

# Annotations of Annabel

## DEAREST:

Competition being rife in the drapery trade, right royal courtesy is extended to us when making our purchases even though they be insignificant enough to render one nervously aware of their negligibility as one surveys sizes and splendour of rival establishments. Time was when one or another assistant proved irritatingly patronising and scornful. Not now, however; competition being a useful social and business emollient, and conducive to that civility which is a good and pleasant thing, in and out of shops and on both sides of the counter. Liberty and equality are all very well in their way; but equally laudable is the cult of the virtue of which it was written long ago: "Know, dear brother, that Courtesy is an attribute of God Himself, who, of His courtesy, sendeth his rain alike upon the just and unjust."

THESE particular words of the wise and gentle Malory should be committed to memory by the youth of this country. At the Trooping of the Colours in the Basin Reserve, a row of urchins sat on a long rail and swung sunburnt legs, when an intent crowd stood to attention while the National Anthem was played. Possibly they meant no harm and knew no better, those rollicking youngsters of our land; but they should be taught to get down from their perch, however high they climb, and stand on strong brown legs when "Gentlemen, the King!" is the toast to be honoured.

THIS presentation of Colours to the Wellington Regiment made gallant spectacle on an afternoon that was very fresh and fair, with a coquettish breeze flirting and fluttering brave banners, the old and the new. To beat of drum and stirring band music, the battalion went through its mystic manoeuvres; and watching, dull pulses quickened and tired spirit revived, while memories flashed of other days when our men, very young and debonair, marched away to distant bourne, from which there was no return; proving their mettle to our eternal pride, and showing that "self-control in the hour of success, patience in the time of adversity," for which the Bishop prayed in the beautiful words of the consecration service.

FROM London comes news that "Journeys End" puts upon the stage, without hysteria or exaggeration, the plain story of life in the trenches during the war; the mud and monotony, and unquenchable wit and endurance of the rank and file, its incomparable courage and kindness. The realism and sober indictment of the wastage, banality and horror of a long campaign, render Mr. Sherriff's play a very moving force, which it is believed will carry more conviction to the mind of the masses than all the peace societies that were, and are, and are to come.

A PANG smote our hearts when news came that a gallant friend and servant of man had gone to his Valhalla. Chinook, the brave husky, need "fear no more the heat o' the sun, nor the furious winter rages"; no more make valiant endeavour to speed the way of adored master on those stretching frozen wastes where a thousand times he vindicated his intelligence and willingness to "carry his weight." One imagines last wistful look at beloved face, a lagging behind his bold band of pilgrims; then the quiet drifting away across the iceland. Loyalty and courage, obedience and devotion; these are great qualities and worthy of human emulation. Bones bleaching under an Arctic sky; and perchance, who knows, his spirit cavorting in the happy hunting-grounds.

AFTER reading Mary Webb's novels, now belatedly receiving that recognition from reading public and literary elect which was denied in her lifetime to this sensitive artist, it is interesting to come across a book of her verses, until recently unknown to most of us. These poems reveal a delicate loveliness of thought and phrase, being mostly concerned with beauty of this fair earth and the musings of a natural religieuse; but now and again there steals in the music of humanity, and we have a poignant note of regret.

*Not for the dear things said do I weep now;  
Not for your deeds of quiet love and duty,  
Does my heart freeze and starve since you endow  
Cold death with beauty.  
Just for the look of utter comprehension;  
The dear gay laugh that only true hearts know;  
For those I would from Life's severe detention  
Arise and go.*

Your  
ANNABEL LEE.

## Children's Sessions

### AT 1YA.

TUESDAY, MARCH 19.—Uncle George will entertain this evening with more of his bright stories. Cousin Shirley will sing quaint little songs and there will be plenty of fun from 6 to 7.

WEDNESDAY.—Uncle Tom will take charge of "Mike," Cousin Miriam will take charge of the piano, and there will be music, songs and stories to please all.

THURSDAY.—Uncle Pat with the radio family to-night, as Peter Pan is busy looking after his cubs. With Uncle Pat at the helm be prepared to hear how important it is to hear how important it is to look after your teeth.

FRIDAY.—More happy songs and duets from Aunt Jean and Aunt Pearl, and stories and conundrums from Nod. Birthday greetings and Postie going his rounds as usual.

SATURDAY.—Get your thinking caps on, little people, for Cinderella has some puzzles for you this evening. Yes, and you won't get the answers till next Saturday. Cousins have piano solos and duets so tune in at 6 o'clock sharp.

SUNDAY.—Children's Song Service conducted by Uncle Leo, assisted by cousins from Beresford Street Sunday School.

### AT 2YA.

MONDAY, MARCH 18.—A treat to-night. Mrs. Mildred Kenny will entertain with her juvenile band. Cousin Douglas will play pianoforte solos and Uncle Jeff will be there with greetings, puzzles and a good-night song.

TUESDAY.—Uncle Jim this evening, assisted by Cousins Dorothy and Marjorie, singing some of their delightful duets. Little Cousin Aisla, whom you all enjoy, will sing to you, and last but not least will be Cousin Zac with his mouth organ.

THURSDAY.—Cousin Constance will be singing and Cousins Joyce and Maurice will play violin duets and solos. Uncle George will be sending greetings and wishing many happy returns of the day.

FRIDAY.—To-night we are to have "The Story Book Lady," also the "Mouth Organ Sympathy Orchestra," and something you all like—Brother Jack and Uncle Stewart will go for one of their train trips. Aunt Huia will go, too.

SATURDAY.—An excellent programme for this evening. The

pupils of Mrs. M. Thomas will entertain you with songs, recitations, pianoforte solos, etc. Uncle Toby will greet you and sing the Good-night Song.

SUNDAY.—The children's song service will be conducted by Uncle George, assisted by St. James Presbyterian Sunday School Choir under Mr. H. G. Brooker.

### AT 3YA.

MONDAY, MARCH 18.—Ho, Ho, Scatterjoy, and whither away to-night? 'Over the land and sea so far, where the ribbons gay, and queer head-dresses are! So listen-in, and you'll all agree, that you can't help but be happy and bright with me.'

WEDNESDAY.—Mother Hubbard, and Big Brother true, where are we going to-night with you? 'Far away to the land where the songs are made, and where stories are growing in many a glade.'

THURSDAY.—And now, Uncle John, what have you for us? 'Stories and fun and music gay, which will make a fine close for the end of this day!'

FRIDAY.—Storyman's here, with his bag full of goods, with Brother Bill's friends in merriest of moods.

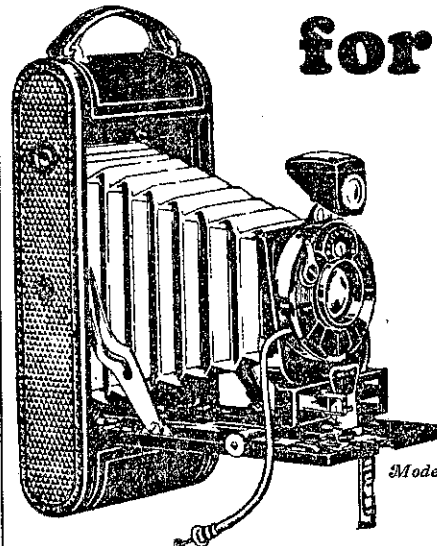
SATURDAY.—Here's Chuckle and his friends from the Elmwood school, so a bright merry night is Saturday's rule.

SUNDAY.—Children's Song Service bright, conducted by the Methodist Sunday School.

### Embroidered Fur Scarf.

STRANDS of ermine with groups of tails at either end make a luxurious scarf for evening wear, and a new idea is the insertion of circles of broderie anglaise in heavy white silk at intervals along the scarf. Under the embroidery fur and lining are cut away, leaving transparent motifs.

## Get a 'KODAK' for Easter



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