

Fashion Notes and Notions.

By PENELOPE.

The Fashion Show.

Last week's pageant of Fashion in aid of the National Service Fund was a success worthy of the worthy cause for which it was arranged. The Town Hall was crowded afternoon and evening and the stage had been beautifully set to display the evolution of fashions through the ages and stages, starting with B.C. and ending with the present day. Last week I told you all about the fashions of to-day and that they were being shown by the Magasin Chaverait, but of the fashions of yesterday I was still in the position of the public and had to wait until the day of the show to see them.

Some of the periods were beautifully carried out not only in respect of the costumes but in the choice of the exhibitors. In others, however, it was obvious that it was a case of "kissing goes by favour," and dresses that should have graced some stately damsel might be seen on fair, fat, and forty, while dainty simple gowns were in some cases worn by some hefty sporting looking girls who would better have suited a golf or tennis kit. These are, however, the little details that flavour the dish of amateur shows and on the whole the pageant was one of the best and certainly the most interesting of its kind seen in Johannesburg. One little touch of humour which I cannot resist repeating was that of a group clad in sateen or "near silk" which emerged from the curtain after the announcement that this period had been remarkable for the richness of material and the splendour of the embroideries. I am told that the participators, overhearing the announcement, nearly expired with mirth and had difficulty in carrying off their stately entrance and serious mien.

At the Standard.

This has been a week of splendid attainment for amateurs. The University Players, too, have presented a most successful show. The Knight of the Burning Pestle has attracted large and appreciative audiences and everyone concerned in the production has reason to be proud of themselves from Mr. Seals-Wood, who was the producer, to Mr. Haybrook, who designed the programme and, I should guess also, the scenery. Personally I can honestly say that it is a long time since I have enjoyed an amateur play as much as I did this most quaint and interesting performance.

The stage setting with its quaint old buildings as a background, the black curtains and the old-fashioned candelabras with the call boy—(like the property man of the Chinese Theatres)—coming on at intervals to announce a change of scene which never came off; all created an old world atmosphere which was again reflected in the interpretation by the young actors of their parts.

The outstanding genius of the play was in my mind the performance of Miss Adele Lezard and Mr. Theo. Sachs as the grocer and his wife; as a matter of fact I found it difficult to watch anyone else, for never for a moment throughout the long play did they forget that they were the vulgar citizens.

The music under the direction of Professor Kirby was in keeping with the times and the picturesque bandmen sitting in their gallery added a convincing note to the picture.

Miss Vivienne Tailleur is to be congratulated on the charming and characteristic dancing; it was really remarkable, for one could hardly credit the fact that the dancers were not accustomed to dance together. This is the first time that I have seen the University Players, but it will not be my fault if it is the last.

Nature and Creek Dancing.

Saturday was a busy night for some of us in Johannesburg; first of all there was a charming demonstration of Greek and Nature dancing by the pupils of Miss Kathleen Donald in the old German School, Hospital Hill. Miss Donald holds a Ruby junior certificate and her work as demonstrated by her pupils is most artistic. I was particularly pleased with the Nature Work by the tiny tots, and it was interesting to see the different personalities manifesting themselves in the interpretation of such movements as Trees, Butterflies, Waves, Sea Gulls. One child was outstanding, with every change of item on her programme you could see the sweet little face and the tiny limbs moving in a sort of living dream. All were delightful, but in work of this nature it seems to me that individuality is even more outstanding in its effects on the execution than in the severer technique of operatic dancing.

The Greek exercises are very graceful and show the basis of nearly all the developments of dancing. The runs and leaps and finally the Prayer Movements and offerings were particularly appreciated.

From this demonstration I went on to the Jewish Guild where a dance was in progress, the Saxone Band was playing and quite a number of dancers were hard at it. A pretty Rural Dance Scena was given by the Misses Muriel Williams, Ida Cook and Wendy Hardy, pupils of Pearl Adler and Lily Browse, who are all three clever dancers and mimists.

I have not seen the Cat and the Canary or Herschel Henlere, but I want to, for one way and another they have created quite a little stir in local circles. I hear that one good lady was so overcome with creeps on the first night of the first mentioned that coming out from the theatre she clasped what she thought was her husband's arm and shuddering said, "You'll have to sleep with me to-night." "With pleasure," said a voice, and looking up she found: it was not her husband!

The Shops.

The shops are having a busy time providing wardrobes for the lucky people who are going to Durban for the winter holidays, but the cold snap of last week-end gave a check to those who were buying light apparel, and some who went to buy muslin came out with fur. Some of the lovely overcoats that I have described in the early part of the season and that were marked at anything from 9 to 15 guineas are now, with the advent of sales, being offered at £5 to £6. A woman who knows how to buy at sales should have a good time during the next few weeks. Personally I cannot do it. As sure as fate if I try to do the economical in my shopping and provide for a rainy day I get landed with something I never could or would wear. Some months ago I bought some cheap shoes and after enduring weeks of agony I gave up the attempt and went off to Harrison's, where I had to lay in a completely fresh stock.