

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 valuable 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 six-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 the 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 fellows. The man should always be master. He should keep money in the position of a useful servant, not a 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 benefited by his generosity, he is called "the 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 feels that he is doing good to all. He believes that he 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 may be able to educate himself. Here is what Mr. Carnegie once wrote on education:

"Young educated men have an important advantage over the uneducated mechanic—they are open-minded and without prejudice. The scientific attitude of mind that 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 of affairs, for he is generally well along in years when he comes into power. It is infinitely easier for 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 beat the record, and discards his own device or ideas, which the working mechanic can rarely be induced to do. Let no one, 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, must be supposed to conclude that it is impossible to start business in this age. There is something in that. It is, no doubt, infinitely difficult to start a new 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 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 Saturday

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 proven 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 women's 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, Lillie, had St. Vitus's dance, I happened to get one of your small books and read it. I wrote Henry L. Miller, Esq., of North 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 book, I said to myself, with the help of God and that medicine we can cure our daughter. We did so. Four bottles of Favorite Prescription cured her, and I did not have to take her to the 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 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, Napoleonic Andrew Carnegie, 65 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 employee, 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, "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 happiness in their new home. 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 Andrew quickly showed that he had a liking for machinery, and he was given charge of the stationary engine in the factory. For nearly two years he kept this position—oilily, 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 the 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 telegraph 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 a good-looking boy," says Mr. Reid, recalling the day "that I became interested in him at once. He seemed to have

DETERMINATION WRITTEN ON HIS FACE. His eagerness to work and learn were very noticeable. Before he had been with me a month, he asked to be taught telegraphy. When I consented, he spent all his spare time in practice, transmitting and receiving by sound, and not by tap. He was the third operator in the United States to read the Morse signals by sound."

While he was employed by Mr. Reid, his father died, and he became the breadwinner for his mother and his younger brother, Thomas. He took up the duty with a light heart, and determined, a few years later, that he would not marry as long as his mother lived. He kept his word. His mother lived to enjoy the fruits of her son's early successes. In 1888, she passed away, and Thomas Carnegie followed her soon after.

One year in the employ of the Atlantic and Ohio Telegraph Company made Andrew Carnegie an expert operator. It was soon after his 15th birthday that the superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company said to Mr. Reid:

"We need a telegraph operator. Do you know a good one?"

"There's a good man in my office named Carnegie," said Reid, "who shows that he wants to work. He might suit you."

It so happened that the superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad needed, particularly, a man who "wanted to work." He told Mr. Reid to send Carnegie to him.

In his new position, Andrew Car-

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 made on the advice of Mr. Scott. 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 decided upon, 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 he afterwards said, was "bound to make it succeed." His 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 many costly and handsome institutions, 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 undersized 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 Pilkins 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 high life. Within three days you couldn't buy a yard of wide ribbon in any store and every second man in Mink Patterson's barber shop asked for a hair cut on the day after the bid had some of the brethren guessing for a while. There was no end of putting that on. It was an immortal life. The Pilkins 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 Pilkins jamboree, for there was to be an imported orchestra, costing \$75, and meals provided by the city caterer was to bring his own waiters.

Everybody went home early that day so as to take a good, thorough scolding before getting into their other clothes. At dusk they began venturing into the town. The Pilkins place, all looking a little worried and apprehensive. They were sorted out at the front door and led into dressing-rooms, pegged out along the walls, fed on the pilkins 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 putting-on of the good eye until it was learned that the day-stuff was aniline and not rum, and then they stood around and dipped in until they were blue under the ears. About eleven o'clock the Japanese lanterns began to burn up and a large number of people whose feet were hurting them plied the Pilkins with their own papers said it was the event of the season.

Moral—Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow ye die.

Their Steering Gear.

A professor of a profound subject at Harvard University has a small son who is very observant and inquisitive, and a hired man who has all the Irish wit and good humor.

The other day Albert, the small boy, was playing with a cat in the stable while Larry cleaned the harness.

"Say, Larry," he asked, "why do cats always land on their feet?"

"They steer themselves with their tail."

"Well, how do rabbits steer themselves? They haven't long tails; only a stub."

"Well, their ears. That's what they have their long ears for."

"Well, how does a bulldog steer himself? He doesn't have long ears or a long tail."

"Well, his bark."

The boy looked doubtful and was silent. Presently he ran in to his father's study, and in a few minutes came back to the stable.

"Larry!"

"That's true what you told me about bulldogs. I asked papa, and he read something to mamma out of a book about 'barks that steer against the wind.'"

Salad plants comprise a group which may be arranged under the head of acetarous plants. Some have long been known as common vegetables, and cooked and served as such, while others have been regarded simply as weeds by most native Americans.

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.

A Guarantee.

"I hereby certify that I have made a careful chemical analysis of Baby's Own Tablets, which I personally purchased in Montreal. My analysis has proved that the Tablets contain no opium or narcotic, that they are safe for the infant, and that they are a life and efficient medicine for the troubles they are indicated to relieve and cure."

L. L. WILSON, M.D., (M.D.), Public Analyst for Province of Quebec.

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 cabbie and the bus driver have lost their belief in the wisdom of the strand. The gentlemen who sell "extra-specials" by shouting news which the extra specials do 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 monumental except by contrast. They have 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 theory the flower girl is highly poetical. It is the cynicism of the cynic. "Carnation, lily, lily, rose," is all very well in a picture or a poem. When you have to sell them in a twentieth century May you do not look pictorial and poetic, but rather expressive of mental with a blue nose. There are degrees in the trade. The "button holes" that cover some square feet belong to a different caste of vendor and a different caste of wearer from the more 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 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 all the more. The Frenchman is profusely polite, but he pays none the less. They are both mere foolish men to the cynical flower girl.

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 the Tom Cabin."

"The bounds mentioned by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, however, as used in the Southern States, are cross-bred animals, and related to the bloodhound by 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 20 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 say that they have been known in England to follow their quarry across water. There are many stories regarding how the scent is carried on the water, but the one most generally accepted is that it is laid down by the water on the swimmer or wader has passed."

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 and 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 now improved facilities which are now being offered are certain to increase the numbers who will spend their holidays in this manner. The Osaka Asahi has been forming an estimate of the 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 in the country for five weeks, spent on an average about 2,000 yen, or about \$1,000. This sum was divided as follows: 1,000 yen (or \$500) for hotel and traveling expenses; 750 yen outlay for purchases; and 250 yen miscellaneous expenses. Each person who landed at Kobe or Nagasaki could do well at 1,000 yen in five weeks, the details being 500 yen hotel and traveling expenses, 500 yen purchases and 125 yen miscellaneous. The Kobe authorities are more moderate in their estimates, and put

down the expenses of a foreigner who stays in Japan 40 days at between 1,000 and 600 yen. This probably represents the amount which would be spent by those who were moderate in their ways of living and purchasing; but, of course, much larger sums could be spent by those of extravagant tastes. The amount spent on curios may be made as large as means will allow.—Engineering.

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 heroine 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 writhing 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: "H'm. 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.

"Have you poured any water on her head?" he asked.

"Yes."

"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. 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, side-ache, scanty, cloudy, thick and high-colored urine, diabetes, dropsy, and all troubles arising from a weak condition of the kidneys.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOILET SOAP

BEST FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION.

Antiseptic, Emollient, Refreshing.

Sold by Chemists, Stores, &c.

F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

WILSON'S FLY PAD POISON THE BEST FLY KILLER