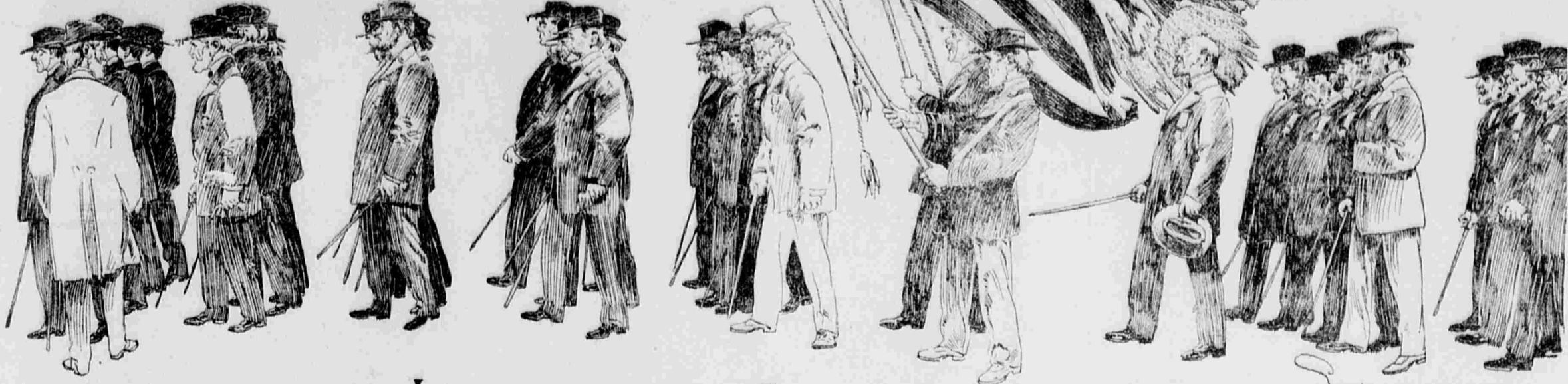


A WOMAN'S MEMORIAL

BY A LOYSLUS COLL



SUGGESTED BY THE SOUTH.

When the war was over in the south, where under warmer skies and with more poetic temperament symbols and emblems are better understood than in the practical north, mothers and children of the Confederate dead went out and strewed their graves with flowers, and at many places the women scattered them impartially also over the unknown and unmarked resting places of the Union soldiers.

As the news of this touching tribute dashed over the north it roused, as nothing else could have done, national unity and love and allayed sectional animosity and passion. It thrilled every household where there was a vacant chair by the fireside and an aching void in the heart for the lost hero whose remains had never been found.

Thus out of sorrow common alike to north and south came this beautiful custom. But Memorial day no longer belongs to those who mourn. It is the common privilege of us all and will be celebrated as long as gratitude exists and flowers bloom.

I
The broken ranks beneath my window pass;
Gray bearded drummers beat a low tattoo;
And in each wrinkled hand, to deck the grass
Of yonder graves, are flags and wreaths of rue.

III
For there my soldier sleeps beneath the grass,
Saved from the dead unknown of Devil's Den
By letters from his little army lass.
A woman now, she guards the precious pen!

II
Not mine to swell the tramping in the street,
For I am woman and my woman's will
Is circumscribed, or my too willing feet
Would join the march to yonder holy hill.

IV
I cannot join his comrades in the street
Who march with muffled drums and solemn tread
To scatter flowers and laurels at his feet
And plant the battleflag above his head.

But in my woman's bosom, as a thing
Of sacred keeping set and held apart,
I strew the flowers of love's eternal spring
Over his warm mausoleum—my heart!

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John W. Gates, the Great American Plunger; Has Raked In Big Jackpots In the Financial Game

LIFE IS A GAMBLE. EVERYTHING IS A GAMBLE. WHEN THE FARMER PLANTS HIS CORN HE IS GAMBLING. HE BETS THAT THE WEATHER CONDITIONS WILL ENABLE HIM TO RAISE A GOOD CROP. SOMETIMES HE LOSES. SOMETIMES HE WINS. EVERY MAN WHO GOES INTO BUSINESS GAMBLES. OF COURSE THE ELEMENT OF JUDGMENT ENTERS IN, BUT THE ELEMENT OF CHANCE CANNOT BE RULED OUT. WHENEVER A MAN STARTS OUT ON A RAILWAY JOURNEY IT'S A GAMBLE WHETHER HE EVER REACHES HIS DESTINATION. ALL LIFE IS A GAMBLE. YOU SEE.

THE man who is responsible for the above sentiments is John W. Gates and that he spoke them honestly no one who knows him will ever doubt. The most picturesque plunger who ever rose to fame and fortune in Wall street, John W. Gates has raked in many of the biggest jackpots in the numerous games of high finance in which he has held a hand.

He is a born gambler and has never tried to make a secret of it. When he was a boy at the primitive country school on the Illinois prairie it had already made itself manifest. It was known even at that early day that John W. Gates would take more chances than any other boy in the vicinity and that the element of uncertainty made a thing especially attractive to him. The tendency to speculate was inborn, and it did not grow less. When he was a country storekeeper in the muddy little hamlet on the outskirts of Chicago he spent many a night in a box car on the siding deep in the "glorious uncertainty" of "the great American game," and the game that he played at Turner Junction was but a forerunner of the life of speculation that was to follow.

His luck has been phenomenal. Like every other gambler who ever lived he has been overtaken now and then by reverses, but they have been temporary—not vital enough to suggest reform to him. In active markets it has not been unusual for Gates to carry a line of \$100,000 worth of stocks on margin. More than one Wall street expert has made it the business of his life to tie him up, but there is no record that any one has ever succeeded in doing so. The eyes of John W. Gates belong to those classes as "wide open." Whenever they have become so bedazzled with constant straining that he has had cause to distrust them he has had the sagacity to avail himself of those of others who were less jaded.

Hill walked down Nassau street and across Wall to the plunger's office. It was well for his peace of mind that Gates saw that the rivals could be headed off there was certain to be an unprofitable trade conflict. He began to buy one concern after another and finally formed a barbed wire trust. This was the nucleus of the great American Steel and Wire company.

Every time there has been a bad break in the stock market during the past seven or eight years it has been reported that Gates and his interests were among those hurt. The public is only beginning to learn that he is invariably a bull and that he has never taken part in bear campaigns. The memorable bull market of the fall of 1902 was almost exclusively a Gates affair. He and his following boosted St. Paul nearly to \$200 and were loaded with that stock when it was discovered that the Standard Oil people had been selling right and left. The market collapsed, and that was one of the times when Gates and his friends had to swallow bitter medicine.

Builder of a Great Industry.

The business conducted by young John W. Gates at Turner Junction included the sale of agricultural implements and machinery. It was a very small business, begun on a capital of only \$1,000, which he had earned at hard labor, chopping cord wood and selling it by the sledload. He soon became aware that the newly invented barbed wire was becoming popular, and he foresaw that it was destined to have a great sale in prairie countries. He realized that there was money in this novelty, and he sold his business and went to see the man who was making the wire.

This man was Isaac Ellwood, who was manufacturing the wire in a small way, but was prospering. To Gates' request to take him into the business Ellwood replied that he was not looking for partners exactly, but that a job as drummer was to be had. Gates accepted and soon became known as one of the most successful drummers on the road. Although large his commission failed to satisfy Gates. He wanted to divide the manufacturer's profits, and he made no secret of his desire. Ellwood failed to see it in that way and finally Gates left his employ and started a small wire mill of his own. Ellwood sued him for infringement of patent and there was a bitter quarrel.

Ellwood found Gates stubborn and was wise enough to make peace with him. Finally they became partners and have been associated in big deals of various kinds ever since. Barbed

wire mills began to spring up all over the country, and the time came when Gates saw that unless the rivals could be headed off there was certain to be an unprofitable trade conflict. He began to buy one concern after another and finally formed a barbed wire trust. This was the nucleus of the great American Steel and Wire company.

Then he proceeded to have a little fun with the dignified promoter. He began to give Gates a place, but the matter did not seem to worry the plunger at all. He only laughed good humoredly and said: "Mr. Morgan is a very careful man. I guess he is afraid to risk me."

A Little Fun With Morgan.

Then he proceeded to have a little fun with the dignified promoter. He began

that he really hadn't any special use for a railroad, but that it looked so good to him that he couldn't help buying it. He admitted that he was quite likely to tire of being the owner of over 3,000 miles of railroad and hinted that he might try to find a purchaser.

When he was ready Gates set out to sell his railroad. Who so likely to want

Soon after the steel trust was formed Mr. Gates went abroad to spend some of the money he had accumulated from that remarkable deal. John A. Drake of Iowa, who is a close personal friend of the plunger, took a vacation at the same time, carrying with him a string of horses which he purposed to try out on the English turf. Gates and Drake joined forces, and the sensation they made on the English turf will not soon be forgotten. The British stewards didn't exactly fancy the American plungers, whose trainer, it seems, had an infallible recipe for turning platers into stake horses—a process that was far too mysterious to suit English ideas. When the famous Goodwood cup was run, Drake entered a comparatively unknown plater named Royal Flush. Dick Croker's American and one of the best thoroughbreds in the Prince of Wales' stables were also in the competition.

Royal Flush.

Then the fun began. It was hinted darkly that American stood an excellent chance of winning the cup, and Gates bet considerable money on him openly. As for Royal Flush, Drake's selling plater, nobody even thought of him as having a possible chance. Two days before the race Mr. Gates made the statement that he believed Royal Flush would be the winner, and he sent commissioners everywhere to back the horse. The British sharps chuckled audibly, the odds fell to 5 to 1, but Gates plunged until the last moment. One of the Reiff boys on Royal Flush won the race in a canter, and Gates was the richer by \$500,000.

A Political Plunge.

The presidential campaign of 1900 was on hand, and Mr. Gates began to predict a notable bull campaign in Wall street if McKinley should be elected. At that time Union Pacific was selling below \$40. Gates told the London capitalists that it would go to par before winter if McKinley were successful—and I think he will be, he always added. The London gentlemen were so contrary minded that they permitted him to secure 50,000 shares of the stock of about \$25 to be delivered at his call. For the privilege of these calls Gates paid \$150,000.

"Now then," the plunger observed to the cheerful fellows of Union Pacific at \$55, "if Mr. McKinley is elected I ought to get my money back. Don't you figure it that way?" "But if Mr. McKinley isn't elected?" the others asked. "I guess I'll have to charge it up to Royal Flush," he laughed.

The great bull market that followed McKinley's election boomed Union Pacific to \$120 and Gates cleaned up about \$2,500,000 on his calls.

The Reward of Labor.

Now Mr. Gates has leased a famous hunting preserve in France and is winding up the business affairs of his "house of twelve partners," declaring that he is through with Wall street. The ancient story that he has lost many millions is again revived, but the man who knew him believes that he is still a man of great wealth. He has recently taken lodging for his family at a leading New York hotel at an annual rental of \$25,000 and that fact of itself is inconsistent with the notion of dire poverty. Perhaps it is true of him—once he remarked on another question—that he is "not broke, but only bent."

In appearance Mr. Gates suggests a well groomed but-ner. His figure is

ANNIHILATING NAVIES.

A French scientist has advanced a new and startling theory to account for the mysterious blowing up of the Jena in Toulon harbor recently. He thinks the catastrophe was due to stray electrical currents, such as are used in wireless telegraphy, and he offers to prove the possibility at all events of such an eventually by exploding cases of powder from a distance by means of a wireless apparatus he has invented.

This opens up some speculations of a most startling nature. The Japanese, we know, have been experimenting with wireless currents for war purposes in the direction indicated. So have the Germans. And now it would appear that one Frenchman at least imagines he has solved the problem.

If he is right there are on the eve of a revolution in warfare, and more especially in naval warfare, such as may well stagger humanity, for what is the use of building monster battleships with \$10,000,000 apiece when they can be blown all to bits by a man operating miles away with an instrument no bigger than a head camera?

Obviously, a vessel of this type must carry aboard of her a goodly store of explosives, and if there can be detonated through space by wireless telegraphy she varies with her wherever she goes her own death warrant. All land materiel, too, will be exposed to the same invincible danger, a danger which it will be impossible to foresee or to effectually guard against.

As well it is in time of war for a country to attempt even to manufacture explosives. In fact, it would almost seem as if such a discovery—and such a discovery is in the air, mind—could make war impossible by annihilating the navies of the world, by destroying at the same time the world's store of explosives and by rendering it impossible to replace either the one or the other.

MME. PATTI'S RECOLLECTION.
Miss Adeline Patti says that her most painful recollection is her first appearance as Lucie in London. She was very anxious to dress the part correctly, so she studied her Sir Walter Scott, and finding that Lucie in the earlier scenes was described as wearing a scarlet cloak, she described the traditional pearl gray silk and tulle scarf or the Italian prima donna and came before her audience in the guise of the original bride. But the audience had accustomed itself to tradition, and did not recognize Lucie in such homely attire. "They did not know what I was about," laughs Patti. "I do believe they thought I was going to play Little Red Riding Hood and was poking fun at them."



JOHN W. GATES AT PLAY.

NEAR AND FAR.

During the first four weeks following the organization of the Salvation Army antislavery bureau in Chicago the managers say that no fewer than thirty persons were dissuaded from suicidal purposes and put into positions which yield a livelihood.

Benjamin Jeans, who recently retired as guard on the London and Birkenhead express after fifty-four years of service.

travel. It amounts to more than 4,000,000 miles, or the equivalent of 140 times around the equator.

Probably one of the largest benevolent bequests recorded in any country in modern times has fallen to the lot of Hungary by the will of the late Count A. Karolyi. The count was seventy-five years old, and he left no direct descendants. He has also been one of the

methods of scientific agriculture in Hungary. By his will he bequeathed the sum of \$500,000 for philanthropic objects.

Jethou island is by far the smallest of the channel islands and boasts the distinction of being the smallest inhabited island in Europe, having, indeed, only one dwelling house upon it. It has a population of seven souls. It has no road or pathway or post. At the last census more than half the

having gone into Guernsey market with the butter and cream from the Jethou cows. The weather being bad the visitors had to stay in Guernsey during the census time.

J. Pierpont Morgan is an alumnus of the old Cheshire school in Hartford, Conn., which has trained many a Wall street man since the financier was graduated with the class of '76. Belgium, where public libraries are almost unknown, has 190,000 public

for thirty-six inhabitants, or one public house for twelve men above seven years old. The publican included. During the last fifty years the population has increased 50 per cent and the number of public houses 255 per cent.

The largest flower in the world has been supposed to be that of Rafflesia arnoldi, which forms the entire plant and grows to a diameter of three feet as a flat, circular parasite on trees in Java and Sumatra, but still larger—in

as twenty-two pounds—have been reported to exist in Mindanao, one of the Philippine Islands.

The foundations of the Bourse building at Amsterdam have given way, and the building is threatened with ruin and has been closed. It cost \$4,000,000 and was completed only recently.

The explosion of a radium tube reported by a German investigator gives an idea of the force the emitted gas may store up when confined. A small

thick contained half a grain of the purified radium bromide, and it had been placed in a bath of liquid air. Three

minutes after it was removed the tube burst. The glass and the radium were scattered about, the particles of the latter shining in the dark like a starry sky, and it is estimated that a pressure of twenty atmospheres was exerted.

A man stationed at Guilford, England, for nonpayment of taxes gave his occupation as "maker of antique furni-