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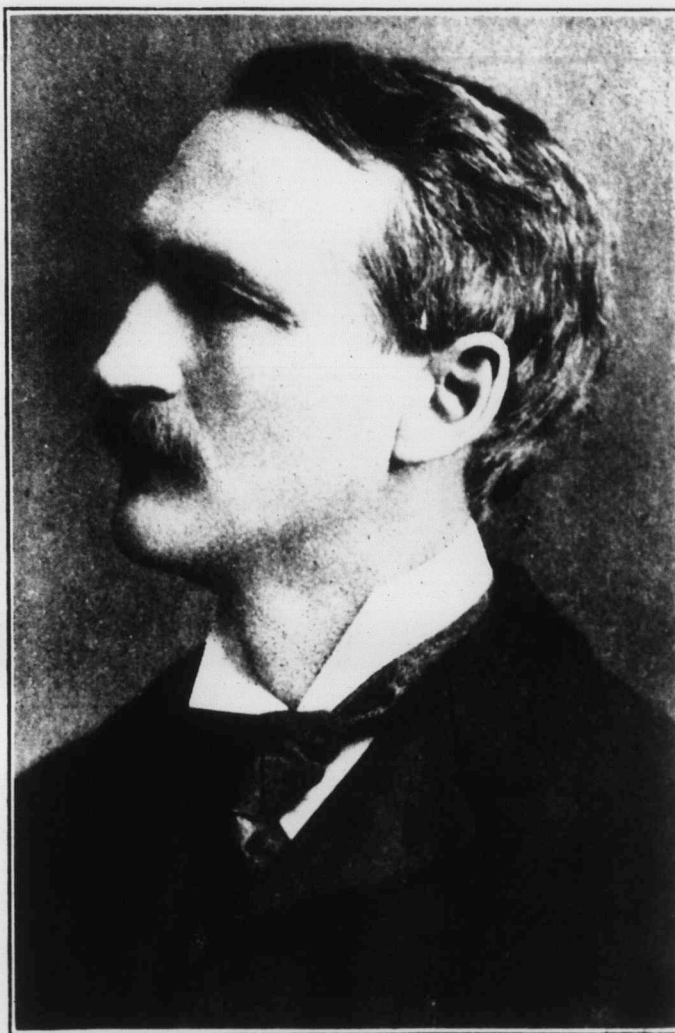
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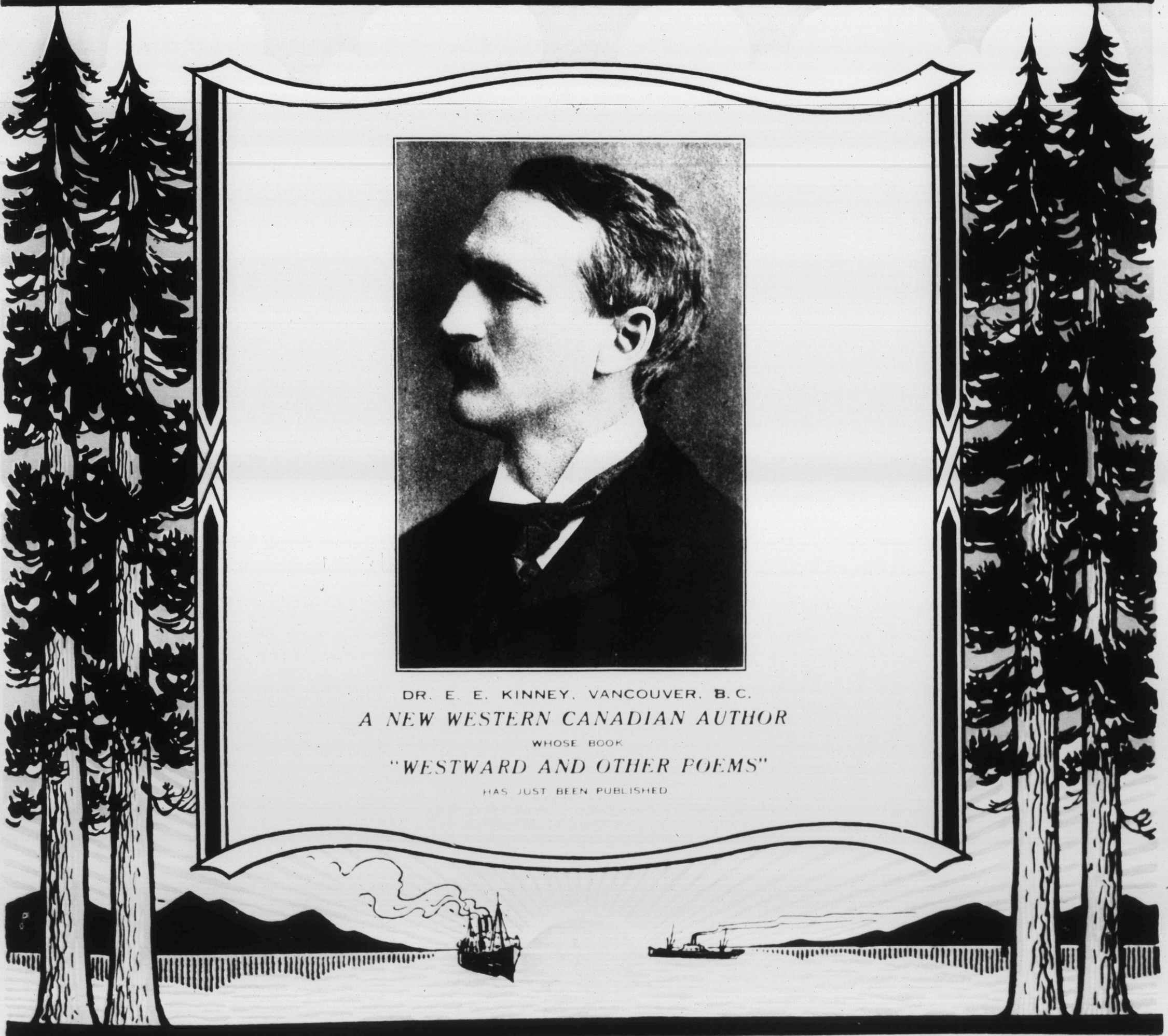
No. 6



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IV.—DOCTOR FISHER TO BE

"Gentleman to see you Miss."

"Show him up."

The voice failed to conceal the annoyance of the speaker. The landlady retired.

"Bother!" exclaimed Miss Fisher.

For a few more eager moments she devoured greedily a portion of Gray's Anatomy: "Thus far there has been traced the formation of enlarged spaces (secondary areolae), the perforated walls of which are still formed by calcified cartilage-matrix, containing an embryonic marrow, derived from the processes sent in from the osteogenic layer of the periosteum, and consisting of blood-vessels and round-cells, osteoblasts (Fig. 11)" Then she closed the book with a display of feminine temper, pushed her chair back from the table at which she had been sitting and frowned in agony:

"Fiddlesticks!" she complained. "Am I to be forever pestered by men?"

Even while she spoke there was an impatient knock at the door; and, before she could issue the usual formal invitation to enter, the visitor had clutched the handle of the door-lock with more impatience as though he would enter without ceremony.

"Come in," ordered Miss Fisher, hurriedly.

A young man entered beaming with delight but at the same time erratic with excitement.

"Dick, you here!"

"Yes. Why not? How are you?" And he extended a hand.

"Dick, you shouldn't have come," complained the young lady. But she accepted the friendly hand.

"But, Edna, I....."

"I beg your pardon, my name is Fisher—Miss Fisher, if you please," interrupted the girl haughtily. "Doctor Fisher to be."

Dick laughed:

"Since when?" he inquired.

"Yesterday, today and tomorrow," she replied inflexibly.

"What! Still harping away at that old stuff?" complained Dick.

"Most decidedly!"

"Well, you'r not mad, are you?"

"I certainly am. You shouldn't have come, that's all."

"Nevertheless I am here, and what are you going to do about it?" questioned Dick, drawing a chair close to her and sitting down.

"It's up to you," the girl replied, easing away from him slightly. "What brought you here anyway? You will spoil everything."

"I came on business. That is, I....."

"Glad to hear it. I was beginning to suspect you came to see me. What a relief!"

"Come now, you don't mean that," said Dick, taking up the slack that she had created between them by moving away.

"I mean it though."

There was a few second's deadlock during which Dick reached over and was about to pick up Gray's Anatomy which lay at arm's length on the table.

"No, you mustn't look at that book," the girl cautioned him, placing an objecting hand on the huge volume.

Dick withdrew hastily as though his hand had encountered a poisonous insect.

"No? And why not?" he inquired.

"Oh, well.....!"

A few moments of silent embarrassment.

"If you are going to be a doctor," warned Dick, "you will have to overcome all such refined modesty."

"Well, let's forget it."

"I'll say we should. But say, I have two tickets for the Empress. Will you come tonight?"

"Oh Dick, how rude you are! You know I detest theatres," she complained.

"Why I thought city life would have cured you of all that sour stuff?"

"Dick, you mean thing! Is that all the appreciation you have for my ambition to make good? I am mad now!"

"Oh, that's all right. No offence. I simply want to sandwich in a little recreation for you by way of a life-saver. A little nonsense now and then, you know," Dick apologized.

"I don't need any of your life-saving dope. I am happy," replied Miss Fisher, independently.

"What, happy on such a trash diet!" laughed Dick, sarcastically.

"Trash!" cried the girl, really angry this time. "It is good, sound, solid, sober sense, so there!"

"What, that?" And the young man pointed a contemptuous finger at the innocent volume on anatomy lying on the table with the title cover facing upward.

"Yes, that!"

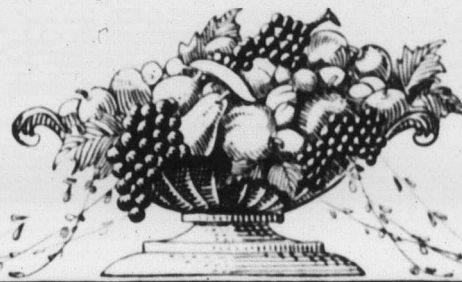
"Granted, for physicians and surgeons," differed the young man. "But not for a young lady of refinement."

"Sir, do you not know that the whole feminine world is crying out for female physicians and surgeons?" cried Miss Fisher haughtily.

"No. It's news to me," admitted Dick.

"Yes. We're always learning, arn't we?" replied Miss Fisher, almost scornfully.

"But we are not quarrelling, I hope," Dick evaded, calmly. "Come, let's be friends. Will you come to the Empress?"



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"I thought you came to town on business?" the young lady objected.

"And pleasure," he corrected. "Will you come?"

"Well, since you have been so rude as to buy tickets first and ask me afterwards, I will go. I don't like to see the ticket wasted."

"Oh, it wouldn't be wasted," said Dick, teasingly.

She surveyed him with a trace of suspicion, perhaps jealousy, then she smiled but did not speak.

"No, I wouldn't take any other girl," assured Dick, as though he had read between the lines of her manners.

"You are so thoughtful!" complimented the girl.

"And you are such a dear," Dick cried. "Be ready at eight. In the meantime go on dissecting the solar plexus. Good bye." And he went out laughing heartily at his own humor.

"Crazy!" Miss Fisher called after him as he disappeared.

Miss Fisher was away from home. She had passed senior matriculation in an interior high school, and was now at college in Vancouver. Although medicine, anatomy and physiology were not on the prescribed courses of study in her classroom, she had taken up those branches of science as a side line on her own initiative in anticipation of a professional career. She would be satisfied with nothing short of an M.D. degree, for the whole feminine world was crying out for female physicians and surgeons.

In the home town Dick had been her staunchest, most determined, and most faithful admirer, although she had many. He had been persistent to the extreme; firm in a blind faith that he would win; unfaltering and untiring notwithstanding the frigidity of her atmosphere, and the magnitude of the obstacles which she seemed to pile up in an effort to block his way to her heart. He battered away on the theory that a continued dropping of water will wear away stone.

For a few moments after the departure of Dick Bamford, Miss Fisher sat facing the mirror admiring the well-defined, perfectly-chiseled, richly-colored, sweet-expressed female face that was her own in all its wealth of human beauty. She regarded it with true feminine vanity; and then, as though the gift of nature had given offense, she dipped her finger into an inkwell and began to trace numerous hideous black lines across the astonished features.

"It's a shame, but it must be done," she said aloud in justification.

She disfigured her face until it resembled the features of a totem pole.

"There!" she cried, with mock triumph, "That will fix them. The next man who comes in here will get a fright."

Miss Fisher's feminine attractiveness was her most relentless enemy. Especially did she resent the beauty of her face, for it was a magnet of irresistible power to mere man. That physically perfect "defect" had been guilty of countless offenses. Unloving, it had been loved; despising, it had been worshipped; loathing, it had been honored. It had been the cause of precious time lost. Physically, Miss Fisher was a direct contradiction to her temperament. Physically, she had been created to be loved; mentally, she was wrapped up in things hopelessly foreign to love. She disfigured her features many times that she might be shunned rather than admired. She employed rouge to deform and not to beautify her skin. She neglected her dress, hair, and other important matters of toilet, and would hide herself for days and nights as a means of escape, but with negative results. The swifter she ran away the swifter they would follow. There were fatal attractions about her person, her manners, her movements, her voice, eyes, smile, laugh, that could not be covered up or obliterated—that would not permit themselves to go to waste.

Miss Fisher "admired" the disfigurement to her features for a few moments, smiled at the clownish face that greeted

(Continued on Page 15)

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"The Rosary of Pan"

A Review by Alice M. Winlow

In reading "The Rosary of Pan," a volume of rose-lit poems by Mr. A. M. Stephen, the writer is reminded of Compton MacKenzie's definition of poetry: "Poetry is the flame of life made visible."

At a time when success is measured by the amount of material accumulations, it is an inspiration to read Walter Pater: "To burn always with this hard gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy is success."

The artist, the sculptor, the actor, the musician, and above all the poet knows it. One senses in reading "Spirit of Beauty" the leaping of that gem-like flame,

"He who has heard
Thy laughter knows the primal sound
Of limitless desire that burgeoned forth
In sun and stars—the radiant flower of life.
But he, who for an hour hath held thee close
Will know himself a God—immortal as the Love
Which gave thee birth."

A conscious pantheism is found in "The Wanderer,"
"Through ages vast, in myriad ways, I sought thy face,
In rocky adamant, in plant and beast and bird—
In rubies, blood from the gentle bosom of the Earth,
I found Thee prisoned for a passing age.
I felt Thee call me in the crimson rose."

There is much ground for debate in "Woman."
"O Mother Substance—soul and sense, in fine,
Of God's own thought, whence stars and atoms grew,
We call Thee Earth or Woman. Why not divine?
Has God forgotten that He always knew
This want of you?"

The metaphysician will answer, "Nay. All is maya—illusion. God is spirit and spirit is all the substance that is."

But whatever the discussion, Mr. Stephen's poems on Woman are the red rays of the spectrum, passionate and beautiful.

Lover's of Vancouver's beauty will be grateful for the description of the North Shore as one sees it from the water in the evening.

"Our prow, preceding from the quay, passed through
The tremulous, golden colonnade the shore-lights cast
Within the water's murky depths. So might a stately
Barge, a part of some great sea-king's carnival,
Pass through a pillared entrance wrought from woodland,
Flowers and phosphorescent fire of southern seas.
Before us lay the silver strait, now veiled
By gathering mists; behind, tier upon glittering tier
The City's lights rose upward from the shore
As if these constellations sought to merge with those
Which gemmed the twilight o'er the mountain's rim."

In "Scarlet and Gold" Mr. Stephen has caught the glory of the Maples.

"There is a story written no art can ever name
And golden
As of olden
The fiery heralds run.
Across the fields of Canada we trace their path of flame
Within the dim translucent haze,
The mellow mood of autumn days,
We catch the regal glory which outvies the elder fame
Of all the flowers of fairyland—
The gold and scarlet saraband
Of maples in the sun."

In "The Wall" there is almost a religion of friendship and love, and an august splendor in "Superman."

The crescendo of beauty and faith in these poems leads to the climax in that outstanding poem "The Sanctuary."

"Live on us as if each moment were thy last.
What we have given thee to know of Love's
Swift fire is as a spark of that great flame
Which lights the worlds. The shadows are thine own.
To KNOW is well. Hast thou the WILL to cleave
Thy way clear to the heart of God and DARE
To live within the splendour of this love?"

GEO. T. WADDS

PHOTOGRAPHER

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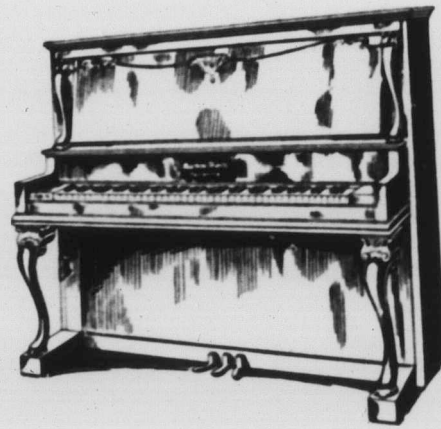
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SOME OF DENNY'S OUT-OF-SCHOOL DOINGS.

(By Annie Margaret Pike)

Chapter I.

DENIS

When Opportunity knocked, Denis Donnelly not only said "Come in," but also made the best of speed to open the door.

That was his way when he was not in school. In school-hours he was like John, or Raymond, or Henry, or Alexander, or Francis, or any other twelve year old boy you might name. He got through the tedium as best he could; it never occurred to him to call school an opportunity.

He lived in Dublin and attended Dr. Blank's school in the Rathdrum Road, but although he crossed over from one side of the road to the other every school day, and could easily have read the motto which was conspicuous on the front of the school-house, he did not so much as glance at it.

"Ora & Labora." The words went unnoticed by Denny though he laboured over his "Principia Latina," and his much blotted exercise book, and his weary construeing of two half-pages of Caesar a week. No doubt if he had seen it he would have considered "labora" an appropriate word indeed.

"To have a good time," was Denny's own private motto.

Denny had bright red hair, and merry blue eyes, and more freckles than could be counted in a month of Sundays. His sister, Kathleen, who was older than he, said his nose was in the ascendant. Denny took all the teasing he got about his fiery locks and his turned-up nose, in the most good-natured manner possible, up to a certain point. His school-fellows soon learned where to stop, for "Donnelly Minor," as they still called him although his brother Robert had left school, could be disagreeable when his anger was aroused.

However, such episodes need not come into our story.

The family income was not a large one. Kathleen, as well as Denis, was at school, and the two sets of school fees had to be met every quarter.

Robert was now an articled pupil in the office of Messrs. McQuarrie & Kilner, Architects, who never took a less premium than one hundred pounds with any pupil, so it is not to be wondered at that the work of the Donnelly home was done with the help of only one servant.

She (her name was Bridget Doyle) was a fine up-standing country girl who went to early mass at Mount Argus Chapel before breakfast every Sunday morning "rain or shine."

She used to aver to her mistress that Father Charles, one of the oldest of the priests there, was "not a man at all, Ma'am dear, but just a walking saint."

On certain days wagonette loads of crippled children, as well as ailing people for miles around, would gather to receive his blessing, and a sprinkling of holy water from his hand.

Naturally then when Bridget's eyes were sore, she wished to attend one of these gatherings.

It was when Denny was about ten, and she took him with her. But Denny, not being a Roman Catholic, was left seated part way down the Chapel when she herself went up to kneel at the altar rails.

Father Charles had evidently noticed that the two were in company, for when he was sprinkling holy water on Bridget's eyes, he asked about the boy, and on her replying that he was not belonging to the true church, the aged priest took more holy water in his hand and threw it in the direction of Denis, saying sorrowfully, "Ah! Poor child, poor child!"

Bridget loved all the three young Donnellys, but Denis was her especial favourite. No one whom Father Charles had honoured with his notice could fail to be a favorite with her.

"Indade thin, Masther Dinny was a bad-tempered child until that day," she would say in relating the circumstance, "and now ye couldn't find a better-hearted crature betune this and Galway."

Denis, the favorite, might go into the kitchen at times when no one else dared to brave the "lenth an' breath" of Bridget's tongue, to use her own phrase for what she gave to all whom she considered to be intruders.

(To be Continued)

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KINDRED

What vexes thee, O Sea? hast thou a heart
 Within that grey, light-shifting breast of thine:
 A lonely heart, in yearning like to mine?
 Dost live apart,
 A spirit manacled to stern Remorse,
 And walled for ever in thy shaking waves?
 Hark, 'tis thy voice
 In agony re-echoes thro' those caves,
 Comfortless, hoarse.

Behold, there is no movement in the pines;
 Far towers their shaggy grandeur toward the blue:
 No sable-suited zephyr murmurs through
 Their serried lines,
 Below their purple talons grip the rock
 Touched by the tireless sequence of the tides,
 Whose waves, like weary hands, for ever knock
 Where Rest abides.

But ah! like me, they sigh and knock in vain,
 They shall not learn the secret of the veiled:
 Nor do they know again their offspring rain,
 That, heaven scaled,
 Have darkened down the golden lapse of day,
 To fill the fainting brooks with fuller song
 Which, born in laughing mood, re-seek the sea
 With silenced tongue.

—J. D. STUART

Edwin Enoch Kinney:

A NEW BRITISH COLUMBIA AUTHOR AND HIS WORK

(By the Editor)

Literary interest, like other noteworthy things, should "begin at home," and we are always glad to be able, directly through these pages or through our contributors, to give a welcome to the work of Western Canadian writers in prose or verse. The fact that in arranging for the publication of his book, the author thought fit to entrust it to the office of this magazine, naturally does not lessen our interest. Nor do we consider it any the less in place for us to introduce to readers of the BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY the biographical note published in the book, with which we trust many of them will become acquainted, for its own sake and also because it is, in the main, a "B. C. Product."

* * * * *

Whatever other of the characteristics of Dr. Kinney may impress the observer or friend, no one is likely to conclude that he is of the self-advertising type of human. But, at the suggestion of the publisher of this book of verse, the author agreed to the incorporation in its pages of at least a biographical outline.

Born near Woodstock, New Brunswick, over half a century ago, Edwin Enoch Kinney came, on both sides of the house, of United Empire Loyalist stock, his great-grandparents entering St. John harbour on the "May Fleet" in 1783.

When he was a lad, the practical personal interest of a school teacher, Mr. Ivory Kilbourne, was a real influence in his career, as "he worked on the farm in summer and went to school during the winter months." He went to Fredericton as soon as he had reached the age for entrance to the Provincial Normal School. While there, he became acquainted with the Roberts family, and of Charles G. D. Roberts he writes: "Well-educated and full of enthusiasm, he was a strong personality for a country boy to come in contact with, even for a brief acquaintance On one or two occasions I remember meeting a very tall young man—Bliss Carman—in company with Roberts, but I did not get well acquainted with him. The latter was a University student at that time."

The man whose influence was strongest over Dr. Kinney, while he was at Fredericton, was George Parkin, Principal of the Collegiate Institute at that time, who afterwards became a distinguished Professor in Oxford University, winning knighthood.

After teaching in a district school in Eastern Canada for some months, Dr. Kinney came to the West, settling first in Glendale, Montana (U.S.A.). He roughed it for a bit, taught in the public schools, and then he entered the Ohio Northern University with the view of preparing himself for the study

of Medicine. He graduated B.Sc. from that institution in the class of 1889—with honors and valedictorian.

Intending to complete a medical course, he returned to teaching, but, owing to an accident, had the misfortune to lose the hearing in one ear. This led to his taking up Dentistry instead of Medicine, and he graduated from the Philadelphia Dental College in the class of 1897. He practiced Dentistry in Lowell, Massachusetts, for fourteen years before he came to Vancouver.

His inclination to write verse dates back to the days in the Normal School at Fredericton. In discussing different kinds of verse-writing, Dr. Kinney remarked: "I prefer to stick to the stanza with its regular rhythms and rhymes. I think there are valid reasons for the use of rhyme. Two of the reasons always given, that it adds to the music and aids in the unity, are indisputable. Another reason is that rhyme is a good cue for the memory I am well aware that verse-writing is a difficult art, but the field is open and it is wide."

It may be of interest to note here that the author of these verses when at College took for his graduation thesis, "The Conflict between Science and Poetry," but that he freely says that he has changed his opinion since then. "While it is true that modern science and philosophy have dispelled the transcendental halo, yet they have found Beauty to be a reality almost commensurate with Truth. It is evident that the cult of the beautiful as expressed in Art, especially in poetry, is an essential factor in the advancement of the human race; and the present renaissance in the writing of verse is a sign of progress."

In referring to his own writings—always a difficult and delicate thing for a writer in prose or verse to do—Dr. Kinney says; "In regard to my own attempts at verse; it is evident that, in addition to other faults, in many cases I have been too direct and didactic, too eager to express an opinion; but I have tried to be honest, and to look at things from a sane and modern viewpoint. 'Westward' tells the story of my father's life, coloured, of course, by the fact that he found in the beauties of the sunset an avenue to the higher life. 'The Conch-Shell Horn,' 'Geordie,' etc., are descriptions of life on a Canadian farm, and may be of some interest on that account."

If "Westward" tells the story of his father's life," perhaps the reader will hold with the editor of this volume that various verses in it reveal the character of the writer of them as that of a man of broad sympathy, of kindly and sometimes playful humour, and altogether a strong-reasoning, yet gentle, genial soul, in harmony with Nature, and in love with his fellow-man.

"THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING"

(You Know the rest) is a small matter when compared with—
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Verses that Appeal to all Ages and Stages of Life.*

Such a designation may be held to make an extravagant claim, or one hard to justify; and yet, if the main basis of attraction in poetry centres in the human interest, we believe the general reader will agree that the sentence "Verses that Appeal to all Ages and Stages of Life," is a not inapt description of the varied poems that fill the little volume just issued by Dr. E. E. Kinney. No doubt the higher critics of verse will find flaws and faults here and there, but to judge a book (no less than a human being) fairly, one must consider the general character and the dominating spirit.

The very variety of the subjects dealt with by Dr. Kinney is a tribute to the many-sidedness of his interests. For instance anti-prohibitionists no less than prohibitionists may find amusement in the verse under "Resignation," written in 1916 when Prohibition was enforced in B. C. But in "John Barleycorn" the same writer leaves no doubt about his estimate of the dangers that lurk in the use of the stimulant usually associated with that name.

The scientific training of the verse writer has affected his interpretation and philosophy of life, and in not a few cases strengthened the reasoning involved in the more serious pieces, such as those under "Science," "Justice," "The Cell," "Truth," "Reason," etc.

Reason is King. Within the realm of Soul
He rules by conquest and by right divine;

* * * * *

Reason is King: but be it also known—
That Love is still the power behind the throne.

Dr. Kinney's poems associated with "Nature" would themselves win the attention of the nature-lover. But perhaps his happy spirit is revealed at its best in his verses to or for young folks, in such numbers as "Fairyland," and "The Night Elves at White Rock;" while his "Good-night Lullaby" may easily become a mothers' crooning song.

What might be called his "Personal Pieces" (written for friends junior or senior) have a charm of their own, which is all the greater because of their possible adaptation to the experiences of others. In this class are "When We Were Boys Together," "To Katie Jensen," "Lines to a High School Graduate," and "To My New Friend."

While there is no suggestion of sectarianism in the book, a winsome practical interpretation of the Christ spirit is suggested in "Of Good Cheer" and in "Lend a Hand:"

Christ said, "Love ye one another."

To each fainting, falling brother,

Lend a hand.

To the blind man at the gate,

To the cripple maimed by fate,

To the sinner lost and late,

Lend a hand.

Nor is what some would call exclusively "Love poetry" lacking—though there is a sense in which a loving spirit permeates all the poems appearing in this not bulky but well-balanced book. Interested readers may turn to "A Song,—Dear Maid So Fair," "Faithful and Beautiful Catherine Maier," etc.

That Dr. Kinney is an optimist is clearly shown in poems like his "Song of Hope," "At Rest," "The Decree," "Seaward," etc. The last verse of "At Rest" reads:

"Oh, why should death be dreaded then,
Whose shadow blends with light Divine,
Whose cup contains the anodyne
For all the ills and pains of men?"

* "Westward and Other Poems," by Edwin Enoch Kinney, \$1.50, British Columbia Monthly office, 1100 Bute Street, Vancouver, B. C.

Many of the poems reveal the writer of them as a keen observer and lover of Nature, and not a few are as notable for their genuine humour as for their healthy philosophy.

In proof of the first part of that statement, we refer the reader to the first portion of the poem which gives its name to the book. The character of the parent, "the central figure of the scene" is portrayed in the second part of "Westward" as that of a type which the hurry and bustle of modern life makes more difficult of attainment in town or country, even if a strong desire for it be inherent in some men:

From boyhood he had led the simple life,
Free from the cares of those who buy and sell,
Free from the clash of thoughts and worldly strife;
And everyone who knew him loved him well.

* * * * *

Long had he felt the charm of sunset's hour:
In childhood there was fairyland to him,
Whence came the tints of rainbow, bird and flower,
But no dread image from the shadows dim.

When youth let glad imagination rove,
It stole the color from the evening sky,
To beautify the dawning of his love

And tinge his precious hope with purest dye.

Such quotations may recall to many readers their own happy memories of evening walks in the twilight hour, and the recurring indefinite, yet very real, suggestions in the afterglow of sunset of Him

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns."

There is indeed a similar thought in the verse:

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The portals of immortal joy seemed there,
The entrance to that fuller life beyond,
Whose loveliness, than poet's dream more fair,
Transcends all which to mortal ken hath dawned.

Then what were dusk and night to him who read
Such wondrous beauties in the sun's decline?
The stars smiled down a blessing on his head,
And whispered from night's curtain: "Peace be thine."

If it be true, as we believe, that literature in prose or verse tends to out-standing worth, not only for what is said directly but for the underlying suggestions in it, quite a number of those short poems by Dr. Kinney will win approval on that account. It is with no idea of plagiarism, conscious or unconscious, on the part of this Western Canadian verse-writer that we say that, according to the reader's acquaintance with or memory of the works of the poets of established position, will he be reminded of this favorite or that. Kindred writings of Wordsworth, Thomson (of "The Seasons"), Whittier, Tennyson and (among others) Robert Burns may be recalled to mind. It would indeed be an interesting study to point out the poems that act as links in that happy chain latent in the "sub-conscious" personality of all who read verse with sympathy; but this is neither the time nor place to do so.

That Dr. Kinney can be finely fanciful in a way absolutely free from the past—even that storied past which all readers consciously or unconsciously accumulate—and a way that involves up-to-date associations, is amply evidenced in the various poems that are connected with "White Rock"—the B. C. watering place on the mainland coast, about thirty miles from Vancouver.

White Rock, indeed, may be proud of the attention drawn to it by this British Columbia poet, and it is a reasonable inference that the inspiration for other verses in addition to those pieces in which the name of that seaside resort occurs

has been received by Dr. Kinney while he was spending his rest-time from professional duties at his summer home there.

The book, which is well bound in cloth, is not pretentious in size, but if a first purpose in all literary expression is to provoke happy and helpful and stimulating thoughts, we have no hesitation in saying that readers who value literature in the form of well-written verse will find in "Westward and Other Poems" a volume to which they can not only turn with sustained interest and delight, themselves, but which they will hold worthy of passing to friends in Eastern Canada and elsewhere as further evidence that this "new country"—this Farthest West Province of the British Empire—is not without its refined and refining minds, who, as in the case of Dr. Kinney, teach us to ask ourselves:

"Shall e'er we read the lessons all complete
Of Life and Love and Beauty 'round our feet?"

—D. A. C.

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"IF WINTER COMES" By F. R. McTaggart

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NOTE:

The next issue of The British Columbia Monthly will contain:

- (1) SAM SLICK AND HIS CREATOR: By R. L. Reid, K. C.
- (2) MORE IMPRESSIONS OF BRITAIN: III. The Ports: By W. Dalton
- (3) THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD: By A. D. M. etc.

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"BE BRITISH," COLUMBIANS!

VOLUME XXI.

DECEMBER, 1923.

No. 6

Editorial Notes

IN KEEPING WITH THE EXPANSION IN SERVICE OF THIS MAGAZINE, THE EDITORIAL NOTES ARE NOW PUBLISHED IN SECTIONS: (1) COMMUNITY; (2) EDUCATIONAL; (3) LITERARY and (4) RELIGIOUS.

COMMENTS, QUESTIONS, OR SUGGESTIONS RELATING TO ALL DEPARTMENTS ARE INVITED. COMMUNICATIONS WILL BE PASSED TO THE MEMBER OF THE EDITORIAL COMMITTEE TO WHOSE SECTION THEY PERTAIN.

—(Managing Editor)

COMMUNITY

In common with other journalistic workers, and all citizens who value strong human personality devoted to service through literature and life, we regret the passing from this sphere of activity of Dr. S. D. Scott, formerly editor of the NEWS-ADVERTISER, and latterly an editorial and "The Week-end" writer of the Vancouver DAILY PROVINCE.

Practically from the time Dr. Scott came to the NEWS-ADVERTISER the editor of this Magazine, though so much his junior in years and experience, was among those privileged to have occasional meetings and conversations with him. As in the case of so many others, no doubt, Dr. Scott's cheery and encouraging words of a personal and professional kind, no less than his unfailing repertoire of stories, reminiscent and other, were an inspiration. His friendly sympathy manifested through his fine understanding spirit, must be a cherished memory to many, who like the writer, only wish they had had even more time

If we had less frequent opportunity of meeting Mr. Cunningham, editor of the BRITISH COLUMBIAN, New Westminster, who also passed away recently, we none the less wish to put on record that he, too,

and opportunity in this life to profit by contact with his uneffusive, but strong and sterling human character.

As Mr. Sanford indirectly anticipated in the course of his fitting remarks at the funeral service, it may be assumed that steps will be taken in some department of community life, educational or other, to commemorate this outstanding Canadian writer and commentator who was a pioneer among the intellectual workers of Western Canada. No doubt a worth-while memento in book form could be produced from his writings, but that should not be all. In painting or sculpture (and perhaps also by a Scholarship) the personality of this man of a remarkable memory, genial soul, untiring service, and winsome capacity for fellowship through his pen and his genius for friendly helpfulness, should be impressed upon the present generation, and perpetuated to future ones.

was one of that kindly and notable fraternity of leading western Canadian journalists, who, in the rush of these modern days, could always find time by the way for friendly chat and sympathetic exchange.

Congratulations are again due the Glee Club of Vancouver Kiwanis Organisation for their work in providing a Minstrel entertainment, the proceeds of which are directed to the welfare of underprivileged children. Notwithstanding the unusual hour (11.15) at which, to ensure the free use of a theatre, the performance was staged, a large crowd attended. This year's programme was more than passing fair of its kind, and in the main a distinct credit to all concerned.

Though it may be difficult to better the arrangement, there is little doubt that if such a performance—with such an object—could be given say from 9 to 11, even the biggest Vancouver entertainment hall would be small enough for all

who would attend. It may therefore be in place to suggest that should this enterprising Glee Club continue such work, the management might next season consider giving several of the larger theatres, or whoever controls them, the opportunity of showing their practical interest in such real community service as that of the under-privileged child. With 25 per cent. allowed off the dollar charged—if it HAD to be allowed—we surmise that the leading places of entertainment would vie with each other in giving the hours of 9 to 11 for at least one evening to such a worthy work.

* * * * *

"The Season's Greetings" to all our readers.

EDUCATIONAL
(By Spectator)

The recent passing of two noted educationalists leaves Canada the poorer. Dr. S. D. Scott, as a journalist of vision and high ideals, was for fifty years an educationalist in a very true sense of the word. In all that he wrote there was the genuine ring: one felt that with him the truth was never even colored for effect. His readers could trust the man, so honest, so sane, so human in his every utterance; in insight so penetrating, in judgment so weighty. In university counsels and management he was a stalwart; in religious circles a tried leader; as a citizen universally respected.

Moving in a different sphere, and less in the public eye, but not unlike Dr. Scott in his inflexibility of character and purpose, and his devotion to duty, was Dr. John MacMillan, of Ottawa, who lately passed away at the patriarchal age of eighty-five. It steadies us to know that in a young, restless country like Canada, this grand old veteran could look back with honest pride on fifty years of unselfish service in one school, the Ottawa Grammar School and Collegiate Institute,—eighteen years as assistant teacher, ten years as vice-principal, and twenty-two years as principal. He, too, labored without ceasing, under the banner of the church of his fathers, to make righteousness prevail, and to do his part in building up a Canadian nationality on enduring foundations.

* * * * *

We are informed by the press that the Dominion Government is prepared to admit, in unlimited numbers, immigrants of sound body and good character from every country. Some reservations should perhaps be understood. Members of the cabinet might well stand aghast should such a suggestion be taken too literally. For although it would be comparatively easy to bring immigrants to this favored land in large numbers, it would not be so easy to Canadianize them and prevent their becoming a menace to our national life. The problem would be a problem for the school, but the government must needs see to it that the school gets a fighting chance.

* * * * *

Agitation for a survey of the educational system of the province by trained experts continues unabated. On November 15th, Mr. R. Sparling, principal of the Aberdeen school, addressed the Kiwanis Club on this subject, pointing out that the object of such a survey was not to find fault, but to discover whether the system is meeting present day requirements of the social organism in general, and of the children and youth in particular. He thought primary, secondary and higher education should not be regarded as occupying separate, air-tight compartments. The system should be treated as one articulated, unified whole. Some might favor a survey made by local educationalists; others might prefer one conducted by outside authorities; the best results would probably follow if the work were done by outside experts assisted by local educational leaders. The speaker's views were received with enthusiastic appreciation. The Kiwanis Club evidently stands solidly behind the principle of the survey.

* * * * *

If a pun might be forgiven one might say that the number of students enrolled during the present session at the Vancouver and Victoria Normal Schools is abnormal. The combined enrollment in the two schools is nearly seven hundred. At this rate the entire teaching body in British Columbia might be replaced every five or six years. Just now, many highly qualified teachers look for a position in vain.

What should be done to better the situation? The opportunity might well be seized to require more adequate training of new applicants for admission to the teaching profession. For three high school years the teachers' course might be made identical with the course for Arts matriculation. Another year's work, with particular bearing on the teaching matter

presented in the classroom, might be prescribed either in the curriculum of the high school or in that of the normal schools. The result would be a lessening of our present embarrassment of pedagogical riches, and greater maturity and much greater fitness in those about to be intrusted with the instruction and training of the young.

* * * * *

On November 16th, the Fraser Valley Teachers' Institute held its twelfth annual convention at Chilliwack. Mr. T. A. Brough, Vancouver City assistant municipal inspector, who has been closely associated with the work of the institute since its inception, was for the third time elected honorary president. A significant feature of the meeting was the appointment of a committee to prepare a report on the vocational guidance of boys and girls. The convener, Mr. Reddy, has of late been closely observing tendencies in American school life. So impressed is he by the apparent determination of the American people to banish every kind of inefficiency, and to ensure the highest development of every individual of the nation, that he is haunted by the fear that Canada will fall woefully behind in the great world race unless she is content to take a leaf out of the American book. With genuine American progress all right-minded Canadians must be in fullest sympathy. The effort being made to free half a continent from the curse of the liquor traffic is a movement which to our shame we as a people refuse to take seriously. But to treat any great moral movement without due sympathy is to kick against the pricks and invite our own destruction.

* * * * *

Chilliwack boasts an excellent five-teacher high school serving one of the finest secondary school constituencies in the province. In its classes the teaching of agriculture has a unique place. While it is possible that only a few of the present students of this subject will adopt ranching as their own life-work, the scientific study of agriculture cannot fail to raise the farming profession to an honored place in the thoughts of growing boys and girls. It should have sufficient influence to induce a goodly proportion of the children of the farm to follow the occupation of their parents, and should, in time serve to attract not a few others to this, the basic industry of civilization.

* * * * *

The problem of the subnormal child is one thing, that of the supernormal is another. From time to time boys and girls pass the high school entrance examination at from nine to twelve years of age, and matriculate in arts in their early teens. Canadian boys of from fifteen to seventeen years of age have gained the degree of bachelor of arts, and not without honors. But no one would for a moment claim that these unfortunates have received the full benefit of university life and training. Should these prodigies, then, have been compelled to advance at the goose-step pace befitting their fellows? By no means. Genius, and even talent, are gifts too rare to be dulled or deadened by well-meaning parents or teachers. Let the precocious child overtake the daily task of his grade at the pace natural to him, and spend the time he is able to save in reading extensively under the supervision of the teacher, or in pursuing some extra study of special interest to himself. If such a plan is adopted in public and high school, the student will be enabled to enter the university in early manhood with mind enriched and judgment trained by long contact with the world's great minds. In college halls and on the college campus he should be prepared to undertake the duties of leadership without impairing his progress or standing in those subjects for the pursuit of which the university primarily exists.

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Yours sincerely,

D. A. Chalmers.

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The Industries of British Columbia

(By A. A. Milledge, Manager B. C. Products Bureau)

I.

I am going to deal in turn with each of the basic industries of British Columbia—Agriculture, Forestry, Fishing, Mining and Manufacturing—each one of which is an important factor in the success and development of the Province. Each is developed in a different direction by a different set of workers, yet all are united in support of each other and the general prosperity and development of all British Columbia.

First there is Agriculture. First because the initial industry of any new country is the wherewithal to sustain life, for as agriculture is developed so will all other industries be developed.

British Columbia is particularly blessed by nature with a variety of climates, which make possible the cultivation of nearly every form of vegetable and farm product known to mankind.

The first known farmer in British Columbia was named Daniel William Harmon, who settled in the Fraser Lake District in the year 1811 and cultivated potatoes, other vegetables and barley. From that time the production has grown to such an extent that in the year 1922 it reached a value of \$55,322,971. Farm land values have also increased so that today they are the most valuable in the Dominion of Canada; the average value of improved land being \$122 per acre, which is nearly \$60 higher than in any other Province.

It must be borne in mind that British Columbia is essentially a small farm country. One reason for this is the normally high cost just referred to; the other, and a very good reason is that a man can make a better living on a small farm in B. C., as is general on the Pacific Coast, than he can do elsewhere on the American continent.

Over 50,000 people are settled on these lands and they produce a wide variety of products, including live stock, grain and feed, tree and small fruits, canteloupes, grapes and hops, wool, hides, tobacco, dairy products, poultry, eggs, vegetables and honey.

Taking first of all Fruits. Last year the Province produced 176,802,927 lbs. of all fruits, valued at \$4,915,604. Of these the apples alone totalled 147,788,262 lbs., or 3,186,525 boxes valued at \$2,789,919. The average price received by the producer per box of apples was 88 cents.

Small fruits produced amounted to 9,867,862 lbs., valued at \$1,150,874, the greater portion of which were grown in the Fraser Valley District; no less than 1,749,441 lbs. of strawberries and 1,424,215 lbs. of raspberries being grown and canned in the district between Vancouver and Chilliwack.

Turning to Vegetables, the total vegetable crop of B. C. in 1922 amounted to 244,884 tons, having a value of \$5,847,772; of which 115,122 tons were potatoes valued at \$2,693,855. The average yield per acre was 6 tons and the average price received by the farm was \$23.40.

We next take Grains and Fodders. The area of grain land in the Province is slowly increasing; some 129,152 acres being utilized in the production of wheat, oats, barley, flax, etc. The total production of all grains last year amounted to 4,172,095 bushels, so that it will be seen that B. C. is by no means to be ignored as a grain-growing country.

The increase in the acreage of alfalfa in recent years has been quite pronounced, there being 15,918 acres with a production of 47,754 tons. Fodder crops total 518,804 tons valued at \$12,467,332 were produced in B. C. last year.

The Province is fortunate indeed in possessing a very high

class stock of graded cattle and other live stock. The value of all domestic animals is today placed at \$14,550,494 proving beyond a doubt that the country is well adapted to the raising of live stock. There are 105,070 head of dairy cattle in the Province, an increase of 3,550 over the previous year. As a chicken farming country B. C. has few equals; no less than 7,189,276 lbs. of poultry and 6,069,217 dozen eggs being produced last year. The Fraser Valley and Vancouver Island districts are admirably suited for this particular branch of industry.

As a dairy country, it is safe to say that there are wonderful opportunities, the production having grown by leaps and bounds until last year the dairy products were valued at \$8,000,135; 3,906,415 lbs. of butter valued at \$1,552,376 and 11,054,390 lbs. of cheese with a value of \$4,421,756 were produced from our farms.

Another branch of agriculture which has made great strides in recent years is Bee-keeping. Last year there were 2,143 apiaries with 11,591 hives, their product being 711,356 lbs. of honey valued at \$177,839.

These few figures go to show the extent to which the Agricultural industry of British Columbia has grown; but even with this great production there is still room for development as is evidenced by the fact that this Province imported 7,739,950 lbs. of butter and 9,762,542 lbs. of meat last year.

There are also openings for many dehydrating and fruit crystalizing plants to take care of the great tonnage of second-class fruit which goes to waste each year. Better distributing and storage facilities are also needed in order that the marketing of fruit and vegetable crops may be done on a more economical and satisfactory basis.

Whilst the problems facing the Agricultural Industry are many, the people in the cities can do a great deal towards solving them by patronizing its products, for Agriculture is the initial industry and is responsible for the establishment and development of all other industries.

Increased prosperity in the rural communities means increased prosperity in the cities. Each must reciprocate in the buying of the other's goods, so that the home market of neither the farmer nor the manufacturer is injured.

Buy B. C. Products, build up the farming communities, attract the right kind of settlers in the fertile valleys, and within a few years British Columbia will have assumed her rightful place as the fairest Province in the British Empire.

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Camping on Gambier Island

By M. E. Colman

Camping! How delightful a word! How redolent of youth and joy, of romance and gay adventure!

But there are brands and brands of camping, and to go as a volunteer helper in a Fresh Air Camp is the thrillingest brand of all.

Fircom Point Camp (First Presbyterian and Vancouver Community House Camp) is on Gambier Island and is reached by a two hour sail from Vancouver in the original 'silver ship with gleaming sails' which has been diverted from its usual run to the "gates of ivory and gold" which lead to fairyland.

A five minutes walk through a fragrant woody path leads to "the only K-K-Kamp that we adore," as the girls put it. Here in a horseshoe shaped clearing nestles a little cottage surrounded by gleaming white tents—sixty eager children drop bundles and baskets with a sigh of deep contentment. Then arises a babel of voices, a joyous clamour,

"Say, Teacher, when do we go swimmin'?"

"Kin I go in the woods?"

"Kin we two be together, Please?"

"When's supper ready?"

"Will canteen be open tonight?"

"Teacher, Tee-cherrr, say Teacher, ain't we goin' to stay ten days countin' from tomorrer? There," triumphantly, "Didn't I tell yer?"

Now begins a life of strenuous joys. Breakfast at seven-thirty,—sixty Oliver Twists, all demanding "More";—"clinic" at nine, arnica, iodine and bandages in great demand;—tent inspection at nine-forty-five, who'll get the most marks today? Tent number four is a bower of beauty with sword ferns and pigeon berries, but tent number two is festooned with dainty trailing creepers. . . Canteen at ten—a regular bargain-counter rush—chocolate bars, peanuts, bulrushes, oranges, melt away like snow before the South wind. Now, 'setting-up exercises' in the field, guaranteed to make you as slim and pretty as the vivid young Diana of the dusky hair who orders so crisply, quite twenty times,

"Arms forward and upward—Raise,"

"Forward to touch your toes—Bend"

"Re-peat."

And then a hike. Over the cliffs perhaps, or up Mount 'Turner,' or away in the deep mysterious woods where, someday, perhaps, if you're very good, and very, very lucky, you'll meet a bear! Of course the grown-ups say there are no bears on the island, but then, as everyone knows, grown-ups are quite the most ignorant creatures you ever did see, on some of the most important subjects. Deep, unexplored woods and no bears? It simply isn't done, and so each small person lives in a constant state of fearsome and joyous hope that this will be the day. . .

An unfailing interior alarm clock brings everybody home quite promptly at noon when dinner and three cheers for the cook are the order of the day.

Then, after an hour's rest any number of delightful possibilities open up. Those happy afternoons are stored up, a series of unforgettable romances. There was the day we hunted for maiden-hair fern and saw the snake. . . that was the day, too, when we lay on our backs beneath the alder trees and gazed at the blue, blue sky so high above the lace-work of the whispering leaves.

Then there was the day we went to "The Farm," and ate "simply bushels" of green apples. . . that was rather a sad day, ending up with cramps and castor oil all round.

And then the pic-nic day, when we went in the row-boat and found such a lovely place, and baked potatoes in the ashes, and had to scramble home two miles over the cliffs because the sea became so rough the boats couldn't come for us.

Nor is the paper-chase to be forgotten. Nor the quiet afternoons on the shore, hunting for pretty pebbles to win the

prize for the best collection. Nor the merry, sun-drenched bathing times, when the laughing wavelets kissed white, reluctant toes, and with shrill little screams we plunged into the sparkling water and tried to swim, and came up all glistening, and breathless and gleeful. . .

Sometimes the unexpected happened, as when one fine day a family arrived unheralded with nineteen ducks, the dog and the canary. . .

And the evenings! There was a sports evening with races. . . three-legged races, cracker races, bread-and-jam races, potato races, crawling races, obstacle races. . . and the one who got most points gave out the prizes.

Then one evening we had a concert. Cinderella, all in the glory of a white night-dress and a blue sash riding to the ball on a milk-white steed suspiciously floppy as to trappings, and suspiciously human as to hoofs; the Prince, in bloomers and a middy, the Fairy Godmother in a gorgeous shawl, the Babes in the Woods and their Wicked Uncle, the Hawaiian Orchestra all clad in ferns and playing upon combs, not soon will these be forgotten!

Some evenings we spent on the beach around the bonfire, singing songs, telling tales, and watching the elfish leaping flames clutch at the velvet garments of Night.

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DR. FISHER-TO-BE

(Continued from Page 2)

her, and fancied the disguise was clever and complete. And it was with the triumph of victory she recognized her smile only as a distorted substitute among the maze of hideous lines. Altogether she was pleased with the protective disguise.

She then resumed her study in an effort to eat up in the usual way the foreign terms and complex sentences of Gray's Anatomy; "During this period of growth the articular end, or epiphysis, remains for some time entirely cartilaginous; then a bony centre appears in it, and it commences the same process of intracartilaginous ossification; but this process never extends to any great distance. The epiphysis remains separated from the shaft by a narrow cartilaginous layer for a definite time (Fig. 8)."

She closed the book angrily. The power to study had completely vanished. It had gone with the beautiful features. There was an agonizing spell of mental inactivity. She could not pronounce the anatomical terms, nor could she memorize the difficult sentences. There was a picture of Dick Bamfield dancing before her rebellious eyes.

"Poor Dick!" she found herself saying.

The words escaped her lips as though some person, or medium, from somewhere which was not herself, had prompted the sympathy. It may have been an appeal from a chained or imprisoned instinct.

"He is so determined—so—so good!"

It was a battle royal of the artificial against the natural. Miss Fisher, in the illusive atmosphere of dry text-books had forgotten that she was a woman first before all things. In the domestic economy of things she had herself classified as a machine for the dispensing of antidotes for human ills. For this engine her brain was to supply the vital spark and her blood-flow the gasoline power. Constitutionally she was composed of cogs, pulleys, belts, couplings, governors, bearings, wrist-pins, and drive-shafts, rather than heart, lungs, kidneys, flesh, blood, skin and bone.

Nevertheless the machine was seized with human alarm when the gift for study ceased to fire on all four. She remembered the disfigurement to the face. Perhaps this was the cause of the mental derangement. The drying process of the ink seemed to pucker and draw the skin painfully. She fancied a number of clawy fingers massaging her fragile beauty into some ogreish substitute that might remain for all time. Oh what a horrible thought! Could the ink be obliterated? Was it not indelible? She remembered how difficult it was to remove ink stains from clothing that had become spotted. Her feminine conscience rebelled notwithstanding the artificial veneering. How criminally cruel she had been to her inoffensive face.

She hurried back to the mirror, and the sight which greeted her frightened even the austere "Doctor Fisher." And it proved an arduous task to remove the clownish lines from the delicate skin. She had to employ hot water and soap, and rub, rub, rub.

The natural beauty appealed to her in a new light now. Had she attempted to destroy something that did not belong to her, but belonged to the whole world in general? Was it not common arson? Yes, for her face was the property of Nature even as the apple blossom was Nature's property. It was one of those rare and beautiful things with which Nature had beautified the world. It was a thing which she possessed for a time only, and which, in due course, would be passed on to posterity. Was she not trying to repudiate something over which the individual had no jurisdiction? Did she not belong to some one man according to Nature's plans for the future? Was woman of this generation not beautiful so that those of the next might be more beautiful? Was a lovely woman of any more importance to the world than a lovely flower? Was she not simply a link in a long chain that was

leading to some glorious but mysterious end? Was it not a crime to weaken the strength of that link? Was Miss Fisher's beauty not the strength of her individual link? Dick Bamfield loved that beauty. Was it not her duty as a woman of the mortal human race to let him have it in order to assist in the mysterious scheme which Nature had in hand? Was it not woman's weakness to love as it was man's? Moreover, could she not love and study at the same time? Did she love Dick Bamfield?

But, what would a woman doctor do with a husband? Ah, there was the real rub! Where would she keep him? Would he do the house-work while she diagnosed patients and prescribed for their ailments. Would he take care of the.....?

Doctor-Fisher-to-be rubbed, and rubbed, and rubbed, and in due course, with time and a great deal of patience and perseverance, the last trace of the horrid disfigurement had disappeared. The normal smile appeared as well as the rich and healthy color of the skin.

The masculine make-up has no spirit of independence when it comes to its association with the fair sex. It will bear all manner of insults, rebukes, discouragements without as much as ruffling the edges of its optimism. Dick Bamfield, in the face of almost certain death, had gone to Vancouver for the sole purpose of forcing Miss Fisher to show her hand. He was sure she loved him, but there was always a suspicion of doubt. He could never be certain. This time he would put his case so strong that she would be compelled to lay her cards on the table.

He lied, like most young men do, when he said he had two tickets for the Empress, for he went direct to the theatre from the girl's home and purchased the two. Dick was Scotch and canny. Besides, this was love, and all's fair in love and war.

In the home town Miss Fisher had failed to "shake" Dick, for Dick would not be shaken. He stuck to her like a leech, for he knew that the reward of victory would be grand and glorious. The relentless bombardment was not barren of results, for Miss Fisher, before her departure for the Coast, often caught herself dreaming about Dick in the ordinary, natural way. The going to college had a double purpose. It was an opportunity to study along lines of love and devotion, as well as a last stand against the enemy man. Out of his way she might forget Dick, and he might forget her in the lure of other society.

But there was something behind all this over which even Doctor-Fisher-to-be had no control. Nature was behind it and had plans of its own. There was hereditary instinct as well as the frailness of her sex for the animal man. Miss Fisher was hanging hopelessly undecided between two alternatives, love, marriage, children on the one hand, and a professional career on the other. Which would win? Miss Fisher's heart chose the former, but Doctor-Fisher-to-be determined upon the latter.

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Dick arrived on the dot of time, and found Miss Fisher at the mirror.

"Ah, caught in the act," he said, rushing over to her and taking both of her hands in his.

"You are quite mistaken," she replied, coloring slightly, "I was simply washing my face."

Miss Fisher had been making certain about the ink stains before the arrival of Dick.

"But I smell powder," exclaimed the young man in triumph.

"And what of it? Can I not do as I please?" protested the girl.

"Oh, certainly, but I don't think you can improve on nature."

"Well, don't for a moment think I am trying to," the girl defended.

But Dick's joy knew no bounds. The road to victory seemed to have been cleared of all obstacles. Miss Fisher had hastened to prepare to accompany HIM.

In this happy mood he nearly put his foot into it before he was safely out of the woods. Seeing Gray's Anatomy still lying on the table, he said.

"Oh, Edna, what's 'momentum maximum'? Look it up. I want to know so that I can discuss a certain thing intelligently."

"Dick, don't be silly. There's no such thing," she replied, smiling at the young man's simplicity.

"But there is. It's Latin for something," he persisted.

"Not in anatomy."

"No?"

"No."

The delicacy of the ground rendered Dick extremely cautious. He laughed, changed the subject and assisted the girl with her wraps.

As they hurried along the avenue in order to catch a tram going down Granville, Miss Fisher was quite amiable, and they both laughed heartily when they sat down in the car after a final effort to get one that nearly escaped. Dick's mercury of hope rose higher in the gage than it had ever done before. Away from the dead weight of stagnating text-books and the maze of unpronounceable technical terms, she seemed to buoy up lightly far above the surface. She accompanied him as airily and as beautifully plumed as any bird of paradise.

Dick began to imagine a glorious future not far distant. Edna would yet listen to reason. She had simply been laboring under a false mental illusion. She would yet be saved for herself and for him. Patience with him would be a priceless virtue, for the prize he might win would be of inestimable value.

The show began, and in due course it came to an end. Dick laughed when others laughed; clapped his hands when they did; but, for the life of him he did not know what it was all about. He saw the actors in their various stunts. There were handsome men and beautiful girls—strong, masculine men, beautiful fragile girls. But he never discovered the plot of the play because he was all eyes and ears for the girl by his side, the dearest, sweetest and most beautifully fragile of them all.

At the gate leading to Miss Fisher's rooming home, they lingered long and lovingly, even Doctor-Fisher-to-be reluctantly observing the passage of time. They chatted at first on commonplace things, then their words betrayed feeling and finally emotion. In time words failed them entirely while moments went by on their swift, relentless wings.

Dick recognized the value of the opportunity. Miss Fisher was in the desired mood. His policy was to strike while the iron was hot. He had no fear that a promise wrung out of duance might not be binding.

He gripped the hand that was invitingly near his own, raised it to his lips, and kissed the soft fingers appealingly. The familiarity was not resented as he had feared it might. Miss Fisher was melting in that crucible which has the shaping of all feminine destinies.

"Edna," he said, still holding her hand. "I am not going home until you have promised to marry me." And he pressed the fingers as though to infuse more of that infection which was necessary to make the capitulation complete.

Miss Fisher gave a slight start, which, however, was destitute of rebellion; and she did not remove her hand.

"Dick," she whispered. She had been prepared for a great deal, perhaps, but not for this. But she did not move away from him. It was as though some natural weakness had rendered her powerless in the enchantment of the young man's presence.

Dick was twenty-five, she was approaching twenty. The time was ripe for both.

Miss Fisher saw a vision of her books, and her degrees, and her career flying away from her on little thieving wings. But oh the joy of those few moments with Dick! Could she not love and study at the same time. Physically she seemed helpless, and whether she made efforts in her mind to escape or not Dick could not tell, and he did not care.

She was certainly not angry with him, and there was no attempt at resistance when he pulled her towards him, for she permitted herself to fall into the strong arms that opened to receive her.

"Edna, you are mine!" cried Dick. And he kissed her in the wild enthusiasm of the new joy.

For a few moments neither of them spoke. Then, Miss Fisher, being the first to revive to practical things, said:

"But Dick, I must finish this year's college at least."

"Certainly; take all the years you like," he granted liberally. He would have given her eternity had it been his to give.

Doctor-Fisher-to-be found herself full of strange joy when she left Dick at the gate a few moments later.

During the summer holidays they were married one day on the quiet at the coast, and they visited some of the eastern cities in a long and delightful honeymoon.

When that came to an end and they found themselves at home, the bride reminded her husband of his promise. The thirst for learning had not been quenched. Even marriage could not destroy it. She must continue her studies that the desired goal might be reached.

Dick was somewhat disappointed, but he could not treat his promise like a scrap of paper. They could live in an apartment house, she told him. He could work in his office and she could study at college, she schemed, and they would board out somewhere. Dick was quite able to finance the undertaking until such time as they were both revenue producing.

"Think of it when we are both coining money!" she enthused.

Dick wilted like a leaf that had been frozen and then suddenly exposed to heat. And Mrs. Bamfield entered college for another term.

But she had not planned against all eventualities. In a few months' time her ambition became an impossible one. She continued to study in private, but even that grew more difficult as domestic responsibilities became more complicated. Dick harbored a rebellious joy.

Mrs. Bamfield recognized the truth with agony. But one day Dick held her in his arms and kissed away tears that were welling from her eyes. After that she seemed more cheerful, and Dick imagined she had swallowed her medicine like a philosopher.

(Fable No. V—The Fifty-Fifties.)

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