

At that moment I asked for Mr. Wemyss Reid. The gentleman with the little brown bag stood and looked sharply at me, but with friendly if penetrating eyes. "I am Wemyss Reid—you wish to see me?" he said. "Will you give me five minutes?" I asked. "I am just going to the train, but I will spare you a minute," he replied. He turned back into another smudgy little room, put his bag on the table, and said: "Well?" I told him quickly, eagerly, what I wished to do, and I said to him at last: "I apologise for seeking you personally, but I was most anxious that my work should be read by your own eyes, because I think I should be contented with your judgment, whether it was favourable or unfavourable." Taking up his bag again, he replied, "Send your stories along. If I think they are what I want I will publish them. I will read them myself." He turned the handle of the door, and then came back to me and again looked me in the eyes. "If I cannot use them—and there might be a hundred reasons why I could not, and none of them derogatory to your work—" he said, "do not be discouraged. There are many doors. Mine is only one. Knock at the others. Good luck to you."

I never saw Wemyss Reid again, but he made a friend who never forgot him, and who mourned his death. It was not that he accepted my stories; it was that he said what he did say to a young man who did not yet know what his literary fortune might be. Well, I sent him a short story called, *An Epic in Yellow*. Proofs came by return of post. This story was followed by *The High Court of Budgery-Gar*, *Old Roses*, *My Wife's Lovers*, *Derelict*, *Dibbs, R.N.*, *A Little Masquerade*, and *The Stranger's Hut*. Most, if not all, of these appeared before the *Pierre* stories were written.

They did not strike the imagination of the public in the same way as the *Pierre* series, but they made many friends. They were mostly Australian, and represented the life which for nearly four years I knew and studied with that affection which