



A Tragedy of the Stage

TRULY it is said that one half of the world knows not how the other half lives, and few who have enjoyed the entertainments in America by Ziegfeld's "Follies" can have realised the rigorous life imposed on the performers. In the case of one of the "Follies" most famous beauties, it has just ended in tragedy of the saddest description, when Miss Allyn King, realising her inability to keep her weight to the dictates of her contract, jumped from the fifth story of an apartment house in New York.

In Miss King's contract was a clause that should she at any time increase her weight by more than 10lb., or decrease by more than 10lb., or to allow the dimensions of any part of her figure to vary more than half an inch from those stated, the contractor should have the right to cancel her contract. She was leading lady three years after she started with the Follies in 1916, and found it necessary to diet strenuously all the time. In 1926 she collapsed on the stage, and for two years was a patient in a sanatorium, on account of a nervous breakdown. Surely there is something radically wrong with the scheme of things when the entertainment of any part of the community demands such sacrifice.—"Terpsichore," Auckland.

What is Home

THE following definition of home recently won a prize of £50 in an American competition:—

"Home is a domestic sanctuary, wrought out of desire, built into mem-

ory, where kindred bonds unite the family in sharing labours, leisure, joy, and sorrows."

Honourable mention was given to other definitions in the following order:—

"Home—man's abode, made sacred by love, loyalty, and understanding, and surrounded by hallowed memories of happy days in shared experiences."

"Home—any place where dwelling is permanent and love is paramount."

"Home is the spot where the interests and affections of the family converge and fuse, and from which is radiated its composite influence."

"Home—a shelter wherein one collects possessions for enjoyment and

comfort; a permanent abode of love and contentment, to which one returns for comfort and refreshment."

Among many facetious definitions, the following sad satire on the "dry" land did not win any honourable mention:—

"Mother's in the kitchen washing up the jugs,

Father's in the cellar bottling up the suds;

Sister's in the pantry mixing up the hops.

Johnny's in the front porch watching for the cops."—Betty B.

CONTRIBUTIONS of original matter of general interest to women and the home, if possible, but not essentially, associated with radio, electrical equipment or home-craft in the widest field, are invited for this page. Space rates. All matter must be brief and in ink, on one side only. Name or nom de plume. Contributors must claim payment for matter published by forwarding at the end of each month clipping, together with date of publication, to our Accountant. Address contributions, "The Editor," Box 1032, Wellington.

"QUEST"

*"God is is the old grey church," they said
"And all the glory that the heart has known,
Angels are there, and all the Radiant Dead,
Singing and praising at His Great White Throne."*

*I did not find Him in the dimness there
As I crept in with gentle tread and slow;
Only the incense drifting through the air,
Only the candles, burning white and low.
But just without the sun shone through the rain,
A bird's voice sang an anthem to the sky,
Sudden, my heart began to beat again,
Waiting for every throbbing note to die.
And all the clouds in brave processional
Glowed with a radiance that rainbows made,
Down through the great cathedral of the trees
All reverent and slow, a whisper strayed.
And there against the rain-washed, vivid green
A blaze of golden gorse was everywhere,
Paving the Path to Heaven with trees between;
Singing their hymn . . . and so I found God . . . there.*

—A.N.I.C.

Our Poet Laureate

SURELY no choice could be approved more generally than that of John Masefield, poet, novelist, and dramatist, to succeed Dr. Robert Bridges to the position of Poet Laureate.

Masefield is a living example of the axiom that "poets are born, not made," for while still a lad serving before the mast at sea he was composing music for sea chanties, and before long we were to judge of his mastery of the music of the written word.

His first long, narrative poem, "The Everlasting Mercy," created something of a literary sensation, and was succeeded by "The Widow in the Bye Street," "Dauber," and "The Daffodil Fields," all of them word pictures, of the first order. His "Gallipoli" is recognised as a war classic. Philip Gibbs is said to have destroyed his own notes for a work covering part of the campaign on the Western front when he read Masefield's "The Old Front Line," feeling that he was far outstripped. It is the realism, strong feeling, and richness of emotion displayed in his works that inspires his large and faithful following, who will rejoice at the well-deserved honour bestowed upon him.—"Bookworm."

A FRIEND of mine, an exceptionally bad train traveller, was once cheered to find, on awakening after several hours on the Limited, that he felt much better than he anticipated. At the moment the train happened to be stationary. Joyfully, he remarked to his travelling companion: "By Jove, I'm feeling fine, much better than I thought. I must be getting used to it." "No wonder," was the dry reply, "we have been held up for the last two hours by a slip!"—May.

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