

first sketch to *The Detroit Free Press*, and it was at once accepted. The cheque for it determined Mr. Fraser to regular writing, and his success has been pronounced."

The second item is about Charles G. D. Roberts, and reads: "Professor Roberts is in future going to live in England. It is understood that he goes abroad by the advice of a well-known publisher, who assures him that he can make much more money in London."

Mr. Fraser had to go outside of Canada to secure his first cheque, and that was my own experience, getting the cheque from the same paper.

The first article of mine that was accepted by *The Detroit Free Press* has been sent to every paper in Ontario, without exception, and unanimously declined, although it was offered for nothing. The preacher in the story, said "Thank God" when he got back his hat after passing it round a very stingy congregation, but I was not so fortunate as the reverend gentleman, for many of the papers not only kept the manuscript, but the stamps enclosed for its return as well. I never expected to get pay for anything published in Canada, but was always glad when editors did not send me in a bill for publishing my contributions.

The Honourable Mr. W. E. Quinby, editor and proprietor of the *Detroit Free Press*, who gave Mr. Fraser and myself our first cheques, has himself done more for literature than all the editors from Quebec to Vancouver, and his literary judgment is infallible. He does not care from whom the manuscript comes, so long as it is good, and again, he is willing to back his opinion with money, and that, as I have said, is what counts in this world, whether in a horse trade, in literature, or in an election. I know men and women in England, in Canada, and in the United States, now in the front rank of literature who owe their start to Mr. Quinby's appreciation of their early efforts. There is little merit in recognizing genius when all the world recognizes it, but to select a winner

when no one else knows of him is a feat to be proud of.

One winter, during a visit to Atlanta, Georgia, I had the pleasure of meeting the late Henry W. Grady, one of the most remarkable journalists that the United States has produced—a man who would certainly have been Vice-President of the United States had he lived, and probably President. In speaking of the beginning of his successful career, he said his starting point was a cheque from Mr. Quinby, of Detroit, received when he was out of employment, with no hope of gaining any.

"My assets were, one wife, two children, and three dollars," he said. "That was all I had in the world. The encouraging words of Mr. Quinby to me, then an unknown, no-account young man, and the substantial nature of the cheque he sent, raised me from despair to hope, and I have never had an uneasy moment from that time."

Kipling, himself an early contributor to the columns of the *Free Press*, said to me once, "The reading of the *Detroit Free Press* was about the only pleasure I had in my newspaper work in India; what a splendidly edited paper it is."

As one good turn deserves another, I believe the *Free Press* was the first paper in America to call attention to Kipling's genius. It is something for a man to have produced a paper like that, and more, that he paid generously for the contributions he accepted, whether the sender was famous or unknown.

My advice then to the Walter Scott tramping the streets of Toronto is :

"Get over the border as soon as you can; come to London or go to New York; shake the dust of Canada from your feet. Get out of a land that is willing to pay money for whiskey, but wants its literature free in the shape of Ayer's Almanac, in my day the standard work of reference throughout the rural districts, because it cost nothing. Vamoose the ranch. Go back when all the rest of the world