

A CORRESPONDENT in the *Empire* points out that no mere colony ever had a literature. "The array of excellent American literature which the world enjoys to-day," he says, "has all been produced since the breaking out of the Revolution." If this is all that prevents our poets and novelists from coming to the surface, why can't we cease to be a colony? All we have to do is to "throw off the galling yoke of England," and let our light shine forth. A little thing like that ought to be easily done.

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THIS is a well-deserved rebuke to Mr. Mowat *et al.* from the London *Free Press*:

"The Government should be prepared with legislation that would fully employ the statesmen from the day they assemble. A delay of four or five weeks annually precedes the active consideration of public business. This is due to a desire to prolong the session and persuade the people that the members earn their salaries. The House always squanders eight or nine weeks upon legislation that need not engross its energies for a month."

We know Sir John A. Macdonald hates to mutilate his copy of GRIP, but if he will cut out the above sensible and practical clipping and paste it in his hat, we will be happy to send him a fresh copy for his fyle.

HE WAS NOT "FLY."

CINCINNATI, Feb. 6.—The Metropolitan National Bank directors passed resolutions, after 8 o'clock to-night, to suspend operations. The bank is now in the hands of the Government. Vice-President De Camp has been arrested.

It was probably the suggestiveness of his name that induced the officials to take timely precautions to intercept the flight towards the boundary, which usually coincides with a bank suspension. Although the affair illustrates the adage that "riches have wings," it shows that Vice-President De Camps was not as "fly" as might have been expected. But the losers doubtless feel "soar" over the affair.

TALKS WITH THE FAKIR.

IV.

"If I had only a little capital," sighed the Fakir. "Tell you, it makes me tired to see a lot of unenterprising, mean-spirited old chumps who have somehow got hold of the money and daren't risk a dollar of it in any good scheme and take chances. Why, there's opportunities offering every day by which a man might make ten thousand a year, but it needs something to make a start with, you see."

"What's the racket now?" asked the assistant editor.

"Oh, nothing in particular. I was just thinking about the money that's carried out of this town all the time by singers, actors, lecturers and such. It's a big pile, too, I tell you. If I had only the capital, say a thousand or two to begin with, it wouldn't be long before I was on the road raking in the ducats."

"What kind of a show do you want to run?" queried the business manager.

"Oh, anything—Don't make any difference what, not a bit. Everything goes if it's only worked up right. It's all in that. People think that an actor or a singer draws because they are good. That's all rot. The public are a lot of fools. There ain't one in a thousand knows the difference between a first-class performance and a snide show. They'll take any kind of guff the papers give 'em, and the whole secret is in fixing the press."

"But people won't go to hear or see artists unless they come with an established reputation," said the dramatic editor.

"That's just what I tell you," continued the Fakir, "and what's reputation but advertising? Who makes reputation? The press. Do you suppose Patti and Nilsson and Sara Bernhardt and Janauschek got their reputation just because they are better than hundreds and thousands of others in the profession? Not much. They were boomed, sir, boomed. They were managed by people who knew their business and spent plenty of money in fixing the press. Do you suppose there ain't any number of actors just as good as Irving or Booth, that nobody has ever heard of, just because they haven't had anybody to work up a reputation for 'em? All this talk about great artists and wonderful geniuses don't fool me—not a particle. It's all in the advertising. I'll bet that if I had a thousand dollars to spend I could give any man or woman that wasn't an absolute, unmitigated duffer a first-class send off as a star, and make big money out of the public. Critics? Oh, I'd easy fix the critics. Don't you know that most of the papers are run from the counting-room? The fellows that do the



THE RETURN OF OUR FISHERY MAN.

Sir C.—Luck? Do I look as if I'd had much luck?

musical and dramatic notices daren't go for a show that was doing big advertising. And most of them wouldn't want to after I'd seen them."

"Do you dare to insinuate" said the dramatic editor hotly, "that any respectable journalist can be bribed."

"Oh, you needn't get so fierce about it. Journalists are pretty much like the rest of folks. Some can be bribed and some can be worked other ways. It takes tact to discriminate. With some of 'em all you've got to do is to put an X in their fist and tell them what you want. You are one of these virtuous fellows that would kick any man down stairs that hinted at such a thing. I wouldn't offer one of your kind money. But I'd drop in and make myself agreeable, tell him stories and give him little pointers and news items, hand him a genuine Havana occasionally, and ask him out to take an oyster