

The Children's Corner

By "ARIEL"

Dear Boys and Girls,—Here is another picture for you to paint this week, and then next week we will see our No. 1 animal of the Wireless Zoo—the "Howler." Won't that be exciting? I have an idea he is going to be a beauty, too!

Have you all got your "Smilers" ready? Remember they have to be in by August 17.

For our third animal I think we will have a "Krytik." He is a "yarly-snarly" creature who sits around with his ears well back, showing all his teeth. No matter what you give him, he always wants something else. Even in his brightest moments he is rather "sniffy," and he has never once been known to show the least bit of gratitude to people who do their level best to please him. See what you can make of him and send in your drawings and verses with your letter writing competition by Aug. 24.

The picture for painting is of Kink and his Squizard meeting a Sandman over the hill. Kink says—

"My Squizard can turn himself head-over-tails,
And dance on the tips of his toes;
But all I can do is to waggle my ears
And balance a ball on my nose."

He's got the right kind of ears to waggle, hasn't he?

I am so glad to know that you are all interested in our corner. As one little girl remarks—"it helps to pass away a rainy evening." Another boy says he is "tickled to death" with the idea of drawing a Wireless Zoo! I am looking for great things from him!

Oh! I almost forgot to tell you to be sure and use water colours for your paintings (if you have them). You can make a far nicer picture with them than with coloured chalks.—Love till next time, Ariel.

HIDDEN FRUITS

In each of the following sentences is a hidden fruit—just ordinary, well-known ones. See if you can find them before you get your next week's paper. The letters occur in their correct order.

1. We each err, yet are always pardoned when repentant.
 2. "Draw me a map, please," said the schoolmaster to his geography class.
 3. "Isn't this sweet pea charming?" said the gardenar, proudly exhibiting his flowers.
 4. What is the difference between a turban, a narcissus, and a pillar-box?
 5. Is this really the same London that I remember twenty years ago?
 6. A mustered plaster will often stop lumbago if put on in time.
 7. At his birthday party poor Ted ate far too much cake!
 8. The burglar was very cunning, but could not escape arrest.
 9. A little whimpering cur ran through the half-opened door.
- The answers will be given next week.

MUDDLED NAMES

Here are some muddled names of people of whom you have all heard. Who are they?

1. BROOCHIND.
2. OREGLEDGLOY.
3. DANIBS.
4. TEENRAPP.
5. LBNNOS.
6. GYTHINK.

A CHILD'S DREAM

I had a little dog, and my dog was very small;
He licked me in the face, and he answered to my call;
Of all the treasures that were mine I loved him most of all.
His nose was fresh as morning dew and blacker than the night;
I thought that it could even sniff the shadows and the light;
And his tail he held bravely, like a banner in a fight.
We ran out in the morning, both of us, to play,
Up and down across the fields for all the sunny day;
But he ran so swiftly—he ran right away.
I looked for him, I called for him, entreatingly, Alas!
The dandelions could not speak, though they had seen him pass,
And nowhere was his waving tail among the waving grass.
I called him in a thousand ways, and yet he did not come;
The pathways and the hedges were horrible and dumb.
I prayed to God, who never heard. My desperate soul grew numb.
The sun sank low, I ran; I prayed:
"If God has not the power
To find him, let me die. I cannot bear another hour."
When suddenly I came upon a great yellow flower.
And all among its petals, such was Heaven's grace,
In that golden hour, in that golden place,
All among its petals was his hairy face.
—Frances Cornford.

WHAT AM I?

How pleasant to stroll along
O'er upland, vale, or lawn,
And listen to the joyous song
Of my first at early morn.
My second oft, too oft is used
By hunters in the chase;
And sometimes too is much abused
By rides in a race.
My whole is seen in summer time
Amid the gay parterre,
And blooms quite freely in our clime
If treated but with care.

Answer to last week's: Schoolroom.

"Oh, doctor, the child has swallowed a bottle of ink!"
"And what have you done?"
"We made him eat a sheet of blotting paper."

MAY DAY IS COMING

Although we have no real May Day here, I think this verse is so pretty we might adopt it for our coming spring time.

Silver stitchery,
Elfin witchery,
Sew up the seams of my Lady's Smock!
Quick, and begin it!
Don't waste a minute!
What is the time by the Dandy's clock?
Robin's raggedy,
Torn and jaggedy,
Billy's buttons want tightening up;
Waken, you lazy,
Sleepy-eyed Daisy,
Polish your petals, O Buttercup!
Marshy Marigold,
Every bud unfold!
Hawthorn, spread all your hedges with snow;
Orchids! Celandine!
Meadows, gold and green!
May Day is coming! Didn't you know?
—Catherine A. Morin.

A BEDTIME STORY

WHAT THE OWL HEARD.

Old Mother Owl, who lived in the largest oak tree in the village, woke one evening just as the rest of the world around her was thinking of going to bed.

She stood on the ledge of her home and blinked at the light. The sun had not finished setting, and little birds were still about. A chaffinch swung on a branch above her, though she could not see it properly, because the light was too strong for her eyes; but she heard it twittering and laughing at her.

"Come along," it said, "old blind owl. You can't catch me."

But the owl felt too dignified to make a dart at him, knowing he would only cheerfully hop on to a branch above and laugh at her again, for if she came out too early in the evening the little birds had a way of teasing her. So she just stayed there and talked to her fluffy but nearly grown-up babies, who were in the nest inside the tree.

Presently the sunlight died down; a young moon appeared across the pale sky, and the night put on her silver clothes.

"Come," said old Mother Owl, as she called to her children; and, being of rather a poetical disposition, which perhaps came of being so much among the dark trees when the beauty of moonlight was dimpling the shadows, she sang this little song

The day sleeps now, so you must wake
Inside this woody tree;
And come to where the shadows hide,
For you must hunt with me.

The old dark oak which is our home
Is crowned with silver light;
And overhead the little clouds,
Like feathers soft and white.

Race through the darkness hand in hand,
And dance across the skies;
The moon has such a beaming face,
The stars such shining eyes,

So spread your wings, and leave your nest
Inside this woody tree;
And come to where the shadows creep,
For you must hunt with me.

And the young owls answered "To-who, to-who," and off they started, each on his journey in search of adventure and supper.

When Mother Owl got to the Squire's garden with its sweeping lawns and sleeping flower-beds, she paused to rest on the branch of a cedar tree and looked around her.

It was nearly dark now, and lights twinkled from the old Manor, and as it was a warm evening the windows were open, and music and voices came from the inside. Humans interested Mother Owl, those strange things that went in at night and came out in the day, and she flapped her soft, quiet wings and flew nearer to the lights in the house to get a glimpse of the people inside.

The room she first went to was so bright that she was blinded and could see nothing; so she softly flew to a room above that one, which had the dimmest of glow-worm lights in it. And there she saw what to her seemed a wonderful sight.
There were two baby humans going

CAN YOU PAINT THIS PICTURE AND WIN A PRIZE?



Read Ariel's letter in the next column, and see if you will be the lucky winner. Competition closes August 17.

ARIEL,

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MY SET WON'T WORK!

EVERYBODY ELSE TO BLAME!

It isn't so bad when the listener resides in the city, where service is readily available, but the distant up-country novice listener is up against a serious proposition when he finds his set won't work. It went very well last night, but to-night it refused to perform. He, not infrequently, writes or wires to the nearest radio dealer: "My set won't work." The dealer hasn't much to go upon to diagnose the trouble in his correspondent's set, but the latter, by some obscure process of reasoning, decides that the dealer will know immediately where the trouble lies. Therefore, he says: "My set won't work."

Maybe the set, say, a five-year-old neutrodyne, has only one jack. And, therefore, it is not possible to narrow down the circuit by simple methods to ascertain whether the trouble is in, say, the detector circuit or the audio stages.

Causes of Trouble.

Among various causes of the "won't work" malady are the following:—

- (1) A burnt-out transformer.
 - (2) A loose connection in the circuit.
 - (3) A valve-prong not contacting properly in the socket.
 - (4) A fault developed in the valve itself, which may light, as usual, but not function.
 - (5) A faulty jack, the phone plug not contacting properly.
 - (6) A piece of fluff or dirt caught inside the jack, preventing proper contact.
 - (7) Batteries connected the wrong way.
 - (8) Corrosion on battery connections which can be cleaned off with household ammonia.
 - (9) Batteries run down.
 - (10) A fault in one of the rheostats.
- Possibly a broken resistance wire. These are not all the ills that a radio set may be heir to, but they are among the most common.

CHURCH SERVICE VALUED

Speaking at the Taranaki Street Methodist Church, Wellington, on Sunday evening, the Rev Clarence Eaton made reference to the broadcast service of the previous Sunday, stating that during the week he had received telegrams and letters from listeners

in Wanganni, Hawera, Tauranga, Hastings, Nelson, Rai Valley, Marlborough, Oamaru, and Dunedin. Writing from Bethlehem, near Tauranga, a former member of Wesley Church stated that, though 400 miles away, every word of the sermon was heard, and the voice actually sounded clearer than if the hearers had been in the church. Mr. Eaton said it was particularly pleasing to know that many in isolated and wayback townships were thus linked up with the more privileged dwellers in the cities. When next broadcasting, Mr. Eaton said he would be glad to get a line from friends listening who appreciated the broadcasting of the service of the church.

RADIO ON THE FARM

"AN UNTOLD BENEFIT."

A small farmer in the middle of the North Island writes: "Within the last three months we have installed a wireless set and have derived great pleasure from your progs. There is no doubt that radio is of untold benefit to country people, whose isolated position renders them unable to take advantage of the many forms of pleasure possible to those living in or near a town."

AFTER AUGUST 13 MOST

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Tell Incoming Listeners!

The Radio Record

P.O. Box 1032,
WELLINGTON.