

In the Van.

A WELLINGTON girl, avowedly socialistic in her sympathies, writes as follows from London to her brother in New Zealand anent the country at present vividly etched on world consciousness: "Do you notice what an effect the Five-Year Plan is having now? The whole world has ceased to laugh and disbelieve. People here are panicking absurdly about it. There is no doubt whatever they have demonstrated already that Socialism is the only method of running a country. No one can compete with them now, and I believe the sooner we link hands with Russia the better. Their spring harvest of wheat will be staggering, not to mention their impending output of coal, steel, soap, chocolates, timber, wood pulp, butter, vegetables, copper, pig iron, etc. Even the poultry in our club comes from Russia!"

The sufferings of the working class will eventually become unbearable, and they, and they alone, will force us to adopt international planning, as preached by the Soviets. . . I am glad you did not go to the States. Big Business has at last got to face up to the superiority of Bigger Business in the Soviet Union."

Fanny Brawne's Rival.

THE roaring of the wind is my wife, and the stars through the window-pane are my children. The mighty abstract idea I have of Beauty in all things stifles the more divided and minute domestic happiness.—John Keats.

Art and Industry.

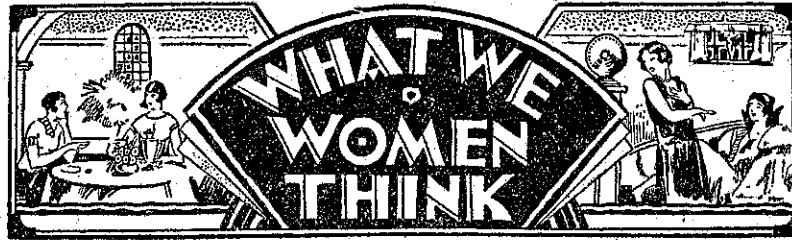
THE exhibition of Swedish arts and crafts recently held in London had a value and importance beyond the very real beauty of the objects exhibited. It was not only the skill of the artist that was held up for admiration. In the persevering and progressive country of Sweden something more has happened: art has been successfully wedded to industry, and in the exhibition under notice the fruits of the union were significantly displayed.

Nothing Superfluous.

MODERN underwear is tailored so carefully to-day that the smart woman considers a visit to the lingerie fitter as essential as the visit to the dressmaker and tailor. Never before in the whole history of fashion have "beneath" been of more importance than that which is worn over them. With the slender frocks of to-day, one garment, or at the most, two, are considered necessary, and all superfluous fullness must be eliminated. Modern lingerie moulds the figure—it is space-saving and must also act as the foundation of one's frock. There are slim little undershirts made to wear with little satin shorts or tailored culottes which have a hip yoke and are cut like riding breeches. Two-piece foundations for sports or dance wear consist of these tailored satin shirts attached to a brassiere which are worn with tailored knickers. Soft washing satin is first favourite among lingerie materials both for appearance and durability. Coffee coloured spotted net or applique motifs of the reverse side of the satin trim the most modish underwear in this material.

A Question of Taste.

IN a way good taste may, with luck, be synonymous with the dress sense, yet many Englishwomen, giving all evidence of beautiful taste in their homes and gardens, with knowledge of



pictures and objets d'arts, evince none at all in their dress. The average Frenchwoman, on the other hand, unless rich and travelled, though she may present a charming and well-dressed appearance, is content very often with an ugly uninteresting home.

In Trade.

THE vogue of the snob has evaporated—at least to some extent—and it is a far cry from the days when "keeping shop" was looked upon as an inferior mode of earning one's living. To-day there is no inferiority about this business of shopkeeping. On the contrary, those of us who are not in the shopkeeper's fortunate position look with envious eyes on his flourishing business and attendant profits. Youths and maidens who, had

they belonged to a former generation would not have thought of seeking a career in commerce, now hail the prospect with joy and delight. But it must be remembered that selling and buying is no longer the simple straightforward business it used to be. The days are gone when a friendly chat across the counter secured a deal and a purchase; the selling of goods has become a science. We now talk about the science of salesmanship, and some universities include the study of the subject in their curriculum. We even hear of the psychology of salesmanship, the mind of the customer must be studied. The salesman—and the saleswoman, too—must know something about temperament and character. He or she should, as we enter the

Our Cookery Corner

Ways With Tripe.

In the hands of an efficient cook, tripe can be transformed into quite a number of appetising and nourishing dishes. It is, moreover, light and easily digested, and can therefore be recommended for people of weak digestion. The tripe should first be washed in cold water, brought to boil in a saucepan, strained off, and simmered gently in fresh water for at least three hours. The water in which the tripe has been boiled can be saved for making soup or for replenishing the stock pot.

For tripe pasties, mix together a half pound warm, cooked potatoes and one egg, adding a little flour if the paste is too soft. Roll out to about half an inch in thickness and cut into rounds with the lid of a large cocoa tin. Place a small piece of tripe on top of each round, sprinkle with pepper and salt and fold over, pressing the edges firmly with the fingers. Fry in deep fat till a golden brown.

A good way to do stuffed tripe is to place in a basin one cupful bread-crumbs, one large onion, finely chopped, a little sage, and a pinch of pepper and salt. Add a little milk and mix well. Pack this mixture inside the tripe, fold over, and sew the edges together. Place in a baking tin, cover with rather fat slices of bacon, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour. Pour over a little brown gravy, and serve with mashed potatoes.

Chocolate Souffle.

Ingredients: Half-pint of milk, four eggs, 3oz. plain chocolate, 1oz. castor sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one gill of cream, 3oz. gelatine, three tablespoonfuls of water.

Method: Dissolve the gelatine in the water. Separate the whites and yolks of the eggs. Whip the yolks well. Whip the whites to a stiff froth and whip the cream.

Now dissolve the chocolate in the milk, add the sugar, and when it comes to the boil pour it very gradually on to the beaten egg yolks. Cook in a double saucepan until it thickens. Stir and do not allow it to boil. Leave until cold. Strain the dissolved gelatine into the custard and stir in lightly the cream, vanilla and egg whites.

Pour into a souffle case or into small ones. Put in a very cold place and decorate with whipped cream or shredded almonds before serving.

Pumpkin Pie.

Method: Boil the pumpkin as a marrow, pass through a sieve, and mix together as follows: To 1½ cupfuls of pumpkin add 1½ cupfuls of cream, 1 cupful of castor sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls of ginger, 1½ teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, 1½ teaspoonfuls of nutmeg, 4 yolks of eggs, 1 tablespoonful of brandy. Line tin with pastry and bake in moderate oven.

shop and approach the counter be able to sum us up and define our "type."

Feeling the Pinch.

PROSPERITY has called a halt even in "little, old New York," that proud and pretentious city of big business. The talented English novelist, Miss I. A. R. Wylie, writes thus: The sudden exquisite politeness of the taxi-drivers is one of the most conspicuous signs of hard times. At no period has New York impressed me as a city of wealthy people. A wealthy city—yes. A powerful, awe-inspiring city, but a city to whom the dwellers are drably and unimpressively subordinate. With the exception of Fifth Avenue and Park, and perhaps that social failure Riverside Drive, there are no streets that pretend to anything but sheer utility. Even Madison Avenue that, with its small, expensive shops, is a sort of Bond Street, is marred by an ancient and shabby tramway. Third, Sixth and Seventh Avenues are filled with the brassy clamour and inexpressible hideousness of the Elevated. Beyond those confines are slums such as London has almost forgotten, littered with refuse and with street surfaces that remind one of a French village after a bombardment.

Miss Pankhurst Again.

MISS SYLVIA PANKHURST has sent a copy of her book, "The Suffragette Movement," to Mr. MacDonald for inclusion in the permanent library which he hopes to establish at No. 10, Downing Street. Mr. MacDonald appealed to people connected with No. 10 to add their works to the library, and "I felt that I can claim to be among them," Miss Pankhurst told a reporter recently. "I have sent a letter to the Premier," she said, "reminding him that my memories of No. 10 include occasions on which I was forcibly flung out. Incidentally, I pointed out that even in these days of feminine emancipation I am still on the black list at the House of Commons and am not allowed to set foot within its precincts."

Youth at the Frow.

EVEN the youngest among us aspires to the boards these days, and apropos the movement toward a theatre for children in Wellington, it is interesting to hear that a playhouse dedicated to youth has been opened at St. Augustine's School, Bolton, England. Formed with the object of counteracting evils resulting from excessive cinema-going, the theatre is run entirely by children 14 years of age, who, in addition to playing their parts, make their "props" and costumes, and in time, it is hoped, will be able to produce their own plays with scripts written by themselves and based on well-known legends. The first performance was for children, adults being strictly prohibited, and took the form of "Murder Most Foul" (the story of Thomas a'Beckett) and "Arthur of the Round Table." They were presented by thirty children between the ages of 6 and 14 years, and watched by 100 more of the same ages. One sophisticated young man was typical of the audience. Before the performance he divided his attention between chewing gum and reading a comic paper, but when the play began he concentrated entirely on the action, and confided to his neighbour that he liked it better than "the talkies." The idea of the theatre is to counteract the sensationalism, morbidity and slang of the films, especially the obvious foolishness of that Americans call "sob stuff."

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