

"PENNY DREADFUL."

HOW THE MELODRAMA OF LITERATURE IS MADE.

It Takes More Plot Than Any Other Kind of a Production—Some of the Methods.

I ran against two girl friends of mine last Saturday whom I haven't seen for a long time; so we all turned into Broadway to eat ices and have a "good talk." My two friends are literary—they have not exactly yet inscribed their names upon the roll of fame, but they are girls of great resource and have enough ambition to attempt anything, from fashion articles to blank



THE TWO COLLABORATORS.

verse. Therefore, I was not surprised when they announced, with their mouths full of strawberry and vanilla:

"We're going to Europe."
"What—on the proceeds of journalism?" I asked.

"No, on the proceeds of a 'penny dreadful,'" answered my tall friend, Magog.

"Do you mean to say that in this cynical and pessimistic age there is still a good, healthy appetite for the 'thoroughly impossible'?" I inquired.

"Of course there is," answered Midge, my short friend. Midge is always ready to handle the largest possible questions on the shortest possible notice. "The pessimists only judge from their own little circle. If there wasn't a demand we shouldn't have the good luck to furnish part of the supply, should we, Magog?"

"We collaborated over it," said Magog.

"On the principle of two heads being better than one?" I inquired.

"Well, you see, one head with one average imagination is not enough," answered Midge.

"No, I should think not," I replied. "My idea of preparing to write such a thing would be to retire into solitary confinement long enough to try and regain the wild and impassioned longings of 16. Then, when my brain was properly on fire, I should start in."

"And you would probably produce a boy's book of stirring adventure or a psychological novel. No, you've got the wrong idea altogether," answered my large friend, decidedly. "The great thing to guard against is originality."

"That's convenient for you—no effort required."

"Don't try to be funny," said Midge, "or we won't tell you how we did it."

"You seem to have done it by being perfectly natural; but who reads your stuff?"

"Our stuff," as you call it is the favorite reading matter of the old-young person of neglected education," said Magog with pride.

"Her neglected education accounts for her taste," I remarked.

"Do you want to hear anything about our system?" asked Midge.

"Yes," answered the big partner. "And it says a good deal for the romantic tastes of the reading public that there is still a decided demand for the 'Penny Dreadful.'"

"A good deal for the neglected education, you mean," I replied.

And they said I was jealous.

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Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation.

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The difficulty which certain foreigners have in finding anything remarkable in what they see on this continent is illustrated by a story of an Englishman's visit to Niagara. A Canadian friend who was acting as guide fell into ecstasies over the scene. "Now," said the Canadian, "you stand before Niagara itself."
"Niagara? aw—Niagara. But now—aw—tell me, you know, what is there wonderful about it?"
"What is there wonderful? Why, it is Niagara!"
"Aoh! But, you know, it's only water coming down. But if it were going up, now!"

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