

Bed-books.

IN an English paper appear the following suggestions for books to be read in those "white nights" that visit us all:—"The Open Road," compiled by the accomplished Mr. E. V. Lucas; "The Road Mender," which is a favourite of many readers here in New Zealand; "Pepys' Diary," "Any of Jane Austen's"; the Book of Books; and Thoreau's "Week on the Concord." Truly a catholic collection, but one surmises a much longer list might be compiled with the utmost ease. Many possibly would give suffrages to the lovely verses of the late Poet Laureate, Dr. Graves, some of Miss Eileen Duggan's poetry would not come amiss; while, for those who might not find Boswell's "Johnson" quite hit the mark, what about the delightful prose of Miss Victoria Sackville-West?

All Souls' Day.

IN some reminiscences recently published in England by the Viscount d'Abernon, he makes interesting comment on a group of brilliant youth of forty years ago—in their day the most modern of modern sets—who amazed and horrified many good people, just as glad and gifted youth does now. The writer of these reminiscences knew them all intimately, and he looks upon their activities as an attempt to "burst the bonds of irksome social tradition and open the way of a more rational and agreeable mode of life." He makes entertaining and suggestive remarks on the widely differing personalities of two well-known and exceptionally gifted members of that coterie yclept "The Souls":

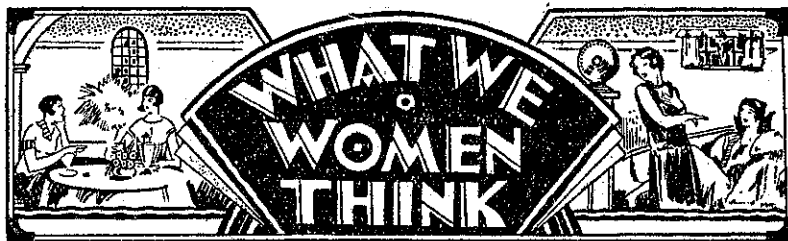
"More dissimilar natures cannot be imagined than those of the two most prominent among them—Arthur Balfour and Margot Tennant. The one 90 per cent. intellectual, the finest texture of silk; the other pre-eminent for temperament and dash—audacious, impulsive, the strongest homespun—homespun through which no shaft could penetrate. Both iconoclasts; the one from irony and polite negation, the other from an inveterate addiction to shock tactics."

Silly Snobs.

WE all know women who are overjoyed when they can outshine their neighbours in the matter of clothes, furniture, or some similar thing, and, curiously enough, the disease is far more prevalent in the suburbs of cities and towns than anywhere else. Happily there are not so many of this class now as a few years ago. Since the war poverty has become almost fashionable, and with the new attitude toward work, which even allows the sons and daughters of dukes and earls to earn their own living, this silly form of snobbery may soon die out altogether.

Gandhi's Creed.

THUS India's Mahatma in the "Daily Herald": "I uphold the Truth, as I see it, for I believe it is the key-stone of life. On it everything else depends. It comes first and last and always. And in all things it is possible to put Truth first. For myself I have always tried to do it. In my political ambitions I eschew all lies and fraud. For the attainment of no object would I subscribe to deceit. I have read many varying descriptions of myself. Some call me a Saint. Others call me a rogue. I am neither the one nor the other. All that I aspire to be—and I hope I have in some measure succeeded in being—is an honest, God-fearing man.



But the things I read about myself do not annoy me. Why should they? I have my own philosophy and my work. Every day I spin for a time. While I spin I think. I think of many things. But always from those thoughts I try to keep out bitterness. Study this spinning wheel of mine. It would teach you a great deal more than I can—patience, industry, simplicity. This spinning wheel is for India's starving millions the symbol of salvation.

I want to see the opening of all offices, professions and employments to women; otherwise there can be no real equality. But I most sincerely hope that Woman will retain and exercise her ancient prerogative as Queen of the Household. From this position she must never be dethroned. Individuals there may be who in the pursuit of some great principle or ideal forgo, like myself, the solace of family life, choosing instead one of self-sacrifice and celibacy; but for the mass of the people the preservation of home life is essential.

Terpsichore.

THE Cuban, as a new dance is called, combines several of the features of the tango and the Charleston, the result being something both novel and irresistible. It is being demonstrated in London in what is, presumably, a variation of Cuban costume, and amateurs hasten—literally—to follow in their footsteps and experiment for themselves with the fascinating new rhythm. There's nothing new under the sun, we're told, and yet the new dance holds elements of novelty, and that being so, finds eager devotees.

Many Inventions.

AS might be supposed, the inventions patented by women during that much-vaunted era of femininity, the

nineteenth century, were mostly inspired by domestic needs, but there was one, in the very first year of the century, that suggests the tribulations of a

NOSTALGIA

To come back from the sweet South, to the North
Where I was born, bred, look to die;
Come back to do my day's work in its day,
Play out my play—
Amen, amen, say I.

To see no more the country half my own.
Nor hear the half-familiar speech
Amen, I say; I turn to that bleak North
Where I came forth—
The South lies out of reach.

But when our swallows fly back to the South,
To the sweet South, to the sweet South,
The tears may come again into my eyes
On the old wise,
And the sweet name to my mouth.

—Christina Rossetti.

harassed governess. For, according to the specifications, it was an "apparatus consisting of an oblong box which, when opened, presents two tables, and having dice, pins, counters, etc., contained

within the same, by means of which six different games may be played for the amusement of children, and which are at the same time an exercise in the fundamental principles of music, particularly the keys, signatures, intervals, chords and discords, also the rules of thorough bass."

Seemingly woman's most successful invention before the war was the curved hairpin with turned up ends, which, it is said, caused the woman who invented it much study of all the skulls at the Royal College of Surgeons to get the proper scientific curve. It proved a little gold mine till the shingle vogue killed the hairpin trade.

No such check has come to the marketable value of another idea of women's, the detachable collar to men's shirts, out of which a comfortable fortune has been made. As for that other little invention, the paper bag; it, too, has made a wealthy woman, a Miss Margaret Knight, of New York.

Vandals!

THINK how a peacock in a forest of high trees
Shimmers in a stream of blueness and long-tressed magnificence!
And women even cut their shimmery hair!

—D. E. Lawrence.

Here To-day and Gone To-morrow!

THERE is no more stimulating department of fashion this season than the millinery salon. New hat styles are born every day, and conversation sooner or later turns to the vagaries of modish millinery, with the question: "Have you seen the latest?" So great is the succession of new styles that many models representing the proverbial last word of Paris in the early days of the present season, are already regarded as back numbers.

High-Flyers.

JUST outside Reading, an attractive little bungalow, standing in a field, with probably a light aeroplane at the front door, attracts passers-by.

Few know, however, that the bungalow belongs to two enterprising girls, both experts in the art of flying.

They are Miss Dorothy Spicer, the second woman in England to obtain her ground engineer's certificate, and Miss Pauline Gower, who has a "B" license from the London Aeroplane Club.

Into the Blue.

THE Duke of Rutland, who is 45, was formerly Attache of the British Embassy at Rome, and is keenly interested in agriculture and an enthusiastic lover of the good green fields and sights and sounds of his native land. Also he is as passionate a champion of dumb creatures as Dr. Axel Munthe—and one can say no more than that, for the Swedish writer wields a vitriolic pen on this subject and wages unceasing war against man's cruelty to bird and beast. Recently the duke discovered, in a market place on the Continent, a large consignment of caged larks. He purchased them all—800 strong—and, finding a secluded haunt where the dragon was not likely to descend, liberated the lot. What a lovable humanitarian!

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Our Cookery Corner

Savoury Horns.

THESE make a pretty supper dish which you can make in a very short time. All you need is some sort of puff pastry, whichever you prefer. Cut it in narrow strips and wind these round the outside of horn moulds which have been well greased.

See that the pastry overlaps slightly each time it is put round. Then brush over with a little beaten egg and bake in a moderate oven.

When done, slip out the tins and the horns can be filled with either of the following mixtures:—

Lobster Filling.

REMOVE any bone from the contents of a tin of lobster and cut up the fish and heat it in a saucepan.

Mix one ounce of butter to a paste with half an ounce of flour, and stir it in, adding a tablespoonful of milk

and a little pepper. Stir over slow heat for about five minutes, then fill the pastry horns with this and serve when cold.

Ham Fillings.

Mince half a pound of cold ham, then add a small pinch of mace and pepper and an ounce of butter. Stir gently over slow heat until the butter has melted, and fill the horns as before.

Cream Cheese Toasts.

TOAST some thin slices of bread and cut into neat fingers, and leave until cold. Then spread with cream cheese and place a few slices of tomato, beetroot or cucumber on top.

This dish may be varied by using thin slices of ordinary cheese mashed with a little vinegar and salad oil, flavouring with pepper and mustard, and spread on the toast, decorating as before.