

A man was telling one of his friends the secret of his contented married life. 'My wife makes all the small decisions,' he explained, 'and I make all the big ones, so we never interfere in each other's business and never get annoyed with each other. We have no complaints and no arguments.'

'That sounds reasonable,' answered his friend sympathetically. 'And what sort of decisions does your wife make?'

'Well,' answered the man, 'she decides what jobs I apply for, what sort of house we live in, what furniture we have, where we go for our holidays, and things like that.'

His friend was surprised. 'Oh?' he said. 'And what do you consider important decisions then?'

'Well,' answered the man, 'I decide who should be Prime Minister, whether we should increase our help to poor countries, what we should do about the atom bomb, and things like that.'