this place most generally becoming. As a consequence we find a general falling off in the tuck-in blouse that has proved so unbecoming to many figures. A short over-blouse, belted at the natural waist place, if it suits the wearer's figure, or slightly below it, takes the place of the tuck-in except, perhaps, with regard to the severe tailor-made. Sometimes the problem is solved by tucking in the back and putting a bit of the blouse material below the belt and over the top of the skirt in front only. Tunic blouses are being made to drape back and tie at the back of the waistline—an 1880 inspiration.

**SORE THROAT?**  
*Pulmonas*  
**INVALUABLE PASTILLES**  
for  
**QUICK RELIEF**