

*His First School.*

GREAT was the excitement within our small home. Morning tea was terrifyingly early, small hands and teeth were cleaned, small pants and awe-inspiring tie adjusted, "parting" most correctly arranged, breakfast gong most promptly obeyed—all with a strange sense of quiet, as of great things about to happen.

The walk along the road, too, was accompanied obviously by the silence of great thoughts. And so we approach the Gates of the Future. A little warm hand quickly withdrawn from mine, a jerking back of the shoulders, sudden lifting of manly head—and Peter, aged five (only last Wednesday the fateful birthday) passed out of babyhood into boyhood, through the gates, along the path and into the midst of a jolly chattering throng of reunited and welcoming elders.

There was no backward glance, no last loving embrace as always before—and I, his mother, had perforce to turn away, a little sadder, immeasurably prouder, perhaps wondering just for a moment or two whether the gain was quite as big as the loss—doubts answered immediately by the remembrance of two bright, eager eyes, hopeful and smiling, passing from one new jolly face to another; and by the realisation that though from to-day onwards he will never again be completely mine, yet I have on this historic morning sent out into the world, as well prepared as care and modern thought and patient study have permitted, the makings of a potential Gentleman of England.—M.D.

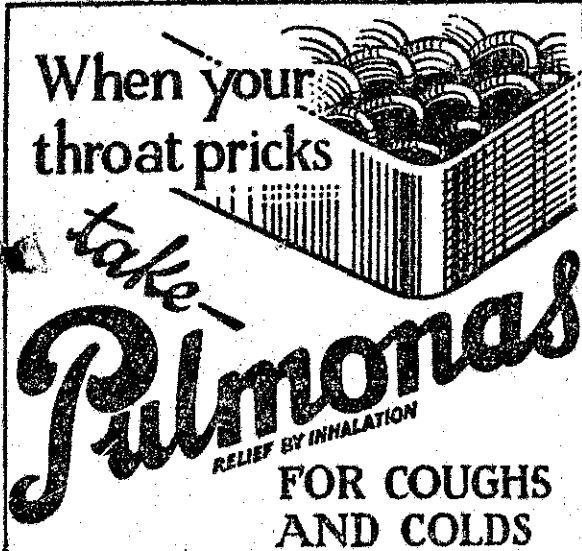
*Art By Wireless.*

ART by wireless is the latest educational novelty in England, and one likely to delight the youngsters, who hitherto have spent many weary hours at a drawing board tracing out curves of fern and plant-pot.

The B.B.C. recently broadcast for schools the first of a series of lessons on "Looking at Pictures," by Miss Berry, of the Arts League of Service. A magnificent pamphlet with 47 illustrations of painting and sculpture, ranging from prehistoric to modern works, is being issued for 1d.

With this pamphlet the child can appreciate the drawings as the teacher describes them over the wireless.

A splendid examination questionnaire is in the pamphlet; this enables the child to express its opinion on what it has heard and support it by drawings.



When your throat pricks  
take—  
**Pulmonas**  
RELIEF BY INHALATION  
FOR COUGHS  
AND COLDS

*Annotations of Annabel**DEAREST:*

The hour approaches, boards are up and microphone in place, the die will be cast on the morn's morn; so that even the most apathetic, the newest visitor to our shores, is galvanised to fleeting interest in fortunes of war that, on the day of fate, will leave New Zealand firmly fixed on the path of progression or retrogression, just as one looks at it. Meantime, each to his taste, we plume ourselves on the chances of our chosen, our pet protagonist, our fancy man; who, poor thankful soul, if his star be kind, quite soon will reach "port after stormy seas," and, basking in sunshine of success, blithely carol "Peace, lovely peace!"

NO partisan of parties, yet are my sympathies with Miss Ellen Melville, of the Northern City, in her gallant and persistent struggle towards the light that will beat upon a woman representative in the Parliament of New Zealand. In passing, also, I record regret that the Independent Labour candidate for Wellington Central was heckled and harried in her endeavour to address recent meetings. Greatly it goes against inbred instinct for fair play in all contests, be they politics or prize fights, that a woman should be subjected to treatment of an essentially non-Quixotic character, and refused decent hearing through outrageous interruptions from hooligan members of the party she is out to represent.

ALSO we come to the Great Question, "To beer or not to beer!" causing rank and file doubtfully to wriggle under fulmination from soap-box and pulpit, pamphleteer and special pleader. Well-meaning fanatics instruct and exhort to the path of penitence, the way of all flesh. Myself, I confess to penchant for old, trite slogan of "Britons never will be slaves," and after obstinate fashion of my race, prefer to pick out my own tow-line with which to yank myself to social salvation or disaster. Well,

the numbers will soon be up; and at this last minute we are all very wide-awake and sturdily cognisant that on election day England expects every man to insist on doing his duty. This, of course, embracing Everywoman, who, enthusiastic at this particular juncture, needs no reminder of that little journey to the poll.

AN attractive town is Dunedin, its hills and vales of arresting beauty. And sometimes, in a forgetting age, capable of a generosity of the spirit, as well as in material things, exemplified in the camaraderie and kindness of a recent incident. During financially straitened period of civic service, it being necessary temporarily to retrench among tramway officials, some of the employees voluntarily forfeited positions in favour of married brethren; although to the working man, who seldom has financial resources beyond the weekly "screw," its relinquishment spells, if not disaster, at least considerable sacrifice of self. To such unostentatious followers of the doctrine of the Sermon on the Mount we accord vicarious and shamefaced applause, pondering doubtfully on capacity to emulate that high standard of kindness.

ONE beauty of the spirit, another of physical things. Wind-swept sky at sunset across Plimmerton waters; rain-bespattered streets through which we drive with the friend of our heart, very aware of washed vistas and elusive reflections that call mystery from menacing shadows; morning light on a gorse-begemmed hill of hope; sweep of great gulls as they circle around wharves and ships; loveliness of a woman's head, perchance that of Miss Margaret Bannerman, reared upon slender neck, the length and grace of which adds a distinction which it may be is the most entrancing note in the gamut of feminine charm.

Your

ANNABEL LEE.

*A Lyric*

Bright day succeedeth unto day,  
Night to pensive night,  
With his towering ray  
Of all fathering light.  
With the solemn trance  
Of her starry dance.

Nought is new or strange  
In the eternal change.

As the light clouds fly  
O'er the tree-tops high,  
So the days go by.

Ripples that arrive  
By the sunny shore  
Dying to their live  
Music evermore,  
Like pearls on a thread,  
Like notes of a song,  
Like the measured tread  
Of a dancing throng.

—Robert Bridges.

*Books.**MANY LATITUDES.*

(E. Tennyson Jesse.)

AN excess of versatility is to be credited to Miss Tennyson Jesse. Once more this accomplished writer has given evidence of her literary gift, insight into the manners and morals of other countries than her own, and deep charity and comprehension of all sorts and conditions of the people of the globe.

Coming of cultivated and artistic stock, one is not surprised to find the writer at home in a diversity of style and story. She writes of ships as if she were a sailor, of slums as though a dweller therein; and gives a memorable and cameo-like portrait of the sacrificial love of a Hindu mother for her child in the leper settlement of an Eastern State. "Greater Love," of which this is the theme, is perhaps the finest, and certainly the most haunting, of the half-dozen tales collected in this latest collection of the author's art.

In the long short-story that gives its name to the book, "Many Latitudes," there is authentic atmosphere of a ship upon the waters, in this case surrounded by atmosphere of mystery and adventure of piracy and sophisticated fraud. We come across excellent drawing of strange types, interest being enthralled by the strange and bearded captain, with his lovely, fickle wife, the Helen who alone in the world is loved by the hard and crafty seaman, and who is unfaithful to him without a qualm.

In "Baker's Fury," that sombre tale, a girl of the soil, uneducated, unfriended, silent, and dour, in religious hysteria sacrifices to her gloomy Jehovah, the dearly loved and tended Christopher John, ending his merry, rollicking life of six years in a mood of passionate abasement. Not a pleasant story, but bearing the stamp of emotional reality.

In "The Love Letters" interest veers to Russia of the Revolution, and we have a short and tragic tale of violence and shattering destruction of whatsoever things are good and lovely in that great and sorrowful country; the personal note introduced by the finding of hidden love letters and a wife's implacable jealousy.

A panorama of nations and countries, presented with this author's proved sympathy, restraint and knowledge.—R.U.R.

*Brown Apples*

PEEL, core and slice four or five large apples, put them in a pie-dish and cover with brown sugar. Mix four tablespoons of wholemeal with a breakfast cup of cream, stir well, and add a couple of well-beaten eggs. Pour this over the apples, and bake slowly for half-an-hour. Sprinkle with powdered cinnamon.

**Tonking's Linseed Emulsion**  
is a Certain Cure for Coughs and Colds