MEN OF WEALTH IN EUROPE AND UNITED STATES

DIFFERENT in every way is the status of the American millionaire from that of the European millionaire; and this difference has impressed me perhaps more than any other one thing during my ten weeks' stay in America."

Guglielmo Ferrero was the speaker. Few foreigners who ever visited America have had such opportunities to judge of the conditions of millionairedom here and abroad as he has had. He has talked in America with such representative members of their class as J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie and Jacob H. Schiff, and in Europe with such men as the Barons Rothschild of England and France. With them he has discussed the powers that millions give to a man, the dangers to which his millions expose him, the duties and the responsibilities which millions impose upon their possessors. Upon this subject he has also obtained the views of the professors of almost all the principal universities in America and in Europe, of the leading journalists, statesmen, authors, philosophers and plain, unmillioned business men. Here he has stretched his long legs under the mahogany of millionaires' dinner tables; he has lectured in universities that owe their existence to millionaires; he has studied the comments of the press upon the deeds and the words of millionaires, and he has brought to bear upon the subject one of the most keenly analytical minds of modern days. Thus he has come to see how and why the American differs from the European millionaire.

This farewell talk was on the eve of his sailing. Flanked by strapped trunks and bulging bags, each piece labeled "hold" or "cabin," he sat waiting for the express wagons that were to take his baggage to the French line pier. He was tired—"tired but happy," to use his own phrase. For he was closing a tour that had been unique. It had lasted ten weeks, and each one of those weeks had been crowded with work. This work had been threefold—lecturing, writing and being entertained, the last no less arduous than the others. He had prepared and delivered 37 lectures and addresses in English, French and Italian at Lowell Institute, Harvard, Cornell, Columbia and Chicago universities, the University of the City of New York, the University of Pennsylvania and clubs and learned societies in many cities. This alone would have kept him busy. He had been entertained at luncheons, dinners and receptions by the president of the United States, the ambassadors of four nations, the faculties of many colleges and a host of private individuals. In all of those ten weeks there was scarcely a meal except breakfast at which he had not been some one's honored guest. He had been pursued by invitations and he had accepted all that were possible. This, without any of the other work, was enough to have kept him busy. Yet with it all he had written regularly such New York World articles which displayed such powers of observation and such keenly critical ability that an unprecedently wide representation of the press, daily, weekly and monthly, of America, has based editorial articles upon them.

To maintain three such forms of activity simultaneously under high pressure would tax the strength of the most powerful constitution; yet this tall, lank historian did it and went away smiling like a schoolboy off for a holiday.

Admits He Has Learned Much.

"Yes, I am tired," he said, laughing, "but I am very happy, and I thank America not only for its great kindness to me, but especially for what it has taught me. I have learned much while I have been here.

"They told me in Europe that I should find New York ugly. I like the beauty of the cities of Italy more, but New York has a majesty of its own that cannot be called ugly. They told me in New York that I should find Chicago ugly. The New Yorker's prediction about Chicago was no more nearly true than that of the Europeans about New York had been. Chicago, in detail, is not beautiful, but as a whole it is by no means ugly. Its lake is beautiful, and some of its streets of private residences are splendid. It is very like Buenos Ayres. One thing about it, however, is more than ugly—the smoke that fills the air. Here in New York you have solved the problem of smokeless air, and your brilliant, clear atmosphere is one of the greatest charms of the city. In Chicago they have not solved it yet."

"And of all the things you have seen here what has left the deepest impression?" put in the writer.

The American Millionaire.

Sig. Ferrero pushed his long fingers comb-like through the long pompadour, that has a tendency to flop over on the right side of his high forehead, and seamed this forehead into a mass of horizontal wrinkles before replying. Then, with a broad, all-embracing shrug of the shoulders and outstretched arms, he said:

"Give me time to think! My brain is in a whirl. So many impressions have crowded on each other's heels. I must sort these out and arrange them before I can make up my mind what has impressed me most. But!"—

Sig. Ferrero's "but" is an exclamation point; it is an explosion. He says it not only with his mouth, but with his whole face. It makes his eyes blaze and his glasses tilt forward. He says it with his whole body. It startles him out of a reposeful attitude and sends his forefinger darting out at the person he is addressing.

"But—! One thing that has impressed me profoundly is the difference between your millionaires as Europe imagines them and as I have found them in their homes, their clubs, their places of business. Europe thinks the American millionaire is a tyrant. It thinks he grinds down the people under his heel. It thinks he is all-powerful. It thinks of America as groaning under his despotic sway. The American millionaire is no such thing. He is less powerful here than his kind in Europe. Europe will be surprised when I tell it this.

"In Europe When We Are Opponents We Hate Each Other; in America Political or Religious Enemies Can Be Personal Friends."

Secure from Press Attacks.

"Europe also has its millionnaires, many of them, but it rarely hears of them. They work in secret. They are the real power, but Europe scarcely knows it. In Europe the press cannot attack a millionaire. It dare not. If it began such an attack this would at once be silenced by the power of money. Such a crusade as has been made here against the Standard Oil Company would have been impossible in Europe.

"The European millionaire gives nothing away. He would laugh at the mere suggestion that it is his duty to give away money, or that he holds his money in trust for the people or for society at large. 'What!' he would cry, 'My money is mine! I made it, or I inherited it. It is mine, mine, my very own! To do with as I like!' And everybody would agree with him. No one in Europe would suggest that millions entail a duty to society. Yet here such a notion is quite prevalent. It is even put forth gravely by millionaires themselves. Mr. Carnegie expounded to me this very theory, which to a European sounds so extraordinary, that the community at large has an absolute right to share in a man's millions—that he is merely a trustee of his wealth.

"In Europe, as I said, millionaires do not give away their money. At least not while they are alive. When they die they may leave a trifling sum to charity; and the general public will exclaim: 'How generous!' In England this is not so much so as on the continent, for the British aristocracy, whose wealth is largely inherited from long generations, has always been taught and has always recognized that it has certain duties to society at large. This is not so on the continent. I can think of only one millionaire in Europe who is public spirited in his munificence, and this one is the French Baron Rothschild. In America your millionaires give away vast sums, but I do not believe that even they give altogether because they love giving. No millionaire likes to give up his money!"

A broad, quizzical laugh put the exclamation point at the close of this sentence.

The Fundamental Difference.

"But—! Although your millionaires are restrained in so many ways, you allow them to do some things which we would never allow them to do in Europe. You allow them to found universities! You allow them to devote their millions to founding and supporting vast establishments in which the youth of the nation is to acquire its ideals. If the millionaires themselves cannot teach the rising generation the ideals they would like them to acquire, they can at least select the men who are to teach them. May there not be some method in this kind of giving?"

"Why do you say that a millionaire could not found a university in Europe?" asked the writer.

"The state would not allow it!" came the reply, like shot from a rapid-fire gun. "If a millionaire started to do anything of that sort the state would instantly step in and say to him: 'No, my dear sir; do what you like with your money, but leave the training of our youth to me. I, the state, have charge of that. It is for me alone to say how the young men and women are to be brought up; I will place before them the ideals that I think they should have. I will allow of no interference on your part.' Such an institution as Chicago university is unimaginable in any country of Europe. It would not be tolerated for one moment. It is a beautiful place, I was glad to lecture there, but I could not help thinking what a peril to America it might become, what sinister possibilities are latent within it. Mr. Rockefeller, I understand, does not interfere at all in the management of that university; he does not dictate the professors who shall lecture there nor the curriculum that shall be followed; and from what I have been able to learn fo him I don't think he ever will. But some successor to his millions might choose to wield the power which Mr. Rockefeller has thus far let alone. Think of the power such a man would have if he wanted to exercise it! Think of the ideals that might be set before the youth of America by an unscrupulous millionaire controlling a university through his donations. It is too great a power to be permitted to any man, and I am amazed that in America, where the millionaires are checked by public opinion, no question seems ever to be raised as to the possible danger of the university that is millionaire made.

American Optimism.

"This is only another example of that youthful optimism, I might almost say that thoughtless optimism, which is so all-pervading in America. Every one is serenely confident that it will all come out right; that wherever experience reveals defects remedies will be found; that the future is amply able to take care of itself. It is very beautiful, but!—to a European who has been called a pessimist and a cynic it seems too beautiful to be practical.

"There is one thing which I envy you and this is the absence of rancour and hatred in your political, social, business and religious disputes. In Europe when we are opponents we hate each other; in America political or religious enemies can be personal friends. Our rivalries are so old, so deep seated, often the results of bloodshed; our vendettas are fierce, implacable. So far as I have been able to judge you Americans of to-day know nothing of such bitter strife. And therein you are happier than we."

"You said just now that you had learned much from your tour in America. What is it that you have learned?"

"I have learned enough of American life, American politics, American institutions and American men and women to be able to follow intelligently the history of America as the news of the day reports its development. Few men in Europe understand America. They cannot help judging of American affairs from European standpoints. This makes them unfair and futile in their judgments. While I have not been long enough in America to dare to say positively that I really understand it, I am convinced that I know enough about it to enable me to understand better than before what is going on and to read of American affairs intelligently. I am taking back with me four big suit cases filled with books, documents and newspapers which I have bought while here and not yet had time to read. These I shall read and digest at my leisure. When I have obtained the perspective which rest, time and distance alone can give, I shall begin writing about America."

Tribute to America.

"Is there any parting message you would like to leave for America?" asked the writer.

"Far be it from me to give any admonition to America!" cried Ferrero, with a deprecatory shrug that began at his knees, rippled jerkily up through his body and shoulders and there divided into three, one shaking his head, the other two sending his arms flying out in the gesture of one who repels something. "I am not yet learned enough in American affairs to have the right to give advice to your country. And it would come with ill-grace from one who has been received so hospitably. My parting message is a salutation, not an admonition. I say to the American people: 'Thank you from my heart for all the kindness with which you have overwhelmed me, for all that you have shown me, for all that you have taught me!'"

Benefit of the Doubt.

A little old woman in rusty black blew into Bolog's and hurried about the tables, begging pennies for a night's lodging, until Bolog, with his splendid emperor's air, left his place with the wine kegs and, giving her a few pennies, implored her to go out.

"Why did you give her anything?" asked one woman of him. "She's probably got a lot more money than you have."

"I always give them the benefit of the doubt here on the East side," said he.—New York Press.

WHEN THE RIVER WAS HIGH

BY EMILY S. WINDSOR

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There was a deepening green on the mountain slopes, and the song of a robin came to John Lester standing at the entrance of his tent.

"Yes, spring is come," he mused, "and what an everlasting bore everything is."

A group of men lounged on a huge fallen tree at some few yards from his tent. There was a movement among them as the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard on the road near by. Then as the horseman appeared crossing the clearing they sauntered towards him.

"Any letters, Sam?"

Morris dismounted, and took a package from his coat pockets. "Two for you, Brown, three for you, Cooper, one for Davis. No—Dick, none for you." He turned towards Lester. "None for you, sir."

Lester nodded carelessly. He was not disappointed. He had long ago ceased to expect any letters.

"How's the river?" he asked, briefly.

"Still rising. They say it will go to 70 feet."

"Then we'll just stay here till it goes down."

"It's a good deal of a nuisance, though, sir, to lose the time, with such a bit of work before us. There's no trains going out. And the hotel's full of swells on their way to Frisco. They'll likely find time heavy on their hands waiting for the water to go down."

Lester's gaze came back from the mountains. "Have my horse ready, will you, Sam?"

Twenty minutes later Lester rode away from camp, his stalwart figure erect and easy in the saddle.

The men read their letters and resumed their position on the tree.

Their glance followed Lester's departing figure. "Seems to me your boss is a queer chap," said Dalton, who had but the week before joined the engineering corps.

He Lifted Her in His Arms.

"Lester's all right. Not very sociable, that's all," returned Cooper.

"Say, I feel sorry for him," said Davis.

"Why?" asked Dalton, curiously.

"Well," returned Davis, "any fellow with a good income like Lester and who chooses to work in this God-forsaken part of the country, and who is evidently not getting any happiness out of it, deserves pity."

"Oh—where's he from?"

"New York. You see his father took it into his head to marry again, and Lester wouldn't stand for it. They quarreled, and they've had nothing to do with each other since."

"You say he has a fine income. Where's his money from?"

"He inherited it from his mother."

"Well," observed Dalton, "why shouldn't his father marry again?"

"Lester adored his mother, and couldn't bear to see any one in her place. He's never even seen his stepmother, and it's six years since his father married."

"Isn't there a story about some girl going back on Lester, too?"

"Oh—I heard something about it—some girl he met in Europe the year after he broke with his father."

Here, Sam Morris came sauntering toward the group. "Say," he said, "a child is lost—belongs to some of the folks at the hotel that's waiting on account of the high water. They'd just found it out as I was leaving, and such a fuss as there was."

"Well, there's no bears around to eat it. Come on, what do you say to quoits?"

Meanwhile Lester was riding slowly on. For some distance the road was a narrow one between two lines of mountains. Presently, the way gradually widened, and he came out on a broad valley with the overflowing river in the distance. The view was magnificent, but Lester paid small heed to it. A spell of deepest gloom had fallen on his spirits. How flat and worthless life seemed. What was the use of it all? How would he get through this enforced idleness while the river was preventing them from pushing their work? Work, work was the only thing for him.

As he neared the point where three roads met and branched off, there was a rattle of wheels, and a carriage which he recognized as from the village livery appeared around the bend. It turned into the road farthest from Lester. It was occupied by a man and two women. He was not enough interested to look at them as they turned into the other road, but the fleeting glance he had of them told him they were people from a world unknown to him the last few years. He did not see that the man in the carriage had turned and was looking earnestly back at him.

A woman's light laugh floated back; there was the scent of violet in the air. Lester's thoughts went back to days which it was his constant endeavor to forget. She had had such a laugh, and she had always about her a faint odor of violets. He gave his shoulders an impatient shake, and quickened his horse's movement. He would not let the memory of those past days take possession of his mind.

When within a half mile of the village he reached a road leading directly to the river. The thought came to him that there would be some interest in seeing the river at nearer range. He turned his horse in that direction. He rode slowly, taking in the breadth of landscape before him. Suddenly a child's cry awoke the stillness. Lester looked around. At the side of the road sat a child, a girl of four or five years. She was holding one foot in both her small hands.

"Hello!" exclaimed Lester, jumping from his horse. "What is the matter, little one?"

The little child looked up at him. "My foot, it hurts." There was a fresh burst of tears. "And I'm lost. I want to go back."

Lester bent over her. She was a beautiful little creature. She had a profusion of brown wavy hair and great gray eyes shaded by thick dark lashes.

She cried softly as Lester examined her foot. She had evidently turned her ankle violently in walking over the rough stones of the road.

"Where do you live?' asked Lester. "Don't cry, I'll take you home."

"Don't live here, we're at the hotel." She stopped crying, and looked at Lester with the confidence which the glance of his eyes and his smile always won for him.

"At the hotel? Well, my horse will take us there very soon." He lifted her in his arms, and placing her on his saddle, sprang up behind her. "She belongs, no doubt, to those people that Morris said are staying over on account of the flood," he thought.

The little girl leaned against him comfortably. Lester chatted gayly to her, and soon she was laughing merrily. Her name was Dolly, she told him, and she had run away because she wanted to see the river.

By the time they reached the village and were riding up to the hotel, she seemed to have forgotten the pain in her foot. The street seemed deserted and there was no one visible about the hotel except a young woman standing on the veranda which ran around the building. Dolly called out as she say her: "Here I am! Here I am!"

The young woman screamed and ran down to the road.

"Oh, Dolly, Dolly, you naughty child!"

Then as Lester drew rein, she saw his face. "You, John!"

Lester had turned white to the lips. "Is this your child?" he asked, his voice sharp.

He had dismounted and held the child in his arms. "My child!" she returned, impetuously. "No, John, I am not married. No—" as Lester made a movement toward her. "Matters are unchanged— but I am going to tell you what I would not before, because I did not want to appear as trying to influence you to accept your stepmother. She—is my sister. She was married to your father while I was at France in school. I did not know for some time after I met you that you were her stepson. When it was known to me—I decided not to marry you. But now—well, Dolly is your stepsister. She was left with me this morning while your father and my sister went for a drive with another member of our party. Suddenly she was missed—oh, I was so frightened—your father adores her, and if anything had happened to her—and, oh, John, to think that you found her!"

Lester had stood rigid and white during this explanation, his eyes on the sweet face of the speaker.

Now he folded the little girl closely in his arms and rested his cheek against hers.

"I have been a fool," he said, tersely. "I'll tell my father and your sister so. Is she as sweet as you, Alice?"

"Much nicer than I. Oh, John, your father will be so happy to have you back."

"And you, Alice? Will you have me now?"

"Yes, John."

Lester laughed happily. "I must carry Dolly in. Her foot must be attended to. She has hurt it."

Dolly seemed to thoroughly understand all that had been said. She put her arms around Lester's neck.

"I am glad that you are my brother," she said.

We are always wishing we were this or that person instead of ourselves, and if such a thing as metempsychosis were possible we'd be mighty glad to get back to our own trials.