to catch titles from the announcer and associate them with the respective compositions. There is nothing but allround musical memory to take the cake in a contest of this sort, for there is in each station's 60 selections (spread over six weeks) a portion of every sort of musical dish. If you have a powerful set and the inclination, you can cover the competitions of the respective main stations.

Worth While.

LAST Thursday's programme from 1YA of works composed in New Zealand reminds one that the Grainger-N.Z.B.B. competition for New Zealand composers closes at the end of this What entries have been received, or are likely to be, it is yet impossible to say, but it's the Reserve Bank to a split ha'penny that if Percy Grainger had imposed fewer limitations-some of them difficult to understand-he would have done a greater service to musical creation in this country. The type of composition demanded by the conditions of the competition would not be of such value to musical New Zealand as a more straightforward chamber music group, a symphony or concerto. The latter classes, too, would certainly, to judge by New Zealand compositions already heard, have produced a reasonably competitive response. But it doesn't need a telescopic vision to see that the response to this competition by the closing date is likely to disappoint,

Tantalus.

TT'S not very nice of Mr. Quentin Pope, of Wellington, to entitle his present series of talks, "How to Make a Million." He gave the first talk from 2YA last Friday night, and it's quite likely that plenty of people who usually "switch over" at talk-time just left the tuning dial alone. But this is most tantalising, being told how somebody started with one dime and half a shirt and finished up on Long Island with such a hefty bank-roll that it burt. Stephen Leacock tried itstarted off from the country, if you remember, with the right idea in his head and ten cents in his pocket, the Intention being to model his life on those of all the best millionaires. He had only to enter the "big city" afoot in this state of penury, and the millions would simply roll in. But the weather-so often accurst in U.S.A .- foiled his plan. It was a roasting day, and a few miles before the wayfarer reached the portals of the Big City, the few cents were spent in cooling refreshment. Otherwise S.L. would now have been one of the blest and venerated. Seems as though we, with all deference to Mr. Pope's kindly thought, are more likely to finish up in the shadow of three gilded balls than in the possession of the three golden apples.



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