

Place Aux Dames.

THE performance of the National Repertory Society in Wellington last week was notable in that, for the first time in its history, it produced a play manned, so to speak, entirely by women. And in "Nine Till Six" they acquitted themselves well; notably Miss Irene Wilson, who, with enviable poise, gracious dignity, and true touch on occasional note of poignancy, gave a performance that enchanted attention and admiration of her audience.

The milieu of the play is a large London dress establishment, in which are employed varying types of feminine perversity. There is Gracie, for example, acted by Kathleen Smith with engaging naïveté; her mother, presented to the life by Elsie Lloyd; Mary Cooley's Freda, always just right; the Bridgit of Alison Kirkcaldie, who, with extreme chic, and commendable enunciation and audibility, scored a success; and the Mam'selle of Gretta Stark, who, clad in geranium-red that matched Gallic temperament, talked broken English with a volubility that swept all before it.

One remembers with especial pleasure the Clare Pembroke of Marie Bown, a finished impersonation of revolt of youth against soul-destroying conditions of stringent financial stress. Miss Bown's movement and gesture were spontaneously graceful, and she showed herself entirely cognisant of the potentialities of the part. Ethel Oldbury-Jones once more demonstrated distinctive flair for low comedy, and was very popular; while Pauline Shotlander, a competent mime, perhaps has never done better work than portrayal of the gliding, black-clad, maddeningly efficient head of "The Hats."

There was little weakness apparent, although the lovely ladies who acted as mannequins were somewhat anaemic in protest, the performance as a whole giving impression of intriguing and artistic mosaic of dovetailing team work.

Something Different.

THE newest chokers are designed to match the velvet evening gowns and coats. Suspended from them are large bows in diamante and coloured stones, which match a buckle fastened at the waist. These chokers have an Egyptian look. Some are composed of coral and others of dull red stones, red having come into its own with the revival of velvet.

The Yule Log.

EVERYONE loves a log fire. Let those who will have gas, coal, and electricity; the only crown of an old-fashioned hearth is wood.

Those who burn oak find it a satisfactory fuel in certain conditions. A bed of glowing embers is necessary to consume large pieces of this noble tree, and none but its devoted destroyers can contemplate cutting oak small. When new it disdains the fire, and burns slowly and unwillingly. Old logs of three years give better results. The most popular of slow-burning woods is walnut, which has a beautiful scent. Other woods have glories of their own.

*Pear logs and apple logs,
Both will scent your room;
And cherry logs across the dogs
Smell like flowers in bloom.*

Coal is closely rivalled in weight by the slow and clear-burning beech, which gives a generous heat. Even when green, birch and ash are good fuels. A pleasant scent and a blue



flame come from the birch, but it is costly and is quickly spent. The beautiful laburnum is economical. Childish

Appearances

They bear him to his resting-place—
In slow procession sweeping by;
I follow at a stranger's space;
His kindred they, his sweet-heart I.
Unchanged my gown of garish dye,
Though sable-sad is their attire;
But they stand round with griefless eye,
Whilst my regret consumes like fire!

—Thomas Hardy.

memories are recalled by the crab-apple, which cheers older years with its flame and fragrance. A merry com-

panion is the cheap hickory, with its bright sparkle. Its heat-retaining property gives an even temperature.

Blazing logs recall the fragrance of fir wood fires, or of peat. Books are left unread for a wander through the fairy world of the fire. Logs which send out their heat in the winter come from the forests which give shade in the summer. And a log fire is ideal in England—with central heating.—J.L.L.

Courage, Mes Braves!

TRANSLATED from the French of Antoinette Tierce, "Between Two Fires," is an enthralling addition to the literature produced by the cataclysm known as the Great War. This chronicle of devotion and self-abnegation is the record of how the brave Antoinette sheltered, fed, and rescued from imminent extinction four fugitive British subjects, during eighteen months of the four-year-old occupation of Lille by the German army. There was hourly risk of detection, constant agonising struggle to protect stricken and hunted men, knowledge of dread fate that awaited discovery of those who harboured the enemy English; all being narrated in this heroic saga with a clarity and sincerity that reflect credit upon the translator, Mr. Lewis May.

Our Cookery Corner

Sole With Mushrooms.

HALF a pound of fresh mushrooms of medium size are sliced and placed in a flat fireproof pan, in which two full tablespoonfuls of butter have been melted. Sprinkle with finely chopped parsley, pepper, and salt. Cook this gently in a moderate oven until the mushrooms are softened, which should take about 20 to 25 minutes. Stir occasionally, so that the butter covers all the pieces. Take a filleted sole and lay the pieces flat on top of the mushrooms. Cover them with some cream, or milk, or both. About one tablespoonful to each piece is sufficient. Place in the oven for ten minutes. The fish must not be dry—it should be feathery and tender and quite white.

Fruit Salad Dressing.

THE flavour of a fruit salad is greatly enhanced by the following dressing, the recipe for which comes from Ontario. It is an excellent dressing to use with all fruits, summer and winter.

Take two eggs, three-quarters of cup of pineapple juice (from tinned fruit), a pinch of salt, half a cup of sugar.

Separate eggs, heat beaten yolks with sugar and pineapple juice, put in double pan, stir till it thickens, cool. Add whites of eggs. Chopped nuts and Marachino cherries can be added as liked.—M.E.S.

Eggs in Ambush.

TAKE eight hard-boiled eggs. Cut six of these in quarters lengthwise. Similar quantity (cut in lengths) of unpared cucumbers. Coat a border mould with aspic jelly. When set arrange alternately egg and cucumbers, white and green to outer side of mould. Fill up with aspic jelly. When cold turn on to dish and fill up the centre with the whites of the two remaining eggs cut in strips, young green peas and new potatoes cold and cooked, and mixed with mayonnaise sauce.

Arrange a little frill of small lettuce leaves between border and filling, and pile two or three spoonfuls of whipped cream on top. Garnish with capers, one or two olives, and coralline pepper.

Coconut Buns.

Sieve one pound of flour into a basin, adding to it a pinch of salt, two oz. of fine sugar, and a teaspoonful of baking powder; also the grated rind of half a lemon.

Crumble into these ingredients three oz. of butter, and, when quite fine, add two oz. of desiccated coconut.

Beat one egg, and with it form the whole into a stiff dough, using a few drops of milk if wanted.

Put in little rough heaps on a greased tin, and bake in a moderate oven for ten minutes.

Lightning Changes.

EVERY imaginable quick-change device has been carefully thought out by the dressmakers for Miss Edna Best, who will have to make a record number of changes in John van Druten's new comedy, "There's Always Juliet," at the Apollo Theatre.

During the play she will wear five dresses, in addition to a negligé, three coats, and three hats.

Two of her gowns, in cases where she is only off the stage for a matter of seconds, have been made so that as the belts are unfastened the dresses drop off. These are a gold lame evening dress with puff sleeves and a black and white afternoon dress with a novel one-sided double collar, one collar being white and the other black.

A Prelate Protests.

THE Rev. E. Noel Mellish, the V.C. Vicar of Dunmow, Essex, in a letter to his parishioners, gives his impressions of feminine attire.

He writes: "Why should women wear pyjamas in public places? Some women are beautiful in anything, but all women are much more beautiful when they are dressed in clothes that suit them. Can any rational person defend a little black bowler hat worn sideways? Does it make the wearer more beautiful? Compare the proportion and the swing of a nicely-balanced skirt, set with silk stockings and neat shoes, with the untidy shapelessness of the fashionable pyjama. Why do they wear them if they do not enhance the beauty and comeliness of women?"

"There is no true answer to explain these freak fashions except that those who devise what women shall wear have issued their orders, and because they decree that women should wear ridiculously ugly little bowler hats and pyjamas like chair covers, they obey. Will another Mrs. Pankhurst come and liberate her poor suffering sisters from this tyranny?"

"Women say they will not be bound by Victorian conventions and restrictions, yet, curiously enough, they search in dusty Victorian cupboards and produce a perfect paradox of a hat and even attempt to saddle their unfortunate sisters with bustles."

A Close Corporation.

THE fact that he who is rich in mental possessions is not likely to be depressed by the lives of the wealthy is annoying to those rich people whose pleasure in their possessions is largely dependent upon being envied for them. The world of culture is a closed society, and any closed society is intolerable to a democratic age. Aristocracy of birth has lost prestige; aristocracy of wealth lacks mystery. The only exclusive world to-day is that of the highbrows. Into this you cannot buy your way. You cannot, even, be certain of qualifying for a highbrow by hard work, by reading the best books, looking at the best pictures, hearing the best music. You may get an entrance on these terms; but you will be found out when you are there. I have watched the embarrassments of those trying to be gentlemen and those pretending to be rich; but they are nothing to the bewildered misery of those trying to live beyond their intellectual means.—Desmond MacCarthy.