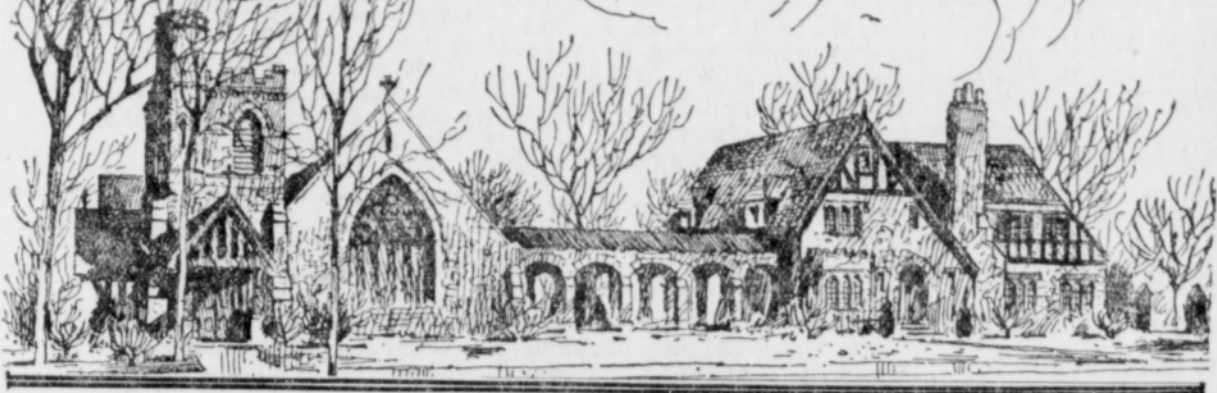




# EUGENE FIELD'S TOMB



EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF THE HOLY COMFORTER AT KENILWORTH, ILL.

## Children's Beloved Poet Will Sleep in Church's Shadow

By DE WITT J. MASON

WHEN Eugene Field moved, thirty years ago last summer, to his Sabine Farm, in the outskirts of Chicago, he said, "Now that I am here in my own house, I shall do better work than ever before." The beloved children's poet assembled his thousands of books; arranged his treasured collection of antique bottles, old songs, bells, walking sticks and tops; hung on the wall the ax Gladstone had given him; laid out Dana's scissors—and was supremely happy. But he died that fall and was buried in Graceland cemetery, in Chicago.

Now, the Sabine Farm home is to give way to an apartment house; also, Field's remains are to be removed from Graceland cemetery to a specially built memorial tomb in the cloisters of the little ivy-clad Episcopal Church of the Holy Comforter at Kenilworth, Ill.

"It may be that there have been poets—not necessarily better poets, or more religious ones," writes Robert L. Duffus in the New York Times, "who would feel more at home in the shadow of a cloister than would Eugene Field. Yet the two incidents together have their significance. The Sabine Farm dissolves into the thin substance of dreams; but the memory of Eugene Field has not been corroded by the years."

"It may be, however, that those who pass through the Kenilworth cloisters will remember the author of 'The Sugar-Plum Tree,' and 'Wynken, Blynken and Nod,' and forget the made-up editor and columnist of the old Denver and Chicago days; the wild humorist who gave utterance to 'The Tribune Primer'; the great jester who lived for the purpose of making pose and pretense ridiculous; the relentless satirist."

"Eugene Field came of a distinguished family, but not of one given to eccentric genius. His father, as counsel for the runaway negro Dred Scott, made a protest against slavery which for a moment gave him national prominence. His mother, a woman of beauty and charm, died in 1854, when Eugene was only six years old, and he and his brother were brought up by an aunt, Mary Field French, in Amherst, Mass.

"At fifteen he went to a school at Monson, Mass., kept by a clergyman and his wife, and at eighteen he entered Williams college. The influences that surrounded him were thus sobering if not absolutely Puritanical.

"He left Williams partly because of the death of his father and partly because of the faculty's lack of enthusiasm over the prospect of having him any longer. He had not committed any unpardonable offenses, but he too plainly lacked that respect for office and authority which was deemed essential. Next year he entered Knox college, at Galesburg, Ill., an event chiefly important because during that year he began newspaper work by contributing to the Galesburg Register. He was restless, and in 1870 moved on to the University of Missouri, at Columbia. The most significant thing that happened to him there was his



THE EUGENE FIELD SABINE FARM HOME

meeting with the girl of fifteen who was later to become his wife.

"His share of his father's estate was \$8,000. At the end of the year in Columbia, Mo., he shook the dust of higher education forever from his feet and set off with his friend, Edgar Comstock, brother of the young lady with whom he was in love, for a hilarious tour of Europe. From time to time he cabled home for money. When six months had passed and the two adventurers had reached Italy the \$8,000 was all gone.

"I came home broke," he afterward said, "so I got married." Mrs. Field was then sixteen. Their life together was a happy one. She bore him eight children and understood his whimsical variety of humor. She also managed the family finances—a task of which he was constitutionally incapable. Their only clashes came when he was caught trying to smuggle home books when money was needed to pay the grocer.

"Field knew that he was not in every respect a model husband, and liked to tell about a conversation he once had in a dream with the patriarch Job.

"It is true," Job was represented as saying, "that for a long time I enjoyed quite a reputation for being very patient, but now I have to take a back seat. You see, there's a woman in Chicago named Mrs. Eugene Field who has proved herself a lot patienter than I."

"Field had always wanted to be an actor. He even bought complete sets of costumes for Hamlet, Lear and Othello, and in 1872 actually went out with a company of other reckless youths on a barnstorming tour.

"In June, 1873, he went to the St. Louis Evening Journal as a cub reporter, and before the year closed was city editor. Subsequently, he was city editor of the Gazette of St. Joseph, a paragrapher for the Journal and the Times-Journal in St. Louis, managing editor of the Kansas City Times, and then, in 1881, managing editor of the Denver Tribune.

"It was in Denver that he began to acquire more than local fame—not merely as managing editor of a lively paper, but as paragrapher, dramatic critic, and, it is essential to add, practical joker.

"In 1883 he was called to Chicago, at a considerable increase of salary, to write whatever he pleased for the Chicago News.

"He took over a nondescript column called 'Current Gossip,' which blossomed out, on August 31, 1883, as the famous 'Sharps and Flats.'

"Eugene Field did not talk, as a

Poet's Apprenticeship  
Have you ever considered how different the apprenticeship of the poet to his art is from that of the musician and the painter? The young violinist or composer, once he has felt the urge

of the muse, consigns himself to some renowned conservatory where a great man takes him under his wing and teaches him his art. The young painter feels the call of Paris or Italy, and sets up his easel in the Louvre, in the eyes of a master. But the poet has no person to go to and learn his art from. He must quarry alone, shaping his verses alone, with only the works of great dead poets to guide him. Hard and bitter work and impossible unless the poetic gift is strong.—Marquette Journal.

## IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of the Evening School, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
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Lesson for February 23  
JESUS TEACHES RESPECT FOR LAW.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 22:15-22; 24-40.  
GOLDEN TEXT—"Ye think that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets. I came not to destroy but to fulfill."—Matt. 5:17.  
PRIMARY TOPIC—A Lesson on Obedience.  
JUNIOR TOPIC—Obeying the Law.  
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Obeying the Law.  
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—How to Secure Respect for Law.

It is to be regretted that the lesson committee introduced this lesson, important as it is, thus breaking up the unity of instruction in the Gospel of John. Teachers who prefer to continue in John would do well to choose John 12:1-11 as the alternative lesson.

I. The Tribute Money (vv. 15-22).  
The Pharisees and Herodians proposed to entrap Jesus and bring Him into conflict with the Roman government so they came to Him with a subtle question—"Is it lawful to give tribute to Caesar or not?" At this time the Jews were galling under the yoke of the Roman government. Some even denied the right to pay tribute to the government. To have answered this question yes or no would have involved difficulty. To have answered yes would have conveyed the impression of endorsement of all that the Roman government did. To have answered no would have at once brought Him into conflict with the government. Christ's reply to this question, properly understood and applied, is the final word on the subject. Until the civil authorities demand of us that which is a violation of God's law, we are bound to render unto them obedience. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's" means that within the realm of the right of government the Christian should yield glad and full obedience. "Render unto God the things that are God's" means the highest obligation. Since enjoying His protection and care, it is our duty to own all allegiance to Him, to yield our lives to Him in service, worship and praise. Everyone who enjoys the benefits of civil government is obliged to pay the taxes which are necessary for the support of that government, and everyone who receives God's favor is placed in like obligation unto Him.

II. The Great Commandment in the Law (vv. 34-40).  
1. The First Commandment (vv. 34-38).  
"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul and with all thy mind." This means that supreme and undivided love to God is the first and great commandment. Man's supreme obligation is to God. It is wrong to evaluate man's character on the basis of his morality as expressed in his relation to his fellowman. Real righteousness is doing the right thing with God. The greatest immorality of which a man can be guilty is his failure to respond to the demands of God. The one who does not supremely and with undivided affection love God is the greatest sinner.

2. The Second Commandment (vv. 39-40).  
The second commandment is like unto the first in that it centers in love. It is not said that it was equal unto the first; that would not be true. A man may love himself, but not supremely. One's love for his neighbor may be either too much or too little. The measure set is love for self. We should love God better than ourselves. He is worthy of all our affections, and demands all. Love is not mere emotion, but a supreme desire for the welfare of another and a willingness to do everything possible to secure that end. The command to love our neighbor is involved in the command to love God. To pretend to love God is folly if we do not love our neighbor. To attempt to establish a brotherhood among men without the recognition of the fatherhood of God is utter nonsense. Men become children of God by faith in Jesus Christ. It is true that in the sense of being God's creatures, all men are God's children, but in the New Testament sense, men are only God's children as they are in Christ. The only way to bring in the brotherhood of man is to preach Jesus Christ to the race and secure acceptance of Him. We thus become brothers in the real sense of the term when we have God as our Father. All obligation resting upon man is embraced in these two commandments. Those who conform their lives to them are God's children and are the very best citizens.

The Soul of Religion  
Always remember that sincerity is the very soul of religion. A single intention to please God and to approve ourselves to Him must animate and govern all that we do.—Phillip Doddridge.

Holiness  
Holiness is religion shining. It is faith gone to work. It is charity coined into actions, and devotion breathing benedictions on human suffering.—Bishop Huntington.

## Scraps of Humor



### OVERDID IT

Parson Johnsing—Look heah, Mose, what am yo' doin' behin' dem bars?  
Mose—Pahson, hit all cum erbout in dis way; Ah didn't hab no trubble wid de constable ner anybody. Hit would hab bin all right ef hit hand'n't bin fo' de women's lub ob dress. My wimmen folks, dey wuzzent satisfied jes' to eat mos' all dem chickens; but dey had to put de feathers in delr hats, an' parade 'em as circumstantial evidence.—Arkansas Thomas Cat.

### The Brute

Theatrical Manager—Your last act was magnificent, Miss De Fleur! Your suffering was almost real.  
Leading Lady—It was. I've got a large nail in my shoe.  
Theatrical Manager—Well, for heaven's sake leave it in until the end of the run!

### The Question

Country Bookseller (to customer who is searching through a dictionary)—Oh, you must look through the S's for "scissors," not the Z's.  
Customer—Well, how's OI to know? Wot's the good of a dictionary without a hindex?

### The Antique Shop

"I can read your mind like a book," the professor was droning. "I can tell just what each one of you is thinking."  
"Well, why don't you go there, then?" drawled a cynic in the rear seat.

### WHAT DO YOU THINK?



Wife—Oh, how sweet it was of you to remember my birthday with those beautiful roses. But there were only twenty-five of them when there should have been thirty.  
Hubby—My, my, did I make a mistake? There's a mirror just opposite you—can you blame me, dear?

Mary's Little Curl  
Mary had a little curl  
That hung beside her ear.  
But when she went to bed it hung  
Upon the chiffonier.

### Headwork

Mrs. Hill—I always encourage my husband to loll in an easy chair, and park his feet on top of the radiator.  
Mrs. Nash—Why so thoughtful?  
Mrs. Hill—When he goes to bed, there is usually about \$4 in small change in the chair.

### Prudent Scotty

"Aha Sandy! Did I no see ye last night w' bo' arms about a lassie?"  
"Na, Jamie, it couldna been me. I always keep ane hand i' ma pocket."  
—Prairie Farmer.

### QUITE TRUE



The Patrolman—I caught Skinny Burns, the pickpocket, with the goods on but he got away from me.  
The Desk Sergeant—Oh, well, there's many a slip twixt the cop and the dip.

### Playing Golf

When playing golf, inspect your t's, And have a care which stroke you u's. To sleep on flowery beds of e's You have to mind your p's and q's.

### Sarcastic

"Do you remember Miss Smith?"  
"No, I can't say I do."  
"O, you must remember her! She was the plainest girl in the village. But I forgot—that was after you left."  
—Pearson's Weekly.

### Closing Hour

"John," asked the nagging wife, as the bedtime hour approached, "is everything shut up for the night?"  
"That depends on you," growled Mr Henpeck; "everything else is."

## Two Letters



The first written twenty years ago, the second recently by Mrs. J. H. Bourland, Frankston, Texas.  
June 2, 1904, she writes:—  
"For twenty-three years I was a constant sufferer from chronic catarrh. I had a severe misery and burning in the top of my head, a continual dropping of mucus into my throat causing frequent expectoration. My entire system became involved and I grew worse. It seemed as if I could not recover from a constant cough and frequent attacks of bilious colic. My bowels were affected, causing alarming hemorrhages. I tried many remedies and finally took Pe-ru-na. In three days I was relieved of my bowel trouble and entirely cured by five bottles. I most cheerfully recommend Pe-ru-na."

June 30, 1924, Mrs. Bourland writes again:—  
"I will soon be seventy-nine years old and enjoy good health for one of my age. I still recommend Pe-ru-na and take it myself when necessary."

For more than half a century Pe-ru-na has a proud record of good done. Men and women the world over stand ready to testify to its value in the treatment of all catarrhal disorders.  
Send 4 cents postage to the PE-RU-NA COMPANY, Columbus, Ohio, for book on catarrh.  
Pe-ru-na in either tablet or liquid form sold everywhere.

KEEP EYES WELL!  
BATHE TIRED EYES  
INFLAMED EYES  
RUB YOUR EYES?  
BATHE YOUR EYES  
SAVE YOUR EYES!  
HELPFUL EYE WASH

Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eyewater

SPOHN'S  
Best for 30 Years  
for Distemper, Pink Eye,  
Influenza, Laryngitis,  
Catarrhal Fever, Epizootic,  
Coughs of Colds.  
Horses, Mules & Dogs.  
SPOHN MEDICAL CO.  
DISTERMPER COMPOUND

Boschee's Syrup  
HAS BEEN  
Relieving Coughs  
for 59 Years  
Carry a bottle in your car and always keep it in the house. 30c and 90c at all druggists.

For Pimpley Skin  
Peterson's Ointment  
"All pimples are inflammation of the skin," says Peterson, "and the best and quickest way to get rid of them is to use Peterson's ointment." Used by millions for eczema, skin and scalp itch, ulcers, sore feet and piles. All druggists, 60 cents.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM  
ASTHMA?  
Try Olive Tar  
Inhale it to soothe the throat and nasal passages. Rub on neck and chest to relieve congestion. Take internally to stop coughing and remove inflammation from tissues of throat and lungs.  
HALL & EUGEL  
New York

Clear Your Skin  
Of Disfiguring Blemishes  
Use Cuticura  
Gentle Soap, Ointment, Talcum free. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 5, Malden, Mass.

When a young man steals a kiss he doubtless has good intentions about returning it.

Anoint the eyelids with Roman Eye Balsam at night and see how refreshed and strengthened your eyes are in the morning. Send now to 212 Pearl St., N. Y., Adv.

Necessity is a violent schoolmistress.—Montaigne.

Colds  
By millions ended  
Hill's stop millions of colds every winter—and in 24 hours. They end headache and fever, open the bowels, tone the whole system. Use nothing less reliable. Colds and Grippe call for prompt, efficient help. Be sure you get it.  
Be Sure It's HILL'S Price 30c  
CASCARA QUININE  
Get Red Box with portrait

## No Keys Are Needed There

An American traveler, putting up at the leading hotel in Auckland, New Zealand, found he had no key to his room and asked the clerk to give him one, says Capper's Weekly. That dignitary, with a patned look informed him, "We never lock doors here; nothing has been stolen from a New Zealand hotel, so far as I know, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant." The New Zealanders live

on an island about the size of the state of Oregon, in the Pacific ocean. There are something more than a million New Zealanders. They have been well isolated from the rest of the world and are a closely knit people.