

and supercilious condescension of her bearing, her sense of the immeasurable distance separating her from those beneath her in the social scale."

MR. HUGH WALPOLE says that he noticed in the elevators in America that men kept their hats on their heads although women were there. A few years ago that was not so (and to use his words) "I used to find it a tiresome business taking my hat off my head every time a woman stepped in. I asked why the custom had changed. The answer was that it took too much room in the elevator if men stand with their hats in their hands!"

IT is interesting to note that past pioneers in new fashions received a hostile reception. A Strand haberdasher, John Hetherington by name, who first publicly sported in 1797 a silk "topper," caused such a disturbance that he was charged with inciting a riot, and was bound over for £500 to keep the peace.

TO remove sea-water stains from your shoes, try rubbing them with a solution of very hot milk (about an egg-cupful), in which a small piece of washing soda has been dissolved. After drying, clean the leather with ordinary polish.

—ALISON.

LADIES! MAKE YOUR LIFE WORTH WHILE

You can do it if you give up smoking. Tobacco is sapping your vital forces. Decide now to see us. We can help you. Home Welfare Pty., A.M.P. Bldgs., 36, R. Hunter Street, Wellington.

Prize Poem Competition

THE prize of half a guinea for the current competition is awarded to "J.J." whose poem, "Tired Old Horse," in a simple pathos and comprehending sympathy with those pushed aside in the race, will appeal to those who pity and love the maimed, the halt and the dumb. Also selected for commendation is "J.C.'s" "Nocturne," a lovely laudation of the beauty of the Edinburgh of New Zealand.

"Thur" sends two contributions, of which we prefer the quaintly sweet "Anee," a very human little poem.

"Leave the World a Little Better" voices excellent precept, which, from Longfellow onward, has been insisted upon in the past to the point of weariness.

D.A.S.: Your work has charm and originality, but the last verse slightly disappoints.

"Marion's" sorrowful "Requiem" is couched in too jingling a metre.

"S.E.D.": We find the sentiment laboured, and in any case your contribution exceeds our limit of 25 lines.

"A Summer Matin" is a brief and somewhat vague invocation to the spirit of beauty.

"Annabel Lee" sends a trifle of verse set out in the modern manner.

"Oh Mack" chants sweetly, if without distinction, of love among the ratas, surely a lovely setting for budding or full-grown romance.

"At Waimanku" carols of loveliness of Maoriland in contradistinction to the land of the "bonnie purple heather," this contributor imprisoning in her poem something of the glow and clarity of a midsummer morning.

C.S.: We like the brief verses entitled "Armistice Day," but unfortunately it is too late for publication this year.

J.R., as usual, sends competent and interesting work.

"To My Very First Love" is a wistful sigh and smile for the land of long ago.

"Black Watch": Alas, those spooks don't carry conviction!

"Claribel": An unsuccessful reversion to the Tennysonian manner.

Tired Old Horse

MEANINGLESS now my life, that I must stand
Flank deep in fern and watch the traffic by,
And look as farmers pass, weighed down with land,
The drovers and their flocks; with dreary eye.
I see them all.

And yonder do the tired hills huddle near
To back against their enemy, the storm.
Dumb are they, but do seem to groan in fear
As long wind-fashes whip around their form—
I know them all.

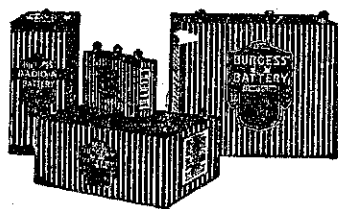
But there are quiet paths, freckled, sun-barred,
Where little winds play hide-and-seek all day,
With peaceful spaces, green and daisy-starred,
Where one old horse would very gladly stray—
I do remember well.

—J.J.

Take Care of Your Watch

OWING to the present-day vogue for sun bathing on the beaches it often happens that people forget to remove their wristlet watches before finally entering the water. Now, bathing is really bad for watches, and it takes an immense amount of time and trouble to

repair a watch that has been damaged in this way. The best thing to do is to flood the whole watch with oil, directly the mistake is noticed, or as soon after as possible. This prevents corrosion until the watch can be sent to the watchmaker. But do not delay in the sending either, or the rust will eat into the finer parts and damage them beyond repair.



**BURGESS
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"Pink May"

A Book of Verses

JUST to hand is "Pink May" by "Bob" Lawlor, an acceptable handful of verses, tuneful and sweet, bound in a neat tinted wrapper, and making a slim and suitable booklet to slip into one's pocket or suitcase for leisurely perusal during long summer days of the Christmas vacation. Dedicated to "Aunt Tiny," well known to countless listeners-in, who have found inspiration in her unflinching cheer, the collection of poems ranges over a fairly wide field; musically-phrased fairy fancies being in juxtaposition with odes to nature's beauty and an occasional admixture of sentiment anent a dream of days long past.

"The Old Windmill" contrasts other times, other manners, with those of to-day; effect being heightened by quaint and clever illustration of demure, wide-hatted, crinolined maiden of yesteryear, greeting chivalrous gallant at romantic rendezvous in the shadow of ancient mill. Then comes gay tribute to "Rambler Roses," the lines tripping along with attractive lilt, the author obviously being attuned to loveliness of colour and atmosphere in each and all of the changing seasons. No deep call is made to human emotion, nor is there to be found any note of pessimistic repining; but rather gentle paeans of thankfulness for the things that are, the everyday beauty and varying moods of nature. "The Little Gray Cat" will strike sympathetic chord in those whose hearts are wrung by mute appeal of derelict dogs and cats; while others will admire vignette of silver-haired card-player, a miniature portrait of patient age, which has acquired wise acquiescence, yet ever hopes the tangle may unravel—

"But now she is smiling, all sadness be-
guiling,
See, dearie, it always comes right at the
last."

Devotees of YA stations will appreciate reappearance of "The Singer to the Listeners-in," and a special word of praise is due to aptness and excellent reproduction of the illustrations included in the volume.

The work of this New Zealand singer, though not calculated to provoke deep reflection, appeals by virtue of simplicity, candour, and a certain ingenuousness. Taken for all in all, it should find many admirers among those who, rejecting all that is "sad and bad and mad" in and out of literature, find pleasure in joyous verses musically expressed, and to such "Pink May" is commend-
ed.—The Minstrel.



A Cooking Hint.

—One that means lighter, fluffier, more delicious scones and cakes—with higher food value and a much longer period of freshness.

Add a few spoonfuls of **ANCHOR SKIM MILK POWDER** to every mixture.

Ask your grocer for "ANCHOR" TO-DAY.

PRICE 1/2 PER TIN.

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