

NONSENSE LADY TELLS ALL

Carolyn Wells Jingles as Fast as She Can Talk.

HOW HER WORK IS ACHIEVED

Who's Who and Two Other Books, a Pen and an Ancient Desk Are Her Stock in Trade.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.—"There's my 'Who's Who,'" said Carolyn Wells, jingle maximax, "and there's my 'Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases,' and there's my 'Vocabulary of English Rhyme.' Be-my-my stock in trade! All the essentials for ceaseless verse production," and she smilingly waved her hand at the valuable trio.

"Of course," smiled back the visitor, "there's no need for such a mere trifle as talent and brains." "Be pardon, I'm deaf," she replied, "she spins more serious sounding appellations—but her eyes twinkled. It is noticeable that her vaunted deafness makes itself evident only at convenient times."

"Yes," she continued rapidly, "herein all are contained. And if you choose you can omit the 'Who's Who.' Herein are odes and rondeaux and ballades and dithyrambs and hymns and epigrams and chansons and pastourelles and—"

"It's really difficult to find a varied assortment of names that will meet with the approval of her who will not be a poet. 'It's really so that these books contain all the requisites for versifying—save a little sense.'"

"I have a little sense," said the visitor hopefully. "Perhaps I can become a jingle. What do I do first? What do you do?" "Oh, I sit down and take my pen in hand, and then I guide it. That's all I do. Just physical guidance. We have a handmaid who jingles splendidly. She deserves no particular credit because her hand has the knack of guiding the fat iron. Now I guide the pen," and she smiled as if the whole process must be perfectly clear.

"I used to dictate to a typewriter lady," she continued, "who could write as fast as I could talk." "Certainly a tribute to the typewriter lady's speed—but she became ill and now I write with a pen. And I can write as fast as she typed."

"But the visitor did not yet, despite its alleged simplicity, feel quite qualified to versify. "What inspires you? Surely there must be an inspiration." "Oh, yes. My pen inspires me. That's all. I just take up my pen and then I begin. It is all simple, you see."

"The visitor nodded in vaguely disturbed agreement. "Perhaps," admitted Carolyn Wells, "my desk does inspire me some. It's an old German desk—over 500 years old. It was 250 years old when I bought it."

"Old furniture ages very rapidly," you know. Oh, I forgot to show you my note book. That really is very important—almost as much so as 'The Vocabulary of Rhyme.' Just see this page of titles. Aren't they good? And just waiting to be used. No, you mustn't take any of them down. They are too good to give away. And look at this page of phrases. 'Booms every child ought not to know—Isn't that lovely? Oh, I don't know how I got it or when or how I'll use it, but its time will come. And here this 'resting essence'—doesn't mean a thing resting there—but its time will come, too."

"The visitor's eye was peering over to the next page. "Those look like skeleton outlines. Do you make out skeleton outlines?" "Yes, skeleton outlines come in handy at times, too. The notebook and the 'Who's Who' etc., are the pen—principally the pen—and there you are, equipped for versifying."

"And some sense," prompted the visitor, who then asked Miss Wells if she wouldn't take her pen in hand and show how the inspiration works by writing a sonnet. "A sonnet! Nonsense! Why not a sestina?" replied the jingle. "I'll write you a limerick, the true classical form for me has been proved over and over. Sonnet! Nonsense!" and she seized her pen and more quickly than can be told the limerick stood forth—nonsense, delightful nonsense. "It looks very easy," said the visitor. "I surely ought to be able to do it."

"Try it. It does itself—in time. Galett Burgess once told me that no woman could write the sort of nonsense he would publish," and she smiled in a way that might indicate a later change of mind on the part of the purple cow's creator.

Miss Wells busy. Sketches, detective stories and books for girls are always on hand. She has no less than three series of books running now and an installment of a "Patty" book—that creation so dear to schoolgirls from coast to coast—in a five-pound candy box in which it was to journey to the publisher.

"Why a five-pound candy box?" was asked. "It's my standard of measure," was the response. "When I use up a pint bottle of ink and consume five pounds of candy I know the book is ready to be sent to the publisher—otherwise filled. An infallible mechanism almost."

It is hard to tell whether Miss Wells is fonder of her rapidly aging desk or her waste paper chute—her own invention. The chute it a hole cut in the floor, giving vent to a broker's ticket basket which comes down bottomless to a janitor below.

In the book-lined study of her hallway where Miss Wells spends the morning hours from 9 o'clock to 11 furnishing guidance to her pen. She looks out of windows on Jersey trees and Jersey grass.

"How lovely!" sentimentalized the visitor, "not to have to put on one's hat and gloves and take a special trip to see the grass and trees in the park."

"But I," mourned the rhymester, "have to put on my hat and gloves and take a special trip to see the asphalt and sky-scraper; so we are even."

Such is the woman of whom a Boston paper once said: "The radiation of happiness is less an art than an exact science." She plays at her work and avows that she works for money and not for art for art's sake. But she does not want her publishers to know her work is play.

**LITTLE WARDS OF THE CITY**  
Randall's Island Colony of Afflicted Children is Gloomy Place to See.

Of the 1,300 inmates of the New York City Children's hospital and schools on Randall's island, one-half are feeble-minded while the other half have normal minds in feeble bodies. Most of them are under 14, and all are under 18. The colony is in charge of Mrs. Mary C. Dunphy, its superintendent, and it presents sights both curious and pathetic to the visitor.

In showing Charities Commissioner Heberd and a party about the other day, Mrs. Dunphy led the way into a classroom where fifty feeble minded children squatted on the floor around the teacher, being trained in singing a humming song. One of them named Jessie was asked to sing a song, which she did after hearing a few introductory chords. From the throat of this child a voice of unusual beauty issued. As soon as the song was ended Jessie returned to her former state of apparent unconsciousness of her surroundings.

That is a characteristic of these feeble minded children. Their actions resemble those of machines. Birds, daisies and other objects, including a warship, were being drawn on a blackboard by two dozen feeble minded children in another room. Many of them could not pronounce properly the name of the drawn objects but showed skill with the crayons. When the visitors left the classroom they heard the sound of music on the lawn, where the island's brass band of twenty-eight pieces, under the instruction of Leader Schmolk, was at attention. It was remarkable how the feeble minded boys followed so accurately the leadership of the bandmaster. There in a base ball team made up of feeble minded youths, as well as a basket ball team.

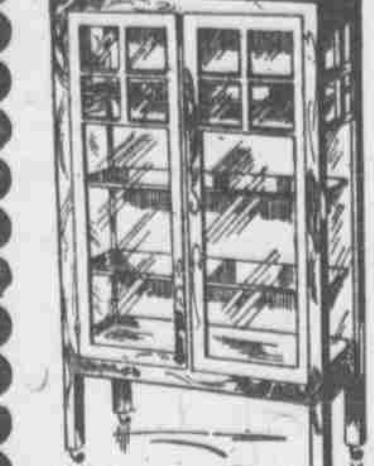
Another large room contained about two score boys and girls who were making garments for the inmates. Here last year over 1,000 pieces of girls' clothing, 1,500 pieces of boys' clothing, 200 garments for men and sixty-two for women were made. Besides this 41,000 miscellaneous articles and 6,000 pieces of bedding were repaired. The shoe repair shop reports that several tons of hay and fodder for the horses on the island.

The inmates also made repairs to furniture. Thousands of plants were cut and propagated during the year and in addition the members of the colony raised vegetables for use in the institution and several tons of hay and fodder for the horses on the island.

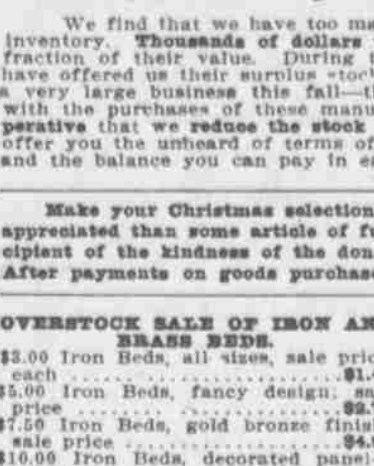
One hundred thousand yards of material is used here every year, and as an example of the way the feeble minded children work it may be said that a pencil or chalk line is drawn where a seam is wanted in a garment and the children followed it accurately. Two overseers are the only ones in the sewing room who possess normal minds.

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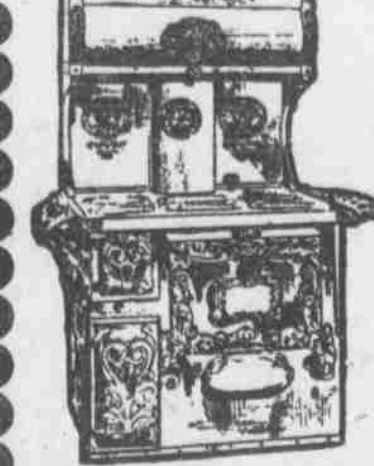
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HOME OUTFITS. Three Rooms Furnished Complete, for \$54.50. Four Rooms Furnished Complete, for \$69.50. Terms—\$5.00 Cash, \$5.00 Monthly.

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THE PEOPLE STORE. LEADERS OF LOW PRICES. 16th & FARNAM STREETS, OMAHA. (The Peoples Furniture and Carpet Co., Est. 1887.)

OVERSTOCK SALE OF CARPETS, RUGS AND DRAPERIES. 80c Ingrain carpets, all wool, sale price per yard \$0.50. \$2.50 Nottingham lace curtains, sale price \$2.00.



OVERSTOCK SALE OF ROCKERS. \$2.50 Sewing Rocker, sale price \$1.95. \$1.00 Parlor Rockers, wood seat, sale price \$0.75.

LUCINDA'S HAT TROUBLES

Had a Flying Machine Specimen that Caused Worry.

Hired an Umbrella Escort

Got Many a Thrill Like Novelists Put in Their Stories While Being Conveyed Home in the Rain.

"I had read these stories in the papers," said Lucinda, "about the boys with umbrellas who wait around subway and elevated stations on rainy days to make what they call escorting people home, but it had never occurred to me that I should ever have any such experience. It only goes to show that anything is liable to happen to anybody."

"Do you remember that big hat of mine, the one I have to tip my head sideways in to get through the narrow doors of the pay as you enter cars? I've just had to buy another smaller hat to wear to run about in, but the big hat is a nice hat and I didn't want to get it wet if I could help it, and the other day I got caught in it in the rain."

"Do you remember that day when it was so lovely all day and then came on to rain about half past 5? I was out that day in my big hat and I went home on the elevated, it began to rain while I was on the train, and then I thought of those umbrella boys and I hoped I'd meet one."

"I didn't stop where I usually do, at a station where many people get off and where there is likely to be a number of umbrella boys, but I went one station farther, so as to be nearer home. I thought I would take a chance of meeting a boy there. I could telephone for an umbrella if there wasn't any, but there was just one boy there. He told me later that he had come there himself to this station because so many boys went to the other station; he thought that here, where I found him, there would be less competition and he would be more likely to get customers. Not bad for the small boy, do you think?"

**Captured the Boy.**

"Well, I saw that boy standing with his umbrella at the foot of the stairs when I started down from the top, and just ahead of me were two other women and I was in mortal terror for fear they

would hire him, but they didn't, and when I came along, "Take you home under the umbrella" he said to me, and I said:

"The boy who had lifted the umbrella and we started off."

"He was about 12 and I am older, you know, and I was a good deal taller than he, his head came about up to my shoulder, but he didn't try to hold the umbrella over me, he opened it and he walked alongside, and he didn't try to get in under the umbrella—he just walked along beside me in the rain."

"We had quite some distance to go—three long blocks across town and one short block down when I thought I had better talk to him a little to sort of occupy the time so that the distance wouldn't seem so long to him. I was his very first customer. This was the first time he had ever tried the umbrella business, and he hadn't been waiting there for a minute when I came along; so he made a grand start and naturally he was very much pleased."

"I had asked him when I hired him how much it would cost to take me home, and he didn't know. We talked about that as we went along. I told him he ought to have a regular schedule of charges, according to the distance, and I asked him what he would think of charging, say, a cent a block, charging long blocks as two; but he thought that would be too little; he was inclined to think that 10 cents would be about right."

**Mother Knew He Was Out.**

"I asked him if his mother knew he was out on this work, and he said oh, yes, she knew, and he said she had said to him that it was a very good umbrella, and big; it protected his big hat perfectly. And incidentally I learned that my escort had a sister, older than himself, and that he went to school P. S. 80—and so he told me, and he told me where it was and how he got home."

"So then I asked him what he was going to do with the money he earned this way, and he said he was going to keep it in a bank, but he didn't know yet what he was going to do with it. And then I asked him if he knew what he was going to do when he grew up, and he said, 'I don't know yet.' So I imagined that he had not yet got his mind very firmly fixed."

"By this time we had gone some distance and we were still keeping steadily on; presently the boy said to me:

"Is it much further?" and I told him not much; and then he explained to me that he wanted to get back if he could and get another customer in this rain. But he was just as nice about it as could be—when he said boy—and in a minute more we came to the end of the journey, with my hat all right. It had been understood between us that I was to give him 10 cents, but I gave him 5 cents extra to put in his bank, and then he took the umbrella and scurried back to see if he could get another customer."

"Wasn't that all very interesting? I had never dreamed of anything like this happening to me, but here I was now hiring an umbrella boy myself, just like I'd read about in the stories in the papers. But we never can tell what's going to happen to us."

MYSTIC QUALITY OF ACOUSTICS

Most Elusive of Qualities with Which Architects Have to Deal.

That mystic quality which architects constantly designed for an auditorium, or any public service, namely good acoustics, is reported to have eluded the architects who designed the New theater in New York. Recent tests suggest that the acoustic quality is not as good as is that of the Metropolitan Opera house. The Philadelphia Academy of Music and the old Brooklyn Academy of Music, built some years ago, were distinguished for their almost perfect acoustic qualities. And yet the architects were no more than fortunate when they planned these buildings. They did the best they could and left the rest to chance.

When the Metropolitan Opera house was constructed the greatest pains were taken

by the architects; every detail was considered from the acoustic point of view. What seemed to be the instinctive peculiarities of the Brooklyn Academy and that Philadelphia were adopted and yet there was no more than partial success. So, too, special emphasis characterized the exactions made by the directors of the New theater upon the architects that they might spare no expense or time in constructing a perfect acoustic interior. They thought they had met these requirements, but that mystic something, which is so elusive and apparently so dependent upon chance was not in their favor.

The builders of railway locomotives sometimes meet a like experience, although in a different direction, for they have found that two locomotives built exactly alike, without apparent deviation of a fraction of an inch in any part of the apparatus or a measurable difference in the weight of the steel and iron, one will always behave perfectly, whereas, the other is consistently refractory. And the builders of locomotives have never been able to explain what occasions this difference any more than the architect of public buildings can tell why one is perfect acoustically and the other faulty—Philadelphia Ledger.

DRESSED IN AIRY HARNESS

With Her Body Stained a Golden Bronze She Performs Daring Dance.

Miss St. Denis appears in more than a program at New York. In her most daring dance, though, she wears only a sort of harness of jewels over her lithe body. Stained a golden bronze with the juice of the betel nut, she is so completely, clothed in the spirit and beauty of India that any one who goes to see her for any other reason than that of appreciation of a wonderful art is going to be disappointed.

"Undoubtedly my dances are the most daring on the stage, if you consider merely the question of drapery," she said. "I mean that I wear fewer clothes than Isadora Duncan, Maud Allen or any of the interpreters of Greek dancing. For in my last dance—that called 'The Temple,' where I appear as the emshired idol Radha, in the wife of Vishnu—I wear, with the exception of trunks, absolutely nothing but jewels and flowers. That in all that the idol really wears, and to put other things on her would seem to me to be childish, if not prurient."

"I try to give an interpretation as well as a representation of India. But unless you have seen the dance I doubt if you will understand what I mean. "Everything in dancing depends on the spirit in which it is done. Undertaken in the right spirit and before an audience that took it in the same spirit, it would be possible to give a performance in the nude that would be without suggestion. When you have seen the dances you will agree with me."

So I saw Miss St. Denis's performance, her cobra dance, in which with wonderful writhing arms and legs she stimulates the motions of the cobra in a small bear near the Ganges; her Nautch dance, the number called "The Forest," in which she impersonates a Hindoo Yogi, and the final Mystic dance of the five senses, in which the idol Radha descends from the shrine and gives to her priests the message that the gratification of the senses leads to despair, and that only in renunciation does the soul find peace.

It is in the last dance that Miss St. Denis wears the jewel harness, and there is no doubt that the audience at the Hudson of whom four-fifths were women, found nothing to shock them and everything to admire.

The scene is in the temple before the shrine of Radha, who sits cobra-legged and with joined hands pointing heavenward, while on the steps leading to the altar and down the floor of the temple her priests ring bells and wave lights in their efforts to awaken her. Finally, she descends and executes a dance in five parts, simulating in elaborate pantomime the senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste and touch.

The priests are real Hindoos. The temple and the altar setting in their somber richness of color suggest a painting by Gerome, while Miss St. Denis, a lithe, lean bronze, bare as Diana herself, save for her harness of jewels, makes you think that if all Hindoo goddesses resembled her, even Tommy Atkins would never have bewailed

the waste of Christian kisses on an "ethen idol's foot."

"Throughout the performance a subtle odor of incense pervaded the entire house. "Few people realize the psychological effects of incense," Miss St. Denis remarked afterward. "Yet it is because of its peculiar influence that it is used in churches. It exerts a strange, subtle power over me during my entire performance and indeed for some time after I leave the theater. It seems to be necessary to the understanding of my interpretation both for the audience and myself."

"I have never understood the singular fascination that India has for me. I have never been there, though, of course, I hope to visit that marvelous country some day."—New York World.

NEW CURE FOR PNEUMONIA

Hopeful Results of Vaccine Tests at Tufts Medical College.

Of immense interest to medical science are results recently obtained in laboratories and hospitals by the department of pathology and bacteriology of the Tufts Medical school of Boston, in the treatment of pneumonia by injection of vaccine derived from germs which cause the disease itself. These germs are rendered entirely non-harmful before being used in treating the disease.

Without here entering upon the technical aspects of the treatment, which is entirely new, the Times will present its most significant feature as related in an article in the current issue of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

Dr. Timothy Leary of Tufts Medical school desiring to test the new vaccine on the most unpromising subjects appealed to his professional friends to use the treatment in alcoholic and other extreme cases. The vaccine is called pneumococcus vaccine, the pneumococcus being the name of the special germ which causes pneumonia.

The vaccine was tried on thirty-four of these unpromising patients, of whom six died, a percentage of 17.7. Then it was tried in forty-nine cases of ordinary pneumonia, with only two deaths. In the series of forty-nine ordinary cases 15 per cent came to a crisis in three days. The crisis is reached usually in nine days.

The total deaths for the series of eighty-three cases treated with the vaccine in injection numbered eight, or 9.7 per cent.

Every physician at once will realize that these results are extraordinary. Further experimentation, therefore, will be followed with deep and watchful interest. Acute pneumonia often defies the best services of modern medical science, and if a vaccine has been produced which reduces its virility so marvelously as these reported cases from Boston would indicate, the great art of medicine has taken another tremendously long stride.—St. Louis Times.

HOW TO GET A CHEAP "JAG"

Take Four Moderate Drinks and a Sudden Jar Will Do the Rest.

"Don't know what you would call it," remarked the intermittent tank to his friend who was perfectly sober at the time and had been so for weeks. "It is a psychological or a physiological phenomenon?"

"Do on and tell me about it," I said. "Well," said the intermittent tank, "my friend and I had ridden out to Erie in an automobile. There are some ruins here, the ruins of Elgin, as some other motorists might well testify. On the way out we didn't touch a drop of any refreshment. When we got out there we managed to accumulate what matter how? four drinks each. They were Scotch, as I remember, with ginger ale purveyors. We were merely feeling pleasant. We were not drunk or anywhere near drunk. We were not even what you would call enthusiastic. We were not stoned, nor even simmering. We were as nearly sober as two men containing an aggregate of double octet of smiles could be.

On the way home we drove a little more confidently and less craftily than when we went out. I do not know why, but we did. I am only stating facts. Consequently

WHERE TO EAT.

Today's Menu. Fresh Black Bass, Croppie, Fresh Mackerel, Hard Shell Crabs, Clams, Oysters, Frog Legs, Lobsters, Upstairs, Choysuey, Spaghetti, Chili. Wroth's, 1415 Farnam St.

The Chesapeake Sunday Table d'Hote Dinner. 50 Cents. Oyster Cocktail, Young Radishes, C. & B. Chow-Chow, Consommé, Chicken Okra, Baked Macaroni, Potatoes, Roast Prime Ribs of Beef, au Jus, Roast Young Goose, Stuffed Apple Sauce, Sweetbread Outlets with Asparagus Tips, Cucumbers and Tomato Salad, Cakes, Tea, Coffee, Milk. J. G. DENNIS, Manager.

we shot into a chuck hole that was about the size of one of the Martian canals, and both of us shot far up into the air. If Wilbur or Orville or Bleriot had seen us there would have been bitter jealousy.

"We went up, I say, a great distance, but that is not the important fact. The great point is that when we came down we came down drunk."

"We had not ridden half a mile after the left until my friend turned to me and asked: 'Do you feel anything peculiar?' "No," said I; "I only feel drunk."

"So do I, ever since that bump," replied my friend.

"And we were. The drinks that previously had only mildly exhilarated us now had us genuinely intoxicated. Probably the jolt had started the booze to working, had sent it splashing up high enough to saturate our brains. I'm not a physiological psychologist, so how can I tell? I only know the results."

"From that experience my friend and I have elaborated a helpful and economical scheme for those who wish to spend as little money as possible in stalling the condition vulgarly known as sozzled."

"Instead of taking twenty or thirty consecutive and expensive three-finger irrigations, let the earnest seeker stop at four and refuse to pay, or in some other way offend the man with the bung-starter, so that he will kick the investigator violently from the place. The kick, rightly administered, would do the work of the twenty-six unpurchased drinks. These drinks, with the treating commonly involved, would run up into the shekels, as many a man knows.

Late Models. We are getting ready for our advance showing. Therefore we will place on sale next week all our \$35 women's suits at— \$25.00 each. Elegant materials—beautifully tailored, all silk lined. No charge for alterations during this sale. 1517 Douglas Street Formerly Hotel Rome. Gowns and Costumes, Separate Coats, Waists and Suits.