

ers pinned it to the fragile blouse over a heaving breast. Oh, how the pink of the rose blended with the pink of the fair cheeks!

"There!" I said, stepping back in admiration. "That augments the beauty of the rose. How lovely! Oh, you fair queen!" The scheme was to vamp her away from Uumlah.

Florence blushed crimson, bent her head until the soft rose touched the softer chin, and then she looked at me with appreciation and pride beaming from every feature, while our eyes met for a brief second.

"How dare you!" she scolded, playfully, leaning over and kissing the rose while she pressed it to her lips with her fingers.

In the enchantment of the moment we had not been aware of the approach of the Professor and Mrs. Agnew and our mutual friend Uumlah who hurried for the shelter of the tree under which we stood. I knew by the complexion of the Fifty-Fifty features that he had seen the romantic episode of the rose, and there was a warning there to the girl and a menace to myself. The frown seemed to carry with it a mixture of human strategy and animal cunning. He bowed and smiled gallantly, nevertheless, when he came up. The faithful collie accompanied him.

"A typical cloudburst," remarked the Professor when we met.

"Yes, and the tree will not shelter us long from it," said Mrs. Agnew.

Suddenly there was a strange chattering among the branches overhead. I looked up in astonishment.

"What's that?" I cried.

"Children," said Florence.

"Getting wet and scampering for home," defined Mrs. Agnew.

"Children!" I echoed. "Up a tree?"

Among the branches a group of half naked, hairy-bodied creatures were disporting themselves like real monkeys in a forest. They were evidently attempting to descend in efforts to escape the wet as Mrs. Agnew had suggested. They were the boys and girls of the Fifty-Fifties.

"How happy they are!" said Florence. "How they laugh!"

I could hear no laughter such as one might expect from children. There were grunts and rude calls, but nothing that approached a laugh according to my human judgment and knowledge. It was not even a substitute.

From the lower limbs of the tree they dropped one by one and scampered off in all directions half running, half creeping, towards their various homes.

Some of the "children" were completely naked with their bodies hairy like real monkeys; others were partially or wholly dressed; and their language as they chatted to each other, if it could be dig-

nified by the name of language, was completely unintelligible.

My friends laughed as the youngsters scampered away to get in out of the wet.

"How cute they are!" commented Mrs. Agnew.

"That depends altogether on taste," I differed.

"Then you are not fond of children?" Florence broke in disappointedly.

"On the contrary, I am very fond of children. I have two——"

"Two!" echoed Florence.

"Yes, a little niece and nephew to whom I am devoutly attached," I lied to shield my identity. For diplomatic reasons I did not wish Florence to know that I was a married man with two children of my own.

I was still to learn that the children of the Fifty-Fifties could not speak articulate language until they had attained the age of about fifteen years. At about ten their education began, and in five years they could speak "fluently." Speaking with the new race was not a natural gift as it was with us. Language with them was an acquired art, and was accomplished only at the expense of much difficulty, patience and perseverance. The education of the young began in the schools after they had mastered the rudiments in the early 'teen years. At about this age the wool was shed from the bodies, the skin became clear like our own, and there was a natural desire to cover themselves with artificial clothing both through a sense of modesty and for protection.

In scampering away some of them ran on all fours, while others walked nearly erect. In communicating with each other numerous signs and gesticulations were made with the arms, hands, face, eyes and lips.

In sizing up the situation it was evident that the variations in type and the sliding degrees in physical and mental development from the young up through the various generations of the Fifty-Fifties marked the progress of the race back through the ages to the very earliest times of their history.

I had a natural desire to go more into details with mine hosts, but I was compelled to strangle the desire for knowledge because my good friends refused to believe that the whole strange affair was a mere dream. I had to content myself with a personal study of the singular people whom I was meeting face to face for the first time, and drink in eagerly any gems of knowledge which accidentally fell from the mouths of my companions.

Mrs. Agnew's prediction that the tree would not protect us long from the abnormal rain storm, came true. Large drops began to sieve through the branches and we would have been drenched in a few moments had we re-

mained. Beyond the protection of the elm the water came down in torrents. For deliverance it was suggested that we make a dash across the street to the store of a friend.

(To be concluded)

The Scottish Society

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and ugly dances of the passing hour.

The society was called back to the days of the early Celtic Church in Scotland, and the religious settlement of St. Columba at Iona, when the Rev. A. F. Munro spoke at the next meeting. In the month of March two professors of the University filled the leading places on the programme. At the first Professor John Davidson gave an address on the "Flora of Scotland," and compared it with the Flora of British Columbia. His lecture was illustrated with many fine views of scenery in both regions and the native plants growing there, while the actual plants themselves dried and mounted in portfolios were present and added their veracious testimony. At the later meeting Dr. G. G. Sedgewick delivered a panegyric on the lyrical poetry of Sir Walter Scott, which pleased every patriotic Scot. In April the Scottish Landscape came in for its share of attention, when Miss Jessie Robertson, Mr. Walter Stevenson and the secretary dealt with that noble subject, and read poetry and prose from great writers in celebration of its beauties and its terrors. To the regret of all the president, Professor Henderson, who was to have spoken on the south of Scotland, allowed himself to be crowded out of the limelight on account of want of time.

Another April meeting, probably postponed into May, will end the regular program of a highly successful session. Professor Henderson has again been a most efficient and ready chairman, and the Musical Committee has provided excellent musical fare at the various meetings. The society will find it hard to improve upon the list of lecturers, who have so willingly and successfully given their help in the present year, but no doubt the Executive Committee in each year will strive hard to surpass its predecessors, and present to the members a comprehensive and vivid picture of Scottish life as it was and now is, with the ablest lecturers and the best musicians to draw the pictures.

This is how they keep Winter at bay in the Scottish Society of Vancouver.

D. G.