

Annotations of Annabel

Children's Sessions

Cookery Nook

DEAREST:

House coats, like oysters, are in. Arising out of vogue of that faithful ally, the thrice blessed bridge coat, comes this utilitarian and attractive habiliment. In the chilly days of winter that gloom upon us, in long sleeves and common sense we shall go clad decently and in order. Fashioned in velvet of seductive gleam, wallflower or purple or golden green; or perchance in silken folds bordered in pale pastel tints like a dying rainbow; worn over slight, short frock of subservient harmonious note, and aided by one of the new button-holes of these buds and blossoms, this is a garment to seek and ensue, and by good fortune, not beyond achievement of unskilled sartorial striver.

RICHARD, describing characteristics of two sisters, finds one good but not pretty, and the other pretty but not dull. Unnecessary to inquire his preference, the solid virtues continuing a drug in the masculine market. Which platitude has wider application than to the female of the species. Take food, for example. The wholesomeness of Victorian rice pudding of blessed memory is unassailable, pressed as it was ad nauseam upon a rising generation; but how violently inarticulate youth rebelled against its too, too solid worth, and abjured at first opportunity that singularly nasty comestible.

In present enlightened decade is youth bullied into consuming that which is distasteful to infant palate? One gathers this discipline is omitted, together with other precept that, with advantage, might be inculcated. Round-eyed, curious, bad-mannered, the New Zealand child often proves a champion of the art of observation; and would, I shouldn't wonder, outstare Jove himself if met in a tramcar. How all eyes focus on the latest comer, as she stumbles to her seat, greets a friend, searches for purse and, if unlucky, drops a coin and fumbles. Is it the home or the school curriculum that encourages such inquisition?

MAKING tour of gaily bedizened lounge of Capital City's newly repainted D.L.C., fed and refreshed and replete with coffee and concomitants pleasantly served in huge luncheon room, easily one could imagine oneself transported to veritable Flowery Land on magic carpet, into gaudiness of which little feet voluptuously sink. Around walls are ranged pictures, many good and others better, donated by painters in our midst for good cause of new Gallery. Two by Marcus King imprison mid-day sparkle of sea and sand; low-toned composition by Gwyneth Richardson appeals; Miss Stoddart is represented in sedate beauty of an old garden; Nugent Welch by a painting in different genre from that to which we have grown accustomed; and very lovely is a handful of nasturtiums, by Miss D. K. Richmond, looking as though just plucked from the banks flanking the

Kelburn tram. Having cast bread upon the waters in shape of one small art union ticket, purchased for what is familiarly known as a bob, hope against hope persists that, when the numbers are up, my lucky star will dance, and those gem-like flowers flame upon the too white walls of a small city flat, beside amber silk curtains, yet to be achieved.

ALL the world read Margaret Kennedy's brilliant novel anent that irresponsible and gifted vagabond crew, the Sanger family. An inspiration in fictional form; passionately appreciated by all who have sighed and smiled over vagaries of temperamental artists of all sorts and conditions. Now before us, in the film version, we have Sanger himself, his three adorable daughters, the beloved and difficult genius, Lewis Dodd, and the rest.

Even Evangeline, who despises the picture industry, root and branch, was all admiration for this British production, and interested, even touched, by Miss Mabel Poulton's impersonation of Tessa, that dear and devoted child; first as winsome maid in exquisite setting of Tyrolean mountains, later in incongruous conventional environment, with, as arbiter of her destiny, the handsome, hidebound, soignée Florence, uncomprehending wife of the moody musician. The latter was admirably played by Ivor Novello, whose handsome face and lounging insouciance were always in the picture, and the rest of the cast remarkably true to type; but always pretty Tessa goes to the heart, wistful, wayward and doomed.

BY happy fate and remembrance of a friend—who, so ready is her generosity, so pliable her purse-strings, I fear will end her days in some home for decayed gentlewomen—I am possessor of a copy of "The White Wallet," companionable compilation by the late Viscountess Grey. Unique and charming, this is unlike all other anthologies; exploring many ramifications of literature, and casting fresh light on facets of apprehended truths and fallacies. Interspersed is occasional comment by Pamela Grey, some snatch of verse or excursion into the occult. Apt and catholic are the selections:—

"They quarrel and part," said the woman.

"That is friendship," said the man.

"We quarrel and don't part," said the woman.

"That is love," said the man.

Again—

A good woman died, and they found in her bosom an old love-letter.

Out of the slum they dragged the body of a very bad woman, indeed; and they found in her bosom an old love-letter.

Another version of the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady.

Your

ANNABEL LEE.

AT 1YA.

TUESDAY, MARCH 26.—Good news to-night! Uncle George has a Hawaiian quartet with him, playing popular airs, and John Willie is coming, too, so there is a jolly hour to look forward to.

WEDNESDAY.—What have you for us to-night, Uncle Tom? More jolly songs and stories and birthday greetings, also cousins with songs and recitations.

THURSDAY.—Here is Peter Pan again, and perhaps he will have some of his cubs with him. Anyway there will be songs from Cousin Ngaire, and look out for catches and puzzles.

FRIDAY.—"Here we are, here we are again." That is what Nod's and Aunt Jean's opening chorus says, and sure enough here here they are with an hour brimful of good things.

SATURDAY.—Cinderella on deck, cousins playing solos and duets. Be prepared to think hard, for there are problems and puzzles for you to work out to-night, and of course stories and birthday greetings.

SUNDAY.—Children's Song Service conducted by Uncle Leo, assisted by cousins from Mt. Albert Methodist Sunday School.

AT 2YA.

MONDAY, MARCH 25.—Uncle Jeff to-night. He will be assisted by Cousins Eva, Roma and Bill with songs, recitations and mouth organ solos respectively, ending with the usual puzzles and goodnight song.

TUESDAY.—Splendid news. We are to have items from the pupils of Mrs. Ransom Myers—so we should have a happy hour, also a fairy message says that Mr. T. P. Sewell, of Christchurch, is coming to give us a nice talk. Last, but not least, will be Uncle Jim to wish you all many happy returns of the day.

THURSDAY.—Uncle Len to-night, assisted by lots of clever cousins who will sing "Slumber Song," "The Fairy Pipers," "Night Nursery," "Butterfly Wings," etc., etc.

SATURDAY.—This evening we are going to have the usual bright hour—with Cousins Joyce and Jean to help with their recitations and songs—and, of course, being Saturday, Uncle Toby will be there with cheery words and will perhaps have his mouth organ. Also Cousin Phyllis with a story.

SUNDAY.—The Children's Song Service will be conducted by Uncle George—assisted by St. Aidan's Sunday School Choir under Mrs. Wahlers.

BEFORE stowing drills away give them a rub over with petroleum jelly or a little oil on a rag, as a rusty drill loses its cutting edge quickly.

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1 pair sweetbreads | 1½ cupfuls water |
| ½ cupful butter | ½ cupful cream |
| 1 chopped onion | 1 teaspoonful grated lemon rind |
| ½ teaspoonful salt | 4 tablespoons "Anchor" milk powder |
| Pinch of pepper | |
| ½ cupful flour | |
| Dash nutmeg | |

To make the milk—Mix the water and the milk powder according to directions given.

Method—Parboil the sweetbreads, remove the skin, and separate into pieces. Melt the butter, and in it cook the onion half a minute. Add the sweetbreads and cook one minute; sprinkle with the salt, pepper, and flour. Blend well, and add the milk. Stir until thick and smooth. Add the cream, nutmeg, and lemon rind, and serve at once.

Liver with Creamed Fried Onions.

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1 lb. slices calf's liver | Salt |
| 1 lb. onions (sliced) | Pepper |
| 4 tablespoons flour | 2½ cupfuls water |
| 5 slices bread | 3 tablespoons "Anchor" milk powder |
| 2 eggs yolks | |

To make the milk—Mix the water and the milk powder.

Cut the liver into pieces, cover with boiling water, let stand 5 minutes. Drain and remove skin and veins. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and broil or saute 5 minutes. At the same time fry onions in small amount of fat, adding more as needed. When light brown, and add 2 cupfuls of the milk and stir until the mixture thickens. Season with salt and pepper, and serve around the liver on French toast.

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