

HARMONY between colour and perfume in your rooms is a charming idea for your new house. For instance, if your sitting-room is a dream of soft rose-patterned silk and chintz, have a jar of some old-world pot-pourri to give out the faint perfume of roses. Faded rose and carnation petals, lemon thyme, marjoram and rosemary will produce an elusive and delicious scent. For a bedroom in mauve and grey lavender suggests itself—tiny sachets hidden among the linen and cushions and laid among the contents of the drawers. Toilet accessories, such as soap, bath salts, powder, can all be bought nowadays with the required perfume, and all these combined fragrances will make your house a joy to live in.

FORTY is not the menace that it once was (says Ursula Bloom in the "Queen"). It ought to be the perfect age. Forty has learnt the exquisite delight of simplicities as compared with the complications of modern life. It knows that no ball can ever be as charming as the garden at home on a summer's day afternoon; no banquet so delightful as quiet tea with the ones you love beside you; no cocktail party so thrilling as a serene conversation with one person for whom you really care. If you have staked your all on giddiness and chance, on fun and froth, then forty will be frightening. It is good-bye to much of that. If you are a serious thinker and look forward to a time when you will have the leisure to appreciate good books, the best music, art and higher thought, then forty will be the latchkey to all that life holds best for you.—Dorothy.

ELECTRICITY is doing everything it can nowadays to preserve beauty and health. All modern lighting fittings are designed for attractiveness as well as to rest and preserve the sight. Much use is being made of obscured rippled glass—the glass being cloudy and of a slightly rough texture. By this means a soft light shines through the glass, and the upward directed light is reflected back from walls and ceiling. In a great many of the new theatres, buildings and tea rooms in Wellington we see these lights hanging from the ceiling in three or four-decker formation, with metal supports of oxidised silver of conventional design. This metal softens the hardness of the angular panels above. Some ceiling lights are composed of a number of overlapping up-standing petals, which are held together by a decorative metal ring.

LAST year the woman president of the French Household Organisation League complained bitterly of the unnecessary labour and loss of time caused by the type of house which male architects design. The English housewife is certainly better off as regards labour-saving devices, but these are too often installed as an after-thought in a work-creating house. The idea of using porcelain, aluminium, nickel and similar substances instead of material which attracts dirt, has been taken up by the modern architect only comparatively recently. However, the increasing number of women architects should make the real labour-saving house a rule instead of an exception.—Yours,

ALISON.

Prize Poem Competition

THE prize of half a guinea this week is awarded to "Basbleu" for skilful verses dedicated to the memory of that "tenderest of Roman poets," whose imperishable achievement has survived the passing of two thousand years. The winning poem is away from the beaten track over which Pegasus plods in much of the work we receive, and is an arresting and thoughtful tribute to the continuity of the influence of genius. Although not up to winning standard, we commend "Mount Sefton," by J.R., for able and reverent voicing of the loveliness of the wild New Zealand landscape. "Pan" carols of "flowers and a whiff of the sea" gracefully enough, but we do not care for the repetitive last line.

S.E.F.J. adjures her fellow-creatures, individually and in bulk, to "Keep Smiling," her verses thus optimistically concluding—
"Just keep smiling and your smile
Perchance may strike some hero's glance."

Why not practise the Mona Lisa smile?

J.V.W. exhorts to faith and courage along life's dusty road, and longs for a golden key to unlock the mystery of the future. A human sentiment, but his verses are undistinguished.

C.S.: Yours was an interesting letter. Although in the sheaf of poems you send none quite reaches the standard required for the prize, your work shows definite facility, and also that imaginative vision essential to poetic expression. From much that is attractive we select for special commendation "Contentment Trail" and the quaint and sweet "Chrysanthemums." We may be able to use the last-named.

Orlando: Twenty minutes in a taxi on a moonlight night would appear to have had a disturbing effect on this poetaster, who sends us some washy verses concerning his companion in that Taxi for Two.

Mary of Argyle: Phrasing and punctuation conspicuous for their eccentricity. The Minstrel: Robust and plain-spoken, but not poetry of either ancient or modern variety.

John Storm: Sorry we have no space for your charming Villanelle.

Prester John: Smooth and plausible, but observation inaccurate.

Ode to Virgil

On the Two Thousandth Anniversary of his Birthday

*TWO thousand fleeting years have sped away
Since thou, immortal poet, the earth did'st greet,
And all the silent gods of night and day
Laid gifts of glory at thy infant feet.
Two thousand years! Yet still the living fire
Of thy deep soul burns bright and steadfastly;
And still thy rolling harmonies inspire
Our lesser poets to immortality.*

*Thy heroes live, though Roman glory dies;
Immortal in thy words their great deeds flame.
And fair Elysian fields of Paradise
Shine with the secret splendour of thy name.
The world the mem'ry of her golden days,
Her age of laughing youth, through thee keeps bright—
But who with faltering tongue can sing thy praise
When Time and Death stand hushed before thy might!*

—BASBLEU.

Home Economics

Advice to Housewives

ONE afternoon each week all the New Zealand stations broadcast a home science talk for the benefit of women listeners. Being prepared by the Home Science Extension Department of Otago University, these talks are both authoritative and entertaining.

On Wednesday, September 24, Professor A. G. Strong, head of this de-

partment, will herself broadcast a talk from 4YA, the subject being "Home Economics." This talk will later be broadcast from the other stations as well.

Improve Your Cooking

Valuable Series of Lectures

LISTENERS are very fortunate indeed that a lecturer with the experience of Mr. Frank Hilton, who broadcasts from 2YA, is available. Mr. Hilton, who started the factory of a well-known series of cake shops, has had experience over twenty-five years. At the early age of 21 Mr. Hilton, with 700 competitors in the field, won the prize awarded by the Master Bakers and Confectioners, England, for the best loaf. During his career he has conducted the query columns of the technical publication "The Baker and

*A radio uncle was broadcasting birth-days and good advice at the same time—
"Well, Betty, do you want to get a strong girl? I am sure you do. Then you must not take the milk the doctor ordered you."
Wouldn't doctor be pleased!*

Confectioner," so that he is in the position to answer all the questions that listeners are likely to put to him.

On Monday afternoons he broadcasts from 2YA, and is engaged upon a series of lectures that will take listeners deep into the art of good cooking. The first series dealt with the art and methods of cooking in general. Each successive Monday he will take some particular item and deal with it fully. His next lecture will deal with "Pastry, Puff and Short, and Lemon Curd."

The lecturer is proud of the fact that all his recipes are original, and so listeners and readers can be assured that no untried recipe is being given.

Mr. Hilton has decided music talent and conducts a private Wellington orchestra.

Be Warned!

I HAVE an electric kettle, I have. There is no flaunting pride in this statement. I say it as a man might say, "I have an imbecile aunt," or "I done it."

When the man sold it to me he said: "All you have to do is to plug it in, and there you are." You just plug it in. Oh yes. But the man who put the plug into my house was one of those people who get up "Treasure Hunts" at garden parties.

To plug in our electric kettle you dive under the piano, take the first on the right, third on the left and leap the coal-scuttle. Then in pitch darkness you grope for the plug with the little gadget they fix on the end of the flex. When visitors arrive we say: "Could you tell a few short stories while we boil our kettle?" —Jack Wilde in the "Daily Sketch."

Readers, be warned by this example. Have plenty of hot-points and have them in accessible places.

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