

*Sweets to the Sweet***Chocolate-Date Flan or Tartlets.**

MAKE some short crust, using 3oz. flour, 2oz. margarine, and the yolk of an egg, well beaten, for mixing. Line a flan ring, or if you are making tartlets, take some good-sized pate-pans. Trim the edges neatly, and brush the pastry with liquid jam. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty to thirty minutes.

Filling.—2oz. finely-chopped dates, 1 oz. chopped nuts, any kind, 1oz. cornflour, 1 dessertspoonful sugar, Vanilla essence, 1oz., chocolate powder, 1 gill milk.

Heat the milk, using a little to blend the cornflour, sugar, and chocolate powder. Mix these well. Pour the hot milk in, stir well, and return to the fire. Stir well until it thickens, but if too thick add a little milk. Now add the dates, nuts, and vanilla essence to the chocolate mixture, and mix well. Spread this over the pastry evenly.

Now for the meringue: Take two whites of egg and 4oz. castor sugar. Whip the whites very stiffly, then add a teaspoonful of sugar. Continue beating till very stiff, then fold the rest of the sugar in. Take a broad knife and spread over the chocolate. Then take the rest of the meringue, and pipe it on top daintily, decorating it either with cherries and angelica or crystallised fruits. Sprinkle thickly with castor sugar, then place in a very cool oven to dry off.

Arrowroot Sauce.

To make the arrowroot sauce take: 1 teaspoonful arrowroot, 1 teaspoonful sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of fruit juice.

MIX the arrowroot just when you want it, otherwise it gets stiff again, mixing it with a little of the juice. Place the rest of the juice with the sugar on to boil. Pour it on to the mixed arrowroot, and boil it all for about ten minutes, when you will find that it becomes quite clear. Pour the arrowroot sauce over the fruit in the flan, and allow it to cool before serving. Arrowroot is particularly useful for this purpose, as it is glossy, and adds considerably to the appearance of the flan. The longer you boil arrowroot with either fruit juice or jam, for sauce, the richer it becomes in colour.

Caramel Custard.

FOR the caramel use $\frac{1}{2}$ gill cold water, 2 ozs. loaf sugar.

Place the sugar and water in an old saucepan and boil rapidly. Don't use a good saucepan, for it will spoil its appearance, and an old one does just as well.

The outstanding flavour is burnt sugar, and to get this use loaf sugar and water, boiled rapidly to a golden brown colour. The darker the colour gets, the more pronounced the flavour. Remove the caramel from the fire directly it is brown. Caramel must not be stirred, but when it browns shake the pan to keep it an even colour.

Take an old mould, not a greasy one, and warm it so that the caramel will

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Annotations of Annabel

DEAREST:

"To be or Not to be" is in the air and the offing, tension is omnipresent, and anyone remotely connected with a candidate for parliamentary honours wears a wistful, worried, give-us-this-day-our-daily-bread expression. In some quarters a forced camaraderie prevails, in others an excess of vituperation.

MRS. R—, Irish, charming, and until last week an ardent if theoretic Socialist, surrounded by her accustomed satellites, went one night to the meeting of a Reform candidate; where to her sorrow and amaze some aggressive representatives of Labour found their feelings so worked upon that they were unable to stand when the National Anthem was sung, making coarse sounds with their feet to indicate, one surmises, contempt for the effete superstition of loyalty to the Throne.

MRS. R—, who is emotional and articulate, made pungent and personal comments, and all desire to be Comrade Margaret evaporated like the snows of yesteryear; her taste being immaculate in other things besides dress, and her ethical code more concerned with the manners than the morals of her fellow-creatures.

SO that, by an odd and misguided demonstration of the Will to Assert Itself, the Labour Party lost a nice little, tight little wedge of votes; as Mrs. R— possesses in fullest measure her country's persuasive gift of the gab, and into whatsoever of Kedar's tents she strays, there her coterie will follow her, and this election, at any rate, it will not be into the Communistic camp.

A RECENT writer exploits an interesting angle of the many facets of the sociological spectacle. By means of a magical drug, the personality of a lovely mondaine is transferred by turn to each one of a long list of those she has injured in the course of her selfish, superficial existence. Successively she finds herself a birdlet whose feathers were plucked for her adornment; the husband she has wronged; the chorus

girl whose lover she filched; a small, happy rambler in the forest whose jolly life was cruelly cut short to help clothe her in the rarest of furs; none of their sensations, physical or spiritual, paltry or poignant, being spared her.

INTERESTING and salutary, in some quiet hour of midnight, when the motor-hoot is silent and the tramcars clank no more, to emulate the action of that Oriental magic, and in imagination enter the lives of those who have been affected by our pleasures and pursuits. Not a Nietzschean pastime, and by no means adapted to exalt the ego; but an illuminating spiritual exercise for us all, mes amis.

IN Mr. Arnold Bennett's latest contribution to the drama, he has resuscitated the plot of Goethe's great story with a moral, and gives us an up-to-date Faust, with Sir Gerald du Maurier, in inimitable fashion, playing the part of Lothario Rejuvenescent. By an operation on the glands, rendered possible by modern scientific research, an elderly scholar, high honour heaped upon him failing to reconcile him to ennui occasioned by decay of physical forces, is docked of half his eighty years, emerging delightful and debonair at the admirable age—for a man!—of forty years. Revelling in rediscovery of that "first, fine, careless rapture," so mourned in retrospect, he takes unto himself the fiancée of a nice young man, and for a few months all goes merrier than a marriage bell. Alack, when to Sweet and Twenty is revealed the hoax perpetrated by science and seventy, her new-old lover is discarded, and, artificially attained youth slipping off with even more amazing rapidity than that to which we are accustomed, poor old Faustus, as he was in the beginning, is left lamenting.

A FASCINATING topic, and one that holds strong appeal to the many who fain would have another toss of fate's dice that are always loaded; a few more of the flown and golden years; another chance in this world instead of the next. Strangely enough, most people never have quite enough of an imperfect life—

That, like a dome of many-coloured glass.

Stains the white radiance of eternity,

Until death tramples it to fragments.

Your

ANNABEL LEE.

Books.

THE ENGLISH MISS.

(R. H. Mottram.)

AS a successor to Mr. Mottram's penetrating analysis of the character of Flemish Madeleine Vanderlyden, his "l'Anglaise" comes in the nature of a disappointment. In this portrait of a girl of the English middle class, although her outlook and idiosyncracies are delineated with sympathy and vision, and her sane simplicity emphasised, the author entirely ignores those complexities of the eternal feminine which continue to exist in spite of wars and rumours of wars, past, present and to come. To be clean, well exercised, and do her job as well as possible, these are the ideals of Mr. Mottram's Marny; who is conscientious, efficient, a fair and fragrant maiden, quite strangely indifferent to the things of the spirit.

After budding years spent in a boarding-school (admirably sketched), without either enthusiasm or distaste, the girl works for a time in war service organisations, and then goes to France to visit the grave of him who won her austere young heart. During a short and distressful sojourn she discovers that her Rex has had a sordid intrigue with a vulgar and promiscuous "bonne," in whose baby's cradle Marny discovers the love mascotte she gave to her soldier lover the day he left her to join his regiment.

There are some arresting vignettes of the life of Suburbia, in and out of war-time, minor characters being meticulously observed and limned with insight and understanding. Plump Mr. Proudfoot is true to type as ineptly he philanders on the edge of the primrose path; so is "Auntie," his motherly spouse, who "glitters and tinkles, and is essentially a woman who has to think hard, and put on a good deal, in order to look well." The quiet English father, devoted to the memory of his girl-wife, is in deed and in truth a prince of parents; of commendable courtesy in "doing out the duty" of daily domesticity, while displaying a rare and enviable tact in consoling his daughter in her inarticulate sorrow and a sympathetic comprehension when finally she responds to a patiently adoring and not very convincing American medico, her comrade in war and peace, who is laconic and unimaginative as the English Miss herself.—R.U.R.

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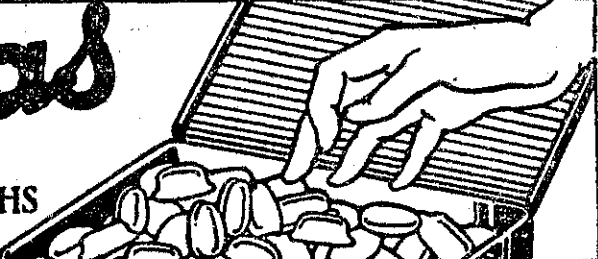
not set, as it would in a cold one. Line the tin with the caramel mixture, right up to the top, but holding the tin in your left hand, and away from you.

When the tin is lined, place it in a window to cool, as it must be cold before the custard goes in.

For the custard you want $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk, one egg, sugar, a few drops of vanilla.

Mix these in the same way as for a baked custard, fill the tin with the custard, then cover with greased paper. Place in a fish kettle, and cook for about forty minutes.

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FOR COUGHS
AND COLDS



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