

The Woman's Point of View By "Verity"

Annotations of Annabel

DEAREST:

After the storm, the calm. After frenzied excitement of greeting of groundlings to soaring heroes of the air, we sit back and assure each other that 'twas a famous victory, even as old Caspar said once upon a time in a widely different connection. Hero-worshippers by the score have sprung up in a night, which is all to the good in this materialistic age.

ONE is glad the gallant adventurer secured his missing mascot. In spite of high honour heaped upon him, he mourned his little black kitten, his one ewe lamb. It has a story one surmises, this emblem of priceless portent, but that is not our business; except that his eagerness to regain it reveals a human quality that we welcome in the intrepid voyager who, through lightning, hazard and bitter cold, scaled an uncharted empyrean.

MOST of us possess, have possessed, or one day will possess a mascot; some small precious thing with which we care not or dare not part, but which losing, like the woman of Holy Writ, we search the house, or belike the world over. For sometimes it happens that 'tis a spiritual luck-bringer which, through clumsy carelessness, or lack of vision, we lose for ever or throw away, and realising it is gone "for keeps" go the softlier, sadder for the rest of the days of our pilgrimage.

AS a people, Britishers thrill to the quality of courage, that golden thread linking together all sorts and conditions of men, and more to be desired than much fine gold, even the glow and glitter of tossed curls and eyes of youth. Great is Mary of the Movies, with her baby ringlets and semblance of the Prettiest Doll in the World; but greater still was Little Girl Gladys in the sheer grit she showed in holding down her job in the face of all odds. The American actress, Miss Bonstelle, tells this story in her entertaining chronicle of the ups and downs of a theatrical career.

Treacle Pudding.

MIX together thoroughly a quarter pound of flour, half a teaspoonful of ground ginger, a teaspoonful of brown sugar, a touch of salt, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and two ounces of chopped suet. Add half a teacupful each of milk and of treacle. Well butter and sprinkle with brown sugar a mould, and pop the mixture in it. Steam for about an hour and a half. A good sauce with this is: Two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, mixed with the same amount of flour; stir this into a breakfastcupful of boiling water. Boil up for about a

ONE day her help was enlisted by a poor and plain Mrs. Smith, stranded, penniless, and handicapped—or otherwise—with three children. One child was a beauty to appeal to the hardest boiled stage hand. Blonde curls framed a face exquisite in contour, hazel eyes looked through every prejudice straight to the heart. The stage manager being persuaded to offer a child's part, the little blonde made a decided hit, but during rehearsal her face broke out in spots. Tossing her curls, furiously angry, stamping small foot, "I WON'T have measles! I'm far too old for measles," the child stormed, unwilling tears in the grey grey eyes. And though she had measles, she insisted, faint and feverish—brave little lass of eight—in playing her part well throughout a week, thus securing essential funds for her needy family. Some years later Miss Bonstelle received a letter from her plucky protégée, containing the following paragraph:

"Mr. Belasco has given me a part in 'The Warrens of Virginia.' He has also given me a new name. I like it, don't you? It is Mary Pickford."

Thus was the warm-hearted actress justified in spontaneous kindness to a child, and in successfully picking a winner.

WITH one other, an inveterate playgoer, I found myself last week at an unusual entertainment, and a charming one. Miss Elizabeth Blake, once of the Capital City, has returned to the land of her fathers, bearing her theatrical sheave with her. Having had wide experience in England of plays and players, she produced for the delectation of her audience four plays, of widely different scope, and all extremely intriguing after their fashion.

IN the quaint and didactic early English Interlude, Miss Blake, in the part of Charity, spoke lines of sooth and upbraiding with meek gentleness and austerity. Very sweet was Sister Humility, the others players also catching the spirit of the scene, although Mrs. Fawcett was at

quarter of an hour, then add the juice of a lemon, and lastly a tablespoonful of butter. Serve very hot.

A Tasty Dish.

THIS is a tasty dish, using a very small quantity of meat. Put 1 lb. of breadcrumbs in a basin, then pour a cupful of milk upon them, adding a dessertspoonful of curry powder, 1 minced apple, 4oz. cooked minced meat, salt, and a squeeze of lemon juice. Add one egg, beat mixture well together, turn into a greased pie-dish, place in a hot oven and allow it just to set.

times inaudible. We decided, however, that Charity was the pick of the mediaeval basket, her fragrant quality of goodness eliminating the rank and pestilential influences besetting the path of Youth, who finally gets another chance of redemption, just as he does now.

THE simplicity and sincerity of this small moral playlet of the past gave place to a gay, shallow dialogue by Mr. A. A. Milne, demanding necessarily light-handed treatment by the two cooped up together in a country cottage. Very sparkling is the repartee, leading up to a not unexpected denouement in Mr. Milne's witty trifle; and Miss Blake and Mr. J. H. Lee, as He and She, the protagonists of the play, proved entirely successful and charming.

IN "Cathleen ni Houlihan," before our eyes lived Peter Gillane and the rest in their poor cabin in the Distressful Country of Mr. Yeats' imagination. The spirit of the play, elusive and fatally easy to miss, was captured, and the curtain went down to a sign and a dream for Ireland. Mr. Byrne's voice and accent were convincing, and Mrs. Hannah, breathing the tragedy of years of lost endeavour, acted with knowledge and restraint. Michael was good, so was Patrick; and the small part of the girl forsaken by her lover was played with freshness and magnetism by Miss von Zedlitz.

A SCOTTISH scene closed the programme, in which Mr. J. E. Nicholls was delicious as an immaculate dusty miller, his red head crowned with that most droll of head coverings, a tam-o'-shanter. His endeavours to propose were mirth-provoking in the extreme, his acting with Kirsty (played to the life by Mrs. Marjorie Hannah) being a triumph *à deux*.

MISS BLAKE introduced each play in a few phrases of admirable brevity and lucidity, spoken with a quality of tone, an intonation and diction that were a delight. Particularly to the young of the Dominion I commend her appreciation of the beauty of words and their enunciation; and to those who aspire to successful broadcasting or to tread a triumphant theatrical trail.

Your
ANNABEL LEE.

Hidden Treasure.

TAKE a large potato, wash it thoroughly, but do not peel. Bake it till it is almost cooked, then cut off the end, scoop out part of the inside, and break an egg into the hole thus made. Put on the end again and replace the potato in a quick oven for five minutes. This makes an excellent supper dish.

A Tongue Tip.

After boiling a tongue, cut it lengthwise, and place the outsides of the tongue to the inside before pressing. The tongue cuts much more easily, and not a bit is wasted, as it cuts well to the last slice.

Brightening the Kitchen

COLOURED enamel ware is used by many housewives to brighten the kitchen scheme. Saucepans and cake-tins are now made in such unusual shades as deep plum, yellow and purple to match containers for groceries, jugs, and basins. They certainly give a cheerful air to the darkest basement. The kitchen teapots of coloured enamel, with vivid figures painted on the sides, are an improvement on the earthenware variety, which usually have the spout chipped untidily by some careless domestic, and they are attractive enough to be welcomed by the staff. A good deal can be done to lighten a dark kitchen by a careful choice of paint and colours for utensils, and the old idea that everything for the kitchen should be white is quite out of date.

April Magic.

(By Mathys Ross.)

Golden April walks the wood,
Clad in cloth of pale green mist;
Stars of blue and yellow gleam
From every clod her feet have
kissed.

With gentle finger-tips she strokes
The willow branches smooth and
dark;

And soft grey catkins, silver furred,
Come out and sit along the bark.

She smiles and gay anemones
Lift up their heads and wink their
eyes;

And johnny-jump-ups laughingly
Reflect the blueness of her skies.

Golden April walks the wood;
A mistress she of magic art
To waken dead or sleeping things.
She works her magic in my heart.

Streaky Stockings.

"Nude" stockings are gradually giving way to the more subtle shades of beige and grey. But these stockings, which start by being so lovely, are sadly apt to acquire a streakiness of colour that is anything but attractive.

Hard water is the commonest cause of this catastrophe, as many people have seen by the difference between stockings that have been washed in rain water or in a soft water district and those that have been washed in the hard water we have in many other parts. The addition of borax to the washing and rinsing water will do a great deal towards keeping silk stockings the shade they should be.