

NEWS FOR THE CHILDREN

THE MYSTERY OF THE OUTLAWS' HUT

(By Peterkin.)

MANY years ago, the outlying districts in Victoria, the smallest of the Australian States, were troubled by the doings of several gangs of bush-rangers. One particular county had been visited more than once by a gang of three men, and many a farmer's most valuable horse had disappeared in broad daylight.

The police seemed powerless to effect a capture, for once the outlaws entered the bush it was a hopeless task to find them. The chief of the district police force, Sergeant Grey, was at his wits' end to know what to do. Once he had tracked one of the outlaws to a hut in the heart of the bush, but when he entered the tumble-down shack he was surprised to find that it was empty. There wasn't a living being within it.

Grey's son Dick, a fair-haired, bronzed youth of seventeen, had often asked to be allowed to assist the police, but his father usually smiled at his son's eagerness to help.

"What could you do, Dick?" he asked, when his son again requested to be allowed to take part in the search for the men. "If experienced officers fail in the task, what could a youth of seventeen do?"

"I don't know, exactly," answered Dick, "but I'd like to tackle something difficult just to see what sort of a job I would make of it."

Grey looked thoughtfully at his son. Dick seemed so earnest he almost felt tempted to accede to his request.

"You understand," he said, "that you would be taking on a dangerous task, and that you would be pitting your wits against men who are noted for their cunning and daring."

"Yes, Dad, I do," was the steady reply. "Won't you let me help?"

Dick looked so pleadingly at his father that his wish was granted.

"And what do you think we should do?" continued Grey, a twinkle in his steady blue eyes.

Dick was in too serious a mood to realise that his father was joking.

"It seems to me," he began, "that there is something queer about that hut you told me of. Let me pay a visit to it. I might pick up a clue, and I wouldn't be recognised if I stumbled across anyone. You are too well known, Dad."

Grey looked across the veranda at the rapidly darkening bush. From the bluegums came the noisy chatter of magpies. His joking manner had disappeared when he turned to his son and said:

"Dick, I will do as you suggest. Let's talk it over."



MORAY PLACE SCHOOL DRUM AND FIFE BAND.

This is the Moray Place School Band, with their bandmaster, Mr. E. Hunter. The boys are wearing their new uniforms, of which they are specially proud. The Band is a popular item in the Children's Session at 4YA.

Just before 10 o'clock on the following morning Dick approached the outlaws' hut. He looked a typical sun-downer. Slung across his back was a tent, from the end of which hung a well-blackened billy, while his grimed face was shaded by an old felt hat.

With a slow, heavy step he walked up to the hut. The knowledge that a few chains away, his father and two mounted police were waiting, gave him confidence, and the two revolvers in his hip pockets helped him to carry out his task.

"Good day," he called to a rough-looking man seated within the hut. "Got a drop of boiling water to make a billy of tea with?"

"Fire's out," was the gruff reply. "Dare say I could fix you up if you wait a bit."

Dick threw his swag on the doorstep, sat on it, and mopped his face with a dirty red handkerchief. Round his head a swarm of flies buzzed.

"Come far?" the man asked, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Yes," answered Dick, surveying the interior of the hut. "Gipsland way. Had a row with the boss. Tossed up my job. Think I'll make up towards Mildura. Do a bit of fruit-picking."

The outlaw grunted, threw some bark and sticks on the fire, and hung a

Children's Sessions for Next Week

AT 1YA.

TUESDAY, June 12.—Uncle George with us again with some good Maori stories. Cousins playing violin solos, piano duets and solos.

WEDNESDAY—Hello! Uncle Tom. Plenty of laughs for us tonight? Rather, and singing from some little cousins.

THURSDAY—Good news for us tonight. The Bayfield Choir here and we all enjoy their singing. Peter Pan with stories and birthday greetings and conundrums for the Choir to guess.

FRIDAY—Nod will conduct the session and send birthday greetings and answer letters. Also recitations and musical items from some little girls.

SATURDAY—Three cheers! The one and only Hobo here to amuse us again. Listen for the names he gives the radio animals. Lots of fun with Hobo in charge. Cinderella will send birthday greetings and answer letters.

SUNDAY—Children's Song Service conducted by Uncle Leo and assisted by cousins from Boreford Street Sunday School.

AT 2YA.

MONDAY, June 11—Now children, get ready pencils and paper. This time the Queen Margaret College will be in the studio to sing to us. I wonder will they do the puzzles, too.

TUESDAY—"All seats, please." Conductor Stewart is very busy even on the radio express. Big Brother is employed looking after his pals from the Trinity Methodist Sun-

can of water over the flames. Dick was just beginning to wonder where the other two members of the gang were, when he noticed that in front of the fireplace, instead of the usual clay hearth, was a flat slab of stone. To his astonishment the stone began to tilt upwards and a man's head and shoulders came into view.

"All right, Bill," he called below; "Only a swag."

The next minute he climbed up into the hut, quickly followed by a third man.

"How did you find your way here?" he asked Dick, as he lowered the stone into position. "A bit off the track, aren't you?"

"I was looking for water," answered

day School, who are going on the trip. "All aboard, please."

THURSDAY—Auntie Dot has 60 little imps under her power to-night, each one a minute. One by one they shall be sent forth through the blue; merry little fellows, and as each one laughs he scatters joy, for every silver piece of that laugh finds its way into some home. Miss Lee's pupils, too, know the secret and carry the little image of joy.

FRIDAY—Uncle Ernest and his tales of far away lands. Life in other countries. We think the Technical College party might like to investigate into these lands of Romance, so Uncle Ernest will take them.

SATURDAY—Auntie Dot and Uncle Toby, and the pupils of Miss Marie Petersen. Songs of delight and joy, with hitting melodies that you will find irresistible. Stories—greetings and lots of fun.

AT 3YA.

MONDAY, June 11—Uncle Jack arrives with a host of fresh stories and songs, so gather around and be ready to enjoy yourselves to-night.

WEDNESDAY—Uncle Peter and Mother Hubbard with their chippy songs and stories and their little helpers will keep you amused and happy for an hour before toddling off to bed.

THURSDAY—"How-do-you-do Every-body?" says Chuckle and Aunt Pat. To-night you are going to hear all about the "Spring Song," and a group of young singers from the Woolston School will help to make a merry bedtime hour.

FRIDAY—"Big Brother" and "The Captain" at the helm to-night—so prepare for a jolly voyage in our

3YA children's ship. Music, songs and recitations, and a Heave-Ho-Hearty!

SATURDAY—Uncle Sam back from his holiday—so you'll give him a real good welcome. Aunt May with a stirring piano march, and some more competition winners, pupils of Mrs. Enid Frye.

SUNDAY—The children's Sunday hour—the song service. Uncle Sam in charge, and the hymns will be sung by the scholars from the Church of Christ Sunday School.

AT 4YA.

TUESDAY—June 12—Boys and girls come out to play With Big Brother Bill of 4YA. Some girls will sing, some boys recite.

We're going to have splendid fun to-night. There's Little Ray with his violin, Jack on the piano to play will begin, Lenore the funniest piece will recite.

And Eric is going to sing to-night. Come out to play, come out to play, With Big Brother Bill from 4YA.

Things you don't know and stories to thrill, That's the ticket from Big Brother Bill.

FRIDAY—Have you ever heard Big Brother Bill and Aunt Sheila swapping riddles. No? Then you have certainly missed some fun.

They do it every Friday night. Have you been elected to their radio family? No? Then listen-in to hear how they do it... and laugh. Miss Anita Winkle's Entertainment Party to-night, and letters, stories, birthdays, and everything.

THE NEW MUSICAL AGE

WIRELESS HELPING IT ON

Four hundred years ago Germany had in Charles the Fifth an emperor who loved music, who would sit in his private apartment behind the high altar beating time and joining in the harmony till a friar chorister made a mistake, when the emperor would break off and roar, "You red-headed blockhead!" and long for better choir-men.

To-day a king of German conductors, Dr. Furtwangler, signs again for better singing, and the other day he said to an English choir, the Newcastle Bach Society, after their splendid performance at Frankfurt, "Tour the whole of Germany and teach the Germans how to sing!"

There can be no doubt that Great Britain is entering upon a new musical age. Wireless and the gramophone are helping to cultivate taste, but the tide had begun to swell before their coming.

The springs are the splendid choral societies, the glee clubs, the church and chapel choirs, the school singing, and the wonderful rise and development of community singing. All these forces are making the land ring with tuneful music, and the frenzied horrors, crash, crash, and harrowing discord of certain modern composers are powerless to check the love of the beautiful of the multitude of common folk. It is some consolation for the noise of the jazz mob that the true music is more and more popular.

Is this splendid change a development or a reversion to ancestral habit? Three centuries ago the British not only sang and played better than their Continental neighbours, but had better music, and it was their own. In Tudor days and later everybody could sing and play at sight. Drake took his music men round the world with him.

Choirs and orchestras at Home to-day are rediscovering the English music of those days, and beautiful, gracious, and alluring it is. We know by actual proof that those old Tudor and Stuart times really were melodious. Even the Bluebeard king, Henry the Eighth, was no mean musician and composer, and Elizabeth, his daughter, was credited with singing and playing charmingly, though her selection of instruments for a musical dinner, 12 trumpets, two kettledrums, with fifes, cornets, and side-drums, makes us rather tremble at the thought of some of her programmes. How should we like them from 2YA?

Old writers say that the preservation of the lovely choral music in cathedrals and churches is due to the musical proficiency of the Tudors.

A MEETING IN TWO HALVES

IT is a commonplace that the world grows smaller every day. But it has seldom done so much shrinking in an hour or so as it did the other day when the British and American Institution of Electrical Engineers held a joint meeting by wireless.

The British Institution met in its council chamber on the Victoria Embankment, London, and the American Institute in the Engineering Society's Building in New York, where 1000 members were assembled from all parts.

ON the table in either room was a microphone, and high above it were two loudspeakers. The English microphone communicated by land wires with the wireless transmitting station at Rugby, and then with the American receiving station at Houlton, Maine, whence land wires reached the American loudspeakers. The American microphone, on the other hand, communicated with a transmission station at Rocky Point, Long Island, and then with the British receiving station at Cupar, in Fife, and the London loudspeakers. The wireless waves across the Atlantic covered 3000 miles and the land wires 1200 more.

COMMUNICATION was opened with a "Good morning" from New York, where it was morning, and a "Good afternoon" from London, where it was afternoon. Then the voice of Mr. Gherardi, president of the American Institute, came through the loudspeakers saying that it would give his American colleagues great pleasure if Mr. Page, as president of the British Institution, the senior society, would act as chairman.

MR. PAGE replied that he felt the invitation to be a great honour, and forthwith took the chair in the London room. The chair in the American room necessarily remained empty, for human bodies cannot yet be in two places at once, like human voices; but a portrait of Mr. Page was promptly flashed on to a screen immediately above it.

Each speaker, as the chairman called on him, was represented in the room in which he was not himself present by the prompt appearance of his photograph on the screen. There was laughter at both ends when the chairman in London, in calling on the mover of the principal resolution, said, "We are delighted to have with us, in New York, General John Carly, past president of the American Institute." It is difficult to imagine any limits to the usefulness of this new form of conference. Everybody feels the need of more frequent meetings of the Imperial Conference of the King's Dominions, but distance has always stood in the way. Why not conferences by wireless, at least to prepare the way?

congratulations, but it was a much more excited youth who, a few weeks later, received a very important-looking letter from Melbourne, which, besides containing a letter from headquarters commending him for his courage, also contained a cheque for £50.

THE FIDDLE THAT PLAYS ITSELF

A SONATA by Cesar Franck was played the other day in Paris on a wonderful mechanical violin.

This violin has been made by two French engineers, who have been working for ten years on its development. It has a number of keys which press the strings like the left-hand fingers of a player, and a revolving bow which can not only touch any string, but can allow of different degrees of pressure. It is driven by two motors, one of which takes the place of the player's arm, the other imparting the swift movements of the wrist.

The mechanical fiddle plays with an uncannily human touch.

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Different!



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