

PRACTICAL TOWN PLANNING

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those streets, will inevitably fail, because these streets constitute the main arterial roads through the city to certain suburbs. There are no alternatives, though there is talk of spending many thousands on property purchases in the hope of planning a great diagonal street to intersect the crowded part of the city, and relieve its narrow business streets of a formidable bulk of through traffic. Already the city has spent over £100,000 to widen Willis Street, its main shopping centre, but this progress involved the setting back of the frontage line on one side, and was only completed after a dozen years of piecemeal work, many conflicts over property prices, and a constant condition of disturbance as the widening slowly progressed.

One wise thing about the planning of the capital city is the provision of a very wide traffic thoroughfare, on level ground taken from reclamations. This scheme is affording a tremendous amount of relief to business streets, especially since the disappearance of a railway which ran down its centre. Perhaps we should not have been given this boon but for that initial stupidity of putting a railway down a city street; but the railway is gone, and motors speed over its track to-day—ominous picture to a railway manager who sees this process on a bigger scale in country areas!

Where Wellington scores over Auckland is in the splendid provision which gives to its citizens access to the whole water-front. We may motor on harbour-frontage roads for over thirty miles around Wellington's sea front. All Miramar peninsula, Island Bay, Petone, Lowry Bay, Day's Bay, and Eastbourne are open to the sea-front, and the view cannot be obstructed. Contrast this with Auckland or Dunedin, though they get over it somewhat in the Southern city by climbing hills.

Town Planning—but not enough of it!

We have had town-planning ideals in practice in the Dominion from the very inauguration of settlement, as witness the splendid town belts of Wellington and Christchurch—great lungs of the population which, although not fully developed to-day, are serving as purifying areas, and providing the sites for many buildings of public utility. But unfortunately we have not had enough town planning, for the reason that the municipalities have not been able to exercise jurisdiction over outer areas, though these are sure to come within the city limits in due course. And we need education in the finer points of the science. Most of our municipal engineers are wide-awake, and keenly concerned about the general appearance of our cities, but they cannot convince their own people that plans must be made so far ahead. In this sphere, the guidance of an independent, or national authority, is needed. Successive governments have been urged by town planners to engage a good town-planning expert to render assistance to our municipalities, and to arm his department with enough power to insist on sound principles being followed in laying out new areas, both within and without the existing city boundaries. Town planning has appeared on political platforms of both the leading parties, and it has now and again been linked up with housing—an important question which the town planners have always placed first—but the man in the street has not recognised the real, material value of sensible planning. "Sufficient for the auction sale" is the planning ideal, and there is no power to prevent it. So mistakes are made, persisted in because existing statutory provisions are quite inadequate, and public money is being lavished on widening streets, rounding off corners, and providing open spaces which should have been reserved from the beginnings of settlement. If our home-lovers would transfer some of their enthusiasm for beauty to their home-surroundings, we might get the politicians to realise that reform is worth while. Then we will get it.



A BEAUTIFUL CRAFT

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When the design is traced on and dried the colour is applied. Rows of tiny glass-stoppered bottles held powders of every shade. I commented on a lovely dull green. "Yes, but it won't look like that when it has been in the furnace," Miss Hayne said. "It will look like this," pointing to a vivid jade-green pattern on a finished jar. "That is one of the many secrets we must find out."

"This," holding up a fluted cup of an even delicate pink, gold-edged, "was like this before firing," and certainly there was no similarity between the fresh pink of the first cup and the dull grey mauve of the second.

The powder is mixed with a special liquid medium oil, and applied with a fine camel-hair brush—such patient work it appears—as the tiny petals of massed flowers are slowly tinted many colours. When every petal is complete, the paints must dry before the fragile articles are entrusted to the fierce heat of the furnace that will decide their fate.

It is most delightful craft, more so because for a woman it is closely connected with home life—the home beautiful.

Great patience and concentration are needed. *Nerves*—unless perfectly controlled—are of no use when a difficult moment comes, but given self-control, keen application, and a great love for the work itself, and, in Miss Hayne's opinion, "it's the most wonderful craft in the world."

THE GREAT HUSBAND HUNT

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in a field, which stretched away into space till they shrank to the size of daisies on a lawn. A couple of energetic waiters, who cleared two or three service tables, pushed them together, covered them with a long white cloth, surmounted by a smaller black American cloth, divided into squares and various-shaped sections ornamented with numbers in white up to thirty-six; a round bowl in the centre with more magic numbers marked thereon, containing a fascinating, nimble, white, spinning ball, that occasionally in the hands of novices shot on to the floor; two croupiers, frequently women, trying to appear old hands at the game, but giving themselves away by their heightened colour.

Well, the table is ready! The joyous word goes forth to those who await the summons in the lounge. They rise in ones and twos and threes and hurry for places. Those who don't play watch the exodus with amused, or tolerant, or disapproving glances. But the players, oblivious of and indifferent to the whisperings and comments of the virtuous ones in the lounge, are now happily seated at the table, buying their counters—red, white, and yellow—helping the bankers to count up little piles of dozens which are tipped into saucers, and awaiting eagerly the first spin of the little white ball.

The first time I played the "little roulette" I sat between Miss Oakwood and Martin Syngé, with old Colonel Maitland next to Miss Oakwood, my saucer of counters clasped tightly in my hands—I believe I harboured the unworthy suspicion that a small boy named Frankie, who stood behind me breathing hard on to my bare neck, might snatch the contents when I wasn't looking—trying intelligently to understand all the instructions and suggestions I was receiving as to what I must do, or mustn't do, or might do, with the result that, carefully and calculatingly, I placed one white counter representing the value of one penny on black, and lost it.

This annoyed me, and it annoyed me still more when I found that Miss Oakwood and Martin had each done queer and involved things on several numbers, and placed green counters at the side of more numbers, thereby miraculously, and to me it seemed quite unfairly, winning several francs apiece. So I decided to imitate them, imitate them unobtrusively, for by now they were so keen on their own game and absorbed in what they were doing that they had forgotten me. Martin I followed first, at an interval. I was desirous that he should not know I was using his play as an example for mine, but by the time I had decorated the number 9 in its four corners with four of my white counters, and placed two red counters on a square marked *impair*, whose meaning I'd not the slightest idea of, I had forgotten his other tactics, and the ball beginning to spin, I was obliged to cease, only to see a moment later my six pieces raked away and Martin grinning over the gain of several more francs.

"Lucky, that *en plein* and *transversale*! What have you done?" He turned to me, brightly.

"Lost," I replied bitterly. "I followed you all the first things you did, but couldn't finish. There was no time; the ball began."

"Bad luck!" His voice was full of sympathy, but I saw his lips twitch.

"I don't know what you're laughing at," I said in an undertone.

"I wasn't laughing."

"Well, you're amused at something."

"You're cross," he interrupted.

"Perhaps I am."

"Why?" He looked at me whimsically.

"I've lost five white and two red counters in a couple of throws."

He burst out laughing. "Are you going to play at Monte Carlo?"

Stiffly I replied I wasn't, as I couldn't, being under age. His amusement annoyed and chagrined me. I might have been a little girl.

"That is a good thing, for you wouldn't make a gambler. Wait a moment; I haven't staked!" Rapidly he strewed white, red, and yellow counters about the board. "Here, shove a green on *six dernier*." He seized one of my pieces, and leant forward eagerly as the ball gyrated; it was a good and a long spin. "Thirty-five. You've won."

I had won. I looked at him. My anger melted away. Delight, I knew, shone from my eyes, laughter was in my voice. Try as I would to simulate the indifference and nonchalance of those about me who were raking in their winnings, I failed. My pleasure, my excitement, as I grabbed at my five, green, heavenly counters, were too great to be suppressed. Later I won quite considerable sums, but never again did I recapture the intoxication of that moment.

"How did you know? What made you say it?" I breathed. "It was wonderful!"

Martin looked at me curiously. "It is but a game of chance."

"You don't believe in systems?"

"Certainly not."

"Why, then, did you give me so many hints, so many instructions as to what to do, when I began?"

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