



## The "Lighter" Side of Life

I REMEMBER when I was in London in those early days of the war being taken into town to see the giant search lights at play, a serious and even deadly play, as we were soon to learn. But until the novelty wore off, and the horror of the air raids materialised, they were a real treat to many an impressionable child—and grown-up, too.

Then, after the war, came the lights of Piccadilly, wonderful, nightly displays of electric "fireworks," and tableaux, each flashing sign a bold advertisement for some world-wide commodity. These grew and multiplied until every foot of available wall space around the famous circus was ablaze with its moving sign, and little, dainty Eros, poised in the centre of that sea of light, might well have regretted the passing of those mysterious, lampless nights of war time. As crowded as the buildings with their glittering advertisements were the pavements, thronged with "star-gazers." The circus at night is still, I imagine, a considerable attraction to provincial and overseas visitors, even though the "west ender" is no longer dazzled.

And now in Auckland (and doubtless the other centres, too, only my observation is confined to the northern city), we are beginning to emulate Piccadilly—at least so far as "fireworks" are concerned. Take a stroll down Queen Street when the theatre rush is on, and—not looking heavenwards, of course—you might almost imagine it was the morning office rush instead! The advent of the naeon tube is in no small measure responsible for the "second sunrise" which is now a nightly occurrence soon after tea. They do say that when the "Civic" theatre first lighted up, some birds who nest in the eaves of the opposite buildings commenced to chirp, under the delusion that "the hunter of the east had flung the stone that puts the stars to flight."—"Toad."

## Making a Polish Stay

FOLLOWING is a very valuable "Home Hint." A hard or enamelled surface can be given to anything painted if to each coat of the flat paint there be added clear varnish in the proportion of two of paint to one of varnish, or half and half. This varnish will set the surface hard and will

not chip off so easily as cheap enamel. The varnish can be added to paint of any colour without affecting that colour.—"Alfa Joy."

## Good Morn-i-n-g!

THE very latest thing in the city is the "Good Morning" Club. The "Henpecked Husbands" Club, the "Frothblowers," the "Kewpie" Club, the Mustard Club have all flourished and had their day. And now we have another—a new indulgence to man's love of gregariousness. Each member, I am told, pledges himself to say "Good Morning" to every one he meets! Well! Well!

I should very much like to visit the city one of these fine mornings and see them all in action. The whole thing intrigues me. In the good old days, the business man, trundling morosely to work, a victim of the vagaries of the City Tramway Service, buried himself behind his morning paper, and was as persistently rude to his fellow-men as time and opportunity permitted. Time had accustomed us to his early morning unsociability, and, however we deplored it, we had come to expect nothing else. Now, I under-

stand, all this is changed. A new era has arrived!

I picture the morning's journey to work as something like this:—The business man, blithe of voice and bright of eye, hops jauntily on to the tramcar. "Good morning!" he cries jovially to the conductor, and digs him playfully in the ribs.

"Good morning! Good morning! Good morning!" Like a little ray of sunshine, he beams his greeting on the other occupants of the car.

"Good morning! Good morning! Good morning!"

No! That is not an echo! That is the hearty response from the diverse other members of the G.M.C. who inhabit the vicinity!

"Good morning!" cries our hero to a passing motorist, and waves a friendly hand.

"Good morning!" he shrieks at the little old street sweeper as he bends at his lowly task.

"Good morning!" to the drowsy park bench dweller. "Good morning!" to the char.

At each section stop, he cranes forward, ready, eager as a boy, to be the first in the great "Good Morning" rite. It seems all right to me.

Down with class distinction! Equality of man! The mingling of the masses, and all that, you know!

But there are one or two things about this great new movement which worry me.

When, may I ask, does the busy city man read his morning paper nowa-

## RED FANAIL

Villain  
Double-eyed,  
Hook-nosed and piercing-eyed,  
Fierce whiskers a-bristle,  
Flight like down of thistle,  
Yet you sing like an old wicker chair  
Up there,  
On the wireless wire,  
Rearranging your attire.  
With your frivolous tail,  
Gee! You're a whale  
At diving;  
Arriving  
On the air-spot that a fly  
Did attempt to occupy  
For half a mo;  
But "Oh no,  
Down the red lane you go!"  
Others, too! So I sleep warm  
in the sun,  
Thanks to you, my son of a gun.  
For you see  
There are not any flies on me!  
Your kind heart is by your looks belied,  
Little pied Villain.

—S. McG.

## ... Puppy and I ...

*A mad March wind and a cloud-swept sky,  
When we went tramping, puppy and I.*

*Puppy noisily raced and played  
With dancing leaves in the wind-blown glade;  
Gold leaves and red leaves and amber-browns,  
Like elfin children in rainbow gowns.*

*I laughed, and the March wind caught my laughter  
And tossed it skyward—we followed after,  
Up the brown hillside, panting, racing,  
The mad March wind behind us chasing.*

*Like little white fairies, frail and fair  
Thistledown seedlings blew through the air;  
Pirouetting gayly, they swiftly past  
Beyond our ken, on the wind's wild blast.*

*Then rain fell fast from an angry sky,  
And we raced homeward, puppy and I.*

—"Betty K."

days? And what happens when Mr. A., an enthusiastic recruit of the G.M.C., meets Mr. B. with whom he has not spoken since he failed to return his lawn mower last spring.—Oh Mack.

## WANTED AND FOR SALE

For column of casual advertisements see page 31.