pass and deliberately cuts her. Mrs. Orboke turns and stares at her as she goes; shrugs her shoulders. Mrs. B. is a young-looking woman of about 37. She is smartly dressed, a young figure and manner—might easily pass for 25. Mrs. C. has crossed to sideboard and taken a cigarette and lit it. She does not turn till Mrs. B. speaks.) and deliberately cuts her.

Mrs. B.: Oh, hello, Mary!

Mrs. B. (in a tired voice, flopping into a chair): Oh, gin and tonic, please.

Mrs. C. pours out two drinks, walks over and hands one to Zetta, sits down on sofa herself, with glass. Both pause awk-

wardly.

Mrs. B. (nodding her head in direction of Mrs. P's. exit): She been talking about me to you?

Mrs. C.: Yes. Why do you ask?

Mrs. B.: She cut me dead just now (nervously). Well, Mary, I suppose by now you know why I've come—won't you halp me out?

Mow you know why I've come—won't you help me out?

Mit. C.: You've left it rather long to take me into your confidence, haven't you? But anyway, surely there is little to tell (as Zetta starts to speak). No, my dear, don't distress yourself with explanations—I understand what you are wor"ied about, but it is not that which troubles me

troubles me.

Ars. B.: But, Mary, you must listen.

It's our friendship. I've known you so long; it's the first time I've ever deceived

you; you must let me explain.

Mrs. C. (rather shortly): There is no need. I do not blame you for that, but

Mrs. C. (rather shortly): There is no need. I do not blame you for that, but it is Peter I'm worrying about.

Mrs. B. (relieved): Then you do forgive me? I was so afraid you wouldn't understand. That's all I'm worrying about. You see, if this had broken up our friendship I don't know that I could have gone through with it. have gone through with it.

Mrs. C. (coldly): No? But surely our

have gone through with it.

Mrs. C. (coldly): No? But surely our friendship could only be a minor consideration to your love for Peter?

Mrs. B. (ill at ease and laughing nerdously): Oh, I don't see that. (Anxiously): Mary, you must help me with this; I've been your friend long enough for you not to be influenced by conventional prejudice. (Leaning forward impetuously): Oh, my dear, I hated not being able to tell you all about it before, but...you see—I was afraid.

Mrs. C.: Afraid of what? Not that I would try to stop you, because if your purpose is strong enough nothing will move you from it—— Afraid, then, that I might influence Peter, eh? But surely he too would be equally determined? (Nodding her head, slowly.) Yes, I begin to understand a little better now (She turns vigorously towards Mrs. B., and speaks accusingly): The only thing that puzzles me now is why you have come to me at all!

Mrs. B. (very upset): But, Mary—werely you wouldn't expect me to leave

puzzies me now is why you have come to me at all!

Mrs. B. (very upset): But, Mary—surely you wouldn't expect me to leave without saying good-bye, and trying to clear up things between us. (Impatiently): You don't imagine that I'm enjoying hurting you, do you? The whole thing has been just hellish for me. I don't know why God doesn't arrange things better.

Mrs. C.: Why blame Him? And as to your coming here now trying to smooth things over, I really can see no reason why I should put myself out to be kind and forgiving, when you never troubled to consult me when this affair first started, and you must have known then what it

consult the when this anath risk started, and you must have known then what it would lead to. You don't expect me to fall on your neck and give Peter to you with my blessing, do you? Oh no, Mary, don't try and shift the responsibility for don't try and saure the responsibility for your actions on to anyone else. Our lives were perfectly happy till you and Peter started to redramatise the plot, and now you are squealing because the other actors don't quite fall in with the parts.

Mrs. B. (rising angrily and putting the manufallines). Thun't

Interlude"

(Continued from page 3.)

Mrs. C. (swinging round, without ad-God, we have the sense to grasp our vancing, pauses slightly): Shall I ring happiness instead of doing the usual for tea, or would you rather have a drink? thing and—(scornfully)—"sacrificing our Mrs. B. (in a tired voice, flopping into love rather than our honour," and all



Listeners will be interested to learn that, under the auspices of the Society of Professional Musicians of Otago, Signora Martinelli-Reggiardo will present, on Wednesday, September 16, a novel and delightful lecturerecital from 4YA. This programme will be entitled: "Italy, Land of Song," and music lovers are assured of an interesting entertainment. In collaboration with Signor Giovanni-Stella-a tinguished exponent of the Italian vocal style-Signora Martinelli-Reggiardo has explored the rich field of popular melodies with which Italy abounds, and has arranged a programme of story and song which will transport listeners to that land of music and romance.

the other eyewash that cloaks a coward's

Mrs. C.: You are talking like an adolescent schoolgirl, Zetta—the same cant and blatant creed of freedom and self-expression which is simply another word for selfishness. [Rises, puts glass on table, and walks up and down in front of windows.] "You love Peter too much to give him up! Bah! You make me sick! You mean you love yourself too much to forgo this little drama of which you have made yourself the poor misjudged long-suffering heroine. [As Mrs. you have made yourself the poor misjudged long-suffering heroine. [As Mrs. B. starts to interrupt anguily.] Oh. I know how nice it feels to be the wronged woman condemned by all but her lover, hugging to herself the smug satisfaction of her own righteousness and breadth of vision—makes you feel infinitely superior to their snubs and mud-slinging, doesn't it? Well, listen to me. If you go away with Peter you are not going wrapped in the comfortable glow of your own opinion of yourself; you're going Mrs. B. (rising angrily and putting of vision—makes you feel infinitely suher tumbler on the mantelpiece); Don't perior to their snubs and mud-slinging, be a fool! Can't you understand that doesn't it? Well, listen to me. If you this is not anything that can be explained away by superficial analysis and hashed-up theories! It is perfectly clear and simple, and Peter and I have decided to do the only possible thing. We picture of you, and it's not one you'll love each other too much to be held like, either. You love Peter! You hack by conventionalities, and, thank

about love. Not once have you given about love. Not once have you given Peter a thought in your sweeping statements—"My love!" "Our love!" Have you ever heard of a word called sacrifice? What sort of a companion and lover do you think you'll make for Peter twenty years hence when he's in his prime and you are an old woman? Oh, but that doesn't matter, does it?—(very sarcastically)—"Live for to-day," or "Our love will tide us over that." (Ceases walking up and down.) Well, it won't, and if you think I'm going to sit down and watch my boy's happiness stolen from him by a woman who can't and won't see what a crime she is committing, you're a bigger fool than I thought you were!

Mrs. B.: That's enough, Mary! You are wasting your breath. If you think all that you have said is a revelation to me, you are making a big mistake. I am not a fool! Do you suppose I haven't thought and thought till my head ached? I knew when I made up my mind to go ahead with this that people would say and think as you are saying. But I must confess I had hoped you would rise above such platitudes. Your fears for Feter are only natural, but they are entirely unnessary. Our love they are entirely unnessary. Our love is based upon the soundest and most ideal conception of love. We have everything in common—a love of art, music and nature, and our opinions on vital subjects do not clash; therefore our companionship is assured. Peter's love is of the romantic kind, and is less likeis of the romantic kind, and is less likely to be bruised by me than by some blundering girl of his own age. He is sensitive, and needs someone on whom he can lean. My love for him is largely material. It will protect and cherish him where a younger love would possibly destroy so much that is rare and delicate in his nature. You speak of love as if it can only be manifested by snicide on its own altar. I believe that suicide on its own altar. I believe that love and sacrifice can work together. If your conception of love is the immediate renunciation of itself if it just happened to place you in an awkward predicament, then you have never known leve! Your fanatical raving is simply the outpouring of a jealousy which seeks to deprive me of that which you have never known, that is the love of a friend, a lover, and a son, in the love of one man.

Mrs. C. (walking away from window and approaching Mrs. B centre stage— her voice quivers with anger, but both women are striving hard to keep control of themselves): You blind fool! What right have you to delude yourself into believing that you are the only woman What

who has been faced with a similar situation, just because we do not all adopt the same melodramatic solution as you? the same melodramatic solution as you? You force me to tell you things, which for your sake I never meant to say. For Peter's sake I must do all I can, even to laying bare such memories as you will scoff at. Five years before you came to India, when I had been married eight years, I met a man who meant everything to me—all that you claim Peter means to you. I was only 25 then. I had married when I was only 17 and had never known more than affection and gratitude toward my husband. This gratitude toward my husband. This new power, which we both fought at first, swept me right off my feet, and I hovered, blinded by the glory of such happiness had so chosen, we could have done as you propose doing to-day. We could have taken our happiness—counted the world taken our happiness—counted the world well lost—we were self-sufficient to each other. Together we could have sought and conquered new worlds—and the price would have been paid by others suffering—not ours—a career ruined. What did that mean then? My husband's life broken, my babies left motherless, brothers, sisters, parents, friends—the circle of those who would have suffered for us of those who would have suffered for us was never ending. But don't you think I could have shut my eyes to all that just as you are doing? And I at least was giving my man the youth he had the right to expect. But something—how, or why I stopped God knows. I was no wint, in forth. saint; in fact, many would condemn my action and praise yours. Something made me realise what it would all mean. (Softly): It seemed to me like throwing a stone into a still pool of water—the circles spread out wider and wider till that one small splash disturbs the whole pool. So it seemed to me that we could not mould our lives as we wished without affecting the lives of so many others, and so—(pauses, then slowing, as though relinquishing a sad memory)—

as though relinquishing a sad memory)—
I let him go.

Mrs. B. (sitting down in wicker chair again and crossing her legs, with condescension): A very sad little incident, Mary! I never imagined you had this little life tragedy up your sleeve. What a pity you don't write a book about it. Think of the moral it would point out for those hovering on the brink of the same mistake. "And Mary went back to her husband and they lived happily ever after."! Have you lived happily ever after, Mary? But, of course, how silly of me—sacrifice not happiness is our goal! (Laughing forcedly): Oh no, my dear. You cannot put me off by appealing to my sentiment. Frankly, I consider you acted like a weak fool. It is not my idea of courage to shirk the issues not my idea of courage to shirk the issues and return to your husband with nothing but a washed-out memory and thoughts of what might have been. But we are wasting time.

Mrs. C.: You are quite right. I see only too well I have wasted time by appeal-ing to you. Very well, you shall hear

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