

HOW CARNEGIE GREW WEALTHY

Thrift the Fortune-Maker of the Philanthropist.

"TO GET RICH, SAVE MONEY,"

Says the Great Scotchman—How He Applied for a Position as an Office Boy.

"The first thing that a man should learn to do is to save his money. By saving his money he promotes thrift—the most valued of all habits. Thrift is the great fortune-maker. It draws the line between the savage and the civilized man. Thrift not only develops the fortune but it develops, also, the man's character."

So spoke Andrew Carnegie. The man who began at the lowest rung of the ladder, as a bobbin-boy in a linen factory, and is now one of the giants of the commercial world, believes in thrift. To him it is the alpha of all success, and it was the constant practice of the principles of thrift that made him great. And so it is safe to say that, among the men who will leave their "footprints on the sands of time," none will make a deeper impression than Andrew Carnegie. He started in life on an equal footing with the lowliest boy, but he left other men by the wayside, because of tenacity to his motto, "The present moment is our aim, the next we never see." This motto, and another which reads, "He that dares not reason is a slave; he that cannot is a fool; he that will not is a bigot," adorn the corners of the library of Mr. Carnegie's New York home.

In his native land, Scotland, thrift is a virtue that is taught with the alphabet, and when the 12-year-old "Andy" Carnegie came to America with his father and mother, he was full of the notion of thrift and its twin brother, hard work. Once he wrote on the subject of thrift for a Scottish journal. He said: "The accumulation of millions is usually the result of enterprise and judgment, and some exceptional ability or organization. It does not come from savings, in the ordinary sense of the word. Men who, in old age, strive only to increase their already too great hoards, are usually slaves of the habit of hoarding, formed in their youth. At first they own the money they have made and saved. Later in life

THE MONEY OWNS THEM, and they cannot help themselves, so overpowering is the force of habit, either for good or evil. It is the abuse of the civilized saving instinct, and not its use, that produces this class of men. No one needs to be afraid of falling a victim to this abuse of the habit, if he always bears in mind that whatever surplus wealth may come to him is to be regarded as a sacred trust, which he is bound to administer for the good of his fellow-men. The man should always be master. He should keep money in the position of a useful servant; he must never let it be his master and make a miser of him. A man's first duty is to acquire a competence and be independent, then to do something for his needy neighbors who are less favored than himself."

Mr. Carnegie has always lived up to this doctrine. He has made philanthropy a factor of existence. Already he has endowed over ninety libraries in different cities of the United States, having spent about \$4,000,000 in this manner alone. He believes that a man can learn the science of true life and success in good books. In Scotland, where many of the residents of a poor hamlet have been benefited by his generosity, he is hailed as a good angel. Whenever he visits any of these places, he is a greater man than the King of Great Britain.

Whenever Mr. Carnegie endows a library, he is being good to all. He believes that a man is able to read and write, he has laid the foundation of self-development; and, if he has no other means of securing an education, and has a good library at his disposal, he is able to educate himself. Here is what Mr. Carnegie once wrote on education: "Young educated men have one important advantage over the uneducated mechanic—they are open-minded and without prejudice. The scientific attitude of mind, that of the searcher after truth, renders them

RECEPTIVE OF NEW IDEAS. Great and invaluable as the working machine has been, and is, and always will be, yet he is disposed to adopt narrow views along in years when he comes into power. It is different with the scientifically trained boy; he has no prejudices, and goes in for the latest invention or newest method, no matter if another has discovered it. He adopts the plan that will best the record, and discards his own devices or ideas, which the working mechanic can rarely be induced to do. Let us not, therefore, underrate the value of education; only it must be education adapted to the end in view, and must give instruction bearing on a man's career. A young practical man of today working at the bench or counter, to whom the fair goddess, Fortune, has not yet beckoned, may be supposed to conclude that it is impossible to start business in this age. There is something in that. It is, no doubt, infinitely more difficult to start a business of any kind than it was. But it is only a difference in form, not in substance. It is infinitely easier for a young practical man of ability to obtain an interest in existing firms than it has ever been before.

THE DOORS HAVE NOT BEEN CLOSED ON ABILITY. On the contrary, they swing easier on their hinges. Capital is not requisite. Rare ability, the capacity for doing things, never was so eagerly searched for as now, and never commanded such rewards.

Mr. Carnegie says, in explanation of his great interest in libraries: "When I was a boy, working in a cotton factory, a true benefactor of his race, Colonel Anderson, announced that he would attend every Saturday in his library and give to working boys and young men books from his shelves. He had only about four hundred volumes, but I doubt if ever so small a number of books was put to a better use. Only he who has longed as I did for Satur-

St. Vitus's

Dance, or chorea, is one of the most pitiable afflictions humanity is called on to endure. That this disease can be cured, however, is proved by the fact that it has been cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The tranquilizing effect upon the nerves exercised by this remarkable medicine is witnessed to by thousands who have found healing and strength in its use. It not only cures womanly diseases, but it promotes the health of the whole body. It is a nerve-feeding, strength-giving, sleep-inducing medicine. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol and is entirely free from opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics. It cannot disagree with the weakest or most delicate constitution.

"When our daughter, Lizzie had St. Vitus's dance, I happened to get one of your bottles and read it," writes Henry J. Miller, Esq., of 105 North 7th St., Burlington, Iowa. "Among other things I found that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cured patients suffering from that trouble, so I went out and got a bottle. She was very bad at that time and could hardly talk. When I read about your medicine in that small book, I said to myself, with the help of God and that medicine we can cure our daughter. I did so. Four bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' cured her, and I did not have to take her to a doctor any more. She is well, thank God, and the 'Favorite Prescription' for it."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness.

days to come can understand what Colonel Anderson did for me and for other boys of Allegheny, several of whom have risen to eminence. Is it any wonder that I resolved that, if ever surplus wealth came to me, I would use it in imitating my benefactor?

As an author, Mr. Carnegie has made another success in life. His "Triumph of Democracy" is regarded as a classic. He has written many magazine articles, and his Philippine letters were broad and masterful, and full of the spirit of liberty. Mr. Carnegie did not enter the field of literature until his fortunes had been assured, and he was rated a successful business man. Today, the great, noble, generous Carnegie, 55 years of age, with a bank account of hundreds of millions, looks back to his humble home in Dunfermline, Scotland, which his father, an honest weaver, left for the United States; to the struggles with adversity, the successive stations of his life as a bobbin-boy, telegraph messenger, railway employe, and steel worker; and, from his vantage-point as the industrial king of two continents, the retrospection must be a pleasant one.

It is little wonder that the mother who wishes to hold up an example for her sons says to them "Look at Andrew Carnegie."

When the Carnegies arrived in America, they settled in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Two days after their arrival there, "Andy" Carnegie secured his first position.

His father's means were so limited that the family could not exist on them; and when "Andy" came home and said that he had secured work as a bobbin-boy in a linen factory, at ONE DOLLAR AND TWENTY CENTS A WEEK,

his parents felt that they could find some business for their new-born son. Young Carnegie was so proud of his achievement that he made up his mind at once that he was going to make a success of his life.

His next step was to secure a position for his father in the same factory. Young Carnegie quickly showed that he had a liking for machinery, and he was given charge of a stationary engine in the factory. For nearly two years he kept this position—only begrimed and wearing overalls—and then he sought something with a higher motive, and became a messenger boy for the Atlantic and Ohio Telegraph Company, of Pittsburgh.

This, in Mr. Carnegie's mind, was his best move. After long and successful years, Mr. Carnegie wrote of this change: "My entrance into the telegraph office was a transition from darkness to light, from firing a small engine in a dirty cellar, to a clean office where there were books and papers. That was paradise to me, and I bless the stars that sent me to be a messenger in a telegraph office."

The stars may have had something to do with it, but there was a stronger power to guide the boy to better things, and that power was James Reid, the superintendent of the company. Today, Mr. Reid is a worthy citizen of New York, and he says that he can remember distinctly the first day that Andrew Carnegie went to work.

"He was so determined," says Mr. Reid, recalling the day, "that I became interested in him at once. He seemed to have

negie further showed his "stick-to-it-iveness." He quickly mastered the details of train dispatching, and was promoted to the headquarters of the company, and, soon after, became superintendent of the western division of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. He was then but 24 years old.

In that position, he became the friend of Thomas A. Scott, superintendent of the Pittsburgh division. Scott often said that Carnegie showed such a desire to go ahead and

MASTER EVERY SITUATION that his energy and determination in this respect were fascinating. Scott made a personal friend of Carnegie, and, when he was appointed assistant secretary of war, he asked the young man to take charge of the military railroads and telegraphs of the government. The youth accepted; but, as politics did not appeal to him, he returned to railroading.

It was then that Carnegie decided to engage in broader business matters. He bought ten shares of stock in the Adams Express Company, valued at five hundred dollars. This purchase was the first of the kind, and it was then he decided to found an iron company, to be called the Cyclops Iron Works. In regard to this venture, Charles M. Schwab, who is now the head of the mighty Carnegie Steel Company, recently wrote:

"When the Cyclops Iron Works, the primordial Carnegie Enterprise, was being organized, the founder, reluctant to disturb his small investments, was obliged to borrow his share (one thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars) of the funds needed to finance the undertaking."

At thirty years of age, Mr. Carnegie began his wonderful career as an iron master. With the help of the money he had made, and with good credit at his bank, which enabled him to borrow, he started the Keystone Bridge Works. He stuck to his business, and, as a result, Carnegie's business ventures did succeed, and, in 1888, Mr. Carnegie owned seven iron and steel works, besides many coke works. As if by magic, the Carnegie enterprises began to grow, and soon the commercial world was startled by a new name and a new power. While others slept, Andrew Carnegie had been "tolling upward in the night." He flashed on the world, a meteor of finance, and his light has never grown dim. As soon as his wealth had reached a figure which enabled him to do some good in the world, he made charity an equal factor with business. He has endowed the city of Pittsburgh with a library, a home for the aged, and scattered libraries all over the United States. In all, his benefactions amount to about \$15,000,000.—Robert Gray, in Success.

Night at Smartwood.

Once there was an underized town that had the corn fields sneaking up on all sides of it, trying to break over the corporation line. People approaching the town from the north could not see it because there was a row of willow trees in the way.

Here in this comatose settlement lived a family named Pilkins. The Pilkinses were all the eggs in Smartwood. They owned a big general store, catty-cornered from the court house. It was well known that they had a big house and a big yard, and an ice cream in the winter time. The Pilkins girls had been away to a convent to have their voices sandpapered and fitted to a piano, and they were back in Smartwood, and the waists seen in those parts. Most of the girls south of the tracks were just getting wise to the Russian blouse.

Along in Mr. Pilkins' family made its annual play to the Pilkinses on fire. Every adult in town, except those who had jail records, received an engraved invitation to come up to the Pilkinses' house and take a peek at high life. Within three days you couldn't buy a yard of wide ribbon in any store and every second hand in town had a new dress. The Pilkins girls had been away to a convent to have their voices sandpapered and fitted to a piano, and they were back in Smartwood, and the waists seen in those parts. Most of the girls south of the tracks were just getting wise to the Russian blouse.

The "R. S. V. P." down in one corner of the bid had some of the brethren guessing for a prize. There was no need of putting that on. It was an immortal cinch that every one would turn out, if he had to be moved in on a cot. About the only entertainments they had in Smartwood Junction were Uncle Tom under a tent and the Indian Medicine Troupe. Therefore, nobody was going to pass up the Pilkinses' party. The town was all out, and imported orchestra, costing \$5, and meat provided, and the city caterer was to bring his own waiters.

Everybody got home early that night so as to take a good thorough scouring before getting into their other clothes. At dusk they began wending their way toward the Pilkins house, looking a little worried and apprehensive. They were parted out at the front door and led into dressing-rooms, pegged out along the walls, fed on macaroons and treated to large bunches of Bach music. Every half hour or so somebody would say something and that would be a cue for the others to shift their feet.

The punch got the old eye un-til it was learned that the drink was aniline and not rum, and then they stood around and dipped in until they were blue. Every half hour or so somebody would say something and that would be a cue for the others to shift their feet.

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Baby's Own Tablets

Come as a message of hope to all worried mothers. It is the best medicine in the world for stomach, bowel and teething troubles, which make little ones weak, sickly and peevish. It will make your baby well and keep it well, and there is nothing in it that can harm the smallest, weakest infant. Read the guarantee.

Mrs. James Fraser, Ridgetown, Ont., says:—"When I first began using Baby's Own Tablets my baby was so fretful and cross that I scarcely knew what to do with her. She was teething and was quite sick. She vomited a good deal, had frequent attacks of colic and was quite constipated. She was very nervous and got but little sleep and when she did sleep she would sometimes wake with a start and scream. I got a box of Baby's Own Tablets and since using them her stomach is sweet, she does not vomit and her bowels are regular. She sleeps well, has a good color, and is now a fat, healthy looking, good natured baby. I would not be without the Tablets since I know their value, and I can highly recommend them."

These are strong hopeful words from a mother who has proved the value of Baby's Own Tablets, to all mothers. If your baby is ailing the Tablets will give prompt relief and make a perfect cure. Crush them to a powder and you can give them to the tiniest baby with advantage. Sold by all druggists or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont. or Schenectady, N. Y.

FOOLS AND THE FLOWER GIRL

Remarkable Cynicism of the Vendor of Bouquets.

Chief Joy Is the Youth Who Desires To Be Splendid Without Counting the Cost.

There are many cynics loose in London. The cabby and the bus driver have lost their belief in the wisdom of man over the everlasting eruptions of the Strand. The gentlemen who sell "extra-specials" by shouting news which the extra specials did not contain never had any. The lions in Trafalgar square, monuments of departed greatness, look wearily and cynically upon the present littleness that harangues them on a Sunday afternoon. There are church wardens who have found a bad franc in the plate, and a thousand others who divide mankind into knaves and fools. But the cynicism of all these is thrown into the shade by the monumental cynicism of the flower girl.

Flower girls, of course, are not monuments, except by contiguity. They haunt statues—the commanding Sir Robert Peel who presides over Cheapside or the dirty Mercury who brings from Olympus to the less-heavenly regions of Piccadilly. In the trade, they have to sell them in a twentieth century May you do not look pictorial, and your language is rather expressive than poetical. It is hard to be sentimental with a blue nose. There are "bunches" in the trade. The "bunch holes" that cover some square feet belong to a different case of venter and a different class of wearer from the eminently respectable carnations and roses of Piccadilly. But the young ladies who manufacture for the dwellers in outer darkness jungles of maidenhair and narcissus are not a whit less cynical than the artists among flower girls who dwell in the shadow of Mercury.

They see the vanity of the lordly sex as under a searchlight. And the lordly sex is vain, whether the hat it wears with its frock coat is of silk or straw. The silk hat ponders deeply over the shade of its rose; the straw hat grasps greedily at another inch of green background. It is the same principle, and the same cynicism, says when it has gone: "Lor, Polly, there's a fool!" There are many strangers without our gates, strangers with clean shaven faces and a nasal drawl, strangers also with floppy ties and terribly neat mustaches. The strangers come to the flower girl and she takes them in. It is all one to her. The American is brisk and brusque, but he pays a little more. The Frenchman is profusely polite, but he pays none the less. They are both mere foolish men to the cynical

Visit to Japan.

Probably the National Industrial Exhibition, which is to be held in Osaka next year from March 1 to July 31, may be the means of inducing considerable numbers, both from Europe and America, to visit Japan, and see for themselves some of the developments which have been made in recent years in engineering, industry, and trade, as well as to enjoy the beautiful scenery which is one of the chief attractions of the country. We can now go round the world in such a short time and with such a degree of comfort, that it is a mere holiday recreation, and the improved facilities which are now being offered are certain to increase the numbers who will spend their holiday in this manner. The Osaka Asahi has been forming an estimate of how much it would cost a foreigner of position to visit Japan, and it states that its estimates are based on statistics of the past few years. It is calculated that every foreigner who landed at Yokohama, and who stayed in the country for five weeks, spent on an average about 2,900 yen, or about \$1,000. This sum was divided as follows: 1,600 yen (or \$500) for hotel and traveling expenses; 750 yen outlay for purchases, and 500 yen miscellaneous expenses. Each person who landed at Kobe or Nagasaki could do well at 1,500 yen in five weeks, the details being 875 yen hotel and traveling expenses, 600 yen purchases and 25 yen miscellaneous. The above estimates are more moderate in their estimates, and put

WILSON'S FLY PAD POISON

THE BEST FLY KILLER

flower girl. Her chief joy—if she has a joy—is the youth who desires to be made splendid without counting the cost. He is not only profitable but amusing. Her chief sorrow, no doubt, is her own sex, who have a mean and insuperable desire to pay just prices. Her own sex, unlike the mere man, are generally busy in the decoration of their homes, not themselves. This is a disheartening practice, which confirms the cynicism of the flower girl. A few inches of wire will not suffice to make a bunch of flowers, and the exciting female pays just about as much for a dozen good blooms as a man does for one decrepit specimen with a wire leg. Consequently the flower girl believes neither the brain of man nor the heart of woman, and sits in the lee of statues, cynical and blue. It is as a lawyer who said that only fools went to law. The flower girl knows who buys flowers.—London Telegraph.

ERRONEOUS IDEAS OF THE BLOODHOUND

Belief That It Is Ferocious a Very Common Error.

"The idea that the English bloodhound is a savage and particularly ferocious animal is a very common error, in no small part due, perhaps, to the bloodthirsty stories most of us have read in Uncle Tom's Cabin. The hounds mentioned by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, however, as used in the Southern States, were wood-bounds, animals related to the Cuban hound, with a blending of mastiff, bulldog and hound blood, and were quite savage, and have little, if any, resemblance to the English specimen. These dogs were first known in the West Indies in the latter part of the eighteenth century, when a number were imported, probably from Spain, for the purpose of suppressing the Maroon insurrection, but the natives were so inspired with terror at the first sight of the animals that it was found unnecessary to make use of them.

"Until some 50 years ago bloodhounds were often used in England for tracking sheep stealers, and also by keepers and herders in all the large forests where poachers gave trouble. Some idea may be had of the value of these dogs in such a cause when I recall that they have been known in England to follow their quarry across water. There are many theories regarding how the scent is carried on the water, but the one most generally accepted is that it is held in the bubbles which remain on the surface of the water after the swimmer or wader has passed."

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ONE GOOD TURN DESERVED ANOTHER

The Doctor Who Was No Doctor and the Sick Actress Who Was Well.

In French theaters the doctor of the theater has a seat given him for every performance. He must be there each evening. Naturally, after he has seen the same piece a score of times he longs to be elsewhere, and prefers to give his seat to some of his friends. A well-known writer, Mr. B., says that when he was a young man a friend, the doctor of a certain theater, gave him his seat. Just as he was becoming interested in the first act the stage manager rushed up—the doctor had a nervous attack and required medical aid.

B.—had nothing else to do but follow him. In the lady's dressing-room he found the manager with anguish depicted on every feature and the lady wringing her hands and shrieking: "Now, doctor, quick! What's to be done?"

B.—grew as red as a lobster, and as he could not say anything he just ejaculated: "Him! Let us see; let us see!"

He took the lady's hand in a wild attempt to feel her pulse. She shrieked more than ever and writhed like a snake.

"Yes, you poured any water on her head," he asked.

"And no effect?"

"None."

"Then, give her a sniff of eau de cologne."

"Haven't any," was the answer. "Then go and fetch some."

Off rushed the manager and the stage manager together, and B.—was left with the patient.

Suddenly she opened her eyes and smiled.

"Doctor," you are a good fellow, aren't you?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am-sel!"

"You must be, doctor. Now listen. There is nothing the matter with me. You would have found that out soon. I want a couple of days' holidays. Can't you manage it?"

"Delighted," he replied, joyfully. "Now, ma'am-sel, you're a good sort, too. I'm not a doctor. I came in on the doctor's ticket, so you must not give him away."

By this time the manager and stage manager came back, each with a bottle of eau de cologne. He told them that it was quite unnecessary now; the lady was quite composed, and could appear without any danger. But she must have a few days' rest. They made wry faces, but granted the holiday.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS cure back-ache, rheumatic, scanty, cloudy, thick and highly-colored urine, diabetes, dropsy, and all troubles arising from a weak condition of the kidneys.

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