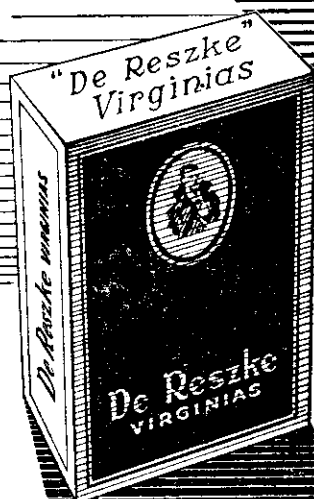


# De RESZKE

## .. OF COURSE



DR-218-14

**BIG Comfort from a Little Tin!**

INSTANT RELIEF  
PAINLESSLY REMOVES CORN  
CURES WARTS TOO!

**CARNATION CORN CAPS**  
FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

N.Z. DISTRIBUTORS LTD. 82-86 ALBERT STREET A.P.O. 42 AMP

## PROBLEMS OF MIDDLE AGE

Are you one of those people who all through life have been as "fit as a fiddle" and yet middle age has brought its problems and its changes, resulting in a general deterioration of health? Nothing really serious, you may think—yet you haven't got that zest for getting things done that you had in the past. You feel "nervy" and generally run down. It's time you had WINCARNIS! WINCARNIS is a full-bodied wine with other nourishing ingredients added—it's a real food for the blood—for every part of the body. It's quick in action too. You'll feel better after the first glass—and rapidly you'll start to feel your old self again and prove that life is every bit as enjoyable in middle age as it is in youth! Ask your chemist for WINCARNIS to-day.

Sole Distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd.,  
Levy Building, Manners Street, Wellington, C.I.



"You've got a brilliant historical novel here in most respects, but, man, where is your hussy?"

## BOOK REVIEWS

### OF MICE AND MEN

THEN AND NOW by W. Somerset Maugham.  
(Heinemann).

THIS is a novel, one feels uneasily, with a moral. But what moral? Toughness is all? Toughness is not enough? Somerset Maugham shows in his title if it does not obtrude in the book, that he has one eye on the present while he entertains us with the adventures of Niccolo Machiavelli at the court of the admirable but horrifying Caesar Borgia.

Caesar Borgia is a supremely unemotional dictator. He gets everything he wants without biting the carpet. But in the end he gets nothing and dies untimely the death of those who take the sword.

Niccolo Machiavelli, so untrammelled in the exercise of his cunning, the admirer of expediency in politics, also gets nothing for his pains, nothing but the thin satisfaction of being incorruptible. He does not even "get the girl": There is a delicious "love" story, which might have been borrowed from the *Decameron*, running through this account of the exquisitely cynical verbal fencings of Niccolo and Duke Caesar. Smart, he is outsmarted. Chance governs all or a providence with a heightened sense of irony.

Somerset Maugham handles his historical theme well and guides its progress with the lightest touch on the reins. Page after page is so modern we forget we are dealing with early 16th Century Italy. But there is enough of the detail of housekeeping and personal hygiene of the day to keep us firmly anchored in the historical context. (Niccolo is a cleanly man: he washes his feet every five days). Above all, Somerset Maugham never tires at his task. With easy zest, he compasses the fully-rounded story and closes it, like life itself, "not with a bang but a whimper," a story of ambitious men over-endowed with intellectual power, perpetually mastering emotions they might just as well have indulged, a story with a moral, but a first-class story.

It is fair to say that all Somerset Maugham's writing maintains this attempt to understand the world his people

are living in. Unlike most writers who are preoccupied with man's fate, he has no axe to grind, no preconceived conclusions in which all events are made to contribute. On the contrary, he is constantly exploring human nature and only dwells on the irony of circumstances because it is part of the case data with which he is working. His lucidity is too apt to be labelled cynicism, his impartiality heartlessness. (The grace and ease of his style cannot be gainsaid). But there is always the tear glistening becomingly in the corner of his eye even if it never quite drops to the page he is at work upon. Underneath a hard-boiled exterior he is a man of feeling, cherishing ordinariness as the flower of all the virtues, cherishing also pity, but with an engaging and almost sentimental awkwardness. Men are queer cattle. "The desires of the heart are as crooked as corkscrews." Happiness is fickle and fleeting, at the mercy of an ironic fate: that, perhaps, is the moral. —David Hall.

### BIRD WATCHING

MAORI AND MUTTON-BIRD. By L. E. Richdale.

CAMERA STUDIES OF NEW ZEALAND BIRDS. by L. E. Richdale.

THESE two booklets, printed for the author, who is his own publisher and bookseller, by the *Otago Daily Times*, are Numbers 6 and 7 in a series of wild life studies, all of which deal with birds. Now that Guthrie-Smith is dead, Mr. Richdale must be the most patient watcher of birds in New Zealand, and he, of course, watches with trained and informed eyes. Number 6 is almost wholly photographic. In Number 7 there are several pages of text, including this vivid passage describing the return of mutton-birds at night:

"The nightly home-coming of countless numbers of petrels on these bird-islands of New Zealand, and elsewhere, is one of the marvels of the world, to be experienced by only a few privileged ones of the human race. An observer seated on a knoll on shore will notice, shortly before 9.0 p.m. in mid-summer, the birds collecting in hundreds on the water off-shore. Soon they rise and commence to circle the island or the area containing