

Plenty Of Interesting Things Have Been Happening To Trevor Lane During This Holiday Season, And, In To-day's Passing Pageant, He Tells You How . . .

...In defence of the under-dog—the pathetic little man earning 28 shillings a week—he made an enemy.

...In believing in ghosts—and meaning it, too—he discovered a friend who likes life but is puzzled by it.

...In asking a departing traveller if she had enough money to see her on her way, he met a plucky girl.

‘VE got myself into hot water properly this time.

In my mail the other day was a letter, limp and slightly damp from having fallen with the flying boat, Calpurnia, into Darwin harbour. It was from the publicity manager in London for the famous Lyons's restaurants, W. Buchanan-Taylor . . . and it calls me a lot of names, "sob-brother" and snob among them.

And it all arose out of my mention in **PASSING PAGEANT** some weeks ago of the life of the under-dog in London, especially the wages paid to waiters in the big West End restaurants.



"YOU have chosen a 'sob-brother' theme for your

article," writes Mr. Buchanan-Taylor, "and apparently have pursued it regardless of accuracy.

"You refer to the wages paid, but omit the fact that meals are provided free and commission is also earned.

"Just snobbery—and cheap at that! I suppose that the rich are always well-mannered and generous? You should know that good manners and consideration are qualities to be found in the Man-in-the-Street and his wife as much as among the publicised socialites you seem to admire."

Lyons' establishment in this case.)

He was the very essence of the decent little man who has had bitterness flayed into his soul. The manager of his restaurant was a hard Italian with as much sympathy for his men as a snake has for a rabbit. He worked them long hours, took a percentage of their tips from them, made them pay for damage to china and linen.



WHY, the lift attendant in the building in which I work

in Wellington was once a waiter in a London restaurant. And he read my article and agreed with me.

He has known, too, what it means to wrest a living from the eating houses of the world's biggest city.

I don't think these slaves will go on like this for ever, though. I hope they won't.

That doesn't mean I'm licking my lips over the possibility of a bloody revolution with titled heads rolling all over Piccadilly Circus and bank directors swinging from gibbets in the Strand!

BUT I think the Old Country is ripe for a bloodless revolution, an emancipation, an advance toward the sunlight of better social conditions.

New Zealand has done it—and New Zealand is a very little country with a lot of nineteenth-century conservatism.

Because many an Englishman's home is a miserable, sooty place he spends his time in the pub—and his wife does, too, while the children play in the gutters and acquire all the meannesses of gutter rats.

Passing

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DEAR Mr. Buchanan-Taylor . . . In your zeal to uphold a firm that DOES pay its waiters twenty-eight shillings a week and DID show a profit of more than a million pounds last year you sponsor the very point that I made myself.

I think I said in the self-same article, "Good manners matter, and politeness to the under-dog, and a helping hand to the man who's down and a smile and a word to the people who serve and sweat for a few shillings a week."

And as for the "publicised socialites I seem to admire," God knows, I think I pity them. How very bored they are and—sometimes—how very shoddy they are!



NO, when I tackled the question of England's "submerged tenth" I did know what I was talking about. The idea of writing about these people whose lives hover perilously near the bread-line came to me when I talked to the brother of my landlady in London. He had been given a decent Scots upbringing, had gone to London, had failed to find a foothold and, at forty-five, was a waiter in a West End restaurant. (Not a



Parties are going to see a lot less of her in 1939 . . . she's going to study French and psychology . . . she's going to equip herself to really talk and discuss things with people . . . she'll make the grade in life.

Here in New Zealand our children have the bright eyes and the happy laugh of the child who knows neither Fascism nor Communism, poverty or war. May our little country long remain in this happy state!



MADE myself rather unpopular the other day—yes, more trouble!—when I said that I thought most of the girls I know have more guts than the men.

Girls to-day say, "I'm going to do this," or "I'm going to do that"—and jolly well go out and do it! But the majority of young men spend a lot of time talking about what they are going to do—and then very seldom make a move.

Rather like the man who boasted that he had said what he thought of the boss.

"And what did the boss say?" his friend asked.

"Well, he didn't hear," was the reply. "You see,