



THE INTERSTELLAR TELEPHONE COMPANY

Hello, Central! Give me Mars.
What long distance to the stars.

Wish I looked as sweet as you!
How's your mother? Oh, too bad!

Really? That is very sad.
Thought I'd ring to tell you that
I admired your new spring hat.

Yes, it's quite becoming—grand.
Not exactly what you'd planned?

Well, perhaps it's just as well.
If you looked a bit more swell

Half the women on this sphere
Soon would die of envy, dear.

Is it on straight? Well, not quite.
But the tilt strikes me just right—
Gives you quite a pleasant air
With the marcellle of your hair.

Tell me, does your new spring sack
Button up along the back.

Or is it—bz—bz—bz?
Wire's bust again? Oh, tutt!

Hello, Central. What's the bill?
Fourteen what? Not fourteen

mill—

Fourteen million dollars? My! My!

Wire's busted—so am I!

—John Kendrick Bangs.

NOTES

Sgt Oliver Lodge's long expected book on psychological research, "The Survival of Man," will be ready, on this side of the Atlantic, at the end of the month.

"Social Service and the Art of Healing," by Richard Cabot Clarke, M. D., of Harvard, will be published immediately by Moffat, Yard & Company.

Among the publishers' announcements for the coming year is conspicuous in its boldness. Frederick A. Stokes company, in starting notice, "Drake, by Dr. Noyes, An Epic Poem in 12 books," We do not recall that a really full-blown epic has been published since days of Milton certainly not since the days of Dryden. It is therefore surprising that a modern publisher dares to take this broadside at the unromantic armor of commercialized America. The courage of the author is even more remarkable, but it is surely a fulfillment of the intentions he gave when he began his graduate studies at Oxford, and a representative of London Bookman that he intended to make his living by writing poetry. This he has succeeded in doing, as his work is very popular in England. Will the epic have a similarly great success in England's greatness?" The dramatic device was always exceedingly effective.

When Mr. Barr was teaching in Canada, an old comrade friend of his came along with a steamer trunk giving talks on Europe. The lecturer always finished with the thrilling recital of an anecdote about Queen Victoria. The Alak of Abenkula visited her and asked "What is the cause of England's greatness?" The good queen handed him a Bible, which was in readiness to present him, saying, "This is the cause of England's greatness."

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Frederick R. Burton completed the work of his life, his book on "American Primitive Music," on October 1st.

For the first time in his career, he starts. Mr. Furtado will be reading the early notices of his new story, "The Diamond Master," a worthy successor in the field of entertaining fiction, to Eustace Isabel and "The Simple Case of Susanna."

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"This," said the fervid Cardillac,

"is the secret of England's greatness!"

and was horrified on glancing up at the screen to see before him a picture of the gigantic battleship *Conqueror*.

The audience, which did not know the story of the Bible, cheered vociferously, rose to its feet and sang "Rule Britannia" in a most warlike voice.

When the lecturer came round to Barr's district, the lantern operator was ill, and Barr was implored to take his place, which he consented to do. All went well until the grand finale arrived, when Barr, in mathematical precision, recited another picture for that of the Bible. "This," said the fervid Cardillac,

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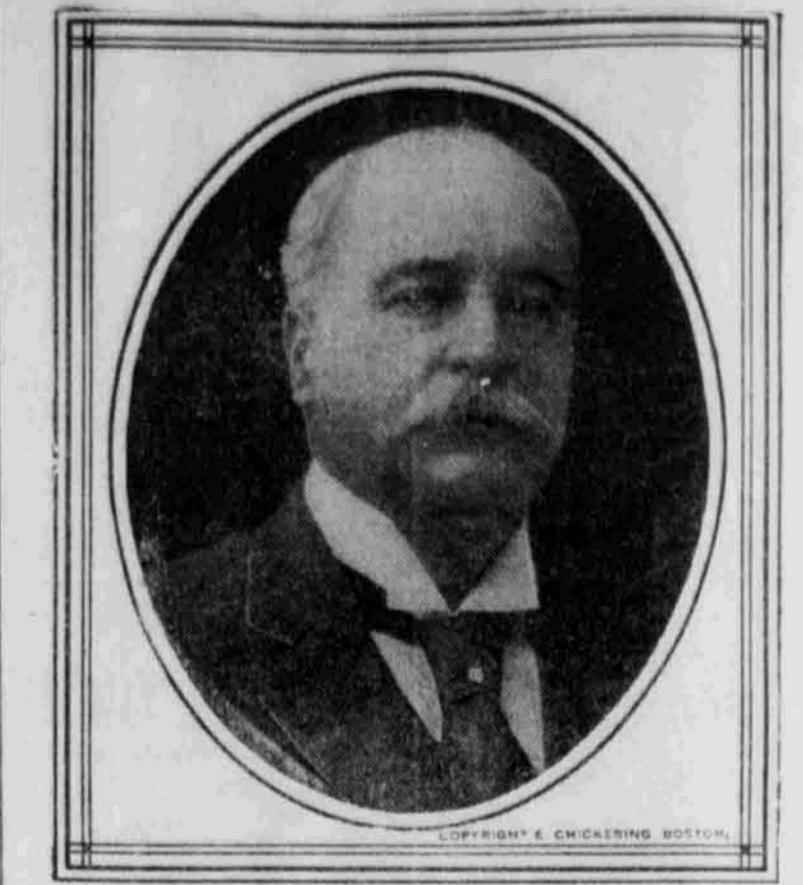
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What Tennyson really thought about his appointment as poet Laureate is not fully revealed in the present Lord Tennyson's life of the poet, but was made clear at the gathering at Lincoln in celebration of his centenary. While Tennyson's Poetry, and of friends of his poet, read without any omission of a word, the poet laureate, who had written without any omission of a word, the letter which Tennyson wrote to his grandfather on the occasion, and this version is interesting for comparison with that given in the life. "I thank you for your congratulations touching the laureateship," Tennyson wrote. "I was advised by my friends not to decline it, and I was even told that, being already in receipt of a pension, I could not gracefully refuse it, but I wish more and more that some one else had it. I have no passion for courts, but a great love of privacy, nor do I count having the office as any particular feather in my cap. It is, I believe, the laudable part of the intelligent opposition of the intelligent," yet he refuses to be a partisan, preferring a consideration of both sides, and thus conserving the best of both worlds, and some things that are not in either world. Of course the philologist may expect to find here some pages of interest only to himself, but we are inclined to think that even more than that of the philologist will be the enlightenment of "the man in the street," who never yet, perhaps, as any known what spelling reform was all about.

Mr. H. R. Irving, who says that he has to bring out plays by modern authors, has just produced Justin Huntly McCarthy's "The Proud Prince" at the Lyceum. He has also arranged to produce the dramatized version of Mr. McCarthy's most recent novel, issued by the Harpers under the title "The Gorgons Borgia," now to be known on the stage as "Caesar Borga." This

play will follow "The Bells," perhaps the most affecting performance of Mr. Irving's late lamented muse.



EBEN S. DRAPER,

Governor of Massachusetts.

scarcely £100 a year, and my friend R. M. Milnes tells me that the price of the patent and court dress will swallow up all the first year's income." That anticipation, however, was not realized, for Milnes lent his friend the dress which had been worn by Washington, who in turn had obtained it from the poet Rogers.

In common with other subscribers to the London Library, I am awaiting with interest the publication of the subject-index to that storehouse of books which has been in preparation for nearly five years. The cost of compilation of the index, and the expenses of the library or the expenditure on printing, has amounted to over £3,600, and the headings will number 5,800. While adapted primarily to the library in connection with which it will be published, the index can hardly fail to prove extremely valuable to scholars and librarians everywhere, especially as those who have seen the front-sheets agree that it is the best subject-index yet produced in England.

An English provincial bookseller has published some notes of his experiences during a recent visit to Boston. Words fail him in an attempt to praise the public library, but he has a grave charge to bring against the bookbinder. A discussion with his host of the charms of some Brod. Hart's books led him to seek for a presentation copy of the same in Boston, with the result that utter failure to secure what he wanted waited upon his inquiries at five second-hand book stores and three of the largest new-book stores.

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