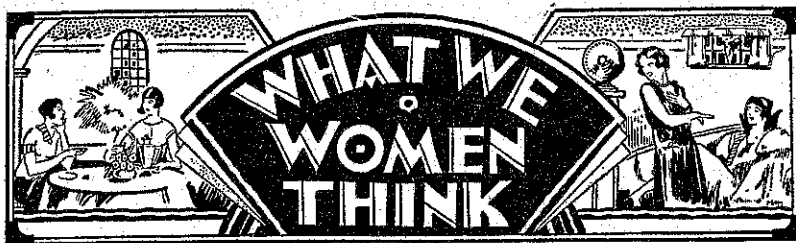


ALTHOUGH not perhaps specially calculated to appeal to the feminine mind, with its illimitable expanse of sheer cold ice, I must confess that I enjoyed to the fullest Byrd's picture as now running in the Capital City. There is less of the flamboyant Americanism that is so unpopular, and more of the steady scientific record of an outstanding performance. The film leaves the impression of a wonderful co-operation of organising capacity, backed by all the money required. Mental comparison need only be made with the circumstances under which poor Scott trudged to the Pole. It is refreshing to note that Byrd pays tribute to Scott as being his boyhood hero. Byrd's face is appealing in its calm strength, but I must admit that I found his voice in his introduction very monotonous in its one pitch and tone. But perhaps one can't expect a great adventurer to be also an orator, and Byrd's accent is ten thousand times better than that of the ordinary movie performer, for which praise be! He speaks highly of New Zealand, remarking that they came to this country regarding us as their cousins, and left feeling that we were brothers. My husband at this point expressed the hope that they would show a little more brotherly love in their tariff adjustments. Isn't it like a man to think of the financial side?—Francesca.



THE effect of the Spelling Bee is reviewed in this item which has reached us: "After being placed among the 'also rans' I wended my way to our domiciliary edifice and, reaching my room by means of a stairway of cochleate design, sat down in a somewhat hypochondriacal state of mind to soliloquise on the value of the study of philology, etymology and, last but not least, orthoepy. After a brief period I was aroused by the entrance of an old friend, an erudite Welsh professor of geology. He was excited over the discovery of an area of loess, of some fossilised deposits of a monotonous composition, some of which were trendled, others ophiomorphic, and others of boustropheton design. There were also fossilised flowers of papveraceous origin, and remnants of weapons, about which he postulated the hypotheses, without hyperbole, that the original owners were pachydermatous individuals with anthropophagous tendencies. Finding that his discourse tended to obfuscate my intellectual vision, I became obsessed with caloethes, and asked if he were interested in rhypparography, and, if so, to give an epegegetical example. Although usually of an elcmosynary disposition, he apparently regarded my remark as quite supervacaneous, and replied in a stentorophonic voice in the negative. Desiring to restore his

equanimity I asked him to tell me about his native heath. He commenced by: "I was born at Llanfalfwllwgwyngll-gogerychwyrndrobwilllantysiliogogoch!" Whew! That really applied the operculum, or, to descend to the vernacular, 'put the lid on.' A pressure on my left shoulder, and a gentle voice whispered, 'Don't you think you would sleep more comfortably in your bed?' I readily agreed.—No. 17."

Life's Dusty Road

I travel along the road
As all men must!
Footsore, weary and worn,
And my throat is choked with
dust.

While wandering wearily,
As most men do,
I think of hills to be climbed...
And wish that I were through.

I long for Peace on that Dusty
Road,
For the shade of a green-leaved
tree;
And the cry of my soul, as I
journey on,
Is Sanctuary!... Sanctuary!
—E. M. FRAME.

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YOU will remember the little incident I cited last week of the young girl, who, confined to her bed, was so much enlivened by radio. The sequel occurred two days later. The unfortunate child had been in great pain again and even the wireless could not properly lift her out of herself. She was listlessly listening to the sessions without taking any particular interest when the children's hour and its greetings came along. This brought back memories of the happy experience she had had, and she perceptibly brightened. The birthdays came and went and the session was almost closed. The aunt had called her last birthday when, without warning, "Are you there, little —," mentioning this youngster's name. Then followed one unholy yell (I cannot describe it otherwise), "Mum, quick." Mother and father rushed in to see their child sitting up with flushed and excited face, and her hair wildly shaken, tensely listening. There was a special greeting for her in which both aunt and uncle participated.

That greeting was a better tonic

than the doctor could prescribe, and what had previously threatened to be a restless night was turned to one of comfort and ease.—Gwendolyn.

THE swing of fashion is developing a curious revival of interest in everything Victorian. "Punch" recently had a cartoon depicting the confusion of thought engendered in an elderly habitue of Ascot when gazing at the pronouncedly Victorian backs of his lady friends. His thought that he was back in the days of his grandmother, however, was scattered on seeing the same fair ladies face to face—for there was an opacity and a shimmering display of silk-clad limb about the front view which no Victorian style could ever have permitted. On the stage no up-to-date revues are complete without a Victorian ballet, while in the ballroom even debutantes feel incomplete without those heavy golden bracelets of bygone days encircling their wrists. Perhaps we can do with some little of the dignity of Victorian days as a corrective of the jazz outlook of recent times.—Rosella.

A SERIES of articles on "The Plays that Women Like," by St. John Ervine in the London "Sunday Observer," has provided frank discussion of the attitude of the modern woman to sex plays. In the mass of correspondence received from women the frank confession is made that such plays are appreciated as providing a definite source of information and outlook on phases of life which in the past were all too guiltily hidden—and by the very fact of being hidden given an importance to which they were not entitled. One correspondent signing herself "A Middle-aged Spinster" said that a woman obtained vicarious satisfaction from the performance of sex plays. "For the time being she is the girl in love, in distress, in difficulties, as the case may be, and as such experiences her rapture, her despair, and her troubles in a comfortable sort of way. I think the sexual satisfaction gives her definite pleasure without any disagreeable after-effects." A paragraph in a review by Ivor Brown (another well-known reviewer) of a couple of plays of what he called "The Bad Girls of the Family" type, rather amused me.

"What must strike a modern most strongly," he wrote, "about these bad girl plays of the past is the ungoverned lust for chastity." At some time in the history of mankind this obsession overtook us and the neurosis was intensified by the sickly broodings of celibate priests whose method of self-compensation for unnatural repression was ferociously to exaggerate the pleasure denied them. Somehow or other there got fixed into human consciousness this extraordinary notion about an act which is by nature brief and often trivial in its accompanying emotional results. A girl might be dirty, lazy, greedy, selfish, and silly, in short utterly worthless and a curse to society, but so long as she remained technically "pure" she could pass for what the Americans call a "near-angel." But suppose that in a fit of absent-mindedness, restlessness, temporary excitement, or mere curiosity (and that is probably the commonest motive), "she 'fell' then no name could be too bad for her, no banishment too severe, no end unjust. What a contrast in outlook and thought is that from the atmosphere of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter."—Amaryllis.

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