



# OF FEMININE INTEREST



By "Patricia"

A RECENT novel by Louise Tottenham is "The New Woman" (Gollancz). One cannot imagine why the authoress calls it "The New Woman," for it is a moving and beautiful story of pre-war Irish rural life; the tragedy of a girl whose marriage was arranged for her, and her life-long devotion to her children, who, one by one, left her at last when she was old and lonely and had not even the memory of past happiness to comfort her. There is nothing of the new woman in that! It is a sad but lovely tale, and has all the sweetness of life, as well as life's secreted sorrows. Julia Camody, when a girl, fell in love with the nephew of a neighbouring farmer, but being too poor to marry, the young man emigrated to America. They promise faithfulness, but Julia lives in a country which at this time does not look kindly on marriages of sentiment. Those who wish her to marry a farmer from the mountains tell her that Desmond has married a girl in America. Matthew Prendergast, the man she marries, is a heavy drinker, but no one tries to stop the match. Her husband beats her and leaves her to spend her evenings alone, but she bears him three children, and when he is killed she mourns his loss as master of the farm and the father of her children. The lover of her youth comes back from America, and though shocked at the change he finds in her, still wishes to marry her; but she sends him away. The climax of the tragedy is reached when her younger son John brings home a shrew of a wife to be the mistress of the farm, and Julia has to start life anew.

A FIRST novel, "Old Barty," by Cecil Hunt (Ward Lock and Co.) is a tale of an old violinist, a lovable character, whose pleasure-seeking wife deserts him and their baby boy. The story is based on the great love of Old Barty for this small son, and his dreams of making him a finer musician than himself. In this he is helped by his kind-hearted landlady, Sarah Tidley, who, when a girl, served the great and world-famed violinist Tescanelli. By a ruse Sarah gets Tescanelli to visit her, and introduces Hans, who at this time is about eleven years old. The maestro is much struck with the child's playing and promises to teach him, but before anything can be arranged Tescanelli dies suddenly of heart disease. However, Sarah, not to be beaten, gets in touch with the Press and tells a pathetic story of Old Barty and his son, which is published. This story makes such an appeal to a German musician that he feels constrained to undertake the musical education of this prodigy.

MARGARET TURNBULL has given us another good story in "The Return of Jenny Weaver" (Ward, Lock and Co.). The body of Jenny is found on the Drake's estate after she has been missing for three years. She is identified by the buttons which had fastened her dress. Many people become involved in the trial, which be-

comes more and more complex as it proceeds. Under the cross-examinations many interesting situations are brought to light; and Anthony Drake, on which the crime has been fixed, is proved innocent and acquitted. A well-constructed and readable book.

THE town of Vineta, submerged in the Baltic Sea, is said to have been swept away some centuries ago by the gigantic waves of a tidal flood, and on calm summer evenings a mysterious sound resembling a muffled bell ringing is heard on these shores, which, legend says, proceeds from the

churches of the vanished city. A German poem by Wilhelm Müller describes this strange occurrence, and is possibly known to some of my readers. It begins with the lines:

*Aus des meeres tiefem, tiefem Grunde,  
Hör ich Abendglocken lauten . . .*

THE largest bell but one in the world has just been made in Croyden, and it is to be paid for by Mr. Rockefeller, who is presenting it to the University of Chicago. Its total weight is a little under 80 tons, and it takes some minutes to set it going. There

is no bell comparable to it in England and only one bigger outside.

FOR many years Englishmen have had a world-wide reputation for being well and suitably dressed for all occasions, so it is not surprising that a large number of Americans and other visitors from abroad make a point of ordering a new stock of clothes whenever they are in London. The novel idea of a "dress chart" has been drawn up by a tailoring organisation, which describes how, when and where to put on what. Every possible occasion has apparently been thought of, from the right socks to wear at a smart dance to the hat for "country sports" and house-party wear.

## Prize Poem Competition

(Conducted by "John O'Dreams")

THE prize of half a guinea in the current competition is awarded to M. A. Latter for "The Blackbird in New Zealand," a poem that appeals by virtue of musical versification and poignant expression of nostalgia for lovely sights and sounds of a well-remembered country. It is regretted that space cannot be found for publication of a small sweet "Prayer," by O.E.H., from whom we are glad to hear once more.

"Merrie" sends a thoughtful and poetic contribution. This young literatureur shows a commendable versatility in choice of subject and treatment thereof, and in "Rain" achieves success in a difficult verse form.

"Cantor's" tuneful tribute to a haven of peace in Temuka is very attractive in its simplicity and sincerity, conveying an atmosphere of Nature's beauty and holiness.

"Bethesda" sends a rhymed but far from poetic questionnaire. O.M.S.: Very reverent in conception, exceedingly faulty in execution.

"Imogen": An interesting experiment in vers libre.

"Demosthenes": We admire your pluck.

"Donbting Thomas": An unfortunate effort.

"Don Juan": A budding Byron—in ambition at any rate.

"Frou-Frou": How could you?

## The Blackbird in New Zealand.

*The blackbird makes loud music here  
In tropic tree-ferns. . . . Glassy clear,  
Yet alien singing to mine ear.*

*His songs are tuned to English skies,  
To meadows where gold magic lies,  
Where harebells mirror children's eyes.*

*Held in the arms of English trees—  
The spirit and the voice of these—  
Entranced, he rocks upon the breeze;*

*Carolleth his sweet messages  
In gentle grey stone villages  
Where Cotswold streweeth primroses:*

*A morning joy, a higher sense,  
A flame of loveliness, intense  
Beyond the world's magnificence.*

*But here—but now—I know not why—  
The blackbird, to the Southern sky,  
Shouts a cold heartless melody:  
"Good-bye!"*

*Bright joy—dear bird of dreams—Good-bye.*

—M. A. Latter.

## Recipes

A DELICIOUS filling for tarts is made by chopping or grating tinned pineapple and pouring it over a little of the juice thickened with corn-flour.

### Savoury Banana Omelette.

**Ingredients and Method:** Peel four not over-ripe bananas, cut them into rounds; melt 1oz. of butter in a small pan; when hot, put in the bananas and toss them over; heat for a few minutes; then season with salt and pepper. Break four eggs into a basin, add one tablespoonful of milk, salt and pepper to taste, and beat well. Melt one ounce of butter in an omelette pan; pour in the egg mixture, and stir till the eggs begin to set; then shape the omelette. Place the prepared bananas in the centre, fold in the sides of the omelette and brown slightly. Turn on a hot dish and serve.

### Savoury Rabbit.

**Method:** Wash two young rabbits, cut into joints, place in a casserole, sprinkle over and around two cups of good stuffing, and lay on top half a pound of bacon cut into pieces. Pour over all half a cup of milk, put the lid on and bake 2½ hours in a moderate oven. For the stuffing take ½lb. bread crumbs and mix in one tablespoon chopped onion, two tablespoons chopped parsley, one tablespoon mixed herbs, one tablespoon chopped candied peel, and a good shake of pepper. Mix in one well-beaten egg. Do not add butter or dripping.