

Editor of "MacLean's Magazine" that this has meant added revenues to the Canadian author. This might be subject to dispute, as the American magazine publisher may have lessened his price. However, this action has helped to create greater interest in Canadian writers in Canada, as the Canadian magazine publisher will advertise the fact that Frank Packard is a Canadian, whereas the American magazine publisher will not.

This distinction between the problems of the book publisher and the magazine publisher in Canada has not been fully realized till recently, and the supporters of the principle

of licensing have taken full advantage of the fact and have used the word "publisher" in a loose sense so as to include printers, magazine publishers and book publishers, so as to create the impression that the prosperity of a vast industry involving millions of dollars is at stake. The facts I have quoted show that Section 13 of the present Act, which is the section condemned by all Canadian authors I know who have studied the subject, has been ignored in practice by the book publishing industry. What it has done has been to handicap the Canadian book publisher and the Canadian author in making a bargain with the American book publisher. It has introduced

an element of uncertainty into a business which is not so well established that it can afford any such hazard. The principle of this licensing clause is against the whole principle of copyright, which is that the author who has created a work of literature has the right to dispose of that work as he pleases. It does seem monstrous that an author who may have spent two years on a manuscript should find his contract with a responsible publisher subject to the greedy intervention of an unknown Canadian printer who would not intervene or take any risks unless he saw that the book was, or was likely to be, a popular success.

New Fables by Skookum Chuck

(R. D. Cumming)

XIII, Anthropeidea, Chapter V of the Fifty-Fifties.

Uumlah extended a glad neolithic hand to Florence; then, after some unwarranted delay, to the Professor and Mrs. Agnew. But his soft smile hardened when he saw a strange man step from the car and courteously escort Miss Agnew.

"Ah," said the Professor, "I forgot. Mr. Uumlah, meet Mr. Bruce."

The half man deigned to neglect Miss Agnew for a second and extended to me a paw with fingers so long that they completely encircled mine when our extremities met.

"Mr. Bruce," added the Professor, "has been many years abroad, and is sizing up developments since his departure."

"Indeed," absently replied the Fifty-Fifty.

"Mr. Uumlah," Agnew added further, addressing me, "is Reeve of the municipality and a noted lay preacher."

We were glad to meet each other, and the deep half-trained voice of the Reeve expressed what appeared on the surface to be real delight. His hard smile softened a moment later when he seized Florence by the hand and dragged her playfully up the few steps to the door of his home, while the Professor and Mrs. Agnew laughed heartily.

The Mayor had the bad grace to lead Florence into the home in advance of the others, who followed unconventionally in the rear.

This first personal touch with the Fifty-Fifties was not one that might lead to amicable relations. It was rather one that filled me with disgust and no little irritation of jealousy.

The Lay Preacher was a man of the new race about my own age. Our height was nearly the same, but he was much broader, and in weight he would far ex-

ceed me. According to my standard, based on the human make-up, he was unproportionately built, the width being far out of keeping with the height. He had the appearance of one who was gifted with marvellous strength.

The interior of the home harmonized with the exterior in its richness of design and finish. The furniture and fittings were of the most expensive and rare varieties, and they had been most carefully and judiciously placed as though by the magic touch of some prim, female hand.

The room in which we were entertained was carpeted with the most elaborately designed and richly woven covering into which the feet sank with a comfort that was warm and inviting. On each wall was a large gold-framed painting mostly of woodland scenes, and one of the first things that my critical eye observed was the initials "F.A." painted on the right hand lower corner of each picture. It did not require any of the science of deduction to know that the initials were those of my fair friend Florence Agnew, that she was the artist, and that she had presented the paintings to Uumlah in a spirit of friendship—perhaps love. Was Uumlah more than a friend?

The home was not one that would be readily associated with the raw exterior of the inmate, so that the mental cultivation of the Fifty-Fifties was remarkable. The appearance of the home bespoke a taste on the part of the new race which was either a normal standard of living with the idle rich, or an extravagant rivalry with members of the old race. A beautiful Collie lay asleep on a very rare rug.

Here, as in the Agnew home, lights were burning in extravagant profusion, wastefully, although it was broad daylight.

On one wall was a plate-like instrument or fixture resembling a horn, and pearly in its composition. I suspected that it was a radiograph, but I was not prepared for the delightful and almost super-human music which came from it when Florence went up and turned the gold switch which controlled it.

"My!" I called out in astonishment and rapture.

"Yes, from Mars," said Florence, teasingly, through a bewitching smile.

"You mean from Heaven," I corrected. "Is it not divine?"

They all laughed, even to friend Uumlah although it came rebelliously from the crude face.

Refreshments were brought in by an elderly lady who was introduced to me as Mrs. Uumlah, mother of our mutual friend, and a widow of many years standing. In build she had the characteristic broadness of the race, but the features were somewhat haggish, seeming to point out a reversion to type as the individuals advanced in age. In my estimation she resembled a monkey more than she did a human being. Her speech, however, was remarkably well preserved and refined.

The radio music continued to charm us as we sat about chatting and "eating." At times Florence would step up and set the machine to other wave lengths and new varieties of music were introduced. Miss Agnew assumed a familiarity with things in the home of the Reeve as though she had been brought up there, or was on most remarkably cordial relations with the inmates.

There was that in her manner too, as well as in that of the Lay Preacher which awakened in my heart an agony of resentment. Especially did the Fifty-Fifty expose an attachment for Miss Agnew, which, if not love, was a passion akin to it.