

Annotations of Annabel

Books.

MR. HODGE AND MR. HAZARD.
(Elinor Wylie.)

MISS WYLIE'S latest novel is a delightful work, subtle and distinguished in phraseology, and acutely observant and analytic in character.

Quite episodic, it is merely a narration of some months in the life of a middle-aged poet, who, about the year 1840, returned from abroad to live for a short space in his native land, finding solace for racked body and frayed nerves amid blossoming trees and low-lying valleys of the English countryside.

Here he meets a Watteau-like beauty, who is the lucky possessor of eyes that are sapphire and a heart that is crystal kind. In spiritual adoration of her the tempest-torn heart of the poet finds temporary healing; and also he delights in the lovely laughing nymphs who are Lady Clara's daughters, and answer to the musical and Miltonic names of Al-legra and Penserosa.

When reading this charming fantasy one's attention is enchained by perfection of word painting, and a rare and acute consciousness of nuances of the spiritual life, those shallows and heights and depths that go to make up the manifestations of what is loosely and generally known as the artistic temperament.

The story is subtle and slight, merely an exquisite chronicling of picnic and play hours of a rebel and a dreamer with the lovely ladies of his heart; whom, true to his cult, he deifies into gracious goddesses of misty romance.—R.U.R.

You Can't Fry Over a Valve



But a Radio Set can be a great help to the cook for all that. The other night's Broadcast suggested that housewives should send for the new "Anchor" Recipe Folder. Simply write "Anchor," Box 844, Auckland.

ANCHOR SKIM MILK POWDER

DEAREST:

The year draws to a close amid brave summer days and the clear and cool atmosphere of our lovely land. Annual scrimmage in seething shops is over, last calendar posted, stockings stuffed, and Santa Claus has waved wistful farewell.

ON the heels of the storm comes calm, we welcome port after stormy seas, and still small voice following tempest with the whisper that we have leisure at last. So, twisting tired selves, lissom or lengthy or inclining to embonpoint, in deck chair or hammock, we abjure madding crowd and silly season, and ponder problems of life and love and whether we shall tackle that form of torture we call a permanent wave.

DISTINGUISHED visitors flock for fishing, crowding in on our lakes and rivers. Lucky people are en route for flushed sunlit loveliness of Mount Cook, the rose-flooded memory of which brings sudden sharp pang of longing for high hills that lift themselves beyond these voices and whisper noble secrets to the stars.

MY only incursion into realms of youth in the form of end-of-the-year entertainment was at that given by the merry maidens of Chilton St. James, at Lower Hutt. Accompanied by the fluent and accomplished Juliet, we agreed this was a clever, witty and charming show.

THE play was the thing upon which was bent combined energy of clever girls, big and little, who utilised fresh voices, delightful articulation, and considerable talent to ex-

cellent purpose. "The Quest of the Cassowary" is a fantastic medley of delicious nonsense, charming enough to ensure for it a long life, and 'twill be no matter of surprise if in future it is sought for its quaintness, originality, and scope for talent, budding or full-blown.

JULIET waxed enthusiastic anent the dark-eyed Gerda, that sweet village mayde, who glimmered daintily in and out of the limelight. Also very capably played was the calculating young plutocrat, her rival for place and power as queen of the revels; while the Poisoner was a thrilling and majestic figure of fun. The splendid voice of this young treader of the boards, was heard to advantage as majestically she declaimed value of her diabolic stock-in-trade. Many and varied were the performers in this rosebud garden of girls, and all of them, from Cassim to Cupid, were good; but, imposing height and bearing garbed in flowing black draperies, with cabalistic embroideries, perhaps the exponent of the execrable Guleesh was most memorable.

THE lilting music was delightful, and lyric and libretto witty indeed. As for that feathered fowl of destiny, the Cassowary himself, he proved thrilling as the Ancient Mariner's albatross, appearing at inauspicious moments with enviable aplomb. I feel sure that if Mr. A. A. Milne could witness the gyrations of that brave bird, he would make a poem about it for Christopher Robin.

WHICH reminds me of the accomplished Mr. John Drinkwater's latest essay in verse. Dramatist and

poet, he now tries his hand at childish doggerel, and in "All About Me" it would seem that, in the vernacular, he has once more "got across." Of an astonishing versatility, Mr. Drinkwater writes with equal ease of Oliver Cromwell's austerity, analyses melodious beauty of the Victorian school of poetry, creates an amusing comedy like "Bird in Hand," and now proves he can steal away the heart of a child. How amusing and idiotic he is—

Mr. Smith had quite a lot of daughters, Who went to Bath each year to take the waters.

Mr. Brown had quite a lot of sons, Who went to Bath to take the puns.

ALTHOUGH no visionary, firmly I hold conviction that dreams come true, even in this plain world. That wise moralist, Ralph Waldo Emerson, was of the same opinion, and wrote dignified caution against crying for the wrong moon, so to speak, and hitching wagon to undesirable star. "What you wish for you shall find," said he, or something like it. So when

The New Year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own,

clutch the sometimes forlorn hope that recurrent morning of the months will bring along our heart's desire. And it may be that thus we shall go on until, the last page turned, we find

In heaven, perchance, new chances,
One more chance!

Your

ANNABEL LEE.

Making Good Coffee

Some Timely Hints

ALTHOUGH coffee is one of the most popular drinks in this country, it is surprising how very few people know how to make a really good cup of coffee. A common failing is to make it too weak. At least one tablespoon-

ful to every half-pint of water is a good proportion.

Only the best brands should be used, and when purchasing always choose hard, pale-roasted beans. When beans are dark they have been over-roasted, which is detrimental to the flavour. The best results are obtained from freshly-ground berries, as the strong aroma quickly disappears. A small coffee mill is a good investment, and the beans should be freshly ground at home as wanted. If a grinding machine is not obtainable, choose a shop where coffee is roasted each day and ground to order. Buy only a small quantity at a time, and store it in an airtight tin.

The best coffee is that which has no chicory added to it. Although some people prefer the slightly bitter flavour of the chicory, the best results are

obtained from pure coffee. A simple test of pure coffee is to drop a little in a glass of water. Coffee will always float on the surface, while chicory will sink quickly and colour the water.

An easy method of making good coffee is to measure the required amount of coffee and place in a saucepan. Pour boiling water over it, and allow to simmer for three or four minutes, stirring all the time to mix the coffee and water. Add a pinch of salt and a little cold water to settle the grounds. Allow to stand a few minutes, strain off into a coffee-pot, and serve.

Many of the coffee-pots on the market are fitted with a percolator, when the coffee is placed in a container and the water boils over it. The pot should be kept over a medium heat, and the process continued until the coffee is the required strength.

When your throat pricks

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