

THERE is in existence a "magic box." This is an instrument invented some years ago by an American doctor, by means of which he claimed to be able to diagnose and treat disease through electric wave reactions. Each disease was numbered, and the doctor turned knobs on a dial until the "reaction" indicated the presence of a particular disease. Needless to say, there has been tremendous controversy over this mysterious box, and certain of its performances have puzzled expert committees set up to investigate its claims. Two London physicians are now engaged in writing a book on the detection of disease, and it is possible that this may throw some new light on the matter, and open up a fresh field for the employment of electricity in medicine.

THE Carl Rosa Opera Company recently carried out an interesting experiment at the Strand Theatre, London, when they supplied the audience with slips and asked them to vote for their favourite opera. The result was rather surprising to those who know the conservative operatic taste of the English public—the first three operas being all Wagner's. "The Flying Dutchman" was well ahead of the rest, followed by "Siegfried" and "Tannhauser." The demand for Wagnerian opera has been enormous recently, not only in London, but in the provinces, and is not confined to one class. Working men and girls will cheerfully go without their supper to sit through operas like "Rheingold," which last for anything from four to six hours on the stage. In this connection it is interesting to note that Mr. Alfred Walmsley, who produces opera for 4YA, has had a long connection with this company.

A YOUNG man who was feeling out of sorts went to his medical adviser to discover the cause and the cure. "What's your breakfast, young man?" asked the doctor. "Oh, just the usual thing, bacon and eggs, bread and butter, and two cups of tea." "H'm! How do you like your bacon—fat or lean? Lean? I thought so. And do you put plenty of butter on your bread?" "Don't get the chance. They're pretty close with the butter at the boardinghouse." "Well, listen to me," said the doctor. "For everybody four foodstuffs are essential—flesh-forming foods, fats, starches, and mineral salts. Now, you are leaving out almost all the fatty principles in your food, and most of the mineral salts, which contain the necessary vitamin. Suppose you try starting with an orange—this gives you plenty of one vitamin, and at the same time sets the digestive juices going. Follow this up with a plate of porridge and milk—that will give you fats and starches and flesh-forming foods. Add an egg and some bread with all the butter you can get, and your meal will have twice the nutritive value it had before." "What about tea, doctor?" asked the patient longingly. "Tea and coffee are only stimulants, not a 'food,'" replied the older man sternly. "And now be off—I have a heavy day's work ahead of me. Good-bye!"

—ALISON.

Prize Poem Competition

THE prize of half a guinea this week is awarded to A.N.I.C. for two small poems, entitled "Twilight" and "Youth"; no single poem of those contributed being of sufficiently outstanding merit for selection as winner. The large number of contributions received, many coming from remote districts ranging from North Auckland to Central Otago, are of good average merit, some of them revealing conspicuous powers of meticulous observation and delight in our lovely land, quite often allied with genuine poetic flair. Selected for commendation is "Sanctuary," which, though not achieving winning standard, is musically phrased and expresses with considerable charm an acute consciousness of beauty.

"Miree": Your poem of sunshine and colour when the world is young appeals, but the last verses are not so good as the first four.

"Your Eyes" is a musically-worded tribute to a pearl of a girl. It just misses.

"Native Bush": April would have been a more suitable month for your hymn of remembrance; but in any case, though we accord with the sentiment, we find your verse form faulty.

"Lucibel Lee's" sheaf of easily flowing songlets mostly concern the beauty around and about us, concerning which she employs an attractive vocabulary to voice sensitive response to colour and movement of "peacock coloured bays," "emerald tapestry of trees" and "gardens murmurous of bees."

"Mother's Little Lamb": Far too long. Contributors must not send more than 25 lines, and in any case your amusing skit would gain immensely by greater brevity of expression.

"Wild Rose": We like your small musical monologue. Though your work is not up to winning standard, and may never be, your intuitive observation and sense of words are worthy of encouragement.

"Quietude": An impression of nature in tranquillity, by a dreamer who drowns in a pastel-tinted landscape.

"Felix": Each line carefully worded, but whole effect obscure.

"Carry On": Try a sporting paper with these rousing lines.

"Prester John": Your dry chuckle anent current events is droll and topical, but outside our province.

"Ariadne": Sound and fury that gets you nowhere.

TWILIGHT

WE spoke your name in the dusk to-night,
When the world was red in the dim half-light,
When the seething breakers were laced with foam,
And the shrieking gulls went wheeling home.
Strange . . . that the world went just the same
When we on the hill-top said your name,
Strange . . . that the Night pursued the Day,
When he knew that you were away . . . away.
The dim mist vanished, the air was clear,
The wind went singing, the sky seemed near,
The sea-gulls shrieked in the red half-light,
As we spoke your name in the dusk to-night.

—A.N.I.C.

Don'ts for Safety

DEAR Mabel,—Ever since our childhood days, when mother used to tell you to "find out what Phyllis is doing and tell her to stop," my long-suffering family has been wondering what I would do next. Well, I have bus' loose again, and in a direction that you would have great difficulty in guessing. I have spent every single penny of Aunt Mary's legacy in electrifying the whole house. I mean this figuratively as well as literally, and I have received a budget of advice from that stern brother of mine that would make a persistent young woman like myself want to test everything out to see if he hadn't committed an error of

judgment. Mabel, just listen to what he has told this poor back-block homemaker:—NEVER.

(1) When using an electric jug or kettle, never fill or empty with the current switched on, or the plug—otherwise you will probably ruin and burn out the element.

(2) Electricity and water do not combine well, so to avoid shocks do not handle electric appliances when the power is on with wet hands.

(3) Use your light socket for heating your iron or radiator, it will probably blow a fuse.

Touch or tamper with a blown-out fuse, or change plugs on your appliances. It pays to call in your electrician.

—With much love FUSE.

Modern Home

Difference of Opinion

QUITE naturally, people have radically different ideas about the type of house they would like to live in. To some a modern house planned and equipped to save labour is ideal, but there are, perhaps, just as many who prefer an old house, with the charm which age alone can give. However, this latter home is quite all right to look at and enjoy the idea of its antiquity, but unfortunately our present-day living has made me take electricity as an everyday event, and we only think about it when we are without it, and then it is brought home to us that it is an impossible thing to do without. I had an example of this recently. A friend had a beautiful old home which had been let for years to the same people; it was probably about 30 years or more, but as they were paying an absurdly low rental nothing had been done. However, they left the district and the place was relet. Evidently the new tenants had not noticed that there was no electricity; when they discovered it you would have thought the landlord had committed a crime, and done them the most terrible injustice. The gist of the conversation was as follows:—"Fancy not having a plug for our vacuum-cleaner! Use a candle to go to bed—an unheard of thing! Use gas? Good Gracious! How could we light it? Stand up on a chair? Absurd! What are we going to do about our morning cup of tea without a plug to put our kettle or jug in? Use a Primus! Cut wood for a fire! Man, you don't know what you're talking about. We're living in the twentieth century, not in the time of Noah. Send your electrician at once, and put plugs in every room and lights everywhere so we can see, otherwise we will leave immediately." After hearing about this conversation, I began to think of the men in the City Council's electric department. I suppose, and believe, they have much the same to put up with when lights fuse in a home—people ring up with all impatience as if the greatest hardship possible had happened. Great praise is due to these service men who waste no time in rectifying fuses as soon as the SOS call of "lights out" comes through. Whatever the weather, or whatever the hour, you soon hear their motor-bicycle pulling up outside your gate.

SORE THROAT?

Pulmonas

INVALUABLE PASTILLES

for

QUICK RELIEF

