

HER BATTLE with TIME TO HONOR HER SON



Mrs. Anne Gridley,
Mother of
Dewey's Chief Captain



Capt. Chas. Gridley, of Dewey's
Flagship Olympia



Portrait of a man in a military uniform.

The Hopes and Disappointments of Mrs. Gridley, Mother of Dewey's Chief Captain

WHEN a woman has given her all ungrudgingly to her country in time of need; when she has given both her sons to its service in war and, not content with that, has gone to the front herself as a nurse; when she has drudged humbly and uncomplainingly for a mere pittance in a minor government position until well past fourscore years; when, after all this, she asks of that country nothing for herself but a memorial to her hero dead, disappointment is a cruel blow.

While Congress has been battling over vexing tariff problems this summer, another battle, unseen by the public eye, has been going on at the national capital—the pathetic struggle of an old woman against time; a desperate effort to stay the hand of the reaper until the dream of her lonely years should be realized.

Some time during the coming fall a bronze tablet will be unveiled in Bancroft Hall, at the Naval Academy, Annapolis. It will be in memory of Captain Charles Gridley, commander of the flagship Olympia, who, upon Dewey's memorable command, "You may fire when ready, Gridley," opened the famous naval battle of Manila bay.

For ten years Mrs. Anne Gridley, mother of the captain, has labored to secure a fitting memorial to her son. Her efforts for a stately shaft to stand in Arlington Cemetery had brought only the return of disappointed hopes, and the humble tablet in Bancroft Hall will be all that will bear witness to future generations of a mother's love as well as a gallant sailor's deeds.

IT is a pathetic story, that of this twilight struggle of a gray-haired mother for befitting honors to her gallant son. For years she endeavored to secure from Congress legislation necessary for a monument in Arlington. At last, convinced that she could not realize this hope, the undaunted old lady began collecting a fund for the tablet at Annapolis, and only recently secured the necessary sum.

All this time she had been working at her desk in the Land Office at Washington—a position she was compelled to resign a few weeks ago because of ill health. She left the government service at the age of 84 years, and was believed to be the oldest woman in the employ of Uncle Sam.

Mrs. Gridley was an army nurse during the Civil War. Two of her sons were in that conflict, one serving in the army, the other in the navy.

DEATH FOLLOWS VICTORY

The latter was the Captain Charles Gridley who commanded Dewey's flagship, the Olympia, on the glorious May morning in Manila bay, in the Spanish-American War; who, wasted by one of the insidious Asiatic fevers, got up from his sickbed to command his ship in the action, and returned after the battle was won to what proved to be, a week or two later, his deathbed.

His son, Lieutenant John P. V. Gridley, was one of half a dozen young officers more than a score of enlisted men who were killed on the battleship Missouri, in 1904, by the explosion of a big gun—the most disastrous accident of the sort in our naval history. Since the death of Captain Gridley, and his widow's insistence that he be buried not at Arlington, where others of the nation's heroes lie, but at Erie, Pa., near her home, his mother's one dream has been of a memorial at Arlington, which should bear him witness, and perhaps carry an added line telling how his only son died.

As the hope of realizing that dream faded, the older Mrs. Gridley devoted her energies to securing the tablet at Annapolis. This would, of course, make no mention of the younger Gridley, for he was not a Naval Academy graduate, but had been given a commission in the Marine Corps by President McKinley as a sort of recognition of his father's service. The tablet at Annapolis seemed more possible, and her

friends dared encourage the old lady in that dream. And now it is about to come true. With the aid of personal friends of her own and of her son; of Captain and Mrs. Lars Anderson, of Admiral Dewey, and Admiral Sigbee, of members of Captain Gridley's class at Annapolis, and, last but not least, of Mrs. Allyn K. Capron, a sufficient sum has been raised to warrant work on the memorial tablet being begun. It is believed that the necessary balance will be forthcoming readily, and that the tablet will be finished this month, though it will not be put in place and unveiled until the fall.

Meanwhile the work is progressing in the studio of Sculptor Louis Amateis, who has been especially successful in modeling in high relief, and whose designs for the great bronze doors to be placed at the west entrance to the Capitol have been approved by the authorities and praised by critics and connoisseurs.

Mrs. Allyn Capron's husband fell at San Juan Hill, and it was through her efforts that money was raised for the Rough Riders' monument unveiled at Arlington a few years ago. So, when Mrs. Gridley secured her help in collecting and handling the fund that she

was raising for a memorial to her dead, the anxious old lady felt that the battle was half won. Mrs. Gridley had plenty of moral support in her long struggle for recognition, in permanent form, of her son's services. But, unfortunately, financial support was lacking.

President Roosevelt was thoroughly in sympathy with her desires. He thought Gridley ought to have a monument at Arlington. He went a step further; he thought Gridley's mother ought to have a pension, as Gridley's mother. She already had a small one—\$20 a month—in recognition of her services as a wartime nurse. But that certainly was not enough to live on; and her son, Lucius T. Gridley, himself, a Civil War veteran, with whom she made her home, was not a wealthy man.

There was nothing of pettiness or jealousy about the old lady. There was no bitterness in her heart when she watched the splendid ovation that greeted Dewey and his captains in New York on their return from Manila, though she could not help thinking of the sadly different return of her boy, who came home in his coffin.

HER HEARTACHE CONCEALED

She met the admiral with a brave smile of congratulation and welcome, in spite of the heartache. And later, when the admiral received her on the vessel that her son had commanded, she had her "little cry" up in the conning tower whence her boy had directed the guns that played on Montijo's fleet, and found such consolation as only a mother can in touching the little push buttons here and there and realizing the little things that had made up her son's life as commander of a fighting ship.

Neither Roosevelt nor Dewey could resist the appeal of the frail, gentle old figure. They were anxious to help her to a pension, and since her heart was set on a monument to her son, they were ready to help her to that, too.

So they and Congressman Washington Gardner, of Michigan—the Gridleys are from Michigan, though Washington has been the family headquarters for many years—put their heads together, and a bill was introduced providing both for pension and monument

—for there was no law under which Captain Gridley's mother could draw a pension, since he left a widow to draw one.

That bill has been introduced in more than one of the recent "billion-dollar congresses." And has been a chorus of grateful "ayes" to the proposition to appropriate a few thousands, at the outside, to erect a monument to Gridley of the Olympia? There has not! Or the placing of Gridley's mother beyond the possibility of want during the few years left her? There has not. In fact, the proposition has never got beyond the pigeonhole of some committee room desk.

Perhaps Mrs. Gridley should not have expected gratitude or appreciation, at least not in tangible form. But Mrs. Gridley was a woman and a mother and, naturally, unreasonable. No use to tell her that Congress was not in the habit of erecting shafts to its heroes at Arlington; that if it once began there would be no end to that business. No use to tell her that the monuments at the National Cemetery have all been erected by private enterprise, or by organizations or states as tributes to dead comrades or illustrious sons.

Her son, and her son's son, died, not in the service of the state of Michigan, but of the United States. The family had not lived much in Michigan for thirty years. It was to Uncle Sam that she appealed, and the appeal fell on deaf ears. She was not worried much about the pension as a mother. She could use it, of course, but she could get along without it. Her nurse's pension and her government position met her simple wants.

She had held a position in the Interior Department thirty years, and drawn \$900 a year for affixing the official seal to Land Office documents, being regarded as an expert at the work. Sometimes she sealed as many as 800 papers a day. She was an independent little old lady. She liked the feeling that she was earning her own living; that, even if she did live with her son, she did not live on him. So the fact that Mr. Gardner was not able to get her an additional pension did not worry her much. "But the disappointment about the monument hurts," she said.

All the energies of her declining years have been devoted to this dream of a monument to "Charley." She met with universal sympathy; but sympathy does not build monuments. And when it was pointed out that

"I'm not Benevolent." He gives away Millions



Dr. D.K. Pearsons
Chicago's giver of Millions

ONE day in the early spring of 1880 an old-fashioned stage coach was rocking and creaking through the town of Beloit, Wis. A new building on a nearby bluff attracted the attention of one of the passengers.

"What is that?" he asked a fellow-traveler. "Oh, that," responded the other, with considerable contempt in his voice and manner, "is a college that some eastern cranks have come out here and started."

This remark inflamed the ire of the questioner, who was fresh from the East himself. An hour of heated discussion upon the advantages of education ensued, the easterner defending colleges, the western man belittling them. When the two

men separated in Janesville, Wis., the new arrival shook his fist in the face of the other and declared:

"I have come out to locate in the West and will be a very rich man before I die. I am going to give money to Beloit College and these other western colleges you are running down."

Since then Dr. Daniel K. Pearsons, of Chicago, has given away considerably more than \$4,000,000, mostly to small colleges. Recently he announced his intention of devoting his ninetieth year to giving away the remaining million dollars of his fortune, which he had started to make soon after the stage ride mentioned above.

"I have worked hard and practiced rigid economy for nearly eighty years to lay up money, and finally I said to myself, 'What am I going to do with it? I cannot carry it out of the world in my dead hands. Coffins were not made to carry money in.' I had been deprived of a college education through poverty, and I decided to help other poor young men who were struggling as I had done, with the same ambitions and the same prospects of disappointment."

"So I began looking into the opportunities offered by the small college. I investigated sixteen, and gave them money. I have never had any idea of founding new colleges; there are enough in the land now. All that is needed is to build up what we have."

Most of the \$4,000,000 already disposed of by Dr. Pearsons has gone on its helpful mission during the last fifteen years. He believes in helping the small college; larger institutions, with big and powerful alumni associations, have received none of his money. It has been his idea that the small and often needy denominational colleges throughout the country have been doing more for the poor boy, and turning out a better citizenship, than the big universities.

During the past forty-nine years Dr. Pearsons has been a prominent factor in the business life of Chicago; so man, perhaps, has been better known in real estate circles. A few years ago his wife died, leaving him childless and with only a few distant relatives.

In his determination to give away all his money before his death Dr. Pearsons outdoes Andrew Carnegie. It is said that from his recent gifts he exacted a payment of 2 per cent. annually, so that his own simple wants should be met during his few remaining years of life.

More than the sixteen colleges spoken of by Dr. Pearsons have received substantial aid from him. The sixteen were those first engaging his attention. In all, he has helped forty-seven educational institutions, in twenty-seven states.

"You ask what impelled me to give away my fortune?" said Dr. Pearsons some time ago. "Well, I wished to place within reach of young men the advantages of education, not only because they need it, but because the country needs educated young men."

"Most of my gifts have been made to small colleges in poor or sparsely settled regions. Eleven of the institutions benefited, for instance, are situated in the South, and I got more satisfaction out of these gifts than out of any others. I usually select the wilderness because it is in the wilderness that education is

most needed and yields the richest returns on a small investment."

Dr. Pearsons, like Mr. Carnegie, is a Scotch-American, his maternal ancestors being of the famous General Israel Putnam family. He was born in Bradford, Vt., in 1820. After a youth of struggle and privation he managed to finish a medical course and began practice, first in Vermont and then in Chicago, Mass.

During his last year of study in the medical school at Woodstock, Vt., he came to the end of his financial resources, and informed one of the instructors that he would have to quit. The instructor urged him to remain, and loaned him \$100. This act of helpfulness made such an impression upon young Pearsons that one of his first acts when he had amassed a fortune was to set aside a loan fund of \$150,000, from which to aid needy students struggling with the same difficulties he had encountered.

After marrying, Dr. Pearsons remained twelve years in Chicago, and then, with his wife, removed to Chicago. It was the psychological moment to engage in the real estate business there, and he was quick to see it. It was in this business that he built up his large fortune, "every dollar of which," he declared recently, "was made honestly."

Dr. Pearsons has never given indiscriminately or been moved by hearsay. He investigated every institution personally, looked into its methods of fiscal administration, appraised its presidents and trustees, examined its past record and weighed its probable future potentiality.

ENCOURAGED GIVING

Sometimes, after such an examination, he has given money outright, without conditions. More often he has made the condition that friends of the institution duplicate his gift or raise an amount in some proportion, holding that this course had a most salutary effect upon rich men nearer the institution than he, leading many of them, for the first time, to take an intelligent interest in education and in the educational advantages near them.

Among the institutions aided by Dr. Pearsons have been Lakes Forest University, Ill.; Beloit College, Wis.; Knox College, Ill.; Chicago Theological Seminary, Mo.; McCormick Theological Seminary, Drury College, Mo.; Yankton College, S. D.; Colorado College, Colo.; Fargo College, N. D.; Mt. Holyoke Seminary, Mass.; Berea College, Ky.; Marietta College, Ohio; McKendree College, Ill.; Whitman College, Oregon; Pacific University, Oregon; Pomona College, Cal.; Olivet College, Mich.; Fairmont College, Kan.; Carleton College, Minn.; Annapolis College, Md.; Sheridan College, Wyoming; Grand Prairie Seminary, Ill.; Guilford College, N. C.; Piedmont College, Ga.; Washington College, Tenn.; Grant University, Tenn.; Hurd College, S. D.; West Virginia Seminary. Missionary societies and Young Men's Christian Association work have also benefited by Dr. Pearsons' generosity.