

Books.

COME BY CHANCE

(Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick.)

A SIMPLE tale, this last one of the prolific writer, Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, and innocuous withal, making pleasant reading for those who like their facts watered down and calculated to induce not too strenuous reflection.

Nan Sothern's mother left her husband for an unlawful lover, and Nan had to a large extent to fend for herself from an early age. Some doubt existed as to her paternity, so the injured and deserted spouse boarded out the baby with some rough but kind Cornish folk, who allowed her to run riot, wear disreputable attire, and speak in the broadest of dialects, to the horror of an elderly aunt who ran her to earth in her happy habitation beside the sea.

Then came a few years of school and an experience of grey and sordid lodgings in London, with a mother and daughter who aped gentility and starved the child entrusted to them. At sixteen Nan was a pupil teacher in an establishment where her poverty was derided and her doubtful parentage thrust upon her in the unkindly way of the world.

From this she runs off, and adventure, more interesting if less respectable, begins. She joins her mother, a lovely lady entirely untroubled by inconvenient conventions, and the mistress of an Italian count, of unlimited means and ungovernable temper. The three travel in ease and opulence on the Continent, and to Nan they are kind, until a day comes when the indolent, extravagant, imperturbable Lella, whose amiability nothing disturbs, provokes her protector to wrath by flagrant infidelity, well-merited vengeance descends upon her, and she and her daughter are left in the lurch.

Undismayed, the scorner of the moralities pursues her untrammelled way, finding consolation with enviable celerity. Meantime seventeen-year-old Nan has made a friend, a nice young man, to whom she is offered, with a dowry of £5000, by the social derelicts who are her sorry protectors. Julian Hay, however, refuses the bribe and the bride, goes his own way, but turns up at the end of the story in the dear old way, to offer his home and heart to the poor, pretty, stranded little English girl. Willingly she accepts, poor child, having come through great tribulation; and he is strong and kind, and finds it no difficult feat to win her young and eager love.

This is what used to be called a "nice little story," and one warranted to pass the time on the long train or bus journey home.—R.U.R.

Liver Soup

BROWN two tablespoons of flour in three ounces of butter; then add a quarter of a pound of liver, chopped small, a well-beaten egg, a teacupful of fresh breadcrumbs and cook till the liver is tender.

Mash this with some pepper and salt and simmer in a quart of stock for about an hour.

DEAREST:

At this dull, but dazzling period, Fashion crouches inert, and only simplest, crispest beach and holiday frocks flaunt. Paradoxically, in this off season, when everyone strives to be far from the vulgar, madding crowd, not to be smart is to be ultra-smart. Off to the purple west we go, or are going, or will go; and from early morn to dewy eve public thoroughfare is trodden only by aching feet of weary wayfarers who are slaves of the ledger, the pen, the typewriter, or that mysterious utility, yclept, an adding machine.

IN these days of mid-summer, torrid enough in temperature to hasten heat apoplexy in suspended judgment for sins of youth, good citizens all rejoice if they can relax at the "heavenly bay," illuminated in memorable sketch by Katherine Mansfield's magical jugglery with words; scale high hills at the back of beyond, or for a while dodge dull care in dim, sweet corner of lake-lit loveliness, amidst bush that densely broods, its greenness of isolation emphasised by strayed flickerings of questing sun and melodious, sudden note of passing bellbird.

Soon, from sound of many waters, shadow of great rocks in sunbaked land, moonlit splashing in hot springs of our desire, red of rata trees, and sprawling, plummy grace of clematis, triumphantly Eve will emerge, body burned a beautiful brown, eyes valiant; ready for the road again, and the lurking or caressing Fate that, hooded, awaits us in the New Year, which we go on hoping will be the best yet.

TO dwellers in a city of a monotony that hurts, amid days of tropical intensity, the second coming of the capable comedian known to an admiring world as Clem Dawe, was hailed with delight. Packed was the Opera House, rapturous the acclamation, gratifying and undiscriminating the enthusiasm displayed. Much of the

success of the revue depends upon the unflagging ability, good humour and vim of the very accomplished exponent of low comedy who heads the show; he having it all his own way with an enraptured audience, which was convulsed by his contortions, tolerant with his mannerisms, all admiration for enveloping top-coat and pathetically Chaplin-ish boots, and enraptured by his occasional engaging grin.

WITH some merrie maids and men I attended this lively lowbrow show, and found it good. A delightful artist is Dorothy White, bland and sophisticated on occasion, delicious as a Cockney charmer, versatile to a degree, and reminiscent on occasion of Beatrice Lillie, English comedienne of repute, seen and admired here on the films.

Suffering from trivialities of frivolous menage, quite poignantly amusing to your Annabel was "Unnecessary Remarks," a diverting skit on conversational banalities, admirably acted by Clem Dawe and Miss White. Short our sojourn in this lachrymose vale, and apt at times to relapse into dullness. Why render it more exasperating by infuriating platitudes?

IN Nature's fairest, gayest weather, who wants to be informed emphatically that it's a Nice Day? Hot and breathless we scramble into a tram. "You caught it, didn't you?" inquires one's neighbour, as hilariously he hangs himself on a contiguous strap. "Come to have your hair cut?" intelligently observes a chance acquaintance encountered at pet shingler's. "On the contrary, to commit a murder!" would be a satisfying retort were it not that, if made to a literal Scot, it might land one in the kind but firm grip of Mr. Page, S.M. The world is so full of a number of things, why crowd it any more with such social amenities?

AS a theme for his kinema play, Mr. Anthony Asquith has selected the Underground Railway, that microcosm of love and laughter, tears and tragedy,

with its patient and persistent band of pilgrims who, without haste or pause, incessantly travel to and fro. Having regard to scope of his medium, Mr. Asquith has treated his subject in necessarily restricted fashion, but has achieved dramatic interest and the presentation of poignant emotion. As was to be expected, the film is British made, and its elucidation entrusted to a singularly happily selected combination of artists.

MR. HECTOR BOLITHO is scoring a success, all off his own clever bat, by the sweat of his literary brow. Which is not an easy thing to do in an unduly competitive world. In "Thistledown and Thunder" he ranges from rough-and-tumble clearing in backblocks of New Zealand to the African veldt; and, taking us along with him in breezy, conversational fashion, races through night-clubs in New York shows us his flat in Johannesburg, blows in at a Canadian cafeteria breakfast, and comments on the Grantchester of Rupert Brooke. Very light, very bright free-lancing, with much of England, the Thames, May Week, the Cam, and a few reflections on men and matters of the hour, interesting if superficial. Thus our fellow-countrymen on America:—

"The Englishman in Italy is just as ludicrous and pompous as the American in New Zealand. They must be met and judged in their own habitat. The Americans are materially generous and socially friendly: two virtues which make me feel that there is a good deal of priggishness in the Englishman's contempt of American *gaucherie*. Their hospitality is overwhelming. They invite ten people to meet you at lunch and then apologise for not arranging a party. The idea that any visitor should eat a humble chop, alone in an hotel, is nausea to them, and their entertainment is so lavish that one can never hope to return it."

All very amusing and profuse, but to some of us the chop and hotel appear preferable.—Your

ANNABEL LEE.

Nut Bread

2 cups whole wheat flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup treacle (molasses), 1 cup of nuts (chopped), 5 tablespoons dripping (shortening), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 eggs (beaten up), 1 small cup of water, 1 tablespoon "Anchor" milk powder.

Method.—Mix and sift together all the dry ingredients. Rub the dripping into the dry ingredients. Add the water and egg, and mix well. Add the nuts and beat thoroughly. Pour into a greased pan. Let it stand for 5 minutes, then bake for 45 minutes in a moderate oven (350 degrees).

COLOURED ribbons weighted with crystal drops make a striking finish to lampshades of coloured silk. The shades are tall and rather narrow, with the ribbons hanging from the edge like the strands of a maypole, before they are plaited,

Eat this Milk



Use "Anchor" Skim Milk Powder in all your baking instead of ordinary milk. Mixes more easily, less waste, more delicious flavour, nutritious.

Anchor Skim Milk Powder
FROM ALL GROCERS.

Send for Free Recipe Booklet to "Anchor," Box 844, Auckland.