



BE WARNED IN TIME!

The season of colds and coughs is just around the corner. Do your best to get through without a single cold. With ordinary caution you can, but it's up to you.

Keep away from people who have colds.

Wash your hands freely during an epidemic of colds, and ALWAYS before meals.

Eat adequate meals, and get plenty of rest and sleep.

Exercise sensibly, dress sensibly, and don't be scared of fresh air.

IF YOU DO GET A COLD—

Cover up your coughs and sneezes. Go to bed, drink fruit juices and large quantities of water, and take only light meals.

A rest-up of 24 or 48 hours in bed at the start of a cold attack may prevent serious complications and weeks of enforced idleness. It will also keep others from catching your cold.

**Dodge colds and
you dodge trouble**



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13/47

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SHORT STORY

THE LION IN HIS DEN

(Written for "The Listener" by I.A.B.)

THEY did not notice any difference, these housewives getting into town especially early (probably for some scarcity rumoured to be "in" to-day), the one or two business executives (perhaps heeding the appeal to use less petrol, or perhaps their wives had said you'll have to take the tram, I want the car to-day).

They did not notice him at all, getting on at his usual stop—but then it was not his usual



tram, and no one recognised him standing neatly at the corner as he had every morning for the last 20 odd years . . . always immaculate as to shoes and handkerchief in his breast pocket, with a fresh collar every second day and the small package of sandwiches held precisely. They should have been meat sandwiches to-day because it was Monday, and after Sunday tea his wife always said, we've managed nicely, there'll be just enough meat for your lunch to-morrow. (But Emily had been away 10 days and it would be another three weeks before she was home). The rest of the week he had lettuce or cheese, or when they were cheap as at present tomatoes. But perhaps they would never be able to afford tomatoes now, and after seasons of accountable failures he had given up trying to grow them.

It was a dreadful thing to do. And Emily was not so young now; they had been married 27 years and he had never really let her down before, although at first she had talked proudly of his being a branch manager some day. And it was worse that it should happen while she was away—but of course if she had not been away it would not have happened. . . . Emily would not have let it happen.

AND these people in the tram, all intent on their own secret thoughts (perhaps they even had troubles, too) did not notice any difference in him. To them he was just another meek little man taking the tram from his neat little suburban home to the city. Perhaps some of them surmised he was a retired clerk; if they gave him any thought at all, they could easily guess he was the careful type who would have his State Advances mortgage paid up and just the right amount of cash to allow him to draw social security. How wrong they were . . . but how right they would have been in two more years, if only Emily had not gone away. But there was no choice really. The doctor simply said she had to get away now. November, when he could take his holidays, would be too late. And she was getting

on so well at that place in South Canterbury; the doctor said all she needed was a complete rest in a change of air. He was glad he had insisted on her going there, although it was £1 a week more than the other place.

Thinking of Emily staying in bed until mid-day, being waited on, in the afternoon sitting on that verandah which she said opened out to the mountains, slowly but oh so happily regaining her strength after the bustle of Mary's wedding and, before that, the definite news at last about Jack. Thinking thus he quite forgot his own great trouble for a couple of blocks. People were getting off at the stop before his when the full seriousness of the morning's tragedy surged back into his mind. But the thought persisted of Emily having such a lovely time and getting better every day, and he could not feel as guilty as he knew he should. After all, was it such a terrible thing? When he woke up, it seemed so. He could not believe it had happened. He had dressed and shaved frantically, and it was only now that he gave a thought to breakfast. Breakfast! He was not hungry, in fact, he never cared for more than tea and one slice of toast, but the realisation that he had come out without even a cup of tea put a sort of full stop to his panicking thoughts. His mind cleared for a moment. The tram was at Victoria Square . . . the beds around Queen Victoria's statue on the right were a rainbow of snapdragons; on the left, Captain Cook's side, the lawn was greenly grateful for the night's soft rain. The flowers and the fresh grass somehow set free his conscience. He was not particularly sensitive to nature, he admired those flowers every day in a kind of dutiful way, but now, just looking at them, he suddenly felt light-headed.

"I DON'T care," he said to himself, then blushed as if those people in the tram were listening to his thoughts. "But I don't care." His lips formed the words again, surprising himself at his own audacity. "What can Mr. Williams do? He can't sack me." But half-an-hour

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