

My First Appearance In New York City

By ONOTO WATANA (Mrs. Winnifred Reeve), author of "A Japanese Nightingale."

(Mrs. Reeve is now living on a ranch at Morley and is in the midst of several important literary endeavors).

I was eighteen years old. I had received a letter from Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, then editor of Frank ~~the~~ (now editor of the Atlantic Monthly). Instead of the usual re-

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"Pape's Diapepsin" relieves stomach distress in five minutes. You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad—or an uncertain one—or a harmful one—your stomach is too valuable; you mustn't injure it with drastic drugs. Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in giving relief, its harmlessness, its certain unflinching action in regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs. Keep this perfect stomach doctor in your home—keep it handy—get a large sixty-cent case from any drug store, and then if you should eat something which doesn't agree with you, if what you eat lays like lead, ferments and sours and

jection slip, he wrote expressing an interest in me, and suggested that I should let him see "anything else you have written."

Upon my arrival in New York, I did not wait to secure lodgings. I went straight from the train, bag in hand, to Mr. Sedgwick's office. Having explained to him who I was—he appeared to have forgotten that letter he had written me—I said: "And you wrote me to let you see anything else I have written, and so —"

I opened my bag. He leaped to his feet, threw up his hands, and shouted:

"Help! Help!"

In rushed half a dozen editors and clerks, and the wild looking Mr. Sedgwick pointed dramatically to that bag of mine, which was brim full to the top with manuscripts. With a vague idea that I was about to be arrested, I burst into tears. I hawled as hard and heartily as only a husky youngster can, with the result that that outrageous mirth was checked, and Mr. Sedgwick alternately wringing his hands and running them through his hair implored me to stop weeping. He said:

"Don't cry! Don't cry! Don't cry like that! Stop it! I'll buy a story from you if you will. I'll buy all your stories if you do. There, there, no one's going to hurt you. Shut up, do!"

In later years, when Mr. Sedgwick and I would meet at intervals, he liked to recall the several amusing episodes he recalled in my past, and he told our friends that I had blackmailed him with tears into buying my first story.