



AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

CLERK—"If you please, sir, I shall have to ask you to excuse me for the rest of the day. I have just heard of—er—an addition to my family."

EMPLOYER—"Is that so, Penfold? What is it, boy or girl?"

CLERK—"Well, sir, the fact is—er—(somewhat embarrassed)—it's two boys."

EMPLOYER—"Twins, eh? Young man, I'm afraid you are putting on too many heirs."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

HOW TO BOOM A NOVEL.

NEW YORK, July 16th.

MR. R. O. MANSER.

DEAR SIR,—In response to your inquiries we regret to inform you that your novel, "What's the Matter with Hannah?" is selling rather poorly. It don't go as we expected it would. It is not deficient in pruriency, and contains several passages admirably calculated to suffuse with a blush the cheek of modesty—provided the novel-reading public has any modesty left, which may be doubted. But it is not nearly so salacious as some other books now on the market, and is altogether discounted in the matter of startling audacity by the "Kreutzer Sonata." That work is going off like hot cakes since it was denied post-office facilities by the Government, and our presses have been kept busy for some days to supply the sudden demand. If you could only get the attention of the proper authorities—good phrase that, when you don't know exactly whose business it is—called to the comparatively mild unconventionalities of "What's the Matter with Hannah?" something might be done to boom it. We merely throw this out as a suggestion. Yours, etc., HUSTLER, BILKS & Co., Publishers.

P.S.—We beg to remind you that your note of \$200 on a/c. of publication expenses is overdue. H., B. & Co.

YAPHANK, July 19th.

MR. JOHN FLIPPER,

Assistant Editor, Yaphank *Yawp*.

DEAR JACK,—Drop around and see me Saturday evening, like a good fellow, will you? I'm all alone; wife spending a few weeks with her mother at the old homestead, and I've laid in a few original packages—the

real old stuff—and some good cigars. We'll have a quiet chat over literary matters, and I've a little scheme I want you to help me with. I'm everlastingly obliged to you, old man, for the ripping good send-off you gave "Hannah" in the *Yawp*, but it don't seem to go. The publishers say it lacks snap, but, dear knows, I thought I'd made it spicy enough to suit the most *blasé*. However, perhaps with your help I may make a success of it yet. Now don't fail me. So long, old chum.

R. O. M.

YAPHANK, July 26th.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK, ESQ.,
Society for the Suppression of Vice, New York.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to call your attention to the grossly obscene and immoral character of a work recently issued by Hustler, Bilks & Co., of your city, entitled "What's the Matter with Hannah?" a copy of which I forward by this mail. The work is all the more insidious and corrupting because veiled under specious pretensions of a lofty moral purpose. I shudder to think of the terrible mischief likely to be wrought by such a volume on the susceptible minds of the young and unsophisticated. It gives me very great pain to take the step I have in calling the attention of your powerful organization to this pernicious book, as the author has been a personal friend for many years, but as the father of a family I cannot allow personal considerations to stand in the way of an obvious duty. I beg to enclose a contribution of \$50 to the funds of your society as a slight mark of my appreciation of the good work you are doing in suppressing the flood of filthy and infamous literature which threatens to deluge the country. Hoping that you will see your way clear to prompt and effective action, I remain, Yours respectfully, JOHN FLIPPER.