

ing it from its context, and holding it up for ridicule.

One reviewer was brazen enough to say that you were totally ignorant of the locality where the plot was laid. Just think of that, when you were born and brought up in the very community about which you wrote. You knew the exact spot where you gave Billy Jones two black eyes, and received a bloody nose in return. You were well acquainted with every nook and corner, especially where the choicest apples grow.

Another reviewer informed his readers that you knew nothing about children. This made you boil over with wrath, for you had your quiver full of them. You knew what it was to walk the floor at night with a howling and squirming baby in your arms. You understood the joy of catching the first lispsings from little lips, and in watching the pretty ways of your olive branches around the table, especially at meal-time. The only comfort you received was in the thought that the writer of that so-called review was either some young snipper-snapper who had never held an offspring in his arms, or else a disappointed old maid who envied you your precise knowledge of children.

A third had the audacity to say that you knew absolutely nothing about love scenes. Ye dragons and all deep! That made you get up and prance around the room for fully five minutes. Love scenes! The truth was you knew too much about them, especially the ones which had wilted your white collars to wash-rags; which had sent you to the druggist for rough-on-rats, and which had made you try to shoot yourself with an air-rifle. Besides these, there were other love-scenes along moon-lit roads, by babbling brooks, in cosey corners, and with "papa" at the front door at one a.m. Love scenes! You knew enough about them to write volumes.

ONE reviewer touched upon your lack of ability to write dialogue. Your conversations were too wooden, and needed more snap and go. He implied that you would improve in time when you knew more about life and had greater experience. This did not make you as mad as the others. You even gave a grim, sardonic smile. You thought at once of your wife and the many interesting dialogues which had taken place ever since you were married. You recalled the day when she wanted a new hat, and you felt that you could not afford it. The conversation which followed is as fresh in your mind as ever. And it was not the only one, either.

There came to your mind as well the dreary days and weeks you travelled the country as a book-agent, and the inspiring dialogues which ensued at every house you visited in your frantic efforts to sell the illuminating story of "The Lives of Great Hangmen." And then for the reviewer to doubt your ability to write dialogue! Dictu mirabile.

The rest of the reviews were along the same line, and so disgusted did you become that you tossed the entire bunch into the fire. And so came your second great bump, more terrible even than the first. What else was in store for you? was your mental comment. Surely you would soon be over the corduroy road, and safe on smooth ground.

Having failed to receive any comfort from your acquaintances and the book-reviewers, you naturally turned to your friends. They would be the ones who would purchase your book, place it in the most conspicuous position in the house, and talk about it to one another. After your two first bumps you sought solace in them. To your most intimate friends you had given autograph copies. You did it on the sly, warning them not to tell the others. You well knew that you could not afford to make a presentation to each one, as every copy of the book cost you about ninety cents, which was the wholesale price. And, besides, it might cause a great deal of jealousy if it became known that you had given to a few and not to all. Thus there were six of these gift copies abroad when you went to your friends for comfort.

You did the whole thing quietly and systematically. You determined to make the rounds under the pretext of friendly calls. You would come upon them at most unexpected moments, when, as you fondly imagined, they would either be reading or discussing your book. You had even pictured to yourself the excitement in each house upon the arrival of "The Golden Thread." Every member of the family would want to read it first, and in order to settle the dispute they would toss or draw for it. You also saw how heavy the light-bill would be for the next month, as the book would be read far on into the night.

It was, therefore, with great expectations that you paid your first visit. It was evening when the family were at home. The moment you entered the room you received another bump. There was nothing out of the ordinary. McGinnis was reading the newspaper; his wife was darning stockings; Billy was deep in a dime novel, while Sis was entertaining a young man in the parlour. The talk was of a general nature, such as the weather, the election

of the Mayor, and the new play at the Opera House. Not a word was said about your book. Of course you did not introduce the subject, but said good night, and slipped away as soon as possible.

When you reached the street you felt somewhat dazed. What had all your strenuous efforts amounted to? you asked yourself. If a baby had recently arrived at your house, or if your dog had won in a prize-fight, there would have been a great ado. But the publication of your first book was of no more interest than a pebble thrown into the water.

It was still early in the evening, and so you made up your mind to visit another friend. Mrs. Powers met you at the door, and ushered you in. Here at last was comfort, for she spoke almost at once about your book. She was so delighted that it had met with such success, and she was sure that the sales would be large. You really did feel mean that you had not presented a copy to the Powers'. "Tom is in his 'den' enjoying your book now," you were informed. "I know he is deep in it, for he has been so quiet. It is seldom that Tom reads anything except the newspapers, so it is quite a compliment to you that he has devoted his entire evening to the reading of your book."

YOU listened with much pleasure to Mrs. Powers, and glanced occasionally toward the den. You wanted to hurry in to hear what Tom had to say about your masterpiece. You could hardly contain yourself as Mrs. Powers asked you about the welfare of your family, and then gave you the history of her own for the past month. "You must now have a peek at Tom," was at length her thrilling remark. "He is so lost in your book that he pays no heed to anything else, and does not know that you are here." You followed her to the den, and as you entered you received another bump. Tom was there safe and sound, and oh, so very quiet. He was seated in a big easy-chair; his head had fallen forward, while your precious book was sprawling upon the floor. He awoke with a start as his wife touched him upon the arm, and he made profuse apologies. You picked up the book, and in straightening out its bent back you caught a fleeting glimpse of your own autograph on the front blank page. It was the very copy you had presented to your intimate friend, Stubbins, on the sly! "I don't know what came over me to-night," Powers told you. "I can't remember when I ever went to sleep before in my chair. Why, I often sit here until midnight reading the papers, and never

THREE OF ONTARIO'S MORAL GUARDIANS



BOB NEWMAN—seen on the left—is the film Inspector for Ontario. It is his duty, and pleasure, to see that after the Board of Censors passes a film, the producers do not "slip one over" by running any variation on the original theme approved by the censors. Bob is like a country school inspector, liable to drop in any day on any show when the teacher isn't expecting him. Naturally he has to carry in his head a pretty clear idea of what a good moral film of Ontario calibre should be. And he can do it. Newman spent a large number of years as stage manager for Shea's Theatres. What he doesn't know about vaudeville stars and film dramas need not be looked for in any book on that subject. Bob is here seen being tagged by a pretty girl on Humane Day in Toronto.

THE two dramatic-looking figures at the right are the expert and lynx-eyed doorkeepers at the Parliament Buildings in Toronto. Quite obviously they represent the two extremes of making it hard for any Germanizing agent to smuggle bombs or any sort of deadly devices into Ontario's house of legislation. Every visitor to the Parliament Buildings carrying a bag of any description or with pockets that bulge suspiciously has his impedimenta examined before he gets in. And at this season of the year when "American" tourists are swarming through the Ontario Legislature to see the oil paintings, etc., there is plenty of work for these two moral guardians.

