

Publishing Office:
1100 Bute Street, Vancouver, B. C.
Telephone:
Seymour 6048



D. A. CHALMERS
Managing Editor and Publisher
With an Advisory Editorial
Committee of Literary
Men and Women

The Twentieth Century Spectator of Britain's Farthest West
For Community Service—Social, Educational, Literary and Religious; but Independent of Party, Sect or Faction
"BE BRITISH" COLUMBIANS!

VOL. 24

MARCH, 1925

No. 2

EDITORIAL NOTES

THE THRILL OF A LITERARY "FIND" was conveyed in some measure to the members and friends of the British Columbia Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association, who heard Dr. Lorne Pierce (editor for the Ryerson Press, Toronto), address a meeting at the home of that prince of book-lovers, and always cheery host, Mr. Robie L. Reid, K.C. Perhaps only those with strong literary instincts can fully appreciate the experience of Dr. Pierce in first handling so many precious letters and MSS. of literary and historical value. The promised publication of that Kirby collection will be anticipated with much interest.

MR. R. L. REID'S RESTORATION to health, following a somewhat serious operation, was subject for congratulation. His own story the other evening of how a literary treasure-hunter, who when he thought a prize collection was within his grasp, learned that the MSS. had been burned, was just the kind that creates something of "holy horror" in the imagination.

DR. PIERCE MENTIONED ONE DOCUMENT which he had examined as of outstanding interest from a British Empire point of view, and ventured an opinion as to what should be done with it. Opinions may differ as to how far and how long revelations bearing on national or international affairs should be kept "secret." But in these days when the dominant idea of most newspapermen (whose training has not been qualified by other experience), is "news," and "free-lance" writers may somehow gain admittance almost anywhere, it may be timely for such organizations as the Authors' Association to consider whether reports of meetings should not be supplied officially to the press. This is not meant as a reflection on the responsible feature writers of the Dailies, a few of whom were in evidence at that last function, and one of whom indeed (a member of the Society), amused the gathering with a clever rehearsal of the adventures of "Zero Tom" & Co.

PITHY POINTERS IN LITERARY CRITICISM are inseparable from any address given by Professor Sedgwick of British Columbia University. His lecture on "The New Wordsworth" before Vancouver Institute the other week was an analytical review of the man and the Poet, and contained a wealth of suggestion and enlightenment for those whose time for study of standard writers may be all too short in these days. One can without difficulty imagine how some witty paradoxical, or epigrammatic observation of this quick and bright-brained teacher may be (mis)-reported to his doubtful advantage, but the outstanding impression usually left by his expressive

interpretations—in which a shrug of the shoulders or a toss of the head, occasionally conveys a good deal—is that Dr. Sedgwick is a man intensely in earnest about revealing—as he himself sees them—the truth and worth in the works and lives of Men of Letters. Accordingly, whether or not hearers agree with him in detail, they are always assured of an arresting and entertaining exposition.

AT THE RISK OF BEING ACCUSED of scattering bouquets, we must, at this time supplement the foregoing by complimenting another University Professor—Professor John Davidson—on his "canny" ways and pawky humour, as exercised in addressing Vancouver Scottish Society on the flora of Canada and Scotland. Like a certain careful "gillie" in one of Scott's novels, Professor Davidson comes from "Aberdeen-a-way," and he has the happy knack of making even dry roots and kindred subjects interesting—though, of course, his topic teems with beauty in flower and scenery.

THE USE OF GLENCOE LODGE as an auditorium for lectures, concerts, etc., becomes more frequent, and though the "hall" is literally a big vestibule or room of the Hotel-entrance kind, it has a few features that commend it. It is central and can be made tolerably comfortable. Without wishing to be among captious critics, however, we venture to suggest that the management of Glencoe Lodge could greatly enhance the attractiveness of their "auditorium" if they would: (1) go to the comparatively small expense of putting sliding doors at the back and side—so as to cut off the continual noise from the Lodge's own parlor guests, and (2) stop, as far as possible the frequent conversations and movements to and fro, evidently of house servants, in the quarters adjacent to the pro tem lecture room.

Living Subscribers:

Please check your date,
and, if due or overdue,
date your cheque.

(See Page 16)

"NOTHING TO WRITE HOME ABOUT," is one of those expressive American phrases—used to indicate that the speaker did not hold some event or certain conditions worthy of special comment. But in its literal meaning, as is suggested by the facts noted in the Board of Trade President's report in this issue, its use is seldom warranted in such a rapidly growing new country as this Western Canada of ours. Usually, and indeed almost continually, to people who are disposed to "write home"—to Eastern Canada, the British Isles, or elsewhere—the first difficulty must be to select one topic or line of interest from so many, and the second problem to arrange to get the time for correspondence.

A RECENT EXPERIENCE NO DOUBT COMMON to most readers prompts that reflection—in the receipt and review of special "Annuals" published in what was once a "home town," and city of early newspaper connection for the writer. The life of a young reporter has much of variety and attraction in it, and perhaps in no place was that more true than on the staff of one of the newspapers in a central city of considerable size in the Homeland. Breadth of sympathy and interest is assured. For probably in no other work can one come into contact with so many conditions of life: judges, including "Pailies," doctors, lawyers, ministers;



"Uneasy Lies the Head" — That Father Wears!