

(continued from previous page)

anachronisms—dig for victory. . . black leaf forty and all that rot. Confound it all!

Like a murderer visiting the spot marked C, I watched for the "humus" on my return home. It had gone! There were signs where it had been; not enough was left to satisfy a half-dozen sparrows. I was mystified, but intensely relieved.

There was a sad accusing look on my wife's face as she met me at the door.

"It's gone," she said, simply.

"Yes, it's gone and good luck to it," I replied.

"But do you know who got it?"

"Who?"

"Denhard the dentist."

I was staggered at first and then angry. The cheek of the fellow! To pinch our manure! And I could have lifted it after nightfall. Denhard was not going to put it over me again. If he was going in for daylight raids, so would I.

How quickly the competitive instinct works.

* * *

I WAS up early next morning waiting with my bucket near a crack in the back fence. Shortly the milk cart appeared. I had to place my hand over my wife's mouth to stifle her cry of anticipation.



I waited for the cart to move on. Then like a dog released from the

chain, I shot out in the roadway.

I heard a gate slam a few doors down. A strange fear entered my mind. I did not look back, but put on more speed. I was nearly there when I heard overtaking steps. Denhard is younger and more agile than I, so I turned around with my bucket—on the defensive.

Our buckets crashed, like the heads of two old goats.

As we stood glaring at each other, I decided there was only one solution. "Have you a coin, Denhard?" I said.

My rival produced a half-crown.

"Heads or tails?" I cried, as I spun it in the air.

"Heads," shouted Denhard.

And heads it was.

"Your turn to-morrow, Shibli," murmured Denhard, gleefully, as he got busy with his shovel.

There was no to-morrow. As from the next day, the round was served by a motor truck.

AUCKLAND listeners will be pleased to learn that one of their favourite sessions—"Musical Competitions with Eric Bell"—is back on the air again. For the first broadcast, more than 300 entries were received from all over the Auckland Province—and there were even three from Nelson, and one from Mosgiel, Dunedin. The problems in music embrace musical letters, hidden proverbs, laddergraphs, word squares, crosswords and acrostics—a different one each week. In the quarter-hour, Eric Bell manages to play as many as 42 different tunes. "Musical Competitions with Eric Bell" is broadcast from 12B at 6.30 p.m. each Saturday.

Give your Complexion
youthful Softness



The natural radiance of youth, your own natural beauty, gleams through this finer-textured face powder. Three Flowers Face Powder is spun to a new lightness that clings to your skin, becomes part of you. It softens and beautifies, yet it will never mask your own true loveliness. Three Flowers is perfectly colour-blended . . . faithfully even . . . never a streak. Five shades, selected by beauty experts, from which to make your choice

TRY, TOO, THREE FLOWERS LUXURIOUS FACE CREAMS
ALSO LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

three flowers



Face Powder

A CREATION OF RICHARD HUDNUT

Richard Hudnut Limited, Federal Street, Auckland