

and elatedly announced. "My beloved heir, at last I have found you a wife. For a young woman she is very nearly perfect. Her name is Joan.

"That dame?" screamed the prince. "Oh, h____, pa! Why dontcha let me

handle my own affairs? I've been watchin' that babe, and, I tell ya, she won't do. She's a complete frost, that's what, a complete frost!" And he stormed out of the kingly presence, slamming the door behind him.

They Will Do It Every Time

DONALD GOBEN

To relax in a large, comfortable chair and listen to soft music after a long day's work is my idea of heaven on earth. Each evening I arrive home tired, dirty, and rather ill-humored. After washing and cleaning up a little, I settle down in my easy chair and turn on the little push-button radio.

The push-button radio is a wonderful invention. For, inclined as I am to be slightly lazy, it facilitates the finding or getting rid of different stations.

Last evening I turned on the radio in my usual manner. It shouted, "Listen to Terry and the pirates."

"I will not," I thought, and pushed the second button.

"The Russians slaughtered another 15,000 Nazis today in a bitter battle," the second station said. Slaughtering was the last thing I wanted to hear about.

I pushed the next button. "And so died the famous William Wetface," that station said. Who William Wetface was I did not know, and I cared considerably less.

The succeeding station blared a military march. "Now who feels like marching at this time of evening," I thought.

A sports commentator from another station said, "The Caps beat St. Louis last night in a close game."

"Well," I thought, "we don't have such a bad team after all, but I want music." At last the soothing strains of a waltz floated up from the radio. "At last," I thought, and settled back to enjoy it.

"Don, fix the furnace, and go to the store for bread." It was my mother's voice.

"They will do it every time," I said softly as I rose and turned off the radio.