

I HAVE read the play "Journey's End." I have been enthralled by its presentation on the legitimate stage, and recently I visited the Regent Theatre in Wellington to see the film production of Mr. Sherriff's remarkable and moving story of life in the trenches during the Great War, with its terrible concomitants of mud, physical exhaustion, privation, and hardship that would seem incredible were it not that our sons and brothers lived and died amid just such conditions.

The picture is a fine and artistic rendering by an excellent British cast. Here is no war mongering; just a tale of men, some of them little more than boys, gallantly doing their duty and "sticking it out," if need be, to the end. Nothing is extenuated, and certainly nought set down in malice by "Bob" Sherriff, much of the original play having been compiled from letters he wrote home to his mother when he himself was in the fighting zone. Here, one imagined, was something to make youthful even the loud ebullience of youth in this year of our Lord, and raise in older hearts reminiscent and sorrowful pride in the valour of our race. How did it affect that huge audience? It proved itself, in its own colloquial phrase, to be "tickled to death."

After preliminary and audible chatting, much fidgeting and rustling, through the rousing music of old fighting tunes of more than a decade ago,



there was a contented settling down to what obviously was regarded as an evening's hilarity. It is true that in the play the comedy is excellent; but it is merely a foil to the stark tragedy of that dreary dugout, so near to the enemy line, with its darkly etched background of ominous sky flecked with crimson vapour, as an occasional shell shrieks its way through the deadly quiet.

Here men move before us in cheery disregard of the horrible conditions; Raleigh, fresh from the playing ground of school; the beloved Osborne; officer and cockney; with their magnificent bluff and gaiety in the face of imminent extinction. How was it all received? The drollery of Mason and the inimitable Trotter was welcomed with shrieks of delight—I say it advisedly—the yelps and roars of mirth being obviously checked with difficulty, and not always with success, when tense moments came that not even that particu-

lar audience could altogether ignore. I do not often visit picture theatres, and found myself wondering if the habitués thereof forget days and weeks and months when "we who are left" watched and waited for news of just such men as are depicted in the film, men who went through just such a hell in orders that others, "even as you and me," might live. Have they taught their children that lesson of epical self-

ly repressed spurts of laughter in and out of season made me gather together my hat, my gloves, and my opinions, halfway through the programme, and mumbling, like the elephant in the "Just-So" story, "This is too much for me!" I left them to it. I could not witness "Journey's End" in such a company.—H.V.L.

APROPOS of spelling, a young girl friend of mine became engaged to a young man who, though he had a fair education, was a most atrocious speller.

EVERYBODY in Fleet Street knows that horse-racing is immeasurably the most interesting topic to the generality of male Britons. At least nine out of every ten would rather read an article on Three-Year-Old Form by "Knowall of Newmarket" than anything by Bernard Shaw at his brilliant best.—A. P. Garland in "Time and Tide."

### TRIOLET

When I'm alone—how could  
you guess?—

I have two cups of tea. And  
lay

The cloth two two. And I  
confess

I dream you're there. How  
could you guess

Your loving's caused such  
deep distress?

I have two cups of tea, and  
play

You're there with me. How  
could you guess

Your place beside my own I  
lay?

—Diana Seymour.

I was staying with the young lady for a few days. She told me her people did not thing Jack half "cultured" enough for her, and she was in a great state because she had lost one of his letters, and did not want it to be found and Jack's spelling to be criticised. Then she burst out laughing, "Why, he called me a dear little 'angle' in it," she said. "But," I pointed out, "I know none of your people would be so mean as to read it if they did find it." "Oh, I'm not afraid of that," she said. "I'm afraid some outsider might pick it up and send it to the museum, and they'll see it there!"—Becky.

HOW many of us realise what a friend we have in ordinary putty? The time, for instance, that Tommy had a sharp nail in his boot sole we didn't notice it till he had gouged a hole in the most noticeable part of the new kitchen lino. Another time, when, through illness, father acted as cook, he dropped the heavy fork on the porcelain top of the electric range. It left a spot, minus enamel. These wireless cabinets, too, the wood is generally so soft and easily bruised. And the concrete floor of the back porch, there was a hole coming there. . . . A one-pound tin of putty (purchased at any hardware store) will rectify countless troubles other than those mentioned. I colour it any shade I wish with oil paint—a small tube of artists' oil colour in the required shade for anything special. For stained furniture I use walnut sapolin, and sometimes give a brush over with it when the putty is set in. Should the putty be too wet to use by the time it is dark enough, just put it on brown paper and leave a few days. The paper will absorb the surplus oil. Be sure to press the holes well full, excluding all air to make a good job.—Constance.

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