

The poor man who lives on hope and is constantly watching for the appearance of an article which has been accepted "cheque on publication" knows the full bitterness of repeated disappointment.

But there is always a to-morrow, next week or next month to look for, even though the children cry for hunger; and always the money may come before their tears are dry.

You may think there is small trial to the patience of a man who was in no great need of the money and had already received payment for his article when he waits six months to see it appear in a famous magazine, though he knows the appearance of his name on its contents sheet makes him the subject of interest and perhaps of approving interest to the English-speaking race.

But the time seemed endless to me. Autumn dragged itself out interminably and the football games that used to bridge the week from Saturday to Saturday seemed separated by an abyss into which the days fell unfillingly.

I had told my stationer to send in half-a-dozen copies of November *Scrib-ler's* as soon as it came, and one morning in October the office boy handed me a bundle which I at once guessed contained the looked-for publication.

To say that my fingers trembled as I undid the package and took out a copy is only to tell the truth. I read the contents over slowly, each name with new delight. All were well known names except my own.

I read and re-read the title "Fallen Leaves"—Simeon Jay. As I sat staring at the page a whimsical remembrance came over me of the unhappy minutes I had spent staring at the outside of this same tale when it had been ignominiously returned by Messrs. Carper only seven months ago. Could it be no longer than seven months that I had been the recipient of printed refusals?

I turned to my story, gazed fondly at the fanciful heading of the page where the title stood proudly up as I had so often dreamed I saw it in idle reveries.

I spelled, out letter by letter, my own name and all, then straightened myself up and looked at the first line.

I threw down the copy, snatched up another, opened it, read the title again, it was all right, just as I had written it. "Fallen Leaves"—Simeon Jay, but not a line, a word, a syllable had I ever seen before.

*The story was not my story.*

The white page swam before me, then seemed to flutter away to an infinite distance and shine down a long tunnel of thick darkness, mockingly, while little flashes of color played round my face as I looked through at it. The sounds of the street died out, and the voice of a client talking to my partner on the other side of the glass partition became a humming that struck me as comically, like the buzzing of the blue-bottle flies against the white-washed windows of the country church I attended as a boy.

A reel dashing along under my window brought me to my feet, I pulled open the window and looked out at a crowd that was gathering on the other side of the street a block away. Some one had been run over. As I leaned out to get a better view the sharp air swept the cobwebs from my brain and I began to think again. Of course, it was all over and I was nobody once more. I had had my little strut and I must now leave the stage. It must be faced. I said there had been a girl in Muskoka, did I not? Well there she was hurrying along in the sunshine on the other side of the street, and the little parcel in her hand was a copy of November *Scrib-ler's*. I knew it just as well as if I walked beside her and carried it for her, as I had done many a day when I met her down town on an afternoon's shopping and walked along King Street with her from one shop door to another. No—there must be some mistake. My manuscript might be published under some other man's name; and I began to look hurriedly through the whole number. It was a mistake. It certainly must be a mistake. I could never face such a situation: the ridicule of it would kill me, and the little woman carrying the parcel, what would she say?

The next three weeks were a hideous nightmare. If, for ten minutes together,