

Why Not Try?

AN English correspondent writes:— Interesting and profitable work, suitable for an experienced cook who must live at home, is making up, to order, other people's recipes when neither they nor their staff have the inclination or skill to undertake them. No more plant or outfit is necessary than a properly furnished kitchen.

To begin the venture, the cook should insert a small advertisement in the local paper stating that she will make up, at short notice and for a small charge, any recipe for cakes and so on brought to her, and it is advisable to add "only best ingredients used." This remark will show, too, that the cook intends to provide her own materials.

The cook must not, at first, lay in a stock of every likely ingredient for fear they are left on her hands, but buy as required, gradually procuring them in bulk as the business increases. A certificated cook who has already worked professionally will get a discount on her purchases, and many firms will allow it to an amateur if asked to do so. All ingredients must be charged at retail prices to the customer.

When calculating the charge for work done, the fuel used in cooking, the ingredients, packing, the worker's time, and a small amount for wear and tear and cost of baking tins must be added together. The cost of fuel can be reckoned with the aid of the meter, and, if this is found difficult, the gas or electricity authorities would give advice. Some saving may be made by arranging, when practicable, to cook various articles at once or one after the other.

The most important qualities for the cook to possess, beyond professional skill, are punctuality and reliability, as it is invaluable for her to acquire a reputation for always having the goods ready at the hour for which they were promised. She need not undertake delivery unless the business grows into a large one, which is unlikely, but should pack the cooked articles smartly in cartons, to facilitate carrying, and always use the same design so that she may become known by them.

These Good Days.

TRULY a desirable age, this twentieth century, in which to be alive, in spite of all talk to the contrary. That is the gospel according to Angela, who runs her quite large household by the aid of electricity, and insists that it is the perfect servant for which harassed chateaines have been seeking down the centuries. Having once used an electric iron, she asks aggressively but with truth, who will revert to the old variety, with its consequent heated tramping between table and stove? And what of the



worthy vacuum cleaner? And friendly toaster, incomparable hair-waver, floor polisher, and cheery torch that sheds its light upon a naughty world in the chill small hours? Clutching the latter trusty henchman, the bachelor girl, undaunted, faces suburban side street of Climmerian gloom. Yes, Angela is right, there is much to be said for this year of grace.

The Ubiquitous Beret.

CHANGE and contrast present much interest in the hats for the early season. The "forward" movement has definitely arrived, the beret and bonnet may linger just for the holiday season, as they are good for travel and country wear, but from the point of view of real fashion they have been pushed out of the mode by shapes that present startling contrast. The new hats are most adorable affairs with a rakish tilt and a great air of distinction. But they will require "wearing." Coiffure will be more than ever important, for although the right eyebrow is covered, on the left there is much hair revealed.

Island of Dreams.

MOST of us have permitted ourselves to dream about an ideal island. Mr. R. M. Lockley was more fortunate. He not only dreamed but his dream came true, and he entered into legal possession of "250 acres or thereabouts of rough grazing," which, in other words, meant the island of Skokholm, off the coast of Pembrokeshire. How a modern Robinson Crusoe lives on an island otherwise inhabited by birds—and a hundred different species of them—can be gleaned by reading this Thoreauvian account in "Dream Island," which, described as a record of the simple life, is a fascinating narrative of life when lived close to nature.

A Close-up.

ONE conversant with London life writes: Before the Hotel Cecil vanished it was a favourite place for the vast lunches given by that very genial company "The Society of American Women in London." Americans love speeches and are remarkably good listeners. I never saw their good manners fail, except when, having secured Mrs. Meynell to speak at the

Hawthorne Centenary, they could not hear a word she said. Her dainty oratory was not for that abominable acoustic, but sitting next to her I could thoroughly enjoy her note of profound admiration for that half-forgotten classic "The Scarlet Letter." If the food was indifferent, I had a charming neighbour, the writer of the best-seller of the moment, the popular "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." I never met a writer so like her books as Kate Douglas Wiggin. She had a fascinating smile, and was all "couleur de rose" in muslins and floating scarves. Neither she nor Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, who was close at hand on that baking July afternoon, at the

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb,
Her tides have equal times to come and go,
Her loom both weave the fine and coarsest web.
No joy is great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in time amend.

—Southwell.

zenith of the surprising mania for her "Little Lord Fauntleroy," had an ounce of self-consciousness.

Delicate Death.

THE memory of a love that has been cut short by death remains still fragrant, but no recollection of the past can keep sweet a love that has dried up and withered through accidents of time and life.

—Notebooks of Samuel Butler.

Economy Reigns.

THE most notable feature of London this summer is the absence of Americans, an absence hotel and tourist agencies are feeling. All Americans "talk poor," so I am told by a friend who is just back from New York, and all are economising. Many institutions are suffering from this economy, half the theatres are closed, and the registration at women's universities has fallen off alarmingly.

Clothes are extraordinarily cheap, and American women, proverbially the most extravagant in the world, are belaying their reputation by wearing cotton evening dresses. It is a consoling thought, however, that broderie anglaise, dotted Swiss and organdie look delightfully cool on a hot night and are particularly suitable for the present styles.

Eve Triumphant.

WOMEN'S clubs in Manchester are hospitable institutions. They welcome guests of both sexes, and even invite distinguished male citizens to lecture to their members. By way of contrast, men's clubs are almost monastic in tone, but women are slowly

worming their way into these male sanctuaries. A year ago the Brasenose Club decided, with some diffidence, to admit women to their premises. The door was not thrown open, but it was held ajar. Even now women cannot be members of the club, but they may come to tea or dinner as guests. The move was viewed with some trepidation by the traditionalists, but one gathers that the experience has justified itself. A portion of the dining-room has been set aside for the purpose, and a number of members have taken advantage of the facilities provided to entertain their womenfolk. A mixed dinner party held during the winter was even voted a great success. The Clarendon has been another club to come into line, and Manchester's two great political clubs, the Reform and the Constitutional, both admit women as guests at certain times. One of the reasons for the admission of women to men's clubs is no doubt financial. The growing popularity of motoring and golf takes members away from the city and hence out of the clubs at night. By admitting women the clubs secure at least some of the custom which would otherwise go to restaurants. But as one man put it, it will take at least another war before women are admitted as full members.

Do You Wear White?

SALLOW skins and poor complexions rarely appear to advantage in white—unless their owners are wise enough to alter their complexions to suit their frocks! If you are too sallow to wear white successfully, try using a deep ochre powder, a touch of geranium rouge and lipstick—and mark the difference. Dark women will find that while of a colder tint than that which may be successfully worn by their blonde sisters is more becoming to brunettes. Satin, for example, is more becoming to a brunette than white georgette. If you are of the tailored type, never omit a touch of white—it gives you a well-groomed appearance that nothing else can impart so well.

Elegant.

IN Paris the smartest women almost invariably wear black on the street, and many in London, too, show preference for it. Perhaps nowhere do we see such charming and perfectly groomed women as we meet in these cities. They have the real flair for dressing with distinction and charm that make strong appeal to the passer-by. Yet if we begin to analyse that charm, we can find nothing glaringly striking. On closer inspection, however, we decide that perfect grooming, a simplicity of style and faultlessly cut garments have something to do with it; and that the wise woman wears black, if that suits her, often unadorned except by ropes of pearls.

Vanity and Vanities.

A FAMOUS hairdresser has invented a new coiffure—wig or head-dress—call it what you will. It is made of real hair, mounted on silk mesh jersey and lacquered. Hair in all its natural colours is used for these coiffures, and they can be worn two or three times without redressing. Blondes may use them, and become brunettes at night-time. Lady of the raven tresses may transform herself into an auburn-haired beauty. Mauve, pale blue, even pale pink—you can match your coiffure to your frock—if you can afford the fancy and dare to do so.

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