

IN the banquet hall of the Savoy Hotel, London, a great gathering took place to welcome Miss Amy Johnson. Scores of young men and women, mostly under thirty years of age, champions in aviation, politics, sport or commerce, met together to do honour to the latest addition to their ranks. "Three months ago," "Johnnie" told them (during her speech), "I should have been standing in queues for hours to see any one of you, and now I have the opportunity of being among you, and even of shaking hands with you."

In front of Miss Johnson, suspended above the luncheon table, was a model (in flowers) of "Jason," the Moth aeroplane which carried her so faithfully on her perilous journey. Mr. Esmond Hainsworth, chairman of the luncheon, in proposing the toast of Miss Johnson, crystallised the thoughts of all present when he said: "You proved that now, as through the ages, where there is a will there's a way." At the end of the banquet one young man was overheard asking his neighbours what he thought Miss Johnson's future should be. "I think she ought to marry now, and settle down," was the reply. But his friend shook his head. "She owes something to England, and ought to go on giving us an example." Perhaps she will do both.

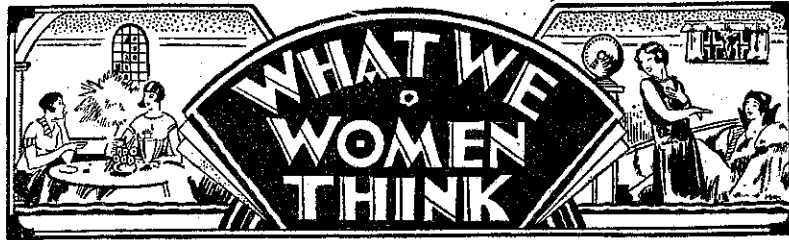
HERR FRANZ LEHAR, the composer of "The Merry Widow," is now concentrating on songs for a talking film of modern Viennese life, which is to be made near London. There are to be three versions—English, French and German. If the music is as melodious as his previous composition, we can anticipate hearing it, providing that New Zealand is to be favoured with a screening.

IN Russia, the authorities of to-day are trying to liberate women of intellect from all domestic drudgeries and petty household tasks, so that they can concentrate on higher and more elevating things. The idea is that the more a woman is taken up with her home and her little ones, the less fitted she will be to assist the Soviet Government. They are, therefore, making efforts to select individuals for purely intellectual work, and not use their virility in other directions. Prisons are being made centres of entertainment. They are well equipped with radio and films, and smoking is permitted. The question is, will the prisoners ever want to leave this comfort to confront the hardships and privations of the outer world? It seems rather an encouragement to commit a crime.

RUBBER jewellery for wear in the water is both pretty and quaint. Bright necklaces and bracelets of rubber or painted cork, made to match one's bathing cap and shoes, and shaped like garlands of flowers, add a distinctive note to one's beach costume. Tiny wooden beads, or beads made of varnished paper, being very light in weight, are popular for wear, either in or out of water.

NEARLY everything possible centres round broadcasting now. There has actually been talk of a book being published by broadcasting—but it seems impossible that man really could enjoy reading by ears alone.

I HAVE just read of a little hotel in a village on Salisbury Plain which has its own private cinema. The owner is a retired lieutenant-colonel, who began in business four years ago, and now runs a large farm, a dairy and butchering business, as well as the hotel. At night the writer was astonished to be asked whether he would like to hear a talking picture—a recent one. There was the usual brightly coloured cinema



lighting, which dimmed slowly, and the sound reproduction equals anything to be heard at a big cinema. News reels are included in the programme. The apparatus was installed by the owner and a friend, and it is run simply as a hobby—an attraction to his guests. In New Zealand we have at least one hotel which runs a cinema for the amusement of its guests—I refer to the Chateau Tongariro, which puts on an excellent and most up-to-date programme twice a week.

DR. AXEL MUNTHE, in one of his articles advocating that doctors should be paid by the State like judges, says:—"What is to the heart of a mother the cash value of the life of her child you have saved? Why should I, who am a fashionable doctor, drive about in a smart carriage, while my colleague in the slums has to walk? Why does the State spend many hundred times more money on teaching the art of killing than the art of healing? Why don't we build more hospitals and fewer churches? You can pray to God anywhere, but you cannot operate in a gutter."

CHILBLAINS should be nearly over now, like fires, but they are not. A friend of mine to-day told me her hands are stiff and painful on account of chilblains; and I found she had never tried this easy cure. Provided the chilblains are

## Thought for the Week

"Let the past bury the past,  
and always look forward."

Eden Phillpotts in *Children of Men*.

unbroken, soak the hand in hot water, then dry thoroughly, and rub in made mustard, as if it were an ointment. But you must rub until it disappears. Continue this twice daily. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

AMONG the most delightful attractions of the hot season in Munich (says an English writer in Germany) were the weekly open-air serenade concerts. These are held in the courtyard of the Residenz Palace in the evening. You could hardly imagine more perfect architectural surroundings. The night air is absolutely still, and a fountain plays in the middle of the court. The night I went a famous soprano from the opera sang far above our heads; I mean the phrase literally, for she was standing, illuminated by a searchlight, right on top of the high tower which dominates the palace. Every word was heard as clear as a bell.

MISS DOROTHY THOMPSON, the wife of Sinclair Lewis, the novelist, tells us that, in spite of extreme poverty in Moscow, the shops and stalls are always thronged with buyers. She goes on to tell us how, in "The New Russia," that the explanation for this lies in the fact that: "Many normal expenses are lifted from the shoulders of the worker. He pays no rent; he gets free theatre tickets, or at greatly reduced prices; he is insured against nearly every emergency. He can even be treated in a free hospital. The factory furnishes him his club, his recreations, often his free cinema and his books; whatever he earns he can put into food and clothes."

AT present there is a great revival in England of the still-room; many kinds of old-fashioned cordials and spiced drinks are coming back into fashion. In London people are adopting the Continental custom of drinking "tisanes"—delicious concoctions made from herbs and reputed to possess wonderful beautifying qualities. English people, having acquired the habit abroad, very often ask for such drinks in West End restaurants, and the different varieties, such as menthe, camomile or verveine, are served as iced drinks.

ABOUT the second week in December, a big liner will sail from Southampton on a cruise which is surely unique—it will take tourists to the Antarctic! Already the organiser, Commander Stenhouse, has been literally "snowed under" with applications for the trip—mostly from women of every rank and station. It is indeed rumoured that some charwomen were among the first to offer their services. The cruise will last about six months, and a seaplane will be carried for the use of passengers who wish to combine pleasure with exploration. It will be remembered that Commander Stenhouse was in charge of Shackleton's ship Aurora, and the Royal Research ship Discovery, so the expedition will be in capable hands.

AT a South Sea resort there is an interesting fortune-telling machine. You lay your hand flat on the plate, insert a penny, and then under your hand is a tickling feeling brought about by something moving backwards and forwards. When this ceases, your fortune is thrown out at you on a piece of paper! But whatever this fortune, and however much we would love it to come true, and to travel to foreign countries, there are few of us who are not under the necessity to live at home, to work in a certain place, and to travel daily over the same ground. In fact, we are tethered to our post; and it, in most cases, would only be selfish to try and make the fortune come true.

A.P.H., after his visit to New Zealand in 1925, wrote in his article to "Punch" the following: "New Zealand is a darling. She is more English than the English, more loyal than the Crown; she is as small as Great Britain and as hospitable as the United States; she has a population of a million odd, and she produces more per head (including newspapers) than any country in the world; ninety-eight per cent. of her is pure British stock, which is more than can be said of Britain, and there can be no other place where the English tongue is by every class so purely spoken and with so little accent, dialect, or twang. She is beautiful and prosperous and democratic and conservative; she has every virtue and every charm."

NOW that picnicking time will soon be here, we will all need as many bottles as possible to take milk. However, if it is found difficult to clean thoroughly, do this. Half-fill the bottle with cold water and add a tablespoon of dry mustard. Shake vigorously and stand for half an hour. Then rinse thoroughly with clean water.