

ful voice, and always places his person in such disagreeable proximity with yours, and puffs and blows and spits in your face. I tried to think of Abt Vogler, but it was no use—he couldn't ever have written it."

THE present-day worship of science has led to the invention by an American professor of criminology of a "lie-detector." This rather startling device is a rubber tube which, when wound round the arm of a supposed criminal, registers on a graph the fluctuations of his blood-pressure, thereby indicating when he is lying or when a chance question hits home. Should this device be put on the open market, erring husbands will find life more difficult than ever, but for many there will be the possible compensation of a boom in rubber shares.

AT Tourville, on the Riviera, there is a de luxe hotel complete with casino, tennis courts, swimming pool, two cocktail bars, and a "dog's bar." This last consists of half-a-dozen bowls of water of different shades and sizes, placed outside the main entrance.

ANITA LOOS is rumoured to be writing a "Child's Life of Oscar Wilde." When tackled on the point, she admitted it was true, adding that she had been doing a lot of research work on her subject.

ON few subjects do people write more frequently to the papers than on noisy motor-cycles, and street noises in

general. In this connection an interesting article in the "British Medical Journal" mentions some experiments made recently to discover the effect of noise on human beings. It appears that noise produces a reaction of fear in an infant, raises the blood-pressure of an adult, and may cause the muscles to contract and remain tense for thirty minutes. The experiment is carried out by a meter which converts sound into measurable electric waves. Obviously noise is bad for us, but can it be abolished? Experts declare that at least 75 per cent. of street noise could be eliminated. In New York and Paris zones of silence have been declared in residential districts at night; but even daytime noises could be lessened ap-

## An Iris in Spring

SING, hey! for the small purple iris!  
Croon softly in soothing approval.  
Kneel low and delight in its richness,  
Gently tweak a grass blade for removal.

Sing, ho! for the dear purple iris!  
Blooms lowly but thick; with so vital  
A purple they glow, rather yet sumptuous.  
For the bleak snowtime a requital.

—S.M.

preciably by the abolition of strident motor-horns, the greater use of pneumatic tires, and the substitution of electric welding for riveting.

TOWARD the end of August the small Austrian town of Salzburg is generally filled with English people. They go to hear the music, and one of the chief attractions this year was "Rosenkavalier," by Strauss, and "Everyman" set to music, Schiller's "Kabal and Liebe," and a comedy called "Victoria," by Somerset Maugham were additional novelties. Tickets were at a premium, and many people were unable to obtain seats. Among the lucky ones was Mrs. Philip Snowden, who was upholding the traditions of the Socialist Party by staying with Rheinhardt in his magnificent chateau and going to the opera every night, beautifully dressed. Very little English is spoken in Salzburg, and even in the hotels the notices are all in German. On the whole the people are not formal, evening dress for the opera being more or less optional. The only incongruous note is struck by the smart night club with a good jazz band, to which people flock after the opera.

—ALISON.

## Salmon Roll.

**Ingredients:** 1 small tin salmon, 1 cup of flour, 1 cup of cold mashed potato, 2 oz. butter, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pepper and salt to taste.

**Method:** Mix flour, baking powder, potatoes and melted butter and egg. Roll out and spread with salmon. Roll up and bake half a hour. This makes a very nice supper dish.

## An Accomplished Artist

### Delightful Exhibition

WITH some truth it may be said that one-man shows are prone to monotony, owing to tendency of many artists who, having attained success in one particular genre, settle into a groove with a thoroughness which induces a sense of sameness when their work is viewed en bloc. This charge, however, cannot be levelled against the Hon. Mrs. Ralph Vane's recent exhibition of pictures in Wellington, her work in tempera and water-colour arresting spectators by delightful versatility of subject and treatment.

This accomplished artist is a member of a distinguished New Zealand family and is making a short visit to her native land after many wanderings in England and abroad. Evidence of acute and meticulous observation of varying climes and conditions is apparent in Mrs. Vane's work her fascinating subjects being transferred to canvas with a fine sense of colour and admirable technique.

On entering the pleasant salon in Willis Street the first impression gained from comprehensive glance round the walls was of clear and radiant atmospheric effects, excellent draughtsmanship, and entire absence of that bizarre and affected extravagance which often degenerates into conscious or unconscious burlesque. Covetable "bits" of Cornish coast, around which swirled translucent wavelets, found numerous devotees, while others lingered before glamorous glimpses of mysterious East, or vivid impressions of the Canadian Rockies with sparse trees limned against entrancing emerald lake or peaks flushed with rose and gold of sunset.

Mrs. Vane possesses a faculty that is positively uncanny for seizing upon a subject entirely adaptable for pictorial treatment, and captures the moment as it flies with rare beauty and fidelity. Her tenderness for trees,

A couplet for the picnicing motorist:—

Take your food and eat it hearty.  
But don't spoil the place for the next  
motoring party.

in their dignity and lovely aloofness, is apparent in many strikingly truthful studies; as is also the artist's able and diversified treatment of differing climatic conditions. Each man to his taste, but many found special appeal in the "Cornish Wood," surely a haven where "peace comes dropping slow," with its glancing blues and greens of embracing branches and quiet water. There remains a memory of wind-swept sea and sky, allure of picturesque French village, bold studies of other men and other manners, and silvery light dreaming through tall ti-trees. It is hoped that in other towns of the Dominion this fascinating collection of pictures will be shown.—The Minstrel.

## A Pet Toad

I HEARD recently from 2FC of the wonderful adventures of a toad. A friend of mine kept one in her greenhouse for some years. She made a real pet of him, he was a huge fellow, and would sit and laugh up at her while she tickled him with a twig or feather; in return, he kept the flowers healthy by eating the green-fly and other insects which infest plant life.

If you wish to keep a toad or frog among your plants, put a few buckets of mould in one corner of the greenhouse, make a hole in the centre of this, and in its place a fairly deep basin—which must be kept filled with water. It may be partially hidden by planting ferns around it; when watering, use a rose-topped watering-can so as to moisten the foliage. Toads revel in dew.—Nada.

## The Sewing Needle

IT is 200 years since the steel needle, as we know it, was invented. The town of Redditch in Worcestershire (also famed for its sauce) claims the distinction of this advance. Obviously, however, there were needles of a sort before then. Can anyone give detailed information? As early as 1551 a comedy which was produced under the title of "Gammer Gurton's Needle" develops humour from the fact that Dame Gammar, when mending her husband's breeches outside the cottage door, mislays the needle. Now what sort of needle was that? And how did the ancient Egyptians do their sewing, the Greeks, and even the Eskimos? While as for Eve, just how did she manage her fig-leaf? The needle is so obvious a necessity that the remarks of Epicurus seem to apply: "We ought to be thankful to nature for having made those things which are necessary, easy to be discovered; while other things that are difficult to be known are not necessary." And that remark, incidentally, if analysed to its depths, would convey the implication "non-necessary" to many of those phases of modern life which are adding so appallingly to the cost of living and loving.—A.B.

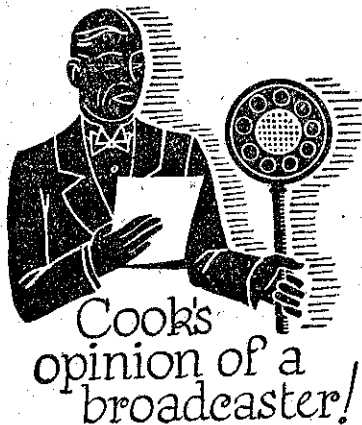
MISS ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P., is writing a new novel, and has promised her publishers to have it finished before the end of the year. During August, when Parliament was in recess, she took a cottage on the Devon moors, where she hoped to get some inspiration from the remote simplicity of her surroundings.

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