By O. HENRY

THE PHONOGRAPH AND THE GRAFT

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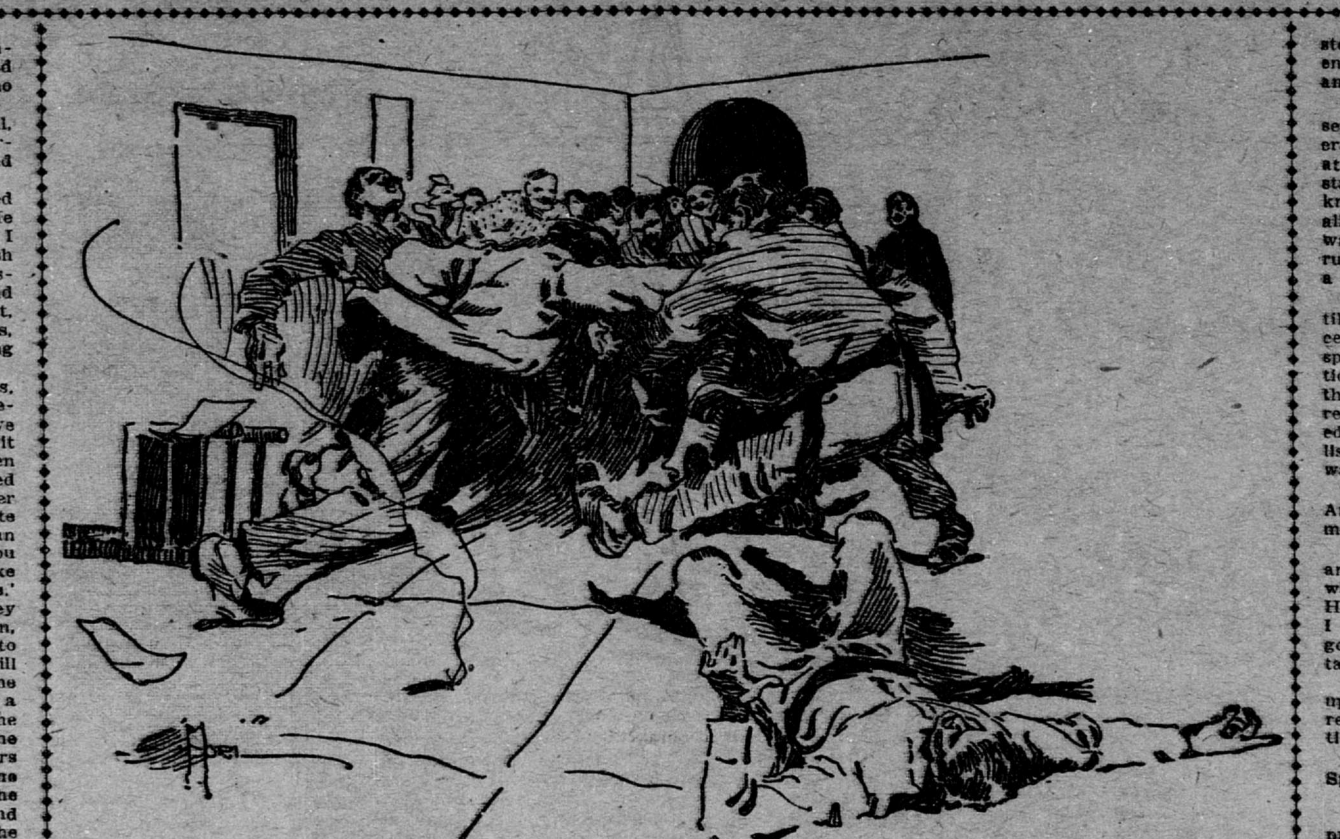

I LOOKED in at the engine room of the Bloomfield-Cater Manufacturing Company (Ltd.) for the engineer was Kirksy, and there was a golden half hour between the time he shut down steam and washed up that I coveted.

I found Kirksy resting, with his pipe lit, smut-faced and blue overalled.

"'Tis a fair afternoon," I said, "but bids to be colder."

"Did I ever tell you," began Kirksy honorably, "about the time Henry Horsecollar and me took a phonograph to South America?" and I felt ashamed of my subterfuge, and dropped into the wooden chair he kicked toward me.

"Henry was a quarterbreed, quarterback Cherokee, educated East in the idioms of football and West in contraband whisky, and a gentleman, same as you or me. He was easy and romping in his ways; a man about six-foot, with a kind of rubber tire movement.

"Henry and me met at Texarkana and figured out this phonograph scheme. He had $360 which came to him out of a land allotment in the reservation. I had run down from Little Rock on account of a distressful scene I had witnessed on the street there. A man stood on a box and passed around some gold watches, screw case, stem winders, Elgin movement, very elegant. Twenty bucks they cost you over the counter. At $3 the crowd fought for the tickers. The man happened to find a valise full of them handy, and he passed them out like putting hot biscuits on a plate. The backs were hard to unscrew, but the crowd put its ear to the case and they ticked mollifying and agreeable. Three of those watches were genuine tickers; but the rest, they were only kickers.

"Hey? Why, empty cases with one of them horny black bugs that fly around electric lights in 'em. Them bugs kick off minutes and seconds industrious and beautiful. The man I was speaking of cleaned up $288, and went away, because he knew that when it came to wind watches in Little Rock an entomologist would be needed, and he wasn't one.

"So, as I say, Henry had $360 and I had $288. The phonograph idea was Henry's, but I took to it freely, being fond of machinery of all kinds.

"We bought a fine phonograph in Texarkana—one of the best make—and half a trunkful of records. We packed up and took the T. & P. for New Orleans. From that celebrated center of molasses and disfranchised coon songs we took a steamer for—yes, I think it was South America or Mexico—I am full of inability to divulge the location of it—'tis on the rural delivery route, 'tis colored yellow on the map, and branded with literature of cigar boxes.

"We landed on a smiling coast at a town they denounced by the name, as near as I can recollect, of Sore-toe-kangaroo. 'Twas a palatable enough place to look at. The houses were clean and white, sticking about among the scenery like hard boiled eggs served with lettuce. There was a block of skyscraper mountains in the suburbs, and they kept pretty quiet, like they were laying one finger on their lips and watching the town. And the sea was remarking 'Sh-sh-sh!' on the beach; and now and then a ripe cocoanut would fall kerblip in the sand, and that was all there was doing.

"The captain went ashore with us and offered to conduct what he seemed to like to call the obsequies. He introduced Henry and me to the United States consul, and a roan man, the head of the department of mercenary and licentious disposition, the way it read upon the sign.

"'I touch here again a week from today,' says the captain.

"'By that time,' we told him, 'we'll be amassing wealth in the interior towns with our galvanized prima donna and carrect imitations of Sousa's band excavating a march from a tin mine.'

"'Ye'll not,' says the captain. 'Ye'll be hypnotized. Any gentleman in the audience who kindly steps upon the stage and looks this country in the eye will be converted to the hypothesis that he's but a fly in the Elgin creamers. Ye'll be standing knee deep in the surf waiting for me, and your machine for making Hamburger steak out of the hitherto respected art of music will be playing "There's no place like home."'

"Henry skinned a twenty off his roll, and received from the bureau of mercenary dispositions a paper bearing a red seal and a dialect story, and no change.

"Then we got the consul full of red wine and struck him for a horoscope. He was a thin, youngish kind of a man, I should say past fifty, sort of French-Irish in his affections, and puffed up with disconsolation. Yes, he was a flattened kind of a man, in whom drink lay stagnant, inclined to corpulence and misery. Yes, I think he was a kind of Dutchman, being very sad and genial in his ways.

"'The marvelous invention,' he says, 'entitled the phonograph, has never before invaded these shores. The people have never heard it. They would not believe it if they should. Simple-hearted children of nature, progress has never condemned them to accept the work of a can opener as an overture, and rag-time might incite them to a bloody revolution. But you can try the experiment. The best chance you have is that the populace may not wake up when you play. There's two ways,' says the consul, 'they may take it. They may become inebriated with attention, like an Atlanta colonel listening to "Marching Through Georgia," or they will get excited and transpose the key of the music with an ax and yourselves into a dungeon. In the latter case,' says the consul, 'I'll do my duty by cabling to the state department, and I'll wrap the Stars and Stripes around you when you come to be shot, and threaten them with the vengeance of the greatest gold export and financial reserve nation on earth. The flag is full of bullet holes now,' says the consul, 'made in that way. Twice before,' says the consul, 'I have cabled our government for a couple of gunboats to protect American citizens. The first time the department sent me a pair of gum boots. The other time was when a man named Pease was going to be executed here. They referred that appeal to the secretary of agriculture. Let us now disturb the senor behind the bar for a subsequence of the red wine.'

"Thus soliloquized the consul of Sore-toe-kangaroo to me and Henry Horsecollar.

"But, notwithstanding, we hired a room that afternoon in the Calle de los Angeles, the main street that runs along the shore, and put our trunks there. 'Twas a good-sized room, dark and cheerful, but small. 'Twas on a various street, diversified by houses and conservatory plants. The peasantry of the city passed to and fro on the fine pasturage between the sidewalks. 'Twas, for the world, like an opera chorus when the Royal Kafoozlum is about to enter.

"We were rubbing the dust off the machine and getting fixed to start business the next day when a big, fine-looking white man in white clothes stopped at the door and looked in. We extended the invitation, and he walked inside and sized us up. He was chewing a long cigar and wrinkling his eyes, meditative, like a girl trying to decide which dress to wear to the party.

"'New York?' he says to me finally.

"'Originally, and from time to time,' I says. 'Hasn't it rubbed off yet?'

"'It's simple,' says he, 'when you know how. It's the fit of the vest. They don't cut vests right anywhere else. Coats, maybe, but not vests.'

"The white man looks at Henry Horsecollar and hesitates.

"'Injun,' says Henry; 'tame Injun.'

"'Mellinger,' says the man—'Homer P. Mellinger. Boys, you're confiscated. You're babes in the wood without a chaperon or referee, and it's my duty to start you going. I'll knock out the props and launch you proper in the pellucid waters of Sore-toe-kangaroo. You'll have to be christened, and if you'll come with me I'll break a bottle of wine across your bows, according to Hoyle.'

"Well, for two days Homer P. Mellinger did the honors. That man cut ice in Sore-toe-kangaroo. He was it. He was the Royal Kafoozlum. If me and Henry was babes in the wood, he was a Robin Redbreast from the topmost bough. Him and me and Henry Horsecollar locked arms and toted that phonograph around and had wassail and diversion. There was vino tinto and vino blanco to drink with every tune. The aborigines had acquirements of a pleasant thing in the way of drinks that gums itself to the recollection. They chop off the end of a green cocoanut and pour in on the liquor of it French brandy and gin. We had them and other things.

"Mine and Henry's money was counterfeit. Everything was on Homer P. Mellinger. That man could find rolls of bills in his clothes where Herrmann the Wizard couldn't have conjured out an omelette. He could have founded universities and had enough left to buy the colored vote of his country. Henry and me wondered what his graft was. One evening he told us.

"'Boys,' says he, 'I've deceived you. Instead of a painted butterfly, I'm the hardest worked man in this country. Ten years ago I landed on its shores and two years ago on the point of its jaw. Yes, I reckon I can get the decision over this ginger-cake commonwealth at the end of any round I choose. I'll confide in you because you are my countrymen and guests, even if you have committed an assault upon my adopted shores with the worst system of noises ever set to music.

"'My job is private secretary to the president of this republic, and my duties are running it. I'm not headlined in the bills, but I'm the mustard in the salad dressing. There isn't a law goes before congress, there isn't a concession granted, there isn't an import duty levied, but what H. P. Mellinger he cooks and seasons it. In the front office I fill the president's inkstand and search visiting statesmen for dynamite; in the back room I dictate the policy of the government. You'd never guess how I got the pull. It's the only graft of its kind in the world. I'll put you wise. You remember the topliner in the old copy books—"Honesty is the best policy." That's it. I'm the only honest man in this republic. The government knows it; the people know it; the boodlers know it; the foreign investors know it. I make the government keep its faith. If a man is promised a job he gets it. If outside capital buys a concession they get the goods. I run a monopoly of square dealing here. There's no competition. If Col. Diogenes were to flash his lantern in this precinct he'd have my address inside of two minutes. There isn't big money in it, but it's a sure thing, and lets a man sleep of nights.'

"Thus Homer P. Mellinger made oration to me and Henry Horsecollar in Sore-toe-kangaroo. And later he divested himself of this remark:

"'Boys, I'm to hold a soiree this evening with a gang of leading citizens, and I want your assistance. You bring the musical corn sheller and give the affair the outside appearance of a function. There's important business on hand, but it mustn't show. I can talk to you people. I've been pained for years on account of not having anybody to blow off and brag to. I get homesick sometimes, and I'd swap the entire perquisites of office for just one hour to have a stein and a caviare sandwich somewhere on Thirty-fourth street, and stand and watch the street cars go by, and smell the peanut roaster at old Giuseppe's fruit stand.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'there's fine caviare at Billy Renfrow's cafe, corner of Thirty-fourth and—'

"'God knows it,' interrupts Mellinger, 'and if you'd told me you knew Billy Renfrow I'd have invented tons of ways of making you happy. Billy was my side kicker in New York. That is a man who never knew what crooked was. Here I am working honesty for a graft, but that man loses money on it. Carrambas! I get sick at times of this country. Everything's rotten. From the executive down to the coffee pickers, they're plotting to down each other and skin their friends. If a mule driver takes off his hat to an official, that man figures it out that he's a popular idol, and sets his pegs to stir up a revolution and upset the administration. It's one of my little chores as private secretary to smell out these revolutions and affix the kibosh before they break out and scratch the paint off the government property. That's why I'm down here now in this mildewed coast town. The governor of the district and his crew are plotting to uprise. I've got every one of their names, and they're invited to listen to the phonograph tonight, compliments of H. P. M. That's the way I'll get them in a bunch, and things are on the programme to happen to them.'

"We three were sitting at table in the cantina of the Purified Saints. Mellinger poured out wine and was looking some worried; I was thinking.

"'They're a sharp crowd,' he says, kind of fretful. 'They're capitalized by a foreign syndicate after rubber, and they're loaded to the muzzle for bribing. I'm sick,' goes on Mellinger, 'of comic opera. I want to smell East river and wear suspenders again. At times I feel like throwing up my job, but I'm d—n fool enough to be sort of proud of it. "There's Mellinger," they say here, "Por Dios! you can't touch him with a million." I'd like to take that record back and show it to Billy Renfrow some day, and that tightens my grip whenever I see a fat thing that I could corral just by winking one eye—and losing my graft. By ——, they can't monkey with me. They know it. What money I get I make honest and spend it. Some day I'll make a pile and go back and eat caviare with Billy. Tonight I'll show you how to handle a bunch of corruptionists. I'll show them what Mellinger, private secretary, means, when you spell it with the cotton and tissue paper off.'

"Mellinger appears shaky, and breaks his glass against the neck of the bottle.

"I says to myself, 'White man, if I'm not mistaken there's been a bait laid out where the tail of your eye could see it.'

"That night, according to arrangements, me and Henry took the phonograph to a room in a 'dobe house in a dirty side street, where the grass was knee high. 'Twas a long room, lit with smoky oil lamps. There was plenty of chairs and a table at the back end.

"By and by the invitations to the musicale came sliding in by pairs and threes and spade flushes. Their color was of a diversity, running from a three days' smoked meerschaum to a patent leather polish. They were as polite as wax, being devastated with enjoyments to give Senor Mellinger the good evenings. I understood their Spanish talk—I ran a pumping engine two years in a Mexican silver mine, and had it pat—but I never let on.

"Maybe fifty of 'em had come, and was seated, when in slid the king bee, the governor of the district. Mellinger met him at the door, and escorted him to the grand stand. When I saw that Latin man I knew that Mellinger, private secretary, had all the dances on his card taken. That was a big, squashy man, the color of a rubber overshoe, and he had an eye like a head waiter's.

Mellinger explained, fluent, in the Castilian idioms, that the soul was disconcerted with joy at introducing to his respected friends America's greatest invention, the wonder of the age. Henry got the cue and run on an elegant brass band record and the festivities became initiated. The governor man had a bit of English under his hat; and when the music was choked off he says:

"'Ver-r-ree fine. Gr-r-r-r-racias, the American gentleemen, the so esplendeed moosic as to playee.'

"The table was a long one, and Henry and me sat at the end of it next the wall. The governor sat at the other end. Homer P. Mellinger stood at the side of it. I was just wondering how Mellinger was going to handle the crowd, when the home talent suddenly opened the services.

"That governor man was suitable for uprisings and policies. I judge he was a ready kind of man, who took his own time.

"Do the American senors understand Spanish?" he asks in his native accents.

"They do not,' says Mellinger.

"Then listen," goes on the Latin man, prompt. "The musics are of sufficient prettiness, but not of necessity. Let us speak of business. I will know why we are here, since I observe my compatriots. You had a whisper yesterday, Senor Mellinger, of our proposals. Tonight we will speak out. We know that you stand in the president's favor, and we know your influence. The government will be changed. We know the worth of your services. We esteem your friendship and aid so much that'—Mellinger raises his hand, but the governor man bottles him up. 'Do not speak until I have done.'

"The governor man then draws a package wrapped in paper from his pocket, and lays it on the table by Mellinger's hand.

"'In that you will find $100,000 in money of your country. You can do nothing against us, but you can be worth that for us. Go back to the capital and obey our instructions. Take that money now. We trust you. You will find with it a paper giving in detail the work you will be expected to do for us. Do not have the unwiseness to refuse.'

"The governor man paused, with his eyes fixed on Mellinger, full of expressions and observances. I looked at Mellinger and was glad Billy Renfrow couldn't see him then. The sweat was popping out on his forehead, and he stood dumb, tapping the little package with the ends of his fingers. The Colorado maduro gang was after his graft. He had only to change his politics and stuff six fingers in his inside pocket.

"Henry whispers to me and wants the pause in the programme interpreted. I whisper back: 'H. P. is up against a bribe, senator's size, and the coons have got him going.' I saw Mellinger's hand moving closer to the package. 'He's weakening,' I whispered to Henry. 'We'll remind him,' says Henry, 'of the peanut roaster in Thirty-fourth street, New York.'

"Henry stopped and got a record from the basketful we'd brought, slid it in the phonograph, and started her off. It was a cornet solo, very neat and beautiful, and the name of it was 'Home, Sweet Home.' Not one of them fifty-odd men in the room moved while it was playing, and the governor man kept his eyes steady on Mellinger. I saw Mellinger's head go up little by little, and his hand came creeping away from the package. Not until the last note sounded did anybody stir. And then Homer P. Mellinger takes up the bundle of boodle and slams it in the governor man's face.

"'That's my answer,' says Mellinger, private secretary, 'and there'll be another in the morning. I have proofs of conspiracy against every man of you. The show is over, gentlemen.'

"'There's one more act,' puts in the governor man. 'You are a servant, I believe, employed by the president to copy letters and answer raps at the door. I am governor here. Senors, I call upon you in the name of the cause to seize this man.'

"That brindled gang of conspirators shoved back their chairs and advanced in force. I could see where Mellinger had made a mistake in massing his enemy so as to make a grand stand play. I think he made another one, too; but we can pass that, Mellinger's idea of graft and mine being different, according to estimations and points of view.

"There was only one window and door in that room, and they were in the front end. Here was fifty-odd Latin men coming in a bunch to obstruct the legislation of Mellinger. You may say there was three of us, for me and Henry, simultaneous, declared New York city and the Cherokee Nation in sympathy with the weaker party.

"Then it was that Henry Horsecollar rose to a point of disorder and intervened, showing, admirable, the advantages of education as applied to the American Indian's natural intellect and native refinement. He stood up and smoothed back his hair on each side with his hands as you have seen little girls do when they play.

"'Get behind me, both of you,' says Henry.

"'What is it to be?' I asked.

"'I'm going to buck center,' says Henry, in his football idioms. 'There isn't a tackle in the lot of them. Keep close behind me and rush the game.'

"That cultured red men exhaled an arrangement of sounds with his mouth that caused the Latin aggregation to pause, with thoughtfulness and hesitations. The matter of his proclamation seemed to be a co-operation of the Cherokee college yell with the Carlisle war whoop. He went at the chocolate team like the flip of a little boy's nigger shooter. His right elbow laid out the governor man on the gridiron, and he made a lane the length of the crowd that a woman could have carried a stepladder through without striking anything. All me and Mellinger had to do was to follow.

"In five minutes we were out of that street and at the military headquarters, where Mellinger had things his own way.

"The next day Mellinger takes me and Henry to one side and begins to shed tens and twenties.

"'I want to buy that phonograph,' he says. 'I liked that last tune it played. Now, you boys better go back home, for they'll give you trouble here before I can get the screws put on 'em. If you happen to ever see Billy Renfrow again, tell him I'm coming back to New York as soon as I can make a stake—honest.'

"'This is more money,' says I, 'than the machine is worth.'

"''Tis government expense money,' says Mellinger, 'and the government's getting the tune grinder cheap.'

"Henry and I knew that pretty well, but we never let Homer P. Mellinger know that we had seen how near he came to losing his graft.

"We laid low until the day the steamer came back. When we saw the captain's boat on the beach me and Henry went down and stood in the edge of the water. The captain grinned when he saw us.

"'I told you you'd be waitin',' he says. 'Where's the Hamburger machine?'

"'It stays behind,' I says, 'to play "Home, Sweet Home."'"

"'I told you so,' says the captain again. 'Climb in the boat.'

"And that," said Kirksy, "is the way me and Henry Horsecollar introduced the phonograph in that Latin country along about the vicinity of South America."

ENORMOUS SUMS GIVEN AWAY BY THE RICH

ONE hundred and seventy-two thousand five hundred and sixty-four dollars and twenty-five cents a day for charity—that is the record of the year 1904.

Even this vast sum—given to educational institutions of all kinds as well as to the more strictly humanitarian needs of hospitals and "homes"—even this is not fully complete, in that account has been made of no gift of less than $5,000. Such a record as this can be only closely approximate.

Even so, the American people may congratulate themselves that their nation has given to good causes during the course of 1904, $62,010,566.

$18,248,783 for Education

Our colleges and schools have received $18,248,783, or nearly a third of this evidence of the generosity of America's successful ones. Again its founder has placed the Carnegie institute (Pittsburg) at the head of the list by dropping another $5,000,000 into its treasury. Next to it comes the Reed institute of Oregon, which jumped from nothing at all to a very big something through the $2,000,000 generosity of a woman of the Pacific coast. The next dozen in order of their "luck" are:

Catholic institute, Washington	$926,000
Tulane university	750,000
Harvard university	725,000
Boston university	600,000
Cornell university	599,000
Conservatory of Music, New York	500,000
Clark institute, Worcester	425,000
Columbia university	400,500
Tuskegee institute	362,000
Syracuse university	350,000
Yale university	328,000
Wittenberg college, Illinois	300,000

Following this total of $18,248,783 given to educational institutions come galleries, museums and historical societies with $8,890,000; churches and allied branches of religious work with $4,800,000; hospitals, $2,543,000; libraries, $1,483,000, and miscellaneous charities, $16,005,000. These six general items, taken from the total which represents the money given by Americans in 1904 to charitable works of every sort, leave a balance of $9,940,783. This went out of the country to do its good; $52,069,783 stayed at home.

1904 Falls Below 1903

It is of interest to see how the gifts of 1904 compare in these bulk items with the benefactions made by Americans in 1903. In four departments—hospitals and miscellaneous charities, churches, galleries and gifts made to causes outside the United States—there has been a gain, but the loss found in the other two a little more than offsets this, so that the twelvemonth closes its record just $218,217 behind that left by its elder sister. Here are the comparative figures:

	1904.	1903.	Loss.
Hospitals and misc.	$18,648,000	$14,396,216	*$4,251,784
Educat'al	18,248,783	27,242,667	8,924,884
Out of U.S.	9,940,783	9,551,400	*389,383
Galler's, etc.	8,890,000	6,821,000	*2,069,000
Church, etc.	4,800,000	1,571,500	*3,228,500
Libraries	1,483,000	2,585,000	1,102,000
Totals	$62,010,566	$62,168,783	$158,217

*Gain.

From the complete tables given below several facts of interest may be drawn. In the first place, nine donors have given from $1,000,000 to nearly $21,000,000 each, the total of their gifts rising to $40,997,500; and three others tread so closely upon the million line as to demand admission to this roll of honor with aggregate benefactions of $2,542,000 more. As was to have been expected, Mr. Carnegie leads the list—still living up to his announced belief that a private fortune is merely a public trust.

Andrew Carnegie (nine libraries, five colleges, two clubs, a hero fund, and for excavations at Rome)	$20,997,500
Miss S. C. Tracy, of New York, (to general charities)	5,000,000
Marshall Field (to the Field museum, Chicago)	5,000,000
Dr. T. W. Evans, of Philadelphia, (to a museum of dentistry)	3,250,000
Mrs. Amanda Reed, of Pasadena, (to Reed institute, Oregon)	2,000,000
James J. Hill (to religion and education)	1,550,000
J. A. Woolson, of Boston, (to education in the East)	1,200,000
Henry W. Oliver, of Pittsburg, (to general charities)	1,000,000
Henry H. Rogers, of New York, (to a memorial church)	1,000,000
Mrs. Sarah Potter, of Providence, (various Eastern charities)	915,000
John D. Rockefeller (Johns Hopkins hospital and education)	877,000
A. C. Hutchinson, of Georgia, (to education in the South)	750,000
Total	$43,539,500

Other names, more or less household words in this land of money kings, which figure in the roster of 1904's benefactors are J. O. Armour, of Chicago, with a quarter of a million to his credit; C. M. Schwab and George Foster Peabody, each of whom gave away $200,000; former Mayor Grace, of New York, and John Hays Hammond, the famous engineer, each $100,000; W. W. Astor, with $70,000; J. Lowber Welsh, of Philadelphia, and Zenas Crane, of Dalton, Mass., each $50,000, and James Stillman and Henry Phipps, each $25,000.

January seems to have been the best month for giving, its total of $14,524,000 leading easily April's $12,761,500. November takes third place, with $9,948,500, and February trails along No. 12, with only $1,097,783 to her credit. The detailed lists follow:

To Educational Institutions, $18,248,783

Miss Harriet Richards, Philadelphia Theological seminary	$25,000
Hudson Hoagland, Hampton Normal institute	100,000
Louis C. Vanuxem, Princeton university	25,000
John Lyman, Syracuse university	100,000
James A. Woolson, Boston university ($600,000), Radcliffe college ($300,000), Wesleyan academy, Massachusetts ($300,000),	1,200,000
James J. Belden, Syracuse university	150,000
Miss Helen Gould, New York university	5,000
Dr. Simeon Bell, University of Kansas	25,000
William R. Dodge, Teachers' college, New York city	50,000
Thomas D. Lowther, Illinois School of Agriculture	6,000
J. O. Armour, Armour Institute of Technology	250,000
Bishop Tierney, St. Thomas' seminary	7,500
John Hays Hammond, Yale university	100,000
Mrs. A. E. Moore, Tuskegee institute	12,000
Alva A. Sweet, Wellesley college	100,000
John A. Creighton, Creighton university	250,000
F. B. and W. O. Morse, Princeton university	10,000
Edward R. Lambert, Yale university	15,000
David Sears, Harvard university	250,000
Mrs. Helen J. Banker, Columbia university	10,000
Morris K. Jesup, Princeton university	15,000
Percy R. Pyne, Princeton university	5,000
Andrew Carnegie, Kenyon college ($50,000). Berea college ($30,000), Carnegie institute ($5,000,000), American Educational alliance ($25,000), Dickinson college ($50,000)	5,155,000
George Eastman, University of of Rochester	50,000
Mrs. Sarah Toppan, Columbia university	5,000*
John D. Rockefeller, Vassar college ($200,000). University of Chicago ($60,000), University of Nebraska ($67,000)	327,000
Simon Goldenberg, Hebrew Technical institute	300,000
A. C. Hutchinson, Tulane Medical college	750,000
Knights of Columbus, Washington Catholic university	50,000
John Lortz, Wilson college, Pennsylvania	50,000
James Stillman, Harvard university	25,000
Mrs. Alice F. Palmer, University of Chicago	10,000
Mrs. Lydia Choate, Massachusetts Institute of Technology	37,500
Edwin Gould, Columbia university	10,000
Rev. Charles Stroud, Wittenberg college, Illinois	300,000
Judge M. P. O'Connor, Trinity college, Washington	250,000
Solomon Loeb, cause of education in New York city	30,000
Mrs. Reuben Hill, Susquehanna university	18,783
Prof. Maxwell Sommerville, University of Pennsylvania	20,000
Eugene N. Foss, University of Vermont	50,000
James Loeb, New York Conservatory of Music	500,000
Mrs. Lydia Ladd, academy at Epping, N. H.	150,000
Charles H. Hackley, Muskegon Manuel Training school	40,000
H. W. Carpenter, Columbia university	60,000
Mrs. H. K. Sheddon, Brooklyn University of Music	20,000
W. R. Grace, Grace institute	100,000
S. R. Shipley, Haverford college	5,000
C. D. Dayton, Macalester college, Minnesota	100,000
James J. Hill, Macalester college, Minnesota	50,000
Mrs. Amanda Reed, Reed institute, Oregon	2,000,000
Mrs. E. B. Cox, Pennsylvania Mining and Mechical institute	50,000
Adolf Lewisohn, Columbia university	250,000
James B. Duke, Trinity college, North Carolina	100,000
Mrs. Henry Whitman, Radcliffe college ($100,000), Tuskegee institute ($50,000)	150,000
Mrs. Eleanor Cooper, Columbia university	10,000
Mrs. S. W. Clark, Clark university	425,000
Salvatore Pizzati, industrial school, New Orleans	75,000
W. A. Roebling, Rensselaer Polytechnic institute	10,000
Thomas E. Waggaman, Washington Catholic university	876,000
James R. Willets, Friends' education on Long island	5,500
Mrs. Sarah Potter, Harvard university	50,000
Lyman C. Smith, Syracuse university	100,000
Dr. J. W. King, Cornell university	99,000
C. M. Schwab, Tuskegee institute	200,000
Mrs. M. S. Crozer, Temple college	10,000
Dr. D. K. Pearsons, Berea college $150,000), Park college, ($150,000), Park college, Missouri ($25,000)	175,000
Prof. D. W. Fiske, Cornell university	500,000
A. Van Wickle, Princeton university	25,000
James Callahan, Tuskegee institute	100,000
Levi C. Veits, Yale university	200,000
Mrs. S. C. Tracy, Wheeling Industrial school	260,000
Mrs. M. A. Terry, Berea college ($15,000), Trinity college, Connecticut ($15,000)	30,000
John S. Kennedy, New York School of Philanthropy	250,000
Mrs. W. B. Shepard, University of North Carolina	5,000
Anonymous, Columbia university ($5,000 and $30,500), Lawrence university ($8,000), Yale $10,000)	53,500

Galleries and Museums, $8,890,000

Mrs. F. O. Matthiessen, Metropolitan Art museum, New York	$85,000
Dr. Thomas W. Evans, Evans Museum of Dentistry, Philadelphia	3,250,000
Thomas D. Lowther, New York Museum of Natural History	5,000
Miss S. M. Spooner, San Francisco Memorial museum	55,000
Marshall Field, Field Museum of Science and Art	5,000,000
Mrs. Esther Byers, Andover (Mass.) Art museum	40,000
Solomon Loeb, to two Chicago historical societies	5,000
Zenas Crane, Berkshire Museum of Art	50,000
A. M. Huntington, Hispanic museum, New York city	200,000
Henry Dexter, New York Historical society	200,000

Churches, Y. M. C. A., Etc., $4,800,000

W. W. Kendall, Kansas City M. E. church	$250,000
Mrs. Henry Sharkey, Philadelphia Diocese R. C. church	7,500
Hudson Hoagland, Presbyterian work, New Jersey and New York	60,000
E. F. C. Young, Belmont (N. J.) M. E. church	15,000
Mrs. W. E. Dodge, Y. M. C. A., University of Virginia	40,000
David R. Ramsey, Luther Home missions	5,500
Mrs. Elizabeth Y. Wright, Glen Cove (N. Y.) P. E. church	5,000
Mrs. Lydia Choate, Unitarian Home missions	75,000
Baroness de Vaugrigneuse, Episcopal churches in New York city	30,000
Miss Jane H. Reamer, Lutheran objects in Pennsylvania	10,000
Mrs. Edward King, R. C. Church of St. John the Divine	100,000
Thomas W. Synnott, Wenonah (N. J.) Presbyterian church	50,000
S. L. Russell, Duane (N. Y.) M. E. church	500,000
Mrs. Eleanor Cooper, Presbyterian Home missions	10,000
James J. Hill, R. C. cathedral, St. Paul	1,500,000
Miss Anne E. Pugh, St. James' P. E. church, Evansburg, Pa.	10,000
Mother Katherine (Drexel), Indian churches through Nebraska	500,000
John L. Devereaux, Methodist objects in Philadelphia	35,000
Miss Mary L. Phelan, Catholic Home missions	10,000
P. M. Sharpless, Y. M. C. A. at Chester, Pa	12,000
Mrs. Egbert Leake, Presbyterian church, Vineland, N. J.	5,000
Andrew Alexander, Reformed Presbyterian church objects	20,000
Benjamin F. Teller, Philadelphia synagogue	50,000
H. H. Rogers, Memorial church, Fair Haven, Conn.	1,000,000
John D. Rockefeller, Y. M. C. A. at Cleveland	50,000
William Wyman, Episcopal churches in Baltimore	35,000
Mrs. W. B. Shepard, St. Matthews, Hillsboro, N. C.	5,000
Anonymous, Roman Catholic ($110,000), Episcopal ($300,000).	410,000

Hospitals, $2,543,000

Louis C. Vanuxem, Jefferson, Philadelphia	$25,000
Henry Phipps, Johns Hopkins, Baltimore	20,000
James Speyer and ten others, Mount Sinai, New York city	105,000
Miss E. A. Watson, Orthopedic, New York city	350,000
Louis Gans, to four New York Hebrew charities	29,000
Thomas D. Lowther, the Augustana, Chicago	20,000
Bishop Tiernay, St. Francis, Stamford, Conn	7,500
Mrs. Elizabeth Y. Wright, Nassau Hospital association	50,000
John D. Rockefeller, Johns Hopkins, Baltimore	500,000
William H. Sprunt, Memorial, Wilmington, N. C.	10,000
John Shepard, Massachusetts General, Boston	5,000
Solomon Loeb, Hebrew hospitals, Ohio and New York	17,500
Maxwell Sommerville, the Pennsylvania, Philadelphia	10,000
Mrs. J. B. Townsend, to two Philadelphia institutions	10,000
Miss Harriet Richards, R. C. hospitals in Philadelphia	10,000
Salvatore Pizzati, Italian hospital, New Orleans	250,000
Col. William Austine, the Strangers, Brattleboro, Vt.	500,000
Mrs. Eleanor Cooper, hospitals in Philadelphia and Elmira	25,000
Sylvester S. Battin, three Newark (N. J.) hospitals	12,500
Mrs. Cornelia Thompson, the Presbyterian, Philadelphia	15,000
J. Lowber Welsh, the Episcopal, Philadelphia	50,000
Mrs. Cornelia de Wint, St. John's, Yonkers, N. Y	5,000
Mrs. Sarah Potter, two Boston hospitals	100,000
Mrs. Mary A. Terry, the Hartford hospital	300,000
Charles Parsons, the Maine general, Portland	5,000
Otto Young, the McCormick, Chicago	100,000
Solomon Roth, three Hebrew hospitals, New York city	7,000
Anonymous, the Hahnemann, Philadelphia	50,000

Libraries, $1,483,000

Andrew Carnegie, at Clarke university, Saranac lake; Talladega college, Mount Holyoke, Col., Bucknell university, and at Westfield, N. J.	$243,000
C. C. Worthington, at Shawnee, Pa.	50,000
Charles E. Does, at University of California	700,000
William Jennings Bryan, at Salem, Ill	15,000
R. D. Benson, at Titusville, Pa.	25,000
William B. Ross, at Yale university	250,000
Francis S. Willing, at Manchester, Vt.	10,000
W. P. Bancroft, at Wilmington, Del.	20,000
Moses R. Stevens, at South Andover, Mass.	20,000
Mrs. Sarah Potter, Boston Medical library	150,000

Miscellaneous Charities, $16,005,000

Col. Moses Wetmore, to the Democratic party	$75,000
Capt. Daniel Parr, old woman's home	400,000
Louis Gans, various Hebrew charities, New York city	20,500
Thomas D. Lowther, five Chicago charities	54,000
Andrew Carnegie, Harwick Relief fund ($52,000), home for engineering societies ($1,500,000). Hero fund ($5,000,000)	6,552,000
M. B. Clements, various charities in Maine	96,000
Henry W. Oliver, general charitable purposes	1,000,000
Mrs. Elizabeth Y. Wright, three New York charities	12,000
Miss H. G. Green, Trenton (N. J.) philanthropies	10,000
Mrs. Helen J. Banker, Bloomingdale asylum	25,000
Joseph Millbank, People's palace, Jersey City	50,000
James Clark, various New Jersey charities	29,000
Mrs. J. T. Bowen, Hull house, Chicago	20,000
Miss Jane H. Reamer, Pennsylvania and Maryland charities	5,000
Baroness de Vaugrigneuse, American Geographical society	30,000
Mrs. Lydia Choate, homes at Woburn, Mass.	37,500
The McCormick estate, to beautify Harrisburg, Pa	8,000
"Golden Rule" Jones, to his workmen	10,000
Henry Phipps, Western Pennsylvania penitentiary gardens	5,000
Mrs. J. B. Townsend, various Philadelphia charities	5,000
Solomon Loeb, New York Hebrew philanthropies	55,000
Maxwell Sommerville six Philadelphia charities	18,000
John L. Devereaux, various New York charities	26,000
Mrs. M. A. Cunningham, to beautify Milton, Mass.	600,000
Mrs. Emily Smith, Home for Aged Women, Chicago	150,000
Mrs. Henry Whitman, various Boston charities	50,000
Henry C. Frick, orphanage, Pittsburg	5,000
Charles M. Stebbins, orphanage, Denver	300,000
Sylvester S. Battin, three homes in New Jersey	12,500
Tilly Haynes, boulevard system, Springfield, Mass.	10,000
Miss B. M. Dolbeer, general philanthropies	80,000
Miss Helen Gould, for good roads, Roxbury, N. Y.	5,000
Marcus Goldman, New York Hebrew charities	8,000
F. T. F. Lovejoy, orphanage, Pittsburg	5,000
Mrs. H. M. Parker, animal drinking fountains, Philadelphia	11,000
W. W. Astor, electroliers, New York city	20,000
Rear Admiral McCalla, club for sailors and marines	62,000
Mrs. Sarah Potter, charities through New England	615,000
James Callahan, two Iowa charities	40,000
James R. Willets, children's home	5,000
Gen. W. J. Palmer, park for Colorado Springs	500,000
Adolf Lewisohn, Hebrew orphanage, New York city	25,000
M. M. Frankenthal, Hebrew charities, New York city	5,000
Miss S. C. Tracy, general charities	5,000,000
Solomon Rothfield, six New York Hebrew charities	6,500
Miss Harriet Richards, Roman Catholic charities, Philadelphia	10,500
Simon Pfaelzer, Philadelphia Hebrew charities	10,000
Anonymous, Berkshire industrial farms	20,000

Sent Out of Country, $9,940,783

Andrew Carnegie, excavations in Rome, $5,000,000; libraries at Perth, Canada, and Islington borough, London, $207,500; National Convalescents' home, $3,750,000, and Gothenburg university, $50,000	$9,007,500
Mrs. W. H. Crocker, archeological work in Mexico	25,000
W. W. Astor, to develop English shooting	50,000
Mrs. A. E. Moore, Presbyterian foreign missions	5,000
Mrs. M. C. Seguin, Royal Academy of Music, London	10,000
Reuben Hill, Lutheran foreign missions	18,783
Miss Helen G. Green, foreign missions	20,000
George Foster Peabody, dwellings for London's poor	200,000
Andrew Alexander, Presbyterian missions	40,000
The British government, Yale's Chinese missions	40,000
T. S. Adams, Presbyterian missions	10,000
Mrs. J. B. Crane, foreign missions	50,000
Mrs. Mary A. Terry, Syrian college, Beirut	15,000
Ernest Otz, Canton of Berne, Switzerland	289,500
Solomon Loeb, Hebrew hospital, Worms	5,000

Of this last total only $343,783 goes to foreign missions—a fact which, more than could any other, emphasizes the statement already made of the immense sums of money not recorded here because of the necessary omission of innumerable small gifts. Of such little donations are the millions built, and had it been possible to keep record of them, it is highly probable that 1904's total of $26,010,566 would be at least $65,000,000.