

During my five minutes of probation much business was transacted. Trembling writers of scenarios entered, left their manuscripts, and passed out. Girls with handfuls of documents minced in and out passing from one department to another, and each carried herself with the air of a film queen. Hasty young men registering "urgent business" passed through with the air of a Douglas Fairbanks or Dustin Farnum. Their well-tailored coat-tails streamed back like the robes of Hyperion when

"His flaming robes streamed out beyond his  
heels

And gave a roar as if of earthly fire."

Suddenly I heard the snap of a gold watch-case and an authoritative arm shot out, pointing to the door through which the main traffic was passing.

"Down to the far end! Turn to the left! — Room Umpty-Umph!"

Rising as if from a catapult I fell in step behind a hasty edition of Fatty Arbuckle. When I reached the properly numbered door and