

unqualified success the like of which is given to few mortals. However, he found himself compelled to make the one unpopular decision that he has made since his arrival in New Zealand, and we must not begrudge him the right to enjoy leisure so well earned; though we hope that his talents will not long be allowed to be idle, even though we cannot continue to profit by them.

Lord and Lady Jellicoe, however, have the satisfaction of knowing that their departure is a source of real sorrow, and that should they ever return to New Zealand, either officially, which perhaps is too much to hope, or unofficially, as we all sincerely trust they will, they will come back to a land where everyone is their friend: to a people who will always have a place in their hearts for them.

LADY FERGUSSON AND THE DOMINION

An interesting link between our new Governor-General, Sir Charles Fergusson, and the Dominion is that Lady Fergusson is the daughter of a former Governor, the Earl of Glasgow, and spent six years of her girlhood in the Dominion. She and her sisters were very cheerful young people, and the story goes that her elder sister, Lady Augusta, once undertook to anticipate the rodeo and ride a pony bare-back around the Metropolitan grounds at Auckland—an essay that ended in disaster, for the young equestrienne came a bad cropper, and fractured her ankle so badly that it was feared for a time that she would lose her foot. Her mother, the Countess of Glasgow, however, pleaded for a postponement of the operation, and the delay proved that the doctors were, for once, wrong.

Several of Lady Fergusson's brothers have returned to the Dominion, and Viscount Kilmarnock, who was in the Navy, was very popular in Wellington.

A MISSED OPPORTUNITY

Auckland, how grievously have you disappointed me! In fact, I consider you have rather let me down! Only last month I took up the cudgels on your behalf and claimed for you that, with all your alleged artistic failings, you had at least a real interest in architecture, the mother of the Arts, and that much might therefore be expected from you, artistically.

Hardly was the ink dry than you deliberately flouted your opportunities: you had the chance, you saw it, apparently, and yet you neglected it.

In Albert Park are some well-designed stone vases and a metal fountain, which were assuming a somewhat weathered appearance after the storms of many winters. Some undoubtedly well-meaning official observing this, steps were taken to rectify a condition so obviously distasteful to the elders of the city. But only half-heartedly! The lusty cherubs who adorn the fountain might have been made things of real beauty, their locks tinted a beautiful auburn, their cheeks given the rosy hues of robust health inspired by the salubrious climate of the Queen City, and their sturdy limbs coloured to represent living flesh: or, if this were thought to border on impropriety, a neatly-striped bathing suit would have been in no way out of place, and would have lent a valuable touch of colour. The vases, too, might have been picked out in tasteful shades of green, orange and crimson, while it would not have been beyond the powers of some skilled

craftsman to make the supporting bases represent real marble—even more like marble than marble ever was.

Thus would the great cause of Art have been upheld, and a long step toward a "Brighter Auckland" achieved.

But—would you believe it, dear Lady?—they simply coated fountain, cherubs and vases with a pale and uninteresting coat of cream paint, which is hardly more attractive than the weathered stone and metal it obscures—in fact, I am not sure I do not prefer their weather-beaten appearance to their present spick-and-span condition.



THE TRUMPET CALL

A Camera Study by J. C. Holland, Auckland.

Still, I suppose if you "save the surface you save all," and that must be the first consideration.

ARE WE PHILISTINES?

Artistic Auckland is very indignant again, this time with Mr. Fisher, the new principal of the Elam School of Art, who recently somewhat tactlessly spoke his mind about Art in New Zealand. If he is quite correct, we are in a poor state indeed, and have not the saving grace of being honestly sorry about it. I think Mr. Fisher, in his enthusiasm, has rather overlooked many things, and probably he would have been wiser had he stopped a little longer, looked a little more carefully and listened with more patience than he has apparently done,

before his enthusiasm led him into the deep waters of publicly denouncing us.

No one claims that we are particularly artistic—and it is the work of Mr. Fisher to make us more so. It would be almost miraculous if we were; no young country, as I said last month, has ever yet found time, during the period of its early development, to cultivate the graces—but there are many amongst us who honestly desire to see New Zealand advancing along the right road artistically, and who would gladly do what they can to help.

We are, as a people, a little inclined to be sensitive to criticism, especially when it comes from anyone who doesn't know us very well. This probably is only natural—we think we have a right to be known before we are criticised, and we like people to prove themselves before they try to improve us, and I am afraid that Mr. Fisher, though I know it is merely his sincere enthusiasm in a good cause that has led him astray, will have done more harm than good.

However, he is quite right about the Lord Leverhulme gift to the Auckland Art Gallery—though I think he is very wrong in saying that there are but four pictures worthy of consideration there. That a grocer's almanac illustration, like "The Coming Nelson," should be exhibited to our students as Art is a menace to the future—and I would like to hear that the donor has been persuaded not to make the acceptance of pictures of this sort a corollary to the acceptance of those that are really worth having, and which will help us to cultivate an appreciation of the real meaning of Art.

A SUPERIOR PERSON

There is a certain very estimable resident of one of the more select suburbs of one of our larger cities (I hope that is vague enough) whose undoubted gentleness is a matter of wonder and awe to all beholders. He moves in that aura of super-respectability that one usually only expects to find in the House of Lords and one or two of the more funereal London clubs. He is something to live up to. His Christian name should be Algernon. For our purpose we will take it that his surname is Browne—with a hyphen. He is a member of one of the most respectable professions.

However, pleasant as it is to dwell on such an exalted specimen of a rapidly passing class, I must continue. A chauffeur was giving evidence recently in a minor case, and was asked by whom he had been employed. He gave the name of a very well-known and titled legal luminary. "And after that?" inquired the cross-examining counsel. "The Governor-General," was the reply. "And who is your present employer?" "Mr. Browne," replied the mechanic. Here the judge interposed, with a smile. "You seem to be continually rising in life, don't you?" It was our Mr. Browne who, when informed by a lady that she had just purchased a certain excellent but popular-priced American car, said, with a reflective expression on his face, "Oh! yes, a ——. I remember at the old place at Home we used to keep one of those for the servants."

Still, it is just as well in these days that we have our Mr. Brownes, to rise like a storm-beaten rock, serene above the rising tide of Democracy; to keep alive the tradition of being a Superior Person, a class now almost extinct.