

# JOHN W. GATES IN MANY WAYS TRUE TYPE OF AMERICAN

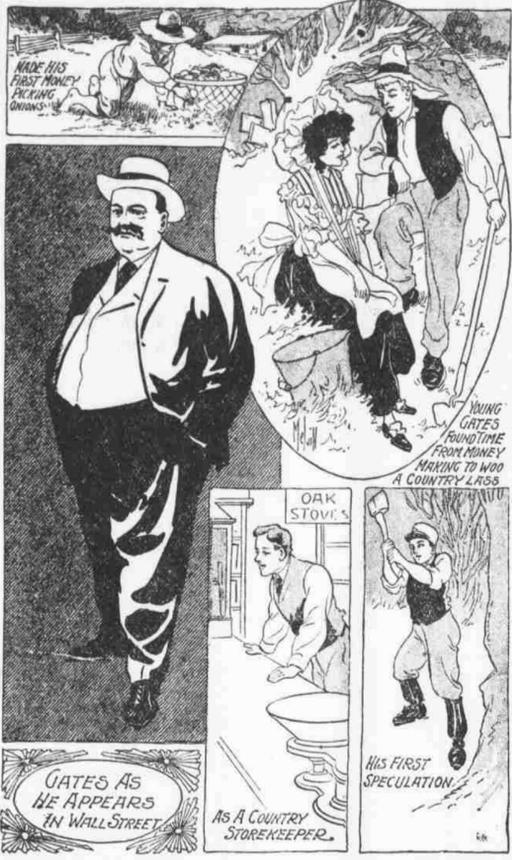
A Few of the Striking Episodes in the Life of the Great Plunger Who Has Raked In Some of the Biggest Jackpots Known to the World of High Finance—Has Had Many Years of Unvarying Success.

New York—John W. Gates, the most picturesque plunger who ever rose to fame and fortune in Wall street, has leased a great hunting preserve in France, and is winding up the business of his "House of Twelve Partners." He is through with Wall street, writes Frank Fayrant in the Times. When a market operator of his prominence quits the speculative game immediately after a disastrous panic in the market it is but natural for the gossip of the street to say: "They've got him at last." Ever since Gates began swinging big lines of stock in bull markets and running afloat of men of great power in Wall street the denizens of the street have shook their heads wisely and said: "They'll get him some day." During the panicky days of March, when the rumor mongers were telling of the huge losses piling up against wealthy operators, they were sure that the "House of Twelve Partners" was in deep water. And now that the famous house, that in big markets has carried at times \$125,000,000 worth of stock on margin, is going out of business, the rumor mongers are saying: "I told you so."

But John W. only smiles and says: "I wish they were all as comfortably fixed as I am." His friends say that he began trimming his sails last winter, when stocks were selling at sky prices, and that when the storm broke in March he had all his reefs in. They say that he actually bought stocks during the panicky days of March, and that banks were carrying millions of dollars of free cash for him when some very wealthy men were lying awake nights wondering how they would make their bank balances good the next day. His friends think that he is worth at least \$25,000,000, and perhaps a good deal more.

So John W. isn't exactly broke. Barbed Wire the Beginning. It was in barbed wire that Gates began to build his fortune. Gates was a poor farmer's boy out west. His first business venture was contracting to husk a neighbor's corn. From the money he saved out of this work he

plunge heavily in Louisville & Nashville. He told his friends that it was a great property and that it ought to go higher. He and his following in New York and Chicago, which by that time had grown to large proportions because of the money he had made for them in his steel stocks, put the stock from around par to above \$150. The street woke up one morning to discover that Gates had "cornered" Louisville. The Northern Pacific corner panic was still fresh in the mind of Wall street and there was a momentary scare. But Gates said he didn't



couldn't see it that way, and so Gates put up a barbed wire mill of his own. His knowledge of the trade was an asset, and he soon became a dangerous rival of Col. Ellwood. The colonel brought an action for infringement of patent rights and a bitter fight was the result. But Gates lunged right on. Col. Ellwood finally had to make peace with him. The two became business partners and have been closely associated in big enterprises ever since.

Other barbed wire mills began to spring up, and Gates saw that there would be a disastrous trade war if the rivals were not corralled. He went around the country buying them up and formed a barbed wire trust. This was the nucleus of the \$90,000,000 American Steel & Wire company, now a part of the Steel corporation. The first big flotation engineered by Gates was the Federal Steel, a \$100,000,000 corporation. That was in September, 1898, at the beginning of the great steel boom following the Spanish-American war. He followed that with the American Steel & Wire, with \$90,000,000 capital, four months later. The manner in which Gates and Ellwood brought out this company is characteristic of the man. On a telephone call from Pittsburgh they jumped across Pennsylvania and bought a wire mill at Sharon; then they went to Cleveland and bought a \$5,000,000 rolling mill, and the next day they were back in New York to close a deal for the purchase of another mill.

The Steel Merger. They picked up everything in sight, hurried to Chicago, and, within a week after the opening of their campaign, they had the whole company organized. This is the way that Gates likes to do things. Gates and all his followers cleaned up fortunes in this flotation. The public appetite was keen for industrial stocks, especially for steel stocks, and the conversion of millions of dollars' worth of newly manufactured stock certificates into the coin of the realm was accomplished in a short time. Two years later the big trust was formed in the steel trade, and the Gates companies were turned into the merger. Gates wanted to go on the steel board, but the chief promoter, Mr. Morgan, wouldn't have it. The banker said he didn't think that Gates was a safe man to have in a great corporation directorate.

Mr. Morgan's coldness toward him didn't seem to worry him at all. Not many months later Gates began to fling sawy at the thing. Ordinarily even the most inveterate smoker takes a rest between cigars. In this case there was no chance of stopping, unless he wished to miss a part of the treat.

The four dollar cigar is about eight or nine inches long and proportionately bulky. According to the dealer, its value depends principally upon the length of the tobacco leaf from which it has been rolled.

## The Vexing Servant Problem

By Mary E. Wilkins

Brains More Necessary Than Physical Strength in the Kitchen—Society to Blame for Servant's Wrong Estimate of Domestic Service—Mistress Needs Complete Knowledge of Housekeeping to Direct Blind Willingness and Bovine Obedience—Position of Domestic Servant Should Be Made More Attractive—Time Needed for Solution of the Problem.

(Miss Mary E. Wilkins, now Mrs. Charles Freeman, is so much better known as a talented writer of fiction than as a housewife that many readers will be surprised to find how much she knows about the art of making home homelike. Among her many popular books may be mentioned "Fembroke," "The Humble Romance," "Giles Corey," "Jerome," "The Juncos" and "The Portion of Labor.")

The conditions of the problem are very simple, the solution, of course, not so simple; solutions never are, otherwise no problem. Still, the solution, enough, and all the trouble consist in the extreme inconvenience, not to say impossibility, of putting it to a practical application. It is perfectly easy to say that two and two make four, fully to understand that two and two make four, but there may be conditions under which it is well nigh impossible to make the four. Perhaps the factors will not combine at all or not without an explosion.

Often with the servant problem it may be quite evident what the difficulty is, at least generally speaking. A thoughtful and discriminating woman who has tried housekeeping herself, or made an intelligent study of its requirements, soon reached the conclusion that the simplest and most primitive household tasks require brains and no small allowance of them. In reality she discovers that brains are more necessary in the kitchen than physical strength.

A stupid servant cannot even sweep a room skillfully. She will inevitably scatter the dust and lint that comes as mysteriously as the wind in the new testament and as defiantly, where it listeth, all over the furniture and walls, instead of into the vague out-of-door limbo of dust, whence it probably returns, but that cannot be helped; it makes the task of servitude perennial. It is essential at all events that it be banished thither, but no unskilled, brainless servant can effect that.

You can teach her to the best of your ability. You can say: "Now, Abigail, you must take this and cover that; you must dust first; you must sweep so and so." It will all be fruitless unless Abigail has a receptive and intelligent order of mind, and usually she will not have it. If she does possess that order of mind she will be at a typewriter machine or a sewing machine, or in a schoolroom or a milliner's or photographer's parlor, instead of your kitchen. She may be prinked and pert behind a counter. In any case, wherever else they may be, the brains are not in your kitchen, unless you have fortunately struck the exception to prove the rule. If Abigail had possessed brains she would at once have proceeded to attempt something which she could not do half as well as she might have done your housework, and, if she had only so viewed it, without half the glory.

A good domestic is such a rara avis that she ought to have a prestige like any other rare thing, but she has it not, and one cannot blame her, but society, for her wrong estimate of the desirability of domestic service. Nobody, that is, nobody in this country, and especially the American boy, is as a rule going into your kitchen to work if she has mental ability. The mental ability presupposes ambition and the ambition in this country means to an Abigail a position in which the doors of a certain class shall not be closed to her on account of her calling.

Everybody with wit has an emulative eye and a ready foot for the next step above him in social caste. As a rule all others have either been crushed by circumstances into passiveness or they are really too dull to comprehend that they are not all which they might reasonably desire and have not the most desirable position. They are too stupid to be ambitious and stay where their conditions of life happen to toss them, like leaves too inert to be stirred by any gust of wind, with neither motion of their own nor capability of receiving motion from others.

part. While there really are eggs, they never grow on thistles.

The one answer to the question as to what shall be done in the case of inadequate intelligence in the kitchen seems to presuppose itself. Brains there must be in the house or it will fall. If there are none in the kitchen there must be some in the parlor, and the motive power must extend to the kitchen and supply the need there. When the room is swept there must be the queen reign, her throne must be movable into the quarters where the bread is made and the dishes washed.

She must pervade the house with her superior intelligence and above all she must be able to perform herself, perfectly, in the manner which she advocates, the tasks which she sets the servant. She may not actually do them, but she must know how with head and hands. She must be trained like any teacher in the lessons which she gives before she can teach to advantage.

But the mistress may have no more stress for her position than the maid for hers. She may not only lack ability but the power to acquire ability. What then? The chances are that while two and two exist they can never be combined, that while the household remains there will never be peace and order and work well done. And there is still another contingency.

The mistress may be abundantly able, she may have the knowledge which gives her the right to teach, she may have the power to enforce the teaching by the authority of example, and yet manifest duty may point out another path for her willing but restricted feet. There are cases in which a woman would not save but squander, would not do right but wrong, in devoting herself entirely to the management of her household and servants. Sometimes the queen must go abroad and work and war in sterner and broader fields and forsake her closet and her bread and honey. Sometimes it is she who has to count out the money.

What then? The problem remains stated, its solution indicated but impossible. Abigails come and go, and the dirt and disorder and discomfort remain. Inefficiency graduates without laurels and the new aspirant takes her place, until the end.

There is no way out which is infallible, though many may be suggested. Possibly the awakening of selfish interest, which ignoble thing is, after all, a powerful mind tonic for the most of us, might stir the sluggish nature and rouse the dormant faculties to energy. What that selfish interest should be could be proved by experiment. Possibly small new privileges or rewards, although those are always doubtful; possibly a system of profit-sharing, or rather saving-sharing, might work well. But that is all suggestion, and the first experiment might prove the futility of it. Possibly the caste of the domestic servant might be elevated gradually by a careful and judicious system until in time the position came to be considered more desirable by the intelligent class capable of skilled labor. That may seem to advocate the old New England system of having hired man and girl sit at the table with the family, but it need not necessarily involve that. The servant might have her quarters made more befitting a person in a higher walk of life, her manner of dressing might be improved and she might be made to feel that her work was her distinction, instead of her disgrace, and in time it might all be better. But who knows?

The problem, although old as the world and lightly spoken of, is serious, involving as it does the power and leisure to do lasting work of the best workers in the world. Unless Abigail serves well, the judge, the physician, the teacher, the scholar, the writer, are in a great measure powerless; but who shall regulate the serving of Abigail?

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## CIGARS THAT COST \$4 TO \$5.

But They Are Smoked Only on Special Occasions.

A prominent tobacco importer of this city was asked the other day whether there was anything extraordinary in the gift of \$2.65 cigars sent to King Edward VII. by Baron Rothschild, says the New York Post. The baron, it appears, is accustomed to send to the British ruler a box of these expensive "smokes" once in every year.

That's not a record price by any means," replied the importer. He produced a box of enormous cigars, rich brown in color, with fancy red bands around them. These, he said, retailed for four dollars apiece.

"You can get them as high as five dollars," he added. "Look at the Havana price list, here. You see this one? It costs wholesale, without duty, \$1.50. The duty is 80 per cent. The cigar, when we get it, will sell for four dollars. Our profit, therefore, will be more than 30 per cent. However, we

don't have enough demand for such cigars to make a fortune on them. "The only time anybody buys such a thing is when it wishes to give it away or to use it for some specially elaborate dinner. For instance, the other day a Wall street speculator had a birthday, and several of his friends came to me and bought these four dollar cigars to send to him. Each friend bought only one. We wrapped up the cigars in fancy paper and put them in ornate, gilt-lettered boxes for shipment to the speculator. I remember, too, a dinner given by a broker, at which a dozen of the cigars were distributed by the host.

"The guests at that dinner were in hard luck. I know, for I saw the effects of a four dollar smoke on one of my friends. I gave him one of the cigars and watched him burn it. The feat required about two hours, and when he was through he told me he felt like a wreck. He said he'd stop smoking altogether if he had to use that sort of a cigar regularly. No, it wasn't the strength—the high-priced ones usually are rather mild; it was the time consumed in continually puff-

ing sawy at the thing. Ordinarily even the most inveterate smoker takes a rest between cigars. In this case there was no chance of stopping, unless he wished to miss a part of the treat.

"Of course," he said, "the tobacco is of the best quality, but quality in small leaves is plentiful. The difficulty is to find a leaf of the size required and of the proper quality at the same time. I should say that the leaf for this cigar measured about two feet. "All the finest cigars come from Cuba. We could get long leaves up in Connecticut, but they wouldn't be good enough. I've no doubt that there is much tobacco of big sizes in the East Indies, but there is no country that rivals Cuba in the quality of its tobacco crop. Undoubtedly the Rothschild gift to King Edward came from there."

Incidentally he told of high-priced cigarettes. The most costly, he explained, was a dorfestic variety that sold for \$100 a thousand, or ten cents apiece. There was no imported cigarettes costing so much, he said.

"The \$100-a-thousand sort," he explained, "does not bring that price because of intrinsic quality, but largely because of the fancy box in which they are packed. They are larger in size than the average, but not even an expert could detect a superiority in quality over many a cigarette costing less than half as much."

Too Slow for Him. This is the notice the crossroads postmaster tacked on the shutter the other day:

"This here town bein' too slow to call for his mail, I've decided to close up and go to the three days' picnic at Jenkinson's still. There ain't no mail here for nobody nohow!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Another Demand for Wood Pulp. Paper milk "bottles" are all very fine and doubtless will solve the vexed question of the extra demand on the wood pulp? Pails and bottles that shall be used but once must be made by the millions, and it is plain to see that forests and woodlands will suffer in consequence from this "extra" industry. It is said in London these paper pails, called "cans" over here, are of a very simple contrivance, 12 times lighter than the ordinary milk can and of very strong manufacture, finished off after being rendered waterproof by being sterilized in a furnace heated up to 500 degrees Fahrenheit. They will be cheaper than tin or metal cans and glass bottles that the majority of careless consumers fail to wash after using.

Hen Lays Empty Shells. William Medows, of Bedford, Md., has a white Wandolite hen that lays empty egg shells. The shells are large, well shaped and resemble an ordinary egg, but they contain neither yolk nor white matter. One shell is laid each day by the hen.

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