

### The Musical Moment.

"ONE finds music," says Sir Edward Elgar, "among the trees, in the armament, and one transfers as best one can to a score sheet. Inspiration comes to me at all sorts of odd times—when I am fishing, perhaps—and I jot down the notes on a scrap of paper." His latest composition is dedicated to the Duchess of York and the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose. He wrote it on the occasion of the birth of Princess Margaret Rose, and it is an inspiring work of airy grace and charm.

### England, My England!

FEW people who have not travelled realise in the least what it means to belong to an Empire that is spread over the world. All who have had the thrill that it gives the traveller in a Dominion or Colony to see the flag flying over public buildings, to hear the National Anthem sung or played, and to realise that people who speak with a different accent are just as much the subjects of the King and share with the children of the Mother Country the traditions and history of which we are all proud. Nothing does more to make the overseas people feel at home in England than the kindness of her people, and not only the kindness but that suggestion of welcoming home the children from afar which some of those who are really interested in the British Empire contrive to give. In many parts of the world now there are men and women whose whole idea of England is coloured by the stories of the fighting men who were entertained and made to feel at home in the houses of the people of the Old Country—allowed to share for a few hours or a few days the family life for which many of them craved.—"Pandora."

### A Boon Indeed.

WOMEN whose brows no longer retain the smooth serenity of youth should be grateful to an ingenious milliner for her latest idea. This is a flesh-pink bandeau for wear with the "off the head" little hats so fashionable just now. It follows the shape of the forehead, and effectively and unnoticeably conceals any tell-tale lines! I must say this idea seems a great improvement on the forehead veils of black net or lace which have hitherto fulfilled the same "camouflaging" function.

### White for "Beneaths."

TO ensure the perfect fit of a frock, well-cut and carefully chosen undergarments are a real necessity. Sets may be of satin and real lace, or merely inexpensive, unadorned voile; it makes no difference, provided they are shaped on simple lines and form a flat foundation for thin dresses. Pinks, blues, and mauves are still in evidence in underwear departments, but white will lead this summer. When lace is seen it is coffee-coloured and narrow in width. Princess petticoats, plain and elaborate, are mostly expressed in cambric, artificial silk, artificial satin, artificial silk and cotton, and printed shantung. The latter will be found exceptionally hard-wearing; moreover, it hangs perfectly. Narrow bindings in contrasting shades, and in small plaid designs, take the place of hems.

### Our Practical Princess.

THE Prince of Wales, who has been giving hints on salesmanship to British manufacturers, would have been



delighted with his sister, Princess Mary, who was selling at the Royal School of Needlework summer sale. Not only did the Princess call out the price of each article clearly to the intending buyer, but she gave the change in every case and counted it out to avoid mistakes.

Perhaps her youngest customer was a little girl of one year old, who purchased a small silver spoon—much to the Princess's amusement. In spite of

### Jewels

An emerald is as green as grass.  
A ruby red as blood,  
A sapphire shines as blue as heaven,  
But a flint lies in the mud.  
  
A diamond is a brilliant stone  
To catch the world's desire,  
An opal holds a rainbow light,  
But a flint holds fire.

—Christina Rossetti.

the dull weather, Princess Mary enlivened the afternoon with her chiffon frock, patterned in pastel green, blue, and pink, and her big rose straw hat, with its ruby and diamond pin and little rose of pink tulle and lace. She wore two ropes of her lovely pearls.

### That Lovesome Plot.

WHEN life seems "blue" indoors, there's no place like a garden to blow away the cobwebs. When you want to quarrel with someone, the sight of beauty and harmony in the garden will drive unworthy thoughts from your head, and brush unkind words from your lips.

When you feel lonely, make friends with the flowers, the birds, and the bees.

A garden is Nature's playground and civilisation's haven of rest. So, when life doesn't seem worth while and you can hardly keep back your tears, go into a garden and let Nature soothe your troubled mind.

### Much Maligned.

AND speaking of the young, am I prejudiced in their favour if I comment on the amazing number of pretty girls and nice-looking agreeable young men one sees? There seems to have been lately a close season for finding fault with the modern young thing, and before the chase after their faults is resumed I place myself on record as admiring many of them individually and admiring in the mass their looks and their charm. Is the dissatisfaction with the young only the age-old quarrel between generations, for there is no gulf like that between the generations? Everyone who sees that wise and charming play "After All" realises that the conflict is as inevitable as is the swing round to the parents' point of view once a still younger generation comes on the scene.—"Pandora."

### Those Ladders.

STOCKINGS are a worry to all women. In the large French stores an expert gives you advice on the matter. Monsieur suggests a good brand of hose, and, eyeing you over, brings out a pair of suitable length. He points out the width and solidity of the hem. "Le Gui" stockings have hems lined with cotton, but other French makes for the "dames les plus elegantes" have hems of the same material as the stocking. In silk stockings he advises you to buy half a size larger than you really require, and shrink them before wearing by washing in tolerably warm water. "Yes, madame, wash after every wearing with a mild soap in lukewarm water, without rubbing. Knead and press out all the moisture—never wring. No, lay them in a thick towel, and roll up tightly so the towel absorbs the moisture. Let them dry in this, and then iron with a warm iron. So your stockings will live a long time." Vive les bas!

### The Wrong Silhouette.

THE 1931 fashions are causing quite an unnecessary amount of excitement. It is quite true that there are some very exaggerated styles. The "Mermaid" silhouette, for instance, is one which only looks well on a slim woman, and makes a plump woman appear quite ridiculous. However, there is no excuse for a plump woman to wear a dress that has a mermaid silhouette. There are any number of styles just now that are designed especially to suit this type of woman. The new dresses with a coat effect upon the bodice, a waistline at the normal line, and a skirt reaching four or five inches below the knee gives the stout and elderly woman a chance of being better dressed than she has had for years.

### The Long and the Short of it.

WITH the outdoor season coming on again, the question of long or short hair becomes rather a problem. But women who are debating whether they should sacrifice their carefully-grown long hair "pour le sport" should realise that there is another alternative. This is the half shingle, which enables us to keep our hair long enough to be fashionable, while it does not get in the way for summer sports, such as tennis and swimming. As a matter of fact, nearly all the smart hairdressers are dead against long plaits and curls at any time. This despite the fact that long hair fashions bring extra work their way. They say that few women can keep longer hair in order, while the consequently heavy bills for hairdressing make them bad tempered!

### Lunch Time.

MEDICAL officers of health do not appear to have got rid of the idea that the business girl lunches on a and a glass of milk. Every now

and then this habit of semi-starvation is reprimanded by them, but it is, in fact, largely a custom of the past. The modern business girl demands a more satisfying repast, and the large catering firms supply it at prices which she can afford. Mid-day meal habits have changed for both businessmen and women. The former eat less and the latter more. The average businessman used to indulge in a heavy lunch, and the more prosperous he was the more generous it was in proportions. Now he is content with a lighter meal and a glass of water in place of the beer or bottle of wine in former days. He is all the better in health and pocket for the change. The business girl has reformed her ways in the opposite direction, also with advantage to her health and physique.

### Viva! Amy.

MISS AMY JOHNSTON is still a great heroine when she appears at London social gatherings, especially to members of her own sex. Although it is nearly a year since she did her wonderful flight, and a great many new aviation records have been set up since that time, the sight of her handsome figure in a pretty frock at a social gathering is quite sufficient to set women whispering and men angling for introductions to her. At a dinner dance one night she tried to slip into a corner after she had been received, but during the whole of the time she was there little groups of men and women waited to shake hands with her and say some congratulatory thing about her marvellous adventure. She takes it all very quietly and is not to be drawn about what she intends to do in the air in the near future.

## Broadcaster's Success

### Christchurch Vocalist

LISTENERS to 2YA and 3YA will remember Ailsa Nicol, who left New Zealand last year for the purpose of furthering her studies in London, and all will be pleased to know that this popular radio performer is meeting with well-deserved success at the Royal Academy of Music.

Miss Nicol entered the Academy at the end of last September, and the professors, after hearing her in the entrance examination, were so impressed with the high standard of her production and technique that they decided that she would be able to take the grand opera course without any preliminary work.

Before the end of her second term Miss Nicol was successful in obtaining her L.R.A.M., which usually takes at least two years, gaining very high marks.

The principal of the Academy, Sir John McEwan, was so interested in her work that he sent for her New Zealand record for the L.A.B. examination and it was recorded that when she passed this examination, at Christchurch in 1929, she had been recommended for an exhibition scholarship. In view of her success at the Academy, the Associated Board have granted her two years' free training, and they also refunded her the fees already paid. Madame Josephine Ottley, of Christchurch, is justly proud of her past pupil.