

(continued from previous page)

six. Then she gave Millie a chart of neck exercises for free and a bottle of oil for her elbows for 1/6d.

After that Millie went and was fitted for a Beeline Corset by our overseas expert who seemed to have come from overseas via Taranaki. You'll never regret this said our overseas expert taking hold of bits of Millie and shoving them into the Beeline. The Beeline pushed Millie out here and kept her in there and tightened her up all over the place and when our overseas expert had finished with her Millie felt like a chook all ready for Christmas dinner. She had to use the money she was saving up for a new costume to pay for the Beeline but she thought probably it was worth it. When she reached the street once more she found that she could move only if she took little tittupping steps like the Chinese ladies who have their feet three inches long. When she tried to catch the tram she had to grasp the handrail and take three or four hops up and down before she could mount the step and she looked for all the world as though she were trying to mount a particularly restive pony.

MILLIE reached home ultimately and after a cup of tea and a cigarette she undid all her packages as quickly as the Beeline would let her which was not very quick. She spread them over the kitchen table. Well here goes she

said and prepared to repair the Ravages that Time and Neglect had caused. She put the Fayschle on just like the young lady had told her smoothing it evenly all over her face and never smiling again. Then she warmed the oil and put it in two little saucers and put her elbows in the saucers. Then she took out the chart with the neck exercises and tried them while the Fayschle was tightening the sagging muscles and ironing out the wrinkles. The chart said that the neck exercises were guaranteed to make Millie's neck look like Annie Laurie's in twelve easy instalments. Though why I should really want a neck like a swan's thought Millie in one short burst of cynicism—though why I should even want a neck like a swan's beats me—nasty skinny wriggling things. But she persevered like Nelson or somebody. The chart said you had to stretch your chin up as far as it would go twelve times to the left and twelve times to the right and then you had to swivel it round and round as slowly as you could for as long as you could. This Millie was pleased to discover counteracted any suspicion there might be of a double chin.

Well what with the Fayschle stiffening and pulling at the sagging muscles till Millie thought that her mouth was going to fly open somewhere near her eyebrows any minute and what with the job it was to keep her elbows in the oil without spilling it while she was doing

the neck exercises and what with the Beeline keeping her back as stiff as a copper stick all the time Millie began to feel that this beauty business might get just a bit too solid. But she wasn't going to have Alf walk out on her if she could help it and all might have been well if at that moment little Alfie hadn't come home from school. Little Alfie was a sensitive child and he had just finished reading a book called The Revenge of the Monster of Thwayling Manor. Actually he had come home with an awful feeling that the Monster was somewhere near him stalking his prey so that when he saw his mother apparently black in the face with her elbows nailed to the table and her back in a straight jacket and her neck in the throes of the Twitches he thought that at last the Monster had caught up with him and he was immediately back in chapter ten where Gallant Dick is locked up in the dungeon with the snakes. Alfie gave way to all his fears by yelling madly and rushing out of the house to call Mrs. Cunningham from over the fence. Millie didn't like the thought of Mrs. Cunningham coming in just then with the house in a mess because Millie had been out all day so she stopped the neck exercises and jumped to her feet. The Beeline didn't let her go very fast and she had to hold her elbows out from her sides because she didn't want the oil to stain her dress but she beat Mrs. Cunningham to the

door nevertheless. When Mrs. Cunningham saw Millie stiff as a board and holding her elbows out from her sides like an ostrich on the run and with all that stuff on her face she ran back and rang up Alf and told him to get home as quickly as he could. Alf took a taxi because he had the impression that Millie had been arrested for some particularly ghastly crime.

WHEN he reached home and found out what had really happened he was so disgusted at the thought of what he had paid the taxi to say nothing of losing half a day's work that he said My God Wimmin and went straight back to town and went to the pub and got pretty merry for the first time since the football match. Then he went and played billiards and didn't come home till all hours.

And Millie sitting alone in the house with her face washed the Beeline discarded and little Alfie asleep in his room with the light on because he had the nightmares to say nothing of two pools of oil staining the carpet—well Millie thought to herself blow keeping My Husband's Love. If this is what comes of trying to keep it I'm going back to my old Careless Way of Unthinking Neglect. If there's one thing I can't stand it's sitting home alone on an evening.



White tongue, irritable, frowns where there should be smiles ... sure signs of trouble in a child's delicate digestive system.

Delicious fruity-flavoured CALIFIG specially compounded for children, will quickly, safely, gently put things right.

Califig
(CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS)

THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

N.Z. Distributors: Fawcett & Johnson Ltd.,
Levy Bldg., Manners St., WELLINGTON.

27a

Every TUESDAY
Evening at
9.15 p.m.

The **Bing Crosby**
RADIO SHOW



Don't miss the most outstanding entertainment on the air. Listen to the Bing Crosby Radio Show every Tuesday evening at 9.15. The incomparable "Bing" compering guest artists in a hilarious, fun-packed variety show of music, mirth and melody.

TUESDAY IS "BINGSDAY" AT
STATIONS
1ZB - 2ZB - 3ZB - 4ZB