

Annotations of Annabel Art in New Zealand

DEAREST:

The vanguard is upon us of autumn modes, after short breathing-space 'twixt one season and the next. Summer hats wilt before our eyes, and purchases of a moon ago have lost their pristine glow and grow duller every minute, in that strange way coincident with appearance of "new goods," carrying with them eternal fascination of the novel and unknown. Welter of confusion inseparable from vast building improvements has subsided, and on dit that one establishment of dignity and quality intends making sartorial splash at the end of the month, showing new and splendid treasures to be achieved with much fine gold by Aladdin's Eve.

Here and there forlorn garments remain ticketed in plate-glass windows, as a reminder to the thrifty that 'tis not too late to amass frocks and frills at magic figure of Half Price; but lure of change is upon us, and we move with the rising tide of fashion, discerning in mind's eye faint gleams of glory that is to be. Unlike the pious maiden in the poem, we shall be fair to outward view and radiantly arrayed, judging from advance view of brocade and chenilles of sheen and colour unparalleled, which might have adorned Scheherazade when engaged in her ancient and modern pastime of spinning tales for the beguilement of Himself.

If it chances the exchequer is not at its brightest and best, try effect of carefully-cut slit, star or crescent-shaped or arrow shooting into the air, in front of last year's felt or velour, artfully arranging a flat curl in the gap, and thus achieve effect of the bizarre and le dernier cri at one and the same moment. News comes of coats of velvet that will console us in the winter of our discontent, preferably matching at least one evening gown. A black one is lavishly trimmed with astrakhan, that fierce fur which calls for a wearer of martial mien; or, donned by our so gentle sex, at least an "army man" for escort, Russian for choice!

When the day dawns, that day of leisure and loafing that beckons to some of us as insistently as ever it did to Charles Lamb in the dingy office which prisoned the flying feet of the gentle wanderer on slopes of Parnassus, 'tis my intention to become a pamphleteer and write a kind but

searching brochure on Manners and Mistakes of Shop Assistants on the principle of the old maid who wrote a treatise on proper treatment of babies. For never have I served behind a counter, and probably never shall, though convinced I should prove a success in that far from arduous calling.

QUITE lately I asked in a well-known shop for a well-known book by a well-known author. The youth with shining hair, who pursues a crust and a pleasant avocation at one and the same time, detached himself unwillingly from a voluble cobbler, and swivelled upon me the reproachful eye apt to be turned upon deliver for late anthology, essays causing a stir in the world beyond, or handful of plays in convenient form.

"Gods of Grub Street!" he remarked listlessly. "We had one copy, but that's gone. You should have come before! Hardly anyone asks for it," he vouchsafed in farewell. When, one wonders, shall we reach the ultima thule of ye very perfect. Booke Shoppe, with an intelligent vendor sans peur et sans reproche?

WOOD and married and a', Ethelwyn has returned from touring Europe, having added to her already not inconsiderable possessions a husband of sorts, some wonderful Lido pyjamas, and a babet of two precocious summers, whose Olympians very wisely condemn him to silence and inertia before 7 a.m., when early morning tea breaks the spell. Yesterday, friendly and confiding, he chatted to male parent at unconscionably early hour, but met with no response. Greatly daring, he turned blue eyes and wheedling tones upon our Ethelyn, who also proved adamant. Undaunted, "B-gg-r!" remarked loudly to himself this scion of the coming race!

THE gentle art of entertaining is rendered more difficult by out-moded manners and snobbish self-importance occasionally cropping up; or perchance rival factions contradict or ignore conversation from the other camp which perchance results, in happy-go-lucky but socially-congested flat, in something like a "party in a parlour all silent and all d—d!" There is also the elderly visitor who takes herself seriously and disapproves of cigarettes and cinema. We all know that dear spoilsport and exponent of other times, other manners. "Why, Annabel!" wheezed a Scottish cousin-once-removed, as she surveyed my print of that vision of grace, the Botticelli Venus, through terrifying lorgnette of a past decade. "Is it possible, my dear, that you leave that picture hanging on the wall when there are Gentlemen present!"

"He and the Duchess always turned their backs
On those whose conduct was the least bit lax.
Where'er they went they waved a moral banner,
And constantly left rooms in a marked manner."
Your ANNABEL LEE.

ART, in its several manifestations, shows little tendency to flourish in our democratic country; which, though it has proved itself signally successful in business acumen, health of babies, tourist propaganda, and like laudable and humane achievement, possesses little bent and less enthusiasm for the things of the spirit, the altitudes of Parnassus.

But in time we shall change all that, or so it is hoped. And in pursuit of that devoutly hoped for consummation, comes a greatly daring quarterly, "Art in New Zealand," of which already two numbers have been published.

Here perchance is the little heaven that leaveneth the artistic lump. One views this journalistic venture, however, with optimism combined with trepidation. For, as Dr. Campbell Duncan remarks in an attractive article therein concerning Art and Artists, "Nothing can survive without encouragement"; and intelligent co-operation from the layman is essential to render successful this charming medley of colour, craftsmanship and literary achievement, so provocative of interest and essentially of our own country.

The reproductions are excellent, including a characteristic landscape by Nugent Welch; zinnias that exemplify Miss D. K. Richmond's singularity and brilliance of workmanship; sunset waters of W. Menzies Gibb; Mrs. Wallwork's pastel portrait of a dark-eyed "Patrick"; examples of pottery by Elizabeth Lissaman, with explanatory notes thereon; while Mr. Charles W. Kerry makes a very human plea for tolerance in the making or marring of music, and exposition of the need of it by the man in the street.

From the S. P. Andrew studio appear examples of camera work, ranging from lifelike portrayal of the revered Rabbi of the Capital City, to miniature of Lady Lucy Jellicoe and a lovely study of the Unapproachable Pavlova.

Original and arresting is the literary matter, notable in the poetry being Mr.

C. R. Allen's "Interrogation" and some verses of remembering love by Miss Eileen Duggan; while the art of the short story is exploited by Mr. C. R. Marris's vivid sketch in the modern manner—an impression of some vacillating hours etched in a few indelible strokes.

Wind-swept karakas by Marcus King remain in the memory; also affectionate reminiscences of that well-beloved painter, the late "Jimmy" Nairn, by Mrs. M. E. R. Tripe, who also has an illustration of a characteristic study of a girl. Mr. Arch. F. Nicoll contributes, in addition to a strikingly realistic portrait, a few wise observations on the influence on art of the Dutch Van der Velden; and Mr. Alan Mulgan ably dissects difficulties that hedge around the novelist who aspires to write an epic of our islands.

No dullness, no perfunctory letter-press; but fresh, abiding merit and enthusiasm, backed by artistic faith and courage. A refreshing publication, and redolent of the atmosphere of New Zealand.—R.U.R.

Beetroot Wine

PEEL and slice 1lb. of beetroot to 1 quart of water. When well-cooked strain off and add 3lb. of Demerara sugar and 3 large lemons.

To every gallon of liquor allow 8 cloves and four pieces of root ginger; tie them in a muslin bag and pop it into the wine. At the same time you will allow 3oz. of yeast to the gallon, and leave to work.

Cork lightly till it has finished working, then when this is accomplished you can seal it up and put it away in a dark, cool place for a year. At the end of that time you will bottle it off. To get a clear wine it is advisable to use a narrow piping (such as the plumber uses would do), one end in the barrel and the other in the bottle. The bag of spices, of course, will have done its work and is left at the bottom of the empty barrel.

A little brandy added when bottling improves this wine.



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