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on the end of music. She would say that all her wedding presents must go back to the donors. And then she must write a letter to be opened if she died suddenly and it would be all the things Bill would have to do because she couldn't possibly arrange things once she was dead. About what nighty. Bill wouldn't know. He wouldn't even know about flowers. One should be prepared—it was only fair. She would never see the silver birch tree grow to the 30 feet the shopman had told her of, and never eat one of the walnuts off her own trees. One planted for posterity. She hoped someone would remember who planted them and whose garden it was. A plaque would be nice. But what would Bill do without her. Goodness there was nothing worth getting annoyed about when you thought that some day they would all be dead. When Bill came to bed she would just put her arm round him and say, "How'd we start being mad to-night before dinner, darling?" and they'd both laugh.

SHE heard the door close into the hall and Mr. Edgar was in the bathroom and making such a noise. Really, you'd never think there was anyone in the house trying to sleep. Some people had absolutely no consideration for others. Did he have to gargle too? When he came into the bedroom he switched on the light without a thought and the very

bed shook with his heavy tread. Oh, really. When he jumped into bed he let all the cold outside air in with him and tried to pull the blankets away from the foot of the bed. Mrs. Edgar gave a small but prolonged moan.

Contrary to her expectations, Mrs. Edgar must have slept, as she had a dreadful dream about income tax. She thought it was 9/- in the pound and she and Bill were in gaol because they had no money to pay it. But it wasn't really the dream that wakened her, it was Mr. Edgar who had pulled all the blankets off her as he leaned over the side of the bed in the half dark to see the time on the alarm clock. "I never knew anyone take so long to tell the time," thought Mrs. Edgar, as the clothes remained twisted tightly under Mr. Edgar's rolling figure.

"Well, it's morning, Lil," said Mr. Edgar in a nice friendly voice.

"Is it really?" said Mrs. Edgar and thought how dry her throat was and that her head ached rather. Then she remembered everything—the lovely Spring day and the garden and Miss Fry and the hens and Bill. She had to make a quick decision. To be very polite and stiff and unforgiving and so heap up a misunderstanding for days, or . . . She leaned over and took Mr. Edgar's face between her two hands and kissed him warmly. His nose got in the way rather, and his chin pricked her.

"Precious," said Mr. Edgar, "Time to get up."

MRS. EDGAR watched the sun turn the clouds crimson. . . "Red sky in the morning . . . warning. . ." The four birds arrived again for the morning toilet in the plum tree. She would make a very fruity steam pudding, boil it four hours, and stuff the steak for a nice change. It was good and peaceful lying stretched right across the bed with birds chirping outside and Bill chirping in the kitchen. Usually he had his breakfast and shouted good-bye and was off before Mrs. Edgar got up, but this morning he came through with a red tray.

"Where on earth do you hide the tea, couldn't find it anywhere."

"Silly Bill, it's a new packet just in the cupboard where it always is. I didn't get time to refill the caddy yesterday."

"Oh, well, I just made you a nice cup of cocoa and toast."

This was an overture of the first magnitude in the parlance of matrimony where, if one were in the wrong, one never apologised. One performed some noble and loving act. It was a cup of cocoa. To start the morning with a heavy cup of cocoa with too much sugar in it, when she already had a headache, was the demand reconciliation put upon Mrs. Edgar. She smiled brightly.

"What a marvellous husband I've got," said Mrs. Edgar.

"Have a nice lie-in and then get up and go right out into the garden and leave everything," said Mr. Edgar, going the whole way.

"Well, do you know, Bill, I think yesterday was just a false Spring," said Mrs. Edgar.

SHORTWAVE HIGHLIGHTS

WORLD interest at the moment is centred on Indonesia, and this week's shortwave notes give the frequencies and times of news bulletins, commentaries, etc., from the Indonesian Broadcasting Centre and the Netherlands-controlled Radio Batavia. Since UN has now intervened in the dispute the frequencies and times of UN news-broadcasts are also given.

The voice of Free Indonesia may be heard broadcasting in English on a frequency of 11 mc/s., 27.27 metres, every evening at the following times: 9.0-9.30 p.m. (news at 9.5 p.m., followed by a commentary at 9.15 p.m.) and 10.30 p.m.-12.30 a.m. (news at 10.45 p.m., commentary at 11.15 p.m.).

Reception of this station may be marred occasionally by interference.

Radio Batavia, Java (15.145 mc/s., 19.80 metres; and 9.55 mc/s., 31.41 metres), which broadcasts an English transmission from 10.30 until 11.0 p.m., is being received at quite good strength on the 15 mc/s. frequency, and at fair strength on the 31 metre band. A news bulletin is heard at 10.30 p.m., usually followed by a commentary.

The Voice of the United States of America, broadcasting from KRHO (17.80 mc/s., 16.85 metres), KNBI (17.85, 16.80), KNBA (9.65, 31.09), presents every evening (except Monday), at 7.30 p.m. news of the discussions of the UN Assembly, and at 7.45 actuality broadcasts of the day's proceedings.



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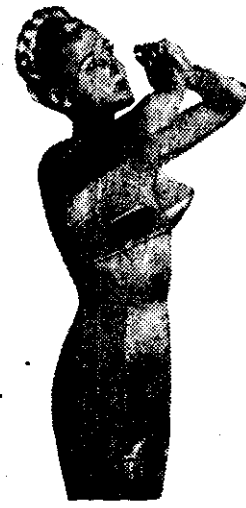
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