



Cookery Nook

Canary Pudding.

CANARY pudding is a light, nourishing pudding, appreciated by the small fry on account of its pretty appearance.

First balance in the scales sugar and butter together against the weight of three eggs; flour against two eggs, and include in your ingredients the rind of a lemon and three eggs.

Melt the butter till it is quite soft, but not oily. Stir in the sugar and lemon rind finely minced. Gradually mix in the flour till all is well stirred.

Now whisk the eggs and add to the mixture. Beat it all up quickly and

thoroughly. Pour into a buttered basin, cover with a greased paper and cloth, and boil for two hours.

Serve for the nursery with strawberry jam, sauce or golden syrup. Cranberry or black-currant sauce is not quite so cloying for those who have not the "sweet tooth." The sauce is made by heating up the jam in a saucepan with a little water added. The golden syrup need only be stood in its tin on the hob ten minutes before it is needed.

The Hidden Mountain.

THIS makes a pretty Sunday supper dish. Beat the whites and yolks of six eggs separately. Now mix them together and beat again. Don't attempt to save time by beating them all up together in the first instance, for this is the most important part of the recipe. Add a few slices of citron, cream and sufficient pounded sugar to sweeten.

Mix everything well together and pour into a buttered frying-pan and fry as you would a pancake. But it should be three times the thickness of an ordinary pancake. Fry for eight minutes and then it is cooked. Mask it with jam and serve cold.

Scolloped Chicken.

BOIL a chicken or capon until it is very tender, and strip all the meat from the bones. Let it get cold, and then cut it up into fairly small pieces, but do not mince it. Mix two tablespoonfuls of fine flour with one of butter; melt this in a pan and stir in a breakfastcupful of the liquor in which the bird was boiled. Season with finely-chopped Spanish onion, parsley, salt, and red pepper. Strain, put back in the pan, and add a breakfastcupful of cream, or milk, and then put in the chicken-meat and cook for a short while. Touch up with a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce or twice that amount of red wine. Put the mixture into a buttered fireproof dish, sprinkle with baked breadcrumbs, and brown in a quick oven.

Spanish Cream.

THREE cups of water, 6 tablespoons "Anchor" Milk Powder, 3 eggs, pinch of salt, 2½ tablespoons of gelatine, ½ cup cold water, Vanilla flavouring. To make milk: Make the necessary quantity into a paste with a little water, then add water up to the required amount, stirring until dissolved. Method: Scald the milk, add it to the slightly beaten egg yolks, sugar, and the salt. Cook until the mixture coats the spoon. Soak the gelatine in the half-cup of water for about 5 minutes. Add it to the hot custard; stir until gelatine is thoroughly dissolved. Set to cool. When the mixture begins to thicken, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Flavour vanilla. Pour out into a mould. Put on ice to cool. Serve with cream.

THE WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

By "VERITY"

A Children's Theatre

The Lost Ones

MISS JOAN LUXTON, a young actress hailing from Australia, has earned for herself the title of "A Theatre Fairy Godmother." According to an English journal, she has been running the Children's Theatre in Endell Street, London, for some considerable time. This charming young actress is still only 24 years of age, but she has already crammed a good deal of experience into her young life. She has been acting ever since she was 15 years old, and she hails from Australia, where she received her early training as a dancer. On reaching England she studied at the Academy of Dramatic Art in Gower Street, and after touring in several plays she also acted in London at the Everyman and the Apollo.

But it is as the founder, manager, and one of the principal performers of the Children's Theatre that Joan Luxton has thus early come to be regarded as a real theatrical Fairy Godmother. It certainly was a very bright idea of hers to start a theatre for young folk which should provide exactly the right kind of dramatic fare that really appeals to children.

No sooner had this real "brain-wave" occurred to this young actress than she set to work, with a strong little band of personal friends and helpers, to carry it out. A backer was secured—blessed be the name of this generous and public-spirited friend of London's children!—and a vacant shop in Endell Street was quickly transformed into an excellent little theatre.

Although it is unique in being the smallest theatre in England to be licensed by the Lord Chamberlain and the L.C.C., it is, nevertheless, perfectly equipped with proper stage lighting, real footlights, scenery, curtains, etc.; and its comfortable tip-up seats are just right for small occupiers. There is even a real miniature box office, where children may go and book their own seats—the price of which varies from 3d. to 1s. 2d. for the small folk.

As there is accommodation only for about 115, the financial difficulties have been tremendous, and with the high cost of advertising making the latter almost entirely prohibitive, it has been no easy matter to keep this splendid little venture going.

But the excellence of its programmes and the enthusiastic appreciation of the juvenile audiences have been the best advertisements. The prices have necessarily to be kept low and within reach, not only of the smaller-income parents, but of the children's own pocket money. The running expenses are kept down to the lowest level consistent with the perfect efficiency aimed at, and with this object in view every member of Miss Luxton's jolly company performs some other job besides that of acting. They not only act, sing, dance, or play the piano, but are their own scene-painters, costumers, theatre attendants, electricians, and stage hands.

Somewhere is music from the linnet's bills,
And through the sunny flowers the bee-wings drone,
And white bells of convolvulus on hills
Of quiet May make silent ringing, blown
Hither and thither by the wind of showers,
And somewhere all the wandering birds
have flown;
And the brown breath of autumn chills
the flowers.

But where are all the loves of long ago?
Oh, little twilight ship blown up the tide,
Where are the faces laughing in the glow
Of morning years, the lost ones
scattered wide?
Give me your hand, oh brother, let us go
Crying about the dark for those who
died.

—Francis Ledwidge.

The delightfully varied programmes usually consist of short one-act plays, folk-songs and sea-chanties in costume, and plenty of mime and dancing. Fun and beauty are cleverly mingled, while at the same time good dramatic taste is unobtrusively fostered.

Youngsters are keen critics, and at the Children's Theatre it has been found that the really best items are always those which are most appreciated.

The success that has already attended Miss Luxton's brave little venture makes one hope that it will lead to a wider spread of the movement, and that the time is not far off when we shall have children's theatres and children's kinemas not only in every district of London, but also in all towns—happy little theatres where, as in Miss Luxton's pioneer one in Endell Street, young folks may enjoy really suitable dramatic fare full of fun, adventure, and beauty, and in which no objectionable features are ever allowed to intrude.

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

When your throat pricks

take—

Pulmonas

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