

## \*WORM WOOD.

Quelqu'un m'a dévoré le cœur. Je me souviens.

How the slow years drag on! How deadly slow

With scarce a new found pang to mark the path

My soul hath fray'd through withered fields of wrath,

Where asphodels, all blighted, sparsely show  
Amid the bitter herbage of the waste

And I urge ever onward in mad haste

Seeking some phantom of a girl long dead—

Taking the cobwebs in the canker'd trees

For tresses reft from off my lady's head—

Still, in these drear delusions is there ease,

Only in common sanity distress—

And yet there are who say: Were't not for wine!

—As though in pass so strait 'twere foul to press

Or grape or poppy for sure anodyne.

\*Done into English, from the Russian, by  
Edith Nares.

## TEA WITH THE EDITOR.

Mr. Bliss Carman is now editing *The Literary World* for Messrs. L. C. Page & Company, Publishers, of Boston. *The Literary World* is clever, tho' dignified, in its attitude, and purely literary in its aims. The same may be said of its Editor.

It is interesting to know (from *The Literary World*) that, among the best selling novels in Boston, for last month, stands Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts's *Barbara Ladd*.

*Emmy Lou* has taken the reading public by the heart-strings. Personally I would much rather know one book-full of the late Julia Horatio Ewing's children than a whole shelf-full of Emmy Lou's. Ye Gods! Am I old-fashioned? I can hardly think so. Perhaps I am superior.

The sub Assistant-Editor informs me that Mr. Prince and Miss (or Mrs.) Edith Nares have settled down upon the pages of *THE KIT-BAG* for a test of endurance. A stop must certainly be put to it, or their next criticisms will be of each other's handwriting.

After this month single copies of *THE KIT-BAG* will be sold for fifteen cents, tho' the

yearly subscription price shall remain at one dollar. The Business Manager has two reasons for this innovation—first, that we should not consider the feelings of persons who have not subscribed—second, that anyone who will pay ten cents for *THE KIT-BAG*, will, just as cheerfully, pay fifteen.

Lists of "best selling" books of animal life bring to my memory the following lines, which were found inscribed on the bark of a birch tree, somewhere in the heart of New York:—

*Our Charles, at the height of his glory*

*Is neither decrepit nor hoary.*

*At his ease in a chair,*

*(With his smile and his hair,)*

*He is writing an animal story.*

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have taken over the *Metropolitan Magazine*, and Mr. John Kendrick Bangs will be its editor. We may look for improvement: there is no room for anything else.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is about to publish a "translation" of *Odes from the Divan of Hafiz*. Fortunately for Mr. Le Gallienne the late Edward Fitzgerald left (as far as I know) no translation of Hafiz.

The Cynic's Calendar tells us that—a little widow is a dangerous thing. The man from South Africa tells us that *Indiscretion is the bigger part of valour*.

My friend Rufus wishes me to proclaim publicly (then where else than in *The K-B*) that he has been for years familiar with the use of the telephone, but (in reference to last night's disturbance) for the moment mistook it for his Sandow's Combined Developer. (The above is not an advertisement for Mr. Sandow, or the Telephone Company, or Rufus.—Ed.)

An officer of The Royal Naval Reserve (address R. K. Y. C.) writes—

*The Sailor bold and free,*

*Must have no end of sport,*

*A'sailin' 'round the sea,*

*With a wife in every port.*

I trust the gentleman will learn to take a more serious and more becoming view of the matter, before his country calls him. Levity in youth I can almost forgive, but in an old man of twenty-six!! And might not we—even we—remembering the immortal lines

*Wash your face and comb your wig*

*And you'll get married when you're big—*

—have wives, and live in a seaport town. Then how fearful, to us, would be the thought of that bold sailor. Worse still, might not our Business Manager go to sea himself; in which case what an idea to put into his head!