

# SUICIDE AS A STUDY IN FATE AND IN LOVE

By Ernestine Coughran.

C. E. Barrows of Carthage, S. D., has written to Undertaker Richards asking if his brother Ira, who committed suicide in the Rogers block last week, had left any effects, and if any were found asking the undertaker to forward them to Carthage.

It is probable that the only effects which will go back to Carthage will be the two revolvers which the suicide used to end his career, for he left nothing else in Butte.

Miss England said that Barrows had a trunk in Spokane and an effort will be made to trace it and send it to the brother in Dakota.

That Barrows intended to take his life the day previous to the act, as evinced by a letter which he wrote to his brother Sunday, saying that he was about to give up, and making arrangements for the disposition of the remains. He mentioned the note for \$100 in his possession, signed by a man named Reno of Red Lodge.

All the expenses of the funeral were borne by the brother in Dakota, who will, however, make an effort to collect on the note.

Miss England, who refused to marry



MISS JOSIE ENGLAND, Who is the Innocent Cause of Ira Barrows' Tragic Death.

Barrows, and because of whom he was tempted to end his life, has returned to her work in Gregson Springs.

Miss England's Story.

Very much distressed and pitifully grieved, this young girl was called to Butte by the coroner last week that she might be a witness at the inquest to be held upon the body of a very dear friend, who for unrequited love of her, had taken his own life.

Miss Josie England is the housekeeper out at the Gregson green houses, sixteen miles from Butte. She came all the way from Cambridge, Minnesota, to labor there among the flowers that she might contribute to the support of several little orphan sisters and brothers.

Her one thought and her one ambition was for them and when a young man, who was most worthily her friend, told her that he had grown to love her she was much surprised and distressed for in her entire thoughtfulness for her little charges she had been forgetful of herself and had not sought that which had come to her.

Had Sympathy for Him.

She had sympathized most deeply with him, for he had told her of his own hard life, with all its bitter disappointments; how he had toiled for his education and by persistent ambition had forced circumstances to allow him a course through Dakota's normal school; how he had taken up his own barren little farm in the waste of North Dakota; how he had toiled upon it from the break of day until long after the setting of the sun; how he had pored over his books by candle light and counted his accumulating store of silver that he might find consolation in the prospect of a medical course—for it was his ambition to be a physician that he might ease the

A Winter Memory.

"I do not understand where to put this meat so that it will keep," said the good wife. "There is no ice in the refrigerator."

"Put it in the furnace," advised the kind husband. "That was the coolest spot in the house last winter."



E. C. GREENE, The Popular Proprietor of the Helena Hotel.

firm and cure the ills of suffering humanity.

Fight Against Fate.

He had told her also of the blasting drought that came; of the devastating sweep of the locusts through his growing fields and of the final destruction of his ruined possessions by fire. He had told her of his new start and all its discouragements; how he came to Montana and sought work without success; of clerical positions there were none for him; how he was forced to accept menial tasks and worked upon farms for laborers; how he wove little baskets of wire and sought to sell them upon the streets, and how after many other things, he came to be the bus driver for the hotel at Gregson, the years of thwarted ambition and many illnesses having at last convinced him at the age of thirty years that his youth was gone and that it was futile to longer look forward to the accomplishment of his hopes.

Where Love Was Not.

Miss England, as was womanly and kindly, tried to encourage him and to balm the wounds of fortune, but her sympathy was woefully misunderstood, and the empty, barren life of the man called out for the gratification of one more need, but it, too, was to be denied him. For Josie England did not love him.

Oliver Goldsmith has said that when one considers the distribution of good and evil here below that one will find that man has been given much to enjoy but still more to suffer. That no person can be completely happy needs no extended argument to prove, but that many may be completely miserable is attested by the number of suicides that occur every day.

Study in Suicide.

It is rarely the case that one misfortune or one disappointment is responsible for a man taking his own life. It has been wisely provided that the human spirit may recover from a great blow. It is the effect of many successive discouragements or disappointments that finally bring the human being to that state of mind necessary to suicide. Usually the cumulative action of months or years of trouble is precipitated by some single circumstance, and the mental or moral equipage of the poor unfortunate is destroyed by perhaps a trifling throw in the scale which outweighs the moiety of reason and judgment.

It may be reasonably doubted whether any man possessing a complete mental integrity ever takes his own life. Whether this be so or not, the mere act of suicide, together with the pitiful situations which usually precede it, is a subject only for compassion and sympathy.

Spirit of Forgiveness.

Ira Barrows had experienced years of suffering and of blasted hopes. While it completely crushed him eventually, that he was not entirely embittered by his ill-fortune is shown in the last words, full of the spirit of gentle forgiveness, written in his farewell letter to the woman he had loved in vain. Lack of work and the loss of his little property so hardly earned, together with the "pangs of despised love," formed a very favorable ensemble for a disastrous and preposterous conclusion.

Miss Josie England, the object of Barrows' unfortunate affection, is a womanly, conscientious girl. A few minutes' conversation with her would show that she is not by any means of slender intellect, of quiet type, but that she is an honest, conscientious young woman, who could not and would not accept tenders or affection from one to whom she could not reciprocate.

Honesty of the Girl.

It was through no silly love of conquest that Miss England was the innocent cause of this tragedy. Had she been less honest or less scrupulous, or less considerate, she might have toyed with this man's affections for months. That upon the first advance beyond the pale of mere friendship Miss England firmly and decisively forbade Barrows any privileges more than those of mere acquaintanceship, speaks well for her candor and conscience.

That poor Barrows loved where love was not for him goes to fill the sum total of the tragedies which an inscrutable fate has in store for the unfortunates of the earth.

It Depends.

Mr. Sharpe—Yes, he has quite an interesting history.

Miss Gush—O! I'll be delighted to know him. I'm always glad to meet a man with a history, aren't you?

Mr. Sharp—Well, yes, provided he doesn't have it to sell.



E. L. SHAFNER, President of the Mining Congress.

## BUTTE HAS ITS MOTTO

There is a rage among the cities of this country for the adoption of mottoes, but Butte will never need a motto. She has a motto now that will beat anything that ever can be suggested, and it was given her by the Inter Mountain in the days long past.

That motto is "Butte is the greatest mining camp on earth!"

That motto will be found upon the front page of the issues of the Inter Mountain which came off the press in the dim ages when Butte was an infant in swaddling clothes. The paper was founded in immemorial times, and from the start it was firmly convinced of Butte's greatness, as witness the historic declaration made with utmost confidence: "Butte is the greatest mining camp on earth."

Denver has just adopted a motto. It is "Forward." How flat. How unrealized. How appropriate to a city which has yet to achieve greatness; how inappropriate to one which has already achieved it.

"Butte is the greatest mining camp on earth!"

How that speaks of greatness already realized—greatness of the superlative, unapproachable, top-notch kind.

"Practice the lily, England the rose, 'And every one knows where the shamrock grows.'"

That is very fine, but "Butte is the

## WHY "BUTTE" IS SICK

"Butte," the tiniest pony ever born in Butte, has met with a most extraordinary accident and is threatened with a sudden and tragic end. As will be remembered, the pony was born under the tent of the Gentry Brothers' dog and pony show in Butte.

Little "Butte" was named after the city in which he was born to confer honor upon this city; also to advertise the show. The performing dog and horse outfit is now in the southwestern part of the state giving performances.

News comes that "Butte" swallowed a ping-pong ball the other day and is likely to die of it. Ping-pong balls are of an indigestible substance, and thus far "Butte" has resisted emetics, purges and drugs of all kinds. The manner in which

## JOYS OF NICOTINE FOR THE GIRLS

Do our society girls smoke? The question would have immeasurably shocked our Puritan grandmothers, but in the liberal social atmosphere of the year of our Lord, 1902, it falls less harshly upon the ear, for cigarette smoking by the American girl is now a well-known and undisputed fact.

That there are maids in waiting to My Lady Nicotine in Butte society might be strongly attested by statistics from the local cigarette dealers and engravers of smart little silver match-safes, were these same statistics only forthcoming. But they are not, for it is the ethics of these dealers and engravers "not to tell."

One by one woman has come to share with man the recreations and the liberties which hitherto have been inalienably his. She may now without discredit do and enjoy, with approbation and applause, what would have inevitably slurred and compromised the good name of her grandmother.

Of course gay Gotham was the first American city to adopt the European custom, but other social centers followed hard upon. Today, within the most exclusive social circles, the smart dinner is not considered complete without the concluding demi-tasse and golden tipped cigarette for the ladies. No longer are the feminine contingent condemned to the tedious half-hour of prosaic waiting in the drawing-room while the masculine diners linger over the post-palubum smoke. The ladies, too, are served with cones and cigarettes.

But does Butte society smoke? Thus far it doth not appear that Butte has been clumsy or tardy in the adoption of swag-gers fads. If Butte girls do smoke it can be pretty safely hazarded that in their manner of burning incense at this lethal shrine, there is nothing to mark the tyro.

Rumors there are of Orientally appointed little smoking dens in Butte attics, where most any afternoon may be found little groups of intimate girl friends, attired in dainty smoking jackets and paying homage to the goddess of the weed in wreaths of curling smoke. Rumor hath it

## DOGS DOG THE STEPS OF A NEWSPAPERMAN

One of the most popular newspapermen in Butte now carries a large club. The wand with the nobis on it is not rendered necessary by age or debility, because the genial newsgatherer is young and debonair with the dolce far niente of early prime.

Large and vicious are the dogs of the West Side, with long, yellow teeth, and he lives on the West Side, and hence the club. He was recently attacked by a dog

In his dreams he sees them now in legions, springing upon him from the roofs, cutting him off at the street corners, crushing him to the earth from doorways, running him down like a Belgian hare, with pink eyes, in a garden. He has dog on the brain now, and there is dog in everything he does.

One can't talk to him two minutes till he says: "It's dog-gone hard luck to be dogged by dogs till you're dog-weary."

All the books he reads now have dog-



The Attacking Dog Looked Large to Him.

of the breed known as the sleeve dog. You can put one in a coffee cup and lose it so effectually that the only way to find it again is to stir the inside of the cup with a teaspoon.

But the dog looked like an elephant to him. He was leading another canine home with him for the sake of protection and in the picture here given the sleeve dog is seen bearing down upon him, as he saw it, life-size. That was before he carried the club.

Since that event he has armed himself and he comes into town to work every evening now with the club whistling about his head like a flag. His neighbors in the Excelsior street locality where he lives poke their heads out to see him depart, and everybody admires the club and thinks what a fine hitching post it would make.

On the occasion when the scribe led the canine protector out home with him and the hairless Mexican dog's little Mexican dog's little brother made the terrible assault, he declares all the dogs on the West Side followed him, slinking along from door to door like a troop of shadowy fiends, waiting for an opportunity to tear him limb from limb and eat his dog.

The spring has brought dog's-tail-grass, dogweed and dog's-tongue up in the gardens of his friends, and whenever he means any of them they offer him a boutonniere of dog's-tooth violet or dog-rose. He guides his weary, dog-strewn path homeward by the dog-catcher and passes the night in dog-sleep. In the morning he starts a fire with kindling from the dogwood tree. He writes and talks dogmatically now and has a dog-vaue on his house to tell him which way the wind blows and where the next dog is likely to come from. He's going on the dog-watch of his paper soon.

"This is simply a dog-hole," says he, when you start him on the subject, and if you let him he will put his woes in doggerel that would make a dog howl.

His best friend asked him to ride in a dog-cart the other day and offered to sell him another and better club dog-cheap. If you see him you will know him by the club and the dogged air he wears. The canines of the West Side have heard of the club, and they retire to the farthest-most corner of their kennels at his step, but still he carries the club doggedly and swears like a Dogberry that he will dog all the dogs of the West Side to their doom.

## THIS BOY A ROMANCER

"There was a touch of mystery about an affair I saw on the train the other day," said a traveling man at the Butte this morning.

"Perhaps it was a kidnaping case; perhaps it was an attempt at a terrible revenge, and perhaps it was a pipe on the part of the person most concerned, but it's worth repeating anyhow."

"We were westbound on the Great Northern, and among the passengers were three Italians, one of them a boy of not more than 12 years of age. Somehow the boy gave out the story that he was being abducted, but there was no one on the train to interpret what he said, and so after several ineffectual attempts we decided to wait till we got to Havre."

"When the train pulled into Havre it didn't take long to find a man who could handle the modern edition of the lingua Romana with the dexterity of a trick

mule. To him the boy told an extraordinary story. He said he was of noble blood; that his father was a member of one of the oldest families in the country; that they had a castle in the mountains of sunny Italy, and that he was being kidnaped by the two men and would be held for a ransom. He was earnest enough about it, and for my part I was convinced that he was telling the truth."

"Conductor Smith advised the retention of the boy at Havre, but after some discussion the crowd decided to let him go on in the care of Conductor Strain, who runs east from Havre. A wire was sent to the authorities at Seattle, however, to look out for him at that end."

"Somebody asked one of the men what relation he was to the boy and he told him that he was his uncle; that they were going to work in a mine near Seattle, and that the boy was going to live with them as his parents were dead."

## HOSPITALITY IN MEXICO.

Courtesy Toward Strangers Practiced by Southern Neighbors.

(Correspondence Boston Herald.) "To 'throw the house out of the window," which, translated into our English vernacular, is "to turn things loose," is the Mexican way of treating a guest. You can't do too much for the friend within your gates. You and yours are at his disposition. And if you stay a week, you must be "accompanied" all the time you aren't asleep. This is Moorish and Arabian, and the Spaniards brought the custom over here.

To be the "servidor" or servant of a friend means real servitude; to be with him and at his orders. It is sometimes most embarrassing; one would like to feel that one was not giving so much trouble. But your host is smiling; he shows no weariness, he is delighted to be with you, to stuff you, to "smoke" you, and to go riding with you, and when you leave his home the servants all drawn up to salute the departing caballero, as a mark of household respect, your host is still unweariedly polite.

God bless those splendidly hospitable people! They are all right, they mean to do the proper thing, and by our Lord Mohammed and the Koran, they do it up in true old Moorish style. I was reading a book of travels in Morocco the other day, and the author told of how his Moorish hosts would "accompany" him all the ivelong day.

The Spaniards here are like the Mexicans. Once they open their doors to you, look out for a fiesta. They will, even if poor men, throw the house out of the window. Go into a roadside font on a holiday, and if two or three young Spaniards, clerks in some city shop, are luncheon, they will press you to sit down with them and partake of whatever they happen to be eating. Not to invite your fellow passenger in the diligence, or in the railway car, to share your lunch, is horribly rude; it bespeaks low breeding. Of such a person they say: "No tiene education"—he has no breeding.

I have dined and supped with poor men, with Indians, the head men of their hamlets, and always it is the same courteous insistence that you have of their best and eat till you can eat no more.

Piscatorial Truthfulness. (Detroit Free Press.) "Fish will do singular things," says a local contemporary. But nobody ever heard of a fish's lying about the size of the man that caught it.

To Sleep awhile, until Necessity, relentless, shall awake Their troubling din— Then, all about my tired brain you weave The thread that fancy spins. The thread that never tangles, But weaves into a mesh Of idle phantom fancies and shapes That trouble not; you do refresh The idle dreams of indolent youth, And tinge them with the tinge Of withered rose; My Lady weaving you do Bid yourself no stint— And the folds of floating draperies That wreath you all about, Winds round my halcyon little world and me— And keeps all else without. Illustrates the Poem.

The authoress of the foregoing, upon being interviewed, just to show how it was done, struck a match upon the sole of her Cuban-heeled shoe and lighted a cigarette, smoking it through a pretty amber tipped holder. As she daintily flicked away the ashes with her little finger, she surveyed the rest of her paraphernalia which occupied a table by itself. There were several little monogrammed holders, done in silver and gold, and also a silver topped tobacco jar filled with her favorite mixture. To supplement this latter there was a pretty burnt-wood box containing a quantity of scented French paper for the rolling of "smokes." She sometimes preferred rolling her own cigarette and was an adept at the art.

There is no form of recreation which femininity seriously considers unless it possesses innately the possibilities for the exploitation of grace and prettiness. Whatever might be the view taken of cigarette smoking by women, ethically, it must be abstractly admitted that in no way has a pretty woman a better opportunity to exhibit her graces. Not improbably this may have much to do with its popularity—perhaps more than has the intrinsic charm of the cigarette itself.