

ACROSS THE STREET.

Across the street the bright lights flashed and glowed,
And Bertie's favored ones were gathered there.
The merry music of the dance outstreamed
Upon the air.

Across the street—it seemed so far away,
That joyous world, from my unhappy sphere,
Made up of weary toil, day after day,
And year by year.

I turned me from my window, with a sigh,
"Thou mak'st life's difference, O God, so wide."
I could not conquer that ungrateful cry,
Tho' hard I tried.

Across the street, next night, across the street,
Death's grim insignia from the door was hung.
I heard the passers-by, low-voiced, repeat,
"So fair, so young."

Across the street—ah, surely 'twas not so,
That they were mourning who last night were gay.
That yonder mansion was a house of woe,
Where death held sway?

Across the street, beside a single light,
A cheerless company a sad watch kept,
And she, the homaged one of yesternight,
Forever slept.

—Boston Journal.

JOHN ALDEN'S INSURANCE

JOSIAH REYNOLDS was a staid, respectable man, whose life had been uneventful and monotonous; he was what one might call an average man. He had obtained, when fourteen years of age, a position as errand boy in a retail dry goods store. From this store no ambition had ever tempted him; there he had remained, and in his methodical way had plodded step by step, higher and higher, till he had become head salesman at a salary of fifteen dollars a week.

Josiah, at the age of twenty-five, had married. He loved his wife in his own way; and then, as he always said, "It is so much cheaper to live!" Four Josiah discovered his mistake by the time he was the father of eight children; and often in his despondent moods longed for the time when he, a happy bachelor, had lived in an attic and dined how and when he pleased. But Josiah was a thoroughly honest man, and after these retrospective and despondent musings rebuked his exertions to solve the problem—how to pay rent, clothe his family, and settle the thousand and one little bills continually intruding themselves—all on fifteen dollars a week. But, to his credit be it said, his family was provided for; the children were weanedly if cheaply clad; the wife always looked neat, nor did they suffer for food; true, they had few amusements, and poor Josiah often felt ashamed of his threadbare coat, for he would rather go shabby himself than be ashamed of his wife and children.

In this manner Josiah lived until his forty-fifth year; then he received a great surprise. His employer had each year grown more feeble, and left more and more the charge of the store to Josiah. Many men under such circumstances would have demanded more pay, but not so Josiah; it seemed only natural to him that he should give his best endeavors to his employer, who, however, made no comment upon his assistant's faithful work; but Josiah was content with the thought of duty properly performed.

On the morning of the first of March, Josiah's birthday, he came to the store at his usual hour, but his steady coat bore upon its lapel a little bunch of toluense flowers, his natal gift from his wife and children. He went to his work light-heartedly on this particular morning. It was his nature to be happy, and only an occasional gloomy spell over some unusual expense broke his generally untroubled serenity. This morning, however, he was particularly happy. When he had seated himself for his breakfast of porridge and molasses he had found at his plate a bunch of flowers, which his wife, amidst the joyful wishes of her children, had pinned upon his coat. Strange as it may seem, this matter-of-fact man had a passionate fondness for flowers, rarely gratified; but to-day, as he started to his work, the remembrance of his happy home and the odor of the flowers stimulated him to a sense of unusual joy.

When his employer arrived Josiah greeted him with a pleasant smile, but noticed regretfully how weak he seemed.

"Ah!" he thought, "what a sorrowful life for poor Mr. Alden, all alone at this age! I would not change places with him, I am sure. What is money without happiness?"

"Josiah," said Mr. Alden, "I have something to say to you."

"Yes, sir," answered Josiah, surprised at the impressive tone of his master's voice.

"Josiah," said Mr. Alden, "you have been with me ever since you were a boy; I have watched the unfolding of your character, and I know you to be a truly honorable and reliable man. I have not been unmindful of your faithful services, nor am I indisposed to reward them. I am getting old; I am now eighty-four years of age, and, in the ordinary course of events, I cannot live much longer. Since my dear son died I have been entirely alone in the world. What I want to say is this: I wish to give you full charge of the store; I will take you into partnership, and you can have one-half of the profits. All I ask is that you take me into your family, for

"I am weary of living alone. When I die I shall leave you all I possess, including an insurance on my life of twenty thousand dollars. Does that suit you?"

Mr. Alden, who knew his clerk well, was not surprised that he did not speak; it was, indeed, and he knew it, a most alluring prospect. Josiah was so stunned that he could not speak coherently. Through his mind rushed a picture of his past life; how he had always pinched and calculated to make both ends meet; the continual whirl about money, which had become so much of a second nature that he scarcely noticed it, but which, in his retrospective glance, under the bright illumination of this magnificent offer, weighed on his spirits like a pall.

What! He an equal partner in the firm? He an equal sharer in the profits? He the heir of Mr. Alden! It seemed incredible.

"Well, Josiah, what say you?"

He roused himself and said:

"I don't know what to say, the offer is so unexpected and undeserved. I have never done more than my duty, and why you should be so generous I do not know; really I do not know what to say or do."

"There is nothing you need say, Josiah, but one thing to do—allow me to have my own way. My decision is not a thing of the moment; I have thought of it long and often. The store does not pay very much—about four thousand dollars a year—still it has enabled me to lay up a snug fortune, and to place upon my life an insurance of twenty thousand dollars."

Josiah listened to the old man's talk only with external application; he understood what was said, but each word conjured up a picture. At first his mind did not wander beyond the yearly income of two thousand dollars; this sum, in contrast with his beggarly fifteen dollars a week, seemed inexhaustible. He thought of the many things he could do now. Maria, his wife, should have a silk dress, and should rest from the labor which had been wearing her out. Martha, his oldest daughter, should have the wish of her life granted, and should study music. Alfred should go to college; the other children should have their dresses when they grew up—and he—oh, he would get a new coat!

With such rosy pictures did the two thousand dollars fill his thoughts; but when he allowed his mind to contemplate the time when he should possess Mr. Alden's entire fortune, it affected him as a flash of lightning did the eye.

"Well, Josiah," said Mr. Alden, "let us go and have the partnership papers drawn up; then, as it is your birthday, you can take a holiday, something you have not had in many years."

"Just as you say, sir," said Josiah, meekly.

Soon the business was transacted, Josiah signing all the papers in a dazed manner, unconscious of their contents. Then he hastened home, for he was anxious to confide to some one the joy that filled his heart; and to whom more properly than to her who had shared his privations and sorrows?

When he reached his abode, a dingy house in an obscure back street, he found his wife working upon a pile of shirts; this she had done for many years to eke out their meager existence. Josiah was not unused to the sight, since he had witnessed it day after day, but now he felt within his soul an impulse of indignation that his wife should be doing such work; so, while his wife gazed in astonishment at her liege lord, who never before in all their married life had returned so early from the store, he stalked grandly to the pile of shirts, gathered them up and cast them out of the door.

"Josiah Reynolds!" exclaimed the amazement-stricken wife, "are you crazy?"

"No, Maria, I am not, but I do feel rather strange here," said Josiah, tapping his forehead, "but crazy or not, you shall make no more shirts for Wringer & Starchem."

"But, my dear, what shall we do? I made three dollars a week out of them; we can't get along without the money."

"Mrs. Reynolds," answered Josiah, with an air of dignity, "the wife of the junior member of the firm of Alden & Reynolds does not need to make shirts at three dollars a week."

Maria was ready to burst into tears. Never before had her dear Josiah called her Mrs. Reynolds; moreover, he frightened her with his strange actions and incoherent talk, and, with a woman's reasoning, she concluded he was insane. So the tears that had been gathering burst forth like a torrent, accompanied by a storm of sobs.

"My dear Maria, what is the matter?" exclaimed the now awakened husband; "have I said or done anything to offend you?"

"No," sobbed Maria, "only go-gone and go-gone crazy!"

"Why, Maria, I am not crazy; what do you mean by saying so?"

"What do you mean by talking about the firm of Alden & Reynolds when you are only a clerk getting fifteen dollars a week?"

This was more than Josiah could stand. What! He, a partner in the firm, accused of being a clerk at fifteen dollars a week? It was an insult! In a voice of indignation he said:

"Madam, I wish you to understand that I am neither fool nor crazy. This morning Mr. Alden took me into partnership; I hasten to tell you the good news, and you accuse me of being insane; nice encouragement, is it not?"

"Oh, Josiah, I am so glad!" said "is it really and truly true?"

"Yes, it is true; and, moreover, Mr. Alden is coming to live with us, and when he dies he will leave all his wealth to me. Maria, we are rich! No more pinching and contriving; we can live like human beings, and the children can have a chance to be somebody."

"Oh, Josiah, I am so glad!" said Maria, and again the floodgate of tears was opened; but this time the tears were those of joy, and were soon dried up under her sun of happiness.

"Now, Maria, as soon as the children come we will have a little excursion and celebrate the birthday of the junior member of the firm of Alden & Reynolds."

In the bosom of his family, Josiah, kind and benignant, celebrated the day which opened to him and his such delightful prospects.

Next morning Josiah went to his work at the usual hour. The rest of the help congratulated him—some honestly, some evasively—but all subversively. He informed Mr. Alden that he could not receive him till a week had passed, for he was about to move into a new house.

"You know, Mr. Alden," he said, "it would not do for the firm to live in such a neighborhood as that in which I formerly lived."

"No, certainly not," assented Mr. Alden.

In a week everything was arranged. Mr. Alden was installed with his new partner in a fine house, nicely furnished. It was true Josiah was obliged to run in debt for the furnishings, but then the firm was good for it. Martha had her music teacher; Alfred was sent to college; Maria was not allowed to do much of any work, except to oversee the girl; the children were finely dressed, and everything went as naturally as if the family had never economized on fifteen dollars a week.

Mr. Alden made his will, leaving his entire wealth to Josiah; but despite the kind care of Maria, he daily grew weaker. He never went to the store, but Josiah, now always neatly dressed and with a bud on his coat, kept the business up to its usual standard, though he had ceased to work as he was wont to do when a clerk.

Business was very satisfactory; the life just suited Josiah; he felt himself expand and broaden; it pleased him to be called Mr. Reynolds by those who formerly called him Josiah or even plain Reynolds. It gratified him to say to a good customer: "My partner, Mr. Alden, is not well; he is staying at my house," or to say to a customer from out of town: "We dine at six; will you honor us?"

For three months all was rose-colored—then the bills began to come in—the quarter's rent, bills from the house furnisher, Alfred's college expenses, tailors', grocers', butchers' and a thousand and one other bills poured in like an avalanche, till the poor man was nearly distracted, and found it even harder to make both ends meet than when working for fifteen dollars a week. Pride would not allow him to recede from his position, and by hook and by crook he managed to make things come out nearly right; but was obliged to borrow a few hundreds from a friendly broker, who knew the circumstances of Alden's will, and who readily took Josiah's note.

Months went on thus, outwardly pleasant to all, but Josiah found himself steadily getting into debt to the friendly broker on whom he had to call to keep up his credit and appearance.

"It is only for a short time," he argued. "Mr. Alden cannot live much longer, then I will have the whole store and all his money."

Thus Josiah went on, calculating on the death of his benefactor, till from calculating he grew to thinking.

"What is the good of his living? He is of no use to himself or others, and only stands in the way of my advancement. Well, he cannot last much longer, for he grows weaker day by day."

This was indeed true; Mr. Alden was unable to leave his room; he had no particular ailment, seeming to succumb merely to old age.

A year had passed and Josiah owed the broker about one thousand dollars. When he borrowed his last installment his friend said:

"How long do you think old Alden will last?"

"I do not know. He is now eighty-

five years of age, and certainly should not last very much longer."

"I do not know about that," said the broker. "I was talking with a life insurance agent a few days ago, and he said that according to the mortality tables of the insurance company a man of eighty-five years could expect to live for five years."

"What?" groaned Josiah, "do you think Mr. Alden will live to be ninety?"

"According to the table he can," said the broker, producing a series of tables compiled by one P. E. Chase. Josiah looked eagerly at the book. Yes, there it was:

"Expectancy of Life—eighty-five years—5.18 years."

"So Mr. Alden will live to be ninety," he said, looking blankly at the broker.

"So it seems," said his friend, calmly lighting a cigar.

"And what am I to do, run into debt all this time. Will you wait and still furnish me with money?" and Josiah wetted his lips anxiously.

"I will wait," said the broker, "but you will have to pay me a larger rate of interest."

"Anything at all," eagerly responded Josiah. "I cannot go back now, but, oh, I wish this suspense were over! Why will he not die and leave his money where it will do some good?"

OLD FAVORITES

Die Wacht Am Rhein.
With thunder shout the air is rent,
Like roar of waves and sword clash
Loud,
Now, of the German Rhine so free,
Who will the river's guardian be?"

Chorus:
Thou, Fatherland, may'st tranquil be,
Thy faithful sons will watch o'er thee;
Steadfast and true each son, each son
Of thine,
Stands sentry o'er our Rhine, our noble
Rhine!

The people hear that mighty cry,
Like lightning flashes ev'ry eye;
That landmark ev'ry heart will keep,
And watch unslumbering o'er the deep.

Thy tide reflects the heav'n above,
And heroes gaze on thee with love,
And proudly breathe a vow to thee,
Thou, Rhine, shalt ever German be.

So long as blood flows in each vein,
Or hands to draw the sword remain,
And while an arm is in the land,
No foe shall walk upon thy strand.

The waves re-echo back the cry,
The standards in the breeze doth fly,
The Rhine, the German Rhine, so free,
Yes, we will all thy guardians be.
—Max Schneckenberger.

If I Should Die To-night.
If I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse
and say,
Weeping and heart sick o'er my lifeless
clay—

If I should die to-night
And you should come in deepest grief
and woe
And say, "Here's that ten dollars that I
owe"—

I might arise in my large white
cravat
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse
and kneel,
Clasping my hair to show the grief you
feel—

I say, if I should die to-night
And you should come to me, and there
and then
Just even hint 'bout payin' me that ten,
I might rise the while;
But I'd drop dead again.
—Ben King.

KING OF DIME NOVELISTS

Eugene T. Sawyer Reveals Secrets of Spellbinding Literature.

Eugene T. Sawyer, "the king of dime novels," is at present city editor of a newspaper in San Jose, Cal., and is a "genial, sadly smiling gentleman," the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat.

He has tracked and slain more villains and rescued more heroines, we are told, than Dumas himself. "His editions are not measured by thousands, but by carloads. He probably holds the championship for story-writing, with upward of seventy-five books to his credit." Mr. Sawyer when asked to outline his idea of the foundation of the dime novel replied:

"To a man whose life is measured by yards of ribbon or pounds of cheese, or bounded by the four dingy walls of the counting-house a dime novel is a revelation and a delight. Most of my readers are mere 'supers' on the stage of life. They are not in themselves picturesque. Nothing romantic ever happens to them. For all these, hungry for something to take out of themselves, the dime novel provides a thrill per page, the only real mental stimulus they are capable of. The heroes that strut through the pages of the 'yellow back' are the only interesting persons they ever hobnob with. No wonder they love Nick Carter."

"I begin thinking with the first word set down, and not before. Of course, I must begin with something that will attract interest. The old method used to be something like this:

Help! Help! Help! These words rang out into the air on a cold November night in a little town not twenty miles from New York. Some one was in dire need, but the whole country seemed deserted."

"And then immediately there was a row of stars, after which the paragraph went on:

"Twenty years ago Ephraim Gobsen was the most respected citizen in New Potosdam, and Huldah, his sunny-haired daughter, was called the prettiest girl in the village, etc."

"But I fancy I revolutionized the opening of the dime novel. Writers of the magazines have learned how necessary it is to begin the plot with the first word, and do it perhaps more artistically, but it's the same principle. For instance in 'Ransom Aranda, the California Detective,' I start:

"We will have the money or you shall die!"

"Or, in another one I thought rather striking:

"Swear the defendant!"

"And in 'The Dead Man's Hand' the opening line was this:

"It is a case of mysterious disappearance, Mr. Carter."

"Sometimes it is harder to get a good opener than a good title, though the title and the 'cover situation' are what usually sell the book. That last quotation is from 'The Dead Man's Hand,' or, 'Nick Carter's Matchless Method.' The main title was suggested to me by the publishers, who thought it would sell well, and from that phrase I built up the whole book."

The "Nick Carter" series brought him author about \$50 per novel, each book running to about 25,000 words. The "Log Cabin" novels were twice as

long and brought \$100 apiece. Mr. Sawyer confesses that the writer of dime novels is never likely to become rich, but he finds compensation in this branch of literature, nevertheless. He concludes:

"I have always been a reader as well as a writer of dime novels, though I do not read only that class of literature, by any means. I have read them since I was a boy and still read them, now perhaps from curiosity and because of my knowledge of the technique of this particular kind of fiction. It is, however, only the 'submerged tenth' who hear cheap stories. I have been in the book shops and seen bankers and capitalists gravely paying their nickels for the same tales their own elevator boys read. I have known literary men to confess that they had read tales as bad as mine with interest and excitement."

"Such yarns are about as good a remedy for brain fog as you could find. They're easy and require little effort of mind. You can read 'The Pirate of the Caribbees' when your nerves forbid ethical discussions."

"They say that dime novel writers are born, not made. It isn't so easy as it looks. Of course, I never made any claims to literary quality and have never tried for 'style.' My books were frankly 'pot boilers,' and I think I have a sense of humor enough to know where they stand. Still, Louise Alcott did it once: I'm on a bad eminence I know, but though my work was at trashy, it never pandered to any depraved tastes. For a dime novel you require only three things—a riotous imagination, a dramatic instinct, and a tight hand that never tires. I never revised a line or crossed out a word. But I doubt if every one could write that way offhand, as it were, and turn out a story that a messenger boy could no more leave half done than a fool could stop in the pursuit of a rat."—Chicago Chronicle.

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EFFECT OF PROSPERITY

Traveling Shows Could Not Secure Enough Helpers to Handle Tents.

"A circus handicapped by prosperity sounds like pipe talk, but that was the experience I had last summer," said George Bowles, who until two months ago was press agent for the Barnum & Bailey circus and was in town on Wednesday doing some advance work for a new star.

"All circus routes are based upon the prosperity of the different sections of the country. A section in which crop are good and the banks are flourishing gets the circus, but a section when there has been a failure of crops or a big manufacturing enterprise is passed up by the advance agent who maps the route. This is a good policy and is followed by every circus of any size, but last summer for the first time in all my theatrical experience we were burdened by a surplus of prosperity."

"When the circus was in Washington reports stated that our canvassers and laborers had gone on strike. These reports were inaccurate, but they followed us wherever we went. The truth of the matter was, our men deserted upon their individual initiative and not because of any concerted movements to secure more money or a reduction in their working hours."

"Times were so prosperous that an man with a good pair of bleeps could not only get a job, but would have people bidding for his services as many employers who wanted good husky boys overbid the circus, where upon the canvassman, figuratively speaking, folded his individual tent and silently stole away. These desertions were so frequent that the circus for about six weeks was constantly h more or less trouble. We sent every where for men. From the water front in New York and other cities we go sailors because they knew how to handle ropes, but they were with us only a short while, until some enterprising citizen with his own labor troupe would offer them fancy wages, then they would skip out and we would have to hunt again."

"The trouble was solved only when for the first time in the history of the circus, Mr. Bailey imported a large force of Virginia negroes, who were greatly pleased with the excitement and novelty of circus life. He tried hard to avoid this move, but there was too much doing for white men, to leave any other recourse."—Washington Times.

When Golf Was Taken Seriously
On September 9, 1937, Francis Broune, son of John Broune, was in Banff, was convicted by the borrow or justice court of the burgh of breaking into the bulthe of Patrick Shan and stealing therefrom "some gold balls," and the judges "ordaind th said Francis to be presentille tacke and careit to the gallowshill of thi burghie, and hangit on the gallow thereof to the death, whereof William Wat, dempster of the said assyly gave doome."—St. James' Gazette.

Her Status.
"Why do you still call her a 'fin d siecle girl'?"

"What's the matter with that?"

"Why, since that means literally the 'end of the century girl.' It was only used in speaking of girls toward the close of the last century."

"Well, that's when she was a girl."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Way of the Transgressor.
"Yes, he fooled me completely. He had such a smooth way with him."

"Which proves that the way of the transgressor is most successful when it's smooth."—Philadelphia Ledger.

At the age of 21 a man knows a lot more about women than he ever will at any subsequent stage of his career.