

Aunt Lizzie's Friend

(Continued from page 1.)

handkerchief): Oh, dear; oh, dear. That girl will be the death of me. Between her and Lizzie. Oh, dear, it might make all the difference to what Mrs. Snobbe-Cranston will think of us—

Enter Stella, her daughter, looking bored, and dressed in the extreme of fashion. Draws: Hello, old dear, why the maternal frown? Martha been more idiotic than usual?

Mrs. Soaring: Well, she's bad enough, goodness knows, but it's your Aunt Lizzie that's worrying me just now.

Stella: Why on earth she wanted to leave her beloved Titree Swamp or Horseshoe Gulch, or whatever she calls it, and dump herself on us just at this very moment I cannot imagine. It wouldn't be so bad at any other time—we could have jazzed her off to the zoo or shoved her on to an observation car, or something, but to-day—

Mrs. Soaring: She does look a sketch. Stella: She's a yell!

Mrs. Soaring: She's sure to wear her brown fugi—

Stella: AND her brown beads, PLUS her black ones, DITTO her blue ones.

Mrs. Soaring: And she'll call me Mag before them all. Oh, what can I do?

Stella: And she'll ask everyone if they are subject to dyspepsia, and then have an orgy of remedies. Have you noticed that Aunt Lizzie always has a remedy for everything?

Mrs. Soaring: Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

Stella: Pretty sickening, all right. We can't let her spoil our afternoon.

She's such an absolute yell! I'll tell you—To begin with, tell her to wear something else.

Mrs. Soaring: She hasn't anything else, except a blue serge, and that, oh, dear, I'm sure Mrs. Noah threw it out of the ark. It's worse, much worse.

Stella: Worse! Ye gods, is it possible?

Mrs. Soaring: Besides, she thinks that brown fugi just beautiful—she told me so.

Stella: Ye gods! How frightfully rural! Well, at any rate, tell her to hang a few yards of her beads around the bedpost for a change,—

Mrs. Soaring: And she'll talk about the cows and the pigs. PIGS, mark you, in my drawing room.

Stella: Dare her to mention pigs or haystacks, or dungarees, or birds' nests.

Mrs. Soaring: And then she'd ask everyone if they were enjoying themselves, and how many grandchildren they have.

Stella: Oh, what a yell! Imagine Mrs. Snobbe-Cranston if she asked her about her grandchildren. After all the trouble she has been to to have her face renovated, too—not a sign of a loose fold or wrinkle—wonderful—just wonderful. Yes, she looks young enough, but those seven grandchildren!

Trust Aunt Lizzie to fossick out all her secrets. No tact, that's Aunt Lizzie's trouble. She's the kind of person who would try to cheer up the King of Spain by talking of jewelled crowns.

Mrs. Soaring: Oh, do stop, Stella, do! It's bad enough without imagining worse horrors. Whatever will Mrs. Snobbe-Cranston think of her? Oh, dear, dear! Do you think, Stella, we could ask Aunt Lizzie to be careful?

Stella: Sure! I'll do it. Our Lizzie's rustic homeliness may be all right at Tussockdale, but—(Shrugs.) Why, here she is!

Enter Aunt Lizzie, a large, middle-aged, cheerful person in an old-fashioned brown fugi frock and several strings of beads.

Stella (in an aside): Ye gods; she's got three extra yards of them on to-day, I'll swear.

Lizzie: Hello, Mag! (Mrs. Soaring looks pained.)

Mrs. Soaring: Please, Lizzie—I wish you wouldn't persist in calling me Mag. Margaret is my name.

Lizzie: Margaret! My stars! Well, Mag was good enough for you when you were our general help down at Titree Gulch. Margaret! My stars! You have got some queer notions since you married our George and made him come to live in town!

Mrs. Soaring: Really, Lizzie, you do not seem to realise the difference between town and country life. Things are so very different down in Tussockdale.

Lizzie: Yes, praise be. Anyway, what's on? You're all dressed up. My gracious, how smart we are! (Gazes admiringly at them.)

Mrs. Soaring: Well, as it happens, this is my At Home day.

Lizzie: At Home day? You don't say! My stars, Mag, d'you mean to tell me you go in for these new fangled notions?

Mrs. Soaring: Why, of course, Lizzie. And don't be foolish. There's nothing new fangled about it. Everybody has them.

Lizzie: My stars! Well, we don't down at Titree Gulch. Come along

any old time and you're welcome is our way.

Stella: And let's all go out and admire the pigs afterwards, eh, auntie?

Lizzie: Of course. My pigs are famous all over Tussockdale (Mrs. Soaring snorts.) You see I have a new pedigree boar—

Mrs. Soaring: Please, please, Lizzie, spare us the details.

Lizzie (looking astonished): Why, I thought you'd be interested.

Stella: Hardly in our line, old dear. Smell and all that, you know. (Shudders daintily.) (Auntie looks more astonished than ever.)

Lizzie: Well I never—

Stella: And, oh, Auntie, old dear, as regards this bingle we are having here this afternoon—

Lizzie: Oh, I'm so sorry. I'm afraid I won't be able to stay in to it. I am sorry, I'd love to meet your friends. I'm so interested in people. But, you see, I have an old friend who has just come to live here and I must look her up. I haven't much time here, as you know, so I had thought of going to-day. That is, of course, if you don't mind. I'll stay if you really want me.

Mrs. Soaring: Oh, not at all. Not at all. (Looks relieved.) Don't let me interfere with your plans.

Lizzie: Sure you don't mind? Then I think I'll be off. I won't be late. (Exit.)

Mrs. Soaring: Thank heavens! She's gone. That was a stroke of luck!

Stella: Ye gods! What a release! Lizzie's Tussockdale model is bad enough, but that ghastly chumminess!

Mrs. Soaring: She always was a (Continued on page 30.)

The only Receiver that gives satisfactory Reception of both Long and Short-Wave Stations!



SENIOR CONSOLE
MODEL
AS
ILLUSTRATED £56

Years in advance of ordinary radio construction, the "Ultimate" All-Wave Receiver combines a powerful Short-wave Receiver and an ordinary Broadcast Receiver as well. It gives a greater range of programmes, and multiplies the enjoyment and entertainment of radio a hundredfold.

Behind this new "Ultimate" is the accumulated scientific experience of over four years of building high-class Radio Receivers, especially designed to suit New Zealand conditions. It incorporates the very latest technical developments of Radio Science and Engineering. Fully shielded Superheterodyne circuit with 8 valves, including the wonderful new Variable-Mu and Pentode Valves, also Dynamic Speaker, Tone Control, and a Local-Distance Switch which obviates electrical interference.

The "Ultimate" is made in New Zealand by New Zealanders, for New Zealand conditions. Hear it TO-DAY at your local distributor's. If any difficulty in arranging a demonstration, communicate with the Manufacturers: C.P.O. Box 1778, Auckland.

"ULTIMATE"

ALL-WAVE WORLD RECEIVER