

In cities there is competition for houses between people pretty well-to-do and poor people. The local authority has most remarkable powers. If it finds a street in a horrible and insanitary condition it has full powers to enter into that street and put those premises into good sanitary and habitable order and make the landlord pay for it. You say what a splendid thing! If you do it shows that you have never tried it. They tried it in the Borough of St. Pancras. There was a street of disgusting houses and they went in and put the houses in order. What was the result? The landlords who let the old insanitary houses at low rents, because they could cram so many people into the houses (and it is possible to make more money out of these dirty houses, foot for foot, than out of Park Lane), refused to let them to the same people after they had been put into habitable condition because they were not allowed to house the same number. "Oh, no!" said the landlords, "we are now going to let them to better tenants." The result was that these poor people were turned out into the street, where they miserably remained for nearly two weeks, homeless, and one man died there; the police gradually got them into any insanitary warren they could. The respectable people were thus crowding out the poorer people, many of whom had to live close to their work.

You must remember that a middle-class man can get up and catch a train and be in the office by ten o'clock in the morning without any great inconvenience. But a man who must start work early must live near his work. But there is nothing better than to take these people out to Welwyn Garden City and Letchworth. This is the way you are relieving the congestion in the towns. That is the only way of relieving the very worst evils of overcrowding.

A MOTIVE FOR INVESTMENT.

I want to come to the great question of getting money for your garden cities. I think you might make an effort not only to arouse the public conscience on housing, but on the question of investment. I have known people who have had a little conscience as to how they invest their money. You know what the ordinary man does; he goes to his stockbroker who recommends something, and he invests in rubber, minerals, "Shell," or some other stock. Now, in doing that he gives up all control of his money, for he is for the most part buying shares in a Company which is already formed. He is not necessarily causing any work of any kind to be done, and has no control over the work. He may have £5,000, which he invests in a Railway Company. His £5,000 is not really invested; he does not cause a single carriage to be built or a rail to be laid. His £5,000 has not gone to the Railway Company, but has gone into the pocket of the seller of the shares, who may use it for some object that he thoroughly detests. It may be squandered and utterly wasted, or used for some definitely wicked purpose.

If a public-spirited man could only trace what happens to his money, often he would never invest it. You might make people think about that. If I have any money to invest I really do like to think that something has been done with it. If you invest your money in such a way and put it into garden city stocks you have the knowledge that you have achieved that result. If you will put it into Welwyn Garden City you can go and see the place and see how your money is being spent. You can also send them to Letchworth, not only to look at the houses but to look at the people and the healthy children. They are much happier there than in the suburbs.

I suggest there is something practical in that; you might ask all your friends to remember that if they put their money into Welwyn Garden City they are producing things like that. If by that means garden cities were built on a large scale it is quite impossible to imagine the change that might be made on the face of England in a comparatively short time.—*Garden Cities and Town Planning Magazine.*



"A NOCTURNE."

By Mr. R. O. Gross, of Auckland.

An attempt to depict the different ways that a song affects two personalities. A Mother and Son listening to some old song. In the one, memories awakened, a chord stirred belonging to a happy past. In the other, new impressions gained by a receptive mind, stirring new sensations, causing new vibrations. Both however, Mother and Son in harmony, though different notes have been struck.