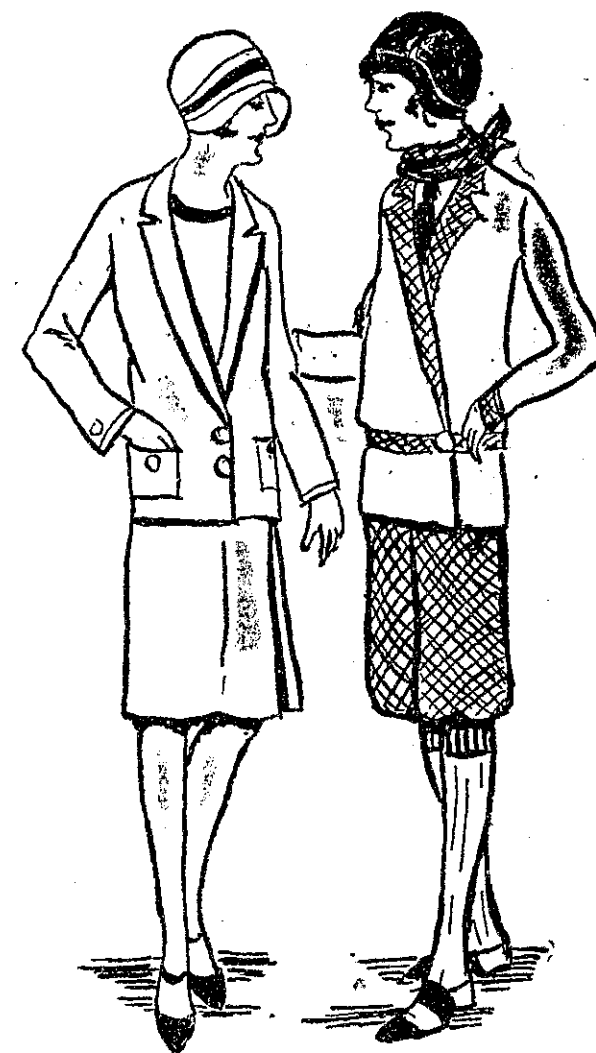


Annotations of Annabel

Books

Sports Wear

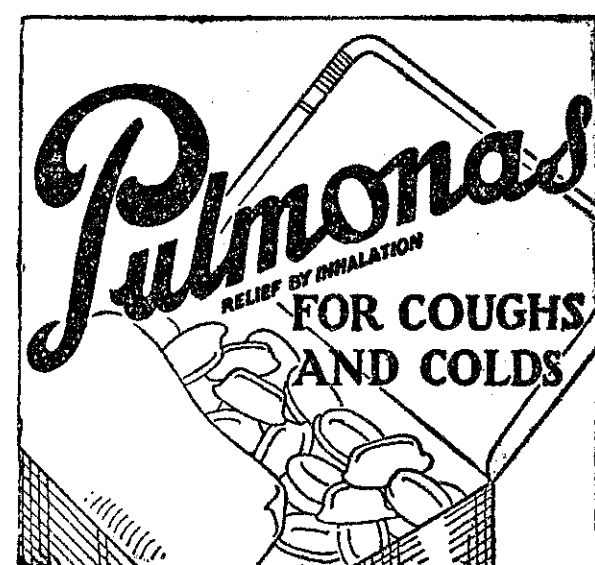
Plus Fours or Tailored Tweed?



FRENCH women favour knickerbocker suits or plus fours in the ardent pursuit of sport. These are unsurpassed for ease and freedom, but suitable only for the quite young or very slim. The English sportswoman clings to the plain tailored suit—not yet has she followed the fantastical fashion of the Parisienne.

Egg Trifle

MELT two tablespoons of butter in a pan, add four tablespoons of grated cheese, enough flour to make the mixture fairly thick, one teacup of milk, and half a teacup of cream. Season with a little made mustard, pepper and salt. Heat until all is well mixed. Have ready some hard-boiled eggs cut in half, placed in a shallow dish. Pour the mixture over them and heat in the oven. Do not allow to bake. Add a sprinkling of grated nutmeg if desired.



THE CABALA. (Thornton Wilder.)

THIS is an earlier book than the brilliant "Bridge of San Luis Rey," and its publication possibly is due to the instant success of that wonderful romance—a success that restored wavering faith in the literary acumen of the novel-reading public and rendered its creator the literary lion of the moment.

The Cabala is a small society of distinguished entities, who claim relation to the oldest aristocracy of the Imperial City of Rome; very great figures, indeed, at one period of history, but here presented with powers diminishing, prestige waning, and all the members soon to become effete. Much is yet retained, however, of the pomp and glitter surrounding scions of a great social order; many of them are gifted above their fellows, while others are so affected by the eccentricities of their emotions and morals that they overstep the borderline of sanity.

One is struck by vivid characterisation of the qualities of these great and tragic figures; their recklessness, evanescent joie de vivre, and strange experiments in living conducted with the grand manner and gesture that strangely are denied to the worthy bourgeois.

Ironical, artificial, tragically gay in their dream-like atmosphere of the past, the chronicler contrives to imbue his swift-moving puppets with some semblance of reality; the series of emotional episodes being strung together with such consummate art as to suggest a many-coloured string of jewelled words fantastically twisted on the chain of Mr. Wilder's picturesque phraseology.

A book imprisoning the legendary charm of a fairy tale, and bringing to mind one that fed and fostered many youthful dreams. "The Last Home of the Giants," it was called, and in its pages, for one small reader, lay spell of all pity and terror. In maturity it would seem that these later creations of a soaring fancy also are as giants in the land of imaginative romance; the story being narrated, with seeming simplicity and a quaint touch of everyday, by a nice young travelling Britisher, slightly perplexed to find himself in such strange company.

Master of an ornate and accomplished style, Mr. Wilder also possesses a penetrative understanding of the human heart. In analysis of the charm of a fascinating woman, perhaps he comes as near as may be to definition of that baffling and enviable attribute. Listen to this, O ye highbrows!

"She was one of the few intelligent people who truly wish to be liked, and who learn, among the disappointments of the heart, to conceal their brilliance. They gradually convert their keen perceptions into more practical channels—into a whole technique of implied flattery to others into felicities of speech, into the euphemisms of demonstrative affection, into softening for others the crude lines of their dullness."

Which essentials in the gentle art of the subjugation of mankind are, by so many gifted women, not understood and never will be.—R.U.R.

lovely length, the whole would become such a shawl of allure as never was on sea or land. Quite easy to fashion, too, if one had the time—and the money.

Bright, touring Australia, writes: "We went to hear 'The Desert Song,' knowing nothing about it, and were greatly 'intreaged' with the Red Shadow, the acting very fine indeed, and singing delightful, this actor 'getting over' perfectly. Even his singing was different in the dual impersonation, and he received a great ovation from the audience. He is Lance Fairfax, once a Wellington law student whom you knew, now a very fine artist indeed, and an immense favourite on the wireless as well. Another New Zealander scoring a success in Pirie Bush, acting with Margaret Bannerman in 'Other Men's Wives': quite excellent in the part, which he got when the leading man deserted."

Experimenting in the lightest of literature, I have read portion of "But—Gentlemen Marry Brunettes." Only portion, I admit, as I fainted by the wayside; discovering that a little of this particular mixture of naivete, suggestiveness and audacity, though immensely amusing for a time, goes quite a long way. In Miss Loos's earlier success, with its engaging assumption of frankness, eccentric spelling and phraseology, unembarrassed cupidity and risque situations, she struck a note of originality and was vastly fresh and entertaining. Obviously, however, in her second attempt she fails to recapture that "first, fine, careless rapture," this sequel, even more than most, being something in the nature of a calamity. The illustrative drawings, too, seem to have lost in vivacious drollery; and it would seem that the enterprising and acquisitive Lorelei should have been left to rest upon those laurels she undoubtedly grabbed in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

'Tis the Age of Innocence; youth, good luck to it, scoring all the time in this year of grace. Late exemplification is found in perfection of toy village in Hollywood, created in utmost luxury of detail for Gloria Lloyd by Harold, her father, notable comedian of the films. Complete and precious is the miniature domain, its boudoirs without blemish, lawns and lych gates and stables and all. Pictures and pergolas are there, everything to create rapture in the heart of a child. One imagines the well-beloved Gloria holding high revel in a land of faery made possible by this darling thought of Himself, as Mr. Sean O'Casey might say, in thus materialising some slender rainbow dream of fleeting baby years. Unbidden and a propos comes a verse of Swinburne:—

*If the golden-crested wren
Were a nightingale—why, then,
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven.*

Your
ANNABEL LEE.

NEAREST:

A pleasant atmosphere of youth and courtesy prevailed in the Wellington Concert Chamber last week, the occasion being the presentation of "A Pair of Silk Stockings" in aid of an Assembly Hall for the Marsden School, when a discriminating and responsive audience wandered along in support of so popular a cause.

Presentation of the play by well-known amateurs was interesting, but uneven. The extremely amusing rehearsal scene in the first act, for instance, badly wanted tightening up and lacked cohesion. It is really so divertingly idiotic that 'twas a pity its possibilities were not more fully exploited.

Of the actors Mr. Morris Dunkley easily carried away the palm. His w. finished work, his stage method admirable, and his interpretation of the lovelorn and unlucky Sam comparing favourably with those of many a bright light in the theatrical firmament who have essayed the role.

As the charming Molly Thornhill, supremely well done here some years back by the most delightful comedy actress of the English stage, Miss Mary Cooley did not quite come up to the expectations that invariably greet this talented young amateur. Admittedly the light touch and vivacious handling of a social comedy role are difficult of achievement; and Miss Cooley, despite delightful quality of voice, attractive intonation, and dramatic flair, did not succeed altogether in getting over to the audience.

All admiration goes to Miss Dorothy Hadfield for her graceful presentation of Irene Maitland. Her acting was characterised by an unstudied grace and charm, her enunciation was effortless and clear; the whole conception proving an immediate and charming success.

Mr. Pope proved himself a breezy and forceful wooer, and was entirely natural as the wandering guest who, arriving unexpectedly, storms his own bedroom window with disastrous result; Mr. O. N. Gillespie was extremely clever and always in the picture; Miss Hall competent as the harassed hostess; while Miss Alison Kirkcaldie, looking a "dainty rogue in porcelain," made an attractive ingenue, acting with conviction and spirit in the midnight encounter, the while, in flower-embroidered black kimono, she looked like a coloured etching of a lady from lotus-land.

During welcome interregnum between one activity and another, time was found to admire a new shipment of "the goods," in this case some admirably designed stuffs for evening wraps, scarves and the rest. There is one glory of georgette, another of brocade; two having been combined in quite startling loveliness of rose-colour and jade and flame, in which is enmeshed the popular golden gleam of the moment. Surrounded with fringe of the right and