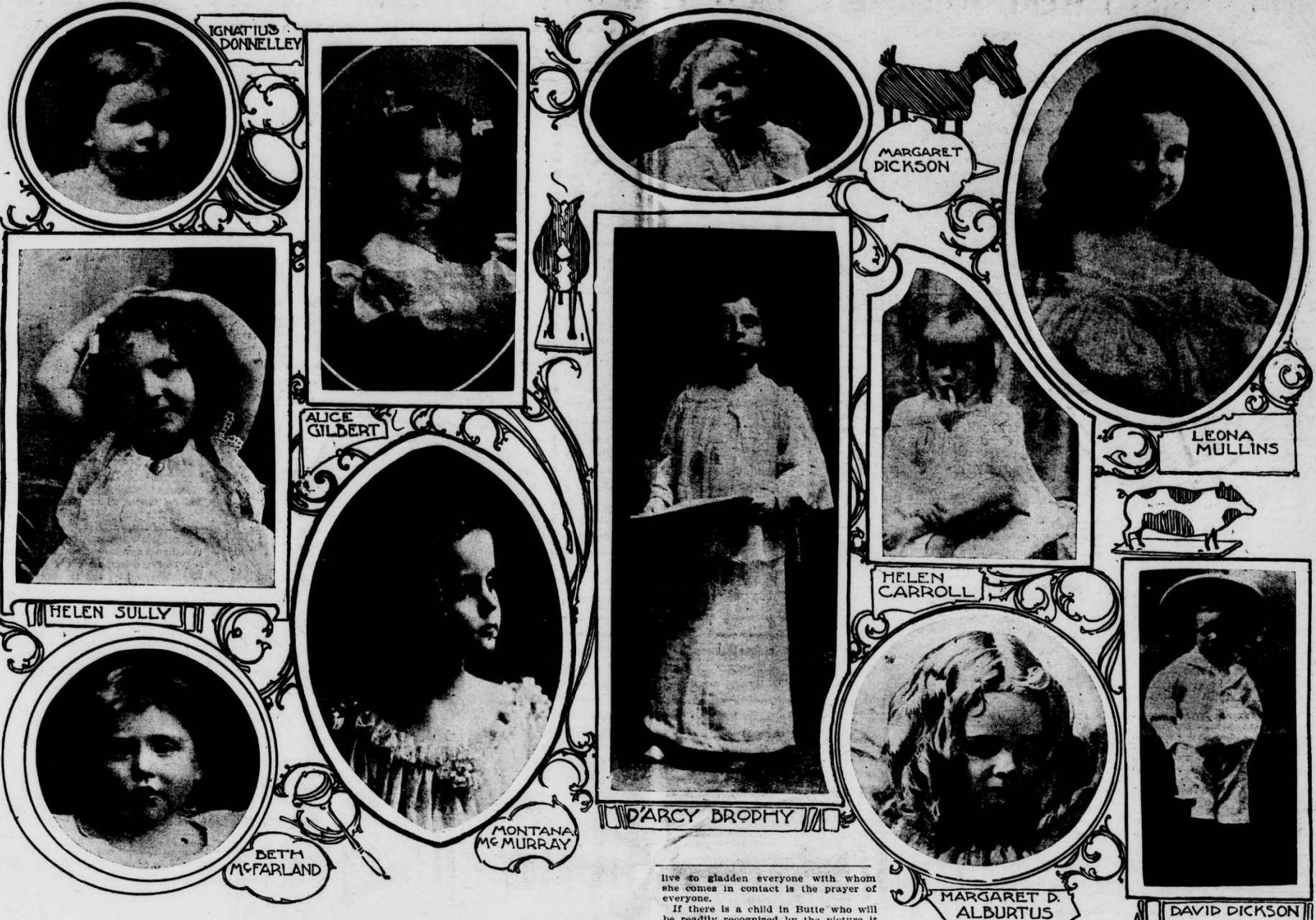


CHARMING Little Ones Among the Well Known CHILDREN Who Are Fondled OF BUTTE By the Parents



Children and flowers are always associated together in nearly every one's mind, yet here in Butte where the flowers of field and forest are almost unknown, the little human blossoms seem to have reached the highest stage of perfection, as if they knew they had to do their best and fill not only their own places, but that of rose and violet as well. Every type of beauty can be found in cosmopolitan Butte, from the flaxen haired German toddler to the Irish beauty Norah. Which is loveliest would be hard to say where there are so many to choose from but a few will be given today and others, later on.

The little ones of Butte are usually bright and some of their funny remarks would earn humorist fame. They are handicapped only by their lack of knowledge of flowers, trees and grass, and but last year so many have succeeded in raising a little grass and a few flowers, that they have learned more than they could be taught by showing them pictures in a book, the usual mode. For several years teachers in the public school have sent for seed catalogues and cut out the bright colored floral cuts and taken them to the little ones, carefully explaining to them all about the flowers represented. It seems dreadful to teachers just from pictures when flowers grow for the picking to see such ignorance.

One day one of the teachers showed the children some pictures of clover, and then told them to draw it on the blackboard, "red-top" clover she added. When little Dorothy Passmore's was

finished, the teacher gazed at it in amazement. "Why, what is this?" she asked. The flowers were well drawn for a little one, but on each blossom was perched a top, such as children spin with a string. "You said red-top" explained Dorothy.

Another time the school room was to be decorated and some of the children helped, the decorations being confined to evergreens and gay paper flowers. Two of the children began quarreling and when the teacher asked what the trouble was, one explained tearfully: "She said there was yellow roses, and I know there are not." "There are too, I saw pictures of some," interposed the other. And it took the teacher some time to explain to the little girl all about the many colored roses.

Little Ignatius Donnelly is an exceptionally bright child; a grandson of the famous author. He is generally alluded to as "Ignatius Donnelly the Third," his father, the doctor, being of the same name. He was born in St. Paul, June 1st of 1898 and before he was a year old talked very plainly. Though so young he is full of guile. He is very fond of descending into the depths of the basement and holding friendly converse with the cook but he is not so fond of climbing back. So he gets on the first step and calls to the cook: "Arggie, very hard work. Very hard work." And then Arggie comes and carries him up although he has never asked her to. He is well able to take care of himself and can put to rout boys three and four times his

age. There are a number of children whom he plays with who are at times inclined to be quarrelsome. When he is pinched, slapped or pushed down he never cries. He just gets up and goes for the aggressor. He is the pet of the boarding house where he lives—from the other guests to the girls in the dining room. But his popularity has not spoiled him and he is the sunshine of the house.

Every one has read Louise M. Aldrich's "Little Woman," and who has not, remember Beth; quiet sunshiny little Beth, even when the other characters fade from their memory. Just such another bright little being is Beth McFarland, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. O. McFarland, of the Grand Opera house. She is a dainty, airy baby just five years old, with golden curls, big brown eyes and the prettiest dimples. She is small for her age, but oh, so quaint and old-fashioned; so much like the Beth of the book, for which she was named, that it seems as if she must know all about it and tries to live up to the character with all her baby might. When she went to sit for her picture she was left to her own devices, and seeing a rose picked it up, and climbing into the chair fell into the pose of the picture. She never cries and is simply adored by her baby brother and elder brother, with whom she plays with none of the friction usually accompanying such disparity in ages. G. O. McFarland, Jr., being only two, while Leslie, the oldest is nine. That she may be unlike that other Beth, in that she may

live to gladden everyone with whom she comes in contact is the prayer of everyone.

If there is a child in Butte who will be readily recognized by the picture it is Baby Alburthus, as everyone calls Margaret, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Alburthus. She is just as angelic as her picture, a lovely blonde, with long golden curls and blue eyes, the dark blue lashes and eyebrows adding another charm. When her photographs were finished they were placed on exhibition by the photographer and everyone who saw them stopped to admire, afterwards recognizing the pretty child on the street, so true to life were the photographs. She is not at all spoiled by the adulation offered her. She was born in Grand Rapids, M. Ch., five years ago the last of last March, coming to Butte when she was less than a year old.

Little Helen Carroll, only child of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Carroll, is a Butte baby, one of the prettiest and brightest of the native daughters. She was born on December 9th, '98 and is a dainty little blonde. She became quite a heroine in her neighborhood two years ago when she was only two years old. She was standing at the window looking out when she saw some boys playing in the rear of the house, light some matches. Tiny as she was she ran to her mother crying "Fire! Fire!" and enabled her mother to give the alarm and save the house and prevent serious loss. Which showed a great deal more presence of mind than many "Grown-ups" manifest.

If there is a child in Butte who bears more of a resemblance to the celebrated paintings "The Angelic Choir," and "Voice of the Angels," than Thomas D'Arcy Brophy, they have not been photographed. He has served at the al-

tar on several of the imposing occasions and always his perfect face is the cynosure of many eyes. He is only seven years old and has only attended kindergarten school. Recently his teacher told the little ones the story of Rip Van Winkle. He rushed home to tell his father about it and wound up with "And it's the mountains where they kill the cats." For so he understood Catskill. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Brophy and if he fulfills the promise of his childhood will be a son to be proud of. He was born in Butte seven years ago.

Baby Helen Sully is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Sully, and a more sunshiny, happy baby it would be hard to find. No matter what happens Helen is never cross but is always laughing. Perhaps that is why everyone seems to know "Baby Sully." She is small for her age and resembles a blue-eyed, golden haired doll more than a live baby. She is very fond of music and will sit at the piano for hours, singing away and playing as if she knew all about it. She is a born mimic and can imitate mannerisms and voices accurately. When she attends any kind of play or opera she tells everyone about it, imitating the ones who caught her fancy. She was born in Montana and came to Butte before she was a year old. David Dickson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Dickson is a bright baby boy,

three years old last April. He is a Butte baby and his mother says his chief characteristics are "Just boy." He is a pretty child with yellow hair and big black eyes.

Margaret Dickson, David's only sister is five years old and was born in Great Falls in July, but has lived in Butte since she was a tiny baby. She is an old-fashioned little one, using language more adapted to her elders. She is very pretty, black eyes and yellow hair and with the most beautiful complexion, a clear white, untouched by color.

Alice Isabel Gilbert, only living child of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Gilbert, is always called by her second name. She was a New Year's gift seven years ago. She came to Butte when a small baby and is really a Butte child. She has a great idea of art for so young a child. She draws remarkably well, and can pick out the work of different masters and tell you something of them. Artists predict a career for her.

Leona Mullins is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Mullins and is, as her picture shows, a very pretty little brunette. She is a Butte, baby having been born here seven years ago. She has recently been very ill but has fully recovered.

Montana McMurray is a Montana baby sure enough. She was born five years ago in the Montana hotel in Anaconda. She is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. John McMurray, and a very winsome, lovable child, as bright as she is pretty.

War Department Aids a Chorus Girl Who Is Seeking a Divorce.

It is a rare thing for Elihu Root, secretary of war, to help a chorus girl secure a divorce. In the action recently started by May Thompson against her husband, not only the secretary, but the entire war department has been interested, and the proceedings will not only prove of importance to the authorities at Washington, but to the exclusive society of Washington and Baltimore as well.

Miss Thompson is conspicuous theatrically, chiefly because of her ability to wear pink colored tights in an attractive way. George W. Lederer decided this point some time ago when he placed her in the front row of his frivolous beguities. Subsequently she graced the ranks of "The Highwayman," and is now endeavoring to enliven the Bostonians.

While she was playing at the National theater, Washington, Lieut. Berthold Tieber of the United States regular army observed her with marked favor. He was a member of an exclusive Baltimore family and had graduated from West Point.

Miss Thompson accepted his invitation to dinner with alacrity. In the cafe at Willard's hotel they investigated the mysteries of broiled lobster and old vinegares, and Tieber vowed he would go into voluntary slavery, provided Miss Thompson would allow him to be her exclusive slave. The chorister whispered "Yes."

The twain were married in New York city January 11, 1895. Tieber told his fellow officers he was the happiest man alive. Miss Thompson was referred to as the belle of the army, and did her best to make good this title.

All went well until, as Miss Thompson says, "the nasty old Spanish war came along." Tieber was ordered to the front. This was bad enough, but when it was learned that his regiment was to go to the Philippines, there was sadness in the family. There were the usual fond farewells and promises to write, and Miss Thompson settled down to a period of girl bachelorhood.

During his absence, Miss Thompson says, she learned an awful truth. Days, weeks and months went by and her husband did not write. Carefully she studied the lists of dead and wounded in the evening extras, but never did she see her husband's name.

One day, she says, she learned the worst. A young lady relative of Tieber's, she says, always had a fascination for her husband. This fascination, she now asserts, led to worse things, for during the months of March, April, May, June and July of 1897 she is sure her husband forgot his marital vows.

Herman L. Roth, the arbiter of choristers' woes, was consulted. The attorney said he would bring an action for divorce if only service could be obtained.

An application was made to Secretary

Root for permission to make the service in the Philippines. Mr. Root referred the matter to General MacArthur. MacArthur was busy about this time trying to ensnare Aguinaldo, so it he was touched by Roth's letter. Being gallant, he answered he would do what he could to serve the young wife.

After many delays and yards of red tape the matter was referred to the commander of Tieber's division, next to his colonel and finally to his captain. According to advices received yesterday the first step toward the securing of a divorce has been taken.

Miss Thompson has returned to the stage.

WORLD'S BIGGEST GORILLA CAPTURED.

A GREAT prize has just been obtained by the Umlauff museum, in Hamburg. It is the carcass of the largest gorilla which has ever been seen.

Herr H. Paschen, a native of Schwerin, in Germany, killed the monster recently in the German colony of Cameroon. Some natives came to him in great excitement one day and told him that an immense gorilla was lurking in the forest near Tanou-town, which is a settlement in the Yaunde district. Thereupon the German, who is a skilled hunter, took his gun and went out to look for the great ape. He soon caught a glimpse of him between two branches of a tree, and, as the animal peered out from this lofty hiding place, he fired twice, and struck him each time in the lower jaw, with the result that he lost his hold on

the tree and came crashing down through the branches.

He died almost immediately, and only then did Herr Paschen realize that no man before him had ever killed such



a large gorilla. He ordered the negroes who accompanied him to skin the animal, but to take care not to injure the skeleton. This they did, and then the gorilla's flesh was eaten by the older negroes, but not by the younger ones, since they believe that there is something of a human spirit in a gorilla, and that harm would come to them if they devoured him.

Immediately after killing the animal Herr Paschen took a photograph of him in a sitting position, in which he was placed and held by three strong negroes. This photograph shows clearly the great size of the gorilla. On his return to Ger-

many Herr Paschen presented the gorilla to the Umlauff Museum, and there immediate steps were taken to preserve it. Professor Lenz, of Lubeck, a well known anthropologist, also made exact measurements of it, and according to him both its skull and its body are of abnormal size. Its shoulder, he says, is 45 centimetres in length, its hand is 27, its thigh is 38, its foot is 31 and the entire height of the skeleton is 165 centimetres.

The Umlauff Museum has been offered 20,000 marks for the skeleton, but has refused to part with it.

Vereshchagin, the painter of war scenes, has been gathering material in both camps in the Philippines.

GREAT HEIGHT OF NEWEST YACHT

Few people seem to realize the immense size and power of the modern cup defender. The height of these crafts may be appreciated when it is stated that none of them can go under the Brooklyn bridge without lowering the topmast.

The Independence, for instance, measures 150 feet from the water to the truck or ball on top of the topmast. The Bridge in its highest part is only 135 feet above the surface of the East River, so that the Independence towers a good fifteen feet higher. Moreover, the Independence will not be able to pass under the Bridge by lowering her top mast in the ordinary way, for her top mast is spliced permanently into the mainmast and cannot be lowered and raised.

The Shamrock II has a telescope steel mast rising 149 feet above the water, and this can be easily lowered if it becomes necessary for her to pass under the bridge.

HERE AND THERE.

The kaiser has nearly \$250,000 in American debtore bonds. The car owns almost \$1,000,000 worth of American railway securities.

Nicaragua has established a museum in Managua, the capital, for the public display of foreign products. Samples and articles for exhibition, free of cost, are solicited.

The pest of British Columbia forests is a plant called the devil's club. It has spikes which, when they enter the flesh, break off and produce poisoned wounds which fester.

On the recent adjournment day in the California legislature a military band was blaring in the gallery, a colored boy danced the cakewalk, one speaker pro tem used a hatchet as a gavel and another emphasized his rulings with shots from a revolver.

Japan has no music, and the first melodies many of the race ever heard, aside from that of the birds, were hymns sung by Christian missionaries. Notwithstanding this, many Japanese have in late years become expert musicians and charming vocalists.

"I understand that one of your ancestors was a horse thief," said Billings to Bicketts.

"He was. Glad you mentioned it. I regard that as a compliment."

"How's that?"

"It is an acknowledgment that I have improved on my ancestors."—Detroit Free Press.