SANDY PHERSON bought a radio. Two days later he returned to the shop quite a disappointed man. "What's the matter," asked the anxious salesman, "isn't your radio giving sausraction?" "Aye, in a way, but the dommed "isn't your radio giving satisfacvalves don't give light enough to read

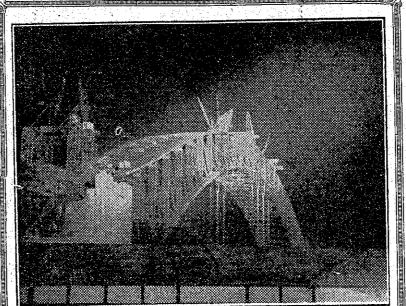
A NOVEL industry is now flourishing in Labrador. As there is an enormous supply of sea-shells in the neighbourhood of Hamilton Inlet, and as sea-shells are chiefly composed of lime, this industry is making large quantities of lime suitable for the use

WE try to take the credit of all the wonderful achievements for world advancement in the twentieth century, yet it was as early as 1783 that the first balloon was made by the brothers Joseph and Stephen Montgolfier, who ascended and descended safely at Annonay in France on June 5 of that year.

HARRIS homespuns, richly coloured woolly scarves, and hand-embroidered Russian blouses are Chelsea's contributions to fashion (says an English writer). They were exhibited on the stalls of the Chelsea Exhibition of Arts and Crafts in London last month. One woman had her own hand-weaving loom and printing-press Two others who have just working. Two others who have just made 600 tiles for the bathroom of a millionaire's yacht showed how pottery tiles could be adapted for gay nursery dadoes and fire places, and used for fireproof trays and teapot stands. These women began by bakstands. ing tiles in a little oil-fired oven, and can now turn out 400 specimens a week in their electrically fitted studio. Hat ornaments, hand-carved from coloured bone, and wooden cigarette boxes and wall panels decorated with boldly-cut appliques of ivory composition were features of the show. A wood carver from the New Forest was showing an amazing collection of hat clips made from oak, ivy and holly, carved to various weird animal shapes and col-oured with natural wood dyes. -ALISON.



79a Lichfield Street, Christchurch. Or 386 Qu'en Street, Auckland.



Bridge of Dreams

Is it arch of fretted marble old In a fabled land that has long been lost? Is it span of pearl o'er the Crystal Stream Where only spirit feet have crossed? Is it built from the fabric of a dream Which vanishes at a single breath? Or is it the way we all must pass . . The bridge that crosses the river Death?

---C.S.

(Inspired by photograph of Sydney Harbour Bridge, which appeared in the "Record" of Nov. 14).

The Ideal Hotel

HAVING just returned from a holiday spent in touring the country, the composite picture of an ideal hotel has gradually evolved in my mind. It would have to be built on special lines, but by reducing to a minimum the chief expense of running an hotel-the staff-it should be possible to make it paying proposition at, moderate charges

The bedrooms, for example, would be labour-saving in the highest degree. Each guest would be expected to keep her own room tidy, and for this purpose there would be in each a cupboard containing a mop, dusters, and clean linen. Running hot and cold water in each room would be an essential, and the taps would be chromium-plated to save The rubber flooring would cleaning. be washable, and all wardrobe accom-Wellmodation built into the wall. sprung beds, cheerful painted walls, bedspreads, curtains, and rugs would

be necessary items, also a bathroom for every four rooms.

A special playroom for children would be a boon to many mothers, and save unnecessary annoyance to hotel guests on wet days. The lounge and smaller reception rooms would be on the same labour-saving lines as the bedrooms-walls and flooring, wicker furniture, a few good rugs and tables, and good lighting. A small staff could keep this part in order and clean out each bedroom thoroughly after the departure of a guest.

The restaurant would be run on the American cafeteria idea, with the staff reduced to a minimum. The tables would be glass-topped, and wheeled tables would collect used plates and cutlery. The menu, though simple, would be varied and perfectly cooked, and the hot dishes really hot.

Were such an hotel to materialise, suited to the purses of those who at present have to be content with holiday rooms, it would surely have an amazing success.-Janet.

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The Cottage by the Sea

IT was only the other day that we drove for an hour or so from the city, and arrived at a little old-fashioned place near the sea, where the notice "Afternoon tea" attracted our attention. We knocked, and to our surprise an elderly lady in the vicinity of ninety years opened the door. She had grey hair, and it was Eton cropped! Our most polite manner was uppermost in respect for old age, and we inquired if it was possible to have tea. The owner, for so the old lady proved to be, begged us to wait out in the sun and she would soon have it ready. Then we were called, and before us was spread a sumptuous repast. Hot scones, cakes of every variety, and jam; beautiful china and silverware were set out on an old-fashioned walnut table, the possession of which would create happiness in collector's heart.

While we had our tea the old lady went out in the garden and began working away. We had to call to her when we left, as there seemed no one else to collect the money. She came in with the loveliest bunch of roses for us. After questioning her, we found she ran the whole place herself, cooking and all. Therefore, no matter what age a person is, while there is an interest in life and work, age becomes a negligible

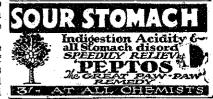
quantity.

MR. GILBERT FRANKAU tells us of a conversation he once had with Sir William Hall-Caine on the value of publicity. "I often go to see my publishers quite openly about my Press campaigns," said Mr. Frankau. "I used to do the same," Sir William replied, "but I had to be very discreet about it. How lucky you are, Mr. Frankau, to live in an age when an author does not have to be a gentle-

WE are indebted to Shreddo, Ltd., manufacturers of "Shreddo," the popular beef suet, for the illustration of Little Jack Horner used in the cooking section of this issue.

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