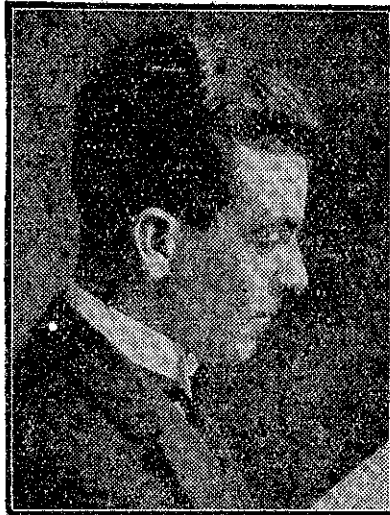


innate in the Japanese than the little garden of geisha girls, which almost invariably forms the background of every tea-house dinner. The dinner itself, with its pretty doll-tables, its curious assortment of dainty viands set in red lacquer bowls, its quaint formalities, and the magnificent ceremonial costumes of its hosts, is an artistic scheme, elaborately thought out and prepared. But when, at the close, the troupe of geishas and maikos appears, forming (as it were) a pattern of gorgeous tropical flowers, the scene becomes a bit of decoration as daring, original, and whimsically beautiful as any to be seen in the land of natural "placing" and artistic design and effect. The colours of kimonos, obis, fans, and head-ornaments blend, contrast, and produce a carefully-arranged harmony, the whole converging to a centre of attraction, a grotesque, fascinating, exotic figure, the geisha of geishas—that vermillion-and-gold girl who especially seizes me. She is a bewildering symphony in vermillion, orange, and gold. Her kimono is vermillion embroidered in great dragons; her obi is cloth of gold; her long hanging sleeves are lined with orange. Just one little slim slip of apple-green appears above the golden fold of the obi and accentuates the harmony; it is the crape cord of the knapsack which bulges the loops at the back and gives the Japanese curve of grace. The little apple-green cord keeps the obi in its place, and is the discord which makes the melody.

My vermillion girl's hair is brilliant black with blue lights, and shining where it is stiffened and gummed in loops and bands till they seem to reflect the gold lacquer and coral-tipped pins that bristle round her head. Yes, she is like some wonderful fantastical tropical blossom, that vermillion geisha-girl, or like some hitherto unknown and gorgeous dragon-fly. And she is charming; so sweetly, simply, candidly alluring. Every movement and gesture, each rippling laugh, each fan-flutter, each wave of her rice-powdered arms from out of their wing-like sleeves, is a joyous and naive appeal for admiration and sympathy. How impossible to withhold either! The geisha-girl is an artist.

My geisha-girl brings out her dainty lacquer-box, and under the gaze of all sits down to decorate herself with a frank joy in the pleasure she knows she is going to give. And she knows, too, what she is about. She knows the value of a tone in a lip. Something suggests to her that you, an artist, may have found the vermillion lip not quite in harmony with the plan, and she changes it to bronze. Three times this evening does my geisha-girl change her lip; she frankly takes it off with a little bit of rice-paper, which she rolls up and tucks into the folds of her kimono, to be thrown away later, and the bronze lip is substituted. By and by it seems to occur to her that the bronze lip has become monotonous, and she will change it again to vermillion. No doubt before evening is over there will be a series of little bits of rice paper folded away ready to be got rid of when the bill is paid, the supper eaten, and the festival at an end.

It is through the geisha-girls that there is still a living art in Japan at the present day in the designs of the



**MAT DIXON**

Conductor of 2YA Salon Orchestra, who, at special request from PCJ, set to music the verses of a radio greeting.

picked up by Mr. Sellens, of Northland, who notified Mr. Dixon by phone.

Mr. Dixon has since received a personal letter from Mr. Startz congratulating him on the composition and also commenting on excellent performances of the Salon Orchestra at 2YA.

It is indeed a compliment to receive this recognition from so far afield and also from a station so famous as PCJ.

A well-known personality to all interested in short-wave reception, Edward Startz, the announcer of Philips Short-wave station PCJ, Eindhoven, Holland.



silk dresses that they wear. They are so modern, so up-to-date, and yet so characteristic of Japan. The women are very extravagant in their dress, and some of the leading geisha-girls will often go to the length of having stencils, with elaborate designs and an immense amount of hand-work, specially cut for them, the stencils and designs being destroyed when sufficient mate-

## Unique Compliment to 2YA Salon Orchestra

SOME weeks ago Mr. Startz, "seven language" announcer of PCJ, sent to New Zealand a set of verses comprising a radio greeting, and Mr. M. T. Dixon, conductor of 2YA Salon Orchestra, was requested to set the verses to music. The request was complied with and on receipt of the music it was broadcast from PCJ, and a special greeting was broadcast to Mr. Dixon acknowledging receipt of the completed composition. Incidentally the greeting was

material for one dress has been supplied. For such a unique and costly gown the geisha will, of course, have to pay a fabulous sum, and a sum that would astound the average English woman of fashion. But then when a geisha orders a costume she thinks it out carefully; she does not go, as we do, to a dressmaker, but to an artist. It may be that she has a fancy for apple-blossom

at sunset, and this idea she talks out with the artist who is to draw the designs.

A Japanese woman chooses her costumes, not according to fashion, but to some sentiment or other—apple-blossom because it is spring-time, peach-blossom for a later season—and many beautiful ideas are thus expressed in the gowns of the women of Japan. But although the geisha has plenty of latitude in which to display her artistic feeling, there are some little details of etiquette and fashion that she must adhere to, which show themselves in a few details of the Japanese women's attire, as, for example, in the thongs of her little wooden shoes and the decoration of her jet-black hair. Not only is the kimono of the geisha, its colour and design, thought out by the artist, but all the accessories of her toilette, such as the obi, the fan, and the ornaments for her hair. It is the artist's ambition that she should be a picture, perfect in every detail, and the geisha is always a picture, beautiful beyond description.

How different she is from the geisha of fiction, of operettas, and of story-books, which is the only geisha that the stay-at-home Englishman can know! That she is beautiful to look at all the world agrees; but quite apart from her beauty, or the social position that she happens to occupy in Japan, take her as a woman, a real woman, stripped of all outward appearances and of her own particular nationality—take her as a woman, and she will be found as dainty in mind as in appearance, highly educated, and with a great sense of honour, while her moral code would compare favourably with others of her sex all the world over.

## An Interesting Survey

### Most Popular Listening Hours

THE postal authorities in Germany recently made searching inquiries into the hours when most people listen to broadcast programmes, and have now published the results. The greatest number of Germans—90 per cent.—it appears, turn on their sets at half-past seven in the evening, and listen until half-past eleven. At one o'clock in the morning not more than 70 per cent., and by two 50 per cent., are still listening. At three o'clock in the morning 20 per cent. of Germany's listeners are trying to obtain results from some station abroad.

Beginning at the other end, with the workers who know nothing of night-life save that it brings a welcome rest, 18 per cent. listen at five o'clock in the morning, and at half-past five already 30 per cent. are up and awake. By half-past nine the early morning concert, physical exercises, and market news have been heard by 65 per cent. Eleven o'clock morning concerts are listened to by only 50 per cent., which sinks and rises till by half-past three in the afternoon the total has risen to 75 per cent. From six o'clock in the evening the number rises steadily from 70 per cent. to the 90 per cent. who follow the evening programme.