

PREPARES TO MOVE

Then Young Author Makes the Discovery That She Is Famous.

By MOLLY McMASTER.

Prudence gazed wistfully about the small studio that had been her haven of dreams for the last two years. She had taken it on the strength of having sold a poem to one of the magazines, and her heart had been filled with hope and the foundation of success.

A tear trickled through her lashes and splashed down onto the keys of her typewriter. Spasmodic breaths began to tear at the girl's slight frame, and her head went forward on her arms, and Prudence burst into an uncontrollable passion of weeping. Farewell to her hopes, farewell to the dear, delightful studio were embodied in her grief; and the horrible feeling of failure crowded it all.

One by one her manuscripts had been returned to her. They were far too poetic, too much a part of the dream world for the average reader to appreciate.

"Your characters are ethereal, not human," one editor had written. "Put them under the sprinkling can of human emotions and let them get splattered with mud. You will write a story then."

"But I do not see the mud," Prudence had bemoaned within herself, "nor did my father write about mud splattered characters—yet he was successful," she had argued in imagination with that editor.

"But your father was a man, and a man's life touches earth more frequently than does a woman's. Your poet father's pen was human."

So Prudence had struggled on with her ethereal heroes and heroines.

The meager amount left her by her successful but over-generous father had dwindled down. Prudence's slim pocketbook and shabby clothes testified to an ardent need of money.

"I dare not attempt to keep my studio for another year," she told herself, "the editors may be just as cruel as they have been." She smiled through her tears. "And I certainly will not marry Bobby, because he calls me a 'pipe dreamer.'"

Even so, Prudence did not decide to give up her studio without a struggle.

"Still," she sighed, "there is no use my having a studio if I am going into an office, and if I will be wearing stiff collars and shirtwaists." Prudence cast a regretful glance at her shabby, artistic brown frock, and at the same time smoothed back a tousled head of brown curls. "Yes, I will have to give it up. Studios would not be respectable if connected with a girl in shirtwaists and tight skirts. I will look about for a hall room."

And with the bravery that had kept her courage up through untold misery Prudence made arrangements to move the following Monday.

Had Prudence known the meaning of the word irony she would have considered the fact that a substantial check came to her from one of her stories on the Saturday before her departure as a bit of irony.

But, because to Prudence, irony, hypocrisy and slander held no part in the big scheme of existence she only rejoiced in her good fortune and forthwith spent a portion of the money on flowers.

"I want my studio to be beautiful on the last day." She choked back her tears while she arranged a great cluster of pink roses in her favorite rose jar.

During Sunday Prudence was half hysterical and half brave. She had not realized how terrible the parting with the dream of life was to be until she felt the evening hours of her last day drawing in.

She sank into the big cozy chair beside the red lamp and tried to feel that on the morrow she would be an office girl. A friend of her father's had secured Prudence a position as first reader on a magazine.

"And tomorrow evening I will go home to my horrid little hall room with tired eyes from having read many bad manuscripts," Prudence smiled ruefully and shadows darkened her eyes.

The brass knocker on the door told her that a guest was without. "I wanted to be alone," she commented, as she went to the door.

The man who had knocked crept straight into the heart of Prudence. He was genial and happy and frank-looking.

"Are you Miss Prudence Lange?" he asked.

"Yes," said Prudence, and opened the door still wider. "Will you come in?"

"Thank you," James Henry said, and went within.

Prudence closed the door, and somehow the atmosphere was suddenly charged with electricity. She found her voice almost refusing to echo her mental question.

"I have good news for you," James Henry told her when they were both seated. He began without preamble. "Do you—but of course you do, remember sending a play called 'Stolen Idols' to Emery Hill?"

"Two long years ago," Prudence smiled wistfully. "I had no acknowledgment even," she added.

"During our South African tour," Henry James went on, as if he expected Prudence to know that Emery Hill had taken his entire company to South Africa, "I discovered your play among Mr. Hill's mail. I am Mr.

Hill's business manager, and when I had read your play I found something worth while in it."

Prudence managed to smile through the excitement that was now flaming in her cheeks and sparkling in her eyes.

"I am rather good at making over other writers' plots," he continued without conceit, "and I took your play and ran your characters through the mud—just sufficient to make them earthly," James Henry laughed, and Prudence joined him.

"An editor once told me that my characters needed the sprinkling cart run over them," she told him. "You are evidently the driver."

"A mighty good one at that," laughed James Henry. "So don't faint—or anything—when I tell you that I have a sum that runs over the ten-thousand mark for you. I put your play on, and it has been running to crowded houses through South Africa. We have brought it home to try in New York. Do you mind?"

"Mind?" Prudence did not faint, but she jumped up and took James Henry by both hands.

"If I knew you better," she cried, "I would dance you about the room. As it is I can only thank you from my heart."

James Henry laughed, because there was something in the voice of Prudence that warned him that tears were scarcely hidden, and he knew that if she cried he would not remember that he had known her a scant five minutes. As it was, the soft pressure of her fingers was tingling up his arm.

"We, of course, are collaborators?" Prudence stated, rather than questioned.

"As a manager I can not have my name flaming on all the billboards," said James Henry. "But since a collaborator is what you require—I want the other half. We will turn out some plays between us that will travel through all the stock companies in the country after they have had record runs on Broadway."

"Then I will cancel my order for the moving vans," Prudence laughed and caressed the studio with her eyes.

"I should have told you before," James Henry put in contritely, and for the first time noticed the shabbiness of her brown frock.

"No, no!" she cried swiftly, "your coming so unexpectedly has been wonderful—" she broke off suddenly, and James Henry gloried in the blushes that swept across the girl's cheeks.

"Quite too wonderful," he commented inwardly.

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Funds to Save the Herons.

Following the publication of an account of a disaster which has recently befallen a great colony of herons which occupied a small island of about three acres in the marsh near Charleston, S. C., a public-spirited woman has contributed \$100 toward the purchase of the island.

On the island from one thousand to three thousand herons of five different kinds—including the snowy egret, the rarest and most beautiful of all the heron tribe—had their homes and reared their young. A brief time ago the owner of the island, an Atlanta man, practically wiped out the heronry by having the bushes which covered the place cut away and the island planted in oats.

Today two or three hundred herons still breed in the few bushes that remain on the island, while it is believed that the greater number of the birds have established themselves on another island near by.

It All Depended.

Fair Elizabeth tripped blithely into the country postoffice.

"Now, I want to know," she demanded, with a tell-tale blush, as she handed the clerk a pink communication addressed to her lover, "how long it will be before I get an answer to this letter?"

"That depends," he answered. "If he's in jail they will let him write once a week or, maybe, once a month only. If he's dead broke he'll have to wait till he can earn the price of a stamp, and I have no data upon which to base an opinion of his earning capacities. If he's ill in bed he may not care to dictate his heart's sentiments to a cold, disinterested third party; and if it's smallpox they won't let him write at all; ditto if he's dead. Then, again, if he's got a new girl—"

At which moment he realized that the fair Elizabeth had flown.

Our Furnace Symposium.

Banking the fire is a very simple process. It is easier to bank anything else we know of. We have been able to bank anything excepting a fire for several years. Place the ashes in the flour sifter and thus sprinkle them carefully over the coals. Three teacupfuls for a small furnace, the kind that goes out every five minutes, and five teacupfuls for one of the battle-ship variety. Close all of the drafts, or leave all of them open, as you choose, turn out the gas in the basement, lock the kitchen door, take your dose of Family Tea, wind the clock, put out the cat and go to bed. If these directions are followed faithfully you will in the morning find one of two conditions: The fire will be going or it will be out.—Boston Globe.

Marriage Today.

"But I can't afford to buy you a duke."

"Now, father, the proposition will finance itself. Cards for an international wedding will bring fancy prices, and then there's the moving-picture rights."

JAMES SCHOOLCRAFT SHERMAN.



VICE-PRESIDENT SHERMAN IS DEAD

Succumbs to Uremic Poisoning, Caused by Bright's Disease.

FAMILY IS AT BEDSIDE

Deceased Played Conspicuous Part in Councils of Republican Party—Was Member of Congress 21 Years.

Utica, N. Y., Oct. 21.—After a long illness James Schoolcraft Sherman, vice-president of the United States, died in this city at 9:42 o'clock Wednesday night of uremic poisoning caused by Bright's disease.

He had been sinking since early morning, and it was realized that death was a question only of a few hours.

There was slight relief shortly after seven o'clock, caused by an apparent improvement in the condition of the kidneys, but it did not prove real or lasting, and at best gave only temporary hope.

Temperature Jumps to 106. At nine o'clock the patient's temperature jumped to 106. From that time his condition rapidly passed from bad to worse until the end.

Mr. Sherman was unconscious when the end came, and had been in that condition for several hours.

All the members of the immediate family were witnesses to the final scene.

In addition to Mrs. Sherman there were in the death chamber their three sons, Sherrill, Richard U. and Thomas H. Sherman, and their respective wives; R. M. and Sanford Sherman, brothers of Mr. Sherman, and Mrs. L. B. Moore and Mrs. H. J. Cookinham, sisters of Mr. Sherman.

Born at Utica, N. Y., Oct. 24, 1855.

James Schoolcraft Sherman was born in Utica, N. Y., on October 24, 1855. His parents were Richard U. and Mary Frances Sherman, both of English descent. Richard U. Sherman was a journalist by profession. He established the Utica Morning Herald and later, when politics and public office became his principal concern, he wrote Washington letters for New York papers, in which he praised Roscoe Conkling, who lived in Utica.

Vice-President Sherman attended the public schools of Utica and in 1878 was graduated from Hamilton college, which is in a suburb of that city. Two years later he was admitted to the bar and he continued to practice until the beginning of the year of 1907.

Father Was a Democrat.

Although his father had been a strong Democrat, Mr. Sherman allied himself at the age of twenty-two with the Republican party. His rise in its ranks was steady. In 1883 he became Oneida county chairman and one year later he was elected mayor, at the age of twenty-eight. He was the youngest mayor Utica ever had.

His congressional career began in

1887 and lasted, with one year's exception, until he ran for vice-president with Taft in 1908. Three times he served as a chairman of state conventions, and he has been "spoken of" in connection with almost every important political post since 1909.

In the house Sherman served as chairman of the committee on railroads and canals, of the committee on Indian affairs and of the committee on rules, all-powerful in its influence.

The part Sherman played in the national councils of the Republican party was more felt than observed, but it was always of highest importance. He was invariably consulted in the mapping out of national campaigns.

Was Married in 1881.

The vice-president's marriage to Miss Carrie Babcock of East Orange, N. J., granddaughter of Col. Elhakim Sherrill, a noted Whig leader in New York in the days of Henry Clay, took place in 1881.

His children are Sherrill, a banker; Richard Hugh, a Hamilton college mathematics professor, and Thomas M., an official in one of his father's companies—all married and residents of Utica.

Sherman was not long in congress before he was recognized as one of the really influential men in the national legislature. From the beginning he was one of the most popular men in Washington, with a host of personal friends even among the Democrats. A friend of all the men powerful in his party, his appointments during his eighteen years as congressman were numerous. He was closely allied with Speaker Cannon, and once he tried to get the speaker'ship himself—when Reed retired. A western combination prevented his election, however. Sherman stood next to Speaker Reed in his grasp of parliamentary law.

Requested to Stay in Congress.

When defeated for the speakership, Sherman was offered the position of secretary of the senate, but was compelled to decline because of the urgent request of his townsmen that he continue to represent them in congress. This action of his townsmen occurred a second time, when McKimley offered to make him general appraiser of the port of New York. Mass meetings were held in Utica and great gatherings sent delegates to him to beg him to remain in congress as their representative. So he declined this place and stayed in congress.

Will Not Affect Election.

New York, Oct. 31.—The death of Vice-President Sherman will have no effect on the election. The Taft electors, in case of a Taft victory at the polls next Tuesday, will elect a vice-president. The selection will probably be made by the Republican national committee, in case the Republican ticket wins.

Disregarding the outcome of the election the country will have no vice-president up to March 4, 1913, owing to the death of Mr. Sherman, as the Constitution makes no provision for a successor to the vice-president.

At present there is no president pro tempore of the senate, the position formerly held by Senator William P. Frye of Maine, the Republicans in the senate having failed to agree upon a successor.

Lenient Justice.

"But look here, judge," protested Willoughby, "how could I know about your regulations? I didn't see a sign all the way over from Yarrowby to Rockville." "They's a'uthin' in that," said the judge, "so I'll let ye off for costs. Thirty dollars, please." "Thirty dollars?" echoed Willoughby. "How do you figure out the costs at thirty dollars, I'd like to know?" "Why, it'll cost all o' that, mister, to hev them signs painted an' set up," said the judge.—Harper's Weekly.

Customers Were Trusted.

Among the humblest of shopkeepers in Cardiff there is a confidence in their poor customers quite unknown in different circles. The proprietress of a small shop stood on a corner gossipping and a lad approached. "Please, Mrs. —," he announced, "we have been klicking your counter for ten minutes. Mother wants a pound of soap." "Tell mother," was the reply, "to take what she wants and put the coppers in the saucer under the counter."—Cardiff Western Mail.

FACTORY OWNERS WILL ORGANIZE

CONVENTION OF NEBRASKA MANUFACTURERS TO BE HELD IN OMAHA NOV. 14 AND 15.

CANDIDATES ENDORSE PLAN

Large Attendance Expected at Omaha Meeting Which Will Have Splendid Program.

Omaha, Neb., Oct. 31.—Manufacturers of Nebraska will meet in convention at Omaha November 14 and 15, for the purpose of organizing a state association which will have for its purpose the protection of the interests of manufacturers and the upbuilding of the state.

The call for the meeting has been sent out by the special convention committee appointed by the Omaha Manufacturers Association and a program is now being arranged that will bring to Omaha for that occasion the most attractive speakers obtainable.

When first proposed, the organization of a state manufacturers association met with universal approval among factory owners and now both candidates for governor are openly endorsing the move as one in the right direction. Governor Aldrich said yesterday: "The contemplated organization of manufacturers is a step that should have been taken a long time ago. Their organization will be a potent factor in developing the resources of our state and will be a powerful aid in working out the colonization scheme I have in mind. Also it will unite the forces of Nebraska that have been in different and inactive in times past."

A large attendance is expected at the convention and preparations are now being made by Omaha hotel keepers to accommodate the visitors, as every manufacturer heard from on the subject of a state organization has approved the plan and has said he will attend the convention. The purposes of the organization are to properly exploit the state and its resources, to firmly establish Nebraska-made goods in the markets of the world, to bring about equitable adjustments of freight rates, and to consider legislation and other matters that directly affect the manufacturers of the state.

At a special meeting of the convention committee held in Omaha Wednesday tentative plans for the program were made and a sub-committee on organization appointed by F. I. Ellick, chairman. This committee is composed of C. B. Towle, J. H. Harpham and W. C. Shinn of Lincoln, Nebraska.

Senator John H. Morehead, in speaking of the proposed organization said recently that he would gladly cooperate with such an organization if he should become chief executive of the state.

Some of the topics to be discussed at the convention will be: Safeguarding employees, fire waste, workmen's compensation, Blue Sky law, transportation, development of Nebraska, advertisement of Nebraska, and market for Nebraska-made goods.

The committee which is planning the convention is composed of manufacturers throughout the state. F. I. Ellick of Omaha is chairman. Other members of the committee are: C. L. Aller, Crete Mills, Crete; Wm. Bischof, Jr., King Drill Co., Nebraska City; C. B. Dempster, Dempster Mill Mfg. Co., Beatrice; Gerald Eberberger, Wells-Abbott-Niemann Co., Schuyler; J. C. Harpham, Harpham Bros. Saddlery Co., Lincoln; Frank Hammond, Fremont Mfg. Co., Fremont; C. E. Jensen, Jensen & Sons, Nelson; H. G. Kelly, Adams & Kelly Co., Omaha; F. S. Knapp, Omaha Box Co., Omaha; A. C. Scott, Scott Tent & Awning Co., Omaha; W. C. Shinn, Lincoln; C. B. Towle, Curtis, Towle & Paine Co., Lincoln; J. W. Towle, Omaha structural Steel Co., Omaha.

Sioux City.—An alleged imbecile boy of fourteen years is blamed for the death of the two-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Brudel of Leipzig, N. D., by setting fire to his clothing.

Eig Grub Stake Interest.

Colorado Springs, Colo.—Two million dollars worth of the capital stock of the Grand Union Mining company of New York and Mexico will be awarded to Dr. J. G. Hollingsworth of Kansas City in his suit against Edward Tufts, whom Hollingsworth claimed he grubstaked several years ago, if the recommendations of Referee O. E. Collins made to district court here are carried out. The suit has been tried in New York, Kansas City and twice tried in Colorado.

Claimant Walks Into Court.

St. Louis, Mo.—The claimant in the Kimmel case, who for a week has been hunted by deputy sheriffs, walked into the court room during the trial of the famous insurance suit. Attorneys for the insurance company announced that the missing witness had returned to be cross-examined. Attorneys for Mrs. Edna K. Bonsett, who is suing for her brother's insurance, said it was too late to take up the cross-examination. Judge Grimm ordered a court sheriff to take the claimant into custody.

The ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT

A THIRSTING MEMORY



Do you know where I'd go—if a feller could go?— If a feller could go like he wants to, you know? It's a ruther long trip through some ruther long whiles. For the trip that I'd make isn't measured by miles. I'd go back, if I could, to my barefooted days. And I'd get on the wagon an' cluck at the grays. An' I'd drive to the orchard an' fill up the bed With pippins an' winesaps, all yellin' an' red.

Yes, russets, an' bellflowers, northern spies, too— I'd let down the bars an' I'd drive right on through. Then out on the pike, an' I'd rattle along A-whistlin', or mebbe a-hummin' a song. I'd drive through th' town—an' th' town boys would run An' holler an' ast me to throw 'em just one. An' I'd tell 'em to pile on, an' eat all they'd like— An' some of 'em'd stye as we drove down the pike.

We'd turn at th' lane an' drive up to Bill Jay's— Me cluckin', an' flickin' th' switch on th' grays. I'd hop off th' wagon an' say to old Bill I'd bring in a load fer his old elder mill. We'd grind up th' apples, an' press out th' juice— Us boys would get straws an' we'd turn ourselves loose. The bees would come, too—an' us boys would get stung. But what does a feller care, now, if he's young?

Do you know where I'd go?—But there ain't any road. An' there ain't any grays, nor a wagon to load. An' there ain't any orchard with lazy old trees. An' I'll bet a dollar there ain't any bees! A feller gets lonesome an' tired-like, fer shore. When he gets to wishin' for what ain't no more. How a feller would go—if a feller could go. To the days an' the places he once used to know!

Matter of Doubt.

"We do not know whether he is a man of business ability or not," say the natives of the island which has been under the rule of a foreign governor.

"But," we say, "has he not brought you from a state of poverty to comparative affluence and prosperity?"

"That's all very true," they concede, "but we have it on good authority that he is not so wealthy as he was when he came here."

Shaking their heads in gloomy doubt, they move on, muttering that real business begins at home.

Had One at Home.

"That's a hornet nest. Don't go near it," said the farmer, who was showing the city boarders over the place.

"We got one o' them at home," stated little Sammie Henpeck.

"You have?" "Yes, I heard papa tell Mr. Sports that he stirred one up every time he stayed too late at the lodge, as soon as he got into the house."

Past and Future.

"Don't these theatrical people make you weary telling what great roles they are to have next season?" inquired the first boarder.

"Yes," answered the second. "They're about as bad, though, when they begin telling you what tremendous houses they played to last season."

Hard-Worked Hero.

"When I started as 'The Drummer Boy of Shiloh,'" said the eminent actor, "I was on the stage during the entire play and spoke nine-tenths of the lines."

"That," said the low comedian, "was a long roll."

She Believed.

"Do you believe any man really tells his wife all about his past?" "Oh, yes. See how many divorcees there are!"