

WAITING FOR SOMEONE

I MET her quite by chance.

The bus had dropped me at the railway stop, and I champed about impatiently as I waited for the rest of my party to arrive.

Gradually I became aware of a small, grey-haired woman, with a round, shining face, and blue child-like eyes behind her steel glasses. She was dressed in a nondescript fashion, and it was her curious movements that first drew my attention.

The buses were arriving pretty frequently at that hour, and she would dart forward to each bus, peer expectantly inside, then return to the shelter where I was waiting.

After one of these excursions, she smiled at me, a little apologetically.

"You need a bit of patience, don't you?"

"Yes," I smiled back, "if you're waiting for someone. . ."

"Well, I don't mind waiting," she said, "as long as I can find him." She caught sight of a bus that minute and darted after it—only to return a few minutes later, still placid and undisturbed.

I began to enter into the zest of the game.

"What is he like?" I asked. "Perhaps I may see him?"

"Tall, young—with a grey overcoat, I think, and he won't be wearing a hat."

Another Blank Drawn

Two more buses arrived simultaneously, and this time I joined in the search. But the only man without a hat was a perky youngster of 70 or thereabouts.

We trailed back to our waiting place.

"It's my son," she explained, confidentially. "He's boarding in one of the suburbs. I've just come in from the country for a couple of days—and I want to see him. . ."

"Maybe he's been detained. You had an appointment to meet him here?"

"I couldn't," she said with that undisturbed, child-like smile. "I've left his address at home, and I can't even remember the name of the people he's staying with."

"Then what are you waiting here for?"

She smiled pityingly at me.

"Why, on the chance that he may be coming into town for the evening. I've been meeting all the buses since 5.30." It was now 7.30.

Perseverance

"But," I protested, "he may not be coming into town at all to-night."

"That is what I've got to find out," she said. "I'll wait here till eight o'clock—then if he doesn't arrive I'll come back here at 9.30 and wait for the last bus at 11 o'clock. I might catch him then. . ."

"But you'll be tired out—you can't do it."

Her smile was rare—and sweet.

"Oh, I don't mind that. It's my son, you see."

I hope she found her boy.

DRESS CIRCLE SEAT

At South Queensferry, where the Nazi bombers have been concentrating on the Forth Bridge, the residents are reaping the harvest.

Visitors are flocking from all parts to witness the air-raids, and accommodation in the town, especially on fine week-ends, is at a premium. All the tea-rooms are crowded, and trade is better than before the war.

Although South Queensferry has been declared an evacuation area, only three families have consented to be moved.

Just then another bus pulled up, and the little grey-haired lady was lost in the outpouring crowd. . .

* * *

It was only later that evening, sitting in a picture show, that I gave myself a mental shake. Why hadn't I thought of it earlier? If I had gone along to a radio station and given particulars, a message would have gone out over the air.

Bells on Her Toes

It takes a woman to be resourceful. In certain towns in England, many of the girls are wearing anklets of tiny bells, warning other pedestrians of their approach, and avoiding the danger of collision in a "blackout." White arm bands are also being worn for this purpose.

WHILE THE KETTLE BOILS

Dear Friends,

Next Sunday is Easter. The time for hot-cross buns, for trams, cars and boats—beaches and mountain-tops—holiday time; a break in the monotony of our days. . .

For Easter, like Christmas, carries a message of friendliness and goodwill. The Easter star continues to shine; a symbol that "God's in His Heaven and all's right with the world."

It comes each year to win us back to faith and simplicity of heart. Friendship and goodwill, peace and understanding—these are the only things that will save mankind. Through all the chaos of the world to-day there is a Plan running through; obscure to our anxious vision—but always there. It will lead us out of the present conflict. From all this oppression, this bitterness and hostility, something fine and enduring will emerge. Some people may call it Peace. Whatever name we give it, the meaning is the same. It is symbolised in the Easter message.

Once we can regain this slant on life, we can set our energies to living gamely, dauntlessly. To keeping on with our allotted tasks, not forgetting the laugh on our lips.

Which leads me to a practical thought on Easter—holidays. It is the mood of the moment. People living by the sea will be dreaming of mountain tramps, while country folk are turning wistful eyes towards distant sea-coasts. Nearly everybody is planning to go somewhere. It is a great and happy migration. Dropping behind us for a little time our daily work and cares—living joyously for the moment. It is a sane and wholesome mood.

You know, it's often the little details that resolve the pleasure of our holidays, and one of the most important things to remember is that there is packing to be done. Packing can be made a pleasure and part of the holiday fun if thought out carefully.

First the externals. It is no use starting forth on a trip looking like a fashion-plate—and with a couple of shabby old bags at your feet. If it is that sort of holiday, well and good, but if it's the other kind, try and see that your luggage matches your appearance.

Cheap cases are a bad investment. A good, solid case can be done up and repaired from time to time and look like new again. Canvas covers, striped or plain, are also an excellent idea; they not only look well, but protect your bags from wear and weather conditions.

Now for inside the bags. You may not be one of those lucky ones to possess a wardrobe travelling trunk, but there are ways and means of managing just as effectively.

First your frocks. You have observed the way they do them in shops, with sheets of tissue paper between them. Follow this method, then cut a piece of cardboard the same length and lay the folded frock on it, attaching with a rubber band. They will lift easily in and out as required, and will never crush.

For your lingerie, buy or make your own cellophane envelopes. These are invaluable. You see at a glance what is wanted, and in this way your underwear will never become confused with the rest of your packing.

For shoes, it is a good idea to have separate little covers of cretonne or soft canvas, preferably with a zipp fastener. The shoes can then be packed into a light enamel box. All other accessories will find their own special corners.

A very happy Easter to you all!

Yours cordially,

Cynthia

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