

WHILE listening-in to 2BL recently, I heard a short, almost casual, message which abounded in human interest. The station was relaying a community sing from one of the city halls and all were in the best of spirits. An entertainer had just presented a more than usually humorous sketch and amid applause the station switched back to the studio. "2BL, Sydney. Back at the studios. We have an important announcement. Volunteers are urgently wanted to undergo a blood transfusion in a serious case at Lewisham Hospital. Would those willing to undertake the transfusion present themselves without loss of time at the main entrance of the Lewisham Hospital." That was all; the next moment we were back at the community singing where the applause for the comedian was still being sustained. Radio had torn two pages from the book of life and had let us see them side by side. I did not hear the result of the appeal, though I imagine there was more than one person at the hospital a few minutes after the broadcast.—Gwendolyn.

AN extraordinary mania has recently afflicted America in the newspaper "silly season." Down in Florida a race developed between tree-sitters to establish world records. Boys of tender years, 10 to 14, set themselves to see which could sit longest in a tree. At first the newspapers gave publicity



to these efforts, but fortunately the better sense of the community began to assert itself, and a gathering of Press people in the State of Florida decided that they would ignore such stupid record-breaking efforts until such time as one or the other of the tree-sitters "fall and break their necks," which fact would then qualify them for appearance in the news.—Sense.

AMERICAN women seem to be very restive of criticism. When the editor of a small paper in El Paso declared that no woman could go ten hours without talking, and bet 10 dollars that no four women could play bridge for two hours without conversation, there was almost an immediate riot in the township. No fewer than 113 irate women at once wrote cancelling their subscriptions. The editor tried to atone for his tactless remark by stating in his next day's paper that "Women don't talk any more than men. It just seems like they do."

This, however, made matters worse. Finally the editor, to save his circulation, was obliged to call personally upon the subscribers who had cancelled subscriptions and make his apologies, but three irate females withstood his honeyed words and one yielded only when he carried a three-pound box of candy to back up his personal apologies. Two still held out, and to them he sent a dozen roses each, while he declared his future policy to be "I

first-rate man, by postponing marriage as long as possible, often approaches it in the end with his facilities crippled by senility, and is thus open to the advances of women whose attractions are wholly meretricious. If he marries at all he must commonly marry badly, for women of genuine merit are no longer interested in him." Mencken is now 49 years of age, and is to be married to Miss Sarah Powell Haardt, a prominent magazine writer. She'll probably have a few heart-to-heart words on that statement before she's through!—Amy.

ACCORDING to a prominent French feminist, the powder box is more important than the ballot box. France is one of the few countries in these days where women have no vote. Mademoiselle Bohin, on returning from a feminist congress at Prague, advises her fellow country women to leave well alone and not to trouble too much about the vote. Her view is that feminism is a question of tact rather than one of politics, and she holds that, although Frenchwomen cannot vote, they have more power and freedom than the women of most other countries. They can enter almost every profession—in fact, can be anything but be judges—and wield in every sphere a power which is all the greater because it is silent and unobtrusive. The Frenchwoman, she says, ought to be very pleased with her present situation and ought to realise that her tact, her taste and her refinement enable her to lead the Frenchman by the nose. She has remained feminine, and the very weaknesses of her sex strengthen her power over men. This is a new point of view regarding Frenchwomen, of whom the general view is that they play an unimportant part in French life.—X.

CANADA is in the peculiar position of both its political leaders on opposite sides being bachelors. The new Prime Minister, Mr. R. B. Bennett, 60 years of age, is a bachelor, and so is his Liberal rival, Mr. Mackenzie King. Both are distinguished lawyers. Our own Prime Minister, Mr. George Forbes, lately in Canada, is faced with the difficult problem of negotiating a tariff agreement with Mr. Bennett. Mr. Bennett has a reputation as a capable orator, with marked loyalty to Empire policies and developments. He however, places the interests of Canada first, naturally enough, and is wedded to a strong Canadian protectionist policy.—Molly O.

Birds of Paradise
THE clouds to-night
Were like great golden
pinions
Of some rare flight
Of birds that hovered high;
As if the winged ones from
Paradise
Had drifted
Within our sight
From the celestial sky. —C.S.

am going to confine my activities to lost dogs, children, and other things that the women won't hop me about." Such an incident seems unthinkable in an English community. In the first place, English newspapers don't attach so much importance to personal columns as in the States, and in the second place, can anyone picture concerted indignation of this type from English women?—Constance.

ACCLAIMED as the world's most slavish and voluble bachelor, H. L. Mencken, well known in America as the editor of the "American Mercury," has at last fallen into matrimony. He has achieved fame throughout several decades by his violet diatribes against the "illy-livered" tribe of married men, combined with lofty views on celibacy and supercilious patronage of matrimony. Mencken sponsored the statement that "first-rate men, when they marry at all, tend to marry noticeably inferior wives. The

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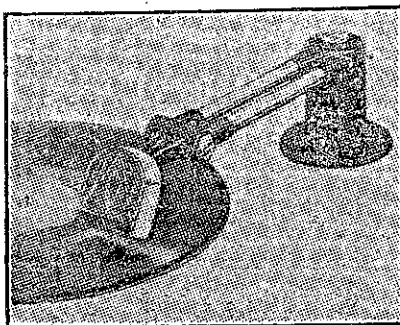
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