

Annotations of Annabel

Books.

"SWAN SONG."

(John Galsworthy)

ALL things, physical and spiritual, happy and heartrending, sooner or later draw to a close. A truism, and a sad one. It is with a sigh one realises that in "Swan Song" the concluding note is sounded of that long series which has delighted thousands of readers, those subtle and intuitive tales of generations of English Forsytes whom we have grown to know so well.

In this last of the saga, the beautiful Fleur Mont, efficient, flippant and selfish, lives amidst the unrest and excitement that are concomitants, it would seem, of post-war society; old standards of fastidiousness of conduct and code having long gone down the wind. More or less happily mated to Michael, that latter-day Quixote, mother of an attractive three-year-old, Fleur is not content with these gifts of the gods; and, meeting again the lover of her girlhood, tracks him with persistence and ingenuity until—momentarily—she brings down her quarry. But Jon, as it happens, is a loyal soul, and loves the gentle American girl he married, if not with the "first, fine, careless rapture" evoked by Fleur in the rose-haloed past, yet with true and loving allegiance. So he returns to his brown-eyed Ann, who apparently is of that rare order of women who, understanding all, forgive all. Fleur, insatiable egoist as she has become, is left lamenting, and we feel no pang of pity; even when we remember the perfect love-story between her and the boy Jon that was frustrated by so evil a fate, but in its first blossoming loveliness of youth and hope and springtime was lovely enough to rank beside the immortal tale of Richard and Lucy Feverel.

There is discussion of social conditions, and incidentally a scheme is hatched for mirage-like reform of vast territory of London slums. Also, as is to be expected from Mr. Galsworthy, much of the English countryside; lanes and larches, valleys of bluebells, cuckoos in the nest, and all the lovely paraphernalia of out-of-doors presented with a meticulous observation and perfection of phraseology that are the delight and despair of lesser craftsmen.

A nice young man is the altruistic Michael. A chivalrous, delightful type, and one happily not yet extinct, in spite of wars and rumours of wars.

Then there is Soames once more. Still single-hearted, dogged, full of prejudice; growing old, and tugging at the strings of pathos in his realisation of belonging to other times, other manners. Inarticulate and remote, in spirit he deplores the passing of his old order, but finds consolation and delight in the fickle Fleur, that idolised daughter to save whom he takes heroic farewell of a world that has passed him by.—R.U.R.

ing upon facile and charming romances by the Irish author, particularly those concerned with the distressful country of his heart. As played in London, the seductive Creole, great amoureuse who conquered and kept restless heart of her Corsican, is played, one hears, with consummate art by Miss Edith Evans. He who essays the part of the Man of Destiny will have a hard row to hoe, to satisfy students of the life of that dominating, cajoling, un-resting genius, about whom many women have dreamed dreams.

EVANGELIST Aimee McPherson, fresh from triumphal tour of other lands than ours, tried her hand on a London audience, so apt to be calm and cool in presence of religious hysteria. It viewed with a tolerant eye the effectively-gowned lady, her acrobatic antics, nods and becks and wreathed smiles; turning an unresponsive ear, however, to ejaculatory appeals to swell the ranks of souls saved by good offices of Mrs. McPherson. Nor did it enjoy the communistic singing, particularly the following:—

*"I've been 'listening-in' to Heaven,
And I've had a glorious time!
I have heard such wondrous singing,
And the music it was fine.
Saints can see as well as listen
When Heaven's broadcast news is on;
And we always get a blessing
After listening-in to God!"*

Do you blame a British audience for its apathy

Your

ANNABEL LEE.

The Return of Lace

Lace is coming into fashion again. Next winter it will be used freely for the trimming of afternoon and evening dresses.

Those engaged in the English lace industry are cheerful at the prospect of better trade during the next twelve months than they have known for some time.

This view was confirmed by the lace experts in a large number of London stores recently. Women are tired of plain silks and satins, unrelieved by any hint of filmy lace. Nine women out of ten love lace.

There is going to be a tremendous demand for lace next winter. Three or four manufacturers in Nottingham are turning out high-grade lace as fast as they can.

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is a Certain Cure for Coughs and Colds

secure, who possesses the genius of Worth and comes in by the day, fashion frills and flutters for future beguilement of Richard or Jonathan or Lancelot of the Lake.

MY own hefty seamstress is unpromising of manner, and during hectic sojourn eats us out of house and home and rules the household with a rod of iron. With a terrifying frown, and her mouth full of pins, now and again, however, she proves a magician of cut and colour and achieves a masterpiece. Just completed is a frock for Margot, at present sharing my un-Sybaritish flat. Gorse-coloured and shimmering, graceful sleeves that cling to slender wrists, a dozen wide tucks wandering around lovely slimness of fleeting fashion, V-shaped corsage, and "arty" dagger, studded with almost rhinestones and clasping one-sided draperies that dip to the feet, it is desirable indeed. With it will go a string of the great gold beads that are a mode of the moment, providentially discovered in old, Ginevra-like chest long relegated to the box-room. Margot's copper-beech-coloured eyes and hair will look their best when she wears this gown, so that I am convinced her best budding poet, a Keatsian wild-eyed youth, will tell her she is like some bright being "newly drest for Paradise." A modern Paradise, be it noted, of cabaret and cocktail, or Margot will have none of it.

MR. Conal O'Riordan, forsaking the art of the novel, has produced a drama of an historic era, with its fascination of intrigue and amour, plotting and counter-plotting, its Napoleon and its Josephine. Delightfully written, one surmises, reflect-

The Fire Tenders

(By Grace Noll Crowell.)

Women through the years have stood

*Watch above a flame,
Keeping it a glowing thing
For the ones who came
Tired, hungry, when the night
Marked a kitchen's warm, red light.*

*Nothing lovelier, I think,
Than a woman's face,
Calmly bent above a fire,
As with quiet grace
She moves clean, deft hands to make
Food more wholesome for Love's sake.*

*Something great and beautiful
In her simple art—
Something to delight the mind,
And make glad the heart;
Women tending fires that men
May be strong to work again.*

DEAREST:

Fashions fluctuate and see-saw as unexpectedly as the latest turn of political screw. One ventures the supposition, however, that despite the talk 'twixt thee and me, 'tis much ado about nothing, and there will be no lengthening of skirts; nor, it is hoped, or faces either, despite adjuration of recent counsel of depression anent manners and morals—in this case the poor old kinema being the stick that beat the dog.

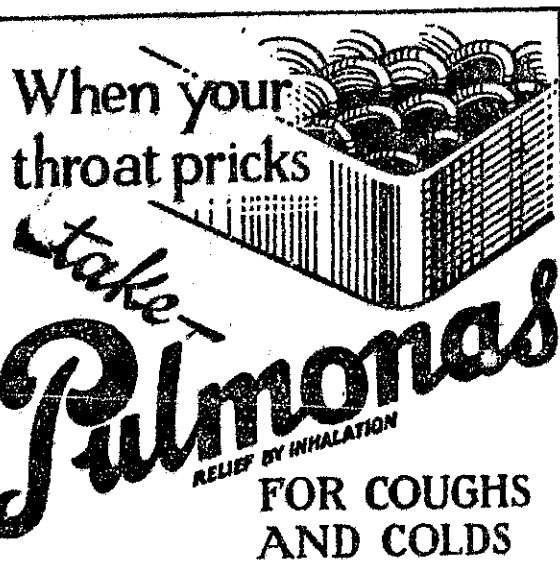
HERE and there adroitly swishes an ankle-length skirt, now and again eye is intrigued by coiled or plaited demureness of coiffure. We all realise, however, that one swallow does not make a summer or even a spring-tide; and having reached a charm and sanity of dress and head-dress, the Cassandra-like assertion is ventured that women will will not revert to type of great-grandmother, ravishing beauty though sometimes she appeared.

VALIANTLY men stick to unbeautiful uniformity of clothes. And how nice they look, to be sure! Which brings a dark doubt that perchance in looks, as in all else, they have the advantage of what was once called the fair sex. Think of best female friend in masculine garb! Needs must she be slim and fresh and very fair to survive that ordeal of clothes with chic and aplomb.

SO let us cherish our chances and make wise purchases of silks and laces, radiant of colour and quality, that are to be purchased at quite moderate cost; and, with the aid of that "little dressmaker" we hope to

Mrs. Ross Brodie to Sing for 3YA

A SPECIAL Christmas attraction at 3YA will be the appearance for the first time in radio of Mrs. Ross Brodie, of Rangitata. She is taking part in the Sunday evening concert on December 23, and music-lovers can look forward to a treat from this fine singer, who has been specially engaged by 3YA for the purpose of this after-church studio concert.



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