

**WOULD SEE MR. CARNEGIE.**

**Many Persons Who Do Not Get Past His Secretaries.**

Two young men in raincoats stood at the entrance to Andrew Carnegie's big house in East 92d street. One of them had just pushed the button. In a moment a servant wearing a waistcoat like Joseph's coat of many colors pushed open the heavy glass and metal barred door.

"Can we see Mr. Carnegie?" asked one of the young men.

"What would you like to see him about?" inquired the servant, good naturedly.

"We'd like to shake hands with him and say 'How d'ye do.'"

"I am afraid he would not see you, but you can see his secretary," replied the keeper of the gate, with no sign of astonishment or annoyance at the unintentional impertinence of the request.

"We've come all the way from San Francisco," pleaded the young man who had been speaking. "We'd like to see him, if we could."

"I am afraid that would be impossible. About two hundred persons call here every day wishing to see him for just the same reason, but he never sees them. I could take you in to see his secretary, but that is the best I could do."

The young men argued a little longer and then turned away, when it became evident that they would gain nothing by discussing the point with the good natured but unimpressible servant.

There is an unpleasant "unearned increment" connected with philanthropy on the scale Mr. Carnegie practices it. When one learns of some of the returns of benevolence one wonders that philanthropists do not in disgust throw up the job of giving the world an extra shove toward the millennium. Fortunately, a man who is rich enough to be counted as a philanthropist in these days of great benefactions is able to hire a secretary and office force to stand between him and the multitudinous demands upon his attention and his pocketbook.

Within Mr. Carnegie's house there are a passage and a chamber which, because of their use, if not their object, remind one of those secret passages which were built into some mediaeval castles for the quiet removal of unwelcome guests. Mr. Carnegie has many uninvited callers whom it is necessary to shunt aside. When they ask for Mr. Carnegie, a small, barred door at the side of the vestibule is opened. It gives entrance to a narrow passage and a flight of several steps. The steps lead into a small, low chamber, containing chairs, a table furnished with stationery and a few rich ornaments. The woodwork is dark and polished. At the corner, diagonally opposite the short stairway, are two doors. One opens into the main part of the house. The other leads into the roomy office of the secretary and his assistant. In this small reception room many visitors are received.

Here the secretary sees clergymen of all creeds—half a dozen in the course of a day, sometimes—who are seeking funds for the construction of churches for Sunday school libraries and for missionary enterprises. College presidents bent on securing endowments and new buildings, and women desiring Mr. Carnegie's assistance in the execution of projects as varied and numerous as the feminine mind can conceive, here present

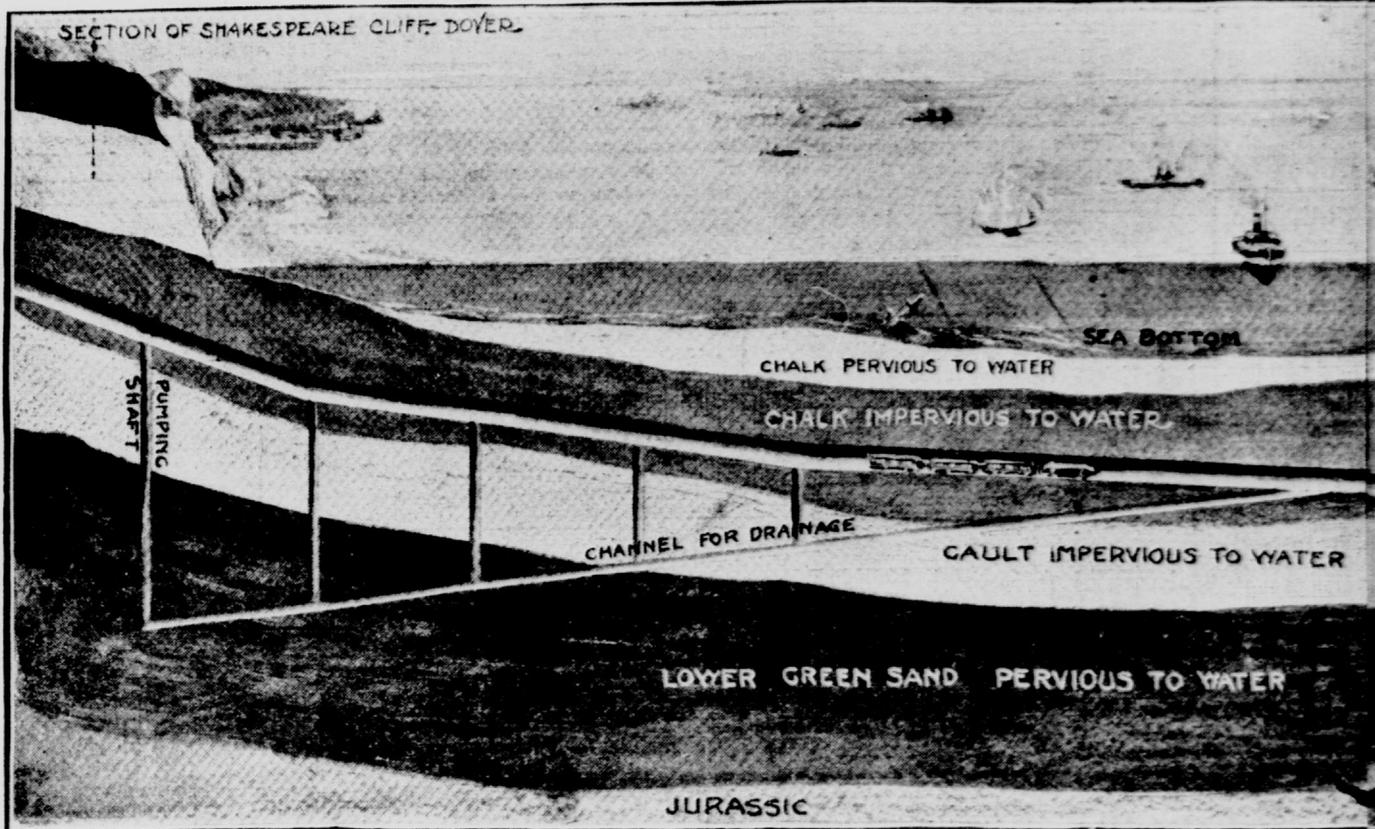
their appeals to Mr. Carnegie through the ears of his secretaries. To many the usefulness, even the necessity, of an intermediary is not apparent. To them a secretary is a barrier who defeats their object. With a persistence and insistence that employed in another direction and possibly upon a worthier object would bring a goodly measure of success they refuse to be satisfied with the secretary's promise to lay the matter before Mr. Carnegie. To them the promise is only a subterfuge. They insist upon seeing Mr. Carnegie. When told that they cannot do so they take seats and declare that they will wait. When practically compelled to depart, they announce in no uncertain tones that it is their intention to write to Mr. Carnegie and inform him of the treatment which they have received, forgetful of the fact that by writing they are simply delivering themselves into the hands of the Philistines, the secretaries, in a form much more easily disposed of than their persons.

One of the duties of Mr. Carnegie's secretaries is that of returning gifts. The number which this bestower of princely gifts receives is astonishing, and their character is as astonishing as their number. In the secretary's office is a pile of presents. They bear no marks to indicate who sent them. Some day, perhaps, those who sent them will write, asking if they have been received. Then they will be returned with Mr. Carnegie's compliments. In the cellar is another pile also retained for the same reason. It is borrowing trouble not to return the gifts, for

it is probable that the giver of a pair of bedroom slippers, or a cane, or a shawl will in due season write a letter calling attention to the gift, narrating how the giver has fallen upon evil days, and could use a little cash to advantage.

Adopting the idea of the rejection slip, familiar to the writers of newspaper and magazine articles, Mr. Carnegie has provided a rejection slip to be inclosed with articles returned to the givers. While this is not its exact phraseology, the slip reads something like this: "Mr. Carnegie appreciates the feeling which prompted the gift, but he does not wish to deprive the giver of such a valuable thing, and therefore returns it." This slip is returned with the soft knit bedroom slippers, the shawls, and the curiously carved walking sticks which no one would use except in the secret recesses of a forest where he might be sure of being unseen.

In some faraway town a number of women are assembled in the parlors of their church. They are planning a fair to raise money for a carpet for the auditorium and a piano for the Sunday school room. "I've thought of a scheme for adding some money to our fund," said one of the women as she pushed her needle through the fold of a piece of cloth from which she was making a pin cushion cover. "Mr. Carnegie is a great philanthropist who is trying to give away his money, so I think it would be just the thing to send him something to buy for the benefit of our fair. He would be glad to send us a generous sum, I am sure, and he would never feel

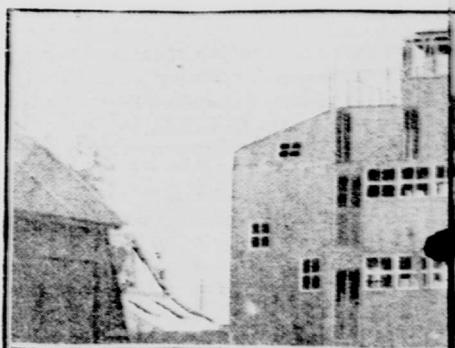


**LATEST PLAN OF THE OFT-DISCUSSED SCHEME FOR A TUNNEL**  
 Work was begun twenty-five years ago upon an entrance to the tunnel at Dover, but was stopped by popular clamor aroused by fear of the strata to be pierced and a system of drainage for keeping the railway tracks clear of water. The piercing of the tunnel bed of gray chalk impervious to water occurs just below the chalk pervious to water, and through this the passage would be fifty-five, and the seasick Channel passenger of the comic papers would be a rarity in real life.



**"ON THE KNEE!"—AN ORDER TO**

On the night of November 4, when the men there was some slight unruliness, as they recalled them to the gymnasium to give "On the knee!" was issued. It is a long when they are addressed by an officer, audience. Some newly joined stokers, manhood and refused to kneel. Whi seemed to have closed, but later, inmediately a riot ensued. The officers' smashed. The disturbance was repeated fifty men were arrested.



**THE LATEST AND WEIRD**  
 It seems difficult to realize that the she such is the intention of its inventors. North London. It will have eight a four to propel it. It is pointed like passengers.



**DAREDEVIL ATTACK ON THE RUSSIAN TREASURY LANDAU IN ST. PETERSBURG.**

The daring attack on and pillage of one of the Russian government's treasury landaus in the heart of St. Petersburg, in broad daylight, created a great sensation recently. Not only was the sum of money stolen a large one (£60,000), but the waylaying, attack and robbery were carried out with consummate skill and the most reckless bravery. An ambush was laid by a dozen revolutionaries, who well knew the route taken by the landau in its bi-weekly journey from the custom house to the provincial treasury, which is on the Catherine Canal, in the very heart of the city. They posted themselves near a network of small streets, affording facilities of escape, a couple of hundred yards from the treasury. The attack was made with bombs and revolvers, and although none of the escort of gendarmes was seriously hurt a horse was killed. The landau was ransacked amid the confusion and the money quickly handed to a woman, who disappeared over a footbridge that crosses the Catherine Canal, and got safely away with the booty. The gendarmes fired wild fusillades and the highwaymen fled. The one who flung the first bomb was killed on the spot, but there were desperate encounters in several streets with the others, three of whom were either killed or wounded and one of whom shot himself. The other seven escaped.

—London Graphic.

it. I think I will send Mr. Carnegie never though it was delivered returned the same carvings, pictures and back to other persons idea of Mr. Carnegie. Among the duties of is the painful task of a book publisher's may seem, authors to Mr. Carnegie for these manuscripts addressed to the author not see their way of "able work" on their would be willing to pay the author, or if he hundred copies. Will a publisher that they appeal to Mr. bringing it out. The secretaries to dash the ing authors by inferring meaning of the notes.