

By Virginia Niles Leeds

WEDDING PRESENTS

A COMEDY OF TODAY

Scene—A modern drawing-room in New York. Characters—Dick and Daisy, fiancés. Time—The eve of their wedding.

DICK—That's a lovely decent array of presents, my dear. We ought not to have to buy any household furnishings for two years to come.

Daisy—Oh, but Dick, most of them are the most useless, senseless things. If one could just choose one's own wedding presents! Isn't it a shame one can't? You only get wedding presents once in a lifetime—that is, you don't get them a second time if you marry again or get divorced, do you? So if people would only let you choose for yourself! Now, look at that beautiful rug Uncle David sent. Did you ever see such a thing? It will be in the way any place we put it, and I'm sure some one will break his neck over it with that great bad sticking out.

Dick (surgically)—Why not put it in your mother's room when she comes to visit us?

Daisy (apparently not hearing)—Then that piano lamp from your Aunt Caroline. When she hears of piano lamps these days? They are as passé as plush lambrèques or painted plaques, and I'm sure I don't know where she ever bought it. Why couldn't she have sent a piano who hasn't a shirt. Your Aunt Caroline has barrels of money—wasn't it mean of her to send a piano lamp instead of a piano?

Dick—Couldn't you change it?

Daisy (shaking her head)—No, you see, we're going to change her daughter's—your Cousin Madeline's—apartments fifteen minutes. It wouldn't do to change the whole family's presents. They might get suspicious if they never saw any of their things around. But fancy any one sending an apparatus like that! The most ridiculous thing! Any Christian apparatus will come up with an ordinary fork and spoon, and I feel sure it must have been some insane silverware. I don't know what she was thinking of. I don't know what she was thinking of. I don't know what she was thinking of.

Dick—It was shabby of Dolly; but never mind, she'll probably marry some day, and then we'll get square with her by sending her something she doesn't want—an easel scarf or a framed motto. That's the advantage of wedding presents, you can get back at people with them.

Daisy—Perhaps Dolly will never get married. A girl who tries as hard as she, nearly always fails. I don't know where would be? I'd like to snip her saucy pug nose with those grape scissors.

Dick—That silver tea set old Muffins sent is all right—looks up nicely, doesn't it? Daisy—Dick, that's the cruelest blow of all. You remember the pleased I was when it came, and what a charming note I dictated for Belle to write? Well, my dear, in examining the tea set, bottom upward I discovered that it is silver soldered together. I don't know—and I was so vexed that I could have cried. If I could recall the note I would do so in a minute. Mean old thing to send that thing to me! I should think he'd be ashamed. I don't suppose you can change plated things, can you?



Dick—You don't mean he did anything so low down? (crossing over). By Jove, Daisy, you are right, and I have my opinion of that old hunk. But, I say, couldn't we give it away to some one else—to the next one who gets married?

Daisy—Dick! I'd be ashamed to have my card go with anything plated. If we have to give away any of our wedding presents it will have to be the best ones, for I wouldn't let people think I'd send anything cheap.

Dick—I suppose you're right, though it is certainly tough to hand over the good ones and hang on to the plated ones. All we can do is to hope none of our friends will be so stupid as to give away any of our wedding presents.

Daisy—Which they will do, in the most thoughtless fashion—even the least likely ones! I shouldn't be surprised after all. Dolly Plinders—oh, Dick, whatever in the world are we going to do with these nine fans? I'm the most awful thing that ever happened to me!

Dick—If we get particularly hard up we might open a fan shop. Nine to begin with, and then we can order more as we go along. Or, have a fan auction. How would that look as a business, Daisy? (stepping over behind a table on which wedding presents are strewn and beating on it with a fancy mallet.)

Daisy—How would that look as a business, Daisy? (stepping over behind a table on which wedding presents are strewn and beating on it with a fancy mallet.)

Dick—Of course, we couldn't sell or auction the fans, but I have a glorious idea.

In about a year, when people have forgotten our presents, I will give a luncheon and use the fans as favors. There will be nine covers and each guest will have a different fan at her place. Isn't that a positive inspiration?

Dick—Great head, my dear, only you must be careful not to ask any of the donors of the fans. That would give away your little game.

Daisy—Dick, how clever you are! I never thought of that, do you know, and as likely as not should have asked the very nine women who gave the fans. Wouldn't that have been the most awful self? But I tell you what I'll do. I will write the names on slips of paper and put them in each box, then I'll remember, for of course, in a year we will forget all about our wedding presents ourselves and who gave them.

Dick—Do you think much of this cutting giraffe?

Daisy (gently)—Crawfie. Dick—Is that it? I was under the impression it got its name from the shape of its neck. Well, anyway, what do you think of it? Is it real or fake?

Daisy—I'm inclined to think it's fake or domestic cut, which amounts to the same thing. I forgot whether the real kind ought to have a star on the bottom or not. This one has but until I heard more about the star I shan't be able to judge.

Dick—Not half so mean as putting them in boxes they can't see. I mean, Jackson did, and then giving us the mortification of marching into Tiffany's with

something that came from Fourteenth street and suavely asking the clerk to change it for a bronze bust. Jove! that's the blackest trick I do be reasonable. Dick—It is, indeed, and it was one of your friends who perpetrated it. I hope you will drop Billy Jackson from your list, and above all, never bring him home to dinner. I never liked the man, anyway.

Daisy—Poor old Billy! He'll get a plated fork from me when he persuades that bank, red-haired girl to love him. I know that.

Dick—Dick, dear, what do you think of books for a wedding present? As if we were children at school! The "Brownings' Love Letters"—ugh! as if we needed a leaf out of any one else's book on that subject! I haven't looked into the pages yet, but I venture to say Miss Browning was it she who was Miss Browning or he that was Mr. Browning? I declare I never can remember—never wrote a letter in her life that could touch that one of yours, you remember it?—beginning "My only, own one," now that I never can live without these"—now that was a letter I wrote to you, wasn't it?

Daisy—My dear, I hope they will never publish our love letters! Wouldn't it be just awful! These I wrote when I was only a child, and they were never meant for publication. Oh, promise me, Dick, you will never let any one publish my letters and perhaps have them bound in green and gold and sent to some one else for a wedding present.

Dick—I promise, Daisy. They shall never get them save over my dead body.

Daisy—That's just it, Dick! They shall never get them save over my dead body. When they would get them, Oh, promise me, on your honor, you won't let them have my letters over your dead body!

Dick—Not half so mean as putting them in boxes they can't see. I mean, Jackson did, and then giving us the mortification of marching into Tiffany's with

need fear. We'll probably never get quite such big guys as the Brownings, and they won't want our letters.

Daisy—Oh, do you really think that? It's a great load off my mind! But to change the subject, this candle for you today from that lawyer man you used to know—a silver shaving mug.

Dick—Oh, I say, that's pretty nice, isn't it? A real good-looking mug. It was uncommon decent of old Forbes. I'll write him on our wedding trip. Nice pattern, don't you think?

Daisy—Of course we'll change it. Dick (in surprise)—Change it? What, change this?

Daisy—Certainly! What use would a shaving mug be to me? We'll exchange it for a piece of bureau silver—a hairpin tray or a salve box.

Dick—That's just it, Dick! That's what I want. I don't see exactly where I'd come in in a hairpin tray or a salve box.

Daisy—Dick, don't be selfish, and on the very eve of our wedding, too!

Dick—Oh, of course not, old girl, but if it's all the same to you, I'll keep this. I'll buy you a hairpin tray or a salve box on our anniversary.

Daisy—Oh, very well, if you want to act like that!

Dick—Come, now, darling, don't let's get scrapping over our wedding presents. They're a pretty decent lot, taken as a bunch, and I suppose we ought to feel grateful for them. I'll buy you a diamond necklace, an automobile or a diamond necklace.

Daisy—Grateful over a lot of things we don't want! I don't see the smallest necessity for that.

Dick—Yes, but think of the fun we'll have changing them when we come back! That is the real pleasure of wedding presents, as you've said yourself many times.

Daisy (brightening)—Yes, I suppose it is, but we can't change any of those that are marked, and see how many of them are! I put them all together on this table. See, everything here means no changeable, and half the small silver is here.

Dick—By Jove, that is bad! But we could melt it all, down some time and get the price of the brick. There are always ways to the ingenious mind, my dear, even in marked wedding presents.

Daisy—But what of marked-down ones? Do you see this filigree vase? I saw them reduced to half price at Jonnemaker's last week. This Barham box didn't deceive me. Is there any way out of that?

Dick—Oh, I say now, who played such a scurvy trick?

Daisy (maliciously)—That old sweetheart of yours, Miss Ketchum, or Miss Catson, or whatever her name is.

Dick—You don't mean it! After all my kindness to her, too!

Daisy—Yes, I do, and now you see the knot she is! No need of keeping up her acquaintance any longer.

Dick—Poor old Flossie! She used to be so generous.

Daisy—Dick, I wish you wouldn't let that person Flossie—such a ridiculous name for a woman of her age—sounds exactly like a Skye terrier.

Dick—Well, perhaps if you'd married her long before our wedding, and if you were yet, and it isn't too late, Mr. Wellington, if you wish to back out. True, the cards are out, but there are still about twenty hours before our wedding, and if you would like to change your mind and marry your Flossie—

Dick—Daisy, my sweetheart! Why, you're not going to get jealous of a filigree vase, are you?

Daisy—Jealous! Why, I never knew the meaning of the word in my life. Don't be ridiculous, Dick. But, all the same, I'd like you to invent a way of disposing of that nasty little marked-down gimcrack.

Dick—Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll engage to find a way if you'll send back the chafing dish sent by your old beau, the Rev. Davenport.

Daisy—Now, Dick, you are unreasonable. Next to you Mr. Davenport is the most agreeable man in the world, and I thought it very nice indeed of him to send me a wedding present after all that had happened.

Dick—Humph—perhaps so, but all the same I'd just as lief he hadn't. I don't see why old sweethearts should send anything anyway.

Daisy (interrupting)—Unless it is marked-down filigree vases!

Dick—Oh, come, old girl, don't let's be crossy. I don't know what you're getting at. I'll do away with Flossie's vase if you will keep the reverend's chafing dish out of sight, and we might make a match of it between Flossie and the doctor.

Daisy (positively)—Dr. Davenport will never marry.

Dick—Flossie doesn't seem inclined to, either.

Daisy—Well, Dick, I am sorry to see you so disagreeable, and on the very eve of our wedding, too! But, leaving the vase out, there are 200 real presents in this room and I am sure that ought to satisfy us, and no one could accuse us of anything but appreciation and gratitude. There are people, you know, who find fault with and criticize everything that comes into the house. Thank heaven, we are not that kind!

Dick—Curran.

CARNEGIE, STEEL KING, PHILANTHROPS, AND HIS FRIENDS

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subject upon which men have written that is not represented.

Two subjects are represented with particular fulness—books and music, and of these subjects he has made especially close study. His favorite flowers are the hellebore and the Scotch heather. In the corner devoted to books, the Carnegie library has installed two simple melody-making instruments, Japanese bells and musical tubes. They are both played with little mallets. The master of the dimension has learned to play them, and with a degree of skill not noticeably amateurish, either. For these instruments he has had specially arranged a number of tiny of his favorite airs, such as "Auld Lang Syne," "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," "Scenes That Are Brightest," "My Nut-Brown Maid," and the like.

It is whispered that he sings also, but "only when alone," he says, "not for my friends."

Ideal of a Musical Instrument.

Mr. Carnegie's knowledge of the construction of musical instruments is remarkable. He knows every part and particular of the organ and the piano, and of these subjects he has made especially close study. He admits the organ above all other instruments, but he likes the piano also, and has said to his friends many times that the ideal musical instrument has yet to be invented. It would combine the qualities of both the organ and the piano; it would give the rich and sustained tones of the first, and upon it could be produced the delightful tremolo and vibrato effects that are peculiar to the other.

Mr. Carnegie's personal copy of his own favorite writing, "Triumphal Democracy," one of the organ and the piano, and of these subjects he has made especially close study. He admits the organ above all other instruments, but he likes the piano also, and has said to his friends many times that the ideal musical instrument has yet to be invented. It would combine the qualities of both the organ and the piano; it would give the rich and sustained tones of the first, and upon it could be produced the delightful tremolo and vibrato effects that are peculiar to the other.

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streets, and there was much speculation as to whether the trees would live.

All uncertainty has now long been at an end, however; the trees took root exactly as Mr. Carnegie hoped and expected, and will soon be as spreading and stately as if they had never been transplanted.

Famous Discussions With Clergymen.

In New York Mr. Carnegie is entertained extensively, mostly at private dinner parties, of which he is very fond, and at which he likes to be the central figure. He does not often appear at formal public dinners.

Recently he meets clergymen of eminence at the dinner parties he attends, and sometimes his discussions with them are pretty sharp. On one occasion he explained his views on the origin of prayer, saying that in the beginning man prayed to the sun, and that the present human conception of the Deity is largely a matter of growth, of evolution. He elaborated his notions along this line till a well-known divine who was present withdrew rather than continue the conversation. Numbers of incidents of this kind are passed around among those who often meet the steelmaster.

It is things like this, undoubtedly, that have given rise to the oft-repeated statement that his unbeliefs in strong enough to be termed atheistic. His liberality toward those churches, hundreds in number, to which he has given organs, on both sides of the water, is strong evidence of a sufficient refutation of the charge of atheism. It was some years after he began giving, though, before he would give to churches, and his gifts to colleges and universities are also of comparatively recent date.

Getting Institute's Plans by Special Wire.

One of Mr. Carnegie's most talked-of traits is his desire to have whatever is done for him done in a hurry. This was impressed most forcibly upon a trustee of the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia some years ago.

The Pittsburgh Carnegie Institute was then in course of development. Mr. Carnegie had vague ideas only as to the scope he wished to give the industrial school to be connected with the institute, but he knew that the Drexel Institute was a success, and decided to model the industrial department of the Pittsburgh institute upon its plan. So he sent a trustee, with instructions to secure the plan, with instructions to secure the plan, with instructions to secure the plan.

For hours after his arrival in Philadelphia the Carnegie commissioner sought some one from whom the information could be obtained, but in vain. It seemed that everyone high in the management of "Drexel" was ill, or out of town, or too deeply engrossed in some personal pursuit to answer the Carnegie quest. Late in the day, however, he discovered one trustee who had the information and was willing to give it up.

"I will help you with pleasure," said the trustee, "if you will call in a few days I will have the data at your command."

"In a few days," exclaimed the Carnegie commissioner, in consternation; "I cannot wait one day. I must have the information this evening."

"But I have an engagement," the trustee said.

carriage waiting, and we can talk as we sit. I will keep the carriage and send you in it wherever you wish to go after we have finished. Mr. Carnegie cannot wait.

So, consenting, the trustee was whisked away to the hotel of the commissioner, who occupied a handsome suite of rooms. In a short time dinner was served in the largest of them. Meanwhile the commissioner had begun to put his queries, and to the trustee's great surprise, all his answers were duly taken down, in shorthand by an assistant commissioner, who emerged from a smaller room.

Much Astonished Drexel Trustee.

As soon as the meal began the assistant disappeared, and presently a familiar clicking was heard. The assistant commissioner was writing out his notes on a typewriter before the meal was finished. Another sort of clicking was heard. A telegraph operator, whose instrument was connected with a wire specially leased by Mr. Carnegie for the occasion, was sending the notes to the Carnegie Institute's organization and working plan to Pittsburgh.

To the astonished trustee the commissioner made explanation that Mr. Carnegie was then awaiting the trustee at the other end of the line, where he pursued having it put into shape that night for consideration on the morrow by the board of trustees. The trustee was in charge of the proposed Pittsburgh school. The Philadelphia trustee was so overwhelmed with the hustling qualities of the commissioner and the thoroughness with which he had prepared to dispatch the details of the plan, that he gave up more time than he could well afford and was late in filling his engagement. But the commissioner was as good as his word. He sent the trustee away in his carriage and got him to his destination at the earliest possible moment.

Interesting Eccentricities.

Mr. Carnegie is not without his eccentricities—few men are—and stories of some of them are told occasionally to support the notion that he has a personal streak of pugnaciousness in certain directions.

Thus in England, where the smallest banknotes are of five pound value, one's spending money is all in coin.

Because Mr. Carnegie carried his in a purse, and not loose in his pocket, as most well-to-do Britons do, some one rushed into print and said that Carnegie was probably too economical in his personal expenditure. T. P. O'Connor, editor of "Mainly About People," took up the charge seriously in the steelmaster's behalf, and declared that, in his opinion, Carnegie was only methodical.

Another story, told in London, though I have never seen it in print, has it that in going from the British metropolis on a trip to an interior part of England he met, while stretching his legs at one of the stations, a friend who had grown wealthy through Mr. Carnegie's aid and suggestions on the condition of the steel market. Carnegie was riding in a third-class carriage.

"Good God, Mr. Carnegie," exclaimed the newly rich Englishman, who had a private first-class compartment to himself, "what do you mean by riding in that cattle cart? Share my compartment with me."

"Cattle are not to be despised," said Carnegie, as he dodged into his third-class compartment.

While Mr. Carnegie selects his intimates

in these days of ease from among the intellectual class mostly, he is still a good shaker, as the third-class carriage story shows. He still has a temper, too, and is not slow to express himself with vigor and emphasis. Both points are illustrated in this steamship anecdote.

Mr. Carnegie invariably hires the costliest suite on the steamer. He delights, in a short time dinner was served in the largest of them. Meanwhile the commissioner had begun to put his queries, and to the trustee's great surprise, all his answers were duly taken down, in shorthand by an assistant commissioner, who emerged from a smaller room.

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3200 residence—which he occupies for days sometimes in the late Fall.

Consideration of the many requests for library buildings from cities and towns located in the uttermost parts of the earth naturally occupies some of his time, and he sets apart certain days when he and his secretary, a Scot, of course, do little else but go over the applications. He receives a vast mass of applications for other sorts of benefactions, too, of course. It is said that the majority of the 300 to 400 letters he receives daily are miscellaneous begging letters, and as he has no special charity commissioner, as John D. Rockefeller has, he gives much personal attention to them.

Sometimes, but not often, the public gets an inkling of what may be termed irregular requests for help that reach the Laird of Skibo Castle. One, sent in by a brilliant newspaper leader some years ago, was for the establishment of a "journalist's home." It was exploited in the press by friends of its originator, but Carnegie paid no attention to it, and most self-respecting newspaper men were, no doubt, glad he didn't.

He was equally heedless of the suggestion made by a New York newspaper that he build a lot of model tenement-houses in New York on the plan recently adopted by Henry Flapp, though later he took it up in London. His own scheme to give heavily for the establishment of phonetic spelling has never been worked out.

Weight Probably Not Yet Much Shrunken

When Carnegie got his first dividend check on his first investment, a few shares of Adams Express stock, he was little more than a boy. He showed the check to some of his young friends, who were enjoying a Sunday stroll in the woods near Pittsburgh. He is fond of telling how he was impressed by that check, and once he told it in print.

"Here," he said, "was money I had received, without laboring for it. The interest on my capital. We all realized that we must become capitalists, and several of these same boys have since been associated with me in undertakings involving large capital."

Even should Mr. Carnegie succeed in dying poor, he will undoubtedly reserve for himself a fortune for his little daughter, Margaret, now at the threshold of her teens. The steelmaster is devoted to her; he has deeded his New York mansion to her, and he appears to be as anxious to shield her from publicity as he is willing to allow the details of gift-giving to be made known to all the world. Portraits of himself and of Mrs. Carnegie, whom he married when he was in middle life, and pictures of his castle and his mansion inside and out, are not hard to get, but no authorized photograph of the little girl has ever been given out.

Simple Life for Little Miss Carnegie.

This daughter of a veritable steel Midas, who has the distinction of having kissed Edward VII. and interested him in her doll-house, is being brought up as simply as we are told the children of most kings and emperors are reared. She is especially discouraged in the idea that she can spend money freely, just for pleasure, simply because her father has many millions.

Once recently, when she was out for an

awing her her governess, little Margaret saw flower-stalks and asked permission to buy a bunch of violets. The governess would not hear of it. When the child returned to the house she tearfully poured the tale of her indignation at the governess into her mother's ears.

"What did you wish to buy the violets for?" asked her mother.

"To pin on my dress. They would look so pretty."

"Governess was right, my dear," said the mother. "It would not have been so bad to buy the pretty flowers and bring them home and put in a vase of water, for then their life would have been prolonged, but it would have been a waste of money to buy them just to pin on your dress."

It is current gossip, today that he who was so impressed by that dividend check on the ground that it was his money, for his personal checks, so much of a capitalist has become. Once Mrs. Carnegie asked her husband to teach her how she might make her check stanzas agree with her bank-book balance. His reply was that it was hardly worth while, at least for him.

"I never write out stubs at all," he told her. "I just write checks and get the money; that's all. I'm not afraid of overdraw my balance."

Not is there much danger that he will ever overdraw his balance, despite his announced disgust at the notion of any man dying rich, and the millions he is giving away every year.

Men who ought to know about it believe his income to be \$30,000,000 a year (Prick placed it higher), and at that rate his capital since 1901, when he sold out for \$40,000,000, had he not given any of it away. His own statement of his library gifts places their aggregate at something like \$40,000,000. Mrs. Carnegie's gifts have not been more than \$10,000,000, probably, and he had given millions of his library gifts away before ever he sold out. New York men of affairs think he is just about giving his income away every year, and that his capital has been very little encroached upon, if at all.

QUEER RAILROAD CUSTOMS.

"I have seen many queer things in railroad travel—even in America," said a

Baby Mine. Every mother feels a great dread of the pain and danger attendant upon the most critical period of her life. Becoming a mother should be a source of joy to all, but the suffering and danger incident to the ordeal makes its anticipation one of misery. Mother's Friend is the only remedy which relieves women of the great pain and danger of maternity; this hour which is dreaded as woman's severest trial is not only made painless, but all the danger is avoided by its use. Those who use this remedy are no longer dependent or gloomy; nervousness, nausea and other distressing conditions are overcome, the system is made ready for the coming event, and the serious accidents so common to the critical hour are obviated by the use of Mother's Friend. "It is worth its weight in gold," says many who have used it. \$1.00 per bottle at drug stores. Book containing valuable information of interest to all women, will be sent to any address free upon application to GRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.