



New Zealander's Success

THIS reference to a former Wellington girl who has become prominent abroad will be of interest: Miss Marie Fix, who is now Miss Marie Ney, first achieved prominence in the Wellington Competitions Society's Festival—well, I won't say how many years ago—and is now prominent in London theatres. Just before Christmas she was appearing in "Beau Austin," and drew the following comment from Ivor Brown, a well-known critic: "Miss Marie Ney achieves the miracle of making sincerity flash from the sentimental verbiage given to Dorothy, and gives to tushery the emotional quality of tragedy." The play in which Miss Ney made this appearance is a reversal to the elaborate courtliness and stilted diction of the time of the Regency. "Other times, other manners," and the action, unfolding itself amid ornate and elaborate stage effects, concerns itself mainly with the adventures of Beau Austin, reformed rake and man of honour, who, with much picturesqueness of dress and diction, ultimately makes an honest woman of his penitent light-o'-love.—Annabel.

Quite Moving

THE excellence of a moving-coil loud-speaker is vouched for by an overseas paper, which states that a postman, handing the letters to the maid at the door of a London house recently, overheard agonised soprano accents from Covent Garden Opera House, and, indicating the drawing-room with his thumb, inquired in a sympathetic whisper: "Does she carry on like that every evening?"—Jean.

"Lucky Islanders."

TOO bad that we haven't growing in New Zealand a plantation of tropical pawpaw trees. The natives of the Pacific Islands wrap their beefsteaks in the palm-like leaves, and in a few hours an otherwise tough steak is rendered quite tender. I have seen natives of Fiji boiling the fruit with pork, and an inquiry made of one dusky cook resulted in his grinning reply, "Pawpaw makim chew easy." The pawpaw fruit, I have been told by many Islanders, is capable of digesting 200 times its own weight of starchy food. Truly, it is a great pity we can't grow pawpaw.—"Mammer."

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Between Ourselves

THE drapery sales were in full swing and I had bought what I prided myself was a great bargain in the shape of a smart little fuji jumper for 10/6. I also bought several oddments at letter prices, and, on arriving home unpinned the sale tickets and gave them to my little four-year-old daughter to "play shops" with. A few days later, I donned the jumper, and drove into our local country town to do some shopping for the week-end. Why was it, I wondered, that so many people grinned and nudged one another as I passed along the street? It was not till I caught a glimpse of my back view in a shop window that I realised what had happened. My little girl had pinned a large sales ticket on to the back

of my jumper: "Slightly soiled. Bargain price, 1/6."—"Puawhananga."

Vigorous and Brief

THE quotation recently from a speech by Miss Lawrence upon the possibility of war prompts me to quote a vigorous, though brief, pen picture of this lady from the political columns of the "Saturday Review." In reporting a debate in the House of Commons on a health subject, the writer in the "Saturday Review" said: "And Miss Lawrence, for all her massive intellect and oratorical gifts, adds to debate little 'joie de vivre' as, rubbing her hands with almost ghoulish glee, her deep and hollow tones echo round the House like the voice of a banshee in a vault." Miss Lawrence possesses, ac-

ording to reports, quite a masculine mind. She has a background of the law, and has inherited definite capacity in legal expression and ability for debate.

A True Friend

I TOUCH the switch, and in walks the best of friends. He says for my pleasure, goes at my bidding, and returns at my call.

A real friend, typically British, too. He tells all about the weather and sport. Are you a farmer? He has a good word for you. A housewife? He knows everything about food prices.

There follows a sedative on the foundations of music, or a cheery note on the gramophone, and his great moment has arrived—a talk (good traveller's yarns sometimes), a concert, male voice singing, and vaudeville.

Something for Everybody.

OF science, too, he discourses freely. Would you fly an aeroplane? He tells how it is done. Make glass bottles? He knows all about it. A dog's reasoning powers? He knows all about them. But food 'orm sees him at his best. Vitamins, conditional reflexes, flow like a torrent. Would you live and be well? Then mix your diet or take your proteins raw; for the baby he says milk, and more of it; while he can be heard chuckling all the time—a Puck among the Dons.

Music? Jazz, solos, opera light and heavy, songs, xylophone, he wields them all; a good melody from Gay or Purcell or Sullivan, a fairy world of melodious delight, and when he calls on Sir Walford Davies the unity of low and highbrow is completed in Beethoven. What an achievement!

Yet he is a waggish fellow, and off down the valley of ugly discords he trots with Vinsky or Oskey or a young English composer! Very trying! Then may come cham' music, duller symphony, and even on Sunday some of these things. Your gorge rises and you turn him out, wondering why he does not keep them all in his musical laboratory, there to mature for the future. But here comes a bright band and a good march, so he is again admitted.

Still, with all his faults, I love him, and I go to bed with a "Good-night, everybody. G-o-o-o-o-d-night."

"Yesterday I saw a pianist in the music-hall who played with his toes."

"That is nothing. My six-months-old baby does that in his sleep."

The Major's Daughter

*There was Spring in the air and blue skies above
When to Dublin Town he brought her,
And half the Regiment fell in love
With the Major's youngest daughter.
She had ears like shells from a sea-king's cave
And eyes as blue as the water.
Dainty as foam on the crest of the wave
Was the Major's youngest daughter.
Shure, brown was her hair as rocks on the hills,
Nor heeded it wind nor weather;
And soft her voice as the rippling rills
That laugh their way through the heather.
Her teeth were white as the moonbeam stone,
Her cheeks were brown as a berry.
Och, what could a man do when alone
With lips as red as a cherry?
Her tongue was long as the road to Cork.
I'll wager 'twas not much shorter—
I heard of that kiss till, tired o' the talk,
I married the Major's daughter.*

—"Sardonyx."