

IN THE WAKE OF THE WEEK'S BROADCASTS

"Romance."

IF only people would listen to such expositions of musical particulars as those which Adolph Mann broadcast from 2YA on Monday night last week, there would not be such a narrow-minded prejudice against serious music among those who casuistically consider themselves broadminded. In his illustrated talk—a much more attractive title than "lecture-recital"—the examiner for the Trinity College of Music gave listeners a splendid insight into the inspirations of Beethoven, and thereby created among those who listened intelligently an unconscious understanding of this composer which no amount of mere music would have provided. Beethoven has taken on a new aspect for them, and it is certain that, with this knowledge, many a listener will look forward to future Beethoven broadcasts as much as they looked for-

ward to the light music which was considered the only thing to satisfy.

Cheer Up, Romeo.

WHETHER the programme organiser for 3YA has a vast sense of humour or a fair idea of the fitness of things may not be known, but on Tuesday last week during the dinner session we heard in succession "Love's Sorrow," "Love's Last Word is Spoken Cherie," "Drink, Brothers, Drink" and "Love's Last Word." All very lovely, and suggestive, perhaps, of a

tiff with the wife or a bit of vexation from the girl friend. "Love's Joy" and "Lilliputians' Wedding," by the way, just preceded the group mentioned first. Seems that the staff of 3YA were on the point of being expected to contribute to a presentation when something gummed up the works and the money was diverted to a drowning of sorrows. A fanciful little story, perhaps, but the one who drew up the programme has only himself to blame.

Windy Nonsense.


THEATRE managers in Wellington on Wednesday night last week must have felt that love for 2YA that carburettors have for water. During the news session it was announced that the gale was still blowing and that people should be warned about its severity and all that. Actually, by 7 o'clock that evening the wind had dropped to a good breeze and women's hair and frocks were as safe as a boxer in armour-plating. As one member of the theatre fraternity remarked, the 2YA announcer should have sucked his finger and held it out the window before broadcasting a remark which could prove quite unnecessarily harmful to private business. Anyway, Wellington has a bad enough reputation now without rubbing it in without just cause.

None Are So Blind...

AUCKLAND'S Jubilee Institute for the Blind on Thursday night last week turned on some fine band music from 1YA. They were under a capable and sympathetic conductor, who had obviously spent many a patient hour with his blind pupils. 'Tis true that the loss of one of the senses may be compensated for in more acute development of one or more of the others, but there was a quality in these performers' music which overrode their handicap to a remarkable degree. It might be to the good—wishing nobody any bodily harm—if some of the established broadcast orchestras and theatre orchestras could be temporarily blinded, along with their conductors. None are so blind as those who will not see music correctly, and it is shameful that those who CANNOT see music should perform so well in comparison.

DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrillized by a marvellous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J.B.L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrill, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema. The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus  The enema cleanses but a third of this "horse-shoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses the entire length—and does it effectively without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilisation, the passage of waste is entirely too slow. Results: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood-vessels in the intestinal walls. These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age,

rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits.

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigour that is bubbling over. Just one internal bath a week to remain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc. Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for this Booklet.

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieve results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Health Service, P.O. Box 304, Wellington.

Tear Off and Mail at Once.

Health Service,
P.O. Box 304, Wellington.
Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—
"Why We Should Bathe Internally."
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