



Photo. by Bellwood Studio.

Mrs. CUTHBERT ENTRICAN, who was recently married to the only son of Mr. J. C. Entrican, of Mount Albert, is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. A. W. Flatts, of Dunedin.

A STORM IN A TEACUP

If we are to take as gospel the statements of some of the disgruntled male contributors to the correspondence that has recently been raging in the daily Press, the whole of the only too evident depression in trade may be attributed to one cause—the prevalence of the morning tea habit. Our typists, we are led to believe, arrive in the morning just in time to commence the preparation of the cup that cheers, and by the time they have discussed it and the many other matters that always arise, it is time for lunch. Of course, after lunch they must get busy—preparing afternoon tea. And so time flies—and profits likewise; our letters remain untyped, our correspondents become incensed, business is lost, and the country is going to the dogs.

This is the indictment framed by those who are despicable enough to attempt to rob our hard-working office girls of their relaxation and nourishment. Nothing was said about the crowded tea shops about 11 a.m., where hordes of men are to be seen engaged on urgent business affairs, until some spirited champion of women's rights spoke up right boldly; and now, I suppose, senior partners are inquiring more closely into the importance of those engagements that seem to occur to their junior staffs with such monotonous regularity each morning.

It is to be hoped that amongst those who have suffered are the instigators of the correspondence, who now should have to go thirsty and unrefreshed for at least three hours on end daily!

"IT'S HARD TO SAY GOOD-BYE"

I cannot say that I envy Lord Jellicoe his position just now. Farewells are always such beastly things, and for some reason always seem so protracted. Whenever I see anyone off by train or boat I always say "good-bye" about five minutes too soon—and then, no matter how close the comradeship has been before, a sudden chill descends and I find myself either saying or listening to some banal repetition such as "You'll be sure to write, won't you?" or "Don't forget to give my love to Aunt Lizzie." Then comes a horrid, frigid pause and then another false alarm, and the promise to write and Aunt Lizzie are

again dragged shamefacedly forward. It's such an anti-climax to have to carry on with a conversation after a fond farewell has been spoken.

Lord Jellicoe had to start saying his good-byes some weeks ago, and will have to go on saying them for some weeks more until the evil day arrives when, alas, he says it for the last time—officially, at any rate; for we all hope he will return, if not as Governor, in a private capacity to renew the many friendships and associa-



Photo. by Topical Press.

TWO QUEENS AT WEMBLEY. Queen Mary, with the Queen of Rumania, recently visited the Exhibition. They are here seen passing through the West African village, escorted by Lady Guggisberg.

tions that he has made. I should blush to find my farewell speeches chronicled in print—you can judge from the foregoing specimens that they would make but sorry reading—but how much more terrible to deliberately have to make them with the thought in mind that they will be read by the people to whom you were saying good-bye last week and the week before!

It's not all sugar being a Governor!

AUCKLAND'S CIVIC SQUARE

We have yet to see the designs for Auckland's Civic Square, and at the time of writing it is not known who is to be



Photo. by Topical Press.

NEW ZEALAND'S HIGH COMMISSIONER PLAYS BOWLS. Colonel the Hon. Sir James Allen opening the new bowling green at the Royal Alfred Homes for Merchant Seamen.



Photo. by Pattillo, Dunedin.

Mrs. T. MCKIBBIN, whose husband has just been appointed Director of the Division of Public Health, has served on the committees of many philanthropic societies.

entrusted with the planning of so ambitious a scheme, though the work of demolition goes on apace. It is open to doubt if we have architects in New Zealand with sufficient experience in town planning to adequately carry out the idea

and it might not be a bad idea for the powers that be to invite designs from those architects who have had opportunities elsewhere to prove their skill in matters of this sort. After all, it will be a costly experiment, and no effort should be spared to make it successful. We have too many evidences already in New Zealand that architectural mistakes, once perpetrated, are difficult things of which to dispose. Once established in brick and stone they must remain for generations as permanent reminders of our lack of taste or skill; and Auckland's scheme is so grandiose that a blunder would be nothing short of a tragedy.

Sir Edwin Lutyens, in Imperial Delhi, has had an opportunity that no architect since Sir Christopher Wren has been given—and even that greatest of British architects was more circumscribed by circumstances when he rebuilt London after the Fire than the designer of the wonderful new Indian city has been. Whether the idea of building a new capital for India was right or wrong—and the majority of opinion inclines to the latter view—it is not questioned that the architect rose to the occasion, and that when completed the scheme will be, from a town planning and architectural standpoint, a remarkable achievement.

Auckland might do worse than to consult Sir Edwin before she commits herself to some plan that generations to come must need have to endure, but with discretion.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

This periodical orgy of organised sport is now over, and with the usual result: the United States, with their almost limitless resources in men and money and with their, to my mind, somewhat unsporting methods of training efficiency and specialisation, have won easily, and the majority of other countries, where, as in New Zealand, the amateur athlete has perforce to pursue sport as a pastime and not as a