

# CARNEGIE'S WEALTH

How He Is Rapidly Distributing It Over Two Hemispheres.

GIFT GIVING AS A SCIENCE

The Wealthy Scotch-American Uses Method in His Efforts to Keep Down His Surplus—Some of His Rules.

**N**O MAN of modern times has been so much in the public eye as the subject of this sketch. The newspapers and magazines of two continents discovered several years ago a fruitful theme in the remarkable and systematic benefactions of the great steel magnate, and as the millions since then have poured in a continuous golden stream from the \$400,000,000 fortune, which industry, opportunity, Scotch thrift and rare powers of organization and management have piled up, the press has not tired of reporting and discussing Andrew Carnegie and his gifts, and the public has not grown weary reading these stories. The fact of the matter is, that in Andrew Carnegie, the philanthropist and public benefactor, the world has been given a new view of the rich man and his money. Never before in the history of man has such a settled policy for the distribution of an immense for-

disposed of and the care and wisdom with which every dollar is being administered. A painstaking Englishman figured out in 1901, when Mr. Carnegie first began his philanthropic campaign, what Mr. Carnegie must do if he succeeded in disposing of the bulk of his fortune by the time he is 80 years old. Mr. Carnegie was then 67 years of age and allowing, he said, a fortune of £25,000,000 to remain undistributed at Mr. Carnegie's death, "a modest" sum he calls it, he would still have from £50,000,000 to £55,000,000 to dispose of during the 13 years probably remaining to him. "That is to say, unless death is to overtake him at 80 with more than the £25,000,000 still undistributed he will have to rid himself of £4,000,000 a year, every year until 1914. Now £4,000,000 a year is a tidy sum of money, the vastness of which it is hard to conceive. If Mr. Carnegie were to give away a five pound note a minute to everybody who cared to apply for it, he would at the end of a year—even supposing that he denied himself all sleep and worked night and day, week days and Sundays, handing out his five pound notes a minute—find that he had disposed of only about £2,500,000 pounds and he would still have £1,500,000 left over to play with; from which it follows that taking interest into consideration in the 13 years of life that still presumably remain to Mr. Carnegie he must melt his gold or distribute his money at a rate of eight notes a minute day in and day out, making no deductions either for sleeping time or Sundays. Even at that rate he will still have his £25,000,000 left for his heirs."

But Mr. Carnegie does not distribute

## NAIL-BITING A DISEASE.

The Disgusting Habit Grows with Indulgence and Soon Becomes Chronic.

The head school teacher, who sat at the end of a row of six girls at a matinee, saw one of them take off her gloves as soon as the lights went down and the curtain went up. She watched, says the New York Press. When the girl thought her teacher's attention was concentrated on the stage one of her hands went to her lips.

"Miss Blank," said the chaperon, leaning over and speaking so that everybody seated around her could hear, "I must ask you to stop biting your nails and put your gloves on immediately."

The other girls giggled, and the particular one who had offended did as she was told, looking very much humiliated. "Poor child," said a sympathetic woman sitting in the row behind.

"I frequently find it necessary to administer a rebuke of this sort to girls with the nail-biting habit," said the chaperon to a friend who asked about it. "All teachers do. A lesson of that sort is worth ten admonitions in private. There is no better way to break a pupil of a bad habit like biting the nails than to shame her out of it. I warned Miss Blank before we started for the theater that I should rebuke her if I caught her biting her nails, and she promised not to do it. When I saw her stealthily drawing off her gloves I knew what was coming. We have to watch girls with the nail-biting habit in church, in the theater, and everywhere they go in public. It is almost impossible to make them keep their gloves on."

A fashionable manicure uptown advertised to cure nail-biting. He says he has many patrons among girls and women.

"It is an exceptional thing to find a man who bites his nails," he said to a reporter, "but I have known of some cases. Nail-biting is a disease, the same as itching scalp or anything of that sort. To a certain extent it is a habit, but the habit develops the disease, which is called onychophagia."

"When I was in Paris four years ago I first learned about the treatment for it, and at once introduced it in my business here. Far from being a harmless habit, resulting only in unsightly hands, nail-biting is a prolific cause of nervous disorders in girls and women. It requires various forms of treatment, according to the condition and surroundings of the victim. The best time to stop it is in childhood. Parents and school teachers who find children biting their nails should not only severely reprimand them, but punish them in a way that will be remembered. In my opinion the teacher you tell about gave the young woman a wholesome lesson."

## HE DIDN'T MEAN TO.

But the Water Froze So Fast He Couldn't Help Sliding Down Hill.

"Here, there, y' young rascal, ye," demanded Uncle Bill Abbot, relates the New York Sun, "where's that water I sent ye down t' fetch over an hour ago? Ye've been slidin' on th' hill jest like I told ye not ter! Don't lie t' me; I seed yer."

"I warn't slidin'," whimpered Jake, with a futile effort to free his left ear from Uncle Bill's paternal clutch. "Leastwise I didn't mean t' slide, even if I did."

"I went right down t' th' well, an' drewed th' water like y' told me. But 'twas so ternal cold I had to keep stirrin' it with a stick so's 'twouldn't freeze."

"Jest as I got t' th' top ov' th' hill I was so busy stirrin' that I didn't look where I was goin', an' I tripped on the old butternut root an' fell."

"An' all th' water run down hill an' froze, an' I got my foot in it an' slipped clean down t' th' bottom again."

"Wal, knowin' as you was in an awful hurry for the water, I filled th' bucket again an' started back up th' hill jest as quick as I could scramble."

"But, as you allus says, dad, 'haste makes waste,' an' durned if I didn't stumble jest in th' same place an' slide clean down th' pesky hill again on th' water I'd spilled."

"Hones' injun, dad, I started up the hill 17 different trips, an' every blamed time the water I spilled froze an' I slid all th' way back."

"On the eighteenth trip up I'd got sick an' tired uv the whole blamed business, an' I vummed I wouldn't slide back that time if all the hill froze over."

"But jest as I reached that fool root again, I wuz so all-fired busy bein' careful not to trip that I clean furgot about stirrin' th' water with my stick. Consequence wuz the ding stuff froze tight an' burst th' bucket, Hones' dad."

Uncle Bill slowly released his hold on Jake's left ear.

"Wal," he said, doubtfully, "it is right chilly, I'll allow. Ye'd better take th' tin pail this time. An' see that ye ain't so tarnation long about it, either."

This time Jake had better luck, the only delay being when he paused a moment at the bottom of the hill—just long enough to smash an empty wooden bucket that was standing near the pump.

## Nuts for Pumpkin Pies.

Pecan or walnut meats, chopped and added to pumpkin pies, give a rich and agreeable flavor.—Rural New Yorker.

# THE SPORT OF KINGS

Crowned Heads of Europe Are Experts with Rifle and Shotgun.

WHEN FUR AND FEATHERS FLY

The Majority of Them Shoot Because They Like To, But Czar Nicholas Follows the Chase Because It Is Fashionable.

**D**URING his short visit to England the king of Italy spent two days among the pheasants at Windsor, and the incident reminds us that most, if not all, the crowned heads of Europe are experts with shotgun and rifle, and devoted to their use.

King Edward is equally at home among pheasants that come out high over the tree-tops, or return to their cover from some unfamiliar cove to which they were shepherded by skilled beaters in the earlier day. He is reckoned a fine shot with the rifle at driven deer—a far more difficult mark than they are generally supposed to be, for the stags let the hinds go first through passes that favor the gunner, and the last mad rush of the monarchs of a great herd requires no little stopping.

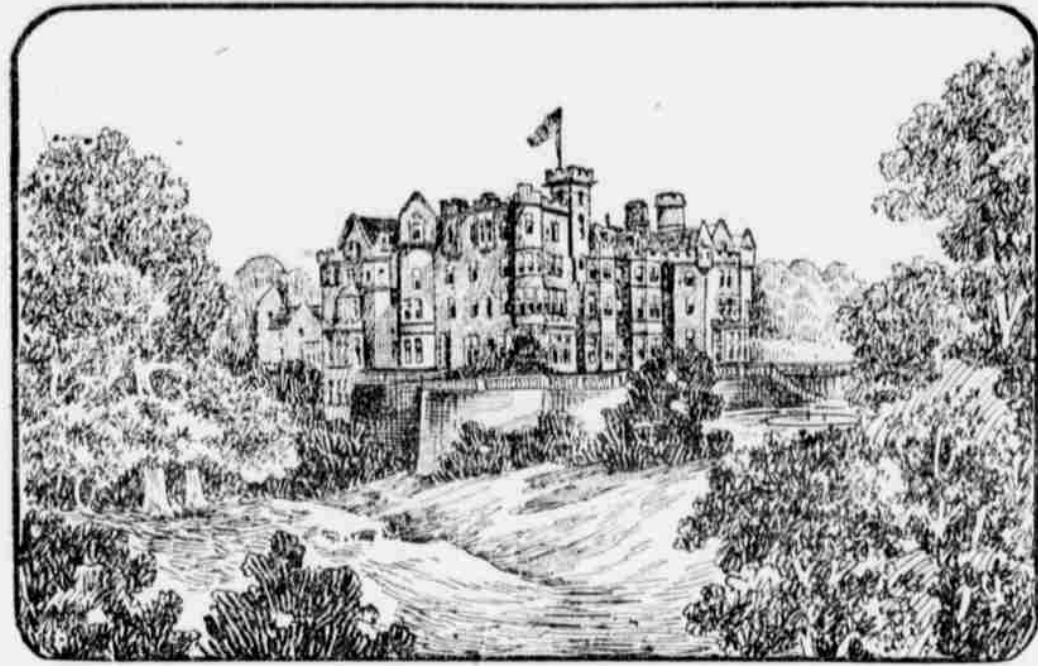
Italy's ruler has ever been a keen sportsman, from the early days when,

his personal safety by thousands of soldiers and scores of detectives. The sense of freedom that almost all European rulers may enjoy is forbidden to the Little Father, and no bird or beast in all his forests has a more anxious life.

Abdul Hamid II, the padishah, the caliph of all Islam, does not shoot game. In the first place, no true believer will touch feather or fur that has been killed with shot; such food is forbidden by his dietary laws; secondly, Turkey's sultan flies at higher game and kills it by proxy. It is hardly fair to mention his name among sportsmen.

Dom Carlos, happiest of kings and most jovial of men, is perhaps the best shot among the crowned heads of Europe. His prowess is wonderful. A big, heavy man, he moves his gun with a rapidity that must be seen to be believed, and what he aims at falls, properly hit. With shotgun, rifle, or revolver he is equally expert—indeed, he can pierce the marks on a playing-card with a revolver at 20 paces and drop flying pigeons with a rifle. He is never more happy than when he has a gun in hand, and frequently competes among his subjects at the Tir aux Pigeons at Cascaes or elsewhere in his own dominions, nearly always winning the prize and never taking it. When Dom Carlos was in England he was recognized by all who had the privilege of seeing his performances as a man who had nothing to fear by comparison with that country's finest shots.

The king of Spain, Alfonso XIII., is devoted to the gun, and is never happier than when, on the preserves of the



SKIBO CASTLE, MR. CARNEGIE'S SCOTLAND HOME.

tune by an individual in his lifetime been heard of.

There are at least two distinct epochs in the life of Mr. Carnegie—one marked by the accumulation of wealth, the other by the administration of wealth. The story of his career, from the time he came to this country with his parents and brother and started to work in a cotton factory at Allegheny City as "bobbin boy" at \$1.20 a week until he welded together the gigantic steel corporation, and left its active management to others, reads like a romance. But the story of the accumulation of Andrew Carnegie's fortune, while intensely interesting and while it shows what a young man can accomplish who is not afraid of hard work, who is ambitious and who has the business instinct and foresight, still it is not strikingly different from the biographies of other of the world's successful business men. The story of the accumulation of wealth is an old one. But the story of the administration of wealth as exemplified by Mr. Carnegie is unique and unparalleled. It warms the public heart with the thought of a new relationship between wealth and the masses, and it has caused other rich men to pause and ponder anew the responsibilities of their possessions. As an accumulator of wealth Mr. Carnegie's history is closed. As an administrator of wealth Mr. Carnegie has, it might be said, only begun a career and his achievements in this new sphere of activity promises to be even more remarkable than those of his active business life, and he is bringing to bear upon this new task to which he has called himself the same hard common sense, the same business abilities, the same integrity of purpose, as characterized him as the builder of a fortune.

Mr. Carnegie in his "Gospel of Wealth" clearly states his position. After calling attention to the three modes in which surplus wealth can be disposed of, namely: By inheritance to the family of the decedent; by bequest to public and philanthropic purposes, and by administration during the lifetime of the possessor, he argues to show why the last named method is the wisest and best. And true to his convictions, Mr. Carnegie is systematically and thoroughly carrying out his plans and giving a practical working demonstration of the best and highest mission of the rich man.

The tremendous task to which Mr. Carnegie has set himself is made apparent when one considers the fortune to be

his wealth in that way. He has very positive views in regard to his benevolences and like the stubborn Scotchman that he is, he never swerved from the one rule of helping those who help themselves, and never helping directly an individual. It would take a big volume to tell of all the channels which have felt the thrill of the golden stream of his wealth. As the American public already knows Mr. Carnegie's favorite form of gifts is in libraries to cities, and the amount which he gives is based upon the amount which the city pledges itself to raise yearly for the maintenance of the library. So far there are nearly 200 of these Carnegie libraries in this country, extending from Maine to California and from the Gulf to Canada. The little land of Scotland is dotted with over a score of these monuments to education, and England and Ireland have not been forgotten. His native town of Dumfermline has not only been given a library, but a technical school and public baths. In this country the \$10,000,000 gift to the nation to establish the National university for advanced research is his largest single gift. Other educational and technical institutions which have been founded through Mr. Carnegie's generosity are: At New York, Cooper union, Mechanics Institute and Bellevue Medical college; Stevens Institute at Hoboken, N. J., an observatory at Allegheny, and at Pittsburgh an educational institution comprising technical schools, museum, music hall and art galleries. Pittsburgh naturally has a large place in the heart of Mr. Carnegie, for it has been the center of all his triumphs in the industrial and financial world, and his gifts to that city have amounted to \$7,000,000, which amount does not include the \$5,000,000 given for the benefit of his steel workers, in the way of technical schools, libraries and sick benefits for the families of the workers. Within the past year Mr. Carnegie has given \$1,500,000 for a temple of peace and great law library at The Hague, he has added to the endowment of the Tuskegee Institute, has given a building to all the engineering societies in New York City, in addition to the establishment of a perfect stream of libraries and institutes. Thus is Mr. Carnegie conscientiously at work preaching in a practical way the "gospel of wealth," whether enjoying life at Skibo castle in Scotland or residing in his New York palatial home.

## Both Are Hard.

It's almost as hard to pay back as it is to borrow.

never had anything charged."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## In His Hands.

His Father—I hate the thought of your being in debt. The Spendthrift—Well, it depends on you how long I'll remain so.—N. Y. Times.



KING EDWARD AT A DEER-DRIVE ON DEESIDE.

prince of Naples, he wooed and won a wife as ardent a follower of the open life as himself. Queen Elena, daughter of the fine old "Gospodar" Prince Nicholas, of Montenegro, had been brought up in a sporting land, with sisters and brothers devoted to the outdoor pastimes; her brothers are expert shots, whose fame has traveled far beyond the narrow limits of their father's kingdom.

Turning to Italy's associates in the triple alliance, we find two keen sportsmen at the head of affairs. To his outdoor work among the hills in pursuit of stag and chamois and varied fur or feather, Franz Josef, the aged Austrian Emperor, owes not a little of his vitality and endurance. It is no light load of care he must discard; at his age the burden might well be past bearing. The bracing air, the call of the sport, and the steady demand upon brain as well as hand, serve, apparently, to banish the troubles that wait on statecraft.

The German kaiser is a keen and skilled performer with the gun, and his prowess is the more remarkable because one hand is comparatively useless. He has remarkable endurance, and he, too, uses shooting as an antidote to the worry of affairs. His sons—or the elder ones, to be exact—are credited with more than common capacity. One of them was shooting in England last year on the estates of the duke of Buccleuch, where his work with the gun was commented upon very favorably.

Part of a French president's duties would seem to lie among the pheasants. The writer has seen the late French president, Felix Faure, shooting at Rambouillet; the biograph had preserved the scene, and a music hall presented it to London. A leader in uniform looked after the second gun of M. le President; one or two officers correctly attired stood stiffly by his side; and the birds went hard down wind, or seemed to. The president shot severely and without emotion; amid the noise of battle he was profoundly calm. Perhaps it was the proper official attitude; perhaps he was conscious of his biographer. M. Loubet does not look as if he would greatly enjoy a battue, but doubtless he does his duty when France calls upon him to shoot pheasants.

It is more than likely that the czar of all the Russias gets little or no enjoyment from his use of the gun. With him, shooting is a diplomatic fiction; even the famous visit, made a month ago, to the preserves at Murzsteg was a matter of necessity rather than choice, and it could have given him scant pleasure to shoot in woods that had to be surrounded for the sake of

Pardo, he is in pursuit of all that runs or flies. This relaxation is very necessary, for the young monarch's health has given great uneasiness to his immediate circle. People round him realize that Madrid is no place for the young king; that his best chance of health will come in open air and, incidentally, as far from Madrid as possible. His love of sport may yet keep him from the trouble that took his father from the throne.

Gustave, crown prince of Sweden and duke of Wermland, whose well-laden boat testifies at once to his gifts as a sportsman and the quality of the preserves he has been visiting, is the eldest son of King Oscar II.

Old King George, of Saxony, who has passed his seventieth year, is still devoted to the gun, though he favors the comfortable fashion of sitting in a carriage and rising when the birds begin to come over. Probably the excitement is no less.

Many of Europe's monarchs keep enormous game preserves for their pleasure and that of their royal guests, for European monarchs are noted visitors.

On a royal preserve every precaution is taken to maintain complete privacy. Experienced foresters and huntsmen alone are permitted to penetrate into the vast coverts where the wild boar and the deer dwell in fancied security. No unauthorized visitor can hope to venture unchallenged far beyond the outskirts of the preserves at any season. The great day, or week, of the year arrives, and for a brief space no sanctuary of the woodland is inviolate; there are beaters everywhere, and great masses of game are driven before the guns along paths that the head huntsman has mapped out. A vast bag is made, the hunting-lodge wakes to a few days of gaiety—a gaiety that is silenced only when questions of high policy claim discussion; and then the royal party breaks up. The forest recovers its accustomed serenity; the survivors of the great days find their way back to favored haunts; their terror or nervousness passes away as week succeeds to week, leaving them undisturbed, the advent of the spring finds all their troubles forgotten.

## Breakfast Cynic.

"The woman who picks out a husband because he is a good dancer," said the breakfast cynic, "is on par with the man who picks out a wife because she can make fudge."—Chicago Daily News.

## Placed in the Menagerie.

He—May I take you to our animal show? She—Oh, do you have a part?—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## Easy for Her.

"She's rather flirt than eat." "Huh! I saw her in a restaurant yesterday doing both at once."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## Paid For.

"Is that all her own hair?" "I suppose so. I heard her say she