

**REGARDING MR. A. CARNEGIE**

**He Has a Happy Every Day Disposition**

**Notwithstanding His Life Has Been a Remarkably Busy One—Proud of His Wife.**

It was at the private view of the Royal Academy in one of the early sixties, writes a contributor, that I first saw Andrew Carnegie. A friend and I were busy at the pictures, when my companion suddenly left my side, and I turned to see him cordially greeting a short, white-haired man and a very sweet-faced woman. I remember wondering, as in answer to his signal I made my way to the trio, who it could be; but it never occurred to me for a moment that the curious-looking man with the almost shabby clothes and a silk hat was no larger for him than the master of many millions.

Later day pictures of the man who at 66, has proclaimed his veneration for the "giving away" of forty millions before he dies, give the public a totally false impression of his face. I have seen no portrait of him in the picture papers which does not give him an air of truculent, of hardness, almost of defiance. In reality the characteristic of the face is its melancholy and, in repose, its somewhat weary gentleness of expression, doubtless due to his very indifferent health. Markedly below the average height, and by no means heavily or strongly built, the great millionaire at first sight looks a man about as unlikely to have fought a tedious and heroic battle with poverty and adverse fate as any you could find. It is only when you have had time to notice the squareness of the head and jaws, and the extraordinary brightness and keenness of the dark eyes, accentuated as they are by the deadly pallor of the skin, that you discover in the features indications of the "grit" which enables the penniless Glasgow emigrant of forty years ago to offer his native land today a gift that has no parallel in the history of munificence.

I have seen Mr. Carnegie under all conditions and upon all occasions; I have spent days in the same house with him, and I never saw him other than badly dressed. And when I say "badly dressed," I mean "badly dressed." Not merely such faults of garb as would

attract the attention of your contemporary, Fashion, but a sheer carelessness, and indifference to appearance that must ever be noticeable to all around him. I don't think it arises from pride, as in two or three almost notorious cases, but rather from a sincere contempt for punctilious attention to the more trivial details of life. These must be galling to any man who has brains and money enough to be able to afford to dress badly and comfortably.

And brains Mr. Carnegie has. He is no mere lucky business man, but one whom you will find, in a very short talk, to be possessed of a knowledge of art, of poetry and of literature, which is quite amazing when you must remember that it must indubitably be self-cultured. For there have been no leisure years for him; no period, as in most men's lives, when the acquisition of knowledge was the sole business of life. Ever since childhood he has fought hard for his bread and butter. See him at the head of his luxurious dining-table, loaded with plate and costly fare and hothouse fruits, and hear him—as I have heard him—stretching out his short-fingered, white, lined hand, say: "This hand has wielded the hammer in a smith's forge," and you have the man in a sentence; in the astounding contrast of his "yesterday," and of his "today."

To go back to the first day I met him. My friend and I lunched with him and his wife in the Academy, and a friendly dispute arose as to who should pay. He insisted on paying the host, and produced a purse. The carrying of a purse always seems to me to be indicative of character. Men who carry them are not necessarily mean, but they are always methodical, exact, calculating in money matters, as opposed to the état d'ame of most of us, who pull out a handful of change, gold, silver and copper mixed, when there's anything to pay. I have always remembered Andrew Carnegie's neat purse as indicative of his nature. His every action is methodical. His very generosity and gifts of millions are, I feel convinced, the outcome of a method as rigid and inelastic as a theorem of Euclid. They are rather from the head than the heart. Practical, non-sympathetic, he approaches the problem of the disposal of his terrible wealth in an entirely practical, un sentimental spirit. In "charity," in "benevolence," in any abstraction of unreasoning largeness, Andrew Carnegie believes not.

Of his sincerity in his democratic views there is no question. I have walked with him in the superb grounds

of Lord de la Warr's Samer seat, of which he was a tenant a year or two ago, and talked with him on many of the great social questions. In those magnificent forest lands of feudal times, the far-reaching acres of park, a thousand acres fenced off for one man's use, he might be forgiven if his democracy suffered some shadow of alteration. But he takes his wealth and its privileges simply, quietly, moderately. For him there is no class but that for which men qualify with brains, or with effort and self-reliance. If there is one thing which would make him bend the knee, it is not rank, not wealth, it is intellect. This, and this only, he may be fairly said to worship.

If you are a guest of Mr. Carnegie you have "a good time." He is immensely hospitable and makes an excellent host. In this he is more than helped by charming Mrs. Carnegie. She is indeed charming and very much younger than her husband—a good twenty years or more—is the heart and soul of gaiety, the dancing and games for which the millionaire has little inclination, but which are the natural amusements of the younger members of his big house parties. He is devoted to his wife, and is not above showing it in a pretty way. For example, I remember they had one very pleasant custom. Mrs. Carnegie would come down to the drawing room before dinner with a black silk bag. In this she had placed little scraps of paper, upon each of which was written the name of some lady of the party. These were drawn by the men, and thus each got a partner. One night the man of millions "drew" his wife, and I shall not easily forget his almost boyish pleasure as he announced the fact standing on a chair like an auctioneer in his rostrum and feigning to offer his prize for bidding among his male guests, and then, with a charming grace, withdrawing his offer, as his "luck was too precocious."

I could tell many other stories of his attachment to his wife, but they are, perhaps, too intimate for publication. He is certainly a perfect husband, and so deserves the married happiness he has. He has all his life "scored delights and lived laborious days." A severe moralist, he has no sympathy with "wild oats," or those lapses from domestic virtues of which a modern world, he thinks, too light.

But in spite of a happy marriage, Andrew Carnegie is not a happy man. I remember as we drove to the station in his four-in-hand coach, I was saying how I envied him his wealth, and he said: "I am not really to be envied. How can my wealth help me? I am

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**FEAST OF NEW YEAR**  
Will be Observed by Orthodox Jews of Dawson.

The orthodox Jews of the city are making preparations for observing the Jewish holidays which begin next week. Rosh a Shonah, the feast of the new year, commences on Friday evening at sundown, September 13 and lasts until sundown Sunday evening, it being the custom among the orthodox Jews to observe two days. Ten days later, on the 25th, is Yom Kippur, the day of atonement, it likewise lasting from sundown to sundown. The services this year will probably be held in Pioneer hall the same as they have been in the past three years, though definite arrangements have as yet not been made. The actions of Col. Reichenthal in securing Masonic hall gratis without even consulting other members of the congregation is repudiated by many of the most prominent Jews. They say that the colonel professes adherence to the doctrines of the Reform church, has never affiliated with them before, and that his action in taking such steps was entirely unwarranted. They object to receiving Masonic hall or any other hall gratis and insist they are not objects of charity but on the contrary are abundantly able to pay for their accommodation.

**Kings on \$5 a Week.**  
It would seem that riches and regal power do not always go together; at any rate, there are several monarchs in receipt of salaries which the average city clerk would despise.

The king of Portugal is probably the poorest sovereign in Europe. He is supposed to receive \$28,000 a year, but it is alleged it is some time since he received anything at all, because money is uncommonly "tight" in the national exchequer. Many of the royal creditors pay their tradesmen with credit notes, but no doubt in the future when Portugal, by practicing the strictest economy, rights herself they will be above par.

The sultan is a rich man, but his position is not responsible for his wealth. Were it not that he has enormous private means he could not rule over Turkey, because some years have now elapsed since he drew even a portion of his salary, although the Turks boast that he is paid at the rate of \$780,000 per annum for occupying the throne. This is true on paper; but in reality Abdul Hamid gives his services for nothing, owing to the bankrupt condition of his country.

Forty-five shillings a week is the magnificent salary of the kings of Siam. The Berlin general act of 1889 brought this once powerful monarch face to face with poverty, and settled the allowance mentioned upon him in lieu of the thousands he formerly played with. The most humiliating fact, however, is that his chief justice receives \$1000 a year, while his most insignificant subject has an income little below his own.

Until quite lately the king of Dahomey received the equivalent of \$1 a week from the French government to enable him to live in exile at Martinique. But eventually he appealed for an increase in salary in order to maintain a large retinue, with the result that he was granted an additional five francs. After all, twenty-four shillings a week is not an exorbitant allowance for the man who was once the most powerful monarch in West Africa.

The privilege of being king of Luxembourg is not an enviable one from a financial point of view, at any rate, for although the salary accruing to the post is supposed to be \$15,000 a year, there is often difficulty in collecting as many hundreds. The whole kingdom only extends over an area of 1600 square miles, defended by an army of 350 men. The inhabitants pay taxes when the choose to do so, but directly the government becomes unpopular the country refuses to support it, and the soldiers, whose pay is months and not infrequently years overdue, side with the people. At such times the king has to give the country credit, and at others finds it difficult to secure the funds necessary to uphold the dignity of a throne.

The unfortunate Emperor Kwang Hsu of China is supposed to be able to live without money; at all events, his government does not provide him with a penny. There is absolutely no grant to the reigning monarch in China, but the emperor has the privilege of being able to order any goods he may require, and will not be asked to pay for them.

The same rule applies to the do-wager empress, but she receives pocket money in the shape of \$250,000 per annum for "giving advice" to the emperor on political matters.

**Lincoln's Wife Pulled His Hair.**  
Mrs. H. A. Baldwin, an old lady now living in Los Angeles who was a close neighbor of the Lincolns in Springfield, Ill., gives the following personal recollection of Lincoln in Leslie's Monthly:

"While Mr. Lincoln was living in Springfield a judge of the city, who was one of the leading and most influential citizens of the place, had occasion to call upon him." Mr. Lincoln was not over-particular in the manner of dress and was also careless in his manner. The judge was ushered into the parlor, where he found Mr. Lincoln sprawled out across a couple of chairs, reclining at his ease. The judge was asked to be seated, and, without changing his position in the least, Mr. Lincoln entered into conversation with his visitor.

"While the two were talking Mrs. Lincoln entered the room. She was, of course, greatly embarrassed at Mr. Lincoln's off-hand manner of entertaining his caller, and stepping up behind her husband she grasped him by the hair and twitched his head about, at the same time looking at him reprovingly.

"Mr. Lincoln apparently did not notice the rebuke. He simply looked up at his wife, then across to the judge and, without rising, said:

"Little Mary, allow me to introduce you to my friend, Judge So-and-so."

"It will be remembered that Mrs. Lincoln's maiden name was Mary Todd, and that she was very short in stature."

**The Fuel Supply.**  
Thousands of cords of wood are being floated to Dawson by both the Yukon and Klondike rivers and first-class fuel can now be purchased delivered at \$10 per cord, cheaper than ever before in the history of the city. It is said that a man who owns 1000 cords of four-foot wood which was cut on the upper river for steamboats and for which there is no demand, will raft the supply to Dawson and put it on the market in order to get his money out of it. Many people are now securing their winter's supply of wood at the prevailing price, but, from the amount on hand there is little prospect of a material advance in price during the winter.

**Information Wanted.**  
John Goytia is requested to communicate with his family about land in Alaska, which can be sold at once, and to wire his address. 09-28

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