

## ANDREW CARNEGIE.

BACK IN HIS OWN LIBRARY—A PROPHET NOT WITHOUT HONOR IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

The first banners put up by the Tammany campaign committee bore in large and glaring letters two paragraphs as to "what Andrew Carnegie did" and "what Andrew Carnegie said." By these misleading statements it was hoped by the managers of the Croker-Devery-Sullivan party to mislead the voters of New-York to believe that Mr. Carnegie endorsed the Tammany administration, and would aid the organization in perpetuating its misrule of the city. Mr. Carnegie was in Europe when the

there are books and two cases containing cherished souvenirs. Among these are cases in which the freedom of cities were presented, trowels with which cornerstones were laid, and similar treasures. All this will soon be removed to the palace in Fifth-ave., and Andrew Carnegie will have the pleasure of fitting a new library for himself, an occupation at which he should be an expert.

## TIPPING IN QUICK LUNCH RESTAURANTS.

From The Philadelphia Record.

Two men sat side by side on the high stools of one of those quick lunch places, lined with pale tiles like a bathroom, that abound in this city. One of them said to the other: "In a café like this few persons tip the waiter behind the counter. They think it would be a waste of money, because the waiter calls their orders down a tube

## ELECTION NIGHT SCENES.

HOW THE NEWS OF THE RESULT WAS RECEIVED IN VARIOUS QUARTERS.

Never before was the great East Side so deliriously happy over an anti-Tammany victory as it was last Tuesday night. Business men who, through fear of police persecution in case of the defeat of the fusion forces, had confined their enthusiasm for Low and Jerome to the election booth, until it was entrusted to the ballot box, as soon as they felt reasonably sure of the success of the reform ticket shouted, blew fish horns, shook hands with each other, sang, danced and otherwise demeaned themselves as became men who for a whole month had been

headquarters were situated, there is no news ticker. Early in the evening many of Mr. McEvoy's friends who had taken an active part in the canvass gathered there. They seemed to believe that Low had been elected and Jerome defeated, and the gathering was racked by the contention of joy and disappointment for the mastery. When a reporter for The Tribune entered about 8 o'clock and announced that the early figures strongly indicated Jerome's election, hats went into the air and a hurrah which could have been heard a block away proved only the beginning of a carnival of enthusiasm. The crowd was rapidly augmented by passersby who heard the shouts, and Mr. McEvoy held a levee until closing time.

The headquarters of the various campaign committees in the vicinity of Madison Square were almost deserted. The people could not vent their enthusiasm satisfactorily indoors, but paraded the streets and shouted until they were hoarse.

Early in the evening the count of the ballots at the various polling places was watched with eager interest by as many as could secure admittance. The voting place of Edward M. Shepard, in the Third Election District of the 11th Assembly District of Brooklyn, in a stable at Henry and Warren sts., afforded a typical vote-counting scene. The supporters of the defeated candidate were there in the majority and gained much satisfaction from the good run of their favorite at home.

Mayor-elect Low and his family had many visitors early in the evening, and they stayed until the result was past all doubt. The spacious parlors at No. 30 East Sixty-fourth-st. were brilliantly lighted and were occupied by a company almost equally divided between the sexes. In the basement the corner room had been equipped as a temporary telegraph office, and operators passed the bulletins to the house servants, who carried them upstairs as rapidly as received. The doorbell was ringing almost constantly in response to the touch of callers who had good tidings for the happy recipient of the day's highest honors. From almost every car that passed along Madison-ave., cheers for the Mayor-elect were heartily given. Mr. Low received the newspaper reporters at about 9 o'clock and never answered their volley of questions more freely or more cheerfully.

## QUICK WITS IN THE CROWD.

CART TAIL GRATORS OFTEN ENCOUNTER THEM AT OPEN AIR POLITICAL MEETINGS.

Some of the swiftest kind of repartee comes out in political campaigns between the cart tail spellbinders who address open air meetings and their audiences. Inside a hall the average New-Yorker feels diffident about interrupting the speaker with questions or comments, but when standing in a crowd in the street his nerve is generally with him, and many a sharp crossfire of verbal missiles results. The recent campaign in this city was no exception.

A Tammany orator, who is also a petty office-holder, drawing salary and "perquisites" from the city, had been fervently urging a crowd at the Bowery and First-st. to support Croker's ticket, ignoring for ten minutes frequent questions shouted at him which he did not care to answer. At last his temper got the better of him, and, singling out one of his tormentors, who had been especially vociferous on the subjects of "Ice" and "Ramapo," he shouted:

"What are you yapping for, cur?"  
"Because I see a thief!" came the reply, quick as a flash. A roar of laughter from the crowd drowned the orator's retort to that, if, indeed, he had any.



THE CROWD IN HARRY McEVY'S SALOON, CANAL AND BAXTER STS.

Cheering the first news that Jerome was probably elected. Mr. McEvoy in the centre.

banners were put up, and when he returned was besieged with questions as to his leaning in the political contest. He emphasized the fact that he was "no partisan" without going into the details of the questions of the day, but in the minds of those who know him there was never any doubt as to Mr. Carnegie's sympathies in the fight between the fusion and the Tammany candidates.

Even without the political advertising banners Mr. Carnegie would have attracted unusual attention on his return from Europe. While he was abroad he made princely gifts to educational institutions, and in recognition of his liberality received many honors at the hands of his countrymen. Among these was the Lord Rectorship of St. Andrew's University, one of the four institutions to share in the gift of \$10,000,000 which was given for the benefit of his "Scottish fellow citizens" only, and not to be enjoyed by "English, Irish, colonists or foreigners."

Schools, libraries and colleges in all parts of the United States had received more than \$30,000,000 from Mr. Carnegie in the last twenty years. The world has become accustomed to hearing about large gifts from the retired ironmaster, but \$10,000,000 to "establish free education in four Scotch universities" was a philanthropic measure which created surprise and excitement even though Andrew Carnegie was the donor.

Mr. Carnegie's hobby is libraries, and it is natural that the library in his home should be his favorite room. The house in which he now lives and which he will probably occupy until his new home in Fifth-ave. is completed is in Fifty-first-st., near Fifth-ave. There is nothing remarkable about it but its simplicity. The library, where Mr. Carnegie spends much of his time, where he wrote "The Gospel of Wealth" and many of his lectures, occupies the entire front of the second story of the house and is a luxuriously furnished apartment. A conspicuous feature of the room is the Carnegie coat of arms, emblazoned on the library wall. This shows a reversed crown surmounted by a liberty cap. A weaver's shuttle and a shoemaker's knife are upon the escutcheon, Scotch and American flags are the supporters, and below is the legend, "Death to Privilege." There are books everywhere, on tables, shelves and stands, and on the massive centre table there is always a handsomely bound copy of Mr. Carnegie's "Fifty Years' March of the Republic." One side of the room is taken up almost entirely by the fireplace; but even on this side

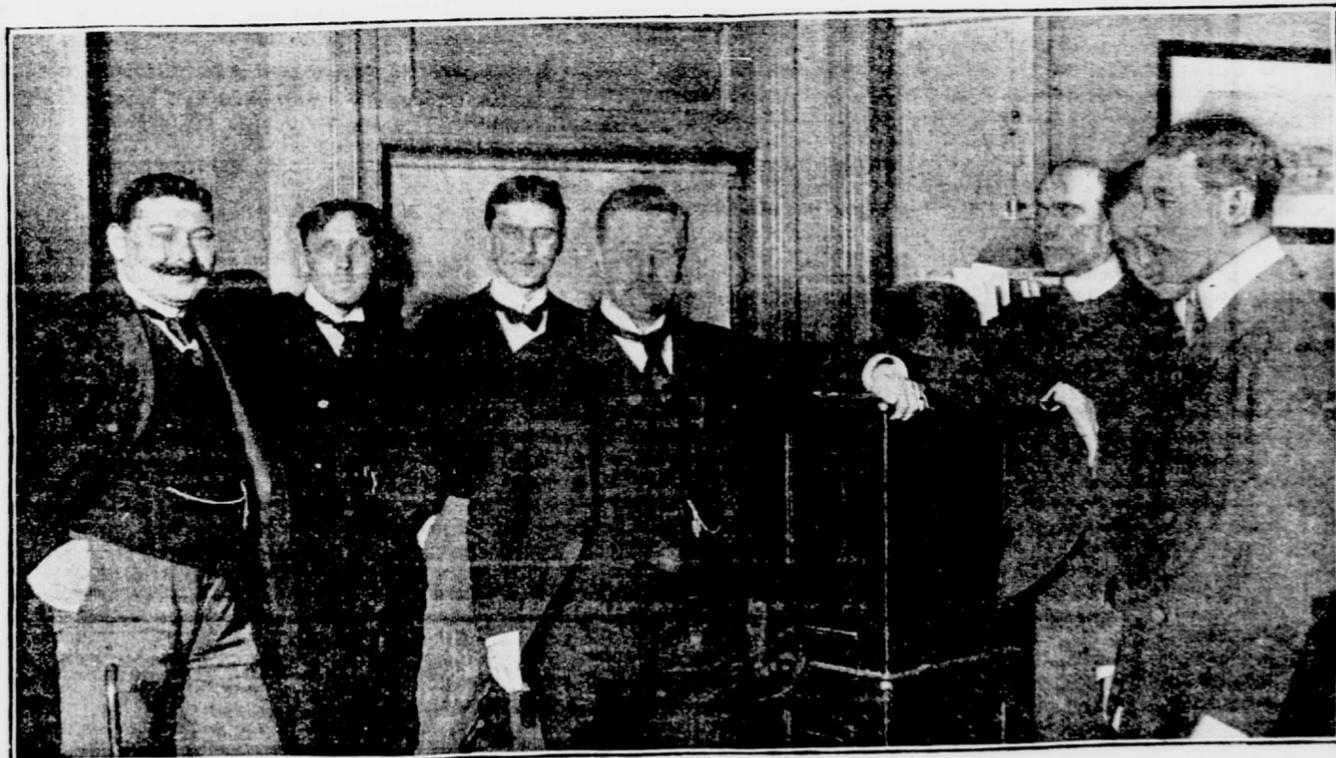
into a kitchen somewhere underground, and they hold that he has no jurisdiction over the portions, and that they are served just the same whether they tip him or not. Well, they are altogether mistaken. I know, for I have made a study of this matter. The waiter here has two tones with which to speak through the tube. One tone is for the patron who tips, the other for him who doesn't. Now, watch a minute." The waiter, in an ordinary voice, now called three orders, and then, in a strange falsetto, called that of the man who had been speaking. "You see?" said he to his companion. "I tip, and those other fellows don't." A moment later he added triumphantly: "Look at the difference between my order of roast beef and our friend's over there. I've got a big cut out of the heart of the roast, and he's got two or three little chunks of 'end.' Oh, yes, it pays to tip in these places as well as it does anywhere."

gathering breath for the great outburst. The children, who had on former occasions kindled bonfires only because they were not forbidden, danced around them last Tuesday evening shouting in unison:

Low! Low! Shepard, no!  
Croker can a-sailing go!

and other extemporized jingles, many of which were invented by the school children who sang them. Women in the East Side streets were as numerous and as enthusiastic as the men. In the Eastern District and older wards of Brooklyn similar scenes were enacted.

At the place of Harry McEvoy, at Canal and Baxter sts., over which Jerome's campaign



SETH LOW, MAYOR-ELECT, RECEIVING THE NEWSPAPER MEN AT 9 O'CLOCK P. M. In the basement of his house at No. 30 East Sixty-fourth-st., where a temporary telegraph office had been installed to receive the returns.