

TWO contemporaries have remarked this week that many women in Great Britain now wear their wedding rings on the third finger of the right hand instead of the left—exercising their rights.—“Phoenix.”

A LETTER from London gives the following advice: If you are getting an extra evening frock, let it be of flowered chiffon or silk voile. Then when the summer comes, if you add to it a little taffeta coat in the predominating shade of the dress, you will have the last word in afternoon toilettes.—“Mannequin.”

A film of the interior of a lung has been taken at a Berlin hospital, the lighting being effected through a new reflector system. The film depicts the progress of an internal operation, and the breathing movement of the lung as well as the pulsation of the heart is clearly shown—inspecting the internal affairs.—“Phoenix.”

A RECENT bride, who was formerly a business girl, has installed a card-index system for cooking recipes in her kitchen. A shoe-box will hold several hundred cards, and if filed under their various headings, the recipes are easily found, added to, or discarded at will. Wouldn't hubby be pleased!—Molly.

IF you are one of those women who deplore a lack of inches, now is the time to replenish your wardrobe at figures well below cost. The sales are on. Storekeepers, evidently convinced that longer skirts have come to stay, are selling model gowns of the abbreviated variety, in many cases, for a few shillings only. Little women certainly seem to get the best of things in this life!—“Petite.”

NOT only are we women the slaves of Fashion, but even the Lords of Creation often succumb. At one time the gentleman's silk collar was so much in vogue that it caused a slump in the linen collar market of America. However, the manager of one firm had a brain-wave. He bought up several hundred cheap silk collars and had them distributed among the negro population, giving them two each. Next day every negro in the vicinity had donned a silk collar. Henceforth, the linen collar trade was restored, for no white man would be seen wearing a silk collar.—“Nada.”

A FINE appeal to be kind to flowers was made recently in London by Dame Henrietta Barnett. “Besides being kind to animals,” she said, “I hope you will be kind to the flowers. Can you fancy not being a girl or boy, but being a flower? Would you like to be trodden on? Or torn up by your roots? Would you like to be picked, carried home some distance, and then thrown away? Or how would you enjoy being taken from the bright fresh air into a close little house, and then forgotten, and be left to die of thirst?” I think that very fine.—Mabel.



WHAT are the most popular mascots and luck-bringers? And what most certainly causes bad luck? To put a sock on inside out is thought to assure a lucky day. To see a piebald horse is said to be lucky. To pass under a ladder is unlucky—particularly if the paint drops. In spite of all wise saws as to there being no such thing as luck, the belief persists.

Even Rothschild held the view. “Never,” he said, “have anything to do with an unlucky man or an unlucky place.” And an old Arabian proverb said, “Pitch a lucky man into the Nile and he will come up with a fish in his mouth.” Juvenal declared, “A lucky man is rarer than a white crow.” And if that be true and Henry Ward Beecher's declaration be also true, “A man

never has good luck who has a bad wife,” what a sad commentary upon the quality of wives. Where is the lucky man who is as rare as a white crow?—“Nigger.”

A DELUDED school teacher asked the class to write on the cow. Here is the winning contribution:—“The cow is a mamal and is tame. It has six sides, right, left, fore, back, upper and lower. At the back it has a tail, on which is hanging a brush. With this it sends the flies away so they do not fall into the milk.

“The head is for the purpose of growing the horns, and so that the mouth can be somewhere. The horns are to but with, the mouth to mo'e with. Under the cows hangs the milk, it is arranged for milking. When people milk the milk comes, and there is never any end on the supply. How the cow does it I have not yet learned, but it makes more and more. The cow has a fine sense of smell, one can smell it far away. That is the reason for the fresh air in the country. The man-cow is called an ox . . . it is not a mamal.

“The cow does not eat much, but what it eats it eats twice so it always gets enough. When it is hungry it mo'es, and when it doesn't say anything, it is because the stomach is full of food.”

Prize Poem Competition

THIS week the selection of the prize poem proved somewhat arduous, as a considerable amount of meritorious work was received. Our final choice rested on “A Tribute to Mount Cook” by J.R., and we think our readers will appreciate these dignified stanzas which reflect something of the aloof loveliness of the greatest peak of the Southern Alps. S.E.F.-J. commendably breaks new ground, and we reserve her rollicking lines for further consideration next week.

“Oh Mack” in her truant verses tells of a ramble in a roadster, the driver of which is a dreamer of dreams, possessed of a roving eye which misses nothing of the lovely detail of the open road.
 “The World Around Us”: Too long, too diffuse for our pages.
 “Doreen”: We hope to print your topical lines.
 “Sonnet”: A creditable effort, not quite up to standard.
 “Margaret B.”: We admire the idea in your small poem, expressed with an admirable economy of words.
 “Lewisham”: Your lay of a Lost Town, quaint, wistful and imaginative, is too lengthy and descriptive for our purposes.
 “John Storm's” verses invariably appeal, and “Spring Song” is no exception. We hope space for it will be found some time.
 “Lucrece”: No, thank you. Your style emphatically is not ours.
 F.J.L.: Too scattered in thought and expression. Try to condense. Take Barrie's advice to a would-be litterateur: “Concentrate, concentrate, though your coat-tails are on fire!”

A Tribute to Mount Cook

Your God-wrought peak that stands alone
 Defies the warring ages;
 Against your icy brow has blown
 The futile blast which ne'er has shown
 A trace upon your glist'ning throne
 From battles that it wages.

Your Titan ramparts deep are scarred
 By cliff and grim rock masses,
 Where virgin snow-fields lie unmarred,
 Where threat'ning ice-walls stand on guard,
 While gleaming glaciers are starred
 And slashed by blue crevasses.

With gentle kiss the lightest cloud
 Your cheek may be caressing,
 Or blizzard's icy-fingers shroud
 Yet leaves your hoary head unbowed,
 Invincible, unbeaten, proud,
 Your kingship well expressing.

—J.R.

A WITCHING hour was spent in the studio of 2YA on the night of the first broadcast of the performance of the Wanganui Maori Party. Those fortunate enough to be present found it a remarkable experience to hear and see these artists in blood-curdling haka, melodious song and chorus, and watch the graceful, whispering dance of swaying poi maidens. We brought away an impression, on the one hand, of primitive, whirling emotion translated into wild dance and gesture; and on the other of that appealing simplicity and gentleness so characteristic of the race. A solemn hymnal was infinitely touching in memory of fallen comrades, and a requiem to the late Sir Maui Pomare a fitting tribute to the dead statesman. Afterwards a melodious-voiced stalwart, in full war-paint, sang “Home, Little Maori” and “Waiata Poi,” while good old “Home, Sweet Home” was rendered by a singer whose lovely quality of voice made it yet again the song that reached our hearts. The leader of the party provided himself an irresistible dynamo of energy, verve and aplomb, and focused attention when flourishing an enviable greenstone mere, he made dashing debut in a horrific haka. One fascinating ensemble, in which the entire company took part, was a medley of whirling motion, picturesque grouping and stirring ejaculation; while in front of this fascinating farrago subtly moved a Maori maid, her dark glance aloof, one slender hand clasping greenstone charm, the other uplifted as though in incantation. Backward and forward across the foreground she passed, colourful, and remote as some sinuous Eastern beauty pictured by Dulac in illustration of the Rubaiyat. An unusual and memorable evening, bringing a sigh for the memory of those who fell by the wayside, and a smile of hope for the future of this gallant and poetic race.—“Annabel.”