



Rural Electrification

THERE are now at least one hundred known uses and possibilities for electricity in the rural community, and electrification now exists to a sufficient extent to insure further growth, if the farmer's desire for electricity is encouraged by information of its possibilities.

Apart from the benefit it confers upon the farmer himself, his wife and his home, it should be definitely instrumental in stimulating the flow of workers from the towns toward the farms, since good wages for workers cannot be warranted until a day's work on the farm produces as much profit as the effort of the factory worker over the same period.

The output per man can only be increased by the assistance of ample power, the cost of which is infinitely small compared with the value of the time of the manual worker. Power aids production, and making the best use of electricity is undoubtedly a profitable business for the farmer, both indoors and outdoors.

Spreading the News

HERE is good news for consumers and intending consumers of electricity. The Electricity Department of the Wellington City Council intend staging a very comprehensive exhibit at the Winter Show to be held in July next. With the change-over to the 230 voltage now closing in toward the city and so near completion that the department will undertake the conversion for any consumer who is anxious to increase the existing installation on request, housewives will be able to avail themselves to the utmost of all the benefits electricity confers in the way of clean, healthy and economical cooking facilities, instant heat and hot water, and other labour-saving boons.

Skating de Luxe

AT Lake Placid Club, a holiday resort in the Adirondacks, skaters have enjoyed illuminated night skating during the winter through a plan of freezing incandescent electric light bulbs beneath the surface of the ice. The lights were placed in various artistic patterns, and at night the part of the lake reserved for skating was lighted with the sunken bulbs.

Our Prize Poem Competition

THIS week, although many contributions were received, none of them attained the excellent standard of the poems already published in this section during the currency of the Prize Poem Competition. We are, therefore, unable to award a prize. The average of the work submitted, however, exhibited a high order of intelligence, and we regret that no individual poem was of the quality essential in the prize poem.

Highly commendable are "Slim Jim's" silken songlet and the "Vision" of "Sardonyx"; the first writing with a gay grace, and the latter once more revealing herself as the possessor of the seeing eye and understanding heart.

"Thur" sends thoughtful, musical laudation of the call of the tui and the wind of the dawn. Her theme is well followed, and we surmise a spirit that is far from the madding crowd and in tune with the infinite.

T.A.O. sings of twinkling, twinkling little stars, but the song is rather tinkly and lacks substance.

V. May Cottrell sends a quartet of poems, compact of observation, imagination and facility, but none of them are sufficiently outstanding to romp past the winning-post.

H.S.C.: We like your brave Maori elfs among the stalactites.—Kia Ora.

J.V.W.'s muse sweeps from Maori maid to musical monologue, with a slight admixture of philosophy. We like your pluck, J.V.W.

"Clytemnestra": Conscientious, but dull; oh, dull! Which attributes were not those of your namesake, whatever else might be said of that fierce female!

"Xerxes" possesses a wandering eye, and one not unobservant of the passing show; but alas, 'tis not that of the poet "in a fine frenzy rolling."

Journey's End

*It's a hilly road, a winding road,
That leads to journey's end;
A trail of laughing memories
That greet me as a friend.
A sunny road, a singing road,
That winds up hill and down,
To one red roof that shines for me,
Beyond a little town.
It's a hilly road, a winding road,
Along the way I wend;
A happy way that leads me home
To you—and journey's end.*

—Rose Marie.

The House That Jill Built

ANOTHER feature of The Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, London, says the "Evening Post," is "The House That Jill Built." In order to give women an opportunity of bearing out an oft-repeated charge that architects cannot design a house to fully meet the requirements of women, a competition was organised, and the house that Jill built is based on the winning design of the first-prize winner, Mrs. P. A. Lee, of Croydon.

Although extremely original, and even daring in conception, it is of a very practical order. The principal idea has been to avoid any waste of

The Owl.

The owl sat up in the old oak tree,
"To wit, to wit, to woo," said he.
"This used to be a pleasant park
For all of it was nice and dark.
But now they've spoiled it all for me
For they have lit it up, you see,
So far away I must skidoo,
To woo."

The old owl flew to a far-off farm.
"To wit, to woo, now what's the harm?
I'm living here where all is dark;
Of danger there is not a spark;
With just the moon to bother me
My night will pass quite pleasantly.
There's lots of dark to help me through,
To woo."

But when the evening shadows fell
He ventured from his wooded dell,
Then gave a dismal sort of croak
For darkness there was just a joke;
Bright lights were there on every side—

The farm had been electrified!
So what the dickens can he do
To woo?

—Blaine C. Bigler.

money in unnecessary decoration, and to extend the outlay on good materials and a maximum equipment of real labour-saving devices. Fireplaces and mantelpieces are eliminated, there being only one fireplace—in the living room—the rest of the house being fitted throughout with central heating apparatus, operated thermostatically.

Instead of a dining-room, there is a dining recess where meals are served by way of a dresser fitment communicating with the kitchen.