

When your child is of school age, which of the above pictures would you rather have him look like?

GOOD POSTURE

This child stands at his full height, with his weight on the balls of his feet.

He holds his head high, with his chin in.

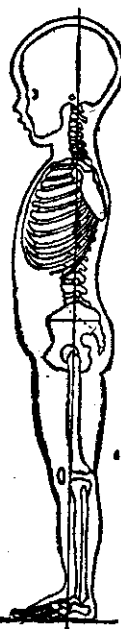
His chest is high, and his shoulder blades do not stick out in the back.

His abdomen is drawn in.

The curves of his back are slight.

His knees are straight.

Good posture facilitates the proper functioning of the internal organs and aids Heart action, Digestion, Circulation and Breathing.



BAD POSTURE

This child stands in a slumped position, with his weight on his ankles and heels.

He holds his head forward, with his chin out.

His chest is flattened and sunken and his shoulder blades stick out in the back.

His abdomen is relaxed and sags.

The curves of his back are too great.

His knees are slightly bent.



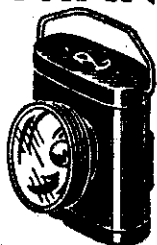
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10.9

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A DUBLIN SKETCHBOOK

(continued from previous page)

city and the bay, I ring a bell. A mute ghost in a blue overall admits me and wordlessly takes me to my room. I deduce—with what relief!—that my hosts are still in bed, and am shown to the bathroom. "And would y' like a cop of tea poured out in yeur hahnd at 8 o'clock?"

How queer, the delight of a new language that is yet immediately comprehensible, and vivid and direct.

* * *

BUT the "Irish language" is another matter altogether—a serious matter. "Learn Irish and Speak It" say the not very persuasive propaganda posters in official places. The street signs, in yellow on green, give the Irish first, and then (since the object of such signs is to be intelligible to the people who use them) in English

underneath. SRAID UAC UI CONAILL —O'Connell Street. Thank Heaven, this practice is followed everywhere, for the word *Mna* means Women; Men are *Fir*.

I ask my hostess, when she drives me into Dublin, for pronunciations, and her answer is always surprisingly impatient; "Och I don't know." I sense an obstinate refusal to know anything at all about the Irish language; some strong feeling somewhere. She is a Dubliner, but a Protestant. I ask more questions, and find that if I accepted her view entirely I would regard the Irish language as a piece of childish official foisting. "No one," she assures me, speaks it; later a taximan tells me it is required for civil service exams, but that civil servants forget it afterwards; they have to be able to read the headings on forms, but they don't speak it. It is easy enough to agree with the impatient attitude: Stampai, say the signs over post office counters; "Post" can be rendered as *Poist*, *Phoist*, and *Phuist*, no doubt with some reason which I don't perceive.

'Phone booths are *telefon*. One visualises so much zealous invention and cooking up of new words from an ancient script based on symbols that were out of use for centuries. The letter-boxes, with their indelible cast-iron V.R. fixed for ever, have all been painted green—with what feeling! one imagines—and there seems to have been no truth in the story that the initials began to disappear after the revolution, erased by patriotic prechauns.



"The patriot rewrite man"

Passing a house in an old Georgian square where a sign reads "Bureau of Military History" I see at once in my mind's eye the fervent patriot rewrite man, busy at his exacting task. I make him out a comic figure. But that may be because I have just been shown the space in front of Leinster House where till lately stood a statue of Queen Victoria.

Workmen were placing flat stones there. Does anyone want to buy a statue of the Queen? Timaru? Whangarei? Ohakune?

* * *

[N the National Gallery of Ireland are painters—good painters—of whom I have never heard: Walter Osborne and Chinnery, an extraordinary genius who went to China at the age of 80, was there rejuvenated with romantic ardour, and painted some astonishing things. In the Portrait Gallery are the faces of those who died for Oireland: earnest, grave, smouldering with a fanaticism that would hotly deny the name. Poor Pearce, his staring eyes fixed upon that infinity that Parnell's statue indicates with a sweep of one arm along Parnell Street: the infinity no man has a right to limit, where the march of a nation goes on. Yet how they must have hated the English, these people; and I, who ought to understand that, am asking "Was it worth it?"

(To be concluded)

Glacier

TRAVELLER on no light foot pitting the earth
With your determined tread, devouring stones,
And sinewed with snow and frost, your strength sears
The indomitable mountain, your strength lies
Huge and bestial, an unhurried hate,
Your slow anger meditates a goal.

YOU flout the walls that grip you, nothing turns
Your solid evil pace, and though the sun
Bring peace like a perching bird deep thereunder
Destruction growls, and though you wear the snow
Like innocence the buried will is guilt.

HOW look on the wandering threat, how feel
With feet the iron challenge? No one goes free
Though wide the sunlight and the wing of peace:
The agile mind sits still, the spirit falls
Under the spell of an eternity.

FOR this is purpose unleashed, here in the seen
The strong unseen, purpose breaking the small
And mortal dream and through the careless days
And vast caress of night a purpose grinding.

—J. R. Hervey