

The Woman's Point of View

The Annotations of Annabel

DEAREST:

Amid the storm and stress, physical, political, ecclesiastical, that of late have assailed us, 'twas a pleasant interlude to lean back on the hard chairs of the Wellington Concert Chamber and listen to the doctrine of endeavour according to a recent visitor to our Dominion, whose lectures on matters of metaphysical moment were eagerly mopped up by numerous and admiring satellites.

MANY modes there are of reiterating the dictum of Henley that a man is captain of his soul. Trine in his day fed the public with: "The mind is everything; what you think you become"; and we continue to absorb similar mental and spiritual pabulum, set before us with simplicity, unctuousness or ambiguity, as the case may be. Many talkers cannot kill interest in the ego, however, as was evidenced by the crowds that nightly hung on the words of the latest exponent of practical psychology.

WITH restraint and dignity, using sonorous voice to excellent advantage, possessing few mannerisms and perfect deportment—to employ an ancient and expressive substantive—Dr. Fennelly set forth an attractive creed of the government of our spiritual forces, which, rightly controlled, would lead us unerringly to whatsoever things are good, whatsoever things are lovely, a blissful existence for the mind and the body.

"THOUGHTS — Words — Action."

There, we were assured in mellifluous accents, lay the secret of success in a nutshell. Right attitude of mind, translated into the daily deed, the common task, would bring to us the gifts of the gods, lead us up the Path of Parnassus straight to the land of heart's desire.

NOT so easy as it sounds, however, and if lived up to perchance would prove as exhausting as the continual Endeavour and Endurance belauded by the Victorian Sage of Chelsea; but the psychological campaign is an altruistic one, and calculated to assist in irridiating the grey face of the world. Profitable also, I reflected, as, queued up with a

throng of Patient Peris, and waved back from the door of our desire by the temporary Peter, I admired rivulets of silver coin rattling from collection plates into bags neatly arranged in piles by the admirably poised, entirely agreeable and efficient female factotum of the tour.

EAGERLY we listened and learned, going forth very conscious of spiritual aura, determined to placate fate by undaunted adherence to Right Thought, and so attain poise and balance approximating to that of those Olympians, in the uniform of the Force, who with God-like calm stand poised at the four corners of the city amid the surge and welter of traffic, throwing beneficent aegis around bustled and hustled humanity.

ENTIRELY unversed in horticulture lore, yet greatly daring, I plan a window-box to gladden the long summer days that will come. Forlornly for the moment flap a few shoots in the icy breeze, sadly at variance with brilliance of gay purple and yellow of dear daffodils and violets in windows that shed a glow on weary wayfarers hastening to their ain fireside, over slippery pavements, in the cold dusk of a winter by no means past.

IN arctic atmosphere diaphonous garments displayed, though of amazing chic, fail to entice. But one fine day the sun will shine, revealing unsuspected discrepancies, and the realisation will flash upon the consciousness, as invariably it does in sweet September, that 'tis time to embark on the adventure of the spring sartorial campaign. Charming and immensely useful, en passant, are supple silken coats, in tawny shades of sand and bronze, and a blue that is not the once ubiquitous "navy" or royal, but an attractive blend of the two. With these coats will be worn those coloured shoes that are to descend upon dull pavements like a fluttering flock of butterflies, quite ousting the vulgarised reptilian variety that for so long have literally held the floor.

Your

ANNABEL LEE.

Books

The Battle of the Horizons.
(Sylvia Thompson.)

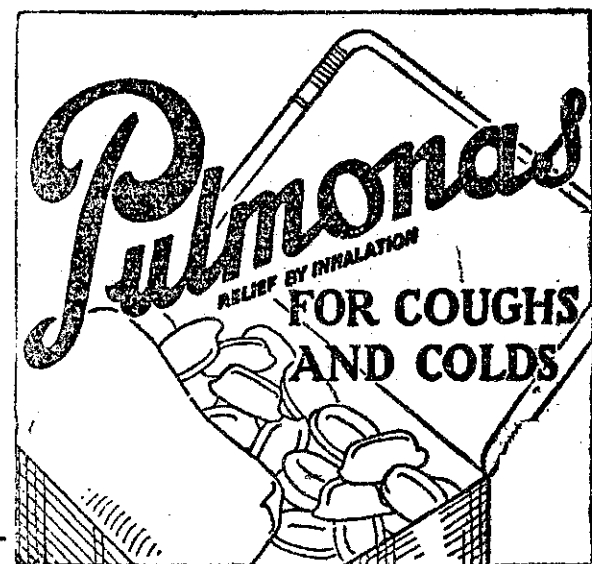
THOSE who delighted in Miss Thompson's interesting and successful post-war novel, "The Hounds of Spring," will welcome with interest another work from her vivacious pen. The horizons are those of England and America; and the story that of an American girl, lovely, enthusiastic and eager, who marries an Englishman, of whose country and people she cherishes romantic dreams. Together they fare forth from America, where first they met, and live in the English home of the young husband. Geoffrey is extremely well drawn, true to type, with those persistent characteristics that are so apparent in his race and class. His charming mother is a living figure, and the rest of the family skilfully depicted, with uncompromising truthfulness, and sympathy withal. Particularly attractive are the twins, with their dogs and their Communism, their naivete, sophistication, and delightful irresistible youth. Puzzling to the earnest, beautiful stranger are some of the qualities of the family circle, and foolishly she imagines her Geoffrey to be lacking in insight and appreciation, and rather lethargic in adopting her plans and ambitions for his political career. The misunderstandings that arise, the vagaries of the twins, their respective loves and marriages, the contradistinction, sharp and clashing, between English and American point of view, all go to make excellent reading. The clouds disperse at the long last, just in the good old-fashioned way, and all are happy, ex-

cept the pensive Patricia, with her unhappy love and the nobility of her renunciation. An entertaining book, and, though not perhaps in quite the same category as the author's earlier novel, charming enough in its genre and certain to be widely read.—R.U.I.

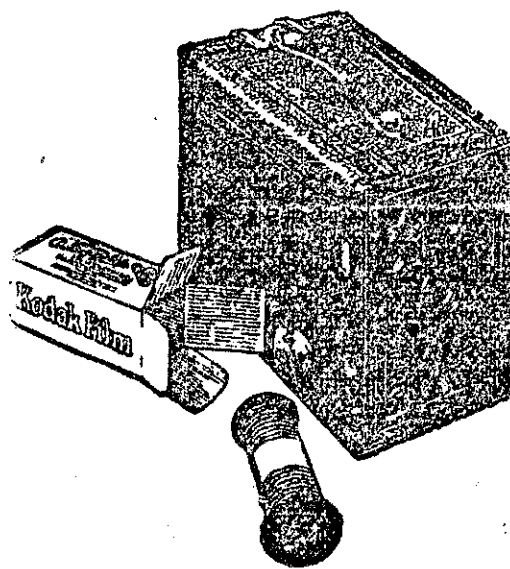
LITTLE GARDENS

"There is a benediction in a little garden's grace,
A chalice filled with wonder at the heart of commonplace.
Where homely colours gleam and glance like stars upon the sod.
The grace of little gardens is the eternal grace of God."
—Florence Bone.

Like a postage stamp, a man's value depends on his ability to stick to a thing till he gets there.—Joseph Chamberlain.



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