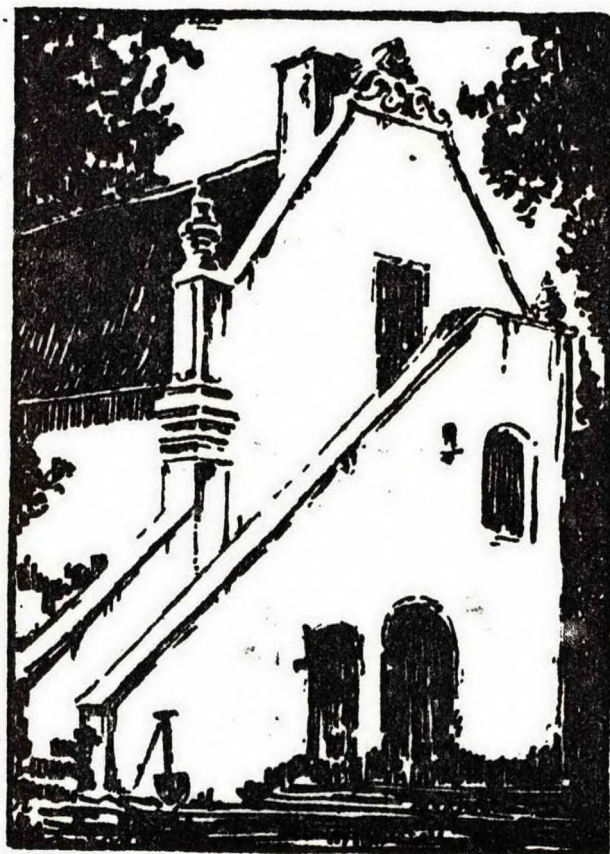


Country Life In South Africa

With which is incorporated "The African Architect"



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IN SOUTH AFRICA

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN COUNTRY
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Vol. I

JUNE, 1915

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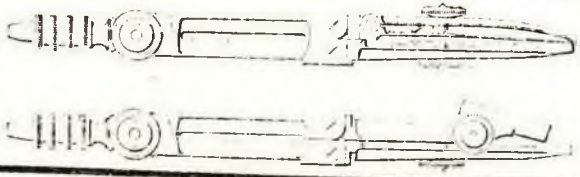
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COUNTRY LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA

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Country Life In South Africa

With which is incorporated "The African Architect"

Vol. 1

JUNE, 1915

No. 3



SIR HUGH LANE

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 New South Africa

THE naturally buoyant feeling of midwinter in South Africa, with—in most parts of the Union at any rate—its cool, fresh days, and clear, ringing nights, is now heightened by the war news from the country hitherto known as “German South West Africa.” Its claim to this title has ceased with the actual occupation of the capital by General Botha and his forces. The achievement has taken place at the expected time. We promised ourselves possession of the territory or the main portion of it by the month of May, and the actual operations have kept pace with the time-table. The remainder of the task is comparatively an easy matter. The German Colonial troops occupy part of the country beyond Windhuk, but their capitulation may be expected as a matter of course. COUNTRY LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA does not concern itself with party politics, but as a journal which endeavours to stand for the intellectual and artistic development of the national life of the country, and which attempts to give expression to the moral and mental forces that make for a fuller sense of nationhood, it has some title to refer to the political change that has been brought about by the success of the Prime Minister’s enterprise in the field. On these grounds we venture to endorse the tribute paid a little while ago in Capetown by Sir Thos. Smartt to General Botha’s patriotism, his high sense of duty, his courage in action, his resource in leadership. We mention Sir Thos. Smartt because the tribute comes from him as leader of the Opposition with all the more sincerity and goodwill. Whatever may be the future of General Botha in South Africa, his leadership of the German South-West campaign will live in the grateful memories of the people of South Africa and the Empire certainly not

less than his heroic achievements during the Boer War.

Whatever be the precise terms of the settlement of the great war in Europe—of the main issue no one who is on the side of Freedom and Justice can have any doubt—it may, we think, be taken for granted that His Majesty’s Ministers in Great Britain will see to it that what the Union of South Africa has got it shall hold, and that the German West territory must eventually become part of the greater Union of South Africa. It may safely be assumed that the disinclination shown by Rhodesia during the past five years towards entering the Union will have been almost entirely removed by the events that have happened within the Union’s borders since August last. It is not premature nor extravagant, therefore, to imagine—unless the sinister malevolent influences that exist in our politics to-day are stronger and more lasting than is generally supposed—a new South Africa, a great and spacious sub-continent in which the forces that go to the building up of a new country, a country with a real national conscience and a real national consciousness, shall have full play. It is, as yet, but a dream. But it is no idle dream. And it is the dreamers who will give conscious and intellectual life to South Africa, as it is the dreamers who have created the spirit of nationhood in all new countries. In South Africa, of all countries, there is room for the visionaries. It is a land of visions, and those who are wilfully blind to them, or who deliberately keep their eyes glued to material facts and immediate prospects, are not the friends of the future South African nation. They can have no claim upon, and no part in its intellectual future.

Two points, we venture to think, deserve to be specially dealt with in connection with the Prime Minister’s achievement as the Commander of the Union Forces in the now conquered territory. One is the extraordinarily skilful and rapid work performed by the engineering sections of the Railway Department. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of the services performed by the railway builders in relation to the task of occupation and conquest. The second point is the regrettableness of the outbreaks against German residents in Johannesburg, Capetown and other places, which took place last month. Germany will have to pay the fullest penalty for her crimes. Her pride must be humbled to the dust. But we shall not humiliate her by reckless reprisals on local Germans, naturalised or otherwise; we shall gain nothing by imitating on a minor scale the barbarisms which swept down the spires of Rheims, or by picking up the smouldering torch that set aflame the supreme treasures of Louvain.

Sir Hugh Lane

A MEMOIR

By J. M. Solomon

"The deer unhunted roam at will,
The whaup cries sair on the dreary hill,
The chase is o'er, the horn is still:
The hunter's hame."

—*Hammerwith.*



THREE years ago, in the drawing room at Linsey House, the talk had turned on Synge, the Irish playwright, who had died all too early; and one of us, I forget who, suggested that the volume with which he lay claim to be remembered by posterity was even slighter than that of Thomas Gray.

I can recall the evening well; the quiet, rather sombre dignity of the long oak-panelled room; the marble Venus in the bay window which overlooked the river where the light of the barges, the warehouses and the tall chimneys, becoming campanili in the night, reminded one irresistibly of Whistler's nocturnes; and whilst the fire in the grate, between two fire dogs which years before had been stolen from Windsor Castle, caught in its zone of light Rembrandt's Portrait of a Young Lady and Goya's "Femme Espagnole," Sir Hugh sat amongst his guests, nervously smoking his cigarette, perhaps a little melancholy at the turn the conversation had taken.

By the dim light this pale, slender, dark-eyed knight, with his trim black beard, his slim hands and his poised, nervous, elusive manner, presented an appearance similar to the figures in the paintings of that strange seer, El Greco.

The guests were few: George Moore, talking even more wonderfully than he writes; Henry Towns, the artist, who has distinction writ in every line of his form; and Wilson Steer, quietly nodding a disinterestedness in all that was being said.

Sir Hugh talked little, perhaps overtired as he often was in those days, but it was evident that his mind worked, and he was serious.

When the guests had gone and we were about to climb the stairs for bed, he turned to me, saying: "How foolish to talk of Synge's small volume of work. Why, generations after I, who have created nothing, am dead and forgotten, Ireland will be watching his plays." This was the pathetic thought of one who had tried to paint and had failed, but in his modesty forgot those other creations, his Galleries, in his native land and far off Africa.

Hugh Percy Lane was the son of the late Rev. William Lane and Frances Adelaide Persse, of Roxburgh, County Galway, and was just forty years of age when he met his untimely death. He began life without any material advantages, and as quite a youngster was apprenticed to Martin Colnaghi, the famous dealer, where he got his practical knowledge of Old Masters. An early glimpse of him is got in the pages of Lord Ronald Sutherland-Gower's "Diary," wherein he states, fifteen years ago: "Young Hugh Lane has been down to see to the cleaning of my pictures." He was the nephew of Lady Gregory, the playwright and leader of the Modern Literary Movement in Ireland.

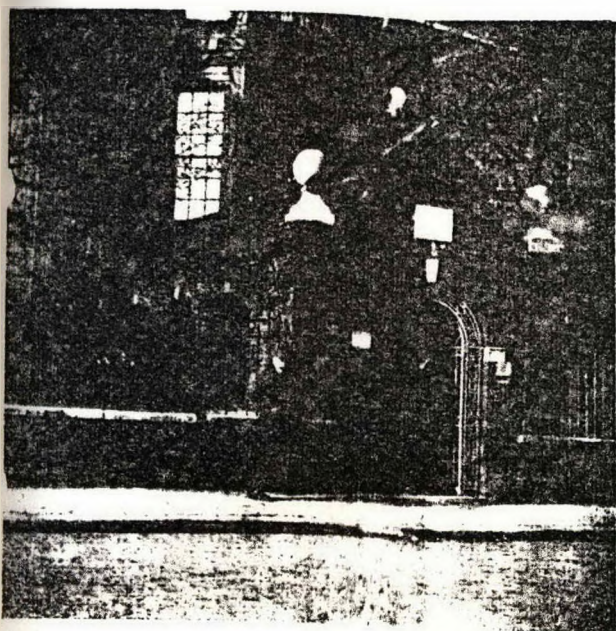
Of this early life in London Sir Hugh was wont to speak with great unhappiness. He was exceedingly poor and lonely, and lacked all comfort and care, thus laying the foundation of the ill-health which in after years reduced his energy and physique to a minimum. Yet in spite of his poverty he saved what little he could in order to begin to appease the acquisitive instinct which already had firmly taken hold of him. He would tell how for days he went without meals in order that he might save the few additional shillings required to purchase an old picture or bronze which had appealed to him. This instinct for saving was with him to the end, and I often remember his wrath when any one in his company suggested the expenditure of more than the bare necessities on a meal. Money spent on extra food he always looked upon as "waste," and it was his dictum that "young artists should only depend upon a good dinner when they were invited out"!

Yet his generosity otherwise was princely, and his recklessness at picture sales was proverbially the talk of London.

Probably no more romantic career could be chronicled in the last generation; many novelists have endeavoured to sketch the picturesque side of it in their writings. To his friends, however, none of these appeared successful. His personality, too elusive, too daring and too ethereal, refused to be touched by the chill hand of eulogy or criticism, and however accurate may appear the outline of the picture, yet, like expression in painting, the real Lane could never be embodied in language.

Henry James attempted it when he drew Hugh Crimble, the hero of "The Outcry"; Grant Richards, his friend and frequent fellow traveller, endeavoured an amusing sketch as "Sir Peter Bain" in "Caviare"; George Moore

failed utterly to understand him in the final volume of his trilogy, "He and Farewell," where the writer's cynicism painted a picture too much the mind of the writer as a representative of the subject; and, most recently, Mr. Theodore Dreiser, the American Thomas Hardy, etched a vignette of him in his book "A Traveller at Forty." To those who knew Sir Hugh intimately, all these pictures fall far short of the model. Behind and beyond the restless and eager personality shown to the world was a lovable and kindly character which endeared itself entirely to those who were privileged to be his friends. Lane possessed a gift beyond anyone I have ever known for bringing out the best in his friends. Chelsea is full of young artists who will mourn his loss.



Linsey House

His house in Cheyne Walk, which was once the palace of the Earls of Lincoln, had in recent years become the fashionable rendezvous for duchesses and peeresses, and this afternoon parties during the season brought together the strangest collection of people in any drawing room in London. On these occasions it would be Sir Hugh's delight to search out among his guests some poor obscure young artist who, on the verge of starvation, he had brought hither in order that he might be talked of and so helped. He was never tired of bestowing a frame on one, in order that his picture might be sent to an exhibition, or writing a letter of recommendation for another to obtain a commission for a portrait. No effort was too much for him if in any way he was able to help a friend. Often when from sheer physical weakness he found it impossible to attend to his own affairs, he might be found

going half way across London to keep an appointment which he had made to look at some young painter's work.

His genius for discovery was colossal, and his finds were often the astonishment of the picture world.

From under the eyes of the world-renowned dealers at Christie's he detected and bought for a song Titian's famous portrait of Lorenzo de Medici, which afterwards he sold for £30,000.

To-day the Medici Society is selling Romney's "Portrait of a Lady," which until three years ago the experts had pronounced as of the school of Lawrence. I well remember the occasion on which it was bought. I had gone with Sir Hugh to the sale where the picture was catalogued and attributed to the Scotch School. He examined it carefully; something, the sweep of the brushwork, led him to decide that the attribution was wrong. He bought the picture at what was considered a fantastic price, and when we got it home, I helped him to clean it. Early in the process he proved correct, for under the "Lawrence" appeared a wonderful Romney, many times the value which his critics thought he had squandered upon it.

Afterwards it appeared that the lady's family, regretting their Romney when that artist was no longer in vogue, called in a painter to give the portrait the cachet of the School of Lawrence, now that the new master was in the ascendant!

By the recovery in this manner of many masterpieces, he rendered a practical service to mankind greater than any he might have done by his own creative work.

His permanent memorial, however, is the Galleries he has founded and supervised, and to which he often made the most generous gifts. His project for the establishment of a permanent Municipal Gallery of Contemporary Art in Dublin was his dearest ambition. His letters to me regarding the non-acceptance by the Municipality of his idea to build a bridge gallery across the Liffey, which he had commissioned Mr. Lutyens to design, and which would have been one of the grandest sights in Europe, make pathetic reading. Dublin could in no way better repay this patriotic son than by completing his idea.

In 1910 Lady Phillips was fortunate in persuading him to help her in forming the Gallery of Modern Masters which Johannesburg now possesses. The romance of the beginning of

our gallery has yet to be told, but for the present it suffices to say that the start was given by Sir Hugh Lane persuading Lady Phillips to present personally the three magnificent works by Wilson Steer which Johannesburg now owns.

Those of us who were privileged to help at the inauguration of the Gallery at the end of the same year, have not yet forgotten the ill-educated criticism of the pignies on that occasion, and few men have so soon justified their actions as has Sir Hugh in this instance. Soon afterwards Sir Hugh resigned his Honorary Directorship, explaining to a friend to whom he wrote: "I find that one cannot buy for two galleries (the same sort of thing), and I want all the bargains for Dublin."

It was General Smuts who first inspired in him the desire to make a collection of old Dutch Masters for South Africa, and together we conspired to get our South African magnates to start a National Art Collection Fund, which might purchase works over a period of years. When at the end of 1911 I went to stay with Sir Hugh in London, he had added to his own collection a completely representative group of Dutch and Flemish Seventeenth Century Masters, which by a great and unique act of generosity Mr. Max Michaelis decided to present to the land where he had acquired his wealth, and so for ever link it with the great European centres of Art. South Africa thus became possessed of the choicest collection of its size and kind in the world.

Last year Sir Hugh was appointed to the Directorship of the National Gallery of Ireland in succession to Sir William Armstrong. His unbridled desire that the gallery should benefit during his regime made him return his salary. He benefited it still more by the gifts of, amongst others, famous and valuable works by Beersstraten, Gainsborough, El Greco, Bassano and Romney.

Sir Hugh's motives were constantly maligned by those who could not imagine that generosity and patriotism could be so independent of profit. However, he bore no malice, and his friends knew that his thoughts were too much taken up by plans of increasing benefaction for the future to have leisure for rancour.

In piecing together these notes of appreciation, I am performing a sad duty to a very dear friend. It is ever easier to describe an acquaintance than one so intimate. Sir Hugh's personality was more interesting and fascinating than any of his wonderful surprises, and he had a kind and magnetic influence on those he liked. He was a man with singularly admirable qualities, both of mind

and spirit, whose charm it is impossible to analyse.

To speak of his exquisite taste in pictures, jewels and all *objets d'art* is almost presumption, yet his triumphs and talents left him amazingly modest. It was natural that in his success he should make enemies, and his quarrels were frequent; but I never remember him speak of any opponent with more than a touch of careless scorn. He was eminently of that type of mind which South Africa stands so urgently in need of—the mind that hates criticism and loves action: that works rather than talks.

Cope-hunter
Feb 15 1912



Theodore Dreiser, Grant Richards and Sir Hugh Lane

He possessed that elixir of life which stimulated and illuminated everyone with whom he came in contact, and had to a great degree the ideal-making capacity of those bright spirits who live only for a short time.

The debt this country owes him is incalculable. He pushed forward the boundaries of Art into the Southern Hemispheres, and by his genius brought a light into the life of our land which Eternity alone can extinguish.

Sir George Farrar and His Home

AN APPRECIATION

By One Who Knew Him



THE last time I saw him was in February, when he came down from the front for a few days and stayed at the Mount Nelson Hotel in Capetown. It was characteristic of him that, living there, amidst surroundings that invited to ease, and in circumstances which clamantly called for relaxation after the stress and strain of some strenuous months among the depressing sand tracts of



SIR GEORGE FARRAR

"German" South-West Africa, he should have straightway plunged into important problems connected with that great mining industry whose development had been his life's work, and that most of his time should have been spent in close consultation with engineers and managers who had been hastily summoned from the Rand to meet him on his arrival in Capetown. During the week or so of his stay in the Mount Nelson, he was never idle for a moment. At almost any hour of the day you could rely upon running him to earth in a quiet corner of lounge or writing room, spectacled, earnest, smoking innumerable cigarettes, surrounded by engineers, brother

officers, or politicians: full of restless energy, organising, instructing, planning far ahead . . .

Work was a passion with Farrar. He had a genius for organisation. He set himself to solve the problems that came his way with the deadly passionless enthusiasm of the expert chess player. But he was always on the move, and no amount of work ever seemed to tire him. In the daily routine of his affairs he used to snatch up one of his high administrative officials, whirl him through a maze of financial or technical intricacies, and fling him aside, exhausted and a little bewildered, only to repeat the process a moment later with another of his staff. "It is impossible to keep up with the 'little man,'" his staff were in the habit of saying. It was their affectionate tribute to his indefatigable industry, his immediate grasp of detail, his faculty of assimilating facts.

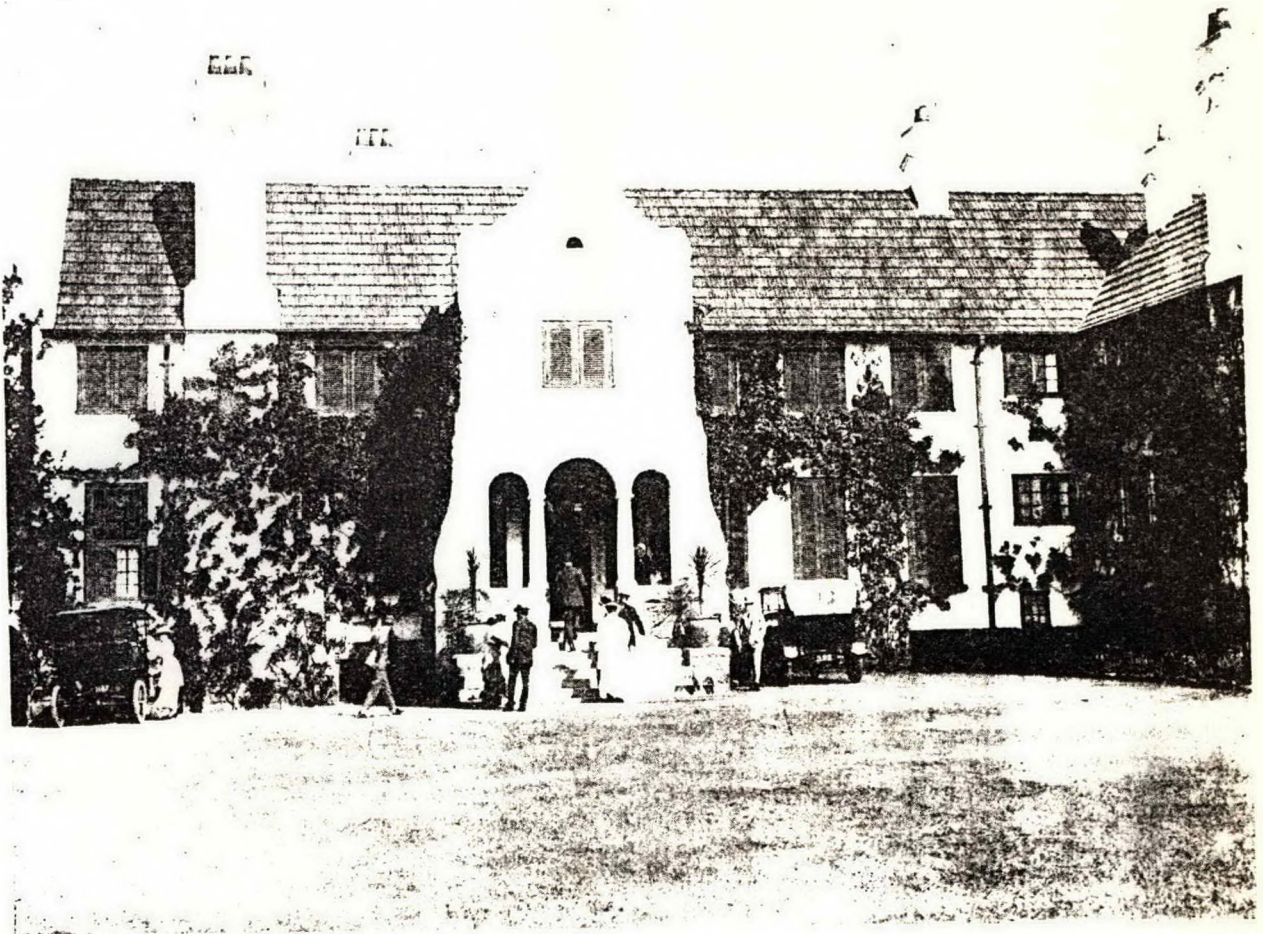
But there was another side to Sir George Farrar—one which is of particular interest to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE. He was probably the one mining magnate (forgive the word!) on the Witwatersrand who lived successfully the life of a country gentleman within earshot of the ceaseless grumbling of the myriad stamps that pound the gold out of that amazing line of reef which stretches from Randfontein to Springs, and (as we are now told) far beyond. There was no "hustle" about him when once he had retired to the deep and satisfying peace of Bedford Farm, his beautiful home in the Bezuidenhout Valley, some six or seven miles east of Johannesburg. Here he slipped, almost insensibly as it seemed, into the speech and habits of the typical squire.

To see him at his best, you wanted to accompany him on a stroll through his farm lands, down to the fine steading that housed the beautiful Friesland cattle in which he took so great a pride, and with which he almost invariably swept the board of prizes at the annual Witwatersrand Show, for which, as vice-president, he laboured tirelessly for many years. Then on to his stables, filled with blood stock, for he was a racing enthusiast and a true horse-lover, as distinct from the type of monied man, fairly common, alas! upon the Rand, who races merely for the stakes, or for political advertisement, or for social aggrandisement, and for whom a blood horse possesses no more points of interest than a motor-car. Everything on Bedford Farm was done on the most complete scale, but nowhere was there any senseless extravagance. Here, as on his mines, efficiency with economy was the motto: and though I do not actually know it to be so, I would be very surprised indeed to

hear otherwise than that, as a farming proposition pure and simple, Bedford Farm consistently paid its way, and paid it very well indeed.

Immediately surrounding the beautiful homestead on Bedford Farm are spacious lawns and gardens, designed by Mr. Herbert Baker, to harmonise with the stately house, which is by no means the least among the ambitious creations of his remarkable genius for domestic architecture. Here it was the habit of Sir George and Lady Farrar to entertain extensively. Sunday

comfort and content. The house itself had that "lived in" look which is essential to the home atmosphere. It was a place to live in, to be happy in, a place in which to make one's friends happy, and not (like so many rich men's houses) a museum of art objects, or a mere formal and imposing setting in which to be pompously "at home" to people who might occasionally feel it their duty to make a dutiful call. A place of friendly, smiling faces, of happy laughter, of simple enjoyment, and of deep restfulness and



Bedford Farm, Sir George's Country Home.

tennis parties had been the rule for many years, the guests coming in the morning and staying on to lunch; and in the afternoon there was a constant stream of casual callers, in whose entertainment the host and hostess were ably assisted by their three charming elder girls. On the whole, I should say that there was no happier home life on the whole of the Witwatersrand than that of Bedford Farm. Certainly among the larger houses of the Rand, I know of none which possessed in anything like equal degree the same atmosphere of "homeliness," of solid

peace—in short, it was the typical English home of a typical English gentleman: a fine, high-spirited soul who saw his duty plain, and did it without question and without thought of reward.

Sir George's body has been buried on the farm that he loved so well. He would have had it so, of course. But I question whether his memory can have any finer monument than the atmosphere he succeeded in creating in his home circle, and the place he won for himself in the esteem of all classes of the community with whom he was brought in contact.

A South African Etcher

MR. P. F. WENNING'S ART



STRANGELY original, a rare and unique thing, is much of the work of Mr. P. F. Wenning. That much of it can be traced to the influence of Japanese and other eastern artists there is no doubt; yet in his paintings he is still so far from definitely



MR. P. F. WENNING

finding himself that his development will be watched with interest, now that he has seriously taken up his brushwork.

The eastern influence is the more curious when one remembers the artist's nationality. Mr. Wenning was born in Holland, and is the scion of an old Frisian family. His father devoted his life for many years to the study of the heraldry and genealogy of the Frisian nobility, searching the old churches and museums for manuscripts connected with his work, which eventually was published by the help of friends.

The material results of such a life helped little in the support of the family, and the children,

at an early age, were compelled to make their own living. The son, finding that the study of Art needed years of training which could then be ill afforded, with characteristic philosophy, decided that, since his life could not be devoted to the only work he felt was congenial, accepted the first offer that Fortune made him by becoming a railway officer. His spare time, however, was devoted to the study of drawing under a master of whom Mr. Wenning speaks with great devotion. M. Bubberman, recognising the ability of the young student, grudged no time or trouble in order to help him to penetrate deeper into the mysteries of Art. The remuneration for the uncongenial task of studying regulations and foreign tariffs afforded the artist the necessary leisure for studying in the museums of Amsterdam. Here he eagerly devoted his time to the modern Dutch masters, Breitner and the brothers Maris, who became his gods. That



Commissioner Street, Johannesburg, by Mr. Wenning

Mr. Wenning then laid the foundation of an influence which has lasted him a lifetime is obvious in the method he retains to-day of applying his pigment to canvas.

June, 1915.

In his position of railway official, Mr. Wenning gradually moved from place to place in his Fatherland, and after a period in Zaandam, with its picturesque old houses, where many paintings were sold to English and American



Fox Street, Johannesburg

visitors, he decided to set sail for pastures new, and landed in South Africa a little over ten years ago. He settled in the Transvaal, and it is pleasant to hear of his enthusiasm for the beauty of his adopted country.

Last year, with the help of a patron, Mr. Wenning produced a portfolio of etchings of the Rand, which are unique in South African Art. Some of these illustrate this article, and indicate the sensitive line which the etcher possesses.

These prints are not all of equal quality, nor can they be said to have reached an unusually high standard; but they are picturesque and artistic interpretations of subjects which to the lay eye seem ordinary in the extreme.

With the exception of Miss Nita Spillhaus' Cape set, they form the only portfolio of modern etching produced in the country, and every such genuine record of our times will be welcomed by future historians. Mr. Wenning has recently been painting still-life, and has shewn an ability in this direction which upholds the tradition of a descendant of the seventeenth century Dutch School.

None of the artist's water colour or oil work is illustrated. These notes are devoted to his line work alone. There is a certain elusive charm in the slightness of his etched work, and the lack of detail is obviously not due to an inability to draw, for the pencil sketch of Old Government House, Newlands (which illustrates the article "His Excellency's Country Seat"), a sympathetic interpretation, firmly indicates a power of draughtsmanship of an unusually high order. He has, however, still to learn that the old masters gave a consistency and strength to their work which he yet lacks, and unless he is de-



Looking from Connaught Hill, sketch by Mr. Wenning



A Native Woman.

terminated to conquer his mood of too ardent impressionism he will run the risk of developing an art of little more than trivial but exquisite decoration.

J.M.S.

A correspondent writes as follows:—"May I suggest that a paper like *COUNTRY LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA*, which aims at beautifying town and countryside, should not hesitate to condemn, and in severe terms, the type of school building that is being erected all over this country at the present time. One does not complain of the architectural qualities of the buildings itself so much as of the fact that no two school buildings in the country are dissimilar. The practice of the authorities seems to be to supply the same old plan—two wings and a pepper-pot stuck over the middle of the main roof—to any district that needs a school, irrespective of the suitability of the structure, to its immediate surroundings. Anyone going through this country can pick out the local school from the mass of surrounding buildings at first glance. Surely it would not involve too much expense to vary the style a little and to take some account of situation and locality in deciding on plans.

* * *

Bilingual notices forbidding spitting in the street appear in brass letters sunk into the pavements in front of some of Capetown's buildings. It is an example which might be followed elsewhere—notably in Johannesburg, where expectoration on pavements and at street corners seems to be a favourite pastime of the loungers.

Town-Making on the Veld

THE PROBLEM OF THE NEW DORPS.

By F. R. Paver



ONE of the most definite signs of progress in South Africa is gradual growth of the number of country villages, which keeps well abreast of the creation of new suburbs to the larger towns. Every now and again a fresh name appears on the map, indicating the birth of some little dorp which—whether destiny holds for it great things or merely the humdrum existence of the place that remains a little dorp—is to be a centre of population, trade and public life for some definite area of the Union. It is often an extension of the railways that leads to evolution of this kind, as frequently it is the growth of the town that calls for the building of the railway. And, however the new development may be affected by its communications with the rest of the world, the governing factors are invariably increasing population and concentrating trade.

We have to reckon with those embryonic towns, whether they are mining or industrial ventures or new dorps on the farther veld, and it will be well to consider whether more cannot be done than has hitherto been possible, to direct their growth with forethought and, perhaps, with a spice of natural or architectural charm. To some people it may seem far-fetched to associate artistic endeavour with the hamlets so often composed in part of wood and iron buildings which from time to time make their appearance on the monotonous flats of the high veld, or crop up incongruously in the hilly and wooded areas. That this should be the case proves at once how much need there is for some effort to secure improvement. After all, some of our most beautiful towns of the present had queer beginnings. No one needs to be told that Johannesburg a quarter of a century ago represented the apotheosis of the mud-and-iron atrocity. Nor would it need much argument to show that, had more thought been given to the future and local topography been allowed greater play in adjusting the lines of the town, the Johannesburg of to-day would have presented a finer appearance, and would have given scope for greater improvement than is possible as matters now stand.

The great drawback in the case of the new dorps is not so much the want of opportunities as the fact that the people engaged in their creation are usually far too absorbed in the struggle to get the new community started successfully

on the small financial basis available, to trouble themselves much about appearances. Or, since they usually do take a measure of pride in the work and have a strong desire to emulate existing towns, it may be juster to say that their minds have not been directed to the importance of adjusting their plans to the local conditions and features of the land chosen rather than to imitating older villages which not only may be quite differently placed, but often are themselves "horrid examples" rather than models. This is where even those who genuinely desire to make a new township a success from, shall we say the civic, point of view as well as financially, are invariably tripped up. They are determined to secure the main features of older towns, and arrange the new dorp accordingly, being unmindful of the fact that the older towns were crudely and often senselessly laid down, and oblivious or unheeding of the modern common-sense call for suitability of the site and its background—and, as a consequence, for a measure of originality which in its turn results in the town assuming, as it grows, an individuality of its own. This individuality will never be attained, even on a humble scale, until people who find themselves concerned in the destinies of new dorps and suburbs get rid of the idea that the highest they can aim at is to create a new Heilbron, a new Standerton or a new Pietersburg.

Of course there is little use in discussing the needs and possibilities of a position such as the one we are dealing with, unless some means of exerting influence on those concerned can be advanced. Unless there is a way of getting at the right people at the right time, abstract appeals will not assist in the least. There are public bodies which can do a certain amount of educative work. In the case of the extension of existing towns, the Civic Associations and the South African Municipal Association have great opportunities, which are often canvassed and sometimes acted upon. Where the country is concerned it is far more difficult to obtain a hold. Such bodies as the National Society of South Africa in the Cape, and the similar society which exists at Durban, might give public opinion a turn in the right direction now and again, especially if they could make some arrangement by which they would be advised of the projection of new townships. The only really effective agents through which to work, however, are the Provincial Governments, which have their hands upon every new proposal by virtue of their function of examining into and sanctioning it before it can be carried into effect in the form of a township. If some of our public bodies, or our architects' organisations would issue a small but

convincing brochure on the subject of town-planning on simple lines suited to the veld and the facilities available to those who have to grapple with its problems, it ought to be possible to make an easily-worked arrangement under which copies would be forwarded to all applicants for township rights, whether on the fringe of our cities or the confines of the bushveld. The Provincial authorities cannot be expected to advise people on the details of arranging their proposed "dorplets," though, if they did, it would certainly give them something more to do than they have at present. Actually, they do little more than satisfy themselves that the water supply for the new centre of population is adequate and that sufficient space has been reserved for public buildings, schools, churches and squares. Nevertheless, they would probably be quite willing to keep any responsible association informed of all current applications for townships, and the pamphlet referred to could then be sent to the promoters or residents in each case.

Any such undertaking (it would by no means be a troublesome or expensive one) would have to proceed on very modest lines. Attempts to introduce elaborate and highly-developed ideas of town planning might conceivably defeat the idea more effectually than anything else. It would be necessary to convince the people who have such matters in their control that something better is possible than chess-board pattern streets and an almost clean sweep of natural foliage such as was made at Rustenburg and other favourably situated towns in times when people could not pay regard to anything but the most material considerations; to show them that pleasing effects can be assured without greater expense or much more work; and to offer them the advice of someone with taste and at least a nodding acquaintance with architectural design and the congruities of village-making. Results may not be secured in every case, but in general the effect of action on these lines is bound to prove beneficial. Our larger towns have long passed the stage of raw brick and wood and iron. The new ones that arise must be taught to look beyond this stage and to make a beginning which will facilitate their growth into places with as much beauty as their conditions permit—each with some individuality of its own.

Seventy-two building plans, representing work to the approximate value of £53,545, were submitted to the Cape Town Council last month. Fifty-two plans, the carrying out of which will entail an expenditure of £34,765, were approved.

"His Excellency's Country Seat"

THE OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT NEWLANDS

COUNTRY LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA has privileged this month to reproduce the article under the above title, which appeared in "The Cape" some years ago, and which will be read with renewed interest in connection with the beautiful sketch of Mr. Wenning's which now accompanies it.

PEOPLE say that Newlands Avenue is still the most beautiful walk in the suburbs of Capetown. For nearly half a century it has remained unchanged. Its parallel rows of massive oaks whose branches, meeting above, form an almost perfect roof extending over a mile, its banks covered with an emerald green moss, its old brown residences with their ancient fanlights and quaint windows; its cottages with their roofs of black thatch, have survived the periods of depression and prosperity. By a happy disposition of ownership it escaped the effects of the property boom of the years 1902 and 1903, when the auctioneer's bell sounded the knell of ancestral traditions, when venerable oaks were levelled and ancient estates were cut up into lots; when the hammer of the carpenter and the trowel of the bricklayer were heard everywhere in the Peninsula.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Newlands Avenue is high up towards the Mountain. It runs parallel to the Main Road, beginning at Westerford, just beyond Groote Schuur, and ending among the woods of Bishopscourt. You get out of the tram at the Westerford Arms, and climb the narrow hill—a few minutes' walk. At the top you find yourself at the beginning of the broad avenue, which is covered in by the branches of the oak trees which meet higher than the roof of a cathedral. I found new charms in the Avenue last Saturday afternoon. The banks were green as if with recent rains, though it had not rained for several days; but then, this is the dampest part of the Peninsula. The day was hot, but in the Avenue the air was fresh and cool, with a soft wind. Above all, it was Autumn, and the leaves were falling from the trees in an endless shower. They whirled around one's head and made a carpet under one's feet in the moist earth. They filled the ditches on either side. They clung to the soft green moss on the banks and the trunks of the trees. They were blown upon the stoeps of the houses and to the doors of the thatched cottages. Looking back occasionally to a spot where the sun found an opening through the branches, one saw them falling in a golden rain.

THE SILENCE OF THE AVENUE

The place is rich in family traditions, in the legends of the Hiddings and the Ohlssons. There are stories of the ruthless cutting of the old oaks thirty years ago. People still gossip about the lordship of the estates on either side of the Avenue, of the forests of pines and poplars that stretch from the right bank away up to the grey face of Table Mountain. Something like an air of romance fills the solemn old place, and when you pass one of the old houses you are curious to know who it was that lived there in the old days, and who lives there now. On the right as you walk towards Bishopscourt, you look up into the deep forests of pine. Here and there is an old house, with a woodland garden, and, perhaps, a rude poultry yard. On the left a number of narrow roads lead down from the Avenue to the Main Road, peopled for the most part by coloured folk, whose clothes hang out to dry on the hedges, and whose children play in the gutter under the hot sun. These roads stretch down in straight lines, and occasionally you can see the tram cars passing at the end below, and even hear the distant clang of the gong. As we—the usual Saturday afternoon company—pursue our walk, the silence of the Avenue is rarely broken except by the sound of our own voices. Now and then the cries of children come to us from a sloppy lane or from a patch of thatched-roofed cottages in the wood. Once or twice we hear voices from an Indian dealer's shop at the corner of a road. Once the stillness is profaned by the fish-horn. We meet a Cape cart, a market gardener's cart, a grocer's van, a leisurely horseman, a coloured labourer with his load, wading through the fallen leaves.

IN THE HEART OF THE AVENUE

The Arcadian simplicity of the place is marred by a brewery which stands on the left half-way through the Avenue. But they make beer here no longer—the depression has laid its hand on the old building. Up to a year ago or so the fires burnt here day and night, and the casks were rolled down to a prosperous, thirsty world. Opposite the brewery is an open green space, rising to the door of the Forester's Arms, a plain, homely-looking old inn with a sign-post. A couple of horses are waiting outside the door on the green. A little farther, on the left, there is a little church of brown stone, and nearly opposite, among the woods, is a little thatched chapel—with white walls, latticed windows and green doors—surmounted by an iron cross. On the same side, and still further on, is another brewery which has been silent for many, many

years. The legend says that once a year its fires must be lit and its machinery set in motion in order to carry out the terms of the bond. The farther we go into the Avenue, the older and the more venerable seems everything. Gnarled oaks, thick carpets and rugs of green moss, an old stone belfry, a house tottering with age among the trees, a couple of cottages with smoke rising above the thatch against a background of pines, a hag driving a group of children from her door. All the time the leaves are falling, falling.

entrance. An untidy, unfragrant lane, with a line of half tumbled-down cottages on one side; the old glass-spiked wall of Government House on the other; and a rivulet of slops and soap-suds in the centre. Strange neighbours of Government House, who hang their domestic washing almost on the walls of the State mansion and empty their suds almost under the nose of His Excellency himself! We see wood-choppers in a yard; we pass open doors showing dark and squalid interiors; we see children rolling in the mud of the perennial soap stream.



Mr. Wenning's Drawing of Government House, Newlands

GOVERNMENT HOUSE

Here is Government House, on the left. These are the gates--massive old gates with stone piers, weather worn, battered, stained with patches of yellow and streaks of green. The estate lies behind an old battered wall, and it slopes down from the Avenue towards the King's highway. We see the reddish-yellow walls of the stables behind the trees below. Inside the gate is the lodge whose walls are painted the same colour; it makes a delightful picture with its latticed windows hung with bright red blinds, standing amidst the green-wood. This is the main entrance, although it faces the back of the house. We find, later, that there is nothing to be surprised at in this. Everything at Government House seems to be irregular or contrary. The gate is locked, and so we have to go down the lane to the side

We open the timber gate marked "No thoroughfare," and enter the grounds of the State residence.

A COUNTRY COTTAGE

The broad path brings us to the front of the house, which is unlike a Government House as anyone could imagine. It is a one-storeyed white-washed irregular building with a fine broad door having a semi-circular fanlight, huge French windows, a worn flagged stoep, slate roof and white twisted chimneys. It is back from the mountain and the entrance gates; and it faces a fine green lawn which slopes down to the deer park. On the left, facing the house, an oak avenue stretches away towards the staff cottage. Below the avenue is a tennis court; and lower down is a rose garden. Behind the house are the reddish-yellow stables and out-

"HIS EXCELLENCY'S COUNTRY SEAT"

buildings and the little wooden shanties where the servants sleep. From a Governor's point of view, the house is merely a cottage. Compared with the State mansion on the heights of Bryntirion, outside Pretoria, it is merely a hut. But the grounds are as beautiful as nature, assisted by a sadly-retrenched staff, can make them. There is the majestic background of Table Mountain. There are the sturdy old oaks and the softly-lighted avenues. There is the great sloping lawn which, just now, is bathed in the afternoon sunshine. There is the park where we can see the deer bounding timidly behind the trees.

A GREAT HALL

The house is hidden away on all sides from the public gaze. In its beautiful, extensive grounds it is possible to enjoy almost perfect seclusion. The estate lies on the hill between the main road and the Avenue. On either side the oaks screen it off from the public roads. We roam around the yellow buildings until we meet the caretaker, who (on the strength of a document for which I am indebted to His Excellency's aide-de-camp) takes us through the house. Its two advantages are its wide, lofty hall, which runs from back to front of the house, and its French windows. For the rest, small sitting and dining rooms, damp ceilings, dark narrow corridors, a musty, decaying kitchen, and bedrooms opening one out of the other. The rooms open on either side of the hall, which is noble enough for a sculpture gallery, which to-day contains nothing more inspiring than a Union Jack thrown carelessly on a table. The house being unoccupied, is dismantled, and nothing is left but the carpets and a few pieces of furniture. Every room has its French window, which opens out on the wide flagged stoep. These windows fill the rooms with sunlight, and those in the front command a glorious prospect of flowers and field and wood.

THE STATE RESIDENCE

Yet this tumbled-down house, with its stained ceilings, its few, cramped rooms, its narrow passages and its old walls is the official residence of the chief personage in the land—the house of State which the nation provides for the representative for the time being of His Majesty. Famous men lived here. In one of the little rooms on the left Lord Milner used to sit and direct the affairs of an Empire. Outside the window of this room is the little enclosed garden crowded with wicker chairs, where His Lordship held garden parties. Generals, statesmen, con-

querors, Mr. Chamberlain himself, sat in these chairs in the summer sunshine of those spacious days and drank their tea in sight of the Union Jack flying from that white flagstaff in the centre of the lawn. The garden is deserted this afternoon, and the seats of the mighty are filled with autumn leaves which have dropped from the trees. It is an inadequate, an unworthy, house in spite of its noble hall and its sunny windows. I find the place does not even belong to the Government; it is held merely on lease, and they dare not cut a tree nor turn a sod without the consent of Mr. Hiddingh, who is the choleric lord of all these magnificent lands.

THE GROUNDS

We go through the avenue to the Staff cottage, a plain little house not much bigger than the lodge. A path leads past it through the wood to the town of Claremont down below. An old Indian in a red fez and an overcoat, with umbrella and gloves and a brown bag comes out of the trees behind us and takes this path. We return and go past the tennis court and down across the lawn to the old bowling green which Lord Milner made. On the right there is an old summer house. Close by, at our left, are two blasted pear trees. There are weather-worn benches under the shade of the distant trees. From this spot Government House looks best—the long, low, white-walled house framed in the trees, the majestic background of the mountain reflecting the changing lights of the afternoon, the rows of oaks, the stately pines, the rows of wine-coloured hydrangeas bordering the lawn. This is our last picture of the place; and as we look up, a rain of autumn leaves, blown across the lawn in the late sun, glitters like gold against the white wall of the deserted house.

In this country cottage the Governor of the Cape lives for six months of every year. He comes in the summer time from the House in town, with all his big horses and all his big men, when the oaks are green and when the hydrangeas are in bloom in their pale blue. Lately he has spoiled the romance by coming in a motor car. I fear he has become attached to this banal and evil-smelling form of locomotion. We leave by the way we entered, and find ourselves again in a slum of Newlands woods, where the ragged coloured children play in the muddy bed of the River of Suds and mock the aged labourer who, with a red feather in his black felt hat and his black, rugged old face perspiring under his load of provisions, climbs upwards to his corrugated-iron home, where the shirts and the socks wave in the evening breeze.

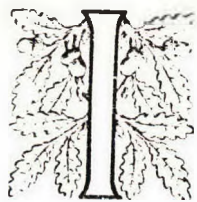
Little Masterpieces

THE LAST CLASS

The Story of a Little Alsatian

By Alphonse Daudet

The "little masterpiece" that we have selected this month is of special interest in view of the early liberation of Alsace as a result of the present war.



I WAS very late for school that morning, and I was terribly afraid of being scolded, especially as Monsieur Hamel had told us that he should examine us on participles, and I did not know the first thing about them. For a moment I thought of staying away from school and wandering about the fields. It was such a warm, lovely day. I could hear the blackbirds whistling on the edge of the wood, and in the Rippert field, behind the sawmill, the Prussians going through their drill. All that was much more tempting to me than the rules concerning participles; but I had the strength to resist, and I ran as fast as I could to school.

As I passed the mayor's office, I saw that there were people gathered about the little board on which notices were posted. For two years all our bad news had come from that board—battles lost, conscriptions, orders from headquarters; and I thought without stopping:

"What can it be now?"

Then, as I ran across the square, Wachter, the blacksmith, who stood there with his apprentice, reading the placard, called out to me:

"Don't hurry so, my boy; you'll get to your school soon enough!"

I thought that he was making fun of me, and I ran into Monsieur Hamel's little yard all out of breath.

Usually, at the beginning of school, there was a great uproar which could be heard in the street, desks opening and closing, lessons repeated aloud in unison, with our ears stuffed in order to learn quicker, and the teacher's stout ruler beating on the desk:

"A little more quiet!"

I counted on all this noise to reach my bench unnoticed; but as it happened, that day everything was quiet, like a Sunday morning. Through the open window I saw my comrades already in their places, and Monsieur Hamel walking back and forth with the terrible iron ruler under his arm. I had to open the door and enter, in the midst of that perfect silence. You can imagine whether I blushed and whether I was afraid!

But no! Monsieur Hamel looked at me with no sign of anger and said very gently:

"Go at once to your seat, my little Frantz; we were going to begin without you."

I stepped over the bench and sat down at once at my desk. Not until then, when I had partly recovered from my fright, did I notice that our teacher had on his handsome blue coat, his plaited ruff, and the black silk embroidered breeches, which he wore only on days of inspection or of distribution of prizes. Moreover, there was something extraordinary, something solemn about the whole class. But what surprised me most was to see at the back of the room, on the benches which were usually empty, some people from the village sitting, as silent as we were: old Hauser with his three-cornered hat, the ex-mayor, the ex-postman, and others besides. They all seemed depressed; and Hauser had brought an old spelling-book with gnawed edges, which he held wide-open on his knee, with his great spectacles askew.

While I was wondering at all this, Monsieur Hamel had mounted his platform, and in the same gentle and serious voice with which he had welcomed me, he said to us:

"My children, this is the last time that I shall teach you. Orders have come from Berlin to teach nothing but German in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new teacher arrives to-morrow. This is the last class in French, so I beg you to be very attentive."

Those few words overwhelmed me. Ah! the villains! that was what they had posted at the mayor's office.

My last class in French!

And I barely knew how to write! So I should never learn! I must stop short where I was! How angry I was with myself because of the time I had wasted, the lessons I had missed, running about after nests, or sliding on the Saar! My books, which only a moment before I thought so tiresome, so heavy to carry—my grammar, my sacred history—seemed to me now like old friends, from whom I should be terribly grieved to part. And it was the same about Monsieur Hamel. The thought that he was going away, that I should never see him again, made me forget the punishments, the blows with the ruler.

Poor man! It was in honour of that last lesson that he had put on his fine Sunday clothes; and I understood now why those old fellows from the village were sitting at the end of the room. It seemed to mean that they regretted not having come oftener to the school. It was also a way of thanking our teacher for his forty years of faithful service, and of paying their respects to the fatherland which was vanishing.

I was at that point in my reflections, when I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to say from beginning to end that famous rule about participles, in a loud, distinct voice, without a slip! But I got mixed up at the first words, and I stood there swaying against my bench, with a full heart, afraid to raise my head. I heard Monsieur Hamel speaking to me:

"I will not scold you, my little Frantz; you must be punished enough; that is the way it goes; every day we say to ourselves: 'Pshaw! I have time enough. I will learn to-morrow.' And then you see what happens. Ah! it has been the great misfortune of our Alsace always to postpone its lesson until to-morrow. Now those people are entitled to say to us: 'What! you claim to be French, and you can neither speak nor write your language!' In all this, my poor Frantz, you are not the guiltiest one. We all have our fair share of reproaches to address to ourselves.

"Your parents have not been careful enough to see that you were educated. They preferred to send you to work in the fields or in the factories, in order to have a few more sous. And have I nothing to reproach myself for? Have I not often made you water my garden instead of studying? And when I wanted to go fishing for trout, have I ever hesitated to dismiss you?"

Then, passing from one thing to another, Monsieur Hamel began to talk to us about the French language, saying it was the most beautiful language in the world, the most clear, the most substantial; that we must always retain it among ourselves, and never forget it, because when a people falls into servitude, "so long as it clings to its language, it is as if it held the key to its prison." Then he took the grammar and read us our lesson. I was amazed to see how readily I understood. Everything that he said seemed so easy to me, so easy. I believed, too, that I had never listened so closely, and that he, for his part, had never been so patient with his explanations. One would have said that, before going away, the poor man desired to give us all his knowledge, to force it all into our heads at a single blow.

When the lesson was at an end, we passed to writing. For that day Monsieur Hamel had prepared some entirely new examples, on which was written in a fine, round hand: "France, Alsace, France, Alsace." They were like little flags, waving all about the class, hanging from the rods of our desks. You should have seen how hard we all worked and how silent it was! Nothing could be heard save the grinding of the

pens over the paper. At one time some cock-chafers flew in; but no one paid any attention to them, not even the little fellows, who were struggling with their straight lines, with a will and conscientious application, as if even the lines were French. On the roof of the schoolhouse, pigeons cooed in low tones, and I said to myself as I listened to them:

"I wonder if they are going to compel them to sing in German, too!"

From time to time, when I raised my eyes from my paper, I saw Monsieur Hamel sitting motionless in his chair and staring at the objects about him as if he wished to carry away in his glance the whole of his little schoolhouse. Think of it! For forty years he had been there in the same place, with his yard in front of him and his class just as it was! But the benches and desks were polished and rubbed by use; the walnuts in the yard had grown, and the hop-vine which he himself had planted now festooned the windows even to the roof. What a heart-rending thing it must have been for that poor man to leave all those things, and to hear his sister walking back and forth in the room overhead, packing their trunks! For they were to go away the next day—to leave the Province forever.

However, he had the courage to keep the class to the end. After the writing, we had the lesson in history; then the little ones sang all together the *ha, he, bi, bo, bu*. Yonder, at the back of the room, old Hauser had put on his spectacles, and, holding his spelling-book in both hands, he spelled out the letters with them. His voice shook with emotion, and it was so funny to hear him, that we all longed to laugh and cry. Ah! I shall remember that last class.

Suddenly the church clock struck twelve, then the Angelus rang. At the same moment, the bugles of the Prussians returning from drill blared under our windows. Monsieur Hamel rose, pale as death, from his chair. Never had he seemed to me so tall.

"My friends," he said, "my friends, I—"

But something suffocated him. He could not finish the sentence.

Thereupon he turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and, bearing on with all his might, he wrote in the largest letters he could:

"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

Then he stood there, with his head resting against the wall, and without speaking, he motioned to us with his hand:

"That is all; go."

Country Notes

Readers in all parts of South Africa are invited to send in items of interest for publication in this section. These items need not be lengthy, and they should have some bearing on one or more of such subjects as art and letters, town planning, architecture, country pursuits, nature study, civic or rural developments, public health, communications dealing with any aspect of the artistic and intellectual side of South African national life will be welcomed, and should be addressed to the Editor, COUNTRY LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA, President Buildings, Fox Street, Johannesburg.

OUR NEW FEATURE

The question of game preservation is one of such importance in South Africa that we are sure our readers will welcome the appearance on another page of "Game and Angling Notes." The writer of the notes is "Tarentaal," who made a reputation for himself on the Transvaal Leader as an authority on country interests and pursuits. These notes will be a regular, and, we hope, widely-read feature of COUNTRY LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA. "Tarentaal" will always welcome enquiries from his readers on subjects with which he may deal, and his services will be at their disposal as far as his ability will permit. There are hundreds of game and angling enthusiasts in the sub-continent, more especially in the Transvaal, the Cape and the Free State. Beyond the borders of the Union the number is probably less, though the enthusiasm is possibly much greater. Our correspondent will be very pleased to give them all the assistance in his power.

CIVIC ACTIVITIES

We confess to having serious doubts as to whether the Johannesburg Civic Association has any future at all before it. At present the only service which it renders to civic life on the Rand is to maintain a kind of kiosk at the foot of Eloff Street—a construction which bears a strong resemblance to a piece of old stage scenery, and is taken just about as seriously by those members of the public whose business takes them through Eloff Street on their way from the railway station. Apparently the Johannesburg pioneers of the civic life supposed, when they had erected the edifice in question, that they had rendered their final duty to the citizens. As a monument to the civic indolence and to the ineptitude which unfortunately characterizes public life on the Rand, the structure in question is no doubt very effective. For, as far as our observation goes, the Civic Association at the present time is doing nothing in particular, and doing it exceedingly well. No one ever hears nowadays of a meeting of the Committee, and its very existence is unknown, not alone to the public of the other parts of the country whose attention it

ought to be attracting, but to the people of the Rand themselves. The Association doesn't even go to the theatre or give itself any kind of a "night out" which might direct some attention to itself. Even the floral garlands that hung from the boxes to the pit, the bunting in the streets and the cheap fireworks were better than the present inaction. In short, Johannesburg has, with characteristic fickleness and want of thoroughness, resumed its old state of civic inactivity. The Lezards have ceased from civicking and the Chudleighs are at rest.

THE PITY OF IT

It is a great pity. There is no town in the Union which stands in greater need of a civic movement designed, not so much to attract visitors by showman's methods as to encourage the aesthetic sense among the citizens of Johannesburg, to create a real abiding interest in the institution of the town and to foster a feeling of what the Americans call "town pride." There are a hundred ways in which a Civic Association might direct its activities on the Rand. Town planning, garden making, the need for green spaces, the health of the children, the beautifying of the suburbs—these are matters which should certainly engage the attention of the leading citizens of a place whose proud boast is that it has grown from a little straggling dorp to a huge commercial city within a period of a quarter of a century. But Johannesburg remains—as we pointed out last month—the only large city in the Union where nothing is done towards rousing an independent public opinion in the direction of making the surroundings more attractive, more livable, more healthy, more artistic. Everything remains in Johannesburg in the hands of the Town Council, which is, not unnaturally, moved by considerations of municipal policy and is often affected by exigencies that have no real relation at all to the permanent life of the town. Your Town Councillor is, as a rule, no Town Beautifier. He breathes the atmosphere of the party caucus all the time; and in matters of lasting value, particularly on the aesthetic side, he often sees no farther than his nose, or, at the very farthest, the ballot box.

ST. MARY'S

It is encouraging to hear rumours or reports to the effect that there is to be a serious effort to build a St. Mary's Church in Johannesburg, which it is hoped by local Anglicans may later become the Cathedral of a new Diocese. It is many years since St. Mary's Parish Hall, which

is now used as St. Mary's Church, was built; and when Lord Milner laid the foundation stone it was hoped and expected by most people that a few years would see the beginnings of a church proper. That expectation has not been realised, for reasons that need not here be discussed; but it is the best of good news for all who are interested in the future of Johannesburg to know that those associated with the interests of St. Mary's Parish are seriously considering the project of erecting an edifice which shall be commensurate with the importance of this, the largest and certainly the most influential Anglican parish in the Transvaal.

THE RAND SUBURBS

We have received an interesting letter from a Rand correspondent signing himself "Yeo-villian," and uttering a lively protest against the alleged indifference of the Johannesburg Municipality in the matter of building plans in the Rand suburbs. "It seems to me," he says, "that the authorities entrusted with the passing of building plans in our new and palatial Town Hall are wholly indifferent to the general appearance of the suburbs. One should have thought that the beautifying of the outlying residential areas should be the first care of the Municipality. Our suburbs—even the most exclusive of them—ignore in their arrangements the very first rules of order and system. I do not plead for uniformity, or ask that suburban houses should be built and planned on the location principle. But I do think that the Town Engineer or whoever it is that is entrusted with such work should see that houses are not erected higgledy-piggledy, with the entrance of one facing the side of another, and the side of the next facing the back of the one farther on. At present the rule seems to be to pass any plan that conforms to the Health Department's requirements, without any regard to the point as to whether the plan under notice may disfigure the neighbourhood and lower the value of adjacent property. Every day one sees springing up in the suburbs new residences that cry aloud to Heaven for vengeance upon the Municipal authorities, not to mention the architects. We ought not to be above taking a lesson from the Continental countries in the matter of town and village planning—from the Americans, the Swiss and even our morally filthy friends, the Huns. When I get on top of a Johannesburg tram and survey the vistas of pepper-box turrets, freak gables, and comic verandahs, I sigh for a South African Lutyens to give some inspiration to that section of our public who buy, design, or build suburban houses."

THE MEN AND THE LAND

We hear on the best of authority, and quite apart from the indications afforded by newspaper reports that the return of the troops from German South-West Africa is creating a serious problem of unemployment on the Rand. No doubt the same is true of other centres, but the Rand suffers chiefly because, first, it has supplied the largest number of men for active service, and secondly, it is the place to which men in South Africa naturally gravitate in search of employment. There are hundreds of firms in Johannesburg and elsewhere which are keeping their pledge to restore ex-volunteers to their positions; but these men displace the temporary men, and so the seriousness of the unemployment problem is not diminished. That there will be big calls on the Governor-General's Fund there can be no doubt. This position was very prudently anticipated some months ago by those in charge of the fund, but there is reason to fear that, despite the efforts of the Fund Committees in Johannesburg, Pretoria and elsewhere, large numbers of men will be out of employment. Nor is there any use in disguising the fact that this problem will remain with us in a more or less acute form till the end of the war in Europe. In these circumstances, it behoves politicians and publicists to turn their attention to the land as an outlet for the superfluous labour of the towns. Some effort ought to be made to provide places for some of these men on the veld—not in the form of "labour" colonies (we do not want the men who fought our battles in German West Africa to incur any stigma of pauperism or to be associated with "relief works") but as independent settlers with some practical encouragement from the State to develop the lands that to-day are crying out for men. Sooner or later the question of closer settlement will have to be tackled in South Africa. It has been a burning issue for ten years or more; but it has always been shelved for political party reasons. Public opinion will demand that some attempt be made by the Government to bring the superfluous men of the towns into touch with the vast areas of land that are aching and crying out for human hands. But it will have to be done seriously and on a fixed principle, with the same thoroughness and enthusiasm that have been shown in other Dominions of the Empire.

THE PROSPEROUS PENINSULA

Our Capetown correspondent writes: The Cape has ever been a land of surprises. True, it does not present its surprises in the melodramatic way that the Rand does—it has no acute social or industrial problems, and it doesn't pin

its faith in violence of any kind. Nevertheless, it astonishes the Union. After the South Africa Act was promulgated, Capetown fell to the depressing idea that its permanent prosperity was over, and that its future lay in providing seaside attractions for citizens of the North who desired to spend a month or two every year at the coast, and who wanted to be entertained with brass bands, and picture shows, and nigger minstrels. It is only fair to Capetown to say that it worked its hardest, through its Publicity Association, to provide attractions of this kind for its visitors. But the visitors are not by any means Capetown's biggest asset to-day. In the four and a half years of Union the old Mother City which, after the National Convention, was compassionate and consoled with as a place whose day was over, has developed a new and astonishing energy and become the chief residential city of the Union, with a steadily-increasing measure of prosperity that is independent of political changes, the movements of Civil Servants, or the meetings of Parliament.

DEARTH OF HOUSES

Here we are in midwinter, with damp, grey days and chilly nights, and yet there is scarcely a house to be obtained for lease or any kind of tenancy in the length and breadth of Capetown and suburbs. It is a literal fact that there is not a villa or cottage of, say, five or six or seven rooms, to be had within a three-mile radius of the Capetown Post Office. Now this state of things is not to be attributed to visitors—visitors do not flock down to the Cape in May or June. The explanation is to be sought for in other causes, one of which certainly is the commercial prosperity of the city and its financial solidity. The fact is that since Capetown lost its glory as a full capital, and since Parliament Street ceased to be a permanent centre of political activity and intrigue, the Mother City, so far from losing caste or influence, has built up for itself an unassailable stability in the economy of the Union. Nor has its influence as a centre of thought and culture dwindled in any way. In the midst of its new commercial activities and its campaigns of "publicity," it has retained its academic qualities. If the new pier is a blot on Nature's work in Table Bay, there is at least the unspoilt mountain, the new gardens at Kirstenbosch, the ancient and solemn quiet of the national library, and the Michaelis Gallery in the Old Town House.

IS IT RACKRENTING?

Meanwhile, as is only to be expected, rents are going up in the Cape Peninsula every day,

and the local press is full of complaints against the alleged cupidity of landlords who are described by letter writers in terms of which "rack-renters" and "blood suckers" are among the least offensive. The fact remains that, despite the increasingly high rents that are being obtained, very little building is going on in the place. This point has been seized upon by a *Cape Times* correspondent who writes in defence of the unhappy landlord. "Every day," he says, "we see letters in the Press holding up landlords to the public contempt for alleged extortion. The most recent is signed 'War Profits' in your issue of to-day. Your correspondent is both angry and indignant. He suggests that the rapacity of the landlords should be dealt with under the Public Welfare Act, though without explaining how it is going to be done, or failing that, that the long-suffering public will themselves take these blood-suckers of the poor in hand. He threatens the landlords that they will be made to feel that their gold chains and fine clothes will not save them from drastic steps being taken. Well, that sounds like one of the threats of the terrible Simon Tappertit. . . . If it were true, as is suggested, that landlords were reaping a rich harvest at the expense of the poor, it is obvious that there is a great temptation to build new houses? Property owners in particular will be eager to invest their illgotten gains in the building of new houses, and they will be rapidly getting rich? That is soberly suggested by your correspondent, so that I am tempted to wonder whether he has heard of the endless cases of bankruptcy through investing in property, and whether he has reflected that for every human ship that is lost in that way there must be many others that are 'tempest-tost.' . . . If your correspondent does not want to build, but can get credit to buy, he will find landlords by the hundred running after him. If the landlords could sell to your correspondent and others, and then invested their money in the Post Office Savings Bank, they would in many cases get a bigger income." One wonders?

THE DURBAN SEASON

Durban people are now thinking seriously of their gala season, which commences officially in June, although as a matter of fact there is already (in May) a very appreciable number of up-country visitors in the port town (writes our Durban correspondent). It is unlikely that the recent disturbances will have any effect on the season as a whole, for Durban, after the few days' excitement, has quite resumed its normal course; but it is noteworthy that for a time the

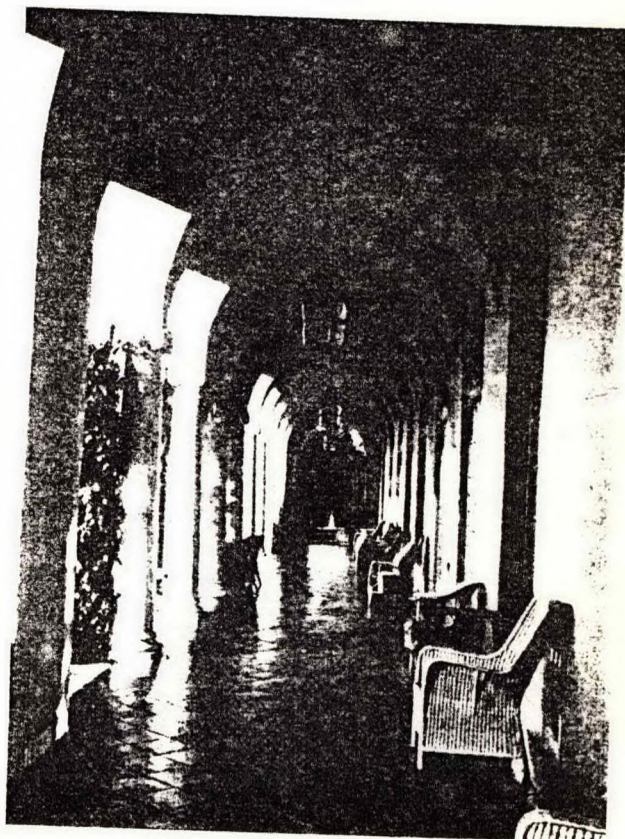
boarding-house and hotel accommodation is somewhat curtailed. Probably the curtailment will have been made good by the time these notes appear in print, but it is calculated that at present the curtailment is: Beach Hotel, 200; Sea Breeze Hotel, 180; Oceanic Hotel, 160; Brighton House, 120; Rand Hotel, 100. These buildings, however, are intact beyond broken windows and fittings, and it was confidently expected that by the end of May or early in June the furniture and furnishings would be replaced, and that "business as usual" would be the order at these establishments during the season. The delay in the arrival of the celebrated Newcastle Band, which has been engaged by the Durban Corporation for the season, is somewhat disappointing, especially as there are evidences that not only is Durban to have a good season, but an early one. As already remarked, there are even now large numbers of up-country visitors in Durban, and this is reflected at the bathing enclosure and swimming bath at the Beach. Frequently all the booths there are taken up and people are seen waiting their turn, especially on Sundays, while the water presents a lively spectacle with the hundreds of bathers. It can be taken for granted that most of those bathers are visitors, for the majority of Durbanites feel the temperature far too sharp for open-air bathing in the winter months.

WAR AND ART

Our London correspondent writes: "Artistic matters naturally do not bulk very largely at times like these; but I ought to mention that the Royal Academy which quietly opened its doors on Monday is an excellent show with quite a large number of meritorious pictures. Ruskin was laughed at when, lecturing before the Military School at Woolwich, he told a group of young cadets that war was helpful to art. Any way, this year's Royal Academy proves that artists are stimulated to fine achievement by the stress of battle. The Committee appointed to deal with the future of our national art collections has made some good suggestions with regard to the Tate Gallery. The pictures bought year by year under the Chantry Bequest are housed at the Tate Gallery, and the accumulation of rotten pictures, so acquired, was bringing the Gallery into ridicule. It is now proposed that the Tate authorities can house some of these rubbishy canvases in the cellars or loan them out to provincial art galleries. While dealing with artistic matters, I may mention that the music season is just being kept alive—nothing more than that. The great artistes are elsewhere. Paderewski was here a week or two ago, not to

give pianoforte recitals (he has not played the pianoforte for 24 hours since last August, he says), but to plead for money for his native land of Poland, ravished and desolated even worse than Belgium by the German invaders. Paderewski is now in America pleading for his suffering compatriots.

"This week we hear bad news of an old London favourite—Edouard de Reszke, the famous operatic basso. De Reszke, who is a Pole, had retired from the stage with a fortune and acquired an estate in Garnash. This region has been laid waste by the German soldiers, and de Reszke has been living in a cellar without fuel and with scarcely any food. His brother Jean, the great tenor, fears that Edouard's privations will prove fatal to him. From the London theatrical world I ought to report that Mr. H. A. Vachell has made quite the hit of the season with his comedy 'Quinneys.' It is an immense success—a literal gold mine. Mr. George Grossmith, Junr., greatly daring, has re-opened the Gaiety Theatre, which had fallen on evil days, with a fatuous musical comedy, 'To-night's the Night'—whose humour depends on the farmyard morals of the leading characters. Mr. Seymour Hicks's bankruptcy is the chief subject of Maiden Lane chatter. It was not unexpected. He was overtaking heavy losses incurred five years ago when the war overwhelmed him."



A new and striking picture of the loggia, Villa Arcadia, Johannesburg

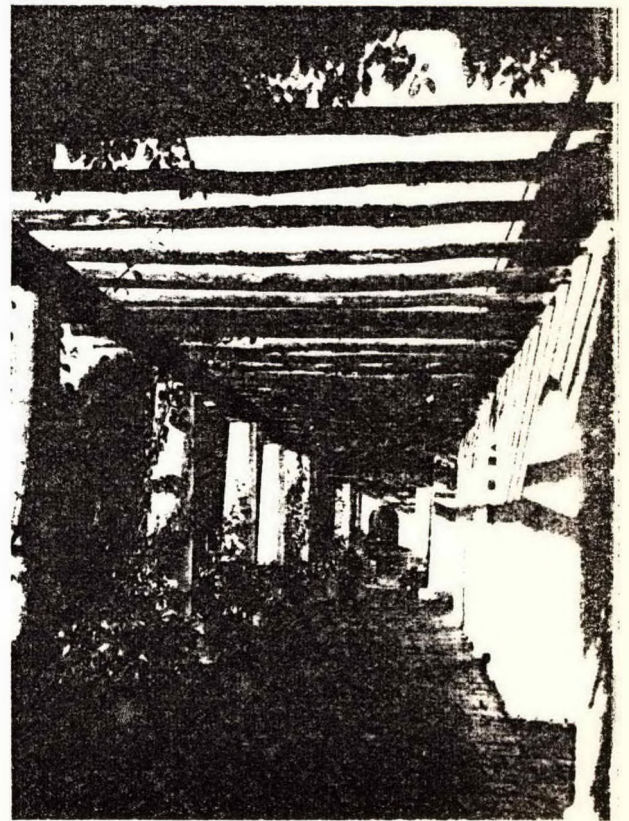
A MEMORIAL TO LORD DE VILLIERS

It is interesting to note that an attempt is to be made to secure for the National Botanic Gardens at Kirstenbosch some memorial of the late Lord de Villiers, who was Chairman of the Board of Trustees from the time of the inauguration of the Gardens until his death. We trust that this suggestion will receive the sympathy and help of those who know the deep interest which Lord de Villiers took in the Kirstenbosch Gardens and in all other intellectual and educational movements in the country. Dr. Pearson, the Hon. Director of the Gardens, in his annual report just published, makes some interesting remarks regarding the progress of the work at Kirstenbosch. "The remarkable configuration of Kirstenbosch," he says, "lends itself to an extensive development of artificial terracing and to the effective use of architectural ornamentation. Inasmuch as the development of the Estate on such lines is favoured by some competent landscape gardeners, the reasons why such a scheme is at variance with the aims of the National Botanic Gardens may be usefully stated. The design of a private garden is determined by various considerations, prominent among which must be that of the house of which it forms the natural setting. But in laying out a South African Botanic Garden on the scale and of the kind contemplated at Kirstenbosch, one fundamental principle must be observed to the exclusion of all others, viz., that each group of plants must occupy that position which is most favourable to its natural growth. This condition being satisfied, the next in order of importance is, that its surroundings shall be as nearly as possible to those in which it is found in nature. As a matter of fact, the first condition will usually be found to include the second, and the two together will prevent the violation of any sound principle of landscape gardening."

THE EDUCATIONAL ASPECT

"From such a scheme" (he continues) "architectural and other artificial embellishments are by no means excluded. They must, however, be regarded as of secondary importance. They will find their true place as accessories to the plants. The reverse order is correctly followed in many circumstances, but not in those which control the development of Kirstenbosch. The most important of the functions of the National Botanic Gardens is educational—this term being used in its broadest possible sense. The more closely they represent Nature, the greater will be their educational value. We shall not presume to suggest the form which the true South African Garden will take; we are

attempting to provide the materials from which it can be evolved. In determining a question of such far-reaching importance, the cost is hardly worthy of consideration. It must, however, be regarded as fortunate that the course we are bound to follow is the only one which can be compassed by our present resources." Dr. Pearson adds that the road leading from Newlands Avenue to Kirstenbosch is nearing completion and is advisable for traffic. Our own experience of it is that it is likely to prove one of the finest and most popular country roads in the Cape Peninsula. The surface of the Kirstenbosch hill has been temporarily repaired; the contemplated improvement of its gradient is in abeyance. It is understood that a hard road from Wynberg Park to Kirstenbosch will be constructed without delay.



The Pergola at Villa Arcadia, Johannesburg



Ma chere Amie,

My letter to you this month is again from Johannesburg the Golden—the city of dust, dreams and disillusionment—the most insidious and delightful of cities, but also, perhaps, the most cruel and the most relentless. She has had me in her toils; I have been here just long enough to fall a victim to her charm, her *insouciance*, her fearless and irresponsible gaiety. She is so charming when she smiles on me, and in this clear, keen winter air which goes to one's head like wine, one feels ready for any adventure! When she frowns, you say? But that is another matter. We take her frowns less seriously and we love her none the less for them. They are merely the *sauce tartare* of life—in Johannesburg.

My month here has been one of the most entertaining I have spent in all my wanderings, and as you know, friend of my bosom, I have wandered far and wide. But I can't classify life in Johannesburg. It is impossible to compare it with anything else. It is a thing apart—as impossible to judge by standards of life in other places as it is to account for its curious and indefinable charm. It is so elusive, so fascinating, so human, and so utterly and indisputably unmoral. Don't prick up your ears. I am not going to regale you with crumbs of gossip, or pull the characters of my hospitable hosts to shreds. Time was when the women of Johannesburg bore a reputation not entirely enviable in the eyes of their sisters, but we will not speak of those days. The moral sense of Johannesburg is curiously blunted. We take no thought for the morrow—we get what we can out of life; we revel in fine raiment (which is very often not paid for), and we live in Sybaritic luxury for a more or less brief space—the briefness being in proportion to the degree of our splendour—on incomes more or less precarious, which, however unduly inflated, are never sufficient for one's needs. In a more settled country—not any further than Capetown or Durban, be it said—we should be living comfortably, if dully, on those very incomes, adding steadily to our bank balances, and making due provision for a rainy day, and an affluent old age. But there seems to be something in the atmosphere of Johannesburg

which kills all inclination towards thrift and economy. Something which compels even the most steady-going among us to throw prudence to the winds, to get what she can out of life—and to leave the consequences to fate. We rent a house at an absurd rent—a house which has been the home of some one whose day is over—whose bank balance is exhausted, and who, after a brief and glorious career, has vanished no one knows where, with a cloud of duns, debts and despairing tradesmen. At least, I don't think the tradesmen despair; they must have got used to things in Johannesburg, and they doubtless make due allowance for hurried flittings in the cost of their goods. One realises the unstability of things on one's first shopping expedition. I did. I wanted a frock—the sort of frock you can't buy at the coast, because they aren't to be had there. Respectable, virtuous, steady-going old Capetown doesn't provide garments for people at prices they can't possibly afford. But Johannesburg does. I am told there is only one place in the world where women pay such astounding and out-of-all-proportion prices for clothes as they do here. And that is Buenos Ayres. Why it should be so I can't imagine. But Buenos Ayres must be just a shade less moral than Johannesburg even.

But, to return to my frock. There are three or four small shops here (you have nothing like them in your town) which cater for the tastes of women who pay (or don't pay) anything from 10 to 30 guineas for a frock. These places import models from famous ateliers in London, Paris or Vienna, and they sell them like hot cakes. I had fixed my affection on a vision, quite substantially beyond my modest means. Realising the price named was impossible, I very reluctantly relinquished the coveted garment. "It's too expensive," I murmured, and prepared to go. "Will Madam wait a moment?" I waited. There was a minute's consultation between two magnificent beings. The more magnificent of the two sailed towards me. "If Madam would like this frock, we might, as a great favour, reduce it. What did Madam desire to pay?" I gasped. They don't consider customers like this, I thought, in shops anywhere else! I named a sum. Another consultation took place, and the Magnificent Being again approached me, and named another sum—still in advance of my figure, but four guineas less than the price quoted to me at first. I am assured this is a regular feature of shopping in Johannesburg. On another occasion, in another shop, slightly less imposing, I purchased a frock for exactly half the price I was quoted at first—on the understanding that the purchase was to be for cash. I believe that for cash payments you can practically make your own prices in Johan-

nesburg shops—a thing which, you will agree with me, is quite unheard of in other places.

As to the prices the Johannesburg woman pays for clothes, the following incident is typical and enlightening:—A few mornings ago, I lost my way in one of the cheaper suburbs and I was forced to ask my whereabouts from a woman who was sewing on the stoep of one of the cottages I passed. It was a four-roomed semi-detached villa—they are called by courtesy *houses* in Johannesburg—of which the rent was possibly £9 10s. or £10 a month. The lady in question—a woman of unimpeachable virtue, be it understood—was wearing a hand-embroidered hand-made blouse, with insertions of real Irish crochet and Valenciennes lace. It had probably cost from 2 to 2½ guineas, and doubtless she possessed others equally elaborate and costly. She ran her house with the help of a single Kaffir boy at £2 10s. or £3 a month—did her own marketing, and carried home her Sunday dinner in a string bag on Saturday nights. Yet her best frock probably cost her 7 or 8 guineas (no tailor makes a costume for less), and she frequently occupies—in company with other ladies in similar circumstances—a stall at His Majesty's Theatre, or the Empire, and sups magnificently afterwards at the Carlton, at an adjacent table to a magnate's wife, whose pin money runs into hundreds a year! I can only state facts—that they are incontrovertible ones any observant Johannesburg dweller will tell you—but how it is done, and why Johannesburg life teems with anomalies like these, it is beyond my powers to say! It all sounds incredible. But it isn't incredible—it's Johannesburg. Another peculiarity of life on the Rand is that everyone lives in everyone else's house. In the heyday of their fortunes, most people build houses, and after what I have been telling you, you will easily realise that the cost of the houses they build is also quite disproportionate to their incomes. Johannesburg again! It is the correct thing to build a house in Johannesburg. Whether you live in it or not is quite another matter. As a matter of fact, you live gloriously in it for a couple of years, and then you find yourself compelled to sell up and to go—no one knows where—or cares!

I had meant to tell you of the shops and of the fashions—for we are revelling in the newest of new wide skirts here—but that will all keep for another letter. Next time I may discourse on fashions, and leave the psychology of Johannesburg life to take care of itself.—Ever yours,

ELIZABETH.

IS ENGLAND WORTH SAVING?

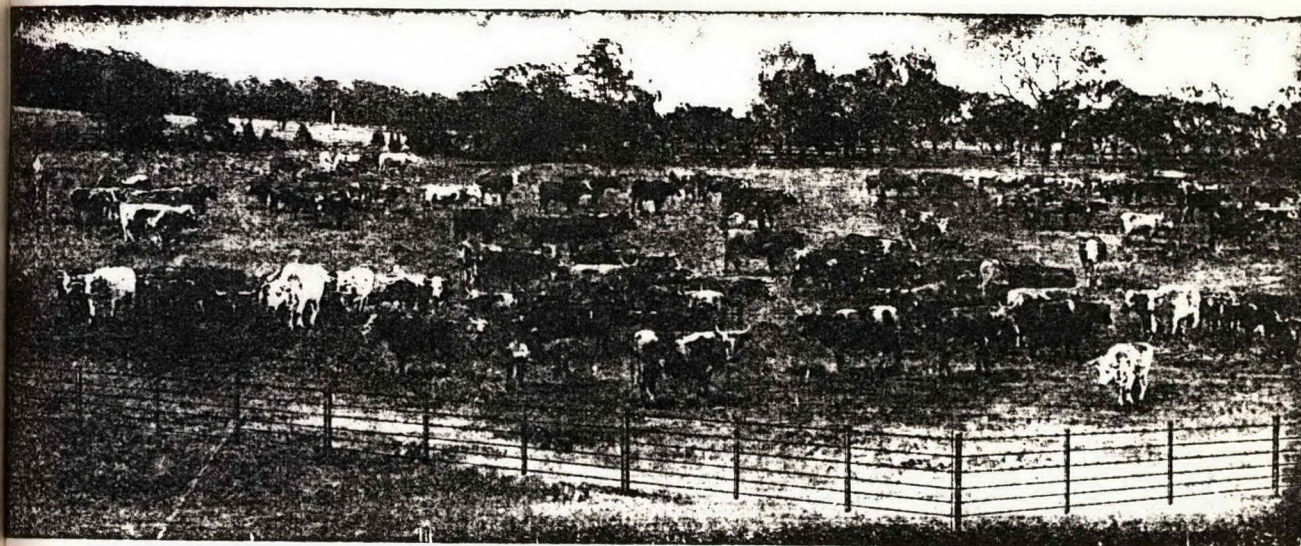
Our London correspondent writes:—A well-known Nonconformist minister caused a bit of a furore some months ago by a pamphlet entitled: "Is England Worth Saving?" The very title was condemned as an outrage. But, upon my word, I was tempted to ask a question quite as impertinent after reading the White Book issued by the Treasury on Saturday respecting the bad time kept in shipbuilding, munitions and transport areas. It is the sort of revelation that makes one shudder. Reduced to a sentence, it means that the British nation is placed in peril by the loss of time, due mainly to drink, in the preparation and transport of munitions. Mr. Lloyd George called a spade a spade in his speech in the House of Commons on Thursday, and on Friday was rewarded by the *Daily Mail* attacking him for having insulted the working men. But when the White Paper came out, the *Daily Mail* changed its tune. The official paper contained a letter from Sir John Jellicoe to the First Lord of the Admiralty complaining that Clyde and Tyneside repairers were working in such a half-hearted manner that the dockings and refits of his ships were taking twice as long as they need do. Admiral Tudor, the Third Sea Lord, reports that owing to excessive drinking the men are doing less than an ordinary week's work in normal peace time. Another official reported that repairs on a warship were so badly carried out, by men who were not sober, that the ship was dangerous. Mr. Graeme Thomson, the Director of Transports, had an appalling report. In some cases the stokers went on board transports so drunk that a full head of steam could not be raised, which greatly reduced the ship's speed and endangered the lives of thousands of troops by making the vessels a target for submarines. Mr. Thomson gave one instance, and a glaring one, in support of subjecting the men to military discipline. "We sent" (he says) "250 dock labourers to Havre under capable civilian supervision. They all got drunk and out of hand in the first fortnight. We brought them back and enlisted a similar lot of men under military discipline. On the first pay-day one got drunk, and was given twelve months' hard labour. There has been no trouble since, and the men are working splendidly." Nearly all the Admiralty officials contributing to the White Paper urge either prohibition or State control of alcoholic liquors. But the chance to do either seems to have slipped by.

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Why the Birds have no King

A ZULU LEGEND

By R.B.



LONG time ago, when the beasts still guided their own destinies in the world, a great concourse of birds met together for the purpose of electing a king to rule over them. Day after day long

discussions were held as to the best means of choosing a leader; the Eagles and the Vultures put forward their claims to kingship by right of their strength and natural powers, but they were over-ruled by the more numerous smaller birds who, though not desiring to rule themselves, hoped that some bird less savage might be selected for the honour. At length it was decided that a flying contest should be held, and that the bird which soared nearest to the sun should be chosen ruler of all.

So the great day arrived, and birds of all sizes and kinds met together, some to compete, but many more to watch the battle for the kingship. At last all was ready, and at a given signal from the Owl the great crowd of competitors darted heavenwards. Masses of birds jostled each other in their eagerness to forge ahead, but very soon the smaller ones became exhausted and returned twittering to earth. Then the starlings and the pigeons dropped out of the contest, soon to be followed by the lesser hawks and crows. Gradually the numbers of soaring birds diminished till, at last, only the large Brown Eagle of the mountains and the Heron were left to continue the battle. Up, up they flew till the diminishing trees and rivers appeared as the tracings and mottlings on a Korhaan's wing, and the great herds of Elephant and Buffalo seemed but as flies on the back of some huge ox. At length the Eagle appeared to tire. "How goes it with you?" he said to the Heron. "I go forever," was the proud reply. Nearer, and nearer the burning sun they sailed; the mountains below had vanished and the lakes upon the plain appeared as shimmering dew-drops. At length the Eagle faltered and remained motionless on the breeze. "I yield, oh Heron!" But the Heron still flew upwards. Soon, however, he, too, gave in and looking down at his hovering adversary, he croaked: "I, too, am done; but victory is mine." Yet he spoke too soon, for from the Heron's back a little voice squeaked out: "But I beat you all. I now am your king," and the little fan-tailed warbler (Ngeede), weakest of birds on the wing, fluttered above the struggling Heron and again

settled himself comfortably in his downy hiding-place. For, in the confusion at the start, the little Ngeede had concealed himself on the Heron's back and soared aloft, ready to snatch victory from the winner when the contest had been won.

On the return to earth a great multitude of birds awaited to acclaim the victor. But when they heard of the treachery of the little warbler they were very wrath, and wished to slay him and proclaim the Heron as king. However, the council met to decide the momentous question. After discussion and, as some say, influenced by the defeated Eagle, they declared the contest void. That is why to this day the birds have no king.

But what of the Ngeede? The elders decided that he was worthy of punishment, and condemned him to death. But the cunning little bird, anticipating the decree, had hidden himself in a mouse-hole amidst the long, tangled grass. So, to prevent his escape, the Owl was deputed to watch the hiding-place and slay the offender when he again emerged. But the sentinel grew tired of waiting, for the little prisoner was in no hurry to come out; he fed on the numerous insects which abound in the old long grass, and quenched his thirst with the dew. But on the third day the tired, hungry Owl fell asleep and betrayed his trust. So the wicked Ngeede escaped. But still the ban of the birds remains upon the little fan-tailed warbler; he instinctively spends half his life peeping from out some mouse's hole or lying buried beneath a tuft of long grass. But let him beware who laughs at the misfortunes of this ambitious seeker of power, for "He who mocks the Ngeede will surely be afflicted with boils which never heal."

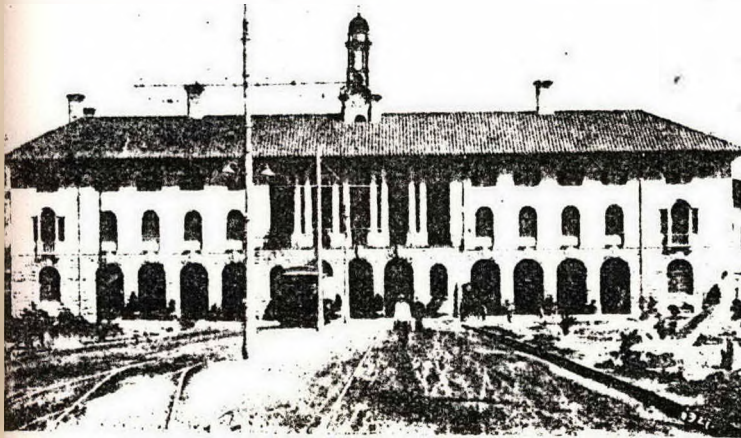
And the Owl, too, suffered for his infidelity. The council again met and condemned him to perpetual banishment from the light of the sun. Only when the lengthened shadows were fading on the hills was he allowed to return to the world and freedom. And even to-day the little birds, remembering the decree of the council, still chase and harass an owl who is bold enough to emerge from his hiding-place whilst the sun is warm.



BEAUTY IN RAILWAY STATIONS

IN South Africa our railway stations and railway buildings make a poorer show—judged from an aesthetic or architectural standpoint—than, possibly, those of any other civilised country in the world.

The mean display that the stations and other premises of the South African Railways offer has not yet amounted to a reproach; for we are still an infant State, compelled by force of circumstances to struggle against many obstacles and to pass through crises that have helped to retard our national development. Nevertheless, there is a danger that in our desire to live up to the mandate of the National Convention that the railways are to be run "on business lines," we may overlook the obligation which rests on the State,



The beautiful Railway Station at Pretoria

as the owners of the railways, to see that the railway buildings contribute something to the architectural beauty of the places in which they are situated. No Government can wholly neglect its civic duty, and no Government is entitled to dump down a building in the middle, or on the outskirts of a city, which is an offence to civic taste or is out of keeping with the general aspect. This is a point that Johannesburg should bear well in mind when the time comes for the Railway Department to substitute for the existing conglomeration of wood and iron known as "Park Station" a railway station suited to the every-day needs of the largest city in South Africa.

Beauty in railway station architecture is rarely considered sufficiently in countries where the State has the monopoly of the railway lines, as in South Africa. It is where railways are privately

owned and in fierce competition that the railway magnates turn their attention to the architectural side. If life and fire assurances were a State monopoly, we should have none of those great and towering structures that exalt the name and fame of the existing insurance companies in the skies of our cities. And, just as in other things America has discerned the value of architecture as one of the highest and most valuable forms of advertisement, so it has done in regard to its railways. In the subjoined article, which is taken from *The Craftsman*, a great magazine published at New York, we may find an opportunity of comparing railway station architecture in the States with the "poor and mean" efforts that we have been able to put forward up to the present. Pretoria presents the only example in South Africa of a railway station with pretensions to architectural beauty. Now that the forecourt of Pretoria station has been laid out in

fine, broad approaches, flanked by cool green lawns, the dignity and stateliness of the main design are fully appreciated. But it has to be remembered that Pretoria got its railway station not in response to any local demand inspired by a sense of civic beauty, but as a form of compensation for the supposed loss it suffered in resigning the railway headquarters to Johannesburg. And Pretoria station still stands alone. It is the only classic in the vast territory of the South African Railways. Capetown railway terminus is a vast, ungainly barrack. Johannesburg's station is a horrible relic of the corrugated iron age. Durban's visitors in search of beauty pass from the

train under a smoky vault which might pass for a waterside goods shed.

Let us note how the Americans do the thing. The entrance to the city (says the writer in *The Craftsman*) has been from the earliest days a point of the utmost importance, in the eyes of citizen, architect and military engineer. In times of war it played a vital part in defence, according as it withstood or succumbed to the besieging forces of the enemy. Equally significant was its meaning in periods of peace, when it became the nucleus of social and commercial activity. Especially was this the case in Eastern lands, where the "gate" was—and still is in many places—the centre of civic life. Here was the most important market-place, the common meeting ground where people gathered to buy and sell, to receive and exchange the news of the day. Here also was the place of justice and

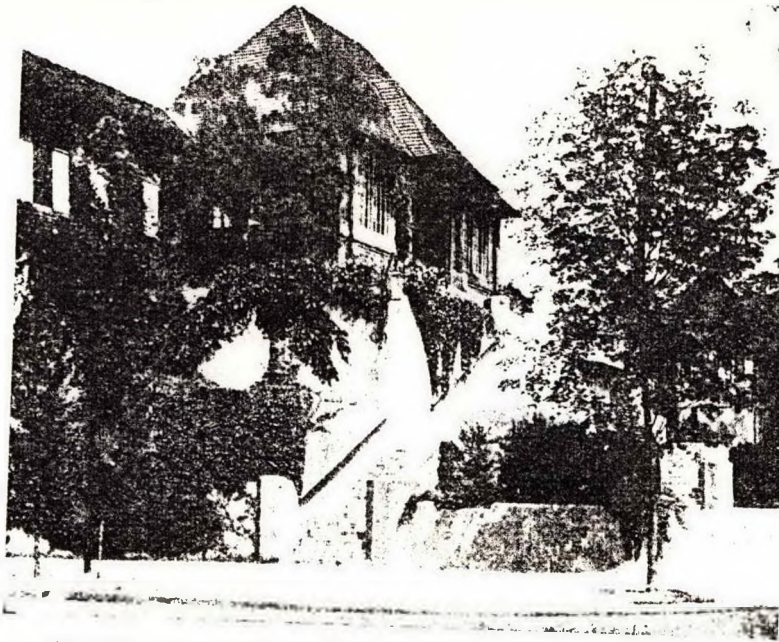
audience, transferred later to the gate of the ruler's palace, and this official dignity is still preserved in the title of the seat of government at Constantinople—translated from the Turkish as "The Sublime Porte."

Very different from those olden gates are the entrances to our modern towns and cities. Our buildings are for commerce rather than for forti-

fications. The interests of East and West, the stations have swiftly grown in number, size and significance. At first they were utilitarian only, mere offices and shelters that served a practical end, built with little regard for beauty. Then, with the need for swifter and more extensive transportation, newer and more efficient methods took the place of the old-fashioned ways, and the

construction of the stations as well as of the locomotives, cars and tracks became more scientific. The growth of cities, the increase in population, the growing bulk of traffic, involved problems of a more complex nature, the solution of which called forth all the genius of architect and engineer—until to-day, the erection of a successful city terminal represents an achievement of the greatest civic importance as well as the highest artistic skill. Some idea of the magnitude of the problems presented may be gained from the fact that the final plans of the Grand Central Terminal in New York were not completed for ten years—so many alterations and improvements were needed to keep pace with new developments in this many-sided art.

Along with such practical railroad progress in America has come another important change. Architectural beauty has also been evolved. This has been due partly to the efforts of individual architects and real estate companies, and partly to city planning and civic improvement. The station and its grounds and likewise the railroad



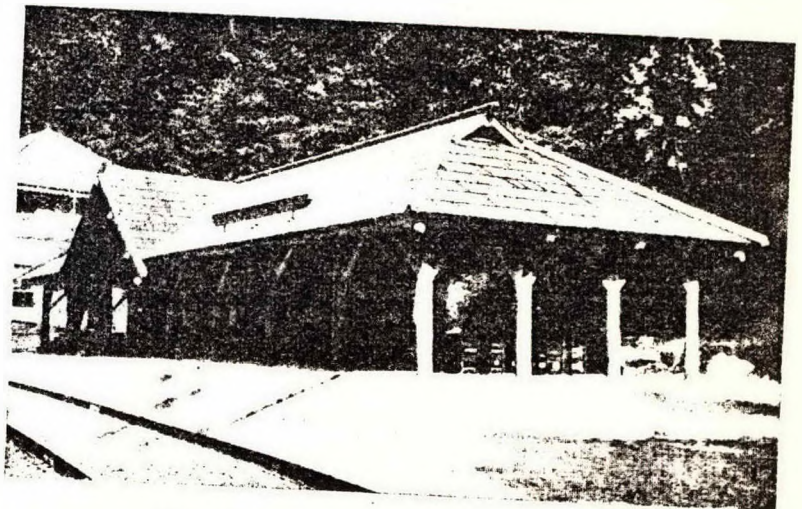
One of the entrances to Forest Hills Gardens Railway Station near New York.

fication. The spirit and methods of peaceful industry, travel and traffic have supplanted those of warfare—in America, at least. Twentieth century science and invention have revolutionized our means of transportation, and developed to an amazing point of efficiency our building and engineering arts. And one of the most important of these changes has been the evolution of railroad architecture.

France was the first country that made any attempt to combine beauty with efficiency in railroad stations, and for a long time those in Paris were the models for all other countries, as the movement spread. The *Care d'Orleans*, it may be noted, was the first railroad station of any size in which trains were brought by electric power into the city.

Within recent years, however, America has awakened to the importance of this phase of architectural engineering. As the network of shining steel has spread across the continent, like a huge cobweb, binding the cities, towns and villages by closer social and commercial ties, infusing new life into the rural districts, and cementing

to the general awakening of public interest in bridges have received aesthetic as well as technical consideration; their value as architectural



Typical Country Station Building in the United States

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GATEWAYS OF THE CITIES

and landscape features has been realized; their possibilities for artistic and harmonious treatment have been studied, both separately and with relation to the surrounding buildings and grounds. The result has been the erection of stations and bridges and the planting of station gardens which have added definite beauty and value to the community.

It is significant, too, to note that this progress has not been limited merely to the large city stations and the big terminals, which, as modern civic "gateways," naturally lend themselves to impressive and dignified design. The smaller towns have also contributed their share in the movement and even in the rural districts where only the humblest platform and ticket-office and the simplest form of shelter are necessary, we find structures that possess delightfully picturesque quality, quite in keeping with their natural environment. (How different the desolate stations and "halts" that we find on the South African Railways!)

In the case of the larger stations and terminals, some of the finest architectural designs have been made possible chiefly by the changes in modern methods of transportation. For instance, the substitution of electricity for steam has entirely modified the type of both plan and station design, making for greater beauty as well as efficiency, safety, convenience and cleanliness. Grand Central Station, as it exists to-day, would not have been practicable except for the electri-

managed in layers, permitting the handling of twice as many people on the same area of ground.

The elimination of grade crossings has also been an important factor in the development of stations, large and small. The old-fashioned station on one side of the tracks, with its platform at the track level, which necessitated both



Exterior of the Pennsylvania Station, revealing an admirable handling of the immense proportions of the building and the long colonnade. McKim, Mead and White, Architects.

the trouble of climbing into and out of the car, and often the danger of crossing the tracks to reach a train, is no longer deemed consistent with modern standards of comfort and safety. The grade crossing is being succeeded by elevated tracks made accessible through a subway or connected by an overhead bridge; or a form of construction is used in which the station itself is built on a bridge and the platforms and tracks below are reached by stairs or elevators. The other difficulty is being avoided by constructing the platforms and floors of the cars at the same height, so that instead of climbing up and down, one simply steps from car to platform or *vice versa* at a uniform level. This is a great advantage not only to the travelling public but also to the railroads, as it means greater swiftness as well as convenience and safety, and consequently greater economy in handling traffic.

W. Symmes Richardson—of the firm of McKim, Mead and White, architects of the Pennsylvania Station—speaking recently of modern developments in railroad architecture, pointed out that it was in this station that the raised platform was used for the first time in America to any extent, the whole equipment having been changed in order to make this possible. "The Pennsylvania Station," he added, "is the first in this country in which incoming



Typical Country Station Building in the United States.

tion of the railroads coming into New York. This has made possible an arrangement of superimposed tracks which enables the traffic to be

and outgoing traffic has been separated, although this has long been recognized as the ideal abroad. And here it is divided not only to different sides of the station but to different levels."

In addition to electrification, elimination of grade crossings, improvements in cars and application of "safety first" principles, another important factor has influenced the progress of modern railroad architecture—namely, the public interest in civic buildings, and the demand for greater beauty in country and town. To this general feeling the railroad companies and their architects have splendidly responded, in many instances taking the initiative and setting an example for the community which has inspired its future development along attractive architectural lines.

Some idea of the dignity and classic beauty that have been achieved in our big city stations and terminals, the more in formal and friendly quality of those in smaller towns, and the picturesque air of the little wayside woodland stations, may be gathered from the illustrations. And it is worth remembering that these are only a very few examples chosen from among the many successful and beautiful structures that are to be found throughout America.

A glance at these photographs reveals not only a wise handling of design and materials, but also an interesting adaptation of each building to the general character of climate and environment, and the type of local architecture that prevails. And although in the case of the larger stations no attempt at landscape treatment has been possible, owing to already congested city conditions, the small suburban and rural structures show a tendency to beautify the buildings by vines and gardens.

An instance of the effective way in which vines and shrubs may contribute to the attractiveness of a station and its approach, is to be found in the photograph of the Forest Hill Gardens station on Long Island. This building, designed by Grosvenor Atterbury, presented—even before the foliage and flowers were planted—a remarkably artistic structure, with its picturesque con-

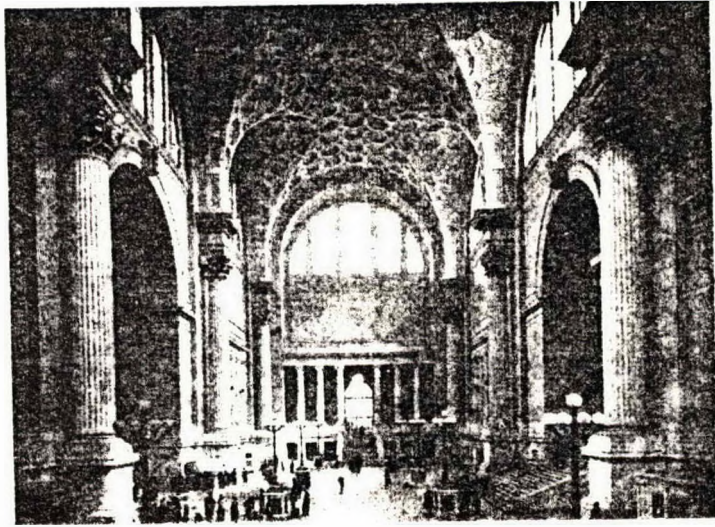
crete stairways and terraces, the covered bridge that linked it so quaintly to the buildings on the other side of the square, and the nearby fountain of simple design that added such a friendly note to the general neighborly atmosphere. And now that the graceful lines and mellow-coloured surfaces of walls and posts and parapets are still further softened and enriched by clinging vines trailing blossoms and velvety masses of shrubbery, the appearance of the whole is more suggestive of some gracious, peaceful Old World spot than of a recent suburban development only a few minutes ride from a busy metropolis.

Just as interesting in its way, is the use of concrete for small town and suburban stations. The one at Forest Hills Gardens we have already mentioned, and the building at Pocono Summit,

though much smaller and simpler, likewise shows a satisfactory handling of this material in combination with a tiled roof. The use of rounded pillars in conjunction with heavier square posts is somewhat unusual, and the insertion of coloured tiles in the surface of these posts and between the doors and windows also adds a note of distinction. The hanging and bracket lanterns—which are too small

to be noticeable in the reproduction—indicate a careful thought for harmony and detail.

Turning to the larger and more pretentious types of railroad architecture, we find a tendency toward the employment of classic design, both as to the general form and the minor structural and ornamental features. This is only natural, for the larger a building, the more it seems to belong in the field of civic architecture, and a great railroad terminal devoted to the public service lends itself naturally to a dignified, impressive classic form. To quote Mr. Richardson again: "Any building which is successfully designed and worthy of note should express as far as possible, and in an attractive and beautiful manner, its use in its external appearance; and, architecturally, an ideal station would be a building of monumental and beautiful character, forming a suitable gateway to a large city, and at the same time suggesting the idea of transportation and traffic."



The lofty Central Hall in the Pennsylvania Station, New York, which shows an unusually skillful adaptation of Classic Pillars and Arches to the needs of modern civic architecture. One of the most striking features of this interior consists in the huge decorative maps which add color to the walls.

Though so vastly different from the gates of olden times, these stations have retained one characteristic feature. In their lofty halls and long arcades are to be found not only the familiar ticket, baggage, telegraph and telephone offices, news-stalls and restaurants, but a wide variety of other shops in which the traveller can purchase almost every conceivable article of necessity or luxury—from books and flowers to Japanese kimonoes and Persian rugs. In this, at least, we find an echo of the bazaars and market places that were clustered around the ancient city gates. And though the picturesque costumes and vivid colours, the sunlight and the blue skies of those Eastern scenes are lacking, those who have "eyes to see" may nevertheless find these great

modern gateways rich in architectural beauty, human interest and romance.

In our appreciation of the comfort and convenience for which twentieth century transportation has become synonymous, and in our respect for the splendid work accomplished in this branch of civic building by the railroads, their architects and engineers, let us remember the workers whose actual labour carried forward to completion such gigantic undertakings, and made possible such architectural beauty. And lest we might perchance forget, let us lift our eyes sometimes to the words that are carved above a certain entrance in the Grand Central Terminal: "To all those who with head, heart and hand toiled in the construction of this monument to the public service, this is inscribed."

Game and Angling Notes

By "Tarentaal."



FOR some years I have, in the columns of the *Transvaal Leader*, contributed a weekly article dealing with the preservation of game, and the acclimatisation of trout and other imported fish. I have now been asked to continue that feature in *COUNTRY LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA*, and I hope readers will assist me, as they have done in the past, by advising me of anything interesting that may come to their notice referring to game or fish.

Owing to the pressure of space in the newspapers due to the war news, game matters have not been discussed so frequently these last few months as they used to, but I shall now endeavour to keep readers of *COUNTRY LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA* in touch with what is happening in the sporting world.

The ghastly war which is at present being contested, and the rebellion, have undoubtedly had an effect on the game of this country. In the first place, most of the best men engaged in protecting our game, namely, members of the S.A.M.R., have been transferred from their late posts for active service, thus giving poachers the best chance they have had for years. But there is a compensating feature, and "what we loses on the swings we gains on the roundabouts"; as, owing to the war, the sale of rifles and rifle ammunition has been prohibited. This should have a good effect on our big game.

The recent wet season resulting in long grass and plentiful cover, and the absence of a great number of shooting men, should also have a beneficial effect, and taking all these things into consideration, I think the present season will show a good increase in both game, animals and birds.

Notwithstanding these things, however, there has undoubtedly been a good deal of destruction of big game in some districts. I am given to understand that the Game Protection Association is quite alert, and is doing all in its power to bring to book some of the culprits in this respect. It would not be polite at the present juncture to give details of the steps that are being taken,

as this might put the delinquents on their guard, but I should like to impress upon sportsmen the necessity for supporting the Game Protection Association. But for the work the Association has done during the last 10 or 12 years our game would have been practically wiped out ere this.

SABIE GAME RESERVE.

As I do not think it is generally known, I would like to mention here that under the Transvaal Administrator's Notice No. 459, the boundaries of the Sabie Game Reserve have been extended to include therein the area lying between the Groot Letaba and Olifants Rivers in the North-Eastern Transvaal. Contraventions of the Game Laws were becoming frequent in this area (which is teeming with the overflow of big game from the Singwetze Reserve on the north and the Sabie Reserve on the south), and it was considered advisable that this land should be included in the Reserve Area, so as to enable better supervision to be exercised than has been found possible in the past. The rights of bona fide prospectors and diggers in this area, which was proclaimed mining ground, are not interfered with by the inclusion of the ground in question in the boundaries of the reserve.

REWARDS FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF VERMIN.

The Administrator's Notice No. 52 of the 1st March, 1915, amends, with effect from the 1st of April, the regulations published under Government Notice No. 212 of the 2nd March, 1910, by deleting Regulation No. 16 and Schedule F., which were as follow:—

(a) Regulation 16.—"The animals named in Schedule F. hereto are vermin for whose destruction rewards shall be paid (at the rates shown in the Schedule) by the Resident Magistrate of the district in which they are destroyed";

(b) Schedule F. "Rewards payable for destruction of vermin, namely:—For each wild dog, 21; for each silver or side-striped jackal, 2 6; for each red or black-backed jackal, 5;—; for each baboon, 2 6; for each bush pig, 2 6";

and substituting the following regulation therefor, namely:—

"The following animals are vermin: Wild dog, silver or side-striped jackal, red or black-backed jackal, baboon and bush pig."

The effect of these amendments are to abolish for the time being the custom of paying rewards for the destruction of vermin; but I understand this is only a temporary measure, and that as soon as the affairs of the country are on a more settled basis the system of payment of these rewards, which has so long been in vogue, will be revived.

GAME PRESERVATION.

The Transvaal Land Owners' Association continues to work hard in the cause of game preservation. This association has interested itself in game matters for so long that many people take it as a matter of course they should do so, and I hardly think most sportsmen fully appreciate all that they owe to this Association. In the Association's annual report for the year ending 28th February, 1915, it is stated they are now informed that consideration is being given by the Government of the Union and the Provincial Administration to the question of the exchange of farms privately owned within the reserves, for Crown lands situated outside the boundaries of the reserve, and also the question of the excision of private farms from the reserve. The settlement of these two questions will bring us much nearer the greatly-desired goal—the nationalisation of our game reserve.

TROUT ACCLIMATISATION SOCIETY.

Readers will learn with much regret that the necessity for the strictest economy, and the fact that owing to the exceptional weather and one thing and another the last two or three seasons at the Hatchery at Potchefstroom have not been successful, this hatchery has now been closed down. The stock fish, which consisted of 20 spawners and 45 milsters, were liberated into the Mooi River, and in view of the recent exceptional wet season there was plenty of water in that river, so it is hoped that these fish will thrive. The last distribution from the hatchery was made through the Rand Piscatorial Association, and consisted of 250 very fine fry, which were liberated in the Klip River.

To give these fry a sporting chance, the Rand Piscatorial Association and the Transvaal Trout Acclimatisation Association approached the Government for protection, with the result that Proclamation No. 22 of 1915

was issued, prohibiting the capture or destruction of ANY fish in that portion of the Klip River between the Western Boundary and the farm Olifantsvlei No. 16, District Johannesburg and its confluence with the Vaal River on the Farm Klipplaatdrift No. 336, District Heidelberg, for a period of two years from the 19th day of April, 1915. In this connection I would like to point out that the penalty for catching trout in any waters in the Transvaal that are not thrown open for trout fishing (and then by any other means than a fly) is a fine not exceeding £21, and in default of payment imprisonment with or without hard labour for a period not exceeding three months.

"TARENTAAL."

The writer of these notes invites correspondence from sportsmen and others on all matters of interest in connection with game and angling. Letters should be addressed to "Tarentaal," care of COUNTRY LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA, Provident Buildings, Fox Street, Johannesburg.

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Attacked by Lions

GERMISTON MAN'S ADVENTURE



THE Cape newspapers have just published the story of the adventure, in March last, of a Rhodesian Railway official named Arthur McLaren, with a lion in Northern Rhodesia. McLaren was engaged as a platelayer in the Broken Hill District. On the last day of the month, very early in the morning, he, with a gang of native labourers, was at a spot called Chisamba, a wild forest-land in Northern Rhodesia.

"Suddenly," said McLaren, "one of my natives called out: 'Look, boss, lions,'—and in a few seconds I was alone on the truck (we were travelling in a short, open truck arrangement). Needless to say, my black companions had quitted the locality, fear giving them wing. The lions (a male and a female), when we sighted them, were calmly nosing about the track some fifty yards ahead. Our carriage was slowly travelling along the rails, and, as the boys jumped to run, the impetus of their springing sent me careering towards the lions. I screwed on the brakes for all I was worth, and I pulled up fifteen paces from the enemy.

"The lions were waiting to see what I was going to do. And I was waiting to see what they were going to do. One always has a loaded rifle handy in that part of the world. The lions did not move; so I just sighted a vital part on the big fellow—the lion—and fired. He just shut his eyes and rolled over in his tracks (afterwards it was found that the bullet had broken his spine). Even then the lioness did not move. I slipped another cartridge into the rifle, and fired again.

"She was hit clean in the kidneys, but lionesses are wonderfully tough, and she came at

me with an awful roar. I went down—off the truck. She rolled over with me, and proceeded to gnaw my left arm on the upper part. She got in three terrible bites—mouthfuls of revenge, I suppose—and then I began to forget things.

"Just about then my boys, armed with big sticks, came dancing up. Their cries were fearful, and the lioness raised her head to look at them. Then I dared to peep up at her . . . and I never want to see anything like it again. I assure you. I lost consciousness, but it seems that the lioness left me, and crawled into the grass by the railroad, where, later, she was shot by a white man, who was fetched some miles by a native runner.

"Everybody thought I had handed in my ticket, for I was a shocking sight, so I was told afterwards. However, I was placed on the rails, and wheeled to Broken Hill, where there is a neat little hospital. Thanks to tender care, I was patched up sufficiently well to be brought to Johannesburg. It was necessary for the best surgical skill to be obtained regarding my left arm. I have undergone an operation which has succeeded in joining up a lot of severed nerves, and the doctors are hopeful that, in time, my arm will be fairly useful again."

A few hours after Mr. McLaren had made the acquaintance of the lions, four other lions arrived at the same spot, while, not more than half a mile away, two others went through a native village.

"They are a wonderfully masonic lot," concluded the ex-Randire, "and once one crosses their tracts, they soon get together on a revenge campaign. Snakes? . . . Well, we don't get many up there, but the few one does meet are big and black. And one bite is enough for a quick funeral. But lions . . . ough!"

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