

ing to the infinite sweetness of the singer in beautiful harmony with the instrumental music.

And then, with a rude interruption, the professor asked me to accompany him up stairs to his office where we might go into the matter which had been the means of bringing me to the premises.

He led the way out of the parlor into the hall, up a carpeted stairway which had one right-angle turn about half way up, along a wide second-story hall with a very high ceiling, and into a large room that at once revealed itself as a business retreat for men only.

"Take a seat." And he moved an easy chair facing a very wide window which commanded a view of the beautiful grounds.

"Thank you." And I sat down.

The Professor sat on another similar chair beside a low table on which lay closed a book of enormous size.

We were followed almost immediately by Miss Agnew, who, somewhat modestly, entered with several bottles of beverages and two glasses. Those she placed on the low table at her father's elbow, courtesied politely and then retired without speaking.

Around all four walls of the office, except where broken to accommodate the door and two windows, was a great law library four-tiers deep from the floor up.

The great display of books in a private home was unique, as legal men usually maintain places of business in the city. The Professor no doubt read my thoughts as I gazed around at the library in surprise before sitting down, for he said:

My dear sir, I am a licensed attorney, but I have never practiced law as a matter of business. I am interested in legal matters for a private, most important and very serious purpose only."

He fumbled with the leaves of the immense book which he had opened while addressing me. It seemed to me that the volume might have contained a synopsis of the entire law library.

We could still hear Miss Agnew's footsteps descending the stairs, when he turned to me suddenly and said:

"But I understand you wish to consult me, sir. Perhaps I am wasting your time?"

"No," I replied. "My visit is quite informal, and time is no object. I have no legal questions to consult you about. I simply came out of curiosity to get first-hand information about the new human race."

"Oh, of course, certainly; how stupid of me!"

His features lit up slightly as though I had introduced a subject that had a first and only mortgage on his heart.

"My dear sir, I shall be highly delighted to go into details with you from the very beginning to the present day. Have some sherry?" And he handed me a bottle and glass from the low table.

I thanked him and accepted the invitation. We both drank of the same beverage, and I must confess it was the primest I had ever tasted in my life.

"My family discovered and raised the new race," he informed me between drinks.

Out of the window I could see Miss Agnew idling about on the smooth grass. She moved about within view for a short time and then sat down on one of the rustic seats beneath a beautiful elm in full view of my window. Did she sit there facing me on purpose? I dared to believe this; and, a few moments later I fancied she lifted her eyes for a second and looked directly at the window at which I sat. I was foolish enough to smile although I knew that she could not see me as plainly as I could see her. The Professor detected my movements, for he leaned over slightly to where he might see his daughter as plainly as I did myself. He smiled:

"Florence is such a dear girl," he complimented her.

"I have not the least doubt," I corroborated.

"But it is the new race of humans you are interested in," he said, regarding me with an air that was not free from suspicion.

I am sure I blushed, for I could detect the hot blood rushing into my face.

The professor laughed in the usual artificial way:

"My people raised the new race of human beings," he continued, coming back to the subject that had more interest for him.

I turned and looked at him in astonishment:

"Your family raised them!" I gasped.

"Precisely."

He studied my face as though he were becoming suspicious that there might be some ulterior motive attached to my visit. Suddenly his face brightened, however, so far as that was possible, and he said hurriedly, but with apparent relief:

"Ah, you want to write a book about my people?"

"Sir, I have no intention of writing a book about the new human race. My interest is simply a desire to know more on a subject which should be of interest to everyone. I am highly complimented, however, that you think I might write books."

He regarded me for a few seconds as though uncertain, and then said:

"My dear man it is I who should feel complimented, for you are the first person to come to me for such information. How can I reward you?"

"I am not looking for reward, sir. I am already rewarded by the manner in which the ladies and yourself have welcomed and entertained me, and if I can be of any service to you, I shall give it gladly."

His face brightened in such a mysterious way that I regretted having spoken so openly to him.

Hurrah! Camping Time is Here!

Thousands of Motorists will tour B. C. and the U. S. A. this year—and Camping will be their big amusement. Alongside the Fishing Streams—in the Mountains and numerous other places. We have made it possible for the Motorist to enjoy his Holiday, come in and inspect our Auto Camping Equipment.

Mail orders promptly filled.



C. H. Jones & Son

Tents and Awnings—Motorists Equipment

28 WATER STREET

VANCOUVER, B. C.