

EUGENE WAS A JOKER

THE GREAT OBJECT OF FIELD'S LIFE WAS TO "HAVE FUN WITH PEOPLE."

Something About His Life, Personality and Works—'Blow In' \$60,000, in Two Years—He Was a Collector of Everything That Was Old.

Eugene Field's father died while he was at Williams college, and Professor John W. Burgess of Knox college, at Galesburg, Ill., was appointed his guardian. Field studied there two years and then went to the State university at Columbia, Mo. In 1871, having attained his majority, he came into the \$60,000 which he had inherited from his father. He took one of his intimates afterward married, and went to Europe. "I had a lovely time," he said once in telling his experience to a friend. "I just swatted the money around. Just think of it, a boy of 21, without father's care, and with \$60,000. It was a divine thing that I did. I saw more things than any man dreamed of in his philosophy. Horatio. I had my money. I did it out for experience—was plenty. Experience was lying

Field stayed abroad until the \$60,000 was spent. When he came home and went to work. That was in 1873. It had taken him 1 1/2 years to spend his fortune, but he had done it so completely that he had sold his books, keeping only the choicest and rarest, in order to live until he could make a living for himself. He went into newspaper work and joined the staff of the St. Louis Evening Journal as a reporter. He soon became city editor, but he didn't like it. He couldn't indulge the propensity to "have fun with people" which made him known eventually as one of the most incongruous practical jokers in the country. Then he went to St. Joseph and became city editor of The Gazette. There he married, in 1878, Miss Julia S. Comstock, who survives him. He stuck to his desk in The Gazette office for two years, and then went back to the St. Louis Journal as a writer of editorial paragraphs. That was the beginning of his work in the line which he used to call "my own." He wrote his first verse for The Journal. It was "Christmas Treasures," beginning with the stanza:

I count my treasures with care—
The little toy my darling knew.
A little beaded faded hair,
A golden hair.

Then he went to the Kansas City Times as managing editor, and there he wrote the "Little Peep," which was very popular. In 1881 he went to the Denver Tribune, where he stayed until he joined the Chicago News staff in 1883. He went to the News under contract to write what he pleased, but he was to furnish a column a day of it. His column, "Shanty and Flats," was widely known, but the editor of the News told him, "You are a workman and produced a column of copy easily, but he always had a burden of that daily column on his mind, and it worried him. Yet he got away from it.

He had repented of his contract with the News and had written to the editor to join it. A him his own staff. Always, these tempting offers were made to him, but he steadily refused them. He was in his element in the west, he used to say, and he meant to stay there. There was no element in the east, only an atmosphere, and that was mighty thin. He wanted an element in which he could tumble around and roll without falling back in a fit for want of breath. He was essentially a western man. His sympathies were with the western way of life and his likings were for them. He was fearful of himself in the east. He always felt the greater formality, and feared that he would be hampered by the conditions here. So whenever the attractions and inducements offered he invariably refused to give up his western freedom. He wanted to do as he pleased, and as long as he could be proposed to do it. So he staid with The News and Record, as the morning edition of that paper became.

Field used to say of himself that he was a newspaper man and nothing else, but it was by his verse that he became most widely known. He published in all nine books. The best known of them are "A Little Book of Western Verse," "A Little Book of Profitable Tales," "A Second Book of Verse" and "With Trumpet and Drum." Besides these he published an introduction to "Stone's Five Editions of American Authors," "The Holy Cross and Other Tales" and "Love Songs of Childhood," of which the first edition was limited to 100 copies. A second edition has been made since, and there has come from the press the first edition of "Echoes From the Sabine Farm," which was brought out first by Francis Wilson, the actor, who was a great friend of Field's, in a beautiful edition prepared only for private distribution. Some of his work ranks with the best that has ever been done. His poems, particularly those of childhood, were printed in nearly every newspaper from Unalakleet to Johannesburg. "Wynken, Blynken and Nod" is a little short of being the poem in the language.

Field was a most enthusiastic everything that for any regarded as worth collecting he was in New York friends found him in his way hotel surrounded and plates, old fingers and every

if it might be that these Mayflower, rices he paid, a bargain, buy anything rise to some, but this

A LIGHT CONTINENT.

WHAT HENRY M. STANLEY CALLS THIS HEMISPHERE.

Proud of Being an M. P.—His First Period of Real Rest—Canada Rediscovered. Finds Fault With Our Railroads—Our Splendid Buildings.

Henry M. Stanley, once the greatest of newspaper correspondents, then first among explorers and now a member of parliament in England, is now on a visit to America exploring the "light continent," as he calls it. He looks in his eyes as bright, and his physique is robust. The only traces of his African hardships are in his hair. It and his mustache are white, and only his eyebrows retain their original brown hue.

Asked if he could imagine himself going to Africa again, he said it was possible that he might go upon a commercial errand, but as an explorer never again. "I have a wife now," he said, "and she has something—everything, in fact—to say about that."

He had to attend parliament into the hot autumn, and the extra session of parliament has not yet begun, so that he was glad to get

over here on a vacation. He has just finished a trip to the Pacific and back and is resting in New York among his old friends.

He is proud of being in parliament, and especially of having been elected in a great London district, with only 15 days in which to make the canvass among the voters. "I can't say it was as hard a piece of work as I ever did," he says, "but it had its annoyances. In your journey on the side have you been lecturing or pleading?"

"I am resting," said Mr. Stanley, "and the two months and a half that I am enjoying away from my duties are the first rest I have had since I reached manhood. The first period in which I have not had something to do. Up there in Canada a man may have a beautiful prospect of water, wood and rock. Consider what money has been able to make of Monte Carlo. In its neighborhood you may see any number of places that show what it was. Yet it has been made a most complete place. Up there in Canada a man may have a beautiful prospect of water, wood and rock. Consider what money has been able to make of Monte Carlo. In its neighborhood you may see any number of places that show what it was. Yet it has been made a most complete place.

"No, indeed," said Mr. Stanley, who seems to have been again a discoverer in that part of Canada. "That rugged woodland country north of the lakes seemed to me to offer sites for millions of homes. The ideal of a busy business man would be to summer in a place more congenial than the near neighbor hood of the city, to live in a grove beside a lake and to satiate his eyes with a beautiful prospect of water, wood and rock. Consider what money has been able to make of Monte Carlo. In its neighborhood you may see any number of places that show what it was. Yet it has been made a most complete place.

"There," said Mr. Stanley, showing that he had opened a fruitful topic. "As to your vaunted Pullman carriages, they need further improvement. For one stationer there are often six applicants, and not being able to secure a stationer five men are obliged to put up with what is only an improved accommodation car, where they hear crying babies, are pestered all the time by trainboys and remain dissatisfied because they cannot get what they wanted and have not a moment to spare. Then, again, I do think that the American conductor, might be replaced by a polite kind of man. He need not, when he comes into the door of a well furnished Pullman, put on that stern air and forbidding appearance, because it is very unlikely that in such a car among well dressed passengers there will be any one who will need to be forcibly ejected. It is possible that these big railway corporations may find more worthy persons for conductors, but you'll keep pegging away. Every advanced nation is steady as a whole, but there are always individuals rising up the country in spite of everything. I noticed the growth of the many cities—very steady, the aspiring houses, the architecture. Ah, the architecture—that is what I have been wondering at! I say that if you go on during the next 100

CHANCE FOR AN ULTIMATUM

The Trouble Between Britain and a South American Republic.

There has been much friction of late between Great Britain and the South American republic of Colombia, which, it is thought, may lead to radical steps by the British. The Colombian government gave a concession to an English syndicate to build a railway through the state of Antioquia, tapping the rich

est section of Colombia. The syndicate did not proceed with the work and the government declared the concession forfeited. The company then presented a claim for \$60,000 damages. Colombia refused to pay, but consented to arbitrate the claim. Out of this arbitration has grown the present friction.

Dr. Labrousse, the German minister to Colombia, acted as one of the arbitrators, but as the Colombia press and public believed him to be favorable to the English claim riotous scenes attended the meeting of the arbitrators. Colombian soldiers were stationed at the German minister's house, and it is claimed they assailed the German minister in indignity on the minister's household, which, however, was not serious, being confined to noise, threats and alleged drunken disorder.

As a result of concerted action in London and Berlin the British minister at Bogota, Dr. Jenning, and the German minister presented joint instructions to President Caro of Colombia. This was done, and the Colombian government consented that a public explanation should be made in The Diario Oficial. But this explanation, signed by the minister of foreign affairs, is said to have been an offense to the preceding events—Washington.

HER MAIDEN SPEECH.

Mrs. Stanton Considered It a Disgrace to Have the Papers Mention It.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in speaking of her maiden speech, says: "When I returned home from my wedding trip, I decided to hold a convention and discuss women's rights, for I considered the condition of women about as degraded as that of the slaves in the southern plantation. I wrote to my two friends in the legislature to know if I could have a hearing on the married woman's property bill, and they replied 'Yes.' From 1840 to 1848 Ernestine L. Rose, Paulina Wright and myself had circulated petitions in the state of New York. I used to go up in the garret every day and read over the paper, thinking I could slip to Albany and back without the knowledge of anybody but the legislature, and one day when I was thinking of all this my father entered with the old Albany Evening Journal, edited by Thomas Wood. He laid the paper down in front of me and said, 'What does this mean?' and there I read, 'Elizabeth Cady Stanton is to address the legislature Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock on the married woman's property bill.' 'I answered, 'I suppose it means what it says.' He was perfectly composed, and so was I. 'Then he said, 'When my clients are gone, I wish you would read it to me.' I was in the depths of despair. I had never seen my name in print before and thought it was the most awful disgrace that could befall a woman. 'When I read my speech to my father, he suggested several improvements and found worse laws for illustration than I had, working with me until 1 o'clock in the morning, yet for a conservative old judge to see his daughter the subject of ridicule was a deep blow. I spoke two hours, and this, my first speech, was published in The Evening Journal. That same year, 1848, the married woman's property law passed and gave married women their rights to their property."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

EUROPE IS EATING HORSES.

Europe has taken to eating its horses for the same reason that it took to eating potatoes, against which it had a great prejudice a hundred years ago—it is hard to do it or go short of flesh food. Gradually the European press is educating the popular mind out of its prejudice on this matter. The taste of roast horseflesh is very similar to that of roast beef. The fat is much more palatable than that of pork. If a horse has been fed on oats, his sirloin, while cooking, gives off an odor similar to that of a goose in the same process. It is to the further credit of horseflesh that it is never made dangerous by richness and tuberculosis, which very often infect cattle, but hardly ever attack horses. It is not at all difficult. He is not going to disappear from the earth. There is plenty of room for him on the race track, for general pleasure purposes and as a spoiled darling of society, and as for the plain horse, there will be plenty of room for him by and by at the dinner table. —New York Recorder.

CONSULTATION.

Oh, don't be discouraged though horses to be. Upon the cold waves of the desolate tide. It always must happen that some shall be that the winners in grandeur to victory ride. I've been there myself, and I know how it feels. When late in the evening the halcyon winds. You're left with your heart's earnest opponent in the shadows. I know how the morning sun dawned on my grief. To think he should win after all I had said. I called him a liar, a rascal and a thief. And after election I look to my bed. The sun will shine on as it ever has done. The moonbeam dispense the dark shadows of night. One's not so good friend. You're not weep. Oh, don't be discouraged though horses to be. Just think of the many who lost in the fight. Be glad, if you can, for the fellows who won. Be glad in the lot of their groups who. You did all that you could, made an elegant run. So now in defeat keep a stiff upper lip. —Nebraska State Journal.

MONUMENT TO FIELD.

Public Sentiment in Favor of a Memorial to the Children's Laureate.

Everybody says, "Let the children build a monument in memory of their poet, Eugene Field." There is but one opinion. Artists, educators, teachers, men and women of letters and in general are unanimous in support of the idea. The children, too, have taken up the project with as much enthusiasm as they would if they had conceived it themselves. Hundreds of little ones whom Eugene Field first introduced to the fairyland of poetry are putting their candy money in "banks" so that they may have a share in the memorial when it is built.

It is the general opinion that the memorial, whether tablet, statue or monument, should be placed in a park, and Lincoln park, Chicago, is favored. Harriet Hosmer, the gifted artist whose genius adorned the Illinois state building during the exposition, has several ideas in mind.

"Now if I were to suggest right off-hand," she said, "I would say something like this: First, nothing in mere portraiture, nothing like a bust or equestrian representation. Something symbolic to be a large statue, it would be symbolic to have a child guiding his pen, or if it were to be smaller a child writing the name 'Eugene Field' on a stone or laying a laurel wreath upon his name. I think the finest thing would be to have a life size figure of the poet sitting in a chair—a chair supported by the wings of a muse. Have him sitting in an attitude of deep thought, as if waiting for an inspiration, and a little child at his knee touching his pen. And have it in bronze."—Chicago Record.

NEW IDEA FOR WOMEN.

Mrs. Cotton Wants Government Recognition For Her Sex.

A new idea was advocated before the Federation of Women's Clubs at Atlanta a few days since. Mrs. Sallie Southall Cotton of North Carolina, one of the brainiest women in the congress, put forth the idea and championed it in a strong speech.

She spoke for the recognition of women by the government in some substantial way as men are recognized in the schools at West Point and Annapolis. Of course she did not want to make soldiers and sailors' out of the women, but she wanted to make them relatively as useful to their sex and their country in some capacity suited to their talents, and she wanted the government to provide for them to be trained.

The idea is one that has not been advocated to any extent, and put forward in the strong manner in which Mrs. Cotton presented it, it created wide interest.

A BABY CRUSADE.

A novel crusade is proposed by some women in Brooklyn. It is to be directed against the practice of some mothers and nurses have of leaving their babies in baby carriages in the street outside big stores while they are inside shopping. The crusaders are moved to act by several considerations. First and foremost of these is the fact that the exposure and the neglect are bad for the babies. Then the babies interfere with traffic by calling for creaks. Lastly the reformers think that such treatment of infants has a bad effect morally on the children and their mothers. —New York Sun.

CASEY'S TABLE DOTE.

(By Eugene Field.)

Oh, them days on Red Horse mountain, when the snow was fair and blue,
When the money flowed like likker, and the folks was brave and true,
When the night was crisp and balmy, and the camp was all aflutter,
With the joints all throwed wide open 'nd no time to doze,
Oh, them times on Red Horse mountain in the Rockies far away,
There's no such place near three like them as I kin find today.

What though the camp has bustled? I seem to see it still,
A-lyin, like I loved it, on that big old warty hill,
And I feel a sort of yearnin' 'nd a shakin' in my throat,
When I think of Red Horse mountain 'nd Casey's table dote.

This Casey was an Irishman—your'd know it by his name,
'Nd by the facial features appertaining to the same,
He'd lived in many places and had done a thousand things,
From the polite art of actin' to the work of deathly things.

When the money flowed like likker 'nd the folks was brave and true,
'Nd I had been a steward on a Mississippi boat
He'd opened up a duff, 'nd he'd run a table dote.
The bar was long 'nd rummy, with a mirror on the shelf,
'Nd a pistol at that Casey, when required,
Down underneath there was a row of bottled beer 'nd wine,
'Nd a top of Barbican whiskey of the run of 'em.
Upon the walls was pictures of horses 'nd of girls,
Not much on dress perhaps, but strong on needs 'nd all on curls.

The which had been identified with Casey in the days of his youth,
The horse 'nd the girls, I mean—'nd both were mighty fast,
But the horse 'nd the girls, I mean—'nd both were mighty fast,
But the horse 'nd the girls, I mean—'nd both were mighty fast.

NOVEL CITY GOVERNMENT IN SOUTH BEND.

The city of South Bend, Ore., presents a novelty in American politics and government. In that no city office there will have any salary attached to it during the coming year, or practically none, and also that there are more place hunters than there are places. The city is in debt for improvements that have been made, and a week ago the council voted to reduce the salaries of all city officers to \$1 a year, and devote the proceeds of the tax levy to paying off the debt. More than enough citizens and taxpayers have declared their willingness to take the office, and thus help to clear the city of debt. The state law provides that the treasurer shall receive at least \$25 a month, but the citizen who takes that office will turn over the salary to the city.

A PHILADELPHIA JOKE.

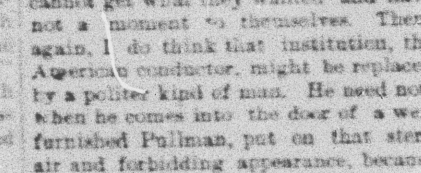
The Ohio river in some sections is down to six inches, and the humane societies have appointed agents to carry water to the fish so that they will not grow thirsty. —Philadelphia Bulletin.



HENRY M. STANLEY.



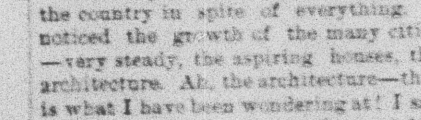
EUGENE FIELD.



ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.



EUGENE FIELD.



HENRY ARTHUR JONES.