

the endless sand. When they left the Hill of the Bell there were only six left and a multitude of white-sheeted ghosts. Mirages taunted them, ever giving hope that their trial was ended, but they vanished into endless sand.

On the last day of the moon they were all but in sight of the desert's edge, and didn't know it, when a sandstorm descended upon them in all its fury. There was red darkness everywhere, and Marco could not be found. He had lain down to die, sobbing, "Oh! My Lord Jesus! Oh, little Golden Bells!"

THE magician in Khubla Khan's court was brooding, and Golden Bells was depressed. "There's rare entertainment for you in the crystal glass," said he. "The warlocks of the desert of the Gobi have a young lad down, and they're waiting for the soul to come out. Come, I'll show you. He started out to preach what he thought the truth to China."

Golden Bells thought it not fun, and implored the magician to save him.

"Well, I might."

And so Marco Polo was brought into the presence of the Great Khan and his beautiful daughter. "There is a welcome for you here, Marco. There is none here will criticise or make it hard for you. There is eagerness for and interest in your message."

So Marco delivered to them the message of Christianity. He quoted the words spoken on Galilee and of the life and death of Christ, and they listened intently. But the great Khan seemed disappointed, and when he had finished Marco was conscious of two things—the politeness of the Chinese and the pity in the eyes of Golden Bells.

He had a private audience afterward, but Kubla Khan would never believe without miracles. His popes and magicians could perform them, and the word of the ardent Christian would avail little until he could perform like miracles. "But, sir, it was a great miracle that brought me out of the desert of the Gobi."

"A miracle of the Lord's! A miracle of Golden Bells here. Her magician saw you and sent out the desert patrols."

BROKEN in spirit, Marco turned from the court, but Golden Bells restrained him. "Aren't I your convert, Marco Polo?"

Marco sat in the jasmine encircled garden and spoke of Christ, but Golden Bells thought it a tragedy that in such a beautiful garden on such a beautiful night they should be talking of what happened long, long ago. She admired him for his earnestness and was happy in his presence. No longer could she sing of lover deserted, for even the moon smiled. She was happy—very happy.

"There is little in your faith about women. Must not the young men look at the young women?"

"No, Golden Bells, the young men must not look too much on the young women."

Golden Bells couldn't understand. Her religion taught admiration of the beauty of women. Why must they not look upon them with their eyes? "Look at me, Marco Polo. Is there evil in men that you must avoid? Do I hurt your eyes?"

Marco was afraid of sin, but to the Oriental there were only two sins—meanness and cruelty—and she knew that in Marco there was neither. He

was all too difficult for Golden Bells, and in despair Marco Polo made preparations to return to Venice. A pain stabbed the princess at such a thought, and she implored him not to leave the beautiful moonlit garden. But he had come for converts. He would return and become a white monk in a monastery, where he would pray for Golden Bells.

"I want to be loved, not prayed for, Marco Polo." She stamped her foot. "And there you have it out of me and

American Rebroadcast

From 1YA and 3YA

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for stations 1YA and 3YA to rebroadcast a special programme radiated from Cincinnati, Ohio, by the broadcast station W8XAL. This programme has been specially dedicated to New Zealand, and, if conditions are good, an interesting and unique programme should be able to be heard by New Zealand listeners. W8XAL will be on the air at 10 p.m., but the programme will not commence until 10.15 p.m.

W8XAL is the new short-wave subsidiary station of stations WLW and WSAL, and broadcasts programmes of international interest. In addition, this station broadcasts many programmes of its own, built up particularly for rebroadcast in other countries.

The frequency is 6060 k.c., 49.5 m., power 10 k.w. The schedule is as follows: 11 p.m. to 3 a.m., 6 a.m. to 8 a.m., 11 p.m. to 6 p.m. (N.Z. times).

The address of the station is 'Crosley Radion Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio.'

They will be pleased to receive reports of the rebroadcast from New Zealand listeners.

great shame to you for having made me say it that was desired by many. Surely 'tis not the wish of the Hard God you are making out of the Kindly person, that would have my heart broken. I'm sorry I've said it, but I'm afraid of losing you."

And as she sobbed in his arms the battle, the disappointment, and the fear went out from him. And the great poet in the great court wrote another song—the marriage song of the Golden Bells.

YOU next see Marco Polo seventeen years after he had come to China, and fourteen years after his wife, Golden Bells, had died. He was a ruler of one of the provinces of the great Khan, a lean, hard man, one of the straightest in ministering justice. All knew of his great suffering, and they made allowances when he was moved to anger.

He had come in from one of the borders of the Arctic lands and the great Kubla Khan came to him from his bed, for he was dying.

Marco must go back to Venice. He had done nothing to dissatisfy the great ruler, who loved him even more than he did his own sons. But when that in Marco there was neither, the died Marco would find things hard,

for there were many who would do him injury.

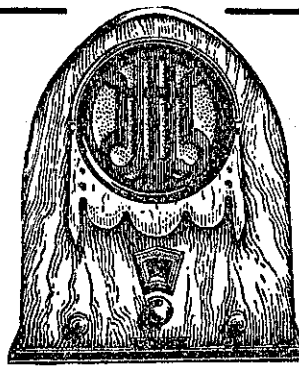
Marco had forgotten Venice, and the willows and hibiscus all reminded him of the happiness that had long since departed. He wanted to stay there, lingering in the garden where he had known Golden Bells. Poet and Sorcerer joined with the King in his prediction of evil days if he did not leave. A sign from her and he would go.

There in the bottom of the moonlight trod little Golden Bells with her eyes pleading, pleading—"Go now, Marco Polo. Go." Her lips moved, but there was no sound. He rushed forward, but there was nothing but darkness.

"I'll be seeing her soon, sir," he said to the Khan. There was a war between the Venetians and the Genoese and he would go right into the hottest part of the fighting. "But it would be just my luck to be taken prisoner and to end my time in some dark goal. But we can only hope for the best." And Marco Polo took his farewell "for the present."—C.W.S.

Interesting Talks

THERE is little doubt that the standard of the talks given from 1YA has improved greatly in the last month or two. For some reason or another there seems to be a tendency among listeners to look upon all talks as "dry bones," but a good talk in which the speaker's voice and matter are well matched should be as entertaining as any other section of the programme, and some of those given from 1YA recently have been "full of meat." The series being given in connection with the International Recorded Programmes is particularly good, and other interesting series are the sea yarns by "Lee-fore-Brace," the series by the Auckland Manufacturers' Association, the dog talks by "Sparwood," and the sports talks by Gordon Hutter.



Arthur Walker, Christchurch.
Bluff Publishing Co., Invercargill.

N.Z. Agents: CRAWFORD & FINLAYSON LTD.
BOX 675, WELLINGTON.

Wellington Agent:

F. J. W. FEAR & CO., LTD.

"What's the Price of Butterfat?"

LISTENERS to 2YA on the morning of Thursday will remember that the first call that went out from 2YA, when contact with London was announced, was "Hullo, London. What is the price of butterfat and Canterbury lamb?" No doubt the motive behind this remark was based on a desire to arouse interest in New Zealand's productions, should any newspaper men happen to be listening. Unfortunately contact with London was a little delayed and the remark was lost. Had it been heard, it would certainly have created a New Zealand atmosphere.

Tips and Jottings

WATER and ordinary washing soda make a good solution for removing any deposits which may have formed upon the terminals of your accumulator.

ALTHOUGH the earlier pick-ups used to have in many cases an adjustment for volume control, most of the modern instruments are "set" before being sold, and this adjustment should not be altered.

LOOK TO YOUR VALVES

Do They Want Renewing?

If so, our unique service for Country Listeners will give your order prompt and accurate attention.

DROP THE C.A.S. A LINE

at

29 VENTNOR ST., SEATOUN,
WELLINGTON

LYRATONE Super Radio

Authorised Lyratone Radio Dealers in New Zealand.

F. J. W. Fear & Co., Wellington.
Exide Service Station, Palmerston North.
Dobbs Bros., Wanganui.
J. M. Wallace, Oamaru.
Ireland & Johnson, Ltd., Dunedin.
B. H. Ross, Napier.
W. Doig, Timaru.
G. Bolderbeck, Masterton.
Kingsbeer's Music Store, Levin.
Stewart's Music Store, Gisborne.
Lightband & Wann, New Plymouth.
Lightband & Wann, Hawera.
D. R. Whisker, Waitaki Hydro.
F. H. Southgate, Blenheim.
H. K. Mann, Pahiataua.