

and sections of the shell still sticking to his scanty mental plumage, is the worst thing that ever happened to a business institution—except in very rare cases where business ran through his University course. I am thinking of Tommy Russell, and his kind, the greater part of whose education was not taken from books or lectures.

All this is by the way. Now I come to the gist of my story. Your editor—may the shades of Greeley and Dana guard him while he sleeps—asks me to write, "Oh—anything!" This is a state secret, so I am telling it. Being a newspaper man, of course I have lots of things to write for the edification of an intelligent reading public such as was wont to batten on the feast of reason spread weekly in these pages when we were there. So I am writing them. That is all of the story. Now, having told my tale in terse and direct language as is becoming in a news man, let me go wandering again after the manner of the Sunday Special, who writes on space, at \$5 per column.

Did you ever read Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "Don'ts for unmarried girls who would like to be!"? From the fund of some years' experience as an alleged writer of literature, and some other things, I should like to write for you fellows a book on "Don'ts for inexperienced writers who would like to be!" But I won't. Instead, get the book above mentioned if you can find it, read it, apply it to your own case, and go and do likewise. If you have aspirations to become a great writer, go and apprentice yourself to some good trade or business. Get into it, get interested in it, spend your life at it, get married to some girl with a large appetite, who worships lofty literary ideals like Mary Maclean, Agnes Laut,—or perhaps the Duchess—and forget it. That is the most adequate recipe I know for the case of the man who wants to be a great writer. It is about the one way he will fail to be disappointed.

You will say, gentle reader, or other reader, that this last paragraph has nothing to do with my story. But it has. It is merely an illustration of the kind of logic that leads the University graduate into trouble. It leads to carrying trunks upstairs for me, or taking copy on my typewriter. The gentleman who performs this last service started out to be a literary man, and came to New York because the London papers were too slow to buy his stuff. The New York papers were too fast. So he typewrites. The New York papers are generally too fast, and the magazines—well—how would you, Mr. Editor, stack up against Tom Lawson, who is writing interesting fiction in the form of fact for Everybody's Magazine?

Life becomes a dismal failure to the average man if he bumps very hard shortly after graduation. It is so different from the thing he had imagined it. He thinks his wings are in good working order, but the thing goes wrong and he hits a hard unfeeling world with a dull sickening thud. If he is any good he recognizes that he is not the first to do it, and his pride will impel him to do something else not quite so commonplace. I remember a young chap who came down here with tall ideas about the way things happen in Wall Street. He had looked on the Jordan Street tickers when they were going around, and thought all other tickers went around at the

same time and in the same way, taking time from Jordan Street. But they didn't. After the bump he gathered himself together and got to work. You have to work sooner or later, so one might just as well go at it first as last. The last I heard of him he was keeping time for a construction gang on the C.P.R.

I remember one night on St. Joseph Street, in the winter of '96, when, under various and sundry influences, three fellows talked about the world and all that therein is—except women, of course! One was a brilliant student, leading his course, full of ambitions, ideas, plans. He had gotten beyond the hope stage in his junior year, and took success for granted. Another was merely a plodder, who did things by hard work. The third was one of the prize loafers of his year, who never captured a scholarship in his life and has been accused of never trying to do anything except keep alive and have a little fun on the side.

It is more interesting in retrospect. Looking back at the conversation, it had elements of wisdom. The Medallist, we shall call him, talked of "Life," talked in a half-sensible vein, about responsibility, talents given to us to be improved, ability to succeed, imparted by a kindly providence—in fact he echoed the Professorial Staff. Life to him meant academics applied to the procuring of daily bread. He never, so far as I can remember, mentioned wine, women, or song. The world was Toronto and the suburbs. He did not believe that circumstances had anything to do with fate. He claimed that he could mould circumstances to suit himself. Temptations were nil; instincts, things to be led at heel. He was a very proper man. The college at large thought him a great success—and so he was. He has since proved it. He is in a collegiate institute, teaching a specialty, and successful. I saw him last summer. His ideas are changed. The world is now narrowed down to a much smaller girth than Toronto and the suburbs. It is all embraced in six rooms and a bath, with a little garden thrown in, a wife and two babies. Such is Life.

The second was a dreamer, in his way, who analyzed Life as he analyzed his books, labelled things and stored them away. Life with him was altruistic, in a wide sense, and the rules of philosophy were all-powerful. He, too, believed that circumstances were incidental, or could be created to suit. His view was very wide and very deep. To him the world was as big as the earth, and he owned it all. There was nothing quite impossible, if one only worked. He did not recognize love, frailty, passion, weakness as part of the machinery of life. The universe was a thing quite understandable, measured by rule and law. He was going to be a literary man, a writer of great books. I don't know where he is.

The third member of the party had no philosophy, no code, and mighty little ethics. He was a rank outsider in nearly everything that made up life in those days. He didn't believe, and does not now believe that he, or anyone else, knows what life is. To some it is the price of beer: to others it may be measured in codes and rules: to yet others it is the love of women: and to yet others it is the peace of deep thought and great reflection. And so the problem ends where it began—and who cares?

You remember Omar: