

FROM FIRING LINE TO LAZAR.

How Wounded Tommies Are Sent From the Front to the General Hospital.

BY LIEUT. H. E. GAHAN.

The business of moving an army's wounded from the fighting line to the general hospital almost always presents a serious problem. Especially is this so when it happens that the former is 600 miles from the latter. This is the situation which the British find themselves in just now, for South Africa, you know, is a country of magnificent distances.

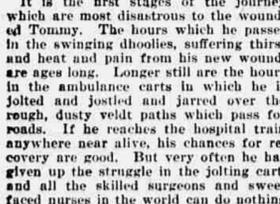
It is nearly 700 miles from where some of Roberts' forces are now fighting to Cape Town, but fortunately the railroad is clear to Bloemfontein. Still the battles and skirmishes sometimes occur many miles distant from the iron rails, and the carrying of wounded soldiers must be accomplished by some other method than in hospital trains for long stretches.

In this particular phase of war the British have had much experience during the last three months. Ever since Buller began to move on Ladysmith and before Roberts was sent out at all that long weary stream of wounded has poured southward. At times it has been little more than a summer brook, but again, after big engagements, it has been a spring fed river.

The British system of caring for their disabled fighters is admirable, and, considering the conditions under which it has been practiced, it has worked very effectively. It begins just back of the fighting line. In the van are the stretcher bearers. When a man at the front is wounded, his comrades help him far enough to the rear to be picked up by the stretcher bearers. They in turn take him back to a tent with a Red Cross flag flying from the top.

This is a collecting station. As soon as possible he is put into an ambulance cart and sent still farther to the rear, where is located the dressing station. There his wounds are hastily and temporarily dressed.

A couple of miles more, still to the rear is the field hospital. There he stays until there is opportunity to send him to the



UNLOADING AN AMBULANCE CART.

head of the railway, where there awaits the hospital train. This hurries him south again, to the general hospital, and there he either recuperates, to go back to the front, or is sent home on a transport or dies.

It is the first stages of the journey which are most distressing to the wounded Tommy. The hours which he passes in the swaying dhoolies, suffering thirst and heat and pain from his new wound, are ages long. Longer still are the hours in the ambulance carts in which he is jolted and jostled and jarred over the rough, dusty, veiled paths which pass for roads. If he reaches the hospital train anywhere near alive, his chances for recovery are good. But very often he has given up the struggle in the jolting cart, and all the skilled surgeons and sweet faced nurses in the world can do nothing for him.

Sir William MacCormac, the eminent English physician now in South Africa, recently described in a letter to the London Lancet a scene at a field hospital. He wrote:

"About 7 o'clock, just on the approaching sudden darkness of the tropics, a barely distinguishable moving mass of men could be seen coming over a distant hillock. This was the leading stretcher of the convoy, and it had reached us before the end of the train of stretchers and wagons came into view. There were 100 cases and 150 more to come.

"This terribly long line of brave fellows lying helpless, arriving one by one in the dusky light coming over the horizon, accompanied by the moving shadows of the bearers, silently advancing in their bare feet or singing a peculiar chant of their own as they wearily sped beneath the weight upon their shoulders, presented one of the most impressive and saddest sights imaginable. For 14 hours, with the exception of a short halt at midday, had this weary body of sufferers, sick with their wounds and sad at heart with their defeat, wended its way across the hot and dustyveldt."

Wounded and sent, to the lazar they drew, Lining the road where the legions went through. Thus sings Rudyard Kipling in a recently published article describing his trip to the front on board a hospital train. Of this train he paints a most vivid picture: "The sun had faded the red cross on her panels almost to brick color, had warped her woodwork and blistered her paint. For three months she had jacked behind the army—now at Belmont, now at Magerfontein, now at Rensburg—and in that time had carried over 1,300 sick and wounded. In her appointments, her doctors, her two nursing sisters and her 19 orderlies, there was neither conceit nor pretense, content to be uniform nor the suspicion of official side.

A LITTLE BIT PERSONAL.

The Remark a Railroad Employee Wished He Had Not Made. Some years ago George Jay Gould and a companion came down town one day on the elevated road and were standing on the platform of the car. Mr. Gould, after selecting a cigarette from his case, offered the case to the guard. That worthy took a cigarette and, with a "Thank you," stowed it away in his pocket.

"Oh, take more than that," Mr. Gould urged good naturedly. "Take a half dozen."

"No, thanks," returned the guard, "one will do me. It's lucky, though," he added as an afterthought, "that I'm not old Gould. You wouldn't have got off so easy. He'd probably have taken all you have and the case as well."

Gould and his friend looked at each other silently for a moment and then burst into uncontrollable shrieks of laughter. The guard looked suspiciously first at one and then at the other of the laughing pair and then, apparently coming to the conclusion that he had fathered an unexpectedly witty speech, joined in the mirth and at intervals said to one or the other, "That's a pretty good crack I made, wasn't it?"

"It was," they both assured him. "Hanover square" called the guard, and this being their destination the other man said, "Give me one of your cards, George," which being done he pressed it into the hand of the man as he got off the car.

The guard said: "Thank you. Come and ride with me again." Then he glanced at the card, and from the brick red of his natural color he turned a pasty, mottled white, his jaw worked, and he seemed to essay speech as the train drew out of the station.

"It seems like fate," commented the other man, "that out of the 2,000,000 or more men to whom he could have made that remark without ill effect he should have made it to one of the very few with whom it could work him harm. I hope you won't do anything to him."

"Of course I won't," replied Mr. Gould. "He's punished enough as it is." And sure enough he didn't.—New York Tribune.

HE WAS BEATEN.

Thought He Could Scare His Wife, but His Scheme Failed. Ability to meet the demands of a great emergency is not confined to the stern sex. This is a true relation of what occurred in Detroit not 60 days ago. The husband has morbid spells and such gloomy imaginings as picture life not worth the living.

On the day in question he had an acute attack of the blues, and it is worth mentioning in the same connection that he had eaten liberally the night before, using generous libations of wine as an aid to digestion. He was up at the usual hour, but the courage that faces existence had oozed out, and he went back to bed after calling his wife.

"I must tell you," he began, with lengthening face and melancholy tones, "that I'm beaten. What's the sense of eternally getting the worst of it? There's nothing to do but throw up the sponge, and I want to do it without creating any scandal. I'm not going to jump in the river, take poison or chloroform myself, but I'm just going to clean my revolver. There will be the oil, the rags and the steel rod, showing just how I was at work, and all that can be said is that I overlooked a loaded chamber."

She acted so rapidly as she thought, and inside of a minute she was at the bedside again with that same revolver. "Dick," with impressive solemnity, "I'm going to save you all that trouble. As we are one, I have the same right to do the deed as you have. It will be an accident. I will get loads of sympathy, and—"

"Heavens, Kit, point that thing the other way! Look out! It's self acting and has a hair trigger! I thought you had some sense!"

"But you said, dear—"

"Said nothing. What in the deuce do you mean by taking a sick man at his word? Thunderation!" as she gave the weapon a careless twist. Out he flapped on the other side and under the bed, and she pretended that she was going to shoot under the bed, too, till he admitted that he wanted to live to be 100 and begged for a show.—Detroit Free Press.

Taking a Death Mask.

One of the grimmest tasks that fall to the lot of the sculptor is that of taking death masks. This is often the case where a statue is to be made of the deceased, for the features are indelibly and perfectly preserved by this method. Up to the eighteenth century it seems to have been a common custom to take death masks, and there are a number of celebrated collections of these relics of some of the great personages who once made history. Charles I and Cromwell, his greatest rival, are preserved to us in this way.

THE MAKING OF A STEEL KING.

How John W. Gates, Head of a Great Trust, Built Up His Big Fortune.

BY S. R. MACDONALD.

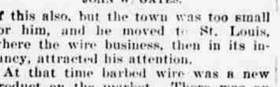
One of the most prominent figures in the financial world just now is John W. Gates, the steel king. His is a comparatively new figure. He is at the head of the American steel and wire trust, an industrial combination which has a capital of \$90,000,000. It is alleged that the recent slump in the stocks of this trust was due to the manipulations of Mr. Gates, who is said to have cleared several millions by the transaction. People who make nice moral distinctions do not approve of Mr. Gates' methods. Some of them say he ought to be in jail. They are even making attempts to put him there. It is quite likely they will fail.

Just how big is the fortune of Mr. Gates no one seems to know. Perhaps he does not know himself. It is estimated to be somewhere in the neighborhood of \$15,000,000. He is now only 45 years old. Fifteen years ago, when he was 30, he had hardly begun to get rich. His capital had barely attained four figures. Probably he did not even know that time that he would ever have a million. How he built up his big fortune, slowly at first and then rapidly, is a fascinating story.

Like those of many other successful men, the career of John W. Gates began on a western farm. His father was a small farmer in Dupage county, Ills., where Mr. Gates was born on May 8, 1855.

John W. Gates was graduated at Wheaton college and subsequently was graduated from the Northwestern college at Naperville, Ills., being a member of the class of '73. Immediately upon leaving college he became a grain merchant at Turner, Ills.

His success began on the very threshold of his business career. He sold out his business at a handsome profit in 1875 and then opened a hardware store in Warrenburg, Mo. He made a success



JOHN W. GATES.

of this also, but the town was too small for him, and he moved to St. Louis, where the wire business, then in its infancy, attracted his attention. At that time barbed wire was a new product on the market. There was an enormous demand for it for fencing, especially throughout the western states. The manufacture of the wire was confined practically to one firm, the Washburn & Moen company. This firm controlled the business through very broad patents which it held. Prices were high, and the industry yielded big profits.

Mr. Gates came to the conclusion that these patents would not hold if put to the test of law. Accordingly he quietly embarked in the manufacture of barbed wire on his own account, opening a small mill in St. Louis. Immediately he began to make money more rapidly than he ever had done before.

For a time he was unmolested, but as his business increased the larger companies of his operations and at once started in to drive him out of business. Then began a struggle between the Washburn & Moen company and Gates. In the matter of capital, influence and command of the trade there was no comparison between the two, but Gates was fighting for his business existence, and he refused to be beaten.

On one occasion it seemed that the battle had gone against him. His opponents secured an injunction from a Missouri judge commanding him to cease the manufacture of wire, but Gates was equal to the emergency. He packed all his machinery and supplies upon wagons one night and moved across the river into the state of Illinois, where he continued his business until the case was decided. In 1886 the contest ended in a victory for Gates.

The young manufacturer knew that this would be the signal for the opening of a number of new mills, and he determined to secure as large a share of the trade as possible. In 1889 he systematically began the absorption of all the barbed wire plants in the country, and within the next three years he gathered 25 mills—practically all the important ones in the country except that of his old rival, the Washburn & Moen company—into the organization that was known familiarly as "the barbed wire trust."

In 1893 John W. Gates, who had started in the steel wire business only ten years before, was president of two great companies—the Consolidated Steel and Wire company and the Illinois Steel company—and had made a big fortune.

He was just planning to retire from business and take an extended tour of Europe when a friend suggested the reorganization and combining of the steel and wire interests. The scheme fascinated him. He threw overboard his plans for retirement and plunged into the business of making a monster trust. The result was the combination of which he is now at the head. He is now recognized as a power in Wall street, and his operations there have been compared to the audacious manipulations of Fisk and Gould in the days before Black Friday.

A Hallowed Spot. "You kiss the bald spot on top of your husband's head? How funny!" "Not funny at all. He got that bald spot scratching to make a living for me and the children."—Exchange.

NOT WHOLLY A COWARD.

A Railroad's Good Reason For Not Resisting Train Robbers.

"When I hear people boast what they would or wouldn't do under the persuasion of a six shooter," said an old passenger conductor, "I am always reminded of an experience of mine years ago on the Iron Mountain railroad.

"I was station agent at the time at a little town near Texarkana and had been summoned to Little Rock on some business that has nothing to do with this story. I was in the first day coach, well up to the front, and in the next seat was an express messenger who had attracted a good deal of attention from the fact that he wore his hair long and had a pair of enormous revolvers stuck in his belt. The rest of the car was well filled with a mixed crowd, including perhaps a dozen women. At about 9 o'clock at night, while we were going over a very desolate part of the road, the train slowed down suddenly, and before we could inquire what was wrong the front door flew open and a masked man stepped inside with a sawed off shotgun at his shoulder. 'Sit still!' he yelled. 'I'll turn loose if any soul moves a finger!' As he spoke another masked man stepped around him with a cocked revolver in his hand and started down the aisle, looting the passengers as he went. When he came to the express messenger, he burst out laughing. 'You — scarecrow!' he said, 'what are you doing with them guns? And last night one of the passengers out of his belt and him over the head with the butt. Then he took the other, made him hand over his watch and money and passed on. The messenger wiped the blood off his face and said nothing.

"After it was all over and the robbers had disappeared the messenger was a target for numerous sneering remarks. 'If I had made a break,' he said to me quietly, 'that fellow at the door would have blazed away with his sawed off gun and killed half the women folks in the car.' At the next stopping place he got off, and one of the women stuck her head out of the window and screamed 'Coward!'

"Two days later that same messenger walked up to a little saloon in the town, the robbers den in their tracks and captured three others, all single handed. I often wondered whether the woman who hollered 'Coward!' heard of that incident."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

DOORKNOBS OF TODAY.

They Come In Hundreds of Shapes, and Most of Them Are Bronze. The doorknob of 50 years ago was of brass. Then came into use the mineral knob, which plenty of people of middle age will be able to recall. Mineral knobs were made of clays of different colors and sometimes of clays of different colors mixed, the knobs being baked with a glazed surface. A common and familiar form of the mineral knob was about the color of milk and in their day mineral knobs were highly esteemed, and some of them cost as much as \$12 a dozen pairs. Now there are mineral knobs that can be bought for 75 cents a dozen pairs. Mineral knobs are still used.

After the mineral the bronze knob came into fashion, and after the bronze the wooden knob came into more or less extended use. The prevailing doorknob of today as used in cities is made of bronze. The first bronze knob put on the market cost \$7 or \$8 a pair. Many bronze knobs in one form and another are now produced very cheaply, but it might easily be that fine, handsome bronze knobs would cost from \$2.50 to \$6 a pair. More or less brass knobs are still made, but nowadays mostly in bronze designs.

Doorknobs are now made of iron, and they are still made in considerable variety of shapes and sizes of various kinds of wood. There are also made doorknobs of glass. These are now produced in greater variety than formerly. They are made in smooth and in cut glass, and some of them, simple in design as they may be, are beautiful. Glass doorknobs cost up to \$4 a pair. But while doorknobs are made and sold in all these various materials, yet the prevailing knob in city use and the one that would be found in one grade and quality or another in most of the city's dwellings would be one of bronze.

Among the hundreds of varieties in which doorknobs are made there may be found not only knobs in various conventional forms, but knobs made in conformity with architectural styles and historical periods. For all that, doorknobs are not infrequently made to order for single houses from designs furnished by the architect.—New York Sun.

Almost Inhaled.

Amid the new business in one of the large department stores the other day a shopper engrossed in thought set her little Japanese spaniel on the counter. One of the salesgirls, not seeing the little dog, threw a remnant of reduced lace over him and entirely submerged him. When the woman went to look for her pet, he was not to be found, but several shrill yelps accompanied by an upheaval of the lace betrayed his presence. He was quickly rescued from his predicament, and the woman, showering kisses upon his moist, upturned nose, said, "Did they cover mamma's precious with cheap 50 cent lace?"

The salesgirl, who evidently had cultivated diplomacy, assured the dog's mistress that the lace had been reduced from \$1 to 50 cents, and the woman took her pet away mollified.—Philadelphia Record.

Got All He Asked For.

Another "meanest man" has been found. He lives in the city and conducts a thriving business. The other day a seedy individual approached him and said: "Say, mister, I'm hungry and would like to get a nickel to get a cup of coffee and a roll. I have four pennies and only need one more. Please give me a penny?"

The man, after searching himself, said: "I haven't got a penny. All I have is a nickel. Give me your four cents in change, and I will give you the nickel."

The beggar requests that his name be not mentioned in connection with the item.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Commercial Hallmark.

Merchant—Mrs. Marmaduke Flinghammer seems to be a perfect lady. Young Woman Clerk—Indeed she is! Why, she never asks the price of a thing she buys.—Indianapolis Journal.

Spotted His Theory.

Mr. Knows—Red hair always accompanies great strength. It is natural.—Mr. Wonder—Get out! Did you ever see a reherded elephant?—Baltimore American.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

THE PROGRESSIVE HOUSE AND THE DILATORY SENATE.

"The Most Deliberative Body on Earth" Harassed by Filibusters. But Statesmanship Will Win—A Reckoning For Enemies of American Shipping.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—Progress is the watchword in the house of representatives and delay is the byword in the senate of the congress of the United States. With the most commendable promptness the house is disposing of urgent and important measures. The new apportionment bill is the most notable measure passed in the house during the past week, and it is likely that the river and harbor improvement bill, carrying with it provision for an expenditure of close to \$70,000,000, will be sent to the senate for its consideration before the week closes.

In the senate, meanwhile, the army reorganization bill has become the weary subject of daily discussion. It is as clear as noonday that a few senators who are entirely irresponsible—men about to retire to private life—are the stumbling blocks to effective and necessary legislation on the part of the senate. There are outcroppings at times, too, of cabals, not entirely composed of the irresponsible, who do their work in a secret and cunning manner, almost defying detection. Not a little of the delay in the passage of important bills through the senate can now be traced to these powerful but carefully concealed cabals.

The senate has reached a stage where the control of legislation is vested in the hands of a few, who are able to say what legislation shall pass by being able to say what legislation shall not pass. In this indirect but none the less effective manner the control of affairs has been absorbed by a few powerful men—men whose names seldom appear in print, men who rarely engage in debate, men of the least prominence, but of the greatest influence in "the most deliberative body on earth." This sort of thing has been tolerated for a long time, but there are many signs of a determination on the part of the growing and restive majority to put an end to an intolerable senatorial oligarchy.

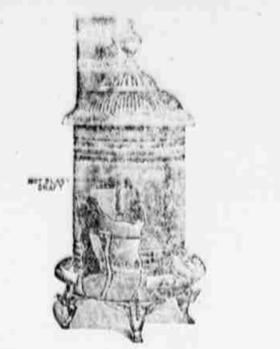
It so happens for the moment that the filibusters in the open are discredited and uninfluential men in the senate—men who for petty spite or for even less worthy motives are seeking to prevent the enactment of needed legislation in a reasonable and businesslike manner. Things will be so crowded at the end of the session that it is more than likely that a number of measures will be pushed through that would never be placed upon the statutes but for the hurry and disregard of consequences so much in evidence in the closing days of a congressional session. And it is because this is so, it is because these poor, weak things are willing to show their hands in the open, that it is unnecessary for those more powerful senators whose purposes the filibusters are serving to even lift a finger or do a thing.

How the appropriation bills are to be properly discussed and passed is now becoming a problem. The passage of the army reorganization bill is assured, there is much of doubt concerning the apportionment bill, and the Nicaragua canal bill seems to have fallen by the wayside—it has, for the time being at least, been side tracked. The shipping bill seems to have more strength than any measure not an appropriation bill, and its active friends seem confident of its passage. It is a question, they say, whether the interests of the American people or of foreign shipowners shall prevail and be considered in the congress of the United States. If the bill is defeated and if our people are compelled as a consequence to go on indefinitely paying \$175,000,000 a year to foreign ship owners in ocean freight rates that are steadily growing higher, there will be a reckoning between the people and their representatives one of these days that the latter will long remember.

The notion that the great bulk of the people are willing or disposed to master the intricacies of the shipping bill, or of a tariff bill, or of a river and harbor bill, or of any great measure is ridiculous. The people cannot devote the time to this sort of thing; they send men to congress to do that for them, depending upon their ability to enact honest and effective laws. When a few men in congress come forward, therefore, and put forth as an excuse for their withholding their support of any great public measure that it does not precisely suit them, and yet they offer nothing to take its place, and by their action prevent the enactment of needed legislation, they stamp themselves as incompetent or as impracticable.

This applies to the shipping bill and to any other great measure. The one named has passed through every stage of legislative consideration except that of debate in both branches, and even as to the latter the senate has in part thrashed out some of the provisions of the bill, sufficient in themselves for anybody who chooses to to make up his mind whether the great principles of the bill are worthy of his support or not. Matters of detail, if incorrect in operation, may be easily corrected. The principle should be either established or rejected, and this is precisely what the people are expecting at the hands of their representatives in congress.

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