

dally contemporary, some time ago, which excited such popular interest, and which reiterated requests to have them reissued in booklet form, that this has now been done, and very daintily indeed in the little work in its cover of dove and silver. These "Dialogues," which were written with a view to help solve the vexed "Domestic Servants' Problem," are both sympathetically and practically written, and constitute very interesting reading. The dialogues are three in number, and are respectively entitled, "The Trouble," "The Treatment," and "The Cure." The first is a singularly astute diagnosis. "The Treatment" is practicable and all-sufficing, showing an all-round grasp of the needs of the future, and the weakness of the present situation. The assumption that present conditions are largely due to the indifferent standard of domestic service generally accepted by mistresses, is only too true, as is the urgent necessity for a proposed house-wives society, the object of which would be to remodel the whole system of housecraft as at present in vogue, and the deputation of representatives, who would meet and confer with similar representatives of the Servants' Union, in the endeavour to place matters on a more satisfactory footing between mistress and maid. "The Cure," which is the last of these brilliant dialogues, is a safe and sure one—if the patient best responds to the treatment, but we are not hopeful enough of the patient's reciprocation. "I serve"—the motto of a long line of English princes, has fallen into disrepute, alike in the highest and lowest rank of service. Yet the "Cure" is both practical and altogether admirable, could it be put to the test. Apropos of the scheme, it is interesting to read what Lady Dorothy Nevill, in "Under Five Reigns," says about a smaller similar scheme tried by her on her own estate in England. Lady Nevill says:—"In a little wooded hollow, not far from the house stood a fair-sized cottage, and here I established a model laundry, where a certain number of poor girls were trained for domestic service, not always I am bound to say, with very satisfactory results." Though the conditions would be different, the same stumbling block of unfitness would always stand in the way. The perfect servant, like the good cook, is born, not made. Nevertheless it is up to the women of this Dominion to employ the power conferred upon them by the suffrage to plan and further this or a similar scheme of compulsory domestic training. It is vital both to the moral and the physical welfare of this Dominion. Though we are not sanguine as to the adoption of this particular scheme, it is highly commendable, and deserving of public attention and support. It is strictly within the boundaries of woman's sphere, and we trust the author will live to see its realisation.

**Under Twelve Reigns:** By Lady Dorothy Nevill; and **THE HALO**, by the Baroness Von Hutten. (London: Methuen and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 1/3 each.)

Those readers who remember Lady Dorothy Nevill's vivaciously written "Reminiscences" will cordially welcome these new "reminiscences," which extend over "five reigns." "Since I published my 'Reminiscences' four years ago," says the author, "I have come across further notes and letters connected with the social life of the Victorian and Edwardian eras, a number of which it seemed to me might not prove unacceptable to that indulgent public which accorded my previous effort such an encouraging and kindly reception." "Under Five Reigns" will be found an absolute mine of interest, entertainment and information, not only to those who love to delve into bygone ages, but to those who were and are acquainted with the various great personages who pass and re-pass throughout its pages. Lady Dorothy was born during the reign of "the first gentleman in Europe," and has lived to see five monarchs on the English throne. It is a long, and a splendid, and a courtly, and otherwise distinguished procession to view which this gracious old lady, who is the best type of English aristocrat, leads her numerous readers in absorbed interest and impressive silence. Sprightly, vivacious, and extremely amusing, as well as pathetic, are the stories told of the great people of those "five reigns." But there is not a breath of scandal, or of malice, or of anything that is tainted or ignoble to

mar her historic gossip. Indeed, and notably in the case of Lady Cardigan's "Recollections," she essays the task of redempting some honoured name from undeserved obloquy. In short, "Under Five Reigns," is undiluted pleasure to read, and one of the most notable of the Methuen shilling reprints. "The Halo," it will be remembered, was considered when it first appeared to be one of the most remarkable presentations of the artistic temperament that had ever appeared in novel form. The theme is a painful one, but it is only due to the Baroness Von Hutten to say that she handled it both cleverly and with considerable delicacy. We do not purpose to tell Baroness Von Hutten's story for her. Readers who liked the story—and of its artistic craft there can be no two opinions—will be glad to possess it at the low price of one and three-pence, which is its present cost in this Dominion. This, and the preceding reprint, has been received by us from Messrs. Methuen and Co. The latest addition to this firm's popular shilling library ("Home" price) is Mr. Arthur Morrison's inimitable "Tales of Mean Streets." Though it is years since we read this novel, it is as green in our memory as though it were but yesterday. In his depiction of certain London life and haunts Mr. Morrison is second to none.

**BITS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.**

**Woman's Ways.**

"Man may have some excuse for his contempt of woman. I myself could have no feeling of equality for a creature who was willing to give up her name, her occupation, and her home for me; to let me decide her place of residence, her employment and her income; who allowed herself to be given to me by a religious form; who promised publicly to obey me. Still less could I have a feeling of equality for her if I should see her mincing about on absurdly high-heeled shoes, wearing upon her head a tray of calico flowers and artificial poultry representing the flora and fauna of all climes, her bare arms and neck showing chill and blue through a film of lace."—"Do They Really Respect Us?" By Margaret Collier Graham.

**Improper Hours at Harrow.**

"Dr. Butler, when headmaster of Harrow, made it a rule that the pieces to be acted should be submitted to him

before he gave the requisite permission. One of them was 'The Palace of Truth,' and at a critical point in the story the hero said to the heroine: 'Meet me outside the garden gate at nine o'clock to-night.' Dr. Butler ran his pen through the words, and substituted 'at three o'clock this afternoon.' — "After-Thoughts," by the Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.

**The Heir and the Soup.**

"The arrival of a son and heir in a gentleman's family is not all skittles. I have found in business that the more a thing looks like being skittles the more it isn't. It is just the same in the home. At first of course the congratulations of one's friends were welcome, and there were presentations to the child of a gratifying nature. After the notice (in the best newspapers) advertising the birth, a perfect deluge of samples and circulars descended upon us. Of different kinds of meat extracts alone so many samples were sent that for over a week clear soup at dinner became simply a matter of course. All satisfactory enough as far as it goes, but is it everything? What about character?"—"Exit Eliza." By Harry Fain. Cassell. 1s.

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"As a manager he had been blessed with an instinct for providing what his public wanted. Thanks to that inestimable gift, he made money. Of such plays as he occasionally witnessed in the fashionable theatres of London he understood no more than he understood of literature or the contents of the National Gallery; but now that instinct had been supplemented by experience, he understood as accurately as any one man can ever do at what point in his own dramatic fare an audience of the lower middle class would shuffle their feet and want a crine to happen—at what point their appetites would turn from crime to sentiment; he understood how often in the menus of love and murder the savoury desired by every British palate would be for the low comedian to sit down on an egg."—"The Position of Peggy," by Leonard Merrick

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"In England ladies' maids refuse to wait up for their mistresses' return from evening parties. (I knew an unmarried lady who was compelled to sleep one night dressed as she was because her maid, having locked herself into her room, declined to get up to unfasten her dress for her!) In Germany the servants make it a condition that they shall spend so many evenings at masked balls."—"The Thread of Life," by H. R. H. the Infanta Eulalia of Spain. Cassell. 10s. 6d. net.

**A Too Forceful Sermon.**

"In one of the early settlements the men took turns in conducting Sabbath services. In course of time it came to the turn of Lachlan McGillivray who had been a lumberman. McGillivray took as his topic the story of David and Goliath. Warming up to his subject, he rose in excitement to the climax. "The stone from wee David's sling was guided to the head of the giant, and the stone pierced his brain, and he fell; David rushed up—and—and—tore his sword from its scabbard, and whirled his sword round his head, and he cut off his—his—d—d head," thus using the graphic language of the river driver. This was 'big Lachlan's' last invitation to conduct the service."—"The Scotsman in Canada." Two vols. 42s. net. Sampson Low.

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