

she would come and live in the U. S. and write a book about the U. S. like the books she had written about Canada, that they could sell 100,000 copies. Mrs. McClung is not going, but it is surely our duty to keep her and others like her in the country. If your parents would spend \$1.00 a month on Canadian magazines and books—not an extra dollar, mind, for scarcely a family but spends \$12 a year on magazines and books to read or give away—if they spent \$1 on their own publications every Canadian writer of promise that is likely to appear would be kept at home and other countries would become tributary to Canada in a literary way, rather than Canada continue tributary to foreign countries.

But noboddy is going to be small enough to ask you to confine your

reading to Canadiana. Literature is world wide. You must read foreign authors, and about foreign parts. But just give Canada a chance. Don't oblige Canadians to speak to you from across a wall.

In closing, I want just to switch my appeal so to speak. You have been thinking that I have been appealing to you on behalf of the old seasoned and established writers of Canada. That is not the case at all. Our old writers may not be writing the way we would like them to write, or in the strain we would like, but they are just what I said they were, established.

The appeal that is being made throughout Canada this week is on behalf of yourselves. I am not making a guess, but merely a mathemat-

ical statement when I say that, during the next ten or fifteen years, some of you who are this moment looking up at me will feel yourselves inspired to convey the best thoughts that are in you to the world at large, by the time-honored method of black marks on white paper. It is only necessary to travel a short distance on the road to authorship to tell you that there is no more satisfying work. It is a great thing to build a magnificent bridge, or to found a great business house, but on the other hand there is no finer ambition, no loftier aim, than to acquire by talent and hard work the ability to interpret the life and history of your times by writing, in the words of Gray's "Elegy": "To read its history in a nation's eyes."

New Fables by Skookum Chuck

R. D. CUMMING

XII. John and Johnny

Johnny drank whisky, smoked a pipe, chewed tobacco and swore. John swore not, neither did he drink, smoke or chew. John was a goodie-goodie boy, while Johnny might have been classed as a "roughneck."

John had been reared on polished lines by doting parents from the knickerbocker years and beyond with a view to good citizenship, which was to make him an ideal man even as he had been a model youth. His education and moulding had been the one urge of father and mother from the day son first began to absorb knowledge. John, indeed, was a good boy, morally, religiously, socially, intellectually, and in many other ways, even although little sister contended that he hated her like poison.

Johnny was nothing in particular for his parents to boast about beyond the fact that he was their son. He had life, however, and went about everything on the run as though overcharged with electric power. John trailed himself along as though his battery were hopelessly run down. Socially, John was like the drooping wings of a sick hen, while Johnny was like the flapping wings of a healthy rooster. A man must make a noise of some kind, even if it is not altogether according to the rules and regulations of constitutional society, if he wishes to be a hero in this world. And Johnny's capers certainly made him a hero—with the girls.

With the fair sex Johnny, notwithstanding his rough stuff, was one who was constantly leaving footprints in the soil. He made a noise that everybody could hear. John went about like a funeral. While John relied on his reputation to get him by with the girls, those same young things were being thrilled by the antics of Johnny. About the noblest thing John had done in his life besides being straightforward, honest, studious, a gentleman, and all those negligible sorts of things, so far as anyone could see at least, was to eat three square meals a day and dress like a Shiek at the expense of the "old man" and bank all he made on the side in his own name.

Johnny, on the other hand, sowed his coin as a farmer sows seeds, besides having many notches carved on his gun stock at his own initiative. He had taken part in local vaudeville; had saved a girl from drowning; was a bear in local amateur hockey and usually did all the scoring in rival contests; had been mixed up in a local scandal, but had proved an alibi.

John's mamma (accent on the last syllable), had babied him up to believe that he was a little better than the ordinary scum of folks. Johnny's ma always placed company first and family afterwards. John's features were more refined than Johnny's, and this was to give him the bulge on Johnny in his dealings with the girls.

Johnny was the exact antithesis of John. His early education had been neglected; that is, Johnny had neglected it from choice, never being able to convince his will-o-the-wisp nature of the necessity for curriculums. Nor could he bring himself into line with the rules and regulations governing proper society. Johnny wasn't good looking to that extent that might create comment, and life held out nothing very dazzling for him in the future. But Johnny's whole life was lived in the to-day. He couldn't attend to two things at once, so he let the future slide. "I should worry!" he told father, mother, sister, brother, chums, girls, everybody. And he didn't worry. He began care-free, was care-free, and would end care-free.

"If the world don't like my style it can lump it," was another of his bright sayings.

"But it's not up to the world," advised his friends. "It's all up to you. The world don't care."

"Well, let it rip!"

Johnny's unpolished manners were not barren of ripe fruit. His face was pure sunlight; John's was mere moonshine. Johnny was so good in many ways apart from the whisky, tobacco and swear words, that his backslidings were often converted into virtues by that spirit of hero worship among the people, which is a relic of past chivalrous days.

John and Johnny were about the same age, twenty-one; and, so far as having the price was concerned, their accounts were about equally balanced at the source of supply—their parents. They had had an even start on the race-course of life when the shot was fired by the starters.

Living in the same town, they were naturally thrown much into the same society; and, by and by they fell in love with the same girl. This might have been a catastrophe with any others than John and Johnny, but the rich conceit of both permitted no occasion for argument; and they had both mental pictures of the girl securely staked out in their respective green pastures.

The rivalry did not ruffle their furs in the least. Johnny didn't worry, because he knew Mabel could not resist his raw charms. He knew she liked him notwithstanding the unsophisticated appendages that hung to his character. It was the instinct of Eve in her flesh speaking from that early nature-inflated age. He knew that, although we wear clothing, things bred in the bones can't be covered up with whitewash. Johnny saw love for him shining from Mabel's eyes, mouth, nose, ears, chin; and, in fact, from her whole person, and he ignored the John competition. His own love for Mabel was a guarantee to him that the infatuation was mutual.

And Mabel, let it be understood from the beginning, was a good girl, who didn't claim to be too far above many of the things of Nature.

John was as well insured against accident to his heart as Johnny was by virtue of his superior standing in the community. His refined manners, rare intellect, clean associations, and his gentlemanly way of handling the situation had gained him footing that could not slip. Mabel loved him, and she would choose him because he was better in all ways than Johnny. No girl would hesitate a moment in making her choice as between the two, he thought.

John was so sure of his foundations that he often spoke to Mabel with regard to Johnny's crude manners, debau-