



Annotations of Annabel

DEAREST:

That blessed extra half-hour of daylight is a thing of the past, a cold snap has intervened, in the Capital City women clutch feathers and furs lest they be hurled from them by spiteful blast; yet we go humbly praising climatic Olympians that we are not as other men, and have escaped raging and roaring torrent that for the nonce has reduced to wet wilderness sweet Scottish city of the South.

Tribute is paid with enthusiasm to Wellington Repertory Society for artistic representation of "The Dover Road," which came as welcome interlude after bitter satire of Galsworthy play that was the last production. Not a profound thinker, and with no taste for tragedy and darker aspects of life's innumerable complexities, Mr. A. A. Milne is very deft, very ingenious, and vastly entertaining. The road we travel with him is a pleasant path of dalliance; and if in the first Act of the play action drags somewhat, the remaining scenes make ample amends in droll dialogue, airy conversational trifling, and light treating of those domestic problems that crop up with such dire persistence amid the "everydayness of this workday world."

After variety of accents, of all sorts and conditions, that assail fastidious ears from professional companies making claim upon our suffrages and our purse, 'twas pleasant to listen to Miss Zita Chapman's clear-cut tones and to realise her excellent sense of declamation and gesture; and how charming she was, to be sure, in that geranium-coloured velvet at the end of the play.

Miss Dorothy Hadfield possesses a charming voice and personality, together with an enviable knack of artistically doing the right thing at the right moment; her spontaneity of

response and movement being a valuable attribute, and her latest lovely gown of colour and gleam galvanising dullest and dowdiest to acute admiration.

Mr. O. N. Gillespie once more proved his dramatic mettle as Latimer, that eccentric altruist, whose expensive hobby it was to sift, sort, and, if possible, save followers of the gleam of superficial physical attraction and false affinity. Natural, diverting, and most masculine was Mr. Pope as recalcitrant spouse, and very funny indeed as unwilling listener to Gibbon's inspired periods; while Mr. James, as eloping lover who speedily repented of amorous precipitancy in responding to too forthcoming lady-love, was so easy, so natural, so entirely in the Milne menage, that he deserved a wreath of laurel for himself alone.

FEW brilliant writers exist of the modern short story, but Stacy Aumonier was one of them. No one, having read "The Great Unimpressional," that imperishable study of the phlegm, endurance, stolid courage and lack of imagination of the British Tommy, is likely to forget it. An epic of one facet of the Great War; and another is "Them Others," a memorable study of old charwoman and son Ernie, their humble, happy friendship with the German family who were neighbours, and pathetic groping for light and leading on puzzling factors of wrath and enmity of warring nations. A pang assails one to realise that the gifted author should be dead at the too early age of forty.

"In women of passionate blood," writes Meredith, "imagination takes the place of experience." How else explain whence came to the gentle, quiet Mary Webb, with her uneventful life history, that great comprehension of the dark and secret places of the soul of mankind, that are evident in warp and woof of "Precious Bans"? It is a great novel, limpid of utterance, spiritual of essence, of a deep and wide humanity. A tale of the life of simple folk of the English countryside, yet in its range embracing all human passion, endurance and endeavour. There is an appealing love-story between Prue, whose lovely slim body is allied with poor, disfigured face, and her fighting Christian, that swashbuckler for the faith. Amid exquisite talk of frittering birds, fruits of the earth and

THE WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

By "VERITY"

Cookery Nook

Whole Wheat Raisin Waffles.

2 cups cooked cereal (any good make), 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup whole wheat flour, 1 cup seeded raisins (chopped), 2½ tablespoons "Anchor" milk powder, 2 cups water, 1 teaspoon butter, 3 egg yolks (well beaten), 1 tablespoon butter, 3 egg whites (well beaten), ½ teaspoon salt.

Method.—Heat the water, be careful not to boil it. Add the cooked cereal and butter, sift flour, salt, milk powder, add same, and beat well. Add the beaten egg yolks and raisins and thoroughly mix. Cut and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs and the baking powder. Cook on hot iron, well greased. Any other variety of waffle can be made by varying the fruit used.

Celery Soup.

2 pints of white stock (or water), 1 pint milk, 1 large or 2 small heads of celery (the white part only), 2 small onions, 1 oz. butter, 2 tablespoons of rice, 2 tablespoons of cream, salt, and pepper.

Method.—Wash the rice well, slice the celery and onions, melt the butter in a stewpan, and fry vegetables in it for 10 minutes without changing their colour. Put in the stock, rice, salt, and pepper, and simmer gently until tender, then strain. Rub the rice and vegetables through a sieve, return the soup and puree to the stewpan, add the milk and bring to the boil. Stir in the cream and serve. Sufficient for six persons.

flowers of the forest—the authoress was poet as well as novelist—the narrative draws to its sombre denouement with the stark inevitability of a Greek tragedy. Not to be wondered at that this book should win the coveted prize of the Vie Heureuse.

Your
ANNABEL LEE.

Audi

*When I was young, O how I squandered gold,
Wasting my fortune, like a prodigal,
That was from heaven in endless summers shed.*

*Morning by morning revenues untold,
Unearned, ungathered, postman-punctual,
Were rained upon me while I lay in bed,
Flung at the window, spilt upon the floor,
Or left without like milk beside the door.*

*Now I am old, I am a miser made,
Who fain would hoard the smallest silver change,
And scurry winter dividend of light.
I linger in the evening to be paid,
I grudge to sleep its darkness, I arrange
My blind and curtains to curtail the night,
And in a world anterior to words
I wake with flowers and breakfast with the birds.*

*When I was young, how light I made of love,
As ordinary then as daily bread,
To take or leave in time without an end.
Now I recount the broken links thereof,
And in the large assembly of my dead
The scanty use of each departed friend;
And seeing that I too must soon depart
Make up the ragged ledgers of my heart.*

—D. S. MacColl in the
"Saturday Review."

Tomatoes with Shrimps.

4 medium-sized ripe tomatoes, picked shrimps, salt, pepper, salad dressing, cucumber, parsley.

Method.—Peel the tomatoes, cut them in half, and scoop out pulp. Fill with shrimps, seasoned and pounded with salad dressing. Place a thinly-cut slice of cucumber on the top of each. Place on dish and garnish with parsley.

Cauliflower Salad.

One medium-sized cauliflower (cooked). When cold, break into sprays, toss lightly in salad dressing, and serve garnished with cress and beetroot.

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