

Country Life In South Africa

With which is incorporated "The African Architect"



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Vol. I

MAY, 1915

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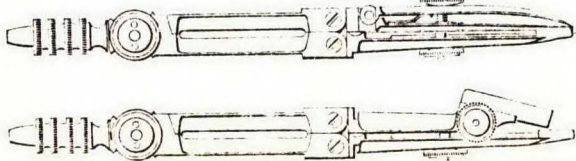
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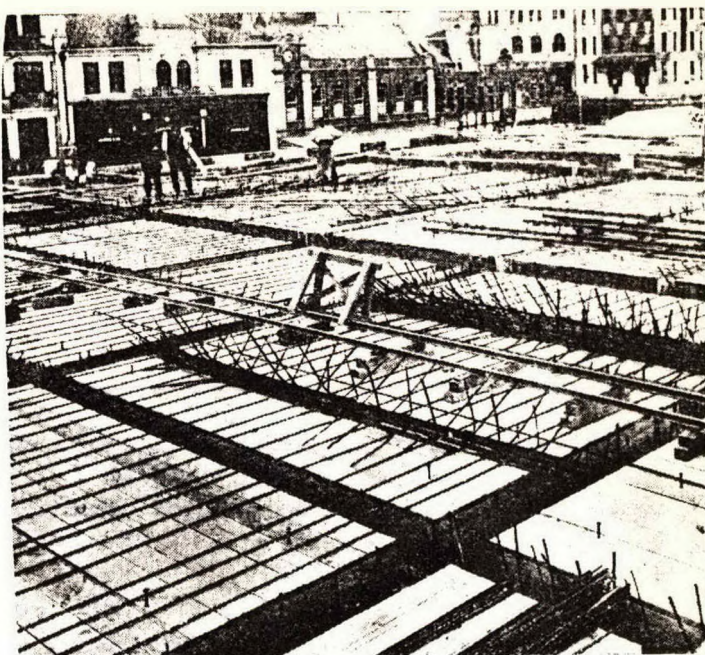
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COUNTRY LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA

With which is incorporated "The African Architect"

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Country Life In South Africa

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Vol. 1

MAY, 1915

No. 2



LADY PHILLIPS

COUNTRY LIFE

In South Africa

EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE IN S.A. can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

The Enemy's Subjects

April in the Transvaal! Where elsewhere can such magnificence be seen? Where such Rand just now wintering in for the joy of but surely the lions' :—

And yet, with so little harm. Poets have seen sunshine in the thrills the bring here it chills and have reason's

Perhaps this was the refusal to permit the act of arrogant while, regret community, was for a few at the Hospit grant from the

as barber's assistant, desired that they may in their anger proclaim from the platform that the Government should intern, or keep interned, these harmless citizens! Now what does this all mean? Simply that the narrow-minded vision of our smaller business men, in desiring to show their dislike of Germany and its methods, compels them to behave exactly like the Germans.

No sane individual, for a moment remembering the horrors of Louvain, thinks otherwise than that Germany has behaved disgracefully;

but all Germans are not fiends, and it is just possible that an appreciable minority, if not majority, are entirely innocent and condemnatory of these happenings. Nevertheless, it is demanded that, because of these sins of the guilty, the innocent and estimable citizens who have thrown in their lot with South Africa should be punished. This seems to be, frankly, both stupid and wrong. Stupid, because of the short-sighted policy of hurting to the quick men with whom we have to live in the future; and wrong because the doctrine of indiscriminate revenge, if for the sake of example only in a country already beset with racial difficulties, should not be allowed to rank amongst our ethical principles.

It is argued by these intolerant and high-minded exponents of the principle of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" that English-

We had already gone to press when the news of Germany's cowardly attack upon the LUSITANIA was announced. Whilst we are still of opinion that it is our duty as a nation not to allow our emotion to get the better of our judgment after this last dastardly act on the part of the enemy, yet we should be wanting in all humane feeling if we did not add our emphatic protest to an act of cowardice unparalleled in the world's history. Germany will all too surely discover that no reparation whatsoever can now be made by her for this last fiendish action which will make every civilized nation revolt in horror against her behaviour.

symbol of civilization left us!

OUR FRONTISPIECE

TO LADY PHILLIPS, of all South Africans, one of the most interested in the gentler things of life, this portrait, by Mancini, is a fine tribute by the artist to an ardent devotee at Art's shrine.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or live stock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

FRUIT TREES

trees, with not so much weak growth, as the buds on the stem will be plump and throw out branches when the tree is headed back at planting. Regarding the varieties for planting, the grower must in all cases be guided by the markets he has at command.

Now comes the preparation of the holes. The ground should be marked out, and pegs put in where the tree is to be planted; make the hole, and work two double handfuls of bone dust or other fertiliser into the soil on the bottom. Planting should be commenced as soon as weather is suitable. The sooner trees are planted after digging out, the better. If a large quantity has to be handled, they must be "heeled in" in the ground in trenches, and kept moist to avoid drying out in the sun and wind. Before the trees are planted, all the roots should be carefully gone over, and the bruised ends trimmed off with a sharp knife, and interlacing branches removed.

The golden rule is: "Avoid deep planting." This is the most frequent cause of failure. Trees without balls of earth should have their roots spread out in the hole, pointing downwards, not lying one on top of another, without a layer of earth between them. When the tree is in the position it is to occupy, fill in the soil, gently lifting it from time to time to allow the fine soil to fill up the spaces between the roots, and then press the whole firmly down with the foot. After planting is carefully completed, a good watering should be given, and a liberal mulching of old stable manure or grass to avoid evaporation. The trees established, they will require pruning. This may be done in summer and winter. Although not generally adopted, I strongly recommend summer pruning, from personal experience. If this is done, the young points are periodically pinched back to three or four eyes; it gives the grower an opportunity of shaping the tree, and less knife work in the winter.

The idea is to promote fruit buds and spurs by concentrating the growth, and consequently brings the tree into bearing very early. Winter pruning is necessary to promote new growth for the ensuing season. Have a good sharp knife; always remove dead wood, and where two branches are rubbing, remove one, usually the smaller, unless its presence is necessary for the shaping of the tree. Always have a definite reason for removing the branch you do cut off. The next item is one which I find claims most attention in the Transvaal. When the extremities of the branches have grown too dense for

the sunlight to penetrate, and is prevented from acting on the centre of the tree, thin out carefully some of the smaller twigs or laterals, rather than cut off a large branch. This operation not only gives the tree necessary light, but greatly assists in the formation of fruitful wood. To sum up, pruning has a decided effect on the life of a tree. It causes the tree to produce a crop every year, instead of alternate years, resulting from the shortening of bearing wood, enabling the tree to carry and mature a fair amount of fruit without exhausting the tree, which follows a heavy crop.

Last, but by no means least, the quality of the fruit is greatly improved, also the size, because the nourishment in the tree is concentrated over well-trained branches, and not expended on weakly growth.

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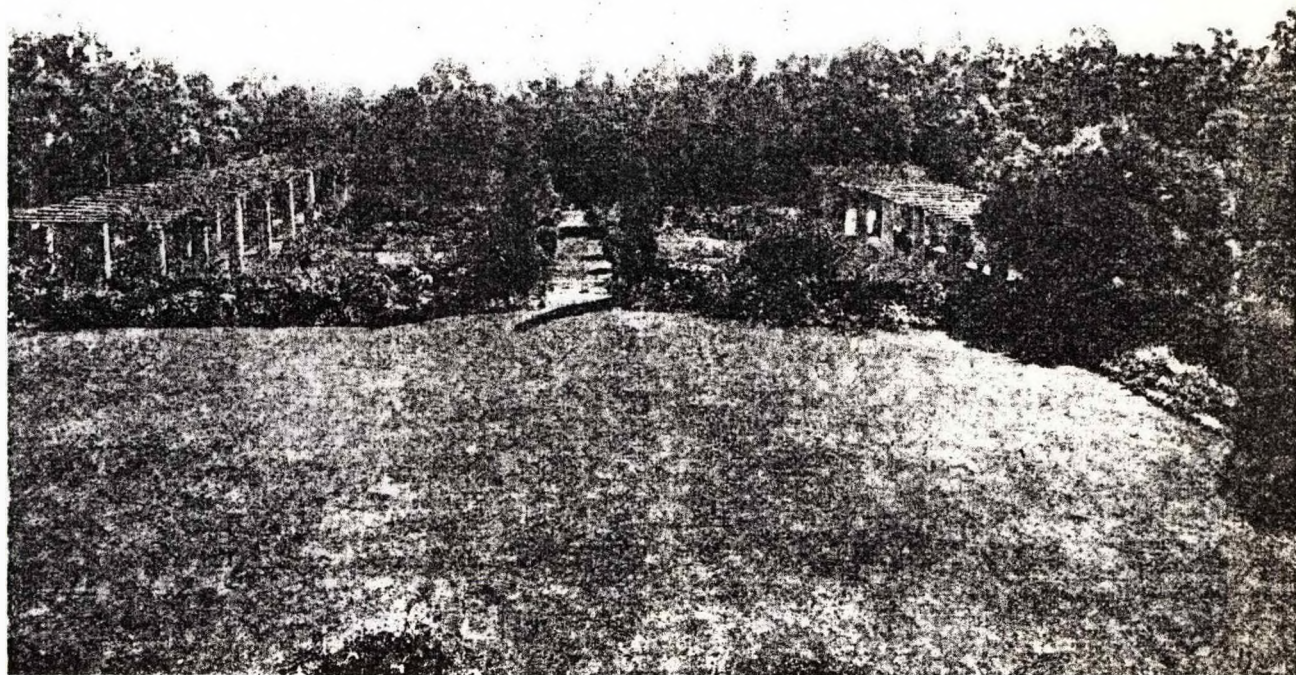
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ABOUT eight years ago the gardens at Ednam were begun on the outskirts of Johannesburg. The house is set at the foot of the ridge to the North of the town, on sloping ground overlooking the Sachsenwald. From the garden terrace the prospect

It would have been interesting, had records of the site been procurable, to see how rapidly with love and care a Transvaal garden can develop.

Ednam is perhaps one of the most successful of Mr. Herbert Baker's smaller homes. The garden itself is remarkable evidence of the result of successful collaboration between architect



THE GARDEN FROM THE HOUSE

continues over the feathery gums of the forest for fifty or sixty miles to the dim, far line of the blue Magaliesburg range. The view opens to the full extent east across the wooded weald of other villas nestling under the ridge; westward beyond the hills is nightly the glory of the setting sun.

and owners, for Mr. and Mrs. Walter Webber are great garden-lovers.

The house itself is placed well back on the site, but a few feet from the road, and is sheltered from it by a high wall. It is entered through an arched gateway and entrance court, where bloom magnificent hydrangeas.



THE SUN DIAL.



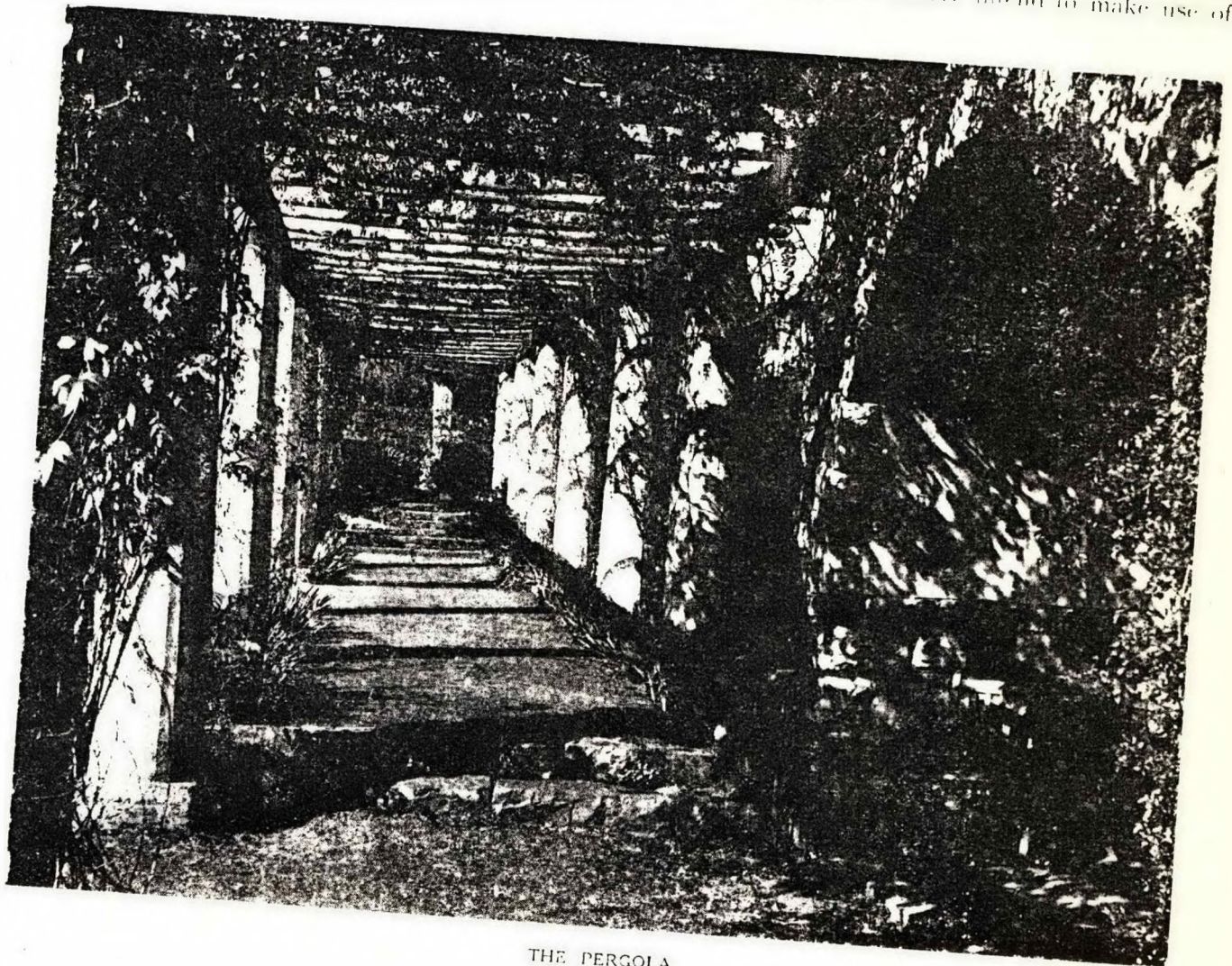
A GARDEN SALT

HOMES AND GARDENS IN S.A.

Immediately in front of the garden loggia is a gravelled terrace, with a pergola at one end and entrance to the orchard at the other. From this terrace a flight of steps leads to the lawn, which is carpeted with *Macrocarpa*, and is surrounded by flowering shrubs. To the east, be-

garden, and the descent immediately becomes steep where the natural kopje face with its native plants and succulents forms a delightful rock garden.

Mr. and Mrs. Webber are developing this at the moment, and wisely intend to make use of



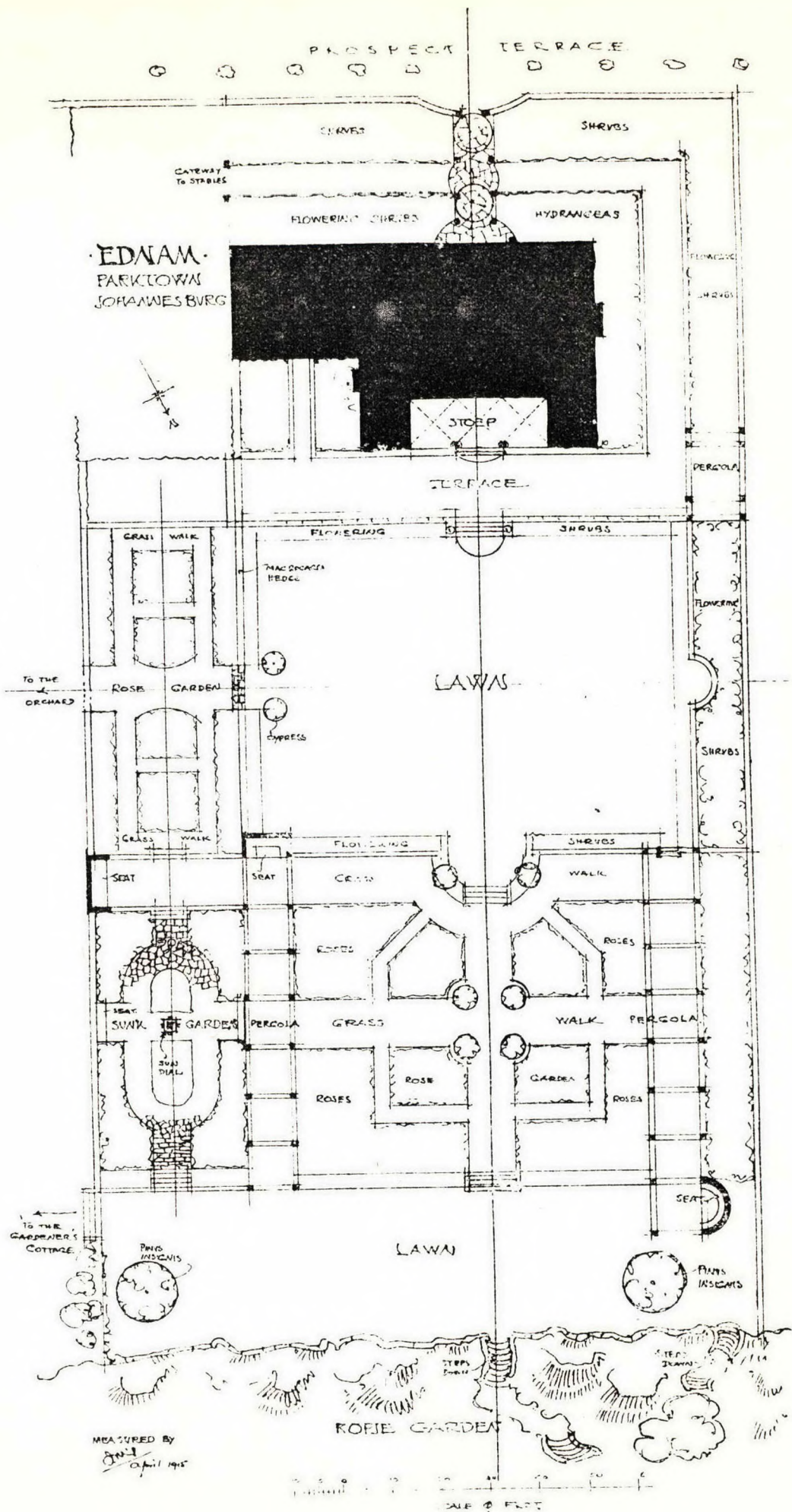
THE PERGOLA

yond the *macrocarpa* hedge, is the rose garden, and to the North further steps lead to rose beds and grass walks flanked East and West by a rose-covered pergola. Further east still is a delightful little sunk garden, with sweet-scented herbs, climbing roses and sun-dial, giving an Old World character to the whole surroundings. Still Northwards is a lawn which ends the formal

their adequate water supply by bringing it to play over the natural rock face.

Ednam is one of those charming examples of what loving care and the development of a set scheme may bring about. The photographs have been taken too recently to adequately show what a riot of bloom and colour the gardens are in season.

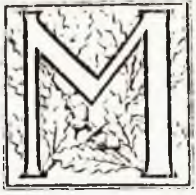




A South African Sculptor

ANTON VAN WOUW

By J. M. Solomon



MODERN South Africa is steadily becoming shaken out of its complacent indifference to the gentler things of life, and in various directions there are not wanting signs that efforts are being made to recognise, if not from any appeal to finer sentiments, yet as



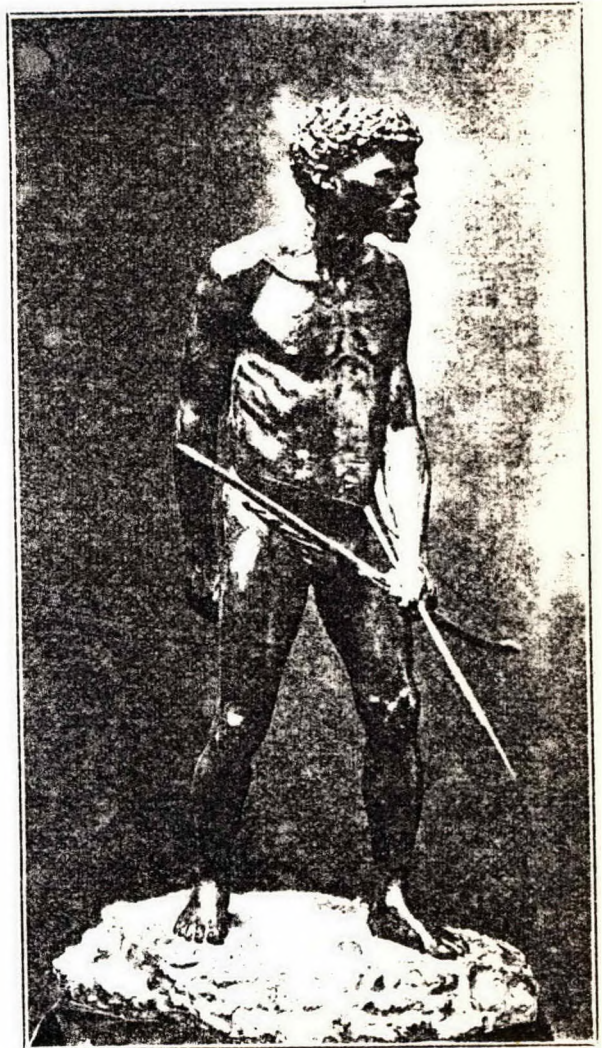
The Sculptor at Work

a very desirable thing for its own sake, some knowledge of art.

Modern South Africa only—for whatever shortcomings may be attributed to the early settlers, a neglect of the beautiful cannot be placed amongst them. This is continually indicated in their love for comely shapes in silver, china, furniture, and those hundred and one objects in their homes which make for gentle living.

To-day it is no exaggeration to say that hundreds of homes in South Africa are filled with vulgar and ugly examples of modern dexterity, often costing a great deal more than what would have been necessary to procure quite excellent pieces of the craftsman, painter or sculptor's art. The homes of South Africa in which any piece of so characteristic an example of our art as Mr.

Van Wouw's sculpture is found would need no difficulty to number. Yet the sculptor has lived and worked amongst us for twenty years. But for one important exception, there exists no public example of his art in any town in the country, and our more important cities continue to send abroad for tenth-rate enormities of the stone-mason's art on every occasion when it is desirous to commemorate the lives of one or other of our national benefactors. Mr. Van Wouw, however, has gone steadily on, and has produced a series of fine bronzes of the natives of the country which in years to come will be of inestimable value. In only one Art Gallery in the country—and that at Johannesburg, the most recent—can his work be studied at all; yet the galleries of Durban and Capetown are filled with oleographic efforts of reputed masters.



Bushman Hunting

Now Mr. Van Wouw's work does not all reach an equally high standard, nor is it, at times, by any means free from very grave faults; yet amongst his not at all prolific output there are very few examples which do not far surpass the



Bad News

standard demanded by the public. Certainly from the point of view of the layman his almost meticulous obsession for detail will be counted a great achievement, and this from an artistic point of view may be regarded as frequently robbing his work of its greatest merit, and makes it often more in place in a museum of anthropology than in an art gallery. Were the sculptor

still a very young man this might have been his greatest asset for future hope; but Mr. Van Wouw is already at the age when the great sculptor discards his detail and replaces it by a mysticism and search for the elemental which almost indicates the unattainable.

This fault—for fault it is in preventing the determined appeal of his work—may be due to his



The Dagga Smoker

Dutch temperament. Just as the seventeenth century masters of the land of his birth filled their pictures with an enchanting detail, so Mr. Van Wouw covers his bronze with meticulous modelling; but whereas theirs is an indefinable quality which adds joy to the masterpiece, his overburdening technique invariably detracts from his bronze.

At the moment, Mr. Van Wouw is at work on a sketch model for competition for the memorial statue of "Onze Jan." It seems hardly fair that he should be asked to compete for a work which by virtue of his ability and association he might almost claim as his right.

That there should be more encouragement on the part of his countrymen there can be no doubt, and it might reasonably be expected that his

small bronzes—some of them masterpieces in their way—might be found in many more homes.

Perhaps the finest example of his art is "The Dagga Smoker." This full length statuette in bronze has given the sculptor a wonderful opportunity for the delicate and subtle modelling of the back, which he has utilised to the full. It is no exaggeration to place it as the foremost and most characteristic example of modern South African art.

His "Bushman Hunting" is adequate representation of a fast disappearing race, and "Bad News" is a pathetic memory of the Boer War.

All these works display a fine knowledge of the grammar of his art, and it is not too exacting, therefore, to hope that Mr. Van Wouw may yet present us with his masterpiece.



President Kruger in Exile

THE DEAD MISTRESS

By Guy de Maupassant



I HAD loved her madly. Why do we love? Is it not a fantastic thing to see no longer in the world but one being, to have no longer in your mind but one thought, in your heart but one desire, and in your mouth but one name—a name which rises incessantly, which rises, as water does from a spring, out of the depths of your soul, which rises to your lips, and which you utter, and re-utter, and murmur continually just like a prayer? I will not relate our story. Love has only one—ever the same. I had met her and loved her—that is all. And for a year I had lived with her affection, in her arms, in her caress, in her glance, in her garments, in her words, enveloped, bound up, imprisoned in all that emanated from her, in a fashion so complete that I no longer could tell whether it was day or night, whether I was dead or alive, on the old earth or elsewhere.

And then she died. How? I know not—I know nothing more.

She came home wringing wet one night when it was raining, and next day she was coughing. She continued coughing for about a week, and took to her bed.

What had happened? I know no more about the matter. Doctors came, wrote prescriptions, and went away. Medicine was brought to her; a woman made her swallow them. Her hands were hot; her forehead burning and moist; her eyes bright and melancholy. I spoke to her; she answered me. What did we say to one another. I cannot tell now. I have forgotten everything, everything, everything. She died. I remember very distinctly her little supper—her poor little supper—the last she took on earth!

The nurse said: "Ah!" I understood, I understood!

I can tell nothing further about it. Nothing. I saw a priest, who uttered this word: "Your Mistress." It seemed to me that he was insulting her. Seeing that she was dead, people had no longer any right to know that. I drove him away. Another came instead who was very kind, very gentle. I wept when he spoke to me about her.

They consulted me about a thousand matters connected with the funeral. I no longer can tell what they were; I can, however, clearly recall the coffin, and the noise made by the strokes of

the hammer when they were nailing her up in it. Ah! my God!

She was buried! Buried! She! in that hole! Some persons called—female friends. I made my escape from them. I ran off. For a long time I walked about the streets. Then I returned home. Next day I started on a long voyage. Yesterday I came back to Paris.

When I once more beheld my apartment, our apartment, our bed, our furniture, the whole of that house where was left all that remains of the life of a human being after death. I was seized with such a violent recurrence of grief that I was near opening the window and flinging myself out into the street. Finding it impossible to live in the midst of those things, of these walls which had enclosed, sheltered her, and which must have retained in their invisible cracks a thousand atoms belonging to her, part of her flesh, and of her breath, I snatched up my hat in order to rush away. Suddenly, at the moment when I reached the door, I passed in front of the large glass in the hall, which she had placed there, to view herself from head to foot, every day, on her way out, in order to see whether her costume fitted well, and looked correct and pretty from her little boots up to her hat.

And I stepped right in front of the mirror which had so often reflected her lineaments. So often, so often, that it must also have preserved her image.

I stood there shuddering, my eyes fixed on the glass, on the flat glass, wide and empty, which had contained the whole of her, and possessed her, just as much as I had done with my impassioned glance. It seemed to me that I loved that glass. I touched it—it was cold. Oh! the memories! the memories that it awakened! Sad mirror! burning mirror! living mirror! horrible mirror, which makes one suffer such tortures! Happy the man whose heart, like a glass, from which reflections glide off and become effaced, forgets all that it contained, all that passed before it, all that it contemplated, and gazed at with affections and love! How keenly I suffered!

I went out, and, in spite of myself, without knowing it, without intending it, I directed my steps toward the cemetery. I found her tomb—a very simple one, a marble cross with these few words attached:—"She loved, was loved, and died."

She lay there, beneath it, rotten! What horror! I burst out sobbing, with my forehead pressed against the earth.

I remained thus a long, long time. Then I noticed that the evening had come already. And

straightway a longing fantastic and irrational, the longing of a hopeless lover took possession of me. I wished to pass the night close to her, a last night, to weep above her tomb. But I might be seen and turned out. What was I to do? I was cunning. I rose, and began to wander through this city of the dead. I went on, on. How small is that city by the side of the other city, that in which we live! And yet how much more numerous than the living these dead people are! We require lofty houses, streets, so much room for the four generations who at the same time behold the light of day, drink the water of springs, wine from the vineyards, and eat the bread which we get from the cornfields.

And for all the generations of the dead, for the entire ladder of humanity, that has reached down to ourselves, almost nothing—a large field—almost nothing. The earth takes them back into her bosom, oblivion effaces their memory. Farewell!

At the end of the cemetery in actual use I suddenly came upon the abandoned cemetery—the one in which the long-buried dead had ended by mingling with the soil, and in which the very crosses had rotted—the place where the last comers will be laid to-morrow. It is full of wild roses, cypresses vigorous and black, a mournful and superb garden nourished with human flesh.

I was alone, entirely alone. I squatted beneath a green tree. I completely concealed myself from view there, under those thick, sombre branches. And there I sat waiting, clinging to the trunk as a shipwrecked mariner clings to a raft. When the night had got dark, perfectly dark, I quitted my refuge and began to walk on quietly, with slow, heavy steps, over this soil peopled by the dead.

I wandered about a long—a very long time. I did not find her again. With outstretched arms, and eyes wide open, knocking against tombs with my hands, with my feet, with my knees, with my chest, with my head even—I went on without finding her. I groped, I felt about, like a blind man trying to make his way onward. I felt at stones, crosses, iron railings, glass wreaths, and wreaths of faded flowers. I traced the names with my fingers by drawing them over the letters. What a night! What a night. I did not find her again!

No moon! What a night! I was seized with fear, dreadful fear, in those narrow paths, between two lines of tombs. Tombs! Tombs! Tombs! Always tombs! To right, to left, in front of me, around me, everywhere tombs! I sat down on one of them, for I could walk no longer, so much did my knees bend under me.

I could hear the beating of my heart! And I heard another thing, too! What? A confused, indescribable noise. Was it my own distracted brain, in the impenetrable night, or beneath the mysterious earth, beneath the earth sown with human corpses, that this noise was? I gazed around me.

How long had I been resting there? I could not tell. I was stupefied with fright, ready to yell, ready to die.

And all of a sudden it seemed to me that the marble slab on which I had seated myself had begun to move. Indeed, it did move, as if someone were lifting it up. With a bound I threw myself on the adjoining tomb, and I saw—yes, I saw the stone which I had just quitted stand up straight on end; and the corpse appeared, a bare skeleton, who kept pressing it upward with his bent back. I could see, I could see quite distinctly, though the night was wrapt in profound darkness I was able to read on the cross:—

“Here rests Jacques Olivant, who departed this life at the age of fifty-one years. He loved his family, was honest and good, and died in the peace of the Lord.”

Now, the corpse was also reading what had been inscribed on his tomb. Then he picked up a stone from the path, a little sharp stone, and began carefully to scrape off the inscription. He obliterated it entirely, slowly, gazing with his empty sockets at the place where, a short time before, it had been engraved; and with the end of the bone which had been his index-finger, he wrote in luminous letters like those which we trace on the walls with the end of a match:—

“Here rests Jacques Olivant, who departed this life at the age of fifty-one years. He hastened by his harshness the death of his father, whom he desired to succeed as heir; he tortured his wife, harassed his children, deceived his neighbours, robbed wherever he could, and died miserable.”

When he had finished writing, the motionless corpse contemplated his work. And I saw, on turning round, that all the graves were open, that all the dead people had come forth from them, that they had all effaced the lies written by their relations above their tombstones, in order to place there instead the truth.

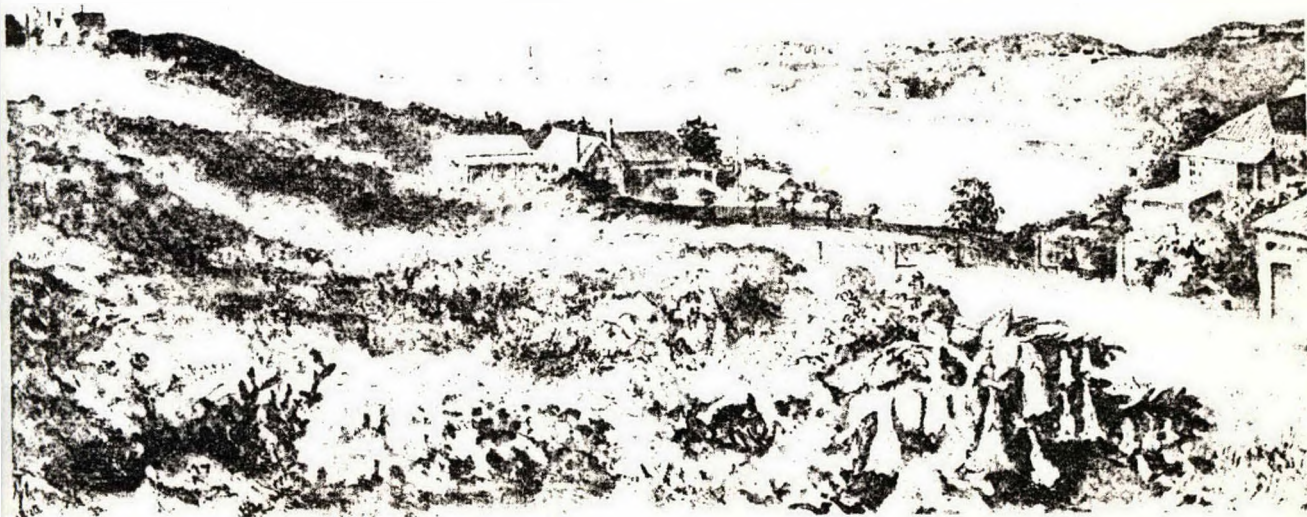
And I saw that all of them had been murderers of their kinsfolk, malignant, dishonest, hypocritical, lying, knavish, addicted to calumny and envy, that they had robbed, deceived, perpetrated every shameful act, every abominable act, these good fathers, these faithful wives, these devoted sons, these chaste young daughters, these upright merchants.

They wrote all at the same time on the threshold of their everlasting abode, the cruel, terrible, and sacred truth which everyone ignores or pretends to ignore on earth. I was thinking that she also must have written an inscription on her tomb. And now, without any apprehension, rushing through the midst of the half-open collins, through the midst of the corpses, through the midst of the skeletons, I went in her direction, sure of finding her forthwith.

I recognised her from a distance without seeing the face wrapt up in a shroud.

And on the marble cross whereon I had not long before read: "She loved, was loved, and died," I found these words: "Having gone out one day for the purpose of deceiving her lover, she caught cold from a wetting and died."

It seems I was picked up unconscious at day-break, close to a tomb.



THE KOWIE

A Golfer's Mecca

THE PORT ALFRED LINKS



WHEN the poet Campbell, in a moment of disillusion, committed to posterity the reflection that "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view," one is in doubt as to whether he was crossed in hopeless love, or if his state of mind at the time was not influenced in a measure by the condition of his organs of digestion. Was it not Lord Justice Bowen who, in delivering a learned and profound judgment in a very intricate case, hazarded the latter as being largely responsible for much of the individual and human view of things around us? Our American friends, with that directness and terseness unilluminated by the elegance of the English of Addison or Johnson, would simply have decided that "the performance did not come up to the advertisement."

When a few years ago the Johannesburg golf professional, Laurence Waters, after inspecting the position *in loco*, pronounced that at last in South Africa a site has been found second to none for a great championship course, I said nothing, but pondered a great deal.

It has been my good fortune to spend a few weeks of quiet idleness at the little seaside haven not unknown to South Africans as the Kowie, and my surprise and pleasure were great at finding that a close acquaintance with its links belied the poet's lament, for the enchantment was in no way diminished but rather increased the good reports of others. My difficulty is to repress my enthusiasm, for the merits of the course are but dimly divined by our local disciples of the Royal and Ancient Game. I arrived on the scene with an open and wholly unprejudiced mind, expecting something much on a par with, say, the links of the leading Cape club at Wynberg, or something not much superior to that of the best inland Transvaal one at Potchefstroom. I confess that my disillusionment was swift and sudden. There is really no comparison with any other South African 18-hole course and that of the Port Alfred Club. The new Kowie course stands in a category quite by itself, and I unhesitatingly pronounce that when the final tees and putting greens are laid and its bunkers prepared for its first championship gathering, it will compare with the classic links of Britain.

The place is ingeniously redolent of golf, for on stepping out of the little nestling station amid its two guarding hills, does the pilgrim with sundry shafts not cross over the Kowie River—to reach the nearest hotel to its links—by the

"Henry Pott" bridge! and is there not a long winding road known as the River Drive!

The local nomenclature was affixed long before anyone at the Kowie dreamed of the invasion of their peaceful seaside resort by meek-looking individuals, whose weapons of offence are generally so deftly concealed in a receptacle not unlike the model of an ancient quiver. Here let me hazard the prediction that before many months have passed the Kowie will become the South African Mecca of the devout golfer.

From the moment he sets foot on the soft springy turf of the smooth fairway, the true golfer realises that at last he has found the missing link indeed—the link that bound him to Machrihanish or North Berwick, to say nothing of Sandwich or Deal. There is not a really flat hole on the whole course, and variety is abundant from every point of view. When one remembers, too, that it has been designed, prepared for play, and practically made perfect all within the space of a year or more, the amount of work accomplished is certainly astonishing. The fairways have been planted with a soft, yielding grass, and the putting greens, like the fairways, are spacious and inviting. No matter from whichever point approached, the player has no hesitation as to what club to use, the "lie" is there, the choice of weapon is one's own. At last in South Africa the most delicate of all golf shots can be played with confidence, and the mashie is never idle at every approach. The verdure of the whole course is its most salient feature, and to the eyes of the inland player, whose vision for six months of the year is wearied by spaces of unrelieved brown and hard, rough, unplayable "lies," the sudden transition to an all-the-year-round green turf is compelling and altogether restful. Milton, in *L'Allegro*, speaks of "many a winding bout, of linked sweetness long drawn out" and although the course does not seem on the "long side," still, its very undulations of hill and dale make the full round quite one of no mean effort.

The "maiden" at Sandwich was a classic hole in its day, a terror to all but the best class of players; the Kowie has also its "maiden," in the form of a "punch bowl"—the ninth—and if comparisons are not too odious I should give the palm to the latter against either the Maiden at Sandwich or the Punch Bowl at Cruden Bay, two holes known all the world over to golfers. Both are two-shot holes, whereas that of the Kowie is a one-shot, and perhaps some day an inspired individual will, in a flash, indicate how to lengthen it to a similar approach, and then it will defy comparison with any hole that I have ever seen. Prestwick has some won-

derfully impressive holes; there is, for instance, the second one—a mashie shot—can any other links exhibit anything better? And then they have in addition the Cardinal, the Alps, and last, but not least, the Himalayas. They all impress the visitor, and one may almost judge a good golf course by the same standard as a good novel—does it leave some tangible impression behind; does it possess characters that remain vivid and permanent? Well, the Kowie does so impress. I used to think the ninth hole at Cruden Bay one of the most beautiful golf greens ever designed; now, after seeing the 14th at Port Alfred, I prefer the latter. It is a green with a glorious view from the tee, a splendid fairway to the pin, and, although a bogey five, can be reached in two by any scratch player. The course during my visit in February was enjoyable and full of natural charm in every respect. Masses of bright magenta-coloured *mesembryanthemum* bordered many of the fairways, and the isolated constellations of the beautiful genus of *marguerites* invited the golfer to stop and admire them. These and myriads of variegated flora of the Cape Coast besprinkle the rough, and even an occasional lost ball is compensated for by the thought that in such surroundings it was not altogether a painful exercise to hunt for the hidden delinquent. The keen golfer might retort: "A fig for your vaticinations on the botanical virtues of a golf course." My simple answer would be: "There mutters a Peter Bell!" But then Wordsworth's careless, unrepining specimen of the biped would never have set his hands to a putter. To him the pageant of the field was only so much good fodder for the lowing herd—

"A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

There, at the Kowie, it was good solid evidence to me of the permanent greenness of the fairway, for only on the richest of soil, tempered by the sea mists, could the wild flowers flourish so wantonly. And it may be said, too, that all golfers are not dead to the beauty of natural surroundings.

Other links in South Africa may be troubled to coax the grass to grow all the year round; at the Kowie the difficulty will be to keep it close! Here it is a case of *embarras des richesses*; yes, but that is a fault on the right side in an otherwise semi-arid land.

Memories are proverbially short, but it is to be hoped that the initiators and sponsors of the Port Alfred Golf Club will not easily be consigned to the limbo of oblivion. No doubt

many willing and devoted helpers did much to foster and encourage the game in the face of discouragement and worse. Let us remember Mr. Justice T. Graham, Dr. Atherstone, Dr. Philipson and last, but not least, the veteran lawn tennis champion, Mr. L. Giddy. They have worked like Trojans, and now the result of their labours can be gathered by all and sundry who care to visit their hospitable club. A word for the local professor Hide, whose early connection with Sandwich has stood him in good stead, and the benefit of whose experience can be seen at every turn of the green. Visitors will find in him a most courteous mentor, ever ready to guide them over the course in rain or shine. I can confidently close my brief review by saying to the golfer distracted by the alarms and excursions of our stirring times, if you need a really restful, quiet, yet none the less invigorating holiday, try the Kowie, and you will echo with me a tag from Horace, "*Meorum finis amorum*," I will return again and again to you. Mine host of the Grand Hotel and his energetic wife will do much to make our visit comfortable, and there is no longer any need to journey seven thousand miles or more for real golf; it is obtainable here within sight of the Southern Cross.

The Star, Johannesburg.

Many amusing anecdotes are contained in Mr. J. C. Percy's book, "*Bulls and Blunders*." One is in regard to a North of Ireland man who went into a post office and handed over a telegram to a remote part of Ireland. The post office clerk informed him that the charge would be one shilling and sixpence. "How do you make that out?" "Sixpence for the wire and a shilling for portage and delivery outside the radius." "That be hanged!" retorted the hard-headed Northerner. "You send the telegram and I'll write and ask him to fetch it."

* * *

Another of the many good stories contained in Mr. J. C. Percy's book, "*Bulls and Blunders*," comes all the way from India's coral strand. Colonel Moriarty was defending the climate of India. "All nonsense!" he said. "There's no better climate in the world, but there are a lot of young fellows who come out to India and they eat and they drink, and they drink and they eat, and they die, and then they write home to their friends and tell them that the climate has killed them. Of course, lots of people die in India. Tell me where they don't, and I'll go and end my days there."



Johannesburg,
May, 1915.

Ma Chere Amie,

I am so glad that my occasional letters give you such great pleasure, and also, as you so charmingly say, keep you in touch with the things that be, appertaining to women.

Certainly in Johannesburg one feels nearer to the great hub of the Universe—which to me, being an Englishwoman, means London—than you in your little dorp, seventy or eighty miles from any place worthy of the name of town, can possibly feel. You are so splendid, you with your great charm, your many social gifts, your interest in the finer and artistic things of life, to cheerfully spend your days miles away from civilization, adapting yourself to the drudgery and daily routine of a large veld farm. Yes, Suzanne, I can hear your happy, vigorous laugh, as you say: "My dear, look at my man, my beautiful children. Isn't it worth it?" And then I think, well, perhaps, after all, you have chosen rightly, and in nature, with the man of your heart, your healthy children, your books, your many resources, you have found the true secret of earthly happiness. It pleases me to know that even in your isolated state you aspire to dress in the latest and most becoming fashion, and when I wonder why, you say: "I dress for my husband, my children; they are the world to me."

This season's fashions must very much appeal to you, you mass of femininity, for it is long since we have had such distinctive womanliness in our dress. I am glad, for one, to return to the flounces, frills and furbelows, for their attractiveness is irresistible; yet, on occasion, one will still keep a tight hold on the common-sense and practical side of one's taste in dress.

The question of the expense of entirely changing one's wardrobe, for this is what the new fashions mean, as nothing one possesses can possibly be utilized to look at all *a la mode*, is now almost forgotten, for every woman who is, or attempts to be, a smart dresser, has thrust that very unpleasant side of the matter completely away from her, feeling that what is to be has to be, and the necessary wherewithal must be found.

Last mail I received a very long and interesting letter from Phyllis Barton; she has been

getting together what she calls a most serviceable and economical trousseau, and is good enough to send me descriptions of some of her most useful garments. I rather like a sports coat she has ordered in covert, lined throughout with fawn silk, which is patterned with pink chrysanthemums, that lovely chrysanthemum shade of pink which holds a creamy yellow in its midst. The coat itself is outwardly severely plain, very full, confined below the waist with a broad, loose belt, the collar folding high in the neck, and fastened with one large mother-of-pearl button, which is repeated on the belt and the sleeves. Two big pockets, one on each side, below the belt, complete a most useful, and at the same time becoming garment.

Her street suits, of which she has several, seem to me to have been chosen with great taste and care. I have only time to mention one, as I have so many other things to write to you. This costume is carried out in a golden brown serge, the skirt very short and full, trimmed at the foot with three bands of silk braid, the same trimming being employed on the full basque and waist-line of the chic little coat, which is made to button up to the throat, and finished with a Medici collar. The buttons are little balls of clouded amber, and the coat is lined with amber satin, the sleeves finish at the wrist with a small turned back cuff of the serge, and fine amber buttons. With this suit she is going to wear a small turban—one might almost say fez—with three lovely ostrich feathers, quite small, but very thick tufty ones, in amber and creamy brown.

She tells me of her several hats, all small, but very fascinating, with most of which she wears a becoming lace veil falling loosely over the face.

You would be amused at her delight over her frilly petticoats; the joy, she says, of a beautifully-cut tailor-made, severely plain, and underneath the most ravishing of silk satin frou frous.

Writing about trousseaux and brides, reminds me of wedding rings, and the slimness and thinness of the up-to-date same. One of our newest brides, just out from England, demanded the slightest of platinum bands, and very new and smart it looks; her engagement ring, of one large pearl and diamond, criss-cross, of course, also set in platinum, completely hides the fateful little band. How much nicer than the huge gold curtain ring so popular a few seasons back.

Of course the Johannesburg shops are excellent and really wonderful, considering the thousands of miles that separate them from the centres of fashion; but I often think if it is possible to import an inferior article, it is also possible to import the best.

MY LADY'S LETTER

Last week I wanted some handkerchiefs; the quantities of dainty, real linen lawn, hand hem-stitched, and bordered with a narrow edge of real Valenciennes, that I had brought out with me had nearly all mysteriously disappeared—a trick common to every kind of the article under discussion—and I thought it time I replenished my stock. So I set out and paid a visit to every draper shop of any standing in the city, and if you will believe me, I could not get a handkerchief that I considered up to my standard. There were thick, plain linen, and embroidered—heavily embroidered—handkerchiefs, handkerchiefs edged with common lace, machine-made, hem-stitched handkerchiefs; all kinds, but no kind in good style.

In London so many shops sell the real fine linen lawn, hand hem-stitched, and bordered with a narrow edge of real lace article at a very reasonable figure; in fact, at a less figure than the over-dressed machine-made article sold out here.

The well-dressed woman of any breeding pays special attention to the quality of her mouchoir, and it is to these little attentions that one owes the little differences that distinguish the real thing from the spurious. I am doing without handkerchiefs at the moment—at least, existing on ten—until I either send home or make a great discovery in some enterprising shop in this town.

I was present at the opening of our new Town Hall. It was a very delightful ceremony. Lord and Lady Buxton came all the way from Capetown to turn the key, and Lord Buxton made one of those splendidly tactful speeches which has endeared him to us all. It is so pleasant to listen to the suavity of his perfect English and his whimsical humour.

The building itself is characterless, and might have been dumped down here from any provincial town in England, so little does it fit its surroundings, and when I remember that it has cost us £400,000, I sigh for the monument we might have had!

It was a great joy to hear the chorus of children's voices so perfectly under the control of Mr. Handel Thompson. The only discordant note of the whole proceedings was the tactless remark of Mr. Deys regarding Johannesburg being "top dog"—this in the presence of the Mayors of the other important South African towns!

Did you read Lady Phillips' speech on the drink problem? It was splendid, very much

to the point, and most convincing. A meeting was held under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, Capetown, and Lady Phillips moved the principal resolution, which was as follows:—

"Recognising the demoralisation consequent on the sale of liquor, this meeting calls on the Government to use its power, under Martial Law, in order to secure total prohibition of the liquor traffic during the war."

A fine resolution, and her speech in its favour was one of the best she has ever made. To me, the greatest argument in favour of total prohibition is the inefficiency of the worker, through drink, to manufacture the requisite amount of munitions required in this great war. To-day, when every card we hold must take a trick in this terrible struggle, we must not lose a point through self-indulgence of any kind.

Do let me hear from you soon.

Always yours,

ELIZABETH.

"TO MOTHERS, SWEETHEARTS, WIVES"

Though I do not know your name, I fain would greet you,

And in sympathetic thought would clasp your hand.
We are one in anxious waiting for some tidings
Of our dear ones fighting now on sea and land.

'Tis a grim and awful task to wait in patience.
Which we, mothers, sweethearts, wives must bravely face.
We are women, but we claim to share the spirit
And the pluck our men are showing every race.

Though our part in this fierce struggle lie in quietness,
We can help those loved ones through the battle's
 might
With our loving thoughts and prayers which will enfold
 them,
As for Honour, Freedom, Peace they wage the fight.

We are sisters, one in sympathy and courage,
Be our dwelling place a cottage or a throne;
Our hearts go out in thoughts for one another,
Reaching from the highest to the humblest home.

If 'tis best for them, those loved ones, in God's
 wisdom,
And beneath the "Roll of Honour" come their
 name;
Mothers, sweethearts, wives, let us take this in
 comfort:
They died to live; they live in endless fame.

B. ROBERTSON.

Hayling Island, Hants

ings, the admiration for Tommy Atkins awakens qualities long dormant in the up-to-date girl's heart. Girls whose only attempts at needle-work have been confined to embroidering lack-lustre cushions, and who hardly know calico from flannelette, are learning to wield the needle and to cut out wearable garments both for the troops and for those who are up against hard times because of the war. Knitting was almost a lost art, but the needs of the soldiers have revived it, and girls who were wont to do great things with a golf-club are now mastering the intricacies of purl and plain at an amazing rate.

For years there have been latent powers in the modern girl which she has never dreamt

at a crisis, rosy cheeks and golden hair are of less value than a quick brain and skillful fingers. They are learning to subordinate their own comfort to the urgent needs of the times.

Take the case of Doris, a butterfly little person, whose home was in Essex, a bleak and lonely spot where, on a cold winter's night, the wind blew icy across the wide river that flowed by the garden wall. Doris hated the cold, and when the lamps were lit and the curtains drawn, her idea of bliss was to sit before the blazing fire with a frivolous book and a supply of chocolate creams.

In normal times it is doubtful if anything short of an earthquake would have availed to move her, but the news that three soldiers were



Clare had never had a chance to shine until the wool fever set in, and her skill at knitting made her a valuable ally to her sisters and their fashionable friends.

of developing, talents which she never thought of turning to account. Now the round of dances, whist-drives, and matinees has been swept away—there is work to be done, and to her credit, be it said, she has shown herself perfectly willing to do it. The girl of the day is no longer a giddy, gad-about young person; war has had a sobering effect even on her, and she is beginning to find the amazing happiness which comes from being useful. Deep down in the heart of every woman, whether she be old or young, is the craving to be of use to someone; perhaps she has never suspected it, but it is there all the same.

Now that craving is being satisfied, and girls who have been hitherto quite content to be purely decorative, are waking up to the fact that

picketed all night half-a-mile down the road set her comparing her own luxurious quarters with their comfortless ones. Nor did it end at pity; once stirred to compassion Doris' sympathy took practical form. Every evening she sallied forth, facing the stinging blast or pitiless rain and the black and lonely road, to carry a big Thermos filled with hot cocoa to the shivering soldiers.

It was a simple enough proceeding, but it meant sacrificing her own comfort; nor was it actuated by romantic notions, for they were ordinary enough "Tommies," and at first a trifle suspicious of the kindly intention. Granted that it was a small sacrifice to make, the fact remains that it was a sacrifice, and as such, an important step in the right direction for such a selfish soul as Doris.

If the need for service brings out the latent skill and capabilities of many hitherto superficial girls, it also shows them their limitations, and it gives the homely girl, who is skilled in housewifely arts, a chance to score over her more brilliant sister. An expensive education and society attainments are not necessary to enable a girl to make shirts or knit mufflers, and the factory girl, who has long fathomed the mysteries of purl and plain, is likely to be of more real service than the girl who is just sufficiently well-to-do not to make her own blouses.

Clare had always been the ugly duckling of her Society-loving family until the wool fever set in. She was the only one who could cut out a wearable garment or turn a heel, consequently when home-sewing parties were convened, she was a power among her sisters fashionable friends, who suddenly discovered that on some occasions the ability to pick up dropped stitches and manoeuvre microscopic lengths of material into self-respecting underwear, was more precious than skill at bunny-hugging or ragtime.

Even in the cult of the khaki there is a risk of overdoing it, and there are still some girls who regard a soldier as a kind of superior parasol or handbag to be flaunted before the jealous gaze or an admiring public. To walk the streets on a khaki-clad arm is still the chief ambition of many empty-headed maidens, not because the owner is a hero in embryo, but from motives of self-gratification. Khaki is the fashion, and she parades it as she would a slit skirt or a Tipperary hat.

The girl who affects a conspicuously military costume usually does so from a desire to attract

notice to herself, and is not necessarily imbued with the spirit of patriotism. There is no virtue in apeing warlike fashions, for, unlike the soldier's uniform, which is the badge of courage and loyalty, they only mark the wearer as one whose patriotism is directed into quite the wrong channels.

There are girls who seem to consider soldiers a sort of windfall from heaven, sent expressly for their pleasure and amusement. These are the damsels who throw aside any shred of self-respect they ever possessed directly khaki looms

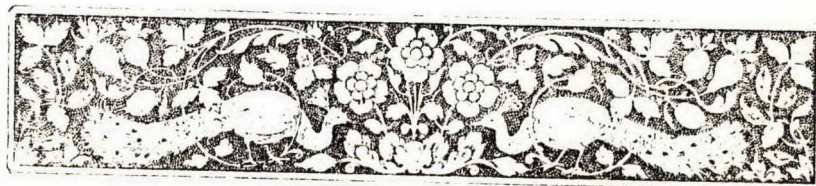
in sight, and who seem to collect soldiers in the same way that they once did picture postcards.

Taken on the whole, however, the cult of the khaki is a glorious one, for all are working for a common cause. The typist curtails her lunch hours, and forsakes chocolates that she may manufacture woollen comforts; the society girl gives up her luxurious life, her sports, and theatre-going that she may minister to those who need help and sympathy. The barrier of snobbishness between rich and poor has been to a great extent broken down, for castle and cottage have yielded up their men-folk, and a common anxiety makes us wondrous kind.

One thing the war has done—it has stemmed the tide of frivolity and pleasure-seeking, which threatened to engulf the present-day damsel. Having discovered that there is something more in life than bargain sales and cinemas, she has at last awakened to a sense of her own responsibilities. Never again will she be satisfied to flutter on the fringe of life, for she has tasted the joys of service, and found her own niche in the world.



Even in the cult of the khaki there is a risk of overdoing it, and the girl who affects a conspicuously military costume usually does so in order to attract attention.





In the series of articles of which this is the second it is proposed to deal briefly with matters affecting rural life in South Africa. Last month reference was made to that prime need of the country—more homes on the land. To-day it is intended to touch on the need for a system of co-operative collection and sale of the perishable produce of the farmer. If it is presumed that the closer settlement which is generally admitted to be necessary has taken place, then it is obvious that the next step essential is to find a means of marketing the products of each holding.

Economic organisation in rural areas is not popular, because its benefits are not fully recognised. But the successful operations of the farmer depend entirely on the methods adopted for the sale of his products. And the experience of other countries goes to show that only in co-operation can the best results be obtained. There are many directions in which the system can be applied: in irrigation schemes, in making possible the extension of telephonic communication throughout a district, in hail and live stock insurance, and in loans for productive purposes; but the most necessary at this stage are the collection and marketing of farm produce and for the purchase of the leading supplies required by the farmer. While all are desirable, the benefits of the last two are so immediately felt in an increase of revenue and in a saving in expenditure, that it is well to deal with them first. The system must not, however, be forced—if it grows as the outcome of necessity, it will be strong enough to withstand the opposition with which its operations invariably have to contend in the early stages of its existence.

Wherever we look we see the need for an amalgamation of the interests of the farmer; but it is specially necessary in the sale of small and perishable items. Our egg trade, for instance, would be greatly increased if there were proper methods for the collection and sale of the eggs. This industry is one from which the farmer's wife could derive—as she does in Denmark and America—a regular and substantial income. But here the business is, as a rule, so indifferently managed that the prices obtained are trifling, because the age of the product is often an unknown quantity. It will be admitted that the fault is not with the hen—she usually lays a fresh egg. The public wants fresh eggs, is willing to pay a fair price for them, and take as many as are likely to be offered. As a fact, the demand for fresh eggs would be greatly increased if their freshness could be assured. It

is obvious that the work suggested cannot be done by the individual. In the United States the co-operative creameries step in and do it, and it is worth considering whether a similar arrangement is not possible here. Sales to the store-keeper must be discouraged, for he has neither the time nor the facilities for seeing that the eggs are really fresh, and he can therefore give only a price that will cover the risk he incurs. On the other hand, a small commission is all that an established institution would require. In the egg business there are two essentials—regular collection of the produce and quick sales. That can be done successfully only by the combination of those concerned. The Danish Farmers' Co-operative Egg Export Association have over 500 egg-collecting circles, and about 45,000 members. We cannot yet work on such a large scale as that, but in well-populated areas—and there are many in the Union—similar organisations are perfectly practicable, and might be made to include poultry as well as eggs.

The co-operative collection and sale of other perishable produce is as necessary as in the case of eggs. A rational system would not only be of immense service to the farmer in increasing his revenue, but it would also decrease the cost of living. Perishable produce forms no small portion of the requirements of the housewife. Under the existing system, or rather want of one, the farmer gets little, and the householder pays a good deal for these necessities of life. The big difference goes partly to the middleman and partly in waste through lack of organisation. Vast quantities of fruit, for instance, have no real value because producers do not combine to collect and market it. Growers must realise that every farmer cannot hope to deal direct with the consumer—a middleman of some kind is necessary, because profitable sales are possible only when the quality and quantity is assured. But the middlemen can be to some extent the producers themselves, if an effective organisation is present. In the Western Province of the Cape, several fruit growers' associations have been successfully working for some years. It is an extension of that movement that is imperatively necessary to make the efforts of the farmer and the farmer's wife alike easier and more profitable. In the ever-increasing hinterland we have, there is a market capable of absorbing most of those forms of produce suitable for carriage over long distances. Perishable produce needs a market nearer at hand. Both can be dealt with successfully only by co-operative methods. It is to emphasise the necessity for taking steps to create such organisations all over the country that this short article has been written.

THE SHOW

With the Witwatersrand Agricultural Show, taking its courage in both hands, decided to go on with its annual fixture in spite of a season of affairs that could scarcely be described as highly favourable, it gave effect in the most sensible way to that excellent motto "Business is Usual." That this commendable enterprise was duly rewarded was borne out by results. The entries in some classes even attained the glory of a record, and if the attendance was somewhat below normal figures, that was only to be expected when the number of absentees on active service is remembered.

From an educational and instructional point of view, this annual event has, of course, considerable value to those engaged in the various occupations which come within its scope, but except as a function to which it is "the thing" to go, it must be admitted that it presents very little attraction to the ordinary townsman, who usually finds it exceedingly difficult to detect any difference between one show and another. The Management profess to be more or less indifferent regarding the attendance of this class of individual, and this is probably why more is not done to cater for his tastes. Anything in the way of entertainment is apparently regarded as out of place and superfluous on such an occasion. While, of course, it would never do to sacrifice or curtail the primary features of the Show for the sake of providing amusement for the multitude, a more varied and interesting programme of events calculated to entertain both town and country visitors would go far towards removing that feeling of monotony and tedium which under present conditions is liable to attack those who do not happen to be red-hot enthusiasts. And even these earnest workers would probably not object if a little variety were introduced into the proceedings. In previous years the Musical Ride of the Lancers or the Hussars was a very welcome feature; unfortunately circumstances were against the inclusion of such an item this year, with the result that the programme suffered accordingly.

THE CIVIC ASSOCIATION

Somewhere about the middle of last month there were signs that this somnambulant body was making an effort to come to life again, with the object of placing its accumulated wisdom and experience at the disposal of the strangers who were expected to arrive within our gates. Beyond the fact that the Enquiry Bureau near the station was opened for a few hours daily, it is difficult to trace any actual result from the awakening, although an "Official Programme" of some kind was once contemplated. It has now, of course, dozed off again, leaving one to wonder how it is that places like Maritzburg and other inland towns are able to maintain a real live office all the year round for the reception of visitors, while Johannesburg, which after



Lord Buxton inspecting prize cattle at the Witwatersrand Agricultural Show

all, may claim to be the ultimate destination of most newcomers to this country, apart from the interest it undoubtedly possesses for provincial residents, cannot do more than provide an empty Kiosk, which is practically always closed.

THE NEW TOWN HALL

Lord Buxton, who travelled all the way up from Capetown to open the Show, continued the good work by performing the same kind of office for our new Town Hall, which at a cost of about £400,000, replaces the wood and iron abomination which for far too long was the home of this Municipality. It seems longer than it really is since H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, with much state and ceremony, laid the initial stone

COUNTRY NOTES

on the wind-swept square that has now disappeared from sight for evermore. But the period of waiting is now over, and the householder is now able to pay his light and water account and attend to other municipal matters without having to walk a mile for the privilege. Similarly, he will be permitted to attend Oratorios and other functions in comfort and convenience, and with the knowledge that he is not acquiring pneumonia in the process. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the invitations for the opening ceremony were distributed with a fine disregard for the nature of the performance, which, by the way, took place on a Wednesday, the mid-week early closing day. Many people who could ill afford the time were requested to be present on the auspicious occasion, while others whose business gave them a special interest in the construction of the building, were ignored altogether.

of hostilities. The South-West is pretty big, and it should be able to absorb a few of those who are unfortunate enough to find themselves forgotten at this end.

THE SOX KNITTERS

Those ladies who at the expense of considerable time and trouble are doing so much for the men at the front by sending forward the contributions of earnest helpers from all parts, are doing a great work which is thoroughly appreciated by the recipients. It is true that some of the garments are manufactured on distinctly original lines, but the spirit that prompts the effort is the right one every time, and a little helpful advice usually prevents the same mistake being repeated.

THE LOCUSTS

As mentioned in these notes last month, there are, unfortunately, strong indications that the locust pest will assume serious proportions shortly, unless something drastic is done to arrest their progress.

Atmospheric conditions have, it seems, been very favourable to their development during the last year or so. The suggestion was put forward in these columns that the Government should accept for transmission free of charge telegrams to the Entomological Department at Pretoria, notifying their presence; but in any case, farmers and others should lose no time in

reporting the arrival of swarms to headquarters, so that the necessary steps for their destruction may be taken without delay.

DURBAN LETTER

The Easter season proved a victory for the optimists, who believe that the war and economic conditions will not have an adverse effect on the port's popularity as a holiday resort. As a matter of fact, the hotels and boarding houses did quite as well, if not better, than in previous years. Hopes are now bright that by next September the same remark will be applicable to the gala season. At any rate, there is a good deal of faith that it will be so, and one proof of that faith is the approaching completion of two more



Judging Ladies' Hack Class. Won by Mrs. Ironside

UNEMPLOYED SOLDIERS

Already signs are not wanting that when the troops who are now engaged in the South-West come marching home again a large number will find themselves minus employment, and the problem promises to become acute, unless something can be done. Many employers who were patriotic enough to continue paying their men a portion of their salaries for the first six months of service have found it necessary to discontinue the allowance, while the distribution of the absent ones' duties amongst the rest of the staff has revealed the saving it is possible to effect in this connection. Those men whose positions are not absolutely assured would be well advised to ascertain exactly how they will stand at the conclusion

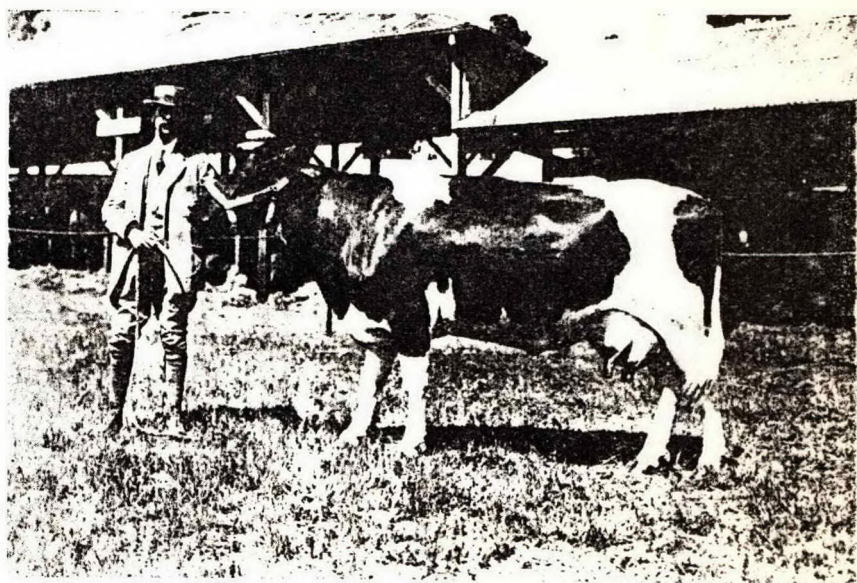
large private hotels on the southern extension of the Beach.

So far as can be gathered, there is no serious unemployment in Durban and district; although in several industries short time is the order, in other industries overtime is being worked. There have been, of course, some cases of real distress; but such are being adequately dealt with by the Mayor's War Relief Fund. In connection with the latter, the remarkable statements of the local Dutch Reformed Church clergyman have created some stir, followed by the prompt exposure of the erroneous allegations when these were brought forth from the comparative obscurity of the Church's official organ and reprinted in the daily press. The reverend gentleman said that out of the 500 persons helped by that fund there was not a single Africander, the applications of the latter having been refused. It was, therefore, a considerable surprise to find from the official figures that the indigent section of the local Dutch community, although the latter forms less than a hundredth part of the whole European population of Durban, had received nearly one-fifth of the amount disbursed by the fund in relief work to date. As to the eleven Dutch cases refused out of 88 applications from that class, the Committee have been able to show good cause for their action.

Visitors and newcomers to Durban have generally remarked upon the little that has been done in the way of the development of the possibilities of Durban Bay for pleasure and recreation, it being only at certain states of the tide that yachting or boating from the Esplanade side has been possible without considerable trouble. The dredging of channels and the construction of boat piers have long been spoken about, and in fact from time to time a little has been done in the way of dredging channels, which has been almost useless from the fact that the channels were then left alone and allowed to silt up, or almost so. At last, however, the matter is seemingly being taken in hand in earnest, and already from the yacht club enclosure a jetty has been constructed to which boats can have access at practically any state of the tide, while from the Esplanade at the bottom of Gardiner Street a substantial wooden jetty has been run out for

over a hundred yards, and the channel to it will be re-dredged so that at any hour of the day or night motor launches of comparatively deep draught will be able to lie alongside to embark or land passengers. Thus there will, doubtless, especially during the winter season, be a big development of business in motor trips round the Bay, as well as to the picturesque Salisbury Island and the Bluff. One cannot help thinking that if the Rand had had such a fine asset as the Bay, it would have long ago been developed to the full in the direction indicated.

The Dog Days are past, and with the bracing weather set in, Durban, despite the absence of some 3,000 of its manhood, especially of its young manhood, on active service in German South West, is quite cheerful. By the by, at the time of writing, another call is being made

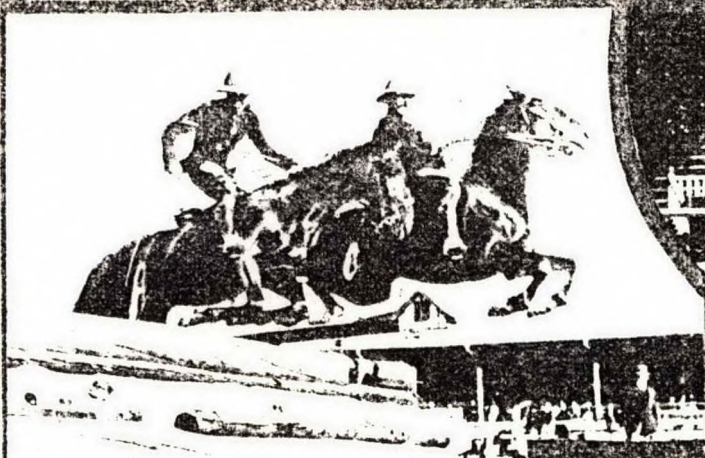


Sir George Farrer's "Witsnuitje" and I. G. J. Van den Bosch the special judge of Fries Cattle

for recruits for two more companies for the borough's famous old regiment, the Durban Light Infantry. The appeal is being directed more particularly to members of the Defence Rifle Associations, rather, I am inclined to think to the consternation of some of the men who have been inclined somewhat to "swank" on their semi-military status, but who are now by no means inclined to "go the whole hog" when the opportunity offers. Most of the members of these Associations are well within the military age, and a large proportion of them are not married and are in every way physically fit and eligible for active service. In a few cases, it is said, employers have had to place the embargo upon enlistment, as it would mean disorganisation of businesses already handicapped by en-

Johannesburg Show

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MISS GLORIA KINCAID SMITH



R. H. LORR - STANLEY



PHOTO'S BY JONES

PAUL HOLY JUMPS

players away at the front. Of course, the embargo simply consists in the intimation that it will be impossible to guarantee the men who volunteer their billets when they return. There are, however, I believe, not many such cases, and there is rather a suspicion that in some cases men who might go are only too pleased to place the blame for their not doing so on the shoulders of their employers, rightly or wrongly. Anyway, there are hundreds of fine young men who could well afford to risk the slight prospect of losing their billets, especially as some of them, less than a year ago were quite emphatic that the remuneration attached to their posts was not worth consideration. However, although there was a bit of slackness when the call was first made, I understand that recruiting is now proceeding briskly, and there is no doubt that the results will be two companies which will be a credit to the old regiment.

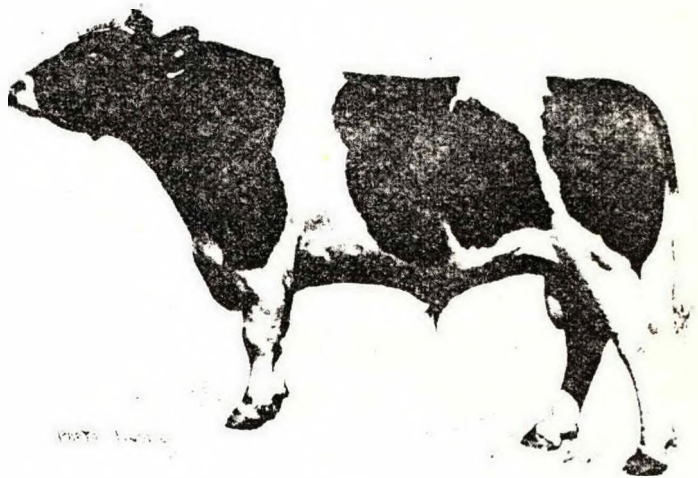
"Racing as usual" is the cry in Durban; it is strange that duty can be made to square with inclination on almost every occasion, especially when duty is susceptible of being stretched the desired way. By the by, with the upsets of late on the local course, "Losing as usual" is the cry of the punters.

Durban has made very little move in the now popular abstinence movement; in fact, the suggestions I have heard come from licensed victuallers, who are suggesting the sacrifice of the extra hour for remaining open generally granted during the season. Perhaps there is a method in this madness; it is no secret that the most of the licensed victuallers make nothing by the extra hour—some don't even pay the cost of the hour's lights—and the real profits from the privilege go to a few houses near the places where the visitors gather in the evenings. Then, also, it may be as well to make a virtue of a necessity, and although, as mentioned, there has been no decided abstinence movement here up to the present, it is pretty certain that the application for the extra hour when made to the Town Council would meet with a very great and powerful opposition, with every chance of the latter's success.

Durbanites are pleased at the restoration of the mail facilities, and now it is possible to post letters for the English mail on Wednesday, as before the rebellion. That, however, does not

matter much just at present, for with the dislocation of the oversea mail service there is no telling when the letters will actually be despatched. Still, that is a matter beyond the control of the Union authorities, and it is a very small matter after all, when one considers the great issues of the war of which this is only an insignificant result.

Startling as may be the admission, it has nevertheless to be made that Bayonians in some matters are painfully slow. Durban, East London and Capetown have for many years past steadily worked on a definite scheme to make their portion of the coast as attractive to the visitor as possible. To-day they are reaping the harvest. Port Elizabeth, on the other hand, has given the idea a little attention now and then, moving whenever a new proposal was made or



Mr. David Cawood Graikwell's "Friso"

adverse criticism and comparison compelled them to make a spurt. These spasmodic efforts have, of course, produced great improvements at Humewood, and a good deal of money has been expended, but the results achieved have not been such as to satisfy all concerned. The Bungalow scheme, which was taken up heartily when mooted, has been extended each year at such a rate that it outgrows the bounds of practical utility. These small wooden and canvas erections, true enough, are very prettily situated on the slopes to the beach, surrounded by trees and bush, the rents are very low, and they attract a certain class; but, unlike the other coast towns of the Union, they do not bring into town people who will spend money and thus assist the trade of the town. Again, outside of the holiday season there has been a little competition set up

against property-owners in town by parties residing in these bungalows for an indefinite period - rent and taxes being thus avoided.

Now the City Fathers are sitting up and taking notice. With regard to the last named

a townsman, and so on. But the Council, guided by the sound advice of the Mayor, Mr. J. C. Kemsley, one of the soundest business men in Port Elizabeth, have granted the lease of a desirable extensive site, at an annual rental of

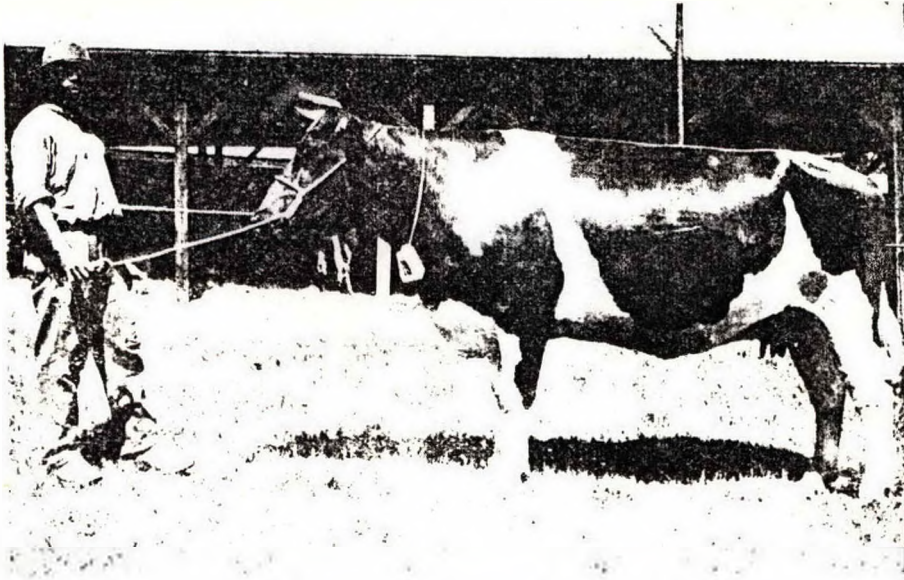
£50. Since that has been decided, there has been a little correspondence in the local papers on the subject, but no very serious obstacle has been suggested and, beyond doubt, the majority of Bayonians will be delighted when the new building is in actual occupation.

The vexed and long-delayed question of the efficient draining of the City appears to be on the verge of settlement at last. It is announced that the Cape Administrator will raise no objections to the scheme adopted by the Council, and we may hope for an early commencement of the

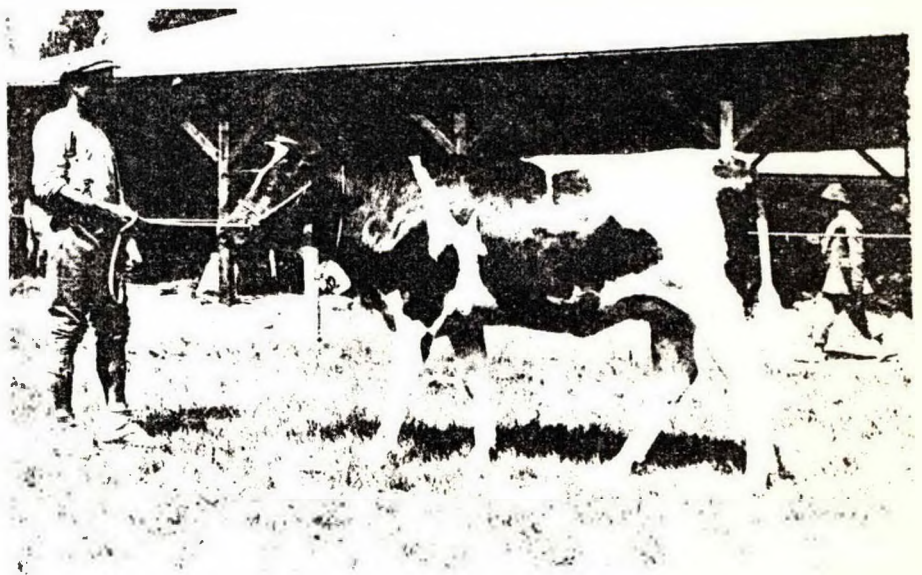
work. The scheme is that which was evolved by the Town Engineer, Mr. A. S. Butterworth, A.M.I.C.E., so long ago as 1904, providing for an outfall into the sea at North End. It has been approved by Mr. Midgley Taylor and other eminent engineers, and the cost is to be £323,590.

class, a rule has been made that occupation of the bungalows should only be for a specified time, and by visitors. The waking up with regard to the fact that the bungalows had fulfilled their part in the initial stages of the development of Humewood has been caused to some extent by the receipt of a proposal, by an up-country gentleman to lease ground for the purpose of erecting an hotel or *kensie*. The plans are very elaborate, showing that the accommodation will extend to a hundred rooms. The applicant's intention is to erect a first-class building, to be conducted on modern principles, as, he says, it is felt that there is considerable opening at Humewood for more accommodation for the better class visitor, and the provision of such a building would be to the advantage of the town. An excellent proposal is the verdict of sensible people; but there is considerable opposition. Of course the Temperance people are up in arms, although it has not yet been even suggested that a licence will be applied for.

Then, again, some are small-minded enough to raise opposition because the applicant is not



Watwatersrand Show. Messrs. Brown & Fleming's "Roojie"



Messrs. Brown & Fleming's Heifer "Heiken a"

Mr. Butterworth throughout his connection with the City has shown himself to be an engineer of great energy and ability. He has been responsible for many very necessary and valuable improvements which have had beneficial effects on



Judging Hackney Stallions

the health and comfort of the town generally, and he has by his arduous labours in connection with the scheme, placed the ratepayers under a debt of gratitude to him. When the financial formalities and arrangements have been com-

pleted and the scheme becomes an accomplished fact, we shall have passed a definite stage in our civic history, and shall be in a position to regard the future with almost unalloyed equanimity.



An illustration of thrift is contained in the story of a Scotchwoman who had been promised a present of a new bonnet by a lady. Before she made the purchase the lady called and asked the good woman, "Would you rather have a felt or a straw bonnet, Mrs. MacDuff?" "Weel," said Mrs. MacDuff, "I think I'll tak' a strae ane. It'll maybe a mouthful to the coo when I'm done wi' it."

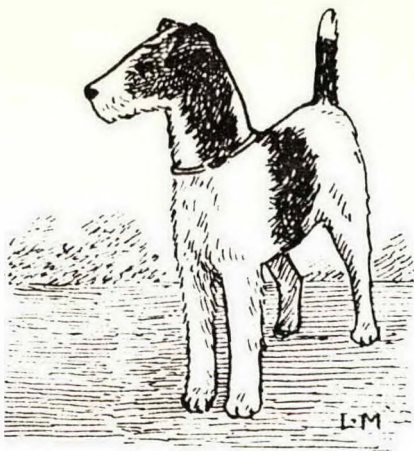
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To illustrate his advice that barristers should always be courteous to witnesses, Dr. Blake Odgers, K.C., told the following story in the course of a lecture recently: One day in a court a barrister who had been browbeating a witness asked whether he had committed a certain illegal action. Reluctantly the witness admitted that he had. Then the barrister asked the quite un-

necessary question, "And didn't your father do the same thing on a previous occasion?" "I don't know," the badgered witness rapped out; "but if you want to know you can ask him. He's over there among the jury." And the barrister, whose case depended on his being able to arouse the sympathy of the jury, sat down suddenly.

* * *

A herculean soldier, arriving at Liverpool by rail somewhat travel-stained, was passing along Lime Street when he stopped and called on a street arab to shine his boots. His feet were in proportion to his height, and, looking at the tremendous boots before him, the arab knelt down on the pavement and, hailing a companion near by, exclaimed: "Billie, come o'er and gie's a hand, I've got an army contract."



PROBABLY the most popular variety of all terriers is the plucky, hardy, and handy-sized Fox Terrier, whose somewhat rough, dense, and hard-textured coat has gained for it the title of "wire" haired. For many years before the "wires" won the enviable position attained to-day, their near relations—the smooth-coated Fox Terrier—were supreme on show bench, and foremost in the field also, as the auxiliary of the aristocratic Foxhounds.

The rough or "wire" haired variety were of very ancient lineage, but kept chiefly for ratting and rabbiting, with, of course, no special care in breeding operations so long as pluck and working character were possessed by one or both parents.

In some countries a strain was favoured rather low on legs, with big ears and somewhat short heads, resembling the now fashionable Sealyham, in their ability for tackling badgers and fox, as well as in general appearance.

Their show career may be said to have commenced at Birmingham in 1872, when a classification was for the first time provided for them; though, alas! they were classed in the non-sporting division! Further discouragement resulted from the fact that few judges really knew what was wanted, so that the most diverse opinions were given on merits of the few good dogs competing.

Lord Lonsdale was one of the first patrons to recognise their merit, and pay big money for some of the best. In 1883 his Lordship commissioned Mr. Tom Wootton to purchase at the Oxford Show of the Fox Terrier Club a team that included a dog named Briggs for £200, Miss Miggs and Vera for 100 guineas each, and two others for £200 the pair.

A bigger sensation followed in 1899, when Mr. George Raper—the great all-round canine judge, who officiated at the Natal Kennel Club's Show last July—sold his great champion Go-bang to Major Carnochan, of New York, for £500. Champion Meersbrook Bristles, the sire of Go-bang, is said to have fetched a similar sum, whilst £100 from thenceforward to the present day became quite

a frequent figure for young dogs of merit. Other notable terriers about this time were Mr. Wharton's Bushey Broom, Jack St. Leger (son of Knavesmere Jest), who won the championship for the second time at Birmingham in 1891, Pickering Nailer, Jack Frost, Barton Marvel, Tees Topper, Master Broom, and Champion Quantock Nettle. The latter was bred by Mr. H. A. W. Aylesbury, and made her successful debut at the Kennel Club Show, seldom meeting defeat in a show career extending over 4 years.

1891 was a good year for wire Fox Terriers, a grand terrier exhibited then at Manchester by Mr. E. Wellburn, being Roper's Nutcrack, where, after winning everything possible, he was claimed by Sir Humphrey de Trafford for £150. He was a rather heavily built dog, not quite of the quality of some named above. Mr. A. Mutter's Champion Tipton Slasher was a real good sort, and a "laster," as will be gathered from the fact that when 10 years old (1901) he won the veteran's class at Cheltenham.

Wellingboro' Judy was one of the best bitches known to fame; she had a keen tussle with Ch. Roper's Nutcrack for the 50 guinea challenge cup, and was bought after the show by Mr. J. H. Kelly for £125. Mr. Kelly was at one time the owner also of the puppy who became Champion Go-bang (already mentioned), purchasing him as an 8-months old puppy for £150 from his breeder, Mr. Norman, a draper, of Sheffield. Soon after Mr. Geo. Raper secured him for £200, and it was whilst in possession of this terrier expert that the dog won the Fox Terrier Club's 50 guinea challenge cup on seven occasions, 200 first prizes and many specials.

All Bristles was another son of the great Meersbrook Bristles who achieved fame, but chiefly as a great stud dog. During 1887 he sired Matchmaker, sold by auction for £250 and exported to Toronto (Canada), and also Microbe, sold for 140 guineas, Barton Mortgagee £100 and Raby Matchbox, bought by Mr. Geo. Raper for £100. It is only fair to say that the dam of these notable dogs was Oronsay Marvel.

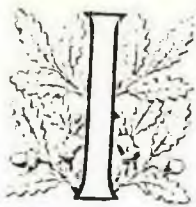
Mr. Francis Redmond, though better known in connection with smooth Fox Terriers, has also owned some good "wires." Champion Dusky Reine, Dusky Cackler and Don't Go Bang being all bred at the Totteridge Kennels.

Champion Royston Remus, bred by Mr. Howard, but successfully shown by Mr. Pitt-Pitts; Champion Barkby Ben, Donnington Flirt, Donnington Judy, and Champion Cackler, of Notts, who was one of the foundation stones of the Duchess of Newcastle's famous kennel, were all well to the front during the years 1898 to 1902.

In a subsequent article I hope to continue this review of the breed, bringing it up-to-date, and then dealing with the great progress made in South Africa—with names of fanciers who, by judicious importations and breeding have placed wire Fox Terriers in the exalted position they hold in this country to-day.

Poultry Notes

FEEDING POULTRY FOR PROLIFIC EGG PRODUCTION



It is the ambition of all poultry keepers to try and get as many eggs as possible from the birds, but owing to the changeable season and cold weather, the majority succeed in increasing the expense of upkeep rather than the egg production. And should these cold snaps continue, there is every probability of the scarcity of eggs continuing.

Personally I have found the month of April of this year yield more eggs than any other year, and moreover, the chicks from these are extraordinarily strong and hardy.

Look through your fowls and pick out those whose faces and combs are bright-red and fresh-looking, as these are the birds quite recovered from the moult, and should be laying well if properly cared for.

The others with their combs shrivelled and pale-looking are still in the moult, and should be allowed as much run as possible.

The picked birds place in your best and warmest fowl-house, which must be in such a position that the early morning sun shines on it, and if you feed according to the following directions you should have these birds laying well, not in fits and starts, but regularly, and they will be in perfect health and condition.

The amateur labours under delusion that if he gives his birds some bran scalded as a morning meal, with kaffir corn and mealies as an afternoon meal, that he is feeding his birds, and expects them to lay. But the resultant scantiness of eggs and poor appearance of the birds will soon convince him that there is something wrong, and nothing but experience will prove that the feeding is not proper, and that therefore the birds are not in a condition to give of their best.

Hens WILL NOT LAY on such feeding. It might do for a farm during the summer months, when they can pick up plenty of nourishing food, insects, etc., for themselves; but during these cold months, when birds who are required for laying must be penned up, you will find your birds but a sorry, dejected lot if fed on this meagre diet, with little life in them, and still less eggs.

7 a.m.: Feed on a reliable mixture known for purity and properly balanced food value, about 1 lb. for every 15 birds, and NOT more.

IMPORTANT.—All grain foods must be strewn among scratching material. Hay is the best, as this affords exercise that is so necessary for perfect health, and,

therefore, egg productiveness. If no hay or stable manure, throw the grain on the ground and dig into the loose earth immediately, which will keep the birds busy scratching for some time.

11 a.m.: Another feed of the grain food, only this time half the quantity. Some green food such as lucerne or lettuce is essential this time of the day.

Meat scraps or meat meal should be given twice a week instead of the mixture, at 11 a.m. Of this about two tencups full for every 20 birds, to be soaked in warm water, and then dried off with two parts pollard-and-bran, or biscuit meal, to one part meat.

4 p.m.: Give good feed of laying meal, as much as the birds will eat up in ten minutes and take the rest away. This meal is to be mixed with warm water to a nice stiff, crumbly consistency; but on no account to be made soppy, as a fowl will not eat wet, sticky food. Press tightly to a ball in the hand, and when of a consistency to hold together in a lump, it is ready for the fowls. Break the lumps into small pieces in a trough, and your birds will eat it heartily and thoroughly enjoy the meal. If you cannot procure a good well-known laying meal, mix equal parts of bran, mealie meal, and pollard, and add a small quantity of meat meal, bone meal and a pinch of salt. The bran to be soaked with water and then dried down with the mealie meal and pollard.

Poultry mustard is a very good spice to put into the meal for a change to improve egg production; but never use cayenne pepper or other pepper, or even ordinary mustard, as these do far more harm than good, being altogether too sharp for the birds.

The more scraps and tit-bits you give your birds the better and more plentiful your eggs.

Never overfeed your hens, as it is the eternally hungry bird that is always searching for food, and thereby getting the exercise so necessary for the fresh and active laying hen, while the full, overfed hen stands about moping in some corner, unable to digest its food quickly, and therefore lethargic and heavy, and too fat and lazy to move about.

Fresh clean water must be always before them, and kept as much as possible out of the sun.

Flint, grit, charcoal, and oyster shell is invaluable in keeping the digestion perfect, and should be kept in a tin always within their reach, enough for them to eat of to their fill.

For the cold weather it is advisable to cover open-fronted houses, to within a few inches of the top, with canvas sacking, as the nights are very chilly. And at this time of the year the warmer you can keep your fowls the better for them, and therefore the better for you.

Do not overcrowd your birds.

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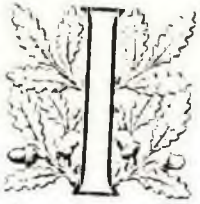
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Established 1904

Fruit Trees

By Mr. H. B. Terry, Manager, Howie's Seed Trial Grounds



IN writing this short article on fruit trees, I do not wish it to be thought that the remarks herein contained should be taken as a criterion of what should be done in every instance. The fact that circumstances always alter cases must be borne in mind. Often-times little attention is paid to

the selection of ground, planting, and training of fruit trees, but it must be remembered that successful cultivation depends greatly on favourable conditions. To those about to embark on the fruit-growing industry, it will greatly repay the intending planter to exercise great care in the selection of land. The Agricultural Department of Pretoria are always ready to furnish information which will be found very valuable, and, if not born in this Colony, never be afraid to ask a lot of questions from those in your district who have already made a start. A little practical experience is always worth a good deal of theory.

In selecting your land, aspect and shelter are very important subjects for consideration. An eastern or north-eastern aspect is usually preferred, especially where the cold south winds have to be contended with; other aspects, however, do not necessarily render the land unsuitable for fruit growing. I know of growers who have chosen westerly aspects for early fruiting varieties, believing that the afternoon sun hastens the maturity of the fruit. Shelter may be obtained from neighbouring hills, or from trees planted round the site. Pines will be found to form a very effective break-wind. The ground should be well worked and kept well tilled. The litter which falls should be left (but guarded from grass fires), and the trees will grow much faster. Another good plan is to plant the outer rows of the orchard with quick-growing trees, such as Transvaal Yellow Peach, Almonds, and New Year Plums. The best site is on a gentle slope, avoiding, if possible, the brow of the hill, on account of exposure, and the extreme base on account of the heavy frosts. Another important subject to be considered is accessibility. This, unfortunately, is often passed over until it is found that several varieties of fruit require to be marketed several times in a week, and the greater the distance to be travelled each time brings up the working expenses. Having selected the land, it is a good plan to have all (if any) large stones taken out, in order that ploughing operations may be carried out properly. It will be found beneficial to plough and sub-soil the land the first time the ground is turned up, then cross-plough and leave a few months to sweeten. The land should then be well harrowed and broken up. Drainage should next be considered. Surface drains can be made by ploughing furrows from the highest points, in gentle slopes to the lower points. The number of surface drains will, of course, depend upon the area and formation of the land.

Underground drainage in the Transvaal is equally as important as ploughing the land. It must not be supposed that to dig a hole, put in a tree, fill in the hole again, and leave the rest to nature is all that is necessary to produce a profitable tree. If a grower finds one portion of his land drier and warmer than another, he must consider the variety of trees he must plant in the warm portion. As an illustration, it may be as well to mention that stone-fruits, *i.e.*, Peaches, Nectarines and Apricots, are not so able to put up with hardships as the Apple, Pear and Quince; therefore, one should plant the stone-fruits in more genial spots than pip-fruits. No fruit

tree will thrive in stagnant water. The writer has heard many opinions expressed in connection with drainage in the Transvaal. A popular idea is that as much moisture as possible should be conserved during the summer months, owing to the long, dry winter season. It sounds reasonable, but it must be remembered that the tree makes its growth during the spring and summer, and is dormant in the winter. Again, it cannot be denied that so long as the soil remains wet, it will continue to remain cold. The heat of the sun's rays, which is intended by Nature to warm the soil, will be expended in evaporating the water from the surface, and thus the tree never feels that genial warmth about its roots which is very necessary to its rapid growth. The presence of too much water in the stem and leaves of a tree keeps down its temperature. Open an outlet for the water by means of underground drains. It trickles away, the air follows it, carrying to every root the necessary plant food, wherever it penetrates; the soil becomes mellow, more porous, consequently more easily worked, and the roots are enabled to expand in every direction. It is a well-known fact that the intending grower has often decided the variety of tree he is going to plant before he has bought the ground. Some prefer to stick to one variety—perhaps Peaches or Citrus. It is best to get the land and then select your varieties. When placing your order for fruit trees, it is always wise to let your nurseryman know exactly where, and how you are situated, and what you intend planting. This is a precaution in the choice of "stocks" upon which the trees are "worked" (budded or grafted.) Peaches, Nectarines, Plums, Apricots and Almonds are usually worked on the seedling peach. Some varieties of Plums are worked on Plum stocks. If your prefer Plum or Plum stocks, always endeavour to obtain the seedling stock, and then you are not liable to be bothered with suckers.

Apples are budded on Northern Spy, or other blight-proof stock. This is done in order to allow the orchardist to combat with any attack of woolly aphids. Pears should be budded or grafted on seedlings. Very often these are worked on suckers, which spring up from time to time around an old tree, but the practice is most objectionable; the sucker always takes the first opportunity to sucker again, and the pear tree never thrives.

Cherries are budded or grafted on seedling cherry stocks, imported for that special purpose. Orange, Lemon, and kindred fruits are worked on the common lemon seedlings. Budding and grafting is the science of working on desired varieties on to the various stocks. It would be impossible for me to explain the operations so explicitly as to enable the average person to perform them; a few practical illustrations are usually sufficient to give one the idea, and after some practice—a few failures, and the loss of a favourite tree or two—one becomes somewhat competent. I have been taken up with discussions about heading back young trees. The general idea throughout the Transvaal is to purchase trees of a certain height, usually over three feet, with no thought of shape. This idea is excellent if the purchaser has a definite method of training in view, but the majority of growers require standard trees with some foundation for fruit. It is often incorrectly stated that nurserymen object to "heading back" because it interferes with transport; such, however, is not the case. Every nurseryman wishes to send out well-shaped trees, and if no "heading back" is done, trees become lanky. The lower buds drop out, and the result is an orchard with shapeless trees, of uncertain height. Another great advantage of a low-headed tree is the less damage it is likely to suffer from storms. It is better, therefore, if low-headed trees cannot be purchased, to select smaller

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