

friendly soul. Talks to people in trains and at funerals, and all that, you know. No trouble for her to strike up a friendship. She says she has a gift that way.

Stella: A gift! Ye gods! Then why on earth didn't she give it back long ago? (Bell rings.) There's the bell now. I wonder who it is?

Enter Martha in muslin cap and apron. Mutter "Respectable! H' indeed!" Approaches her mistress with card on tray.

Mrs. Soaring: What are you mumbling about, Martha? For mercy sake try to look pleasant. (Martha glowers. Mrs. S. reads card.) "Miss Wimple"—Well, go along, Martha, and show her in.

Martha (from doorway): Wot I says is this 'ere. If she must wear a red nose, need she also wear a red hat?

Mrs. Soaring: MARTHA! (Exit Martha, still muttering.) That girl is becoming impossible.

Stella: You couldn't docket her as the little ray of sunshine, certainly. She looks like something that might have occurred to Buster Keaton in one of his less frivolous moments.

Enter Miss Wimple—the Vicar's sister—a thin, very tall female, curved inward like a stickle from the waist up. Her nose is very red, as is also her hat. Advances with outstretched hand: Oh, good afternoon, dear Mrs. Soaring. And Miss Soaring; how delightful to see you!

Mrs. Soaring: Good afternoon, dear Miss Wimple; this is charming of you. I hope the vicar is well.

Miss Wimple: Alas, poor man! He is far from well. Chronic dyspepsia, you know—and nothing gives him relief—nothing. (Sighs.)

Aunt Lizzie's Friend

(Continued from page 23)

Mrs. Soaring: How sad! What a martyr!

Stella (in an aside): What price our dear Lizzie's remedies now? (Bell rings.) ...

Miss Wimple: Er—I beg your pardon, Miss Soaring, did you say you knew a remedy? If only I could find one. (Sighs.) The poor man!

Stella: Unfortunately I have not. But I may be able to discover something. A relative of ours is a mine of information when it comes to remedies. A quaint old thing she is, rather, but an old dear, really, isn't she mother?

Mrs. Soaring: Yes, you would have enjoyed her. Dear Lizzie. Quite a character! Unfortunately she could not stay in to-day. I would have loved to introduce her to you.

Enter Martha, closely followed by Mrs. Jefferson-White, a severe-looking woman with an intolerant expression.

Martha: Mrs. Chaffing-Some Quite! (Flaunts out.)

Mrs. Jefferson-White snorts.

Mrs. Soaring (hurriedly): Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Jefferson-White? How nice to see you! A perfect day, isn't it?

Mrs. J.-White: Oh, quite! (Settles into chair, nods abruptly at others.) G'att'n'n! (Takes out knitting.)

Miss Wimple: Good afternoon, Mrs. Jefferson-White. It is indeed a pleasure to see you. The vicar was

only saying how long it was since we saw you at church. (Mrs. J.-White snorts.) He was wondering what was preventing you from attending.

Mrs. J.-White: Adenoids.

Miss Wimple: I beg your pardon, Mrs. Jefferson-White, did you say adenoids?

Mrs. J.-White: Quite!

Miss Wimple: Why—why—what—ever—

Mrs. Soaring: I think Mrs. Jefferson-White is referring to the vicar's unfortunate—er—er—nasal er—er—peculiarity—

Miss Wimple (bridling): Indeed!

Mrs. J.-White: Quite!

(Bell rings.)

Miss Wimple: I agree with the vicar when he says, "Sin has no limits." (Staring acidly at Mrs. J.-White.)

Stella: Well, thank goodness, that's one industry that needs no ten per cent. cut.

Mrs. Soaring: Stella!

Mrs. J.-White: Quite!

Enter Martha with card. Mrs. Soaring takes card from tray.

Mrs. Soaring: Oh, yes, Martha; show her in. (Looks round benignly.) My dear friend, Mrs. Snobbe-Cranston.

Miss Wimple: Mrs. Snobbe-Cranston! Oh, is she a friend of yours?

Mrs. Soaring: Why, of course. I've known her intimately for ever so long. We are the dearest friends!

Miss Wimple: Oh, really!

Mrs. J.-White: Oh, quite!

Enter Mrs. Snobbe-Cranston, a well preserved woman of middle age and well restrained figure. Advances grandly and holds out hand to hostess.

Mrs. Soaring: Good afternoon, my dear Mrs. Snobbe-Cranston. This is indeed a pleasure.

Mrs. S.-Cranston: Good afternoon. Gorgeous day, what?

Mrs. Soaring: Indeed yes, dear Mrs. Snobbe-Cranston. May I introduce—

Miss Wimple—Mrs. Jefferson-White. Of course you know my dear daughter.

Mrs. S.-Cranston: How do? (Bows somewhat frostily.)

Miss Wimple: This is indeed a great pleasure, Mrs. Snobbe-Cranston; perhaps you know my brother. He is the vicar at St. Peter's.

Mrs. S.-Cranston: Really!

Mrs. J.-White: Quite!

Miss Wimple: Such a lovely sermon he gave last Sunday!

Mrs. Soaring: Oh, lovely!

Mrs. J.-White: Oh, quite!

Miss Wimple (stares acidly at Mrs. J.-White): He believes that success in our undertakings is assured through meditation, concentration, inspiration—

Mrs. J.-White: Or crass ignorance!

Miss Wimple: Really!

Mrs. J.-White: Quite!

Enter Martha with tea-wagon. Mrs. Soaring bustles herself with cups, etc.

Martha: Please, mum—please, mum—

Mrs. Soaring: Yes, Martha, what is it?

Martha: Please, mum, the cat got into the kitchen and drank the cream an—

Mrs. Soaring: Well, why didn't you get more? Really, Martha—

Martha: 'Ow could I, mum, when you knows as well as I does that the

milkman won't give us no more tick till we pays 'is account!

Mrs. Soaring: Martha! Go at once! How dare you tell such untruths?

Martha: Untruths! Lawks! I likes that, I does! Castin' nasturtions on my character—h'indeed! I spose you'll be sayin' next as 'ow the butcher didn't come a-roarin' round just afore lunch—

Mrs. Soaring: MARTHA!!! Leave the room!

Martha exits sulkily, muttering: "Untruths! Lawks! What impermanence!"

Mrs. Soaring: These dreadful maids! So crude! But of course you'll know all about it, Mrs. Snobbe-Cranston. (Hands cups of tea.)

Mrs. S.-Cranston: Of course! Frightful creatures! So impudent!

Stella: Oh, Mrs. Snobbe-Cranston, have you met our new neighbour, Mrs. Parrington, yet?

Mrs. S.-Cranston: Not yet, but—

Enter Lizzie, with a companion, a big, jolly-faced woman in a mannish costume and hat.

Lizzie: Oh, Mag, I managed to get along after all. I met my friend just along the street and thought how jolly it would be to bring her along, as she is new here and would like to meet you all. Come along, Milly, and be introduced. (Her friend advances.) Mag, surely you remember Milly—she was at the Brown's when you were working for us. She was only saying what a surprise she got to hear of your marriage with George. I told her she wasn't the only one who was surprised, eh, Mag? (Laughs in her jolly way.)

Well, Mag, what about meeting all these smart friends of yours. My, wouldn't the folks down at Titree Gulch love to see you now. (Gazes around admiringly. Everyone stares stonily back.) Anyway, Mag, you'll be wanting to meet my friend. This is Mrs.—

Mrs. Soaring (frostily): Oh, how do? (Nods abruptly—ignores outstretched hand.) Lizzie, take your friend and sit over there. (Points to couch in far corner.) I will ring for more tea.

Lizzie: But I haven't introduced my friend, Mrs.—

Mrs. Soaring: Oh—er—how do? (Waves hand towards far corner; rings bell.)

Lizzie, after a moment's hesitation, takes her friend's arm, saying: "Come along, Mill; this city way of going on beats me. Call that an introduction? My stars!

Mrs. S.-Cranston: And who are these—er—persons?

Mrs. Soaring (confidentially): Oh, Lizzie! (Shrugs.) These impossible connections from the country—Maybe you have had experience of them. So annoying!

Mrs. S.-Cranston: Oh, of course, I understand. Poor relations! Alas! We all have them. But that other one! (Mrs. Soaring shrugs.)

Stella: She's a disaster on land or sea!

Miss Wimple: Oh, is that the—er—person you were speaking of, Mrs. Soaring? The one with all the remedies, you know—a relation you said it was.

Mrs. Soaring: Oh, NO! Of course not. She was quite different.

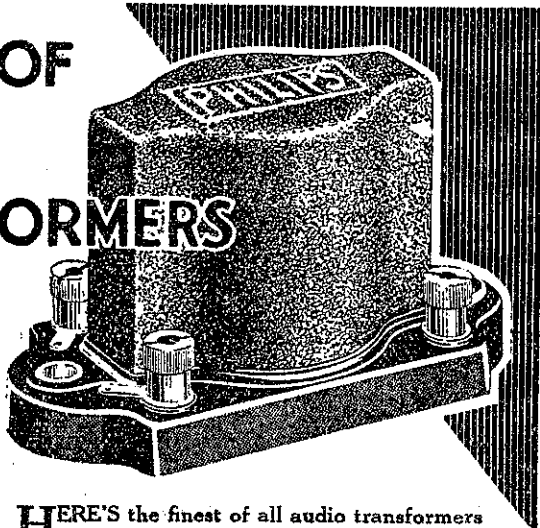
Enter Martha.

Mrs. Soaring: More tea, Martha. (Martha exits sulkily:—"Untruths! Lawks! H'indeed!")

Lizzie: Well, Mag, I must say you've a different way of doing things here

FINEST OF
AUDIO
TRANSFORMERS

21!



HERE'S the finest of all audio transformers capable of reproducing every frequency correctly. Compact, yet worth its weight in gold. Just couple it up in place of your present unit and note the difference!

Special Alloy Core; pure silver primary; nickel secondary; completely shielded; handy terminals; the audio transformer used in the world-famous Philips Radio-Players.

From all Radio Dealers

PHILIPS

W52R

Advertisement of Philips Lamps (N.Z.) Limited. Head Office: P.O. Box 1673, Wellington. Branches: Auckland—Paykel's Building, Anzac Avenue. Christchurch—226 Tuam Street.