AFTER the Wellington War Memorial Carillon was placed in Hyde Park, the makers installed an electric-pneumatic apparatus by means of which the bells could be played. Special hand-playing recitals are frequently given in addition to the mechanical playing of the bells.

"ELECTRIFY and Troubles Fly" is now being taken as the motto for all poultry-farmers. We have only to go a little way out of Wellington to a large poultry farm to see how simple it all is. With the present reasonable charges for electrical energy, and the slight danger of service interruptions, electric service is undoubtedly replacing all other methods of heating incubators and brooders. One chief point is that electricity does not vitiate the air, and it lends itself easily to automatic thermostatic control, and, above all, reduces the chances of fire to a minimum. It was only the other day that two successful poultry-farmers from the Upper Hutt district called to see me. They were telling me how much more time they had now everything was modernised and up to date on their farm. The use of electrically-heated incubators saves so much work in caring for the lamps, especially where a large amount of hatching is done. They found it an advantage to use the 500-egg size instead of the mammoth size, if they did not want to hatch every week, and a further advantage was the ease of disinfecting against infectious diseases after each hatch. Their words of praise for the electrically-heated brooder could not be high enough. It appears that in the brooder stage of a chick's life equality of temperature is almost as important as in the incubator period. This is why the thermostatically-controlled brooder is essential, and though it is an extra expense it is well worth it for one's peace of mind. It is not a difficult matter to fit electric heaters to existing brooders. Information will be given inquirers.—Yours, **ALISON.**

Prize Poem Competition

THE prize of half a guinea this week is awarded to D.P. for hauntingly lovely lines entitled "Treasure." We feel sure the work of this contributor will find many admirers among those who respond to poetic outlook coupled with fascinating phraseology. Selected for commendation are the verses of A.N.I.C., which, though not so completely rounded out as the prize-winning poem, possess appealing charm, and we hope, if space permits, to publish the wistful lines dedicated to "Youth."

"Becky" writes with freshness and verve of the winding tracks of the backblocks and her "little punga shack." She has the true touch.

"Life's Like That" voices reflections on this topsy-turvy world with some facility, but the repetitive line ending each verse is ineffective.

"Olympus" copes with an immense theme with reverence and originality, using the difficult form of blank verse with some success.

"When the Skies are Grey" insists on silver lining apt to be forgotten amid "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," but the lines fail to impress.

"Maid of Athens": Your burning and yearning verses do not scan.

"Jonathan": "To a Skylark" fails to recapture the first fine careless rapture of an earlier poem inspired by the same "blithe spirit."

"Abe" laments wintry wind that shatters the "darling buds" of spring This effort shows evidence of the immaturity of youth, but in careful phrasing suggests "the best is yet to be" in the work of our contributor.

"Foursquare": Alliterative, statistical and portentious. We assume higher mathematics to be more in your line than poetic musings.

"Man of Devon": Verbal gymnastics with a revolutionary trend.

TREASURE

THERE are remembered things,
Strange, lovely things,
Not for the hands,
But for the heart to hold.
Dark trees, lanterned with gold
By sunset, seabirds' wings.
Still pools that lie
Brimmed with dark water
Filled with stars.
Pale evening sky,
And sunset bars
Swept by the coloured ebb
Of day withdrawn.
White foam that spills
Over the cloudy weirs of dawn,
Far purple hills.
Moonlight and starlight,
Shadow, wind and shower,
And rain-wet flower,
When winds are grey
And no bird sings,
These things I ponder—
Lovely things.

—D.P.

House Planning

The Ideal Kitchen

AN ideal kitchen should be light and airy, and as it is essentially woman's domain, and a place where much of her time is spent catering for the needs of the family, should be made not only attractive, but space should be used to save as many steps as possible. One I have in mind at the moment seems to fit the case.

At one end is a wide casement window, from which one gets a pretty peep of the harbour, and underneath this window is a seat which can be folded up into the wall when not in use. The wall to the right of the window has a broom cupboard and a table which can be let down in front of the seat, and the shelves behind used for china or any other purpose for which a cupboard is needed.

To the left of the window is the cooler, or food cupboard, which reaches from floor to ceiling, the air circulating through gratings built in the outer wall at top and bottom. The cooler is provided with slatted shelves which can be taken out to be scrubbed.

Opposite the window is an electric range over which is a vent for the escape of steam and the smell of cooking, and a rack for drying kitchen cloths. On each side of the range are cupboards from floor to ceiling, those on the right having a space between through which is a servery to the dining room. Between the servery and the cooler runs the bench with porcelain sink, above which is an inset cupboard for soap, etc. Underneath the bench are drawers, and bins for flour, sugar, cake, and bread, all of which are tin lined, and these linings can be taken out to be cleaned.

The woodwork in this kitchen is white enamelled, and the floor is laid with rubber tiles in blue and gray. An easy chair of blue cane for the busy housewife to take an occasional rest completes the picture.

Spring in Our Gardens

Occupy the Odd Minutes

DURING these dark and stormy days it has been hard indeed to believe that spring is really here, but so it is; and if we wish our gardens to do justice to the loveliest of all seasons we must snatch at every chance to do a little in the garden.

I am often amazed to find how many of my women friends think that it is useless to attempt to do anything in the garden unless they have at least a half day to give to the work, yet the more I garden the more I am convinced that it is the half-hours, nay, even the odd minutes, spent among the flowers that go farthest to produce good results.

My friends admire my garden greatly, and exclaim at the work and time it must absorb, yet I am sure that most of my success is due to the habit I have formed of "pottering" round my favourite plants, while my afternoon tea kettle boils.

So many of our suburban gardeners fail to get results from their work because they garden in spasms. They will spend a week-end in hard work in the garden, plant out a number of plants from the nurseryman, and then put away their tools with a sigh of relief, and a feeling that if the garden does not repay their labours with a gorgeous display of blooms it will be ungrateful indeed.

But nothing of the kind happens. The winds, for which our land is justly famed, sweep over the soil, forming a hard crust, and the poor little plants, too often sold fresh from the artificial shelter of the greenhouse, make little or no headway. Meanwhile the old lady next door, who gardens most unscientificially, and is always poking about with a broken dinner knife, has a far finer display of flowers than the poor one who nearly broke his back last month and covered his hands with blisters. Let us, then, remember that with plants (as with women) it is the constant small attentions that count.