

# Annotations of Annabel

## Books.

### HERE COMES AN OLD SAILOR.

(A. T. Sheppard.)

THIS is a strange book, in some ways a wonderful one. Written in mediaeval language, it tells of deeds of chivalry and derringdo in times when England was in a turbulent state of piracy and bloodshed; battle, murder and sudden death being the rule and not the exception.

A young and solitary monk on his vigils rescues a sailor from the sea. Apparently dead, this wanderer on the waters is resuscitated by the gentle student; and afterwards in wind-swept solitudes, during long days and nights, he tells strange tales to his rescuer and his brother monks, the characterisation of whom is quaintly and vividly achieved.

The story told by this derelict of the waters is of his beloved master, Tom Mariner, and their adventures together on land and sea, ever with Death as neighbour and bed-fellow. A tale of rough times, the literary style is of Chaucerian quality and admirable throughout, at times rising to a rare beauty of religious fervour and vivid visualisation of a picturesque period of history. As an example of its beauty:

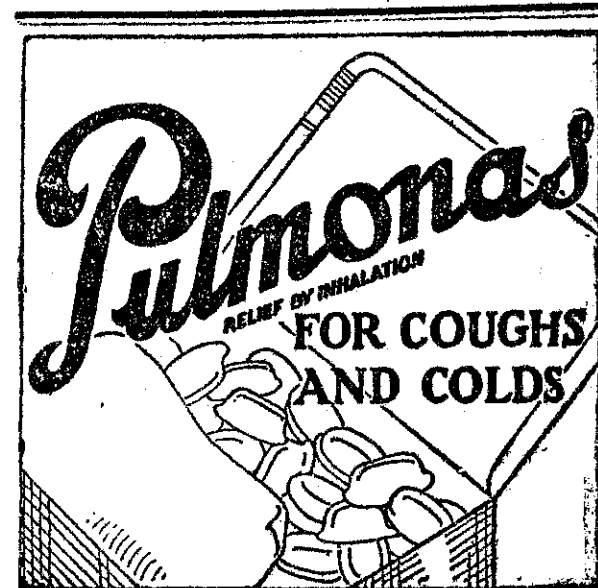
"... Alas, if spells could hold them thus, so that they grew not old, and pass away like shadows of summer clouds on grass! ... Days of sea I love, be they rough or fair; the slap of the waves and crunch of shingle when a boat is launched. ... But we cannot hold old Time by the skirt. ... Even the bright boys and girls must die. ..."

Women do not come much into this tale of rough bickerings, ancient manners and modes. The lovely Peronelle, fickle, French and wanton, flits through the pages, is loved and married by Tom, more than twice her age; and when the bluff, loyal seaman finds her unfaithful, he leaves her to her new lover and sails the seas for the last time, meeting in heroic fashion the last and greatest adventure.

Not for the squeamish, but a narrative to appeal to those who appreciate a tale of mighty men and doings of an unbridled age.—R.U.R.

### To Freshen Faded Carpets.

THOROUGHLY brush with a stiff handbrush, then take a pie-dish with about 1 pint of tepid water, add 1 dessertspoonful of liquid ammonia, dip brush in liquid, brush and then wipe with clean duster, renewing the water as required and colour will be restored.



## DEAREST:

A night of nights was the fatal fourteenth, and the most passe or blase could hardly be unaware of the thrill of the moment. The unexpected happened. We were all so comfortably confident that the Reform Government again would be in the middle of the map; and behold, it was not!

THE office of this paper, fitted with fascinating telephonic and wireless apparatus, was a veritable illuminant to the mind of your Annabel, lingering on the outskirts of efficient coterie upon which devolved privilege of informing listening microcosm of the way things were.

VIVID impression remains of sea of upturned faces in street below, incessant tinkle of this telephone and that, laconic inquiries, hurried passage from one room to another with sheaves and slips of papers bearing figures from City Suburbs, Auckland East, Oamaru, Dunedin, any old place. Deep voice and measured articulation of announcer telling those surprising numbers, and—at long last—ultimate result of the Election of 1928. And what a result! For surprise, sting in its tail, card up its sleeve, it beat cock-fighting; the Tasman flight receded into the limbo of a tale that is told, and the Byrd Expedition for the moment loomed but shadowy mirage of the future.

TWAS hard to realise that those meticulous accents, ringing through office rooms to serried block of humanity that stretched away and away into darkness beyond, also carried tidings to countless homes in the backblocks, isolated whares and solitary stations; likewise to many a sick or sorrowful soul, and to gallant soldiers of war who, in hospital, find content and entertainment in that friend who never fails, the kindly, companionable radio.

NO flair do I possess for knowledge of steering of ship of state; and for political personalities and potentates that were, and are, and are to come, I have, so to speak, no nose. Yet regrets afflict me. Triste am I, for instance, that no more shall I listen and learn from Mr. Rolleston, whom to look at was to love, although evidently many of his constituents thought otherwise. Also some of us are sad over political de-

mise of Mr. Hawken and Mr. McLeod, who did the country much good during short sojourn in limelight arenas of Lands and Agriculture.

ON what was assuredly Wellington's coldest night, though but a month from longest day of Sidey summer-time, I heard a lecture given to the University Women's Club by Mrs. M. L. Hannah, on that interesting and neglected subject, the Literature of New Zealand.

GRACEFULLY gowned in jetted, diaphanous black, pink-posed and wrapped in shawl of an Eastern colour and allure calculated to arouse envy in frail, feminine hearts, the lecturer appeared very youthful to have attained to such sureness of judgment and serenity of mental poise; and covered a surprisingly wide field in the flying hour in which, with discrimination and illuminating comment, she spoke of known and unknown writers of this country; where, in the old, old fashion, prophets are usually unhonoured and unsung until the wider world heaps laurels upon them.

TOWARDS the conclusion of the lecture characteristic and interesting extracts were read from writers of widely divergent qualities, amongst them Alan Mulgan, Katherine Mansfield, Jessie Mackay and Siegfried Eichelbaum. Mrs. Hannah's interpretation of "A Windy Day" was pure delight, bringing out the subtle nuances of intuition and observation of that New Zealand-born genius who died so young; and most attractive was a wistful poem of the coming of the Christ-child, written by Eileen Duggan, and possessed of a Celtic strain of haunting mysticism. Tribute was paid to the plays of Mr. Charles Allen; "The Singing Heart" and "When Mr. Punch was Young" being described as very beautiful and lovely work.

THE lecture was brought to a close by the reading of charming, puckish verses, given at the request of the audience, and written by Mrs. Hannah herself. To that increasingly numerous band who grapple to themselves with hoops of steel friends of the spirit in prose and verse, it is hoped that another opportunity will soon be given of listening to Mrs. Hannah on literature, of which, with her literary acumen and cultivated taste, she is so delightful and able an exponent.

Your

ANNABEL LEE.

## Beauty's Eyes

THE importance of starting the methodical care of one's looks before they begin to depart cannot be emphasised too often.

The eyes have always been considered one of the most important features. Strained, tired-looking eyes beneath baggy lids and surrounded with tiny downward tending lines will spoil the charm of the fairest complexion and loveliest features. Those deep frown lines too many people wear between their eyebrows destroy the effect of the most successful hat.

The frown lines in question are among the first things to guard against, especially as they frequently appear on quite young brows.

The first thing to do is to try to stop oneself from frowning. With some people this constant drawing together of the brow is merely an unnecessary mannerism which can be cured by taking pains, and the lines already formed will soon be banished (unless they are very deep), if one pats a good skin food into them for a few minutes at least once every day after cleaning the face.

If you find it impossible to stop frowning, and particularly if you find that these lines are always more marked after you have been reading, writing or sewing, by all means consult an ophthalmic surgeon. It is probable that you should wear glasses whenever you are working your eyes hard, and you will also be wise to avoid going out into the sunshine without a hat, which shades them slightly.

Cleanliness, exercise and rest are as essential for all kinds and colours of eyes as they are for the body as a whole.

Everybody should bathe their eyes every day in an eye bath of boracic lotion, especially after travelling or being out of doors in a grimy atmosphere. A bath of warm milk, followed by a short rest with closed eyes in a darkened room is very beneficial to eyes that are overtired or inflamed.

The skin of the eyelids and round the eyes is extremely delicate and easily stretched. It is essential to remember this, and when you are applying the skin food or muscle oil which can do so much to keep the eyes surrounded with smooth, firm skin, avoid the rubbing movement, which can do irrevocable harm, and learn to apply the oil or cream with gently patting movements.

These rules for preserving the beauty of the eyes take longer to write about than to perform. A very few minutes spent in daily eye care will keep these important features clear and lovely, if health, the foundation of beauty, has been attended to as it deserves.

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is a Certain Cure for Coughs and Colds