

But Jenny says if I wed her, my golfing days
are done.

And I have been servant of Love for barely a
year of my life,

But for twelve years I have been Priest of St.
Andrews (a town in Fife).

And the gloom of my bachelor days is flecked
with the cheery thought

Of games that I played when sober, and
games that I played when . . . not.

Bring me my bag of golf clubs . . . let me con-
sider anew . . .

My putter! . . . and who is Jenny that I should
abandon you?

There are millions of pretty Jennys . . . all of
them much the same,

And a woman is only a woman, but a game of
golf is a game.

Fetch me another driver, give me a pure white
ball;

If Jenny will have no rival . . . I sha'n't have
Jenny at all.

Who's Who in America for 1902 has appeared. It is a well printed, well-bound volume, containing over thirteen hundred pages, in which are noted brief biographies of eleven thousand five hundred and fifty-one people of more or less importance. Seriously, it is a book of considerable interest and undoubted value, and if at times we have reason to doubt its accuracy in certain details, the fault is not due to its editors and publishers. In the compilation of a book of this kind it is inevitable that each individual subject should be his or her own biographer, and as a result the volume contains some rare specimens of unconscious humour. One lady, for instance, makes a note of the fact that "she was reared in luxury;" another coquettishly informs the readers of the volume that she began writing stories "at the early age of eight," and that she was "selected on account of distinguished appearance for life-sized portraits for exhibition." In the preface of the book the editors tell us that in the information blank sent to those requested to furnish biographical data, the line which was oftenest overlooked was that of "date of birth." Not only did many women ignore

it, but some men also. One woman wrote in: "I am not young enough to be careless nor old enough to be reckless." Several wrote in the line such comments as "not necessary" or "leave out." One lady, to whom the printed sketch from the former edition of the work was sent for revision, wrote underneath it: "Please substitute the enclosed typewritten sketch, which is much better." Examination showed that the typewritten matter differed from the printed slip only in that it omitted the date of birth. One "authoress," we regret to see, has moved her natal day two years forward since the publication of the 1899 *Who's Who in America*. Possibly there are many more similar peculiarities, but they have escaped our attention. This one, however, does not seem to have been noticed by the editors of the work.

According to the preface, the task of preparing a work of this kind, though arduous, was not unrelieved by amusing incidents and grotesque side views of various idiosyncrasies, and of humorous phases of thought and character. "Many of these revealed themselves in revisions of sketches which appeared in the first edition. To one man, recorded in that edition as 'married,' without further particulars, a proof was sent for revision, with the note: 'Please give the maiden name of your wife.' With the return of the corrected proof came the following: 'I am sorry I cannot comply with your request to give you my wife's maiden name, as she is now travelling in Europe.'" On another sketch there was written the comment, "This is correct, and is, it seems to me, just what such a note should be: careful, accurate, no bouquets, no bricks." From a leading Western poet and critic there came the following: "I take pleasure in revising the sketch of myself in the game of 'Literary Tag,' or 'Who's It.' Several wished to substitute long eulogistic sketches for the submitted copy. Several actors wished to have favourable press notices appended, and two or three of that profession thought that the notices would look better with the portrait, and sent their photographs for reproduction. One man who has had a somewhat meteoric newspaper career made extensive additions and concluded with the comment; "This will do, if you can't do better

—but I would like about a stick full more space. This is a good thing.” It was also inevitable that many and strenuous efforts to procure admission should have been made by persons whose applications had to be declined. Many went so far as to try to buy their way in.

American theatregoers are not subjected to the imposition which obliges Europeans to pay for the programme of a play; but the pamphlet which is given to them gratuitously has practically nothing to recommend it except those pages which set forth the characters and the acts. It seems strange that theatrical managers should persist in inflicting upon the patrons of their houses such a literary atrocity as the conventional programme. In its present form it is not only an annoyance to the playgoer, but we fail utterly to see its use as an advertising medium. The alleged jokes, which are inserted probably with the idea of relieving a little the monotony of the whole, are absolutely, without exception, the most ghastly and preposterous of their kind. The following, which we clip from one of the current playbills of one of the most prominent New York theatres, are a very fair sample:

Why do people have best clothes? They always look better in their every-day ones.

Mrs. Prim—“George, I discovered that detestable pup of yours trying to get my roast on top of the refrigerator.” Mr. Prim—“Smart dog that; playing for high steak, he was.”

More Lives Than a Cat.—“Yes, sir, old Plutarch himself was a vegetarian.” “What of it?” “What of it? See the number of ‘lives’ he had!”

“Mamma,” queried four-year-old Nettie, “where do people go when they die?” “I can’t tell just where, my dear,” answered her mother. “But don’t you know, mamma?” asked the little miss. “Of course not, Nettie,” she replied; “how should I know?” “Why, mamma,” asked the small interrogator, “didn’t you never study geography?”

Johnny in the Garden—“Father, father, look out of the window.” Father, putting out his head—“What a nuisance you children are. What do you want now?” Johnny, with a triumphant glance at his playfellow.—“Tommy

Brooks wouldn’t believe you’d got no hair on the top of your head.”

The inhabitants of northern China are nearly all vegetarians, the chief articles of food being millet, rice, maize, potatoes and turnips.

We don’t quite understand the last, but it is undoubtedly humour of a high order.

Under the management of Mrs. Fiske, the Manhattan Theatre seems to have taken a step in the matter of the playbill which should eventually lead to a decided change. It is only experimental, and if one is to judge critically, it is in many respects unsatisfactory, but none the less it is a step in the right direction. In addition to the bill of the play and the usual advertisement, there are scattered here and there little bits of original reading matter—Notes of the Foreign Stage, three or four poems, a short article on Playbills, Old and New, another on The Passing of the Gallery Gods, and several entertaining sketches.

The Rev. John Wade, who succeeded Patrick Brontë in the incumbency of Haworth, and ministered there for thirty-seven years, has passed away. He incurred very great odium on account of the demolition of the church associated with the Brontës and the erection of a new church on the same site. It was contended that the new church should have been built on another site and the old one left as a Brontë shrine. We believe that the blame, however, was not with Mr. Wade, but with the Bishop of Ripon, to whom, probably, the Brontës were people of no significance. The agitation deeply wounded Mr. Wade; indeed, he never got over the bitterness of the conflict. This led him to stand aside from the recent movements in commemoration of the Brontës, and when the Brontë museum was opened he did not attend. He had, however, a strong regard for the Brontë family. When he came to Haworth he kept a note-book embodying the fresh traditions of his predecessors in this parsonage, and it is matter for deep regret that he ultimately committed these notes to the flames, and could not be induced in any way to write on the subject. He had

**The Late Rev.
John Wade.**