

Western Feminism

By A. M. ROSS

SITUATED on the outskirts of Western civilization and on the rim where Occident and rapidly re-awakening Orient meet, one might not unnaturally look to British Columbia for an exemplification of the last word in the matter of modern progress. And perhaps some such thought was in the minds of her legislators when they framed the constitution of the new university which it is hoped will next year adorn the extreme western end of the peninsula on which the city of Vancouver stands. At least nowhere in the English-speaking world is there an educational institution founded on such broad lines, or one which takes so fully into account modern tendencies. Here for the first time the great feminist movement is given full recognition by all sex disabilities being removed, and girls being placed on absolutely the same footing as boys. In the university of British Columbia there is no course which a girl may not take, no distinction made between her and her brother.

Nay more, in order that educated women may have an opportunity of expressing an opinion as to the proper training of those of their own sex, women have been allowed to sit as members of the senate and board of governors.

The first senate of the University of British Columbia, which was elected last week and is composed of fifteen members, includes two women, one from Victoria and one from Vancouver. The Vancouver representative is Mrs. Evelyn F. Farris, B.A., M.A., of Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia. She is a daughter of Professor E. M. Keirstead, LL.D., of McMaster University, and wife of John Wallace de Beque Farris, B.A., LL.D., one of the rising young barristers of Vancouver.

Mrs. Farris is a young woman of unusual charm and sweetness. Just casually meeting her and noting her bright, eager, almost girlish face and her quiet, unassuming manner, one would never guess what a string of formidable academic degrees she is privileged to wear at the end of her name. She is before all else a womanly woman, and just as unlike the popular conception of a blue stocking as the veriest society butterfly.

One might not unnaturally expect a woman bred in the high-browed atmosphere she was, to be something of a reformer, an ardent suffragette, a foremost club woman and a great many other things—one who would try to regenerate the world but would not on any account look after her own family. That is just what Mrs. Farris is not. She is a living exemplification of how higher education will not spoil a woman. Her first and deepest interest is her home, and she spends so much time on the care and education of her four pretty children that she cannot be said to be a leading society woman.

Neither is she a club woman. The only club with which she is connected is the University Women's Club, of Vancouver, which she was instrumental in organizing and of which she was the first President, holding office for three years until she stepped down to give someone else a chance. She was a member of the committee appointed to draft amendments to the laws of British Columbia in so far as they relate to women and children; and she was also one of the committee that went to Victoria for the purpose of persuading the powers that be to allow women barristers to practise in that province, and who succeeded so admirably that legislation to that effect was passed a few months ago.

In short, Mrs. Farris is a charming little woman, who, in spite of the generous share of common sense with which she is endowed, is quiet, winsome and likeable (*sensible* people are often so uninteresting). She can make a rattling good speech or cook a rattling good dinner as the occasion may demand, and there isn't a doubt that her ideas on the question of the most suitable education of the modern girl will be worth hearing.

THE other woman senator is Mrs. Madge Robertson Watt, B.A., M.A., daughter of Mr. Henry Robertson, K.C., of Collingwood, Ont., and wife of Dr. A. T. Watt, William's Head, Vancouver

Island, superintendent of the Coast quarantines of British Columbia.

Mrs. Watt is a woman of splendid ability and wide sympathies. After graduating from Toronto University, where she took her B.A. degree in 1889, and her M.A. the following year, she devoted herself to journalistic work.

In 1903 she married Dr. A. T. Watt, and has since made her home on the Pacific Coast.

She is intensely public spirited, and takes the deepest interest in all questions of modern progress, but particularly those relating to the advancement



Mrs. Evelyn F. Farris, Newly-Elected with Mrs. Madge Robertson Watt to the Senate of British Columbia University.

of women.

For some time she has been secretary of the Advisory Board of Women's Institutes of the Province of British Columbia, and has, at the request of the government, lectured to the Women's Institutes.

As it is proposed to pay particular attention to agriculture as a profession for both men and women, when framing the curriculum of the new university, Mrs. Watt is regarded as especially well suited for the position to which she has just been elected.

Polish Sketches

1. On Charms and Magic.

THE baby began to cry after Marinka had brought her back from her afternoon outing and later seemed languid and fretful. "I'm afraid she's going to be sick," I said, as her small body sank wearily

PUZZLE PICTURE—FIND THE LADY.



Brave to Assume the Costume but Timid to Essay the Bridge, is the Woman Seen Here Crossing that Ultra-Rustic Sort Which Confronts, Often, the Rocky Mountaineer.

into my arms and she said she wanted to "do byby."

Marinka stopped dishwashing for a moment and regarded her earnestly. "Perhaps someone look at her to-day," she said.

"What do you mean?" I asked, blankly.

"I mean p'raps person look at her bad in passing

by, p'raps make her seek. Oh, yes, honest, dat's often happen in my contree. You mustn't laugh, for I tell you true.

"In my contree is lots of wise women in all villages, and Polish people always talk mit them when baby seek or cry. Everyone know dere is people who make bad look and wise women make charm against dem eef you pay for dat. Eef your baby cry so hard you find out you must not lend no one nodings after sunset, no matter how much dey want to borrow little tea or milk. Eef your cow don't give milk dat's because someone who hate you put cheeken near your door. Once dere was woman dat seek all time and wise woman told her dat her neighbour come in her house while she out and take little bit of nine different tings and burn ashes and t'row dem on doorstep."

"Did she get better when she found that out?" I asked, as Marinka paused for breath. "Me, I don't know," she answered. "I not know dat woman, but I know story is true. Dere are no doctors dat is var' good in my contree, so lots people go to wise woman or wise man. Sometimes dey tell you awful foolish. My uncle had so bad toothache once and wise man tell him, vat you tink?" Marinka burst out laughing in the midst of her tale—"to run barefoot for t'ree hour on ice!"

By this time she was holding her sides with mirth. "Well, what happened?" I said.

"Oh, he so foolish, he do it!" she cried, between gasps, "and he die!"

"But why do you laugh?" I said, aghast.

"Because he so foolish do crazee ting like dat—my mutter don't believe nuttin' now, but long ago she use to go to wise woman because she so poor and want rich osban'. And my fader come and he rich and she servant on his father's farm, and he lof her and want marry mit her and so he do. And yet now she laugh at charm. My fader tell me once dat he lof awful pretty dark girl and want marry mit her, but he *can't do it*! Seem like someone push heem away every time he go to see her. It was awful sad story, dat poor girl. Once when she tanz at vedding some woman get mad mit her and take branch of green flower-plant she wear on dress, like all people at vedding. And dat woman take it in bush long way and trample it in mud. After dat no one can marry mit dat girl and she get seek, so seek and t'in, and no one can help. And after while girl die. And woman get seek and want die, but *she can't die*! For t'ree mont' she try awful hard, but it's no good. Den priest come and she tell him about flower and she say, 'Take me to place mit carriage and den I can die.' And she find flower just as she say and den she die easy. Honest, I know dat woman."

"Here in Vinnipeg is woman who can't have children and get awful t'in. Her 'osban' go to wise woman and give her \$300 in \$100 bills. She take one bill and burn it while he watch, den she say it's all right. And his wife have lots of babies and she so well."

"My fellow go to see fortune teller last night and he feel awful bad and when he see me he cry so hard. She tell heem he have plenty money but he would get mooch more if two womans don't hate him. He give her twenty dollar and fortune teller say lots of t'ings. She don't say mooch for one dollar, but I t'ink I give dat and go find eef I marry mit heem or anodder fellow. I don't want to know more dan dat. She tell my fellow dat two woman have taken two hairs of his head and put dem in handkerchief or in 'meert' (magic flower) pot. She can't tell which, but she find out if he gif her more money. And dey take dem to put in place where dead people are. He cry so hard and he say, 'I ain't done noding dat woman's do dis! I ain't steal or keel nobody! Why do dey hate me like dat?' He t'ink one woman is my aunt—she don't like heem mooch."

"I know one girl once she take man's handkerchief to church and let priest sprinkle mit holy water. Den she make man she don't like wipe his face mit handkerchief and she burn it. And he get awful seek right away."

"Eef baby is frightened by dog dat bite her or scratch her you can see all dat happen eef you melt beeg yellow candle (like in church) and put grease in cold water in basin and put basin on child's head. Sure, you see every t'ing what dog did, honest!"

FLORENCE RANDALL LIVESAY.