

Panorama.

HIGH noon, femininity fluttering on the Quay, squeakers abroad in the land, balloons briefly gay over bright curls of children. The Old Year wanes to a close, and pathetic vendors of paper flowers and strange beasts make frantic appeals to purchasers of rubbishy wares. A boy of thirteen or so, threadbare, neat and eager, keeps up breathless, insistent patter. "Here 's, lydy. Screw 'em tight as tight, and they'll go up like 'Inkler!" he reiterates, as he thrusts forward a ragged monster the like of which has never flown o'er land or sea.

A forlorn derelict, with bulging boots and ravaged face, hammers out on wheezing hurdy-gurdy, "Christians, wake! Salute the Happy Morn," with a tragic irony affecting to the most abuse. With the shamefacedness of Britain bestowing largesse in bright light that beats upon public philanthropy, we drop in a coin, and are glad of gleam of silver content amid much dull brown in ragged cap that serves as temporary treasure-chest.

Comes a portly matron of fifty summers, clad in pink organdie and a nearly-ermine necktie that has seen better days. "I sez to Bill," she loudly declaims to plethoric friend, "I don't 'old with this 'ere Christmas business. 'Meals as usual,' sez I, no better and no worse. Wot's Christmas done for Bill and me!" And thus belligerently dismisses the Hope of the World, the greatest anniversary of Christendom.

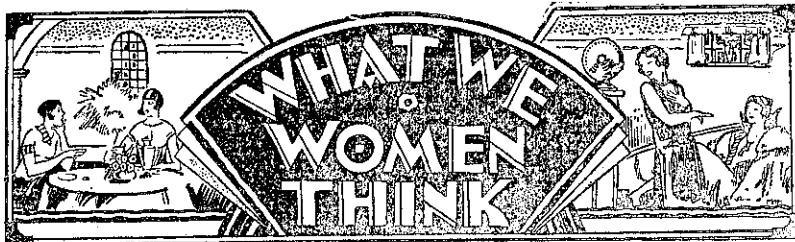
Under the War Memorial, a limping veteran, with a tanned, lined face, stops for a moment to buy some oranges. "For my pal. He's dying over there," he tells the aloof Assyrian, who professes no word of sympathy, but hands him the fruit in profound silence of unspoken race. "Together at Gallipoli!" says the man, oblivious to lack of response, as his wistful eyes stray "over there" where his comrade is fighting a losing battle.

Heading for home, we buy a paper from local Adam of Dublin, who stifles raucous yells, and with a touch of the brogue renders thanks for recurrent gratuity. The long shadows stretch around us, a solitary sandwich man wanders past, the sad year is going, almost gone; and over the horizon glimmer sails of the ship of good hope freighted it may be with fulfillment of gallant endeavour, reconciliation of clashing issues, balancing of the budget; perchance a peace that passes understanding, heart's happiness in this world or the next.

This year is a fresh beginning,
 O my soul, to the glad refrain—
 And in spite of old sorrow and older
 Sorrow,
 Take heart with the year and begin again.
 —H.V.L.

The Tight Stuff.

THERE are few women in modern public life more respected than Miss Rathbone, whose return at the head of the poll for the Combined English Universities is one of the minor sensations of the general election. So many of the women in the late Parliament have been returned, and Miss Rathbone, of course, stood as an Independent—one cannot imagine her as anything else! She has a magnificent record of public service, which began when she came down from Somerville College, Oxford, and was the first woman to be elected to the Liverpool



To ---

*You ask me, dear, to sing a song for you,
 But where is muse to voice my thoughts so true
 Of one who skyward soars as bird on wing,
 Too high above to hear the song I'd sing?*

*Yet, though I cannot reach you 'midst the spheres,
 Still melodies of night rise to your ears,
 And soft winds sigh the age-old song of sea. . . .
 These, and my silence, dearest, speak for me.*

—W.H.M.

City Council. Miss Ellen Wilkinson once rather flippantly described Miss Rathbone as "looking what she is, a great public institution." She has a fine, strong face, beautiful eyes, a clear, forceful mind, and a telling voice, well suited to the House of Commons.

In Glass Houses.

ROOMS almost entirely furnished in glass, with glass-covered walls, have been produced by Lalique, whose amber-coloured dining-room with a solid glass dinner table, will linger in the memory of all who have seen it. Very beautiful effects achieved by plate-glass, backed with silvered plaster or embossed lead paper, have been shown also by this master. Moulded panels of glass, set in a framework of steel, have also been used by Lalique in a variety of ways. Last year he made a set of altar rails for a church, with three panels consisting of long glass strips, decorated with a design of lilies; while his great glass fountain, with eight panels of figures in high relief and seventeen cascades, was one of the points of interest of the Paris Exhibition of 1925.

Glass statuary and moulded glass mascots and vases have travelled far since that time. Alterations of transparent and opaque rectangles of glass of elegant and novel proportions are among the decorative glazing effects in buildings of modern design, as well as the heavy engraved glass panels, so charmingly used, set in wooden glazing bars. A shop in Bond Street has walls and pillars entirely covered in mirror glass, in square or long-shaped panels of rather small size, the whole effect being gay and glittering and an admirable background for flowers, scents and feminine frivolities. Copper-coloured mirror glass is used in the same way in a tearoom in Piccadilly. It might well be copied in the bathroom of some private house, with a steel ceiling in contrast with the copper-lustre of the walls.

Great glass jars as lamp standards, flower vases, with moulded or cut decoration, glass wall-scones and chandeliers, powder bowls, trinket sets and writing sets of the same material, are no new departure, though their decoration and design are new in manner and are now carried out by new methods.

Hints for the Housewife

ODOURS such as those caused by medicine, vinegar, and so on, can be removed from bottles by half-filling them with cold water, plus a tablespoonful of mustard. Shake vigorously, let stand for half an hour, and rinse thoroughly with clear water.

QUILLS, which are used a great deal for trimming the new hats, can be bent to any desired shape by holding in the steam from a kettle of boiling water until flexible and then bending with the fingers.

RUGS will not curl up at the edges if a triangular piece of corrugated rubber is sewn to the underside of each corner. The rubber, which can be bought from most ironmongery stores, should have holes punched in it to allow the needle to pass through easily.

MOTOR oil and tar stains on clothing will disappear if the part affected is placed in olive oil and allowed to soak overnight. Wash next day in the usual way.

WHITE fox furs can be cleaned at home with powdered starch. Rub the starch in with a piece of clean flannel, taking care to stroke the way of the fur. Shake, and finally brush out the starch with a clean clothes brush. If possible, always keep the fur in a box or drawer lined with blue tissue paper to preserve its whiteness.

VEGETABLES that have become stale or frosted can be freshened by soaking for two or three hours before cooking in very cold water to which a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda has been added.

Praise! Oh, Dear, No!

LET the following anecdote be a lesson to all who remain inhumanly silent. It appeared that the Duke of Wellington once requested a great connoisseur, one of the finest judges of cooking in Europe, to find him a chef. Felix, whom the late Lord Seaforth was reluctantly about to part with on economical grounds, was recommended and received.

Some months afterward his patron was dining with Lord Seaforth, and, before the first course was over, he observed, "So you have got the Duke's cook to dress your dinner."

"I have got Felix," replied Lord S., "but he is no longer the duke's cook. The poor fellow came to me, with tears in his eyes, and begged me to take him back again at reduced wages, or no wages at all, for he was determined not to remain at Apsley House. 'Has the Duke been finding fault?' said I. 'Oh, no, my lord. I would stay if he had; he is the kindest and most liberal of masters. But I serve him a dinner that would make Ude or Francatelli burst with envy, and he says nothing. I serve him a dinner dressed, and badly dressed, by the cook maid, and he says nothing. I cannot live with such a master if he was a hundred times a hero!'"

Lovely Laces.

WE have grown accustomed to all sorts of lovely colours in laces, but the latest idea of coarse and fine wool-laces in black, white, and every bright shade is most effective for sports clothes yokes, blouses, cardigans, and even delightful evening frocks. The Nottingham industry is appreciably assisted by this practical winter vogue.

A most successful contrast in sports clothes is so easily attained. A dark brown or deep purple flannel frock is cheered by a yoke and under-sleeves of beige, or pale mauve wool-lace. This is effective in either a coarse or fine design. Nothing is smarter than a dark green wool suit, with blouse of fine wool-lace in tender tones of pale greens and blue. A house frock, composed of a coarse dark green wool-lace carried out a daffodil shading by a yoke and sleeves in two tones of finely-meshed lace in pale yellow wool. A girlish gown for the evening, that looked like the finest Shetland shawl, elegantly draped, was in palest pink, with a contrasting fichu-like berthe of a deep apricot in a slightly coarse design.

The Crisis Club.

MISS ROSALIND NORMAN, the daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Norman, is one of the leaders of a group forming the English Crisis Club, which has not any premises but is merely a band of young people, all of whom are friends, having, for the object of their venture, a reduction in the cost of amusement and recreation as well as in the arranging of certain charitable enterprises.

Parties arranged by members of this club must not cost more than 3/6 a head, and if a theatre or cinema party is the object in view, seats in the pit or other cheap part of the house must be chosen. As Miss Norman says, husbands, brothers, fathers, and sweethearts need some amusement in the evening, but why should it cost so much?