

Page of World Wide Interest From Lands Across the Seas

CARNEGIE'S GIFT TO DUNFERMLINE

Pittencrieff Park and Palace Ruins Are Marvelously Beautiful, and Ironmaster Uses Them For an Experiment.

Special Foreign Service.
DUNFERMLINE, Scotland, Nov. 21.—Dunfermline's city fathers are now recovering from the shock of Andrew Carnegie's gift of the beautiful Pittencrieff estate—glen, groves, historic ruins and all—and are now making the place ready for the humble populace of the grimy old town whose chief son Mr. Carnegie is.

A friend who stopped at Dunfermline the other day took some beautiful photos of the place, and contributes the following comments on the Pittsburg millionaire's gift to his birthplace:

"No municipality in the world has a finer bit of park and wood in its center than Dunfermline has, in the estate of Pittencrieff, the magnificent

the Pended tower into a museum, by giving £25,000 for baths and a gymnasium, by providing Carnegie bursaries for secondary education, and for years he has contributed to the funds of choral and orchestral societies.

"In his letter announcing the gifts to the people of Dunfermline, Mr. Carnegie says: 'It is more than twenty years since I provided in my will for this experiment, for experiment it is. My retirement from business enables me to act in my own lifetime, and the fortunate acquisition of Pittencrieff, with its lovely glen, furnishes the needed foundation on which you can build, beginning your work by making it a recreation park for the people. Needed structures will have an admirable site on its edge, in the very center of the population.' With a commission such as this and an income of £25,000 a year, it should be possible, if not to

ship, become a British subject again, stand for a seat in parliament and cut a dash in the house of commons as a follower of John Morley. The only shadow of truth in all that rubbish was that Mr. Carnegie really is the closest chum of John Morley, and is probably one of the very few persons who saw that literary statesman's 'Life of Gladstone' before it went to the printer, anything could tempt Mr. Carnegie to go into British politics it would be his personal fondness for Mr. Morley, but I am assured that the great distributor of libraries is as jealous of his American citizenship as he is of his fame as patron of books.

The number of acceptances of his offer of free libraries to British towns is said to have fallen greatly of late. Several such offers have been stiffly declined and several others have led to such violent local rows that Mr. Carnegie has become slightly reticent with the whole business, and inclined to pay more attention to British industrial undertakings. He is interested in more of these than is generally supposed. A few months ago he came to the assistance of the South Wales quarrymen in their fight with Lord Penrhyn, the owner of the quarries, and now he is doing something for his own countrymen in the Highlands of Scotland. The crofter question has been exercising his mind for years and he has sent anonymously many thousands of pounds to relieve the distressed. He prefers to remain in the background now with regard to anything he is doing to revive industries among the crofters, and the money that he contributes is always in an assumed name. When asked sometime ago why he did not want his identity disclosed he replied: 'America is my commercial home, and I do not wish British to spend money, not to make it.'

The announcement made recently that an important scheme was on foot to develop the Scottish Highlands is the outcome of a suggestion on the part of this millionaire. A community known as the Scottish Labor colony, has been for some years working the peat fields in a sort of haphazard way. Now the Scottish Peat Industries, limited, at the instigation of Mr. Carnegie, have bought the colony's undertaking and intend to fix up the plant in the district. The capital of the concern is \$200,000, and it is believed that Mr. Carnegie has given sufficient to provide for working expenses free of any other interest. The industry will open up a new era in the Highlands.

No definite news has been given yet concerning the great plan for the construction of model homes. In response to Mr. Carnegie's request the representative body of housing experts who have been interesting themselves in obtaining better housing for the poor, have now prepared a complete scheme for his approval, involving the initial expenditure of a good many millions, although it is claimed that the scheme's elements are built they will be self-supporting.

PITTENCRIEFF PALACE RUINS AS SEEN FROM THE RAVINE



From a Photo Taken for This Article.

demestic bought by Andrew Carnegie for the people of his native city. The gift of a romantic glen and park, with \$2,500,000 thrown in, has no parallel in recent years in this or any other country. Twenty-five thousand pounds a year—the income of the \$2,500,000—means nearly two golden sovereigns to every inhabitant of the city, providing the steel trust bonds, in which the money was conveyed, hold good.

"In 1876 Mr. Carnegie founded the Carnegie bath at Dunfermline, and followed this gift up by establishing a free library, by presenting to the city a technical school, by converting

eliminate the 'submerged tenth,' to work a social revolution in a comparatively small city like Dunfermline."

The "Laird of Skibo" has inspired some of the Scotch newspaper correspondents to occasional flights of imagination that would do credit to the yellowest of American yellow journals. One of them divulged to the writer the other day—and was prepared to write it all out, for £1 a thousand words—the astonishing fact that Mr. Carnegie was behind a big Liberal party which was in the wings, and that as soon as he had made sufficient headway with it, he was going to surrender his American citizen-

Some Telegrams Which Were of Highest Importance

LONDON, Nov. 21.—On Sunday, May 19, 1857, the British sent a message to Delhi that a number of the men of the 33rd native cavalry were to be punished for refusing to bite their cartridges. It may be remembered that it was the supposed fact of the cartridges being greased with lard which was the immediate cause of the outbreak of the Indian mutiny.

Mr. Todd, who is in charge of the telegraph office at Delhi, started for Meerut early the Monday morning, to ascertain the cause of a sudden breakdown of the wire. He met the mutineers and was killed. At the Delhi office were left only two boys named Brendish and Pilkington.

About 11 o'clock heavy firing began in the city, just outside the walls of which the telegraph office lay. Then a wounded British officer came by in a carriage. But the boys remained at their posts telegraphing the news of events through to Lahore by way of Umballa, which was the only line remaining open.

At 2 in the afternoon Delhi was taken by the mutineers from Meerut, and all the Europeans were massacred. Brendish sent the news through and ended with the words:

"And Now I'm Off."

It was this message which enabled Gen. Lawrence at Lahore to disarm the Sepoys there before they heard the news of the capture of Delhi.

If this precaution had not been taken, these regiments, which were mutinous to the core, would most certainly have risen, and the rebellion would have spread all through the Punjab. As it was, the great province remained peaceful and actually proved the salvation of India, for it was regiments from the Northwest which inflicted their first defeats on the mutineers.

Both Brendish and Pilkington escaped safely, and were freed a few years ago with a pension of about £3 a week.

Lord Rosebery was the sender of one of the most important telegrams which ever left these shores.

Early in 1893 France fell out with Slam. On July 20 of that year France presented an ultimatum to the Siamese government, and friendly vessels were given three days to clear.

Out of the Harbor of Bangkok.

British commercial interests were then, as they are still, very important at Bangkok, and H. M. S. Linnet was on the spot to protect them.

When Lord Rosebery heard of the French order, he inquired of France what facilities would be given for victualling our ships of war off the Siamese port. The French admiral replied that the order applied to ships of war as well as to merchant vessels, and that the Linnet was leaving.

Had our government acquiesced, it is almost certain that the Siamese natives would have risen, all white people would have been killed, and one of our most valuable markets lost to us forever. Instead, Lord Rosebery telegraphed immediately to Bangkok that the Linnet was on account to the French.

The French admiral, seeing that Britain meant business, explained matters away by saying that he had not intended to order our ship to leave; he had merely desired that she would change her position.

Meantime our government devoted all its energies towards inducing Slam to yield to certain of the French demands, and by Aug. 1 she did so, and

British fleet was promptly on the spot, and Lord Salisbury sent a strong communication to the Russian government on the subject of "the open door."

At that very moment the Russian statesman Mouravieff is alleged to have received a wire from a correspondent in England, announcing that Queen Victoria had declared that she would never sign another declaration of war.

Armed with this knowledge, he promptly refused to give up the town. His bluff paid, for the British ships were withdrawn, and Port Arthur abandoned to Russia, and is now closed to all but Russian ships.

Another far Eastern telegram, a brutal one it has been considered, has since been said to have been the means of saving French lives in the Russian war. It was this which led to the horrible massacres at Blagovestchensk, in which many hundreds of Chinese lost their lives.

The Russian general, Gribsky, who was in command of the Russian forces, wired to the Russian governor of the province of Kharbarovsk, asking what was to be done. The answer came: "In war, burn and destroy."

It has since come out that the incident which led to this exchange of wires was that the Chinese stopped a Russian steamer on the river and fired on it, killing several of the crew, and the Russian, the rebellion would have spread like wildfire all over the country.

Property of great value has often been saved by means of telegrams, when Johannesburg was taken from the Boers by our troops, a telegram sent by Col. Mackenzie, the military governor, stopped the payment of a certain cheque on the French Bank of South Africa, and thereby saved £40,000 to the British owners of the money.

On another occasion a shoal of herrings was seen off the island of Tromsby by an officer of the fishery board. He at once wired particulars to every station in Orkney, with the result that 108 boats went out and caught

Herrings, Which Sold for £3,240.

More recently a wireless wire was the means of saving one of the most valuable ships in the world from serious danger, if not from actual destruction.

The Kaiser Wilhelm, due at Plymouth at 8 a. m., did not reach the Lizard till 11:30. When the Marconi station got into communication with her she reported that the fog was thicker than ever, and that she was being overtaken by a fog for 1,000 miles. She at once asked that the fog signal might be blown to give her some idea of her whereabouts, for where she lay the fog was thicker than ever.

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True to His Principles.

"Are you going to sit up to hear the election news from Ohio?" they asked the Peerless Leader.

"Not later than 12:44 a. m.," he replied sternly.

Afterward, when they had figured this out and found that it meant to them they applauded him vociferously.—Chicago Tribune.

VON STENDEL'S WOES

New Chancellor of German Exchequer Has His Troubles.

Special Foreign Service.
BERLIN, Nov. 21.—Baron Hermann von Stengel, Emperor William's new chancellor of the exchequer, is confronted by one of the knottiest financial problems with which modern Germany has ever had to wrestle—how to meet increasing national expenditures with correspondingly decreasing revenue. The solution of the question will involve a practical revolution in the system of government finance—new arrangements for the various independent states of the empire with reference to pro rata contributions to the imperial treasury, new schemes of internal and external taxation, a possible reorganization of the national currency, and a score of other vexing propositions. To add to the new minister's woes, the great cash-eating departments of the kaiser's government—the army and navy—are clamoring appealingly for more money; the army wants more cavalry and artillery divisions and a complete rearmament costing \$35,000,000; the navy is feverishly anxious to cram into the next five years the completion of Emperor William's great thirty-eight battleship programme, designed to extend over thirteen years.

Baron von Stengel, whom Emperor William relieved of the finance minister's portfolio in August, was found unequal to the task of satisfying all these hungry departmental wolves, and Baron von Stengel, with a fine record of successful accomplishment as a state financier in Bavaria, has been summoned to Berlin to accomplish the herculean task of making imperial ends meet. His friends expect that he will do so. In appointing him the kaiser was compelled, owing to the exigencies requiring an experienced hand, to depart from his newly established rule of calling only young men into the cabinet, for the new secretary of the treasury is seventy-three years old. He has, however, been an unusually active public figure, and during the latter discussions preceding the passage of the new German tariff law, he was especially prominent in his capacity as Bavaria's representative in the federal council—the "upper house" of the German empire's parliamentary system. Stengel comes from old Rhineland-Westphalian stock, his ancestors having been made a member of the Prussian nobility by Frederick the Great. He has been a national character since 1884, when Bavaria and the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Meining jointly sent him to Berlin as their representative in the federal council.

Apart from his personal ability, which is recognized everywhere, Stengel's appointment may partially be construed as an imperial sop to Bavaria, where secretaryship rules strongly, especially with reference to Prussia and the predominance it enjoys in imperial affairs. South Germany, therefore, is greatly flattered by the kaiser's selection of one of its favorite sons for the important post of imperial finance minister. If von Stengel solves the sums which beset him he will have earned a place in contemporary German history alongside of Von Bismarck, the late Prussian chancellor of the exchequer, who brought to the intricate work of financial statecraft the peculiar talents which made Moltke and Bismarck strong.

THE CONGRESSMAN.

Behold, as hither now they roam,
 In answer to their country's call—
 They'll stay awhile and then go home—
 And to be candid, that is all.

Washington Star.

CINCINNATI MONEY PAYS FOR CASTLE

Manchesters Are Ripping the Inside of Ancient Kylemore Castle to Pieces.

Special Foreign Service.
LONDON, Nov. 21.—Beautiful Kylemore castle is undergoing a transformation since it came into the hands of the American Duchess of Manchester. The experts who pronounced it, before it was sold recently, to be one of the finest mansions in Great Britain, will not know it in a few months from now. Externally, there will be no change, but inside the ancient place is being pulled to pieces as fast as the builders' men can move. A perfect system of heating on American principles is being introduced, and in other ways the castle being made comfortable in accordance with modern ideas. A special suite of apartments is being arranged for the nursery and playroom. The servants' quarters are also undergoing a change. Hitherto they were distributed all over the building, but when the alterations are complete they will have a section of the mansion entirely to themselves. Some of the cast's staircases, which were creations of the carvers' art and which visitors to the castle in the days of its late owner envied to have been a difference of opinion between them with regard to the disposal of the estates to the tenants under the new land act. The duke would like to be an Irish landlord, but the duchess didn't want to be responsible for the maintenance of the estate, and she would not hear of the trouble of having to collect rents from a people in a semi-improverished state. In this she was having her way, and the farms and small holdings will be sold to tenants according to their necessities. The duke is allowed to retain a small portion of the estate for shooting purposes.

The duchess has given to the tenants her assurance, through her agent, who is now administering the estates, that she will spend a good portion of the year among them and that she will be always ready to lend them any reasonable assistance. The presence of the family at the castle will be a material benefit to the locality, and every one is looking forward to a good time when the Manchesters take up their residence there.

CZAR IS SO SAD HE WRITES SOME VERSES

Nicholas Is Soul Weary and Expresses His Feelings in Poetry.

BERLIN, Nov. 21.—The following is a rough translation of two of the verses written by the czar under the pseudonym of "Olaf." In the original they are expressed in exquisitely poetical language.

My happiness was born at night,
 And succored in the gloom.
 My pleasures have dissolved in flight,
 Heart-stricken at my doom.

My third verse reads:
 Soul strives bravely for relief—
 Chilled, as by drifting snow,
 By which I feel the belief
 Of finding peace below.

SAYS HE LIKES US.

MADRID, Nov. 21.—Sir Mortimer Durand, who is to be British ambassador at Washington, is a man of the world who has won the warm approval of the high society of Madrid. In the course of the three years of his sojourn here he has given several brilliant fetes in the Embassy palace, aided by Lady Durand and her pretty seventeen-year-old daughter who recently made her first appearance in society. Sir Mortimer presented also at one of these fetes his son, a cavalry officer, who had come to recover in Madrid from the injuries he received in the Boer war.

Sir Mortimer, who is fifty-three years old, leads a youthfully active life. Generally, he turns out betimes; takes a long ride on horseback, and after breakfast devotes himself to his work for the rest of the day.

"I think," he said to the writer today, "that my new work in Washington will be most agreeable. Between America and England there is no question impending. Moreover, I am sure that England will always endeavor to maintain excellent relations with the United States, and to avoid all disagreement. That is proved,

SOCIETY WOMEN STRETCHED SIX INCHES

British Bone Expert Discovers That Solomon Was All Wrong in Supposing That Man Couldn't Add a Cubit to His Stature--Process of Thickening the Cartilage at the Joints Was First Monopolized by Young Men Who Weren't Tall Enough to Become Army Officers.

Special Foreign Service.
LONDON, Nov. 21.—Solomon in his wisdom said: "None of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature"—which was doubtless true in Solomon's day, but cannot be considered applicable to this year of grace in which a large number of once short English folk are strutting about with a stature artificially increased at so much per cubit. This doesn't mean high heels and deceptive garments; it means an actual permanent stretching of the body, for the sake of getting a better figure, or for the sake of getting into the army.

Figures quoted recently in the house of lords by the Earl of Meath proved conclusively that the British race is losing stature, and a commission was forthwith appointed to inquire into this physical degeneracy, which mostly affects the working class, the chief source of recruits for King Edward's army. That is what they always do in the house of lords. If some dignified peer should protest against the absence of sunshine in this month of November a commission would be appointed at once to inquire into the matter. While no more will come of the commission to inquire into the decrease of the British workman's inches than of a commission to inquire into peculiar behavior on the part of the sun, wealthier citizens of abbreviated stature have taken the matter into their own hands, and in the aggregate a good many feet taller than it was.

The trick came into vogue first among the men, about the time the Boer war broke out. To have any standing in society a man had to get into the army somehow. But to be an officer in the British army a man has to attain the height of 5 feet 8 1/2 inches. The situation was a desperate one for that class of people. From a favorite, until someone whispered news of a scientist named Atkinson who had discovered how to lengthen people. Since then, Prof. Atkinson has had his hands full, and has probably become rich. He holds forth in fashionable Park Lane, and I am told that his charges run to about \$100 per inch—in other words, that class pay a pound for every inch of stretch.

It is interesting to note in this connection that both the present commander-in-chief, Lord Roberts, and his predecessor, Lord Wolseley, would be recluded from entering the army at the present day on account of their lack of inches. Indeed Lord Roberts, it is said, only obtained his commission through a clever device.

When he presented himself to join the Bengal artillery, after leaving Ad-

discombe Military college in 1853, he was too short by a quarter of an inch, but this difficulty was overcome by the youthful "Bobs" subjecting himself to a crack on the head from the stick of a comrade, which raised a bump so big that the hero was just able to touch the standard and thereby enter the corps. In this unscientific manner the commander-in-chief was admitted as a subaltern; but things have changed since 1853, and the would-be British officers have acquired a distinct distaste for hard knocks.

The ingenious "professor" who performs the miracle that Solomon declared impossible doesn't appear to be a quack. He does not advertise, and his claims to distinction as an expert on bones and cartilage have been recognized by a good many of the medical profession. He is a fellow of the

club, by broadening the chest and strengthening the arms, keeps the rest of the body in proportion.

Titled Ones Are Tallers.

Numerous titled people are indebted to Prof. Atkinson for their height and figure. The son and heir of the Earl of Meath, it is noteworthy, had six inches added to his stature in the space of four months. And while the craze for tall women lasted the professor was rushed to the point of exhaustion by society girls who were being led up to the standard required by the marrying men. The average number of society women who subjected themselves to the stretching process was about six a month.

Unfortunately, however, a reaction has set in and tall society women are going out of fashion in the matrimonial world, and short, petite brides are the rage. A great opportunity exists for a scientist who will discover a method of making the tall short. The Japanese do this successfully with oaks, firs and other forest trees, which they are able to dwarf to the dimensions of a small geranium. Why should not twentieth century science, now it is able to make the short tall, be able to increase its methods and make the tall short?

A Convert Tells Secrets.

A friend who became a convert to the system and was permitted to take some photographs of it says that the patients, after the removal of some of their outer garments, are placed in a seat that looks like a barber's chair, and an air-proof mackintosh, which fits tight round the throat, is fastened around them. Boreas then blows a blast of air which conducts hot air. After sitting in a high temperature for some time the patient is massaged by a brawny professor. Then the height increaser is put on, and the patient is stretched by operators by placing his left hand on the spine, and his right on the back of the neck, gently but powerfully manipulating the cervical bones, squeezing them apart, to put it in untechnical language. The same process is repeated with the spine, the joints

Hunting the Cave Tiger Is Exciting Chinese Sport

There is good hunting in China—exciting enough to suit any sportsman. It is thoroughly sportsmanlike, also, for it is an equal contest between the hunter and the tiger. The quarry is a tiger, and his quarry is a man.

A returning American who tried this strenuous sport once—only once—was telling about his experience the other day. This is his story of the most exciting hunting trip he ever took or ever expects to take:

"I happened to be near Amoy, not long after the recent unpleasantness in China," he said, "and there I met a friend who is employed in the Chinese customs service. He is a keen sportsman, and I thought then that I was. Naturally, when he showed me several fine tiger skins and told me that he had shot the tigers himself in the country around about there, I wanted to shoot a tiger myself.

"I said so. My friend explained that the tigers were found among the caves, but I didn't raise any serious question to that, hearing that there was little jungle about there. You see, I didn't know.

"My friend said he'd fix it for me. When I was so set on the tiger shooting he was as anxious as I. He lent me a rifle, found a native tracker and the next morning he and I set off.

"We went by boat up the river to the tiger country. After an hour or two we came to a spot where the banks were high and rocky and honeycombed with many caves and openings. Then we landed and my guide began to examine the cave mouths for tracks.

"At last, at the mouth of a large, dark fissure, he pointed out some marks in the sand which he said were the tracks of a tiger. He wasn't satisfied that they were fresh, but nevertheless he lit a torch and signed to me to enter.

"I confess freely that I didn't like it. I think I'd have backed out if I could, but there I was, committed to the enterprise. There was no getting out of it, so, reassuring myself with the notion that if my friend could kill tigers that way I could, I saw that my rifle was properly loaded and stepped in front of the tracker.

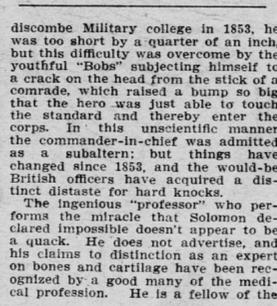
"The cave widened inside and in the floor of clear white sand the tracks were plainly visible. The cave was not large, though, and there was no tiger inside. Being sure of that we went on.

"The guide said it was not the regular haunt of the tiger, but he occasionally used it, and now he was pretty sure he knew the cave where the tiger would be. He took me to another cave. There were many tracks at this one. They led into a narrow, dark opening which you couldn't enter upright. But the tracker relighted his torch, signed with many caves and I went in on my hands and knees and got in.

"Again I was ashamed to refuse. I went in.

"Behind me, blocking the passage, came the tracker, with his lighted torch just over my shoulder. Groping on hands and knees along a winding hole, I could see only two or three yards ahead.

PULLING HIS LEG TO MAKE HIM LONGER



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Royal Veterinary college, and is an authority on wrestling. He it was who after curing the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, who had suffered nightly from stiff joints, was called in to attend the king, then Prince of Wales, when he had sprained his knee from a fall down the steps of Lord Rothschild's house some five or six years ago.

Stretch for the Army.

Candidates for the British army generally enter at Sandhurst or Woolwich when they are between sixteen and eighteen years of age. At that period a large proportion of them is greatly below the required height, but they pursue their studies, and trust that Providence will render them tall enough for the final measurement. A large number of cadets, however, fail in this respect, and it has become the fashion to go to Prof. Atkinson and be stretched. It is said that nearly four hundred of the cadets have been through the process, which means that over 150 feet have been added artificially to the British army.

CONGRESSMAN.

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 In answer to their country's call—
 They'll stay awhile and then go home—
 And to be candid, that is all.

Washington Star.

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