

Annotations of Annabel

Books.

NOR MANY WATERS.

(Alec Waugh.)

IN his latest novel Mr. Alec Waugh has returned to what is obviously the city of his heart. Not, however, the London of cabaret and cocktail of former short and frothy stories, but the capital of twenty-five years back is the stage upon which he moves his puppets in his rendering of that well-worn theme, the unhappy yoking of mature man and immature maid.

This is something of a treatise upon English divorce laws of the last century, the youthful and able author attacking with Galsworthian indignation and tenacity the lamentable injustice of those laws in their relation to women. The thread upon which he hangs his thesis is the attempt made by a young and lovely woman to obtain legal freedom from marriage with a man for whom she has but a tepid affection; and in whose possession she finds one of those letters unwisely penned by men and women—usually the latter—when in the throes of a dubious passion. Unhappy and inexperienced, the wife supposes this indubitable evidence of unfaithfulness is sufficient to enable her to escape from a captivity that has become hateful to her; but finds that is not so simple, that she must also prove cruelty, and in the process of obtaining legal redress, herself endure harassing comment and innuendo.

This is the framework upon which is built the chivalrous love of the lawyer who takes up the case of the fascinating plaintiff; and, as the weeks pass, the two find themselves enmeshed in an irresistible attraction. Marian is fresh and fair, and unspotted from the world; though, it would seem, surprisingly free with kisses and caresses in an era when attractive young women did not make these demonstrations in public. She frivols and flutters in and out of the pages; but finally in those difficult days when "newspaper reports were not restricted, and men and women could not seek private recourse for private grievances without making Aunt Sallies of themselves in public," she withdraws her plea, and, impelled by unselfish wish to save her lover from social ruin, makes reconciliation with her husband, and goes forth with him to begin again amid fresh fields and pastures new of Australia.

Mr. Waugh is a shrewd observer, and possessed of an uncanny knowledge of the human heart, remarkable when one realises how few are the years since this author stormed the novel-reading world, at the age of eighteen, with "The Loom of Youth." —R.U.R.

DEAREST:

Mr. John Galsworthy is usually subtle, sometimes cynical, invariably intuitive; "The Pigeon," presented in Wellington last week by the National Repertory Society being an arresting and illuminating presentation of juxtaposition of well-meant, but abortive, effort on the part of social reformers and psychology of waster and wanderer, degenerate and down-and-out.

THE large audience at first was somewhat at a loss to grasp the spirit of the play, and inclined to be insistent upon farcical element; but, as the problem developed, interest quickened, and the unfolding of the plot was followed with keen and intelligent interest throughout.

INTO the studio of Christopher Wellwyn, lovable and unsystematic doer of good deeds to the despair of pretty and practical daughter Ann—attractively played by Miss Thyra Baldwin—drift varied types from the street without; all beyond social pale, derelicts wandering the earth, unstable as water, and unable and unwilling to excel in a community whose god is Efficiency and objective the Main Chance.

TO Mr. Wauchop goes the palm for finished portrayal of vagabond Ferrand, that wise tramp and citizen of the world; a typically Galsworthian creation in impetuous rebellion against things as they are, belief in the god of luck, insistence on seeking incentive in tramping the open road and avoidance of dust and ashes of conventional track. Vitriolic are his comments on organised institutions. Something they lack, those cold homes for sad and spiritless spindrift, tossed aside by winds of fate; something, it would appear, of tolerance and comprehension of the human heart. "They waste their time," says Ferrand, in an impassioned arraignment, "trying to make rooks white! Do not try to change our skins, we wild ones!" It is wonderful, that speech in which he makes clear the

hatred of his class to organised interference; the hopelessness of reforming those who are predestined parasites and loafers from birth to death.

MR. Wauchop's interpretation of this great part was a triumph of verisimilitude. Voluble, urbane, never at fault in accent or gesture; the cosmopolitan rover and dosser in many a casual ward lived and moved before the audience; and the accomplished exponent of the open-eyed alien is to be congratulated on the most finished of his many successes in dramatic art.

AS the "Pigeon," that guileless soul, prodigal of sympathy and liquor, Mr. E. S. Baldwin showed himself true to type in appealing portrayal; recalling beloved exemplars of those whom, mercifully, the poor have always with them. The inveterate hanger-on Timson, a cabby out of a job through onrush of progress and incursion of ubiquitous motor, finds consolation in the rum of the genial host whom blandly he fleeces; and is irresistibly funny, as played by Mr. O. N. Gillespie. As was to be expected, this was an outstanding characterisation; the actor's resonant voice, flair for drama and great sense of the comic being exemplified in high degree.

THE luckless Guinevere, flower-girl and denizen of the dark, was acted well by Miss Mary Cooley, who struck no false note from initial draggle-tailed appearance until carried in after unsuccessful attempt to leave a world which has no use for her, but will not permit her to quit it. Great room for travesty in this role; but Miss Cooley played with truth and insight the poor little drab in her ignorance and deterioration, Cockney drawl and sudden, forlorn gaiety.

AS the youthful apache of a husband, Mr. Rogers transfixed attention by virile portrayal of salient characteristics, dogged persistence on point of view of the submerged, subtle suggestion of budding Bill Sykes. Clever and arresting work:

while Mr. Pope, as dignified cleric was impressive, and the rest of the capably-chosen cast extremely effective.

NO Labourite am I, neither Bolshevik nor Communist, Socialist nor Sybarite, bond nor free. A lover of tried paths, with leanings towards old order rapidly disappearing, an aristocracy of code and conduct; yet at times assailed with a pang of pity, recurrent doubt of ultimate justice, futile regret for hardship of bruised and barren lives that abound even in our Fortunate Isles.

KUDOS is accorded to Miss Kathleen Woodward for overcoming prejudice of class and circumstance, rebellion of spirit induced by dark ways of violence and grinding want, and clear-eyed contemplation of ineptitudes of imperfect social order. After generous tribute to Queen Mary, in biography of that stately and well-beloved Lady, the ex-mill girl now publishes story of early struggle. "Jipping Street" has authentic ring of sincerity of an "over true tale." Listen to story of emergence into world of wage-earners.

"Armoured against hunger with four slices of bread and dripping, fortified with a few curt words from mother, I walked over the interminable London Bridge in a pair of hockey boots picked up cheap. They had the oddest bumps on the soles and ankles, and I recall how, in pride of going to work for the first time, I said, 'I won't wear boots with bumps all over them.' 'Mind you don't get a — bump somewhere else,' said mother. And all the world gazed at my feet that day!"

Think of it, ye New Zealand maidens, who in nice silk stockings and almost reptilian shoes trip daintily to daily job in this land of hope and glory.

Your

ANNABEL LEE.

Bottled Runner Beans.

GATHER the beans when about three-quarters grown. Cut off both ends, remove the string, and slice as for boiling. They can, on the other hand, be preserved whole.

Put them in a pan of cold water with half-teaspoonful of salt and a pinch of carbonate of soda to every pint of water, and bring to the boil. Keep them at boiling point for five minutes. Then take them off, strain; then put again into cold water.

When quite cold, strain and pack into bottles; shake well while filling them. Mix one teaspoonful of borax and quarter-teaspoonful of salt to each pint of boiling water (the borax keeps the beans a good colour).

Stir well, and when this water has become cold, fill the bottles with it.

Put the rubber rings and caps on loosely. Place the bottles in a fish kettle or large pan, with cold water reaching almost to their necks. Bring to the boil and keep at boiling point an hour and a-half. Take the bottles out one at a time, and firmly screw the rubber rings and caps.

Beans preserved in this way will last the whole winter, retaining all the delicacy of flavour and colour they had when picked.

Macaroon Tartlets

4ozs. flour, 2ozs. butter, short crust, not too thick. Filling: 2ozs. ground almonds, 1½ozs. castor sugar, stiffly beaten whites of two eggs.

Tonking's Linseed Emulsion
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