

And he didn't have long to wait. Whether it was a direct intervention of Heaven or a mere act of providence through the medium of natural causes that had already begun to take root, even Johnny wasn't wise enough to say, but ill luck began to shadow Mosquito from the very first day on which he stole Johnny's klootchman.

In the first place, the priest refused to marry them on the ground that both morally belonged to someone else. A few weeks later Mosquito's only son, a boy of about eighteen years of age, fell through the ice with his cayuse into the Fraser River and was seen no more. Some time after that his only daughter, still too young to marry, ran away with a cultus white man. And about the same time Mosquito himself was taken down suddenly with the flu and nearly died.

Johnny in the meantime remained quiet in his cabin watching the Divine wrath and smiling knowingly to himself. He had God with him, all was well, and the end was not yet.

The flu had taken all the pep out of Mosquito and left him a physical wreck for many moons. His resources ran dry in a short time, for his reserve, like most Siwashes, was not too substantial. And Minnie and Johnny's papooses began to look about for the next meal, and the next pair of shoes, and the next shawl, and the next shirt. Johnny supplied the kiddies on the sly when they came about his cabin, but the klootchman he ignored—it was up to Minnie. Johnny was too squeeich (rabbit) hearted to see the woman suffer should she appeal to him; but, in the meantime while things were working his way, he could wait, and so could Minnie.

Minnie had some pride too, and refrained from appealing to her late husband. She knew the extent of her wickedness, and shame held her aloof from making an appeal that became hourly and daily more urgent.

The flu refused to let go the grip of Mosquito's vitals. He became weaker and weaker; and, although he rallied at times, on the aggregate he was losing ground little by little. He sank slowly until one day he breathed his last and was laid to rest with his ancestors.

Johnny saw all those things with his own eyes and he chuckled.

One day he came home from the hay field and found Minnie in the cabin cooking supper. If the two hearts went flippity-flap for a short time at the embarrassment of the

situation, there were no visible outward signs of emotion.

Minnie went on cooking with one glance at Johnny, but without a word of apology or explanation. Johnny went out to the yard, cut some wood and brought it in without a word of welcome. The papooses ran out and in through the doorway, taking everything for granted in their innocence. It had the appearance of a real happy, harmonious home. Johnny went down

to the creek and brought up a pail of water. When he came back supper was ready and they all sat down to eat.

Perhaps they had some words, and a conditional agreement of some kind may have been arranged, but the rancherie never heard a whisper about it. It was patched up in the usual Indian "come and go" sort of basis. Johnny never told Minnie how he had leagued himself with the Sachalie Tyee on his own behalf.

Victoria Notes

(By B.C.M. Victoria and Island Representative)



Two further events in the life of the Summer School for teachers were a song recital by Madame Fahey, "dramatic soprano," and a mixed recital with items representing three arts—music, speaking (dramatic and non-dramatic) and painting.

The programme of the first mentioned recital was an imposing one—in black and white. Madame Fahey gave evidence of an unusually powerful voice and was heard to greatest advantage in her operatic selections. In direct contrast to the Russian dramatic tenor, Rosing, who, as he himself not only stated but exemplified, does not **act** but **lives** the songs he sings, Madame Fahey **acts** hers; she does not **live** them. All her dramatic art, if art it be, creates the unmistakable impression of being superimposed. She attacks her theme from the outside, from the spectacular or spectator's point of view; Rosing, on the other hand, attacks every piece of work from the **inside**; he makes of it a living masterpiece by **living through** it. The other method of attack leads unquestionably not to art, but to artificiality. Facial expression is no longer vital expression; it has degenerated to grimacing; gestures and body movements are no longer spontaneous emotional expression; they have descended to the plane of mere antics. The result is disastrous. There was lacking that sincerity without which there is no

art. The impression remarkably created was that of a potentially fine singer who had lost touch with herself. The interpretation of most of the songs gave the impression of being not the singer's but that of some one else—possibly a master—adopted by the singer. In some the effect was merely ludicrous; in others it was open to the severest criticism from the point of view of art. Illustrative of the first was the dramatic (?) effect of almost **swooning** at the memory of the Kerry Dances, so compatible with the Irish spirit; and the second was the opportunity seized upon for the display of a few vocal gymnastics on two notes of the simple folk song, "Comin' Through the Rye." Comment is left to the reader. The voice being forced almost constantly throughout, often lacked resonance and rarely in the high notes hit the note in the **middle** of the note. As inevitably ensues when the voice is forced, there is a tendency for it either to sharpen or flatten. In this case the latter tendency was evident, a noticeable example in point being the final note in the "Wolf."

The preamble given to most of the numbers was so badly spoken as to leave no doubt in the minds of the hearers that the art of voice production had not been mastered, as the art of beautiful public speaking and of singing have one and the same basis.