

"GLIMPSES of the Great," by Mr. George Sylvester Viereck, is a virile and stimulating series of interviews with men and women who, during the past twenty years, at one time or another, have loomed large in world affairs. The idiosyncracies of personalities as widely different as those of Professor Einstein, Freud, the late Emperor of Germany, Voronoff, Henry Ford, the Queen of the Belgians, and a dozen others are delineated with the pen of a ready writer; and if at times bias is noticeable in presentation of certain protagonists, this possibly is to be accounted for by the nationality of the brilliant raconteur. The book is offered to the reading public as a comprehensive compendium of the characteristics of the great, likewise "a kaleidoscope of human intelligence, a mirror of mankind, in the first quarter of the twentieth century, and a record of the pulse-beat of the age." To some the most outstanding of the numerous notabilities is that of the scintillating iconoclast, Frank Harris, himself a past master in the etching of thumb-nail portraits of his contemporaries, and who "dreams of a new creation inspired not by pain but by pleasure." There is a delightful and characteristically plain-spoken interview with Mr. G. B. Shaw, and of many other types and nationalities in the arena of Europe. Emil Ludwig, young, fearless and gifted biographer and novelist, hits out from the shoulder on certain aspects of British and German thought, and is characterised as "a genius in portraiture, journalist de luxe, lecturer and author." The book is illustrated with some excellent photographs, and is to be commended to those who like close-up presentations, warts and all, of world-famous leaders of literature and affairs.

With Book and Verse

By "JOHN O'DREAMS"

ACCORDING to latest figures, the average of production of fiction last year in England was ten a day. Assuredly of the making of books there is no end, but, in view of this arrestingly large total, one reflects how great are the odds against young and unknown writers, even though possessed of great gifts and phenomenal perseverance. Hard to win a place in the sun in any calling in these dim days of stress and cut-throat endeavour; and one applauds the pluck, and wonders at the hope that springs eternal in those New Zealand writers who, by dint of indomitable courage, initiative and ability, have climbed some few rungs of the difficult ladder of literary success.

THERE are those who delight in the work of the daringly outspoken American novelist, Mr. James Branch Cabell, and others who with equal cordiality detest his books, lock, stock and barrel; but that he is a brilliantly imaginative and creative force in contemporary fiction no one can deny. Attention at Home lately has been arrested by some literary studies from his pen, not recently published in England, though meeting with success in America some time back. The idea exploited in "The Certain Hour" is that of the psychological moment in a man's life when for a brief space he experiences com-

plete self-revelation. Mr. Cabell makes his excursions into other men's minds commendably terse, possibly realising that more than a moment of stark self-knowledge would forever prick the bubble of that inflated conception of the ego which keeps many a man going.

ON reading an account of the literary fare provided for the month just past by the B.B.C. for its fortunate public, I echo, with different con-

text, Browning's fervid wish: "O! to be in England now that April's here!" One reads in that fascinating notice that Mr. David Hardman was to give a comprehensive series of talks on the Forsyte Saga, which must have proved a great opportunity for lecturer and listener, and been greatly appreciated by the multitudinous public who place Mr. Galsworthy very near the top of the list of contemporary novelists. In the same month the author of the widely discussed "Bengal Lancer" gave six talks concerning "Gods, Saints and Heroes of Hindustan," his intention being to convey something of his own intimate and vivid knowledge of conditions in India and general background of life in that mysterious country.

Prize Poem Competition

THE prize of half a guinea in the current competition is awarded to F.H.S. for "The Spirit of Romance," in which our contributor has been successful in conveying musical impression of that beguiling and elusive ideal of beauty, which in youth and age fits before the spiritual vision, but seldom materialises in an imperfect world.

"Peace at Cooper's Beach": Fluent and pretty good of its kind.

"Merrie": We prefer "An Autumn Scene," which is like a picture painted swiftly in sombre, yet glowing, tones. The eighth line is not good.

John Storm: A noteworthy effort. Your work invariably reaches a fine standard.

"Cantor" writes: "May I thank you for the prize poem, 'The Master,' by D.P.? I have not read anything so beautiful for some time, and a beginner feels almost discouraged from trying his luck."

Another correspondent writes expressing admiration for "Ave Atque Vale" by "Thur," published in the "Record" in April.

"Fairlie": This poem goes with a freshness and sincerity that appeal, and is a poetic tribute to beauty of Canterbury landscape by one obviously possessing a flair for versification.

"Scrutineer": Our competition is conducted without fear or favour, and is designed to encourage those who essay, however tentatively, to follow the gleam of poetry.

"Elizabeth Anne" attacks a big subject with but moderate success, her verses being not always true to rhythm.

"Amabel": Tedious to a degree.

"Felix": No thanks. Communistic sentiment not in our line.

"Celt": Alas! you are out of your depth.

.. The Spirit of Romance ..

To childhood first in faery tales she speaks,
Then lures the growing boy with tempting wile
Of buried treasure on some palm-fringed isle.
Anon she beckons, and the grown man seeks
For undiscovered lands or unscaled peaks.
And then on blushing maid she loves to smile
And with sweet wayward thoughts her heart beguile,
Bringing fresh roses to her mantling cheeks.
She hovers o'er the searcher of the sky,
Seeking some star expected yet unseen.
She sees the lightning tamed, man learn to fly,
And hears voice answer voice thro' seas between...
And when life's sands run low she still is nigh
With golden visions of what might have been.

—F.H.S.



---Goodnight
Everybody---

THE announcer's last words ring out through the room—and the radio is finished with for the night.

Now comes supper before the guests depart. And what a supper it is! Currant scones, tempting tea-cake, and a sponge that's a masterpiece.

How they praise Mother's skill, and when she tells them that much of their praise is due to the Anchor Skim Milk Powder she always uses, they determine to try it, too.

Have you tried it? It IS so convenient and will help to make your baking a great success. Your grocer has it. 1/2 per tin.



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