

Prize Poem Competition

THE prize of half a guinea this week is awarded to the poem entitled "Treasure," by "Oh, Mack," whose delightful literary taste and capacity must appeal to those who possess an open sesame to the beauty of the earth's surface. This week entries have been few in number, though of a fairly good standard, the lull indicating a swing of the pendulum after the avalanche of literary matter that reached this office for the Parody Competition, which proved itself undoubtedly popular. Selected for publication is a love poem by A.N.I.C., whose flair for poetic and wistful expression of realised beauty is very marked.

"Vignette's" small poem, unsuitable for publication last week, is so appealing, with its sedate and Old World air, that we print it for the delectation of our readers.

"Sweet and Twenty": Your lilting lines of apple-blossoms and Jack and Jill in the moonlight are too innocuous altogether.

"Joan of Arc": Bravo! You make a gallant gesture.

"Dublin Rose": Mere mundane chat about an uninteresting incident. Nothing but the truth is all very well, but unembellished 'tis not the stuff of which poems are made.

"D'Artagnan": A lay of blood and sand and the brave days of bull-fights, which falls as flat as the tereadior.

"Florentine": A mist and moonshine madrigal, which lacks coherence.

"John o' Groats" tells us he has music in his soul; but it remains there!

TREASURE

PUREST gold is my treasure trove;
A miser am I!
Gleaming palely—a fairy grove,
Money can't buy!
Laughing I visit my storeroom strong,
Counting my treasures when nights are long,
Sifting it softly and singing a song,
Golden as rye!
Plunder untold does my storeroom hold,
Richest of gems and brightest of gold.

My treasure house is my memory,
A citadel strong,
Wherein I store them carefully,
Singing my song!
Gloating I look at them one by one,
Gleaming bright gold of the morning's sun,
Molten red tint when the day is done—
Drifting along—
Yellow and gold of a wattle tree,
Laughing-faced daffodils nodding at me.

A butterfly's wing with its tissu'd gold,
A young maiden's hair;
The lustre of corn, yellow buttercups bold,
A gorse hedge's flare!
Orange and red of the apple-tree's best,
Molten and bronze, of the leaves seeking rest,
Yellow the sands and the fleeting bird's breast,
Gold everywhere!
Plunder untold does my storeroom hold,
Richest of gems and brightest of gold!

—“Oh, Mack.”



IT is now forthcoming from the latest news from London that men are the vainest members of creation. There, we hear, beauty salons for men only are springing up, and facial transformations are being carried out daily. If, perhaps, one is not in love with the nose he was born with (few of us are), he can have it remodelled. But, mark you, these salons, are for men only! Even the manager of one admits that the cult can be carried to excess. As witness a man, who was fitted with a perfectly good new nose, only to return a month or two later, saying that he preferred the old one. He wanted it back again, evidently on the principle of "better the devil you know than the one you don't." The war, of course, gave plastic surgery its great opportunity, but with a very different meaning. Many poor lads, with broken jaws, were only too glad to submit themselves for treatment, but need the cult be carried on until it becomes sheer vanity?—R.M.S.

purchased for the rest of his days the living rights of a cave. For this he had paid the equivalent of twelve pounds. It was not a simple cave like we find in the sides of hills, but one of those complicated structures that has been "home" to someone for thousands of years. Beyond the rough wooden door was a complete Old World flat, including a spring of truly delightful water from which Jews had drawn their supplies throughout their long history.

One day my friend was passing the cave and, being thirsty, approached the "residence"—but the old man was out. He kept the key in a recess near the door. Imagine his surprise when, instead of the key, he felt something sinewy which yielded to the touch. Then a sharp hiss and a rattle. It was a snake—one of the venomous type that frequent dark corners, and although they will not interfere with a passer, will deal a deathblow if molested.

ACCORDING to a friend of mine who has just returned from a protracted stay abroad, Palestine is a country of surprises—delightful and otherwise. In relating his experiences he told me of an incident that made my blood momentarily freeze. Wishing to live secluded, a patriarch had

"It is difficult," he related, "to say who got the greater fright—myself or the snake. I withdrew my hand without waiting to feel for the key, although I was sure that by this time the snake was far away. That day I went thirsty for a good many miles, for drinkable water is not found in every stream."—"Gwendolyn."

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