

ster, who declared in the House of Assembly in April, 1916: "It is quite time the Rand recognised that its true place in the social life of South Africa is to provide funds for the rest of South Africa!"

The new Johannesburg station is, therefore, a happy, if belated sign, not only that more optimistic ideas now prevail regarding the durability of the city; but also that the rights of its citizens to a fairer share of public expenditure are being recognised.

I went over the new station building a few days ago, and was amazed at its ambitious character; at the glorious concourse—more like the dome of a cathedral than a railway station—at the superb dining room, with its pillars of green marble, capped superbly with bronze castings in relief, at the magnificent tea-room, bar, and waiting rooms, all far ahead of anything in the railway stations of England the best of which, admittedly, is Waterloo. Only in New York, Stockholm and in some of the towns of Germany where the hand of the new architect is to be seen in lofty verticals and upward lighting, is there a new note; is there anything, indeed, as original as the intensely South African achievement of the new Johannesburg station. Everything in it is South African—made by South Africans. Novelty and nationalism have clearly inspired it.

As one enters the main door at the bottom of Eloff Street, one passes under enormous fluted pillars and horizontals of marble into the main concourse, around which are twenty-eight pictures by that master of decorative painting, Mr. J. H. Pierneef. Mr. Pierneef has painted characteristic scenes from the whole of South Africa, the Pillars of the Nation, Majuba, Hartbeestpoort,

torla, and the claim is made that the plastering of the ceiling in big impressive horizontals is the finest in South Africa.

Interest, too, will centre in the tea-room tiles, of which there are several thousand. They illustrate the fauna and flora of South Africa. There is a historical series of them too, in which the main episodes and personalities of the Union, are set out in chronological sequence. Criticism may be justly applied here. It would seem that the compression of so much incident into so little space is not quite sound; it creates a spirit of ocular restlessness, the eye moving constantly from point to point.

Upstairs there are multitudinous offices, luggage gantries, auditors' rooms, lifts and corridors; and, stretching right across the eastern end of the station, there is the raised native station. The aim is to keep natives, Indians and coloured folk, and Europeans, quite apart from each other in the new station, and provision has been made for this accordingly.

This big job—the biggest yet undertaken by the contractors, Messrs. Clark and Downie—has been carried out almost entirely with white labour and with a minimum of sub-contracting. It has kept 200-300 white men in constant employment for several years.

Its completion adds a magnificent new building to the city. It is a matter of sheer hard luck, of course, that the official opening will coincide with a period of traffic decline and acute financial stress, but the sensible citizen will doubtless take the view that Johannesburg's new station is a practical token of the Government's feeling that the city is entitled to a large share of public works expenditure than it has hitherto received.