

**"Bonnets o' Blue."**  
 Just five years old.  
 This tale is true  
 In all respects of Bonnets o' Blue—  
 A dear little maid:  
 Not just for rhyme,  
 Am I writing this.  
 ("Am I keeping time,  
 And locketeep, too, like a soldier  
 true.")  
 "Beautiful eyes of sweetest hue."  
 She played around when the day was  
 fair,  
 All alone with no playmate there,  
 'Twas the time of battles and sword  
 and drum—  
 Of bugle note,  
 ("Am I with the drum,  
 And locketeep square like a soldier  
 rare.")  
 "Beautiful eyes and sweetest hair."  
 'Twas in time of battles and she knew  
 no more—  
 Than the battle song and the war  
 man's lore,  
 She marched with curls and banner  
 and gait—  
 Of knightly grace,  
 ("Am I marching straight,  
 With locketeep lore, when the canon's  
 roar.")  
 "Soldier child with her soldier  
 lore."  
 When the spring bird sang,  
 Not just for rhyme—  
 Am I writing this.  
 ("Am I keep time  
 And locketeep, too, like a soldier  
 true.")  
 Beautiful eyes of sweetest hue,  
 "Tears and angels and Bonnets o'  
 Blue!"  
 —Capt. Wm. Page Carter in American  
 Illustrated Magazine.

## Two Fingers for His Life.

BY JOHN K. COTTON.

One blustering night last February I sat pressed in against the wall at Capt. Sol McDaniel's little shop. Early in the evening, among the crowd of regular callers, a big, red-faced fellow, unquestionably a Newfoundlander, came in and greeted the old captain warmly. He extended his hand. "I'll have to offer you my left, cap'n," he said. "It's the best I've got. The other one was damaged a little when we lost the Peter-  
 "Henry," said the old skipper, after he returned the newcomer's greeting. "I believe that's the only happening out of Gloucester here that I don't know all the particulars of. Sit down here, son, and tell us about it. We'd all like to hear."  
 Henry related a little urging, for he was a man not much given to talking. But when the other visitors warmly seconded the captain's request, he consented to tell the story. We all settled back on the hard benches, and Henry began.  
 "We left the harbor here this time last year for Flemish Cap Bank. We were after a trip of codfish and gray halibut.  
 "Our skipper, Sarge Bohlin, was what we water-borne call a driver. On that trip he lived up to his reputation, and drove the vessel straight offshore from Cape Ann lights for Flemish Cap in the face of everything we met.  
 "We got some fifty thousand weight of fish—saunders, them, as we say in winter. And when the haul was in, we had an able northern rising, we headed for home. It was night when we were under way. The wind had already shaken up a good hubbly sea.  
 "Our crew was a good one. Every night we used to get together aft in the cabin, headed by the cook's fidle, and sing till we grew sleepy. The skipper was one of the kind that always stood a watch on the runs in and out. That night he had the lay from nine to eleven o'clock.  
 "Twas so black and thick you couldn't see the shore-pole from the wheel. Sitting down to the party, I fell for the lee of the house, out of the cold wind, the skipper would poke his head into the companionway every now and then, and roar out, 'Pump! Pump! Pump!' at every rest in our song. His big voice would start a laugh among us below every time.  
 "We had got round to 'The Island Belle,' a down-home song every one of us knew. We had finished the first part when in roared the skipper, 'Pump! Pump! Pump!' Only three times he shouted, then he stopped short.  
 "All hands seemed to be waiting for the fourth one before we started off on the second part of the song. Then suddenly the skipper cried in a different voice altogether:  
 "'Jump, men! Jump quick!'  
 "I was never so surprised in all my life. Our skipper was not the man to mix up a joke and a serious matter. I saw the companionway full of men struggling to get up on deck. A crash came on our starboard quarter. In pushed planks and timbers almost on top of me. I was the last man up.  
 "'A steamer, thought I. But when I raised my head up above deck and caught sight of the big square sails of a bark towering above us in the darkness, I was more surprised than ever. Every man that sat in that cabin knew that our vessel's side was stove in for a space great enough to sink her in a very few minutes. The thoughts of cold, icy water and a rough sea flashed on my mind.  
 "I heard a foreign voice yelling out away up above us on the bow of the bark. I could not understand a word he said. He was terribly excited.  
 "'Heave over the port dories!' our skipper shouted. I started forward along the port side after the rest of the hands.  
 "Our vessel lurched ahead on a sea. Then on came the bark, crashing in on us again. The planks went to where we stood began to rip and tear apart under our feet.  
 "'We're going down, skipper!' sang out one of our fellows. I could see from the way they fumbled the work getting the dories overboard that they were confused.  
 "Henry, you get a line aboard of her quick, if you can!" cried the skipper to me. I started back aft round the cabin house, intending to get to the other side, to where the bark had cut into us, to grab the end of any piece of rope I could get hold of on our deck and climb up on the bark's

headstays. Then I could make the rope fast to help all hands up. But my intentions miscarried.  
 "I threw my arms round in the darkness of the bark's big chain bobstay, the stay running from her stem at the water-line up to the end of her bowsprit. But I could find no trace of it. I knew that it must have been carried away when she struck us. There was no other stays low enough for me to reach them, I knew, and grabbing the end of our main-sheet, lying loose on deck, stood ready to jump at anything offering me a chance to get aboard the stranger.  
 "The noise of the two vessels grinding together, the roar of the wind and sea and the rattling of sails and booms were deafening. I could hear nothing above it but the wild yells of the foreigners on the back. We lurched ahead again on a sea. I felt something swing hard against my back. I turned and grabbed it. 'Twas the big iron chain, the bark's bobstay, dangling in the air from the end of her bowsprit. Gripping one of the big links in my right hand, and taking a turn in the main-sheet with my left, I sang out with all my might:  
 "'Cap'n, come round here! We can all get aboard of her!"  
 "Not a word came back to me from them. I did not know whether to try to go back to them or not. While I stood trying to decide, I felt our vessel begin to fall away on a big sea. It seemed to me that when the big craft lurched ahead and struck up again that she must have under-  
 "The chain I held to with my right hand suddenly grew taut. It began to pull away from me, and I knew the two vessels were drawing apart. I must get up either our own main-sheet or the bobstay. 'Twas hard to decide which to do.  
 "I felt our vessel shoot down and ahead in the sea. The big heavy chain dived along our deck to the rail. I braced my feet against it and pulled back with all my strength. I grew so confused in the next second by the drawing apart of the two vessels, the thoughts of my duty to our crew and the terrible roar all round that I seemed unable to think at all.  
 "The chain bid us taut and hard. My feet slipped on the icy rail, my knees wobbled. Then off I shot from our deck after the bark's stay, my feet trailing along in the water. I roared out to our crew with all my might.  
 "The main-sheet was still wrapped round my left hand. I started to push the chain down and to throw it over the links in the chain to take a turn. But I had no sooner pushed the end into the link than the rope drew taut, so taut that I couldn't get a turn. I took a firm grip on it with my hand, so as not to lose it without my hand.  
 "I heard the excited voice up above me on the bark's bowsprit keeping up a continuous yell. Then another joined him. I looked all round me in the darkness, to see if they had lowered any rope to me, but could see nothing.  
 "I began to call out to them to come down on the bobstay, when away drew the two vessels with a lurch, the rope and chain grew hard and tight, and I was raised up out of the water. I hung there in the air, clutching the rope in one hand and the stay in the other.  
 "While I hung there another voice broke out above me on the bark, and sang out:  
 "'You speak English? Speak French? Speak German, or what you speak?' And I knew right away that the strong, clear voice belonged to the captain of the bark.  
 "'Throw me a rope, quick!' I called. Then my arms drew out straight. I bounced up and down between the tightening chain and rope as if I was on a throbbing clock-spring. A sharp twinge shot across my back from shoulder to shoulder, a burning sensation ran the length of my arms; then a numb, prickling feeling came over them. Down I dropped into the water. I had lost both my holds!  
 "The first plunge into the frothy water is hard. It struck me all over like a stinging slap. I came to the surface first, and lay in the water flat and didn't go under for a moment.  
 "Then I began to swim. I roared once, then again. Then with a jolt my nose bumped hard against something.  
 "I couldn't see a thing before me. 'Twas all black. I put up my hands and could feel the big, cold planks and seams of a vessel. 'Twas not ours; I could tell by the wide planks and the rough seams. 'Tis the bark, thought I. She's cleared our vessel and is sailing off.  
 "Oh, aboard the bark! Oh-oh, cap'n!  
 "But with every word the side of the big vessel seemed to slip along by me faster and faster. My fingers, trailing along her side, clutched at every little rough spot, every paint blister on the hull, but nothing gave to the dip I made, but nothing gave to the dip I made.  
 "She was leaving me behind fast. I felt that my chance was gone. I began to wonder where the rest of our crew were, and if our vessel had gone down.  
 "I roared out again with all my might. 'Let go a boat or something, quick!'  
 "'American man, you aft here?' came back the captain's voice. 'You forward there? Or where you are?'  
 "'Right below you here! Throw me something, quick!' I cried. But with every word the side of the ship slipped away from my hands. She seemed to draw my strength and courage away with her again.  
 "'Catch a rope!' I heard the captain sing out. But before I could turn my head to look for it, I began to spin and twirl round in the big eddy in the bark's stern. In I shot, and brought up against it with a thump. 'I put up my hands when I struck, and made a wild lunge for anything I could get hold of. My right hand slipped along her sloping stern to the water. Then my fingers struck into a little crack. I drove them ahead as far as they would go. They were in the jamb round the rudder-post.  
 "When I started to move ahead with the vessel and bring strain on them, my fingers began to slip back from round the wet post. I put up the other hand.  
 "O captain, come quick! I cried, when I felt my hold with both hands slipping away, and I jabbed the skipper to me. I started back aft round the cabin house, intending to get to the other side, to where the bark had cut into us, to grab the end of any piece of rope I could get hold of on our deck and climb up on the bark's

"American man, hang on one minute more!" cried out the captain, over the stern, to me. "We're coming up into the wind!"  
 "But I could not hang on. I had nothing to hang on to. My strength was gone. My left hand slipped entirely away. I must get up and sink before the big ship could come round into the wind and lose her headway.  
 "Now my hold with my right hand began to draw away. Then I felt something tighten against my fingers. It bore and pressed them hard.  
 "They are putting the helm hard down," said I, and it's squeezing my fingers in the jamb. By instinct I jerked my hand back toward me. Then, shutting my eyes and teeth, I forced it back into the little crack as far as I could.  
 "A terrible pain shot up my numbed fingers and arm. The big rudder-post turned slowly but surely. It held me there fast until they swung down and reached me from over the bark's stern.  
 "I spotted my hand, but I saved my life—the only one of that crew."—  
 Youth's Companion.

**The Toyland of the World.**  
 A Tokyo correspondent of an American weekly has much of interest to say of Japanese toys. "Japan is the original toyland. I really think that Santa Claus must have a branch establishment in Tokio. There are the chancal toys that go about as if they were alive—in turbot walking around on the earthen floor, mice scampering under counters and around on the shelves, huge gorgeously colored paper butterflies and dragon flags buzzing around in the air. There are no toy-carriages in Japan, because in Japan there are no rail-carriages. But there are toy jirikishas, which are little two-wheeled carts pulled by little brown men under great big mushroom-shaped hats instead of by horses. And there are toy cars, which are the old-fashioned kind of grown-up cradles, that two men carry, suspended from long bamboo poles, upon their shoulders, and in which grown-up folks have to sit, curled up Turk-fashion, until their feet go to sleep and they are forced to demand the privilege of getting down and walking. These are the 'carriages' of Japan, and, as toys, would probably puzzle the average little boy or girl at home."  
 Rossetti's East Indian Visitor.  
 Gabriel Dante Rossetti, poet and painter, was once visited by an East Indian prince who said to him:  
 "I have a commission to paint a portrait of my father."  
 "Is your father in London?" asked Rossetti.  
 "No, my father is dead," replied the Oriental.  
 "Have you some photographs of him or any portrait?"  
 "I have no portraits of him of any kind."  
 "How can I paint a portrait of him, then?" asked the artist. "It is impossible. I could not think of attempting anything so absurd."  
 "Why is it absurd?" demanded the prince gravely. "You paint pictures of Mary Magdalene and of Grace and John the Baptist, and yet you have never seen any of them. Why can you not paint my father?"  
 The prince was so insistent that Rossetti yielded in sheer desperation. He painted an ideal head that was certainly Oriental and also regular in its bearing. The prince came to his studio in great state to view it. When the canvas was uncovered he looked at it steadily and then burst into tears.  
 "How father has changed!" he cried.—Everybody's Magazine.

**A New Boule de Suif.**  
 In Paris the police have discovered a woman whose peculiar sort of patriotism has been compared to that of Boule de Suif in Guy de Maupassant's story. She was arrested recently for having robbed a German merchant of \$25. To the Magistrate she made a strange declaration. She said that her main object in life was to do good to Germans and to rob them. She went about with them to cafes and music halls, and while affecting to be very interested in them she picked their pockets. In this way she had an average of several years past over \$2700. She had picked the pockets of exactly sixty-seven Germans, and she was proud of it. As her reason for thus acting, the woman said that in 1870 her family in Normandy had been completely ruined by the German invaders, who stole her father's cattle, pigs, fowls, and even plate. She was then obliged to go out as a dairymaid, but not being accustomed to servitude she came to Paris, and began waylaying and robbing Germans. The Magistrate listened to this tale calmly. It made no impression on him, for he sent the new Boule de Suif back to the depot, there to await trial.—London Telegraph.

**Protection for Ruins.**  
 Great Britain's government has decided to secure and protect for the nation the ancient ramparts erected by Edward I. around the town of Berwick-on-Tweed. These ruins are of great antiquarian and historical value. They form one of the most interesting monuments of the bitter strife that existed for centuries between England and Scotland, as they are situated right on the border. The walls include the old bell tower from which a flaring beacon gave warning to the English farmers of the approach of the bands of marauding Scots.—New York Globe.

**Pay Days in Norway.**  
 In Norway on pay days saloons are closed and savings banks open until midnight. Servant girls hire for half a year at a time by contract with the public registry offices. The telegraph box on every street carries one writes the message, puts on the right number of stamps, and drops it in the box. Farmers can borrow money from the government at three per cent. There are practically no parasites. The average wage earnings are \$88 a year. There are more reindeer than horses, more sheep than cows.

**The Stock Exchange Bear.**  
 A bear in a stock exchange is, as everyone knows, one who looks forward to a fall in stocks, and sells in the hope of being able to buy at a lower price before the times comes for delivery. The name is supposed to be derived from the story of the man who sold a bear's skin before he had caught and killed the bear.

# How SHIPS SIGNAL EACH OTHER AT SEA.

The language of a ship is a language of signs. But notwithstanding this circumstance, all possible questions may be asked and answered, and every item of information given in the fullest degree by its medium, even though the conveying crafts be miles asunder.  
 The alphabet of this silent tongue is usually flags of various shapes and colors. But should the distance between the ships, or between the ship and a signaling station, be too great for colors to be distinguished, or should the wind be blowing between the two so that the flags are end on, one of two other methods must be adopted. The first is to represent each letter by combinations of three shapes—a cone, a ball and a drum. The second is to make use of a semaphore having three arms, the positions of which with regard to one side or the other of the post, and whether they are horizontal, upturned or downturned, indicate the letter desired.  
 As the ships which speak to each other are frequently of different nations, it is necessary that the signal should be international in character to all; and this is so. And another desirable thing is also provided.  
 It may occur to you that if a message, even one of brief length, were to be spelt out letter by letter, the operation would be exceedingly tiresome, and consume time that perhaps could be ill afforded. To remove these

objections, a code has been made out dealing with matters marine, by means of which a host of flags from two to four in number indicate whole sentences. For example, the flags Q, D and S ask the question "How does the land lie?" F, O, "Are you in danger?" and so on.  
 In the illustration of the flags here given of this international code of signals, the various colors are indicated thus: Yellow by dots, red by vertical and blue by horizontal lines. You will therefore have no difficulty in picturing the true appearance of each.  
 It is only since Jan. 1, 1902, that the code as here illustrated has been in exclusive use. The former code possessed no flags to represent the vowels; X, Y and Z have been added; and an alteration has been made in the design and color of a couple of the other flags, F and L.

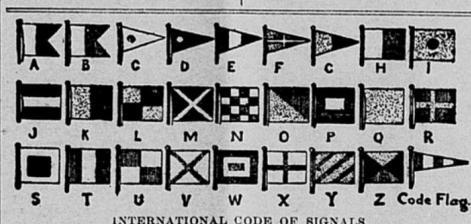
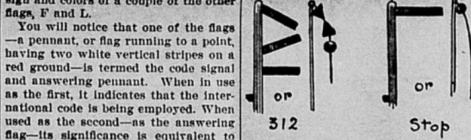


Illustration of the International Code of Signals, showing various flag combinations for letters A through Z.

semaphore signals is almost self-explanatory.  
 It will be noticed that each letter of the alphabet is indicated, in the distant by a hoist of three shapes—a cone, a ball, and a drum; and, in the semaphore, by the inclination and position (with reference to the post) of three arms.  
 The cone with the point upward is termed number 1, and corresponds with the semaphore arm pointing upward. The ball is number 2, and is equivalent to the horizontal arm of the other. The down-pointing cone corresponds with the down-pointing arm of the semaphore, and is numbered 3. All these positions of the arm are on the side of the post opposite to the

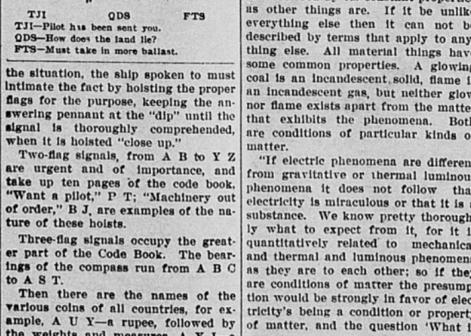


Special Distant Signal—In War Declared.

indicator. Number 4 is represented by a drum or by a horizontal arm on the same side as the indicator.  
 Owing to the fact that these distant and semaphore signals take more time than the flag signals, requiring always two or more hoists, thirty-seven special urgent signals, needing one hoist only have been provided in the Code Book, such as: "24, Want water immediately." "312, Is war declared?" The "Stop" signal indicates the end of the sentence.

## THE NATURE OF ELECTRICITY.

Remains One of the Unsolved Problems of the Century.  
 Daring with the science problems of the twentieth century Professor A. E. Dolbear says concerning the all-embracing mystery of electricity:  
 "Here on the threshold of the new century we are confronted with the question, 'What is electricity?' and the answer implied by the question seems to demand a something which could be described by one who knew enough, as one would describe some new mineral or gas or thing. Some eminent scientific men are befogged by the question, say it is some ultimate unknowable thing, and hopeless as an inquiry. If it be a something it must be described by its constant properties as other things are. If it be nothing, everything else then it can not be described by terms that apply to anything else. All material things have some common properties. A glowing coal is an incandescent solid, flame is an incandescent gas, but neither glow nor flame is described from the matter that exhibits the phenomena. Both are conditions of particular kinds of matter.  
 "If electric phenomena are different from gravitative or thermal luminous phenomena it does not follow that electricity is miraculous or that it is a substance. We know from the thoroughly what to expect from it, for it is quantitatively related to mechanical and thermal and luminous phenomena as they are to each other; so if they are conditions of matter the presumption could be strongly in favor of electricity's being conditions of matter, and the question 'What is



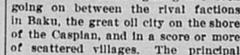
SEMAPHORE AND DISTANT SIGNALS.

Some people value a man's friendship by the amount of money he is willing to lend.—Detroit, Free Press.  
 It's easier not to want things than it is to get them.

electricity? would then be answered in a way by saying so, but such an answer would not be the answer apparently expected to the question. To say it was a property of matter would not be much more intelligible than to say the same of gravitation.  
 "At best it would add another property to the list of properties we ordinarily credit it with, as elasticity, attraction and so on. In any case the nature of electricity remains to be discovered and stated in terms common to others forms of phenomena, and it is to be hoped that long before this new century shall have been completed mankind will be able to form an adequate idea of electricity as it now has of heat."  
 Professor Dolbear intimates in his article the belief that the field of investigation and research remains as large and fruitful as it has ever been.

## TARTARS ON THE WARPATH.

Fearful Scenes of Slaughter and Arson in the Caucasus.  
 The rioting in the Caucasus between Tartars and Armenians, in which many thousands have been killed or injured and millions of dollars' worth of property destroyed, is the most desperate outbreak that has taken place in Russia for many years. For more than a week fierce fighting has been going on between the rival factions in Baku, the great oil city on the shore of the Caspian, and in a score or more of scattered villages. The principal cause of the outbreak, according to St. Petersburg advices, is the Moslem hatred of the Armenians, the Tartars, who are followers of the prophet, are a cruel and rebellious people, brooking restraint of any kind and intensely hating the Christians. How the first clash between the factions occurred is not stated in the reports coming from the scene of hostilities, but the disturbance, once started, spread like wildfire, until Baku and scores of other places were experiencing all the horrors of actual war.  
 While Baku was the storm center of the fighting, there was great slaughter in outlying towns and throughout the whole oil region. In the village of Shusha the fighting between Tartars and Armenians continued five days and several hundred persons were killed or wounded. Almost the entire town was destroyed by incendiaries. The government buildings, churches and schools having been burned. A score or other places shared a somewhat similar fate. A large number of the people in Dudukhtu, Achilla, Edlin and Bukutan were slaughtered and the villages having been plundered by the Tartars were then set on fire.  
 At Balakhan a serious conflict occurred between 1,000 Armenians and the government troops which had been dispatched to maintain order. Orders had been given to the soldiers to shoot only on fire, and to spare the others, and the Armenians, on refusing to disperse, were mowed with artillery. That the Armenians, however, are capable of giving a good account of themselves is evidenced by the fact that in the Baku district they have killed or wounded 1,200 Tartars.  
 The government troops sent to the disturbed region have proved unable to restore order and heavy reinforcements are now arriving at Baku. That city is utterly demoralized. Incendiary fires have laid a considerable area of it in ashes, and hundreds of tanks filled with oil and naphtha have been destroyed. Hundreds of refineries in and about Baku have been burned and the loss inflicted upon the oil industry alone will reach \$90,000,000. All production is paralyzed and the industry as well as the direct loss to trade is enormous. Even with order restored, and that seems to be still far off, it will take more than a year before conditions in the Baku region will become normal. The Tartars are still plundering and burning wherever opportunity offers and are daily being worked up to greater fanaticism. The following incident which occurred in Baku shows their desperate spirit. A band of them barricaded themselves in the house of a rich Mussulman and fired from the windows on a patrol officer who summoned them to surrender. The Tartars continued firing while artillery was brought up. The guns laid the house in ruins, the Tartars perishing to a man.

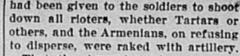


SCENE OF THE TARTAR UPRISING.

Never Heard of Howells.  
 An amusing little incident was related recently to William Dean Howells. It seems that a reader of many novels from the West went into a New York bookstore and asked a bright clerk for Howells' last book.  
 "Yes, we have it," replied the clerk, and handed the customer a book by H. G. Wells. "No," said the Westerner, "not Wells—Howells—W. D. Howells." The clerk looked nonplused, and going to the back of the store, conferred with another intelligent-looking specter clerk. Both apparently were at a loss, and the second young man came forward and said: "Will you please tell me if he has ever written any other books?" "About sixty," returned the Westerner, and with a sad smile for the passing of the bookshop he departed to seek "Miss Bellard's Inspiration" in the better informed department store.—Harper's Magazine.

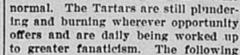
## JAPANESE PEACE JUBILEE AT PORTLAND.

The Japanese Consul at Portland, Ore., and the commissioners from Japan at the Lewis and Clark Exposition united, at the instance of the imperial government, in a grand peace jubilee carnival at the exposition. The Mikado instructed his commissioners at the Portland fair to exert their utmost efforts to make a notable showing for Japan. Accordingly, the Japanese commissioners set themselves to the task of breaking the St. Louis record. They secured more than half the space in the Oriental Exhibit Palace, making by far the best showing of any foreign government.  
 When it became evident that the peace envoys at Portsmouth would reach an agreement, the Japanese determined to give expression to their appreciation of President Roosevelt's efforts as a peacemaker by arranging some sort of a celebration at the exposition, the only place where the Japanese people at this moment are officially taking part in any American enterprise of general public importance. They hit upon the idea of a peace jubilee carnival. It is said that about \$10,000 was expended by the Japanese representatives in the carnival, and the day was known as "Japan Day" at the exposition.



Beautiful Mrs. Caton Who Has Married the Merchant Prince.

Seldom does a marriage attract greater public interest than that directed toward the union of Marshall Field and Mrs. Della Spencer Caton. Field and Mrs. Della Spencer Caton, which was recently solemnized in London. Marshall Field is the world's greatest merchant, having immense interests in all parts of the globe. He is the largest taxpayer in the United States and probably our second richest citizen. His wealth is conservatively estimated at \$25,000,000, though it may be much greater than this. His great stores in New York and Chicago are world famous, and his name is almost as familiar in Europe as it is in America. He is 70 years of age, nearly 6 feet in height, erect in bearing and handsome in face. His is a face and form which would attract attention in any company, as the personification of business acumen and sterling citizenship. His first wife died nine years ago, and since that time he has gone very little into society, confining his visits to the homes of a few intimate friends, the Catons, who were his neighbors, being among the number. His residence is on Prairie avenue and the Caton mansion



Mrs. Marshall Field.

is separated from it only by a narrow alley.  
 Mr. Field was born on a Massachusetts farm and spent his boyhood days there. At 17 he went to work in a country store. A little later he went to Chicago and secured a clerkship in a wholesale dry goods house. At the age of 25 he was taken into partnership and from that day to this his fortune has grown.  
 Mrs. Caton, who is 33 years of age, though she does not appear to be more than 40, is of a temperamental and environment admirably suited to be Mr. Field's helpmeet. His friends are hers and his tastes, which she thoroughly appreciates, are her tastes. The two personalities are declared to be well suited. Mrs. Caton is amiable and her good nature is in part of herself and knows no ending. She is a natural entertainer. For years she occupied a place in Chicago society hardly second to that held by Mrs. Potter Palmer. Her dinners and special entertainments at her home were famous when the present generation of social butterflies was holding sway in the nursery.  
 Mrs. Caton is the daughter of the Spencer who helped to found the house of Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co. As Della Spencer twenty-seven years ago she met and was won by Arthur Caton, one of the most cultivated and handsome beaux of the period. The courtship was brief and was started at Ottawa, Ill., where the Spencers lived. Mr. Caton, who was a native of Oneida county, N. Y., became wealthy and his wife inherited riches from her parents. Mrs. Caton also was among the most prominent patronesses at the charities, balls and horse shows. Her husband was a good whip and being fond of horses, he indulged his whim extensively. At the last horse show he drove four-in-hand to general applause.  
 Mrs. Caton has traveled considerably of recent years. She has been presented at several European courts and is a familiar figure at the European watering places patronized by royalty and the aristocracy of the old world.  
 Mr. Caton, who was a warm personal friend of Mr. Field, about a year ago died suddenly in New York City.

## Friendship.

Some people value a man's friendship by the amount of money he is willing to lend.—Detroit, Free Press.

It's easier not to want things than it is to get them.

## Thought It Was a Proposal.

"I trust, Mrs. Backbay, that you don't agree with Hans & George when she says brainy women should not marry?"

"The girl from Boston—this is so precipitate, dear Mr. Breezy—Cleveland Leader.

## Wild Barley in India.

Barley grows wild in the mountains of Himalaya, where it is apparently indigenous.



The Japanese Consul at Portland, Ore., and the commissioners from Japan at the Lewis and Clark Exposition united, at the instance of the imperial government, in a grand peace jubilee carnival at the exposition. The Mikado instructed his commissioners at the Portland fair to exert their utmost efforts to make a notable showing for Japan. Accordingly, the Japanese commissioners set themselves to the task of breaking the St. Louis record. They secured more than half the space in the Oriental Exhibit Palace, making by far the best showing of any foreign government.  
 When it became evident that the peace envoys at Portsmouth would reach an agreement, the Japanese determined to give expression to their appreciation of President Roosevelt's efforts as a peacemaker by arranging some sort of a celebration at the exposition, the only place where the Japanese people at this moment are officially taking part in any American enterprise of general public importance. They hit upon the idea of a peace jubilee carnival. It is said that about \$10,000 was expended by the Japanese representatives in the carnival, and the day was known as "Japan Day" at the exposition.

## MARSHALL FIELD'S BRIDE.

Seldom does a marriage attract greater public interest than that directed toward the union of Marshall Field and Mrs. Della Spencer Caton. Field and Mrs. Della Spencer Caton, which was recently solemnized in London. Marshall Field is the world's greatest merchant, having immense interests in all parts of the globe. He is the largest taxpayer in the United States and probably our second richest citizen. His wealth is conservatively estimated at \$25,000,000, though it may be much greater than this. His great stores in New York and Chicago are world famous, and his name is almost as familiar in Europe as it is in America. He is 70 years of age, nearly 6 feet in height, erect in bearing and handsome in face. His is a face and form which would attract attention in any company, as the personification of business acumen and sterling citizenship. His first wife died nine years ago, and since that time he has gone very little into society, confining his visits to the homes of a few intimate friends, the Catons, who were his neighbors, being among the number. His residence is on Prairie avenue and the Caton mansion



Mrs. Marshall Field.

is separated from it only by a narrow alley.  
 Mr. Field was born on a Massachusetts farm and spent his boyhood days there. At 17 he went to work in a country store. A little later he went to Chicago and secured a clerkship in a wholesale dry goods house. At the age of 25 he was taken into partnership and from that day to this his fortune has grown.  
 Mrs. Caton, who is 33 years of age, though she does not appear to be more than 40, is of a temperamental and environment admirably suited to be Mr. Field's helpmeet. His friends are hers and his tastes, which she thoroughly appreciates, are her tastes. The two personalities are declared to be well suited. Mrs. Caton is amiable and her good nature is in part of herself and knows no ending. She is a natural entertainer. For years she occupied a place in Chicago society hardly second to that held by Mrs. Potter Palmer. Her dinners and special entertainments at her home were famous when the present generation of social butterflies was holding sway in the nursery.  
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