

GRETA GARBO, the talented actress at present appearing in the screen version of "Anna Christie," is Swedish born. She was first "discovered" at the Royal Dramatic School in Stockholm, and soon afterwards was invited to Hollywood by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer combination. In her first talking picture, "Anna Christie," Greta Garbo has scored a real triumph. It is a triumph of personality, for she has no expensive clothes or exotic scenes to help her out, and the character she portrays is absolutely different from those which have made her a popular favourite of the past. The world was watching, ready to criticise, but the only fault it could find in those deep, slightly husky tones was the faint touch of Americanism, which no amount of elocution can entirely eliminate. In passing it may be added that although Miss Garbo lives in Hollywood, she keeps aloof from the notorious extravagances of that much-discussed city.—"Fan."

"I THINK you will be interested in the following little experiment," writes a correspondent to the "Radio Times" (the organ of the British Broadcasting Co.). "I wondered if I could arrange a nightingale duet, the two songsters being many miles apart. Accordingly, when the B.B.C. nightingale struck up the other night, I waited until the last strain of the dance band had faded out completely, and I then quietly opened the window and got the loudspeaker on the sill. Up till then a profound stillness had enfolded the countryside. The B.B.C. nightingale had not sung many notes before our nightingale joined in. He usually sings in a tree a short distance from the house, and sings his duets with other birds further away in the woods. Last night, however, he came right into the orchard, and at times it was impossible to decide which bird was which. Our little singer thoroughly enjoyed himself, and was carolling away joyously long after I had switched off and retired to bed."—"Music."

DURING the recent wet weather and every sort of umbrella has been pressed into service. One day last week a girl in a tramcar was heard bemoaning the fact that her best umbrella had blown inside out the day before, and she was reduced to using a light-coloured one which was anything but weatherproof. Immediately one of those kindly souls who seem to have a remedy for everything, and don't mind letting the world know it, gave tongue, "Try squeezing a small quantity of liquid court-plaster over the worn parts from the inside of the umbrella," she announced. "It won't show on a light-

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coloured cover, and will make it quite waterproof." We all made a mental note of this interesting bit of information, and I pass it on for what it is worth.—"Handy."

DOES the modern girl enjoy too much freedom? There is a bitter controversy raging on this subject in many English journals, but on the whole people seem to answer the question in the negative. I quote a few opinions:—

"Too much freedom is better than not enough, for, with the perversity of human nature, the gift that falls readily into their hands is never used to the

too much freedom. To achieve individuality, freedom is a necessity, and there is nothing the world is more in danger of than standardisation."—B.C.

THE recent cold weather recalls that a friend who had spent some time in Western Canada told me what a good time was enjoyed by the Canadian farmers, and the manner in which they keep their dwellings warm in winter. Everyone works very hard for about seven months in the year; then when the "freeze-up" comes—which lasts from four to five months—no more outside work being possible, and all

... The Amazing Movies ...

(Written in a frenzy after reading a number of cinema advertisements.)

'FAIN would I to the movies hie me,
Come, let's look what a bob will buy me.
What shall it be now? Let me see, now—
"Love in the Desert," "The Poisoned Kiss,"
"Whirled in the Vortex"—Ah! What's this?
"A Heart-throbbing, red-blooded super-attraction,
A throat-gripping, soul-tearing drama of action,
Enthralling, appalling, a whirlwind of fashion,
Powerfully pulsing with Primitive Passion,
Scenes simply seething with Molten Emotion,
Tragedy, Love and Heroic Devotion,
Triumphant, tremendous, terrific and thrilling,
Seats (including the tax) two and two and a shilling.
Gosh! That's a stunner, but not very restful;
Now, here's "Fanny's Folly," that sounds rather zestful.
"A laughable, lovable, side-splitting happy-thing,
A frolicsome, rollicsome, farcical snappy-thing;
A corking concomitant, gorgeously gigglesome,
Fizzling with funnyness, screamingly ticklesome,
Ten chuckles a foot and a laugh to a line,
Hits on your funnybone hard every time,
Three rollicsome reels!"—Oh, quite enough said,
I'm feeling exhausted, I'm going to bed.

—"Brer Rabbit."

full." On the other hand we hear: "The modern girl in her teens has the makings of a very fine woman, and we are hardly fair to her in allowing her quite so much freedom from home restraints, before she is old enough to have a true sense of values." Let us end on a philosophic note: "I do not think that the modern girl is allowed

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the lower part of the house, which is built of wood, to about two feet from the ground. This freezes into a firm, thick wall, excluding wind and cold, and keeps the house snug and warm in winter.—Nada.

A NURSE tells a good hospital radio story. A Scottish patient in desperate plight, asked, as a kind of dying wish, to hear the bagpipes over the air, once more before he departed this life. The position was explained to the broadcast station by the nurse, at the suggestion of the medical director. The station director, kindly soul, put on a bagpipe gramophone record specially for the dying Scotsman. Next morning the doctor asked whether Sandy has passed away peacefully, his wish having been granted. "No," said the nurse, "Sandy has not died. He is recovering, but most of the other patients are worse, and seven died during the night!"—Iconoclast.

THERE is a world of truth in the following comment by a Melbourne writer: "Because you do not naturally possess one of the slender figures that grace the front page of fashion journals, it is not necessary to confine your diet to raw cabbage, carrot, wholemeal cakes, and water. In fact, nowadays one need exercise very little self-denial to attain the slim, youthful figure. Salads may be served in a dozen ways, disguised so you would never recognise them. All you need to do is to spend a little time and thought as to the arrangement of the meal. The main reason why so many people fail to maintain their resolution to refrain from eating fattening foods, is not so much that the forbidden foods are tempting, as that the diet they would set themselves is most unattractive."—"Rational."

A PARTICULARLY interesting personality now visiting New Zealand is Mrs. Russell Jackson, wife of Captain Jackson, of the steamer City of Khartoum. Mrs. Jackson is famous as a sculptor in Europe, America and Australia, and has sculptured such celebrities as the late Emperor of Japan, the King of Siam, President Hoover, Mr. Lloyd George, Ghandi, and "Bobby" Hughes. She is soon to hold exhibitions of her work in Melbourne, London, and New York.

Adventure has loomed largely in her life, and during the war she was imprisoned in Russia by the Bolsheviks. Other adventures include a voyage as a stowaway on a Japanese tramp steamer and a trek across Portuguese West Africa. She is now voyaging round the world with her husband on his steamer. Altogether a most interesting and accomplished person.—"Rolling Stone."

THEY have been having a torrid summer in Vienna, and the municipality installed a huge battery of electric lights in the public baths, on the lawn and dressing halls for night bathing up till 10 o'clock. Crowds of city girls from shops, stuffy workshops and offices, who cannot have a dip in the daytime, flock nightly to the baths.

HOUSEWIVES in Northern Ulster, Ireland, were a few weeks ago able to purchase potatoes at 7 pence a bushel and butter at 12 pence halfpenny a pound. This was all very well for the public, but what about the farmers!