

Annotations of Annabel

DEAREST:

Accompanied by Victoria—at this long last with shining hair shingled to an austerity strangely according with her classic profile—I heard Mr. Mawson's lecture on town planning, on the occasion of Conference of N.Z. Architects held last week in the Capital City. The address was given in the Art Gallery, and Mr. Moodie presided, many visitors from far afield being present; and I found myself wishing that radio listeners could have heard this illuminating causerie on a subject concerning which some of us talk a great deal, and most of us know nothing at all.

Privileged to be present at this exposition of benefits ultimately to be conferred by far-reaching methods of co-operation, clear-sightedness and finance, one felt a Doubting Thomas when wonder presented itself as to whether 'twas all but a counsel of perfection, this vision splendid of civic beauty and utility which should prove the New Zealand equivalent of the grandeur that was Greece, and the glory that was Rome.

WELLINGTON, bustling, small city and haven of many hearts, with far-flung background of hills and gracious view of shining waters across which dream ships drift, should be a microcosm of urban efficiency hedged in with such natural loveliness. Instead, with narrow, dangerous streets, stuffy rubbish-dumps, dingy two-storied houses of a design that induces despairing depression, screaming congested traffic and almost entire absence of gardens, it is far indeed from the islands of the Hesperides or anything like that. But some day it would seem perchance this will be rectified, we shall get down from the dream to the business, and achieve sane civic mind in sane civic body; apparently not difficult of achievement by mutual toleration and liberality of comprehension and finance as advocated in Mr. Mawson's fluent and charming periods. All persuasive to a degree, and artfully calculated to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of huffiest city father; yet one surmises the interesting lecturer will need "patience of Job and diplomacy of delegate to the League of Nations" successfully to follow his grail. He concluded with whimsical surmise suggested by lat-

est Einstein bewilderment; causing one weak woman to wonder whether, in miraculous days of this century, his words held element of prophecy.

A THOUSAND pities our best beautiful girls do not try their luck in screen tests. There is wealth of loveliness in this our country; likewise here and there a musical speaking voice, which may yet be heard in movietone. The latter attribute is rare, however; this weapon in armoury of feminine charm being unappreciated and untended in the Dominion's rosebud garden of girls, who do not realise that low and modulated tones are worth all the make-up and lipstick in the two islands.

Not that our girls are heavily rouged. Far from it. Is it that excessive artificiality of complexion begins to be recognised as vulgar? A few years back the painted and powdered countenance was a commonplace; unnatural scarlet of lips often strangely emphasising latent coarseness and vacuity.

NOW we have changed all that, and in our midst evolves a race of lissom Atalantas, of unstudied and uncorseted grace, slim and active and athletic, who stride and dance along the road of the world, ready to climb Mount Cook, swim the Straits, and generally beat the band. Much I admire their sunburned vitality and open-eyed confronting of life, which remains the same glorious oyster for prizing open to the sound of trumpets, as when for us also Deering's woods were fresh and fair. Here and there is a highbrow maiden, who seriously regards herself and her vocation. And wherefore not indeed? There is one glory of the sun, another of the moon; physical beauty of athlete, mental allure of embryo litterateur. Comparisons remain odious; but perish smug superiority that belittles all outside its own ken, and refuses to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's.

LARGESSE of past season of goodwill rendered me possessor of attractive diminutive collection of verse by modern poets. The anthology is selected by Mr. W. H. Davies, whose own prose and verse are distinguished by so sane a simplicity of method and matter. He is a born wanderer over earth's surface, and his taste in literature extremely catholic, ranging among uncompromising and disturbing work of Siegfried Sassoon, preciousness of Edith Sitwell, the Laureate's perfect craftsmanship, or a lover's rhapsodic

She is as gold
Lovely, and far more cold.
Do you pray for me,

For if I win grace
To kiss twice her face
God has done well to me,

Your
ANNABEL LEE.

Books.

A GIRL ADORING

(Viola Meynell.)

THIS book will be read, not for the story, which is slight to vanishing point, but for its ironic, humorous, unflinching interpretation of motives and meannesses that lie below superficialities of the passing show. Beauteous is the youthful heroine, of a self-effacement unconvincing in a post-war world with a slogan of "each flapper for herself," and rapt in adoration of Hague, a neighbouring land-owner, who apparently farms and makes love with equal celerity and efficiency. The nebulous love-story glimmers in and out of the pages, running its course to the conventional happy ending foreseen from the beginning.

Though this is the tale that is told real interest abounds in unerring observation of the ways of men, and lucid comments anent idiosyncracies of puppets who stalk, amble and flit through sunny rooms of an admirably-run country house. All is narrated in leisurely and impersonal fashion, to be commended to flamboyant novelists in bud; and heightened by more than a modicum of malice in dissection of the handsome and agreeable land magnate, that arch hypocrite, Morley, who is held up to derision with conspicuous ability and whole-hearted scorn.

Miss Meynell is an acute and merciless critic of human fallibility, and portrays with unemphatic clarity and insight the smug characteristics of her victim, usually more or less concealed under a veil of altruistic bonhomie. Unerringly she tracks his egoism and selfishness to their lair, and holds up for our delectation his amiable weakness for quelling other people's joy, and their simple pleasure in the ways and byways of life.

"It would be curious to know how many small joys were spoilt by this attribute of Morley's, how much pleasant interest he damped, how

much life he flattened and dulled whenever it approached him too buoyantly and with too much hope. . . . denying to people unimportant little satisfactions, giving them insignificant disappointments when he could."

THE novel is essentially Morely, his book, and upon him the author has used all her vitriolic skill; but other characters, who appear and disappear to no great purpose, are excellent portraits in little. Do we not recognise Miss Nugent, the bookish bore, who "listened intently, waiting to pounce, and by her attitude making our few evasive remarks seem like the opening of a debate. We hadn't cared for any of the characters? How strange! Had we not observed the inherent nobility of the hero in that passage on page 6, chapter 3?"

Truly a fatiguing lady to meet at a dinner-party. And others also are impaled with impish and subtle skill. Obviously a student of the late Henry James, it is probable that Miss Meynell's readers, like those of the restrained and fastidious novelist whose books are caviare to the mob, will prove themselves overwhelmingly enthusiastic or bored to despairing ennui. —R.U.R.

Raspberry Tartlets

CHOOSE nice ripe raspberries, remove the stalks and put them into a basin: half a pint of the fruit will be enough for a dozen tartlets. Put 2oz. of sugar and a gill of water into a saucepan, add half a teaspoonful of arrowroot mixed with a little of the water and bring to the boil.

Flavour with a little fruit syrup, essence or liqueur. Pour the syrup so made over the fruit and stand in a warm place for half an hour. Then lift out the fruit carefully, place it in the tartlet cases and pour one or two teaspoonfuls of the syrup over each. Serve cold with a little whipped cream piled on top.

Click went the Kodak'

In bringing up
a baby these
days a 'Kodak'
is almost as
inevitable as
kisses!

Save those baby ways
—with a 'Kodak'

Modern 'Kodaks' from 30/-; Brownies from 10/6

New Catalogue Free

OF ALL KODAK DEALERS



A26

When your throat pricks
take—
Pulmonas
RELIEF BY INHALATION
FOR COUGHS
AND COLDS