

The Good Old Days.

"VICTORIANA" of any kind is now definitely valuable, and an exhibition has been staged recently in London to enable earnest collectors to purchase Berlin wool-work screens, china dogs, mahogany dining-tables, and the like. Victorian four-poster beds have already returned to fashion, and so have Victorian glass chandeliers, in blue and yellow and pink!

Rules for Highbrows.

HAVE a rich father. Realise the supreme importance of the right sort of ignorance. Despise technique, and pin your faith to flair. Remember that nearly all successful authors, dramatists and composers are, ipso facto, second-rate; you belong, you must remember, to the select aristocracy of the unpublished and unproduced. Always sneer when the rest are laughing, always kneel in reverence when the rest are passing by, and always stand when the rest are kneeling.—Beverley Nichols.

That Priceless Attribute.

"PANDORA" writes, with truth and point: "Why is it that to hear anyone say she has a sense of humour fills one with grave misgiving? Probably because, like honesty or good temper, it should need no self-advertisement, and self-praise about humour or other qualities is no recommendation. There are people who would have their sincerity or their good humour questioned, their bridge or their golf criticised, without turning a hair, yet are indignant if suspected of having no sense of humour."

Coffee With Care.

BAD tea is not nice, nor is it wholesome. But still, even if cold, lukewarm, and too weak, or too harsh and potent, it can be tolerated by those habituated to its consumption. But bad coffee cannot be endured; it ought to be, as some philosopher has observed, strong as death, hot as hell, sweet as love; and of first-rate fragrance and quality. Cold, weak and flavourless, it becomes an abomination. But it cannot reveal its true merit, or any merit at all, unless it is prepared with care and judgment, served as soon as made, and distilled from newly-roasted beans.

British Pluck.

IT has been well said that if anything is needed to be done, the busy man or woman is the one to approach for the task. Even more truly may one say that, when in need of cheering, we should go to the afflicted. The other day, says an English correspondent, I paid a visit to the Yorkshire Home for Chronic and Incurable Diseases at Harrogate. Within the home was that sunshine which springs from the hearts of men and women who have known sorrow and sickness and yet emerge triumphant. It is in such a place that the petty trials which beset us seem mean and trivial, and our grumbling so insignificant that we cannot but be ashamed, and feel ourselves humbled in the face of so splendid a courage.

Do You Know—

THAT if, when tinting white lace with tea or coffee, you add one drop of milk to the liquid before using, the lace will look less yellow and more like old lace?

That moths can successfully be kept out of furs, blankets and other articles during the warm weather by storing the articles away wrapped in new



unbleached calico? No moth can bear the smell.

That you can prevent your black flower bowls becoming badly water-marked by rubbing them over thoroughly with furniture oil and polishing them well before putting water into them?

And that delicate china should be washed in warm water to which a little fuller's earth has been added instead of soap?

Literary Ladies.

LOOKING back only to about one hundred years ago, the change not only in the forms of literature but also the types of people who write is simply amazing. The Bronte sisters

The Fan

Lovely Semiramis
Closes her slanting eyes:
Dead is she long ago.

From her fan, sliding slow,
Parrot-bright fire's feathers,
Gilded as June weathers,
Plumes bright and shrill as grass
Twinkle down; as they pass
Through the green glooms in Hell

Fruits with a tuneful smell,
Grapes like an emerald rain,
Where the full moon has lain.
Greengages bright as glass,
Piles on each gilded booth,
Feel their cheeks growing smooth.

Apes in plumed head-dresses
Whence the bright heat hisses—
Nubian faces, sly
Pursing mouth, slanting eye,
Feel the Arabian
Winds floating from the fan.

—Edith Sitwell.

ters, Jane Austen and Mrs. Gaskell caused a sensation when they proved that women could write interesting and human stories, with clever character studies in them. To-day it almost appears that innumerable intellectual women who either have no family responsibilities or else having fulfilled them need something to take their place to keep their brains occupied, turn their attention to writing, and it is remarkable how many achieve real success, though so far no Conrad or Kipling has arisen on the feminine horizon.

Some Interesting "Tips."

FINE black broadtail is the most chic choice of all, especially when the collar is faced with white fur worn with a pleated black wool dress, with white chemisette and jabot, surmounted by a black cap trimmed with black and white quills, which seem a little more suitable to a tailored "ensemble" than flowers. Black still leads for smartness, its only "country" rival being navy blue,

both in the lighter as well as the dark tone. Dark olive green suits a few women, who can also wear brown and cream-patterned fabrics and the darker green. Navy blue, like black, is most successful in all the new light wool materials with that hopsack, or grained, surface. Thick jerseys, or tricots, are best for the spring or summer, tailor-made. They have a certain softness which is found to be more becoming than the rougher serge weaves. When the really sporting suits are worn, the bolder checked or striped tweeds are chosen. These look as well made with a coat cut either short, or in the new three-quarter length, in double-breasted style, and completed by either a cap of knitted fabric with felt or a straw-brim, of the smaller half-cloche shape, in a coloured straw circle.

A Notable Artist.

ONE of the best of recent exhibitions in London is that of Miss Ethel Walker's oil paintings at the Lefevre Galleries. Though many critics consider Miss Walker the most accomplished woman painter in England to-day, and though a fine picture of hers, "Nau-sicaa and her Maidens," has been in the Tate Gallery for four or five years, her work is not as widely known as it deserves to be.

Such a picture as the "Indian Shawl," in its sweep of line and graceful pose, could only have been painted by an artist of rare distinction. Miss Walker's colour is strong and good, but her imaginative power is her greatest asset. As her Yorkshire friends and admirers will probably agree, her best painting is seen in her seascapes, with their views from Robin Hood's Bay.

The Secret.

GOOD manners are the precepts of gentleness, kindness its practice. To think first of others is the secret of gentleness.

—E. Gibson.

Youthful Vandals.

CAN nothing be done to prevent the children who play in various public gardens from completely spoiling the appearance of these places by throwing toffee papers, orange peel, sweet bags, and so on, anywhere but in the litter baskets which are provided? It is not the fault of the gardeners, who are indefatigable in their efforts to keep the places tidy. It is entirely the fault of the children, or perhaps, it would be truer to say, of their parents.

The Pendulum Swings.

SAYS an English correspondent: The amazing change in the outlook not only of women to the world, but also of the world to women, which has taken place during the past thirty years is a never-ceasing topic of discussion, but as a member of the post-war generation—that is of the men and women who were not old enough to take part in the war, but nevertheless were just old enough to realise that it was being fought—I must admit that I was not aware how great that change

has been until the other day I read Sylvia Pankhurst's book, "The Suffragette Movement." It is almost impossible to realise that only thirty years ago girls were expected to stay at home in the hope of getting a husband, and that careers for them were taboo because to be paid for work was not genteel. Even if a woman married she was completely and effectively "suppressed" by her husband, however kind he was, and she depended entirely on him. By law she had no rights. Men did not dream that women were capable of doing any of the things they did achieve later, and the one or two brave souls who, before that time, had studied at London University—the only university where training was available to women—were regarded as freaks and bluestockings. When Mrs. Pankhurst started the suffragette movement in 1906, to men's alarm it spread with extraordinary rapidity. Then the war broke out. There was no time to argue; with the men away at the front there was no alternative to the women doing the men's work at home. And, untrained as the majority of them were, they threw themselves into the breach with a zest and a display of common sense which silenced for ever the people who accused them of brainlessness, impetuosity, stupidity and all the other weaknesses to which they were supposed to be heirs.

Modern Indeed.

IT is, indeed, a sign of the interest that women are taking in private flying that the Hon. Mildred Leith, sister of Lord Burgh, should have taken up the post of advisory expert to would-be women flyers, and be deluged with inquiries. Miss Leith, who is also an expert motorist and who worked in a garage as a mechanic for several years, is a great friend of the woman flyer, Miss Steele O'Brien, and all her spare time is spent at the London Aeroplane Club, where she holds an "A" license. There are as yet no women pilots in the various air services being operated either in this country or abroad, because men with long air service records obtained during the war naturally have preference, but Miss Leith is convinced that very soon women will be employed as air-chauffeurs for little trips to the Continent in the saloon model light aeroplanes that are popular with women owners.

Those Little Feet.

THERE seems to be a trend of late for better and brighter shoes. Not only are evening shoes and boudoir shoes gay with tinsel and colour, but outdoor and especially sports shoes have succumbed to the colour craze. You may now own a pair of shoes to match every dress and sports suit in the wardrobe, and these need not necessarily be expensive shoes, for the latter have been considerably reduced in price during the last twelve months. The most beautiful shoes of coloured suede and kid are now obtainable in shades of blue, ranging from cornflower to dark navy, green, including a new shade, very delicate and subtle, and appropriately named paroquet; all shades of red, and, of course, numerous tones of grey and fawn. Brown leather, in darker shades, retains its vogue, however, and so does black, glacial and dull surfaced black kid. There is a general vogue for python among the reptile skins. Python shoes and handbag to match look very smart with a semi-sports suit, and promise to have great popularity this year.