

## CHAPTER XIX

### THE "GOSPEL OF WEALTH"

**A**FTER my book, "The Gospel of Wealth,"<sup>1</sup> was published, it was inevitable that I should live up to its teachings by ceasing to struggle for more wealth. I resolved to stop accumulating and begin the infinitely more serious and difficult task of wise distribution. Our profits had reached forty millions of dollars per year and the prospect of increased earnings before us was amazing. Our successors, the United States Steel Corporation, soon after the purchase, netted sixty millions in one year. Had our company continued in business and adhered to our plans of extension, we figured that seventy millions in that year might have been earned.

Steel had ascended the throne and was driving away all inferior material. It was clearly seen that there was a great future ahead; but so far as I was concerned I knew the task of distribution before me would tax me in my old age to the utmost. As usual, Shakespeare had placed his talismanic touch upon the thought and framed the sentence —

"So distribution should undo excess,  
And each man have enough."

At this juncture—that is March, 1901—Mr. Schwab

<sup>1</sup> *The Gospel of Wealth* (Century Company, New York, 1900) contains various magazine articles written between 1886 and 1899 and published in the *Youth's Companion*, the *Century Magazine*, the *North American Review*, the *Forum*, the *Contemporary Review*, the *Fortnightly Review*, the *Nineteenth Century*, and the *Scottish Leader*. Gladstone asked that the article in the *North American Review* be printed in England. It was published in the *Pall Mall Budget* and christened the "Gospel of Wealth." Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, Rev. Hugh Price, and Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler answered it, and Mr. Carnegie replied to them.

told me Mr. Morgan had said to him he should really like to know if I wished to retire from business; if so he thought he could arrange it. He also said he had consulted our partners and that they were disposed to sell, being attracted by the terms Mr. Morgan had offered. I told Mr. Schwab that if my partners were desirous to sell I would concur, and we finally sold.

There had been so much deception by speculators buying old iron and steel mills and foisting them upon innocent purchasers at inflated values — hundred-dollar shares in some cases selling for a trifle — that I declined to take anything for the common stock. Had I done so, it would have given me just about one hundred millions more of five per cent bonds, which Mr. Morgan said afterwards I could have obtained. Such was the prosperity and such the money value of our steel business. Events proved I should have been quite justified in asking the additional sum named, for the common stock has paid five per cent continuously since.<sup>1</sup> But I had enough, as has been proved, to keep me busier than ever before, trying to distribute it.

My first distribution was to the men in the mills. The following letters and papers will explain the gift:

*New York, N.Y., March 12, 1901*

I make this first use of surplus wealth, four millions of first mortgage 5% Bonds, upon retiring from business, as an ac-

<sup>1</sup> The Carnegie Steel Company was bought by Mr. Morgan at Mr. Carnegie's own price. There was some talk at the time of his holding out for a higher price than he received, but testifying before a committee of the House of Representatives in January, 1912, Mr. Carnegie said: "I considered what was fair; and that is the option Morgan got. Schwab went down and arranged it. I never saw Morgan on the subject or any man connected with him. Never a word passed between him and me. I gave my memorandum and Morgan saw it was eminently fair. I have been told many times since by insiders that I should have asked \$100,000,000 more and could have got it easily. Once for all, I want to put a stop to all this talk about Mr. Carnegie 'forcing high prices for anything.'"

knowledgment of the deep debt which I owe to the workmen who have contributed so greatly to my success. It is designed to relieve those who may suffer from accidents, and provide small pensions for those needing help in old age.

In addition I give one million dollars of such bonds, the proceeds thereof to be used to maintain the libraries and halls I have built for our workmen.

In return, the Homestead workmen presented the following address:

*Munhall, Pa., Feb'y 23, 1903*

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE  
New York, N.Y.

DEAR SIR:

We, the employees of the Homestead Steel Works, desire by this means to express to you through our Committee our great appreciation of your benevolence in establishing the "Andrew Carnegie Relief Fund," the first annual report of its operation having been placed before us during the past month.

The interest which you have always shown in your workmen has won for you an appreciation which cannot be expressed by mere words. Of the many channels through which you have sought to do good, we believe that the "Andrew Carnegie Relief Fund" stands first. We have personal knowledge of cares lightened and of hope and strength renewed in homes where human prospects seemed dark and discouraging.

Respectfully yours

Committee	{	HARRY F. ROSE, <i>Roller</i>
		JOHN BELL, JR., <i>Blacksmith</i>
		J. A. HORTON, <i>Timekeeper</i>
		WALTER A. GREIG, <i>Electric Foreman</i>
		HARRY CUSACK, <i>Yardmaster</i>

The Lucy Furnace men presented me with a beautiful silver plate and inscribed upon it the following address:

ANDREW CARNEGIE RELIEF FUND  
LUCY FURNACES

*Whereas*, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in his munificent philanthropy, has endowed the "Andrew Carnegie Relief Fund" for the benefit of employees of the Carnegie Company, Therefore be it

*Resolved*, that the employees of the Lucy Furnaces, in special meeting assembled, do convey to Mr. Andrew Carnegie their sincere thanks for and appreciation of his unexcelled and bounteous endowment, and furthermore be it

*Resolved*, that it is their earnest wish and prayer that his life may be long spared to enjoy the fruits of his works.

Committee	{	JAMES SCOTT, <i>Chairman</i> LOUIS A. HUTCHISON, <i>Secretary</i> JAMES DALY R. C. TAYLOR JOHN V. WARD FREDERICK VOELKER JOHN M. VEIGH
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I sailed soon for Europe, and as usual some of my partners did not fail to accompany me to the steamer and bade me good-bye. But, oh! the difference to me! Say what we would, do what we would, the solemn change had come. This I could not fail to realize. The wrench was indeed severe and there was pain in the good-bye which was also a farewell.

Upon my return to New York some months later, I felt myself entirely out of place, but was much cheered by seeing several of "the boys" on the pier to welcome me — the same dear friends, but so different. I had lost my partners, but not my friends. This was something; it was much. Still a vacancy was left. I had now to take up my self-appointed task of wisely disposing of surplus wealth. That would keep me deeply interested.

One day my eyes happened to see a line in that most

valuable paper, the "Scottish American," in which I had found many gems. This was the line:

"The gods send thread for a web begun."

It seemed almost as if it had been sent directly to me. This sank into my heart, and I resolved to begin at once my first web. True enough, the gods sent thread in the proper form. Dr. J. S. Billings, of the New York Public Libraries, came as their agent, and of dollars, five and a quarter millions went at one stroke for sixty-eight branch libraries, promised for New York City. Twenty more libraries for Brooklyn followed.

My father, as I have stated, had been one of the five pioneers in Dunfermline who combined and gave access to their few books to their less fortunate neighbors. I had followed in his footsteps by giving my native town a library — its foundation stone laid by my mother — so that this public library was really my first gift. It was followed by giving (a public library and hall to Allegheny City — our first home in America.) President Harrison kindly accompanied me from Washington and opened these buildings. Soon after this, Pittsburgh asked for a library, which was given. This developed, in due course, into a group of buildings embracing a museum, a picture gallery, technical schools, and the Margaret Morrison School for Young Women. This group of buildings I opened to the public November 5, 1895. In Pittsburgh I had made my fortune and in the twenty-four millions already spent on this group,<sup>1</sup> she gets back only a small part of what she gave, and to which she is richly entitled.

The second large gift was to found the Carnegie Institution of Washington. The 28th of January, 1902,

<sup>1</sup> The total gifts to the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh amounted to about twenty-eight million dollars.

I gave ten million dollars in five per cent bonds, to which there has been added sufficient to make the total cash value twenty-five millions of dollars, the additions being made upon record of results obtained. I naturally wished to consult President Roosevelt upon the matter, and if possible to induce the Secretary of State, Mr. John Hay, to serve as chairman, which he readily agreed to do. With him were associated as directors my old friend Abram S. Hewitt, Dr. Billings, William E. Dodge, Elihu Root, Colonel Higginson, D. O. Mills, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and others.

When I showed President Roosevelt the list of the distinguished men who had agreed to serve, he remarked: "You could not duplicate it." He strongly favored the foundation, which was incorporated by an act of Congress April 28, 1904, as follows:

To encourage in the broadest and most liberal manner investigations, research and discovery, and the application of knowledge to the improvement of mankind; and, in particular, to conduct, endow and assist investigation in any department of science, literature or art, and to this end to coöperate with governments, universities, colleges, technical schools, learned societies, and individuals.

I was indebted to Dr. Billings as my guide, in selecting Dr. Daniel C. Gilman as the first President. He passed away some years later. Dr. Billings then recommended the present highly successful president, Dr. Robert S. Woodward. Long may he continue to guide the affairs of the Institution! The history of its achievements is so well known through its publications that details here are unnecessary. I may, however, refer to two of its undertakings that are somewhat unique. It is doing a world-wide service with the wood-and-bronze yacht, "Carnegie," which is voyaging around the world

correcting the errors of the earlier surveys. Many of these ocean surveys have been found misleading, owing to variations of the compass. Bronze being non-magnetic, while iron and steel are highly so, previous observations have proved liable to error. A notable instance is that of the stranding of a Cunard steamship near the Azores. Captain Peters, of the "Carnegie," thought it advisable to test this case and found that the captain of the ill-fated steamer was sailing on the course laid down upon the admiralty map, and was not to blame. The original observation was wrong. The error caused by variation was promptly corrected.

This is only one of numerous corrections reported to the nations who go down to the sea in ships. Their thanks are our ample reward. In the deed of gift I expressed the hope that our young Republic might some day be able to repay, at least in some degree, the great debt it owes to the older lands. Nothing gives me deeper satisfaction than the knowledge that it has to some extent already begun to do so.

With the unique service rendered by the wandering "Carnegie," we may rank that of the fixed observatory upon Mount Wilson, California, at an altitude of 5886 feet. Professor Hale is in charge of it. He attended the gathering of leading astronomers in Rome one year, and such were his revelations there that these savants resolved their next meeting should be on top of Mount Wilson. And so it was.

There is but one Mount Wilson. From a depth seventy-two feet down in the earth photographs have been taken of new stars. On the first of these plates many new worlds — I believe sixteen — were discovered. On the second I think it was sixty new worlds which had come into our ken, and on the third plate there were

estimated to be more than a hundred — several of them said to be twenty times the size of our sun. Some of them were so distant as to require eight years for their light to reach us, which inclines us to bow our heads whispering to ourselves, “All we know is as nothing to the unknown.” When the monster new glass, three times larger than any existing, is in operation, what revelations are to come! I am assured if a race inhabits the moon they will be clearly seen.

The third delightful task was founding the Hero Fund, in which my whole heart was concerned. I had heard of a serious accident in a coal pit near Pittsburgh, and how the former superintendent, Mr. Taylor, although then engaged in other pursuits, had instantly driven to the scene, hoping to be of use in the crisis. Rallying volunteers, who responded eagerly, he led them down the pit to rescue those below. Alas, alas, he the heroic leader lost his own life.

I could not get the thought of this out of my mind. My dear, dear friend, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, had sent me the following true and beautiful poem, and I re-read it the morning after the accident, and resolved then to establish the Hero Fund.

#### IN THE TIME OF PEACE

'T was said: “When roll of drum and battle's roar  
Shall cease upon the earth, O, then no more

The deed — the race — of heroes in the land.”  
But scarce that word was breathed when one small hand

Lifted victorious o'er a giant wrong  
That had its victims crushed through ages long;

Some woman set her pale and quivering face  
Firm as a rock against a man's disgrace;



A little child suffered in silence lest  
His savage pain should wound a mother's breast;

Some quiet scholar flung his gauntlet down  
And risked, in Truth's great name, the synod's frown;

A civic hero, in the calm realm of laws,  
Did that which suddenly drew a world's applause;

And one to the pest his lithe young body gave  
That he a thousand thousand lives might save.

Hence arose the five-million-dollar fund to reward heroes, or to support the families of heroes, who perish in the effort to serve or save their fellows, and to supplement what employers or others do in contributing to the support of the families of those left destitute through accidents. This fund, established April 15, 1904, has proved from every point of view a decided success. I cherish a fatherly regard for it since no one suggested it to me. As far as I know, it never had been thought of; hence it is emphatically "my ain bairn." Later I extended it to my native land, Great Britain, with headquarters at Dunfermline — the Trustees of the Carnegie Dunfermline Trust undertaking its administration, and splendidly have they succeeded. In due time it was extended to France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, and Denmark.

Regarding its workings in Germany, I received a letter from David Jayne Hill, our American Ambassador at Berlin, from which I quote:

My main object in writing now is to tell you how pleased His Majesty is with the working of the German Hero Fund. He is enthusiastic about it and spoke in most complimentary terms of your discernment, as well as your generosity in founding it. He did not believe it would fill so important a

place as it is doing. He told me of several cases that are really touching, and which would otherwise have been wholly unprovided for. One was that of a young man who saved a boy from drowning and just as they were about to lift him out of the water, after passing up the child into a boat, his heart failed, and he sank. He left a lovely young wife and a little boy. She has already been helped by the Hero Fund to establish a little business from which she can make a living, and the education of the boy, who is very bright, will be looked after. This is but one example.

Valentini (Chief of the Civil Cabinet), who was somewhat skeptical at first regarding the need of such a fund, is now glowing with enthusiasm about it, and he tells me the whole Commission, which is composed of carefully chosen men, is earnestly devoted to the work of making the very best and wisest use of their means and has devoted much time to their decisions.

They have corresponded with the English and French Commission, arranged to exchange reports, and made plans to keep in touch with one another in their work. They were deeply interested in the American report and have learned much from it.

King Edward of Britain was deeply impressed by the provisions of the fund, and wrote me an autograph letter of appreciation of this and other gifts to my native land, which I deeply value, and hence insert.

*Windsor Castle, November 21, 1908*

DEAR MR. CARNEGIE:

I have for some time past been anxious to express to you my sense of your generosity for the great public objects which you have presented to this country, the land of your birth.

Scarcely less admirable than the gifts themselves is the great care and thought you have taken in guarding against their misuse.

I am anxious to tell you how warmly I recognize your most generous benefactions and the great services they are likely to confer upon the country.

As a mark of recognition, I hope you will accept the portrait of myself which I am sending to you.

Believe me, dear Mr. Carnegie,

Sincerely yours

EDWARD R. & I.

Some of the newspapers in America were doubtful of the merits of the Hero Fund and the first annual report was criticized, but all this has passed away and the action of the fund is now warmly extolled. It has conquered, and long will it be before the trust is allowed to perish! The heroes of the barbarian past wounded or killed their fellows; the heroes of our civilized day serve or save theirs. Such the difference between physical and moral courage, between barbarism and civilization. Those who belong to the first class are soon to pass away, for we are finally to regard men who slay each other as we now do cannibals who eat each other; but those in the latter class will not die as long as man exists upon the earth, for such heroism as they display is god-like.

The Hero Fund will prove chiefly a pension fund. Already it has many pensioners, heroes or the widows or children of heroes. A strange misconception arose at first about it. Many thought that its purpose was to stimulate heroic action, that heroes were to be induced to play their parts for the sake of reward. This never entered my mind. It is absurd. True heroes think not of reward. They are inspired and think only of their fellows endangered; never of themselves. The fund is intended to pension or provide in the most suitable manner for the hero should he be disabled, or for those dependent upon him should he perish in his attempt to save others. It has made a fine start and will grow in popularity year after year as its aims and services are

better understood. To-day we have in America 1430 hero pensioners or their families on our list.

I found the president for the Hero Fund in a Carnegie veteran, one of the original boys, Charlie Taylor. No salary for Charlie — not a cent would he ever take. He loves the work so much that I believe he would pay highly for permission to live with it. He is the right man in the right place. He has charge also, with Mr. Wilmot's able assistance, of the pensions for Carnegie workmen (Carnegie Relief Fund<sup>1</sup>); also the pensions for railway employees of my old division. Three relief funds and all of them benefiting others.

I got my revenge one day upon Charlie, who was always urging me to do for others. He is a graduate of Lehigh University and one of her most loyal sons. Lehigh wished a building and Charlie was her chief advocate. I said nothing, but wrote President Drinker offering the funds for the building conditioned upon my naming it. He agreed, and I called it "Taylor Hall." When Charlie discovered this, he came and protested that it would make him ridiculous, that he had only been a modest graduate, and was not entitled to have his name publicly honored, and so on. I enjoyed his plight immensely, waiting until he had finished, and then said that it would probably make him somewhat ridiculous if I insisted upon "Taylor Hall," but he ought to be willing to sacrifice himself somewhat for Lehigh. If he was n't consumed with vanity he would not care much how his name was used if it helped his Alma Mater. Taylor was not much of a name anyhow. It was his insufferable vanity that made such a fuss. He should conquer it. He could make his decision. He could sacrifice the name of Taylor or sacrifice Lehigh, just as

<sup>1</sup> This fund is now managed separately.

he liked, but: "No Taylor, no Hall." I had him! Visitors who may look upon that structure in after days and wonder who Taylor was may rest assured that he was a loyal son of Lehigh, a working, not merely a preaching, apostle of the gospel of service to his fellow-men, and one of the best men that ever lived. Such is our Lord High Commissioner of Pensions.

## CHAPTER XX

### EDUCATIONAL AND PENSION FUNDS

THE fifteen-million-dollar pension fund for aged university professors (The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching), the fourth important gift, given in June, 1905, required the selection of twenty-five trustees from among the presidents of educational institutions in the United States. When twenty-four of these — President Harper, of Chicago University, being absent through illness — honored me by meeting at our house for organization, I obtained an important accession of those who were to become more intimate friends. Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip proved of great service at the start — his Washington experience being most valuable — and in our president, Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, we found the indispensable man.

This fund is very near and dear to me — knowing, as I do, many who are soon to become beneficiaries, and convinced as I am of their worth and the value of the service already rendered by them. Of all professions, that of teaching is probably the most unfairly, yes, most meanly paid, though it should rank with the highest. Educated men, devoting their lives to teaching the young, receive mere pittance. When I first took my seat as a trustee of Cornell University, I was shocked to find how small were the salaries of the professors, as a rule ranking below the salaries of some of our clerks. To save for old age with these men is impossible. Hence the universities without pension funds are compelled to retain men who are no longer able, should no longer be required, to perform their duties. Of the usefulness of

the fund no doubt can be entertained.<sup>1</sup> The first list of beneficiaries published was conclusive upon this point, containing as it did several names of world-wide reputation, so great had been their contributions to the stock of human knowledge. Many of these beneficiaries and their widows have written me most affecting letters. These I can never destroy, for if I ever have a fit of melancholy, I know the cure lies in re-reading these letters.

My friend, Mr. Thomas Shaw (now Lord Shaw), of Dunfermline had written an article for one of the English reviews showing that many poor people in Scotland were unable to pay the fees required to give their children a university education, although some had deprived themselves of comforts in order to do so. After reading Mr. Shaw's article the idea came to me to give ten millions in five per cent bonds, one half of the £104,000 yearly revenue from it to be used to pay the fees of the deserving poor students and the other half to improve the universities.

The first meeting of the trustees of this fund (The Carnegie Trust for the Universities of Scotland) was held in the Edinburgh office of the Secretary of State for Scotland in 1902, Lord Balfour of Burleigh presiding. It was a notable body of men — Prime Minister Balfour, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman (afterwards Prime Minister), John Morley (now Viscount Morley), James Bryce (now Viscount Bryce), the Earl of Elgin, Lord Rosebery, Lord Reay, Mr. Shaw (now Lord Shaw), Dr. John Ross of Dunfermline, "the man-of-all-work" that makes for the happiness or instruction of his fellow-man, and others. I explained that I had asked them to act because I could not entrust funds to the faculties of

<sup>1</sup> The total amount of this fund in 1919 was \$29,250,000.

the Scottish universities after reading the report of a recent commission. Mr. Balfour promptly exclaimed: "Not a penny, not a penny!" The Earl of Elgin, who had been a member of the commission, fully concurred.

The details of the proposed fund being read, the Earl of Elgin was not sure about accepting a trust which was not strict and specific. He wished to know just what his duties were. I had given a majority of the trustees the right to change the objects of beneficence and modes of applying funds, should they in after days decide that the purposes and modes prescribed for education in Scotland had become unsuitable or unnecessary for the advanced times. Balfour of Burleigh agreed with the Earl and so did Prime Minister Balfour, who said he had never heard of a testator before who was willing to give such powers. He questioned the propriety of doing so.

"Well," I said, "Mr. Balfour, I have never known of a body of men capable of legislating for the generation ahead, and in some cases those who attempt to legislate even for their own generation are not thought to be eminently successful."

There was a ripple of laughter in which the Prime Minister himself heartily joined, and he then said:

"You are right, quite right; but you are, I think, the first great giver who has been wise enough to take this view."

I had proposed that a majority should have the power, but Lord Balfour suggested not less than two thirds. This was accepted by the Earl of Elgin and approved by all. I am very sure it is a wise provision, as after days will prove. It is incorporated in all my large gifts, and I rest assured that this feature will in future times prove valuable. The Earl of Elgin, of Dunfermline, did not



hesitate to become Chairman of this trust. When I told Premier Balfour that I hoped Elgin could be induced to assume this duty, he said promptly, "You could not get a better man in Great Britain."

We are all entirely satisfied now upon that point. The query is: where could we get his equal?

It is an odd coincidence that there are only four living men who have been made Burgesses and received the Freedom of Dunfermline, and all are connected with the trust for the Universities of Scotland, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Earl of Elgin, Dr. John Ross, and myself. But there is a lady in the circle to-day, the only one ever so greatly honored with the Freedom of Dunfermline, Mrs. Carnegie, whose devotion to the town, like my own, is intense.

My election to the Lord Rectorship of St. Andrews in 1902 proved a very important event in my life. It admitted me to the university world, to which I had been a stranger. Few incidents in my life have so deeply impressed me as the first meeting of the faculty, when I took my seat in the old chair occupied successively by so many distinguished Lord Rectors during the nearly five hundred years which have elapsed since St. Andrews was founded. I read the collection of rectorial speeches as a preparation for the one I was soon to make. The most remarkable paragraph I met with in any of them was Dean Stanley's advice to the students to "go to Burns for your theology." That a high dignitary of the Church and a favorite of Queen Victoria should venture to say this to the students of John Knox's University is most suggestive as showing how even theology improves with the years. The best rules of conduct are in Burns. First there is: "Thine own reproach alone do fear." I took it as a motto early in life. And secondly:

“The fear o’ hell’s a hangman’s whip  
 To haud the wretch in order;  
 But where ye feel your honor grip,  
 Let that aye be your border.”

John Stuart Mill’s rectorial address to the St. Andrews students is remarkable. He evidently wished to give them of his best. The prominence he assigns to music as an aid to high living and pure refined enjoyment is notable. Such is my own experience.

An invitation given to the principals of the four Scotch universities and their wives or daughters to spend a week at Skibo resulted in much joy to Mrs. Carnegie and myself. The first meeting was attended by the Earl of Elgin, chairman of the Trust for the Universities of Scotland, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Secretary for Scotland, and Lady Balfour. After that “Principals’ Week” each year became an established custom. They as well as we became friends, and thereby, they all agree, great good results to the universities. A spirit of coöperation is stimulated. Taking my hand upon leaving after the first yearly visit, Principal Lang said:

“It has taken the principals of the Scotch universities five hundred years to learn how to begin our sessions. Spending a week together is the solution.”

One of the memorable results of the gathering at Skibo in 1906 was that Miss Agnes Irwin, Dean of Radcliffe College, and great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin, spent the principals’ week with us and all were charmed with her. Franklin received his first doctor’s degree from St. Andrews University, nearly one hundred and fifty years ago. The second centenary of his birth was finely celebrated in Philadelphia, and St. Andrews, with numerous other universities throughout the world, sent addresses. St. Andrews also sent a de-

gree to the great-granddaughter. As Lord Rector, I was deputed to confer it and place the mantle upon her. This was done the first evening before a large audience, when more than two hundred addresses were presented.

The audience was deeply impressed, as well it might be. St. Andrews University, the first to confer the degree upon the great-grandfather, conferred the same degree upon the great-grandchild one hundred and forty-seven years later (and this upon her own merits as Dean of Radcliffe College); sent it across the Atlantic to be bestowed by the hands of its Lord Rector, the first who was not a British subject, but who was born one as Franklin was, and who became an American citizen as Franklin did; the ceremony performed in Philadelphia where Franklin rests, in the presence of a brilliant assembly met to honor his memory. It was all very beautiful, and I esteemed myself favored, indeed, to be the medium of such a graceful and appropriate ceremony. Principal Donaldson of St. Andrews was surely inspired when he thought of it!

My unanimous reelection by the students of St. Andrews, without a contest for a second term, was deeply appreciated. And I liked the Rector's nights, when the students claim him for themselves, no member of the faculty being invited. We always had a good time. After the first one, Principal Donaldson gave me the verdict of the Secretary as rendered to him: "Rector So-and-So talked *to* us, Rector Thus-and-So talked *at* us, both from the platform; Mr. Carnegie sat down in our circle and talked *with* us."

The question of aid to our own higher educational institutions often intruded itself upon me, but my belief was that our chief universities, such as Harvard

and Columbia, with five to ten thousand students,<sup>1</sup> were large enough; that further growth was undesirable; that the smaller institutions (the colleges especially) were in greater need of help and that it would be a better use of surplus wealth to aid them. Accordingly, I afterwards confined myself to these and am satisfied that this was wise. At a later date we found Mr. Rockefeller's splendid educational fund, The General Education Board, and ourselves were working in this fruitful field without consultation, with sometimes undesirable results. Mr. Rockefeller wished me to join his board and this I did. Coöperation was soon found to be much to our mutual advantage, and we now work in unison.

In giving to colleges quite a number of my friends have been honored as was my partner Charlie Taylor. Conway Hall at Dickinson College, was named for Moncure D. Conway, whose Autobiography, recently published, is pronounced "literature" by the "Athenæum." It says: "These two volumes lie on the table glistening like gems 'midst the piles of autobiographical rubbish by which they are surrounded." That is rather suggestive for one who is adding to the pile.

The last chapter in Mr. Conway's Autobiography ends with the following paragraph:

Implore Peace, O my reader, from whom I now part. Implore peace not of deified thunder clouds but of every man, woman, child thou shalt meet. Do not merely offer the prayer, "Give peace in our time," but do thy part to answer it! Then, at least, though the world be at strife, there shall be peace in thee.

My friend has put his finger upon our deepest disgrace. It surely must soon be abolished between civilized nations.

<sup>1</sup> Columbia University in 1920 numbered all told some 25,000 students in the various departments.

The Stanton Chair of Economics at Kenyon College, Ohio, was founded in memory of Edwin M. Stanton, who kindly greeted me as a boy in Pittsburgh when I delivered telegrams to him, and was ever cordial to me in Washington, when I was an assistant to Secretary Scott. The Hanna Chair in Western Reserve University, Cleveland; the John Hay Library at Brown University; the second Elihu Root Fund for Hamilton, the Mrs. Cleveland Library for Wells, gave me pleasure to christen after these friends. I hope more are to follow, commemorating those I have known, liked, and honored. I also wished a General Dodge Library and a Gayley Library to be erected from my gifts, but these friends had already obtained such honor from their respective Alma Maters.

My first gift to Hamilton College was to be named the Elihu Root Foundation, but that ablest of all our Secretaries of State, and in the opinion of President Roosevelt, "the wisest man he ever knew," took care, it seems, not to mention the fact to the college authorities. When I reproached him with this dereliction, he laughingly replied:

"Well, I promise not to cheat you the next gift you give us."

And by a second gift this lapse was repaired after all, but I took care not to entrust the matter directly to him. The Root Fund of Hamilton<sup>1</sup> is now established beyond his power to destroy. Root is a great man, and, as the greatest only are he is, in his simplicity, sublime. President Roosevelt declared he would crawl on his hands and knees from the White House to the Capitol if this would insure Root's nomination to the presidency with a prospect of success. He was considered

<sup>1</sup> It amounts to \$250,000.

vulnerable because he had been counsel for corporations and was too little of the spouter and the demagogue, too much of the modest, retiring statesman to split the ears of the groundlings.<sup>1</sup> The party foolishly decided not to risk Root.

My connection with Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes, which promote the elevation of the colored race we formerly kept in slavery, has been a source of satisfaction and pleasure, and to know Booker Washington is a rare privilege. We should all take our hats off to the man who not only raised himself from slavery, but helped raise millions of his race to a higher stage of civilization. Mr. Washington called upon me a few days after my gift of six hundred thousand dollars was made to Tuskegee and asked if he might be allowed to make one suggestion. I said: "Certainly."

"You have kindly specified that a sum from that fund be set aside for the future support of myself and wife during our lives, and we are very grateful, but, Mr. Carnegie, the sum is far beyond our needs and will seem to my race a fortune. Some might feel that I was no longer a poor man giving my services without thought of saving money. Would you have any objection to changing that clause, striking out the sum, and substituting 'only suitable provision'? I'll trust

<sup>1</sup> At the Meeting in Memory of the Life and Work of Andrew Carnegie held on April 25, 1920, in the Engineering Societies Building in New York, Mr. Root made an address in the course of which, speaking of Mr. Carnegie, he said:

"He belonged to that great race of nation-builders who have made the development of America the wonder of the world. . . . He was the kindest man I ever knew. Wealth had brought to him no hardening of the heart, nor made him forget the dreams of his youth. Kindly, affectionate, charitable in his judgments, unrestrained in his sympathies, noble in his impulses, I wish that all the people who think of him as a rich man giving away money he did not need could know of the hundreds of kindly things he did unknown to the world."

the trustees. Mrs. Washington and myself need very little.”

I did so, and the deed now stands, but when Mr. Baldwin asked for the original letter to exchange it for the substitute, he told me that the noble soul objected. That document addressed to him was to be preserved forever, and handed down; but he would put it aside and let the substitute go on file.

This is an indication of the character of the leader of his race. No truer, more self-sacrificing hero ever lived: a man compounded of all the virtues. It makes one better just to know such pure and noble souls — human nature in its highest types is already divine here on earth. If it be asked which man of our age, or even of the past ages, has risen from the lowest to the highest, the answer must be Booker Washington. He rose from slavery to the leadership of his people — a modern Moses and Joshua combined, leading his people both onward and upward.

In connection with these institutions I came in contact with their officers and trustees — men like Principal Hollis B. Frissell of Hampton, Robert C. Ogden, George Foster Peabody, V. Everit Macy, George McAneny and William H. Baldwin — recently lost to us, alas! — men who labor for others. It was a blessing to know them intimately. The Cooper Union, the Mechanics and Tradesmen’s Society, indeed every institution<sup>1</sup> in which I became interested, revealed many men and women devoting their time and thought, not to “miserable aims that end with self,” but to high ideals which mean the relief and uplift of their less fortunate brethren.

<sup>1</sup> The universities, colleges, and educational institutions to which Mr. Carnegie gave either endowment funds or buildings number five hundred. All told his gifts to them amounted to \$27,000,000.

My giving of organs to churches came very early in my career, I having presented to less than a hundred members of the Swedenborgian Church in Allegheny which my father favored, an organ, after declining to contribute to the building of a new church for so few. Applications from other churches soon began to pour in, from the grand Catholic Cathedral of Pittsburgh down to the small church in the country village, and I was kept busy. Every church seemed to need a better organ than it had, and as the full price for the new instrument was paid, what the old one brought was clear profit. Some ordered organs for very small churches which would almost split the rafters, as was the case with the first organ given the Swedenborgians; others had bought organs before applying but our check to cover the amount was welcome. Finally, however, a rigid system of giving was developed. A printed schedule requiring answers to many questions has now to be filled and returned before action is taken. The department is now perfectly systematized and works admirably because we graduate the gift according to the size of the church.

Charges were made in the rigid Scottish Highlands that I was demoralizing Christian worship by giving organs to churches. The very strict Presbyterians there still denounce as wicked an attempt "to worship God with a kist fu' o' whistles," instead of using the human God-given voice. After that I decided that I should require a partner in my sin, and therefore asked each congregation to pay one half of the desired new organ. Upon this basis the organ department still operates and continues to do a thriving business, the demand for improved organs still being great. Besides, many new churches are required for increasing populations and for these organs are essential.



I see no end to it. In requiring the congregation to pay one half the cost of better instruments, there is assurance of needed and reasonable expenditure. Believing from my own experience that it is salutary for the congregation to hear sacred music at intervals in the service and then slowly to disperse to the strains of the reverence-compelling organ after such sermons as often show us little of a Heavenly Father, I feel the money spent for organs is well spent. So we continue the organ department.<sup>1</sup>

Of all my work of a philanthropic character, my private pension fund gives me the highest and noblest return. No satisfaction equals that of feeling you have been permitted to place in comfortable circumstances, in their old age, people whom you have long known to be kind and good and in every way deserving, but who from no fault of their own, have not sufficient means to live respectably, free from solicitude as to their mere maintenance. Modest sums insure this freedom. It surprised me to find how numerous were those who needed some aid to make the difference between an old age of happiness and one of misery. Some such cases had arisen before my retirement from business, and I had sweet satisfaction from this source. Not one person have I ever placed upon the pension list<sup>2</sup> that did not fully deserve assistance. It is a real roll of honor and mutual affection. All are worthy. There is no publicity about it. No one knows who is embraced. Not a word is ever breathed to others.

This is my favorite and best answer to the question which will never down in my thoughts: "What good am

<sup>1</sup> The "organ department" up to 1919 had given 7689 organs to as many different churches at a cost of over six million dollars.

<sup>2</sup> This amounted to over \$250,000 a year.

I doing in the world to deserve all my mercies?" Well, the dear friends of the pension list give me a satisfactory reply, and this always comes to me in need. I have had far beyond my just share of life's blessings; therefore I never ask the Unknown for anything. We are in the presence of universal law and should bow our heads in silence and obey the Judge within, asking nothing, fearing nothing, just doing our duty right along, seeking no reward here or hereafter.

It is, indeed, more blessed to give than to receive. These dear good friends would do for me and mine as I do for them were positions reversed. I am sure of this. Many precious acknowledgments have I received. Some venture to tell me they remember me every night in their prayers and ask for me every blessing. Often I cannot refrain from giving expression to my real feelings in return.

"Pray, don't," I say. "Don't ask anything more for me. I've got far beyond my just share already. Any fair committee sitting upon my case would take away more than half the blessings already bestowed." These are not mere words, I feel their truth.

The Railroad Pension Fund is of a similar nature. Many of the old boys of the Pittsburgh Division (or their widows) are taken care of by it. It began years ago and grew to its present proportions. It now benefits the worthy railroad men who served under me when I was superintendent on the Pennsylvania, or their widows, who need help. I was only a boy when I first went among these trainmen and got to know them by name. They were very kind to me. Most of the men beneficiaries of the fund I have known personally. They are dear friends.

Although the four-million-dollar fund I gave for

workmen in the mills (Steel Workers' Pensions) embraces hundreds that I never saw, there are still a sufficient number upon it that I do remember to give that fund also a strong hold upon me.

## CHAPTER XXI

### THE PEACE PALACE AND PITTENCRIEFF

PEACE, at least as between English-speaking peoples,<sup>1</sup> must have been early in my thoughts. In 1869, when Britain launched the monster *Monarch*, then the largest warship known, there was, for some now-forgotten reason, talk of how she could easily compel tribute from our American cities one after the other. Nothing could resist her. I cabled John Bright, then in the British Cabinet (the cable had recently been opened):

“First and best service possible for *Monarch*, bringing home body Peabody.”<sup>2</sup>

No signature was given. Strange to say, this was done, and thus the *Monarch* became the messenger of peace, not of destruction. Many years afterwards I met Mr. Bright at a small dinner party in Birmingham and told him I was his young anonymous correspondent. He was surprised that no signature was attached and said his heart was in the act. I am sure it was. He is entitled to all credit.

He was the friend of the Republic when she needed friends during the Civil War. He had always been my favorite living hero in public life as he had been my father's. Denounced as a wild radical at first, he kept

<sup>1</sup> “Let men say what they will, I say that as surely as the sun in the heavens once shone upon Britain and America united, so surely it is one morning to rise, shine upon, and greet again the Reunited States — the British-American Union.” (Quoted in Alderson's *Andrew Carnegie, The Man and His Work*, p. 108. New York, 1909.)

<sup>2</sup> George Peabody, the American merchant and philanthropist, who died in London in 1869.

steadily on until the nation came to his point of view. Always for peace he would have avoided the Crimean War, in which Britain backed the wrong horse, as Lord Salisbury afterwards acknowledged. It was a great privilege that the Bright family accorded me, as a friend, to place a replica of the Manchester Bright statue in Parliament, in the stead of a poor one removed.

I became interested in the Peace Society of Great Britain upon one of my early visits and attended many of its meetings, and in later days I was especially drawn to the Parliamentary Union established by Mr. Cremer, the famous working-man's representative in Parliament. Few men living can be compared to Mr. Cremer. When he received the Nobel Prize of £8000 as the one who had done the most that year for peace, he promptly gave all but £1000, needed for pressing wants, to the Arbitration Committee. It was a noble sacrifice. What is money but dross to the true hero! Mr. Cremer is paid a few dollars a week by his trade to enable him to exist in London as their member of Parliament, and here was fortune thrown in his lap only to be devoted by him to the cause of peace. This is the heroic in its finest form.

I had the great pleasure of presenting the Committee to President Cleveland at Washington in 1887, who received the members cordially and assured them of his hearty coöperation. From that day the abolition of war grew in importance with me until it finally overshadowed all other issues. The surprising action of the first Hague Conference gave me intense joy. Called primarily to consider disarmament (which proved a dream), it created the commanding reality of a permanent tribunal to settle international disputes. I saw in this the greatest step toward peace that humanity had ever taken, and

taken as if by inspiration, without much previous discussion. No wonder the sublime idea captivated the conference.

If Mr. Holls, whose death I so deeply deplored, were alive to-day and a delegate to the forthcoming second Conference with his chief, Andrew D. White, I feel that these two might possibly bring about the creation of the needed International Court for the abolition of war. He it was who started from The Hague at night for Germany, upon request of his chief, and saw the German Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Emperor and finally prevailed upon them to approve of the High Court, and not to withdraw their delegates as threatened — a service for which Mr. Holls deserves to be enrolled among the greatest servants of mankind. Alas, death came to him while still in his prime.

The day that International Court is established will become one of the most memorable days in the world's history.<sup>1</sup> It will ring the knell of man killing man — the deepest and blackest of crimes. It should be celebrated in every land as I believe it will be some day, and that time, perchance, not so remote as expected. In that era not a few of those hitherto extolled as heroes will have found oblivion because they failed to promote peace and good-will instead of war.

When Andrew D. White and Mr. Holls, upon their return from The Hague, suggested that I offer the funds needed for a Temple of Peace at The Hague, I informed them that I never could be so presumptuous; that if the

<sup>1</sup> "I submit that the only measure required to-day for the maintenance of world peace is an agreement between three or four of the leading Civilized Powers (and as many more as desire to join — the more the better) pledged to cooperate against disturbers of world peace, should such arise." (Andrew Carnegie, in address at unveiling of a bust of William Randall Cremer at the Peace Palace of The Hague, August 29, 1913.)

Government of the Netherlands informed me of its desire to have such a temple and hoped I would furnish the means, the request would be favorably considered. They demurred, saying this could hardly be expected from any Government. Then I said I could never act in the matter.

Finally the Dutch Government did make application, through its Minister, Baron Gevers in Washington, and I rejoiced. Still, in writing him, I was careful to say that the drafts of his Government would be duly honored. I did not send the money. The Government drew upon me for it, and the draft for a million and a half is kept as a memento. It seems to me almost too much that any individual should be permitted to perform so noble a duty as that of providing means for this Temple of Peace — the most holy building in the world because it has the holiest end in view. I do not even except St. Peter's, or any building erected to the glory of God, whom, as Luther says, "we cannot serve or aid; He needs no help from us." This temple is to bring peace, which is so greatly needed among His erring creatures. "The highest worship of God is service to man." At least, I feel so with Luther and Franklin.

When in 1907 friends came and asked me to accept the presidency of the Peace Society of New York, which they had determined to organize, I declined, alleging that I was kept very busy with many affairs, which was true; but my conscience troubled me afterwards for declining. If I were not willing to sacrifice myself for the cause of peace what should I sacrifice for? What was I good for? Fortunately, in a few days, the Reverend Lyman Abbott, the Reverend Mr. Lynch, and some other notable laborers for good causes called to urge my reconsideration. I divined their errand and frankly

told them they need not speak. My conscience had been tormenting me for declining and I would accept the presidency and do my duty. After that came the great national gathering (the following April) when for the first time in the history of Peace Society meetings, there attended delegates from thirty-five of the states of the Union, besides many foreigners of distinction.<sup>1</sup>

My first decoration then came unexpectedly. The French Government had made me Knight Commander of the Legion of Honor, and at the Peace Banquet in New York, over which I presided, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant appeared upon the stage and in a compelling speech invested me with the regalia amid the cheers of the company. It was a great honor, indeed, and appreciated by me because given for my services to the cause of International Peace. Such honors humble, they do not exalt; so let them come.<sup>2</sup> They serve also to remind me that I must strive harder than ever, and watch every act and word more closely, that I may reach just a little nearer the standard the givers—deluded souls—mistakenly assume in their speeches, that I have already attained.

. . . . .

No gift I have made or can ever make can possibly approach that of Pittencrieff Glen, Dunfermline. It is

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Carnegie does not mention the fact that in December, 1910, he gave to a board of trustees \$10,000,000, the revenue of which was to be administered for "the abolition of international war, the foulest blot upon our civilization." This is known as the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The Honorable Elihu Root is president of the board of trustees.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Carnegie received also the Grand Cross Order of Orange-Nassau from Holland, the Grand Cross Order of Danebrog from Denmark, a gold medal from twenty-one American Republics and had doctors' degrees from innumerable universities and colleges. He was also a member of many institutes, learned societies and clubs — over 190 in number.



saturated with childish sentiment — all of the purest and sweetest. I must tell that story:

Among my earliest recollections are the struggles of Dunfermline to obtain the rights of the town to part of the Abbey grounds and the Palace ruins. My Grandfather Morrison began the campaign, or, at least, was one of those who did. The struggle was continued by my Uncles Lauder and Morrison, the latter honored by being charged with having incited and led a band of men to tear down a certain wall. The citizens won a victory in the highest court and the then Laird ordered that thereafter “no Morrison be admitted to the Glen.” I, being a Morrison like my brother-cousin, Dod, was debarred. The Lairds of Pittencrieff for generations had been at variance with the inhabitants.

The Glen is unique, as far as I know. It adjoins the Abbey and Palace grounds, and on the west and north it lies along two of the main streets of the town. Its area (between sixty and seventy acres) is finely sheltered, its high hills grandly wooded. It always meant paradise to the child of Dunfermline. It certainly did to me. When I heard of paradise, I translated the word into Pittencrieff Glen, believing it to be as near to paradise as anything I could think of. Happy were we if through an open lodge gate, or over the wall or under the iron grill over the burn, now and then we caught a glimpse inside.

Almost every Sunday Uncle Lauder took “Dod” and “Naig” for a walk around the Abbey to a part that overlooked the Glen — the busy crows fluttering around in the big trees below. Its Laird was to us children the embodiment of rank and wealth. The Queen, we knew, lived in Windsor Castle, but she did n’t own Pittencrieff, not she! Hunt of Pittencrieff would n’t exchange

with her or with any one. Of this we were sure, because certainly neither of us would. In all my childhood's — yes and in my early manhood's — air-castle building (which was not small), nothing comparable in grandeur approached Pittencrieff. My Uncle Lauder predicted many things for me when I became a man, but had he foretold that some day I should be rich enough, and so supremely fortunate as to become Laird of Pittencrieff, he might have turned my head. And then to be able to hand it over to Dunfermline as a public park — my paradise of childhood! Not for a crown would I barter that privilege.

When Dr. Ross whispered to me that Colonel Hunt might be induced to sell, my ears cocked themselves instantly. He wished an extortionate price, the doctor thought, and I heard nothing further for some time. When indisposed in London in the autumn of 1902, my mind ran upon the subject, and I intended to wire Dr. Ross to come up and see me. One morning, Mrs. Carnegie came into my room and asked me to guess who had arrived and I guessed Dr. Ross. Sure enough, there he was. We talked over Pittencrieff. I suggested that if our mutual friend and fellow-townsmen, Mr. Shaw in Edinburgh (Lord Shaw of Dunfermline) ever met Colonel Hunt's agents he could intimate that their client might some day regret not closing with me as another purchaser equally anxious to buy might not be met with, and I might change my mind or pass away. Mr. Shaw told the doctor when he mentioned this that he had an appointment to meet with Hunt's lawyer on other business the next morning and would certainly say so.

I sailed shortly after for New York and received there one day a cable from Mr. Shaw stating that the Laird

would accept forty-five thousand pounds. Should he close? I wired: "Yes, provided it is under Ross's conditions"; and on Christmas Eve, I received Shaw's reply: "Hail, Laird of Pittencrieff!" So I was the happy possessor of the grandest title on earth in my estimation. The King — well, he was only the King. He did n't own King Malcolm's tower nor St. Margaret's shrine, nor Pittencrieff Glen. Not he, poor man. I did, and I shall be glad to condescendingly show the King those treasures should he ever visit Dunfermline.

As the possessor of the Park and the Glen I had a chance to find out what, if anything, money could do for the good of the masses of a community, if placed in the hands of a body of public-spirited citizens. Dr. Ross was taken into my confidence so far as Pittencrieff Park was concerned, and with his advice certain men intended for a body of trustees were agreed upon and invited to Skibo to organize. They imagined it was in regard to transferring the Park to the town; not even to Dr. Ross was any other subject mentioned. When they heard that half a million sterling in bonds, bearing five per cent interest, was also to go to them for the benefit of Dunfermline, they were surprised.<sup>1</sup>

It is twelve years since the Glen was handed over to the trustees and certainly no public park was ever dearer to a people. The children's yearly gala day, the flower shows and the daily use of the Park by the people are surprising. The Glen now attracts people from neighboring towns. In numerous ways the trustees have succeeded finely in the direction indicated in the trust deed, namely:

To bring into the monotonous lives of the toiling masses of Dunfermline, more "of sweetness and light," to give to

<sup>1</sup> Additional gifts, made later, brought this gift up to \$3,750,000.

them — especially the young — some charm, some happiness, some elevating conditions of life which residence elsewhere would have denied, that the child of my native town, looking back in after years, however far from home it may have roamed, will feel that simply by virtue of being such, life has been made happier and better. If this be the fruit of your labors, you will have succeeded; if not, you will have failed.

To this paragraph I owe the friendship of Earl Grey, formerly Governor-General of Canada. He wrote Dr. Ross:

“I must know the man who wrote that document in the ‘Times’ this morning.”

We met in London and became instantly sympathetic. He is a great soul who passes instantly into the heart and stays there. Lord Grey is also to-day a member (trustee) of the ten-million-dollar fund for the United Kingdom.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Carnegie refers to the gift of ten million dollars to the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust merely in connection with Earl Grey. His references to his gifts are casual, in that he refers only to the ones in which he happens for the moment to be interested. Those he mentions are merely a part of the whole. He gave to the Church Peace Union over \$2,000,000, to the United Engineering Society \$1,500,000, to the International Bureau of American Republics \$850,000, and to a score or more of research, hospital, and educational boards sums ranging from \$100,000 to \$500,000. He gave to various towns and cities over twenty-eight hundred library buildings at a cost of over \$60,000,000. The largest of his gifts he does not mention at all. This was made in 1911 to the Carnegie Corporation of New York and was \$125,000,000. The Corporation is the residuary legatee under Mr. Carnegie’s will and it is not yet known what further sum may come to it through that instrument. The object of the Corporation, as defined by Mr. Carnegie himself in a letter to the trustees, is:

“To promote the advancement and diffusion of knowledge and understanding among the people of the United States by aiding technical schools, institutions of higher learning, libraries, scientific research, hero funds, useful publications and by such other agencies and means as shall from time to time be found appropriate therefor.”

The Carnegie benefactions, all told, amount to something over \$350,000,000 — surely a huge sum to have been brought together and then distributed by one man.

Thus, Pittencrieff Glen is the most soul-satisfying public gift I ever made, or ever can make. It is poetic justice that the grandson of Thomas Morrison, radical leader in his day, nephew of Bailie Morrison, his son and successor, and above all son of my sainted father and my most heroic mother, should arise and dispossess the lairds, should become the agent for conveying the Glen and Park to the people of Dunfermline forever. It is a true romance, which no air-castle can quite equal or fiction conceive. The hand of destiny seems to hover over it, and I hear something whispering: "Not altogether in vain have you lived — not altogether in vain." This is the crowning mercy of my career! I set it apart from all my other public gifts. Truly the whirligig of time brings in some strange revenges.

It is now thirteen years since I ceased to accumulate wealth and began to distribute it. I could never have succeeded in either had I stopped with having enough to retire upon, but nothing to retire to. But there was the habit and the love of reading, writing and speaking upon occasion, and also the acquaintance and friendship of educated men which I had made before I gave up business. For some years after retiring I could not force myself to visit the works. This, alas, would recall so many who had gone before. Scarcely one of my early friends would remain to give me the hand-clasp of the days of old. Only one or two of these old men would call me "Andy."

Do not let it be thought, however, that my younger partners were forgotten, or that they have not played a very important part in sustaining me in the effort of reconciling myself to the new conditions. Far otherwise! The most soothing influence of all was their prompt organization of the Carnegie Veteran Association, to ex-

pire only when the last member dies. Our yearly dinner together, in our own home in New York, is a source of the greatest pleasure, — so great that it lasts from one year to the other. Some of the Veterans travel far to be present, and what occurs between us constitutes one of the dearest joys of my life. I carry with me the affection of “my boys.” I am certain I do. There is no possible mistake about that because my heart goes out to them. This I number among my many blessings and in many a brooding hour this fact comes to me, and I say to myself: “Rather this, minus fortune, than multimillionairedom without it — yes, a thousand times, yes.”

Many friends, great and good men and women, Mrs. Carnegie and I are favored to know, but not one whit shall these ever change our joint love for the “boys.” For to my infinite delight her heart goes out to them as does mine. She it was who christened our new New York home with the first Veteran dinner. “The partners first” was her word. It was no mere idle form when they elected Mrs. Carnegie the first honorary member, and our daughter the second. Their place in our hearts is secure. Although I was the senior, still we were “boys together.” Perfect trust and common aims, not for self only, but for each other, and deep affection, moulded us into a brotherhood. We were friends first and partners afterwards. Forty-three out of forty-five partners are thus bound together for life.

Another yearly event that brings forth many choice spirits is our Literary Dinner, at home, our dear friend Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the “Century,” being the manager.<sup>1</sup> His devices and quotations from

<sup>1</sup> “Yesterday we had a busy day in Toronto. The grand event was a dinner at six o'clock where we all spoke, A. C. making a remarkable ad-

the writings of the guest of the year, placed upon the cards of the guests, are so appropriate, as to cause much hilarity. Then the speeches of the novitiates give zest to the occasion. John Morley was the guest of honor when with us in 1895 and a quotation from his works was upon the card at each plate.

One year Gilder appeared early in the evening of the dinner as he wished to seat the guests. This had been done, but he came to me saying it was well he had looked them over. He had found John Burroughs and Ernest Thompson Seton were side by side, and as they were then engaged in a heated controversy upon the habits of beasts and birds, in which both had gone too far in their criticisms, they were at dagger's points. Gilder said it would never do to seat them together. He had separated them. I said nothing, but slipped into the dining-room unobserved and replaced the cards as before. Gilder's surprise was great when he saw the men next each other, but the result was just as I had expected. A reconciliation took place and they parted good friends. Moral: If you wish to play peace-maker, seat adversaries next each other where they must begin by being civil.

Burroughs and Seton both enjoyed the trap I set for them. True it is, we only hate those whom we do not dress. . . . I can't tell you how I am enjoying this. Not only seeing new places, but the talks with our own party. It is, indeed, a liberal education. A. C. is truly a 'great' man; that is, a man of enormous faculty and a great imagination. I don't remember any friend who has such a range of poetical quotation, unless it is Stedman. (Not so much *range* as numerous quotations from Shakespeare, Burns, Byron, etc.) His views are truly large and prophetic. And, unless I am mistaken, he has a genuine ethical character. He is not perfect, but he is most interesting and remarkable; a true democrat; his benevolent actions having a root in principle and character. He is not accidentally the intimate friend of such high natures as Arnold and Morley." (*Letters of Richard Watson Gilder*, edited by his daughter Rosamond Gilder, p. 374. New York, 1916.)

know. It certainly is often the way to peace to invite your adversary to dinner and even beseech him to come, taking no refusal. Most quarrels become acute from the parties not seeing and communicating with each other and hearing too much of their disagreement from others. They do not fully understand the other's point of view and all that can be said for it. Wise is he who offers the hand of reconciliation should a difference with a friend arise. Unhappy he to the end of his days who refuses it. No possible gain atones for the loss of one who has been a friend even if that friend has become somewhat less dear to you than before. He is still one with whom you have been intimate, and as age comes on friends pass rapidly away and leave you.

He is the happy man who feels there is not a human being to whom he does not wish happiness, long life, and deserved success, not one in whose path he would cast an obstacle nor to whom he would not do a service if in his power. All this he can feel without being called upon to retain as a friend one who has proved unworthy beyond question by dishonorable conduct. For such there should be nothing felt but pity, infinite pity. And pity for your own loss also, for true friendship can only feed and grow upon the virtues.

“ When love begins to sicken and decay  
It useth an enforced ceremony.”

The former geniality may be gone forever, but each can wish the other nothing but happiness.

None of my friends hailed my retirement from business more warmly than Mark Twain. I received from him the following note, at a time when the newspapers were talking much about my wealth.



DEAR SIR AND FRIEND:

You seem to be prosperous these days. Could you lend an admirer a dollar and a half to buy a hymn-book with? God will bless you if you do; I feel it, I know it. So will I. If there should be other applications this one not to count.

Yours

MARK

P.S. Don't send the hymn-book, send the money. I want to make the selection myself.

M.

When he was lying ill in New York I went to see him frequently, and we had great times together, for even lying in bed he was as bright as ever. One call was to say good-bye, before my sailing for Scotland. The Pension Fund for University Professors was announced in New York soon after I sailed. A letter about it from Mark, addressed to "Saint Andrew," reached me in Scotland, from which I quote the following:

You can take my halo. If you had told me what you had done when at my bedside you would have got it there and then. It is pure tin and paid "the duty" when it came down.

Those intimate with Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain) will certify that he was one of the charmers. Joe Jefferson is the only man who can be conceded his twin brother in manner and speech, their charm being of the same kind. "Uncle Remus" (Joel Chandler Harris) is another who has charm, and so has George W. Cable; yes, and Josh Billings also had it. Such people brighten the lives of their friends, regardless of themselves. They make sunshine wherever they go. In Rip Van Winkle's words: "All pretty much alike, dem fellers." Every one of them is unselfish and warm of heart.

The public only knows one side of Mr. Clemens — the amusing part. Little does it suspect that he was a

man of strong convictions upon political and social questions and a moralist of no mean order. For instance, upon the capture of Aguinaldo by deception, his pen was the most trenchant of all. Junius was weak in comparison.

The gathering to celebrate his seventieth birthday was unique. The literary element was there in force, but Mark had not forgotten to ask to have placed near him the multi-millionaire, Mr. H. H. Rogers, one who had been his friend in need. Just like Mark. Without exception, the leading literary men dwelt in their speeches exclusively upon the guest's literary work. When my turn came, I referred to this and asked them to note that what our friend had done as a man would live as long as what he had written. Sir Walter Scott and he were linked indissolubly together. Our friend, like Scott, was ruined by the mistakes of partners, who had become hopelessly bankrupt. Two courses lay before him. One the smooth, easy, and short way — the legal path. Surrender all your property, go through bankruptcy, and start afresh. This was all he owed to creditors. The other path, long, thorny, and dreary, a life struggle, with everything sacrificed. There lay the two paths and this was his decision:

“Not what I owe to my creditors, but what I owe to myself is the issue.”

There are times in most men's lives that test whether they be dross or pure gold. It is the decision made in the crisis which proves the man. Our friend entered the fiery furnace a man and emerged a hero. He paid his debts to the utmost farthing by lecturing around the world. “An amusing cuss, Mark Twain,” is all very well as a popular verdict, but what of Mr. Clemens the man and the hero, for he is both and in the front rank, too, with Sir Walter.

He had a heroine in his wife. She it was who sustained him and traveled the world round with him as his guardian angel, and enabled him to conquer as Sir Walter did. This he never failed to tell to his intimates. Never in my life did three words leave so keen a pang as those uttered upon my first call after Mrs. Clemens passed away. I fortunately found him alone and while my hand was still in his, and before one word had been spoken by either, there came from him, with a stronger pressure of my hand, these words: "A ruined home, a ruined home." The silence was unbroken. I write this years after, but still I hear the words again and my heart responds.

One mercy, denied to our forefathers, comes to us of to-day. If the Judge within give us a verdict of acquittal as having lived this life well, we have no other Judge to fear.

"To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Eternal punishment, because of a few years' shortcomings here on earth, would be the reverse of Godlike. Satan himself would recoil from it.

## CHAPTER XXII

### MATTHEW ARNOLD AND OTHERS

**T**HE most charming man, John Morley and I agree, that we ever knew was Matthew Arnold. He had, indeed, "a charm" — that is the only word which expresses the effect of his presence and his conversation. Even his look and grave silences charmed.

He coached with us in 1880, I think, through Southern England — William Black and Edwin A. Abbey being of the party. Approaching a pretty village he asked me if the coach might stop there a few minutes. He explained that this was the resting-place of his godfather, Bishop Keble, and he should like to visit his grave. He continued:

"Ah, dear, dear Keble! I caused him much sorrow by my views upon theological subjects, which caused me sorrow also, but notwithstanding he was deeply grieved, dear friend as he was, he traveled to Oxford and voted for me for Professor of English Poetry."

We walked to the quiet churchyard together. Matthew Arnold in silent thought at the grave of Keble made upon me a lasting impression. Later the subject of his theological views was referred to. He said they had caused sorrow to his best friends.

"Mr. Gladstone once gave expression to his deep disappointment, or to something like displeasure, saying I ought to have been a bishop. No doubt my writings prevented my promotion, as well as grieved my friends, but I could not help it. I had to express my views."

I remember well the sadness of tone with which these

last words were spoken, and how very slowly. They came as from the deep. He had his message to deliver. Steadily has the age advanced to receive it. His teachings pass almost uncensured to-day. If ever there was a seriously religious man it was Matthew Arnold. No irreverent word ever escaped his lips. In this he and Gladstone were equally above reproach, and yet he had in one short sentence slain the supernatural. "The case against miracles is closed. They do not happen."

He and his daughter, now Mrs. Whitridge, were our guests when in New York in 1883, and also at our mountain home in the Alleghanies, so that I saw a great deal, but not enough, of him. My mother and myself drove him to the hall upon his first public appearance in New York. Never was there a finer audience gathered. The lecture was not a success, owing solely to his inability to speak well in public. He was not heard. When we returned home his first words were:

"Well, what have you all to say? Tell me! Will I do as a lecturer?"

I was so keenly interested in his success that I did not hesitate to tell him it would never do for him to go on unless he fitted himself for public speaking. He must get an elocutionist to give him lessons upon two or three points. I urged this so strongly that he consented to do so. After we all had our say, he turned to my mother, saying:

"Now, dear Mrs. Carnegie, they have all given me their opinions, but I wish to know what you have to say about my first night as a lecturer in America."

"Too ministerial, Mr. Arnold, too ministerial," was the reply slowly and softly delivered. And to the last Mr. Arnold would occasionally refer to that, saying he felt it hit the nail on the head. When he returned to New

York from his Western tour, he had so much improved that his voice completely filled the Brooklyn Academy of Music. He had taken a few lessons from a professor of elocution in Boston, as advised, and all went well thereafter.

He expressed a desire to hear the noted preacher, Mr. Beecher; and we started for Brooklyn one Sunday morning. Mr. Beecher had been apprized of our coming so that after the services he might remain to meet Mr. Arnold. When I presented Mr. Arnold he was greeted warmly. Mr. Beecher expressed his delight at meeting one in the flesh whom he had long known so well in the spirit, and, grasping his hand, he said:

“There is nothing you have written, Mr. Arnold, which I have not carefully read at least once and a great deal many times, and always with profit, always with profit!”

“Ah, then, I fear, Mr. Beecher,” replied Arnold, “you may have found some references to yourself which would better have been omitted.”

“Oh, no, no, those did me the most good of all,” said the smiling Beecher, and they both laughed.

Mr. Beecher was never at a loss. After presenting Matthew Arnold to him, I had the pleasure of presenting the daughter of Colonel Ingersoll, saying, as I did so:

“Mr. Beecher, this is the first time Miss Ingersoll has ever been in a Christian church.”

He held out both hands and grasped hers, and looking straight at her and speaking slowly, said:

“Well, well, you are the most beautiful heathen I ever saw.” Those who remember Miss Ingersoll in her youth will not differ greatly with Mr. Beecher. Then: “How’s your father, Miss Ingersoll? I hope he’s well

Many a time he and I have stood together on the platform, and was n't it lucky for me we were on the same side!"

Beecher was, indeed, a great, broad, generous man, who absorbed what was good wherever found. Spencer's philosophy, Arnold's insight tempered with sound sense, Ingersoll's staunch support of high political ends were powers for good in the Republic. Mr. Beecher was great enough to appreciate and hail as helpful friends all of these men.

Arnold visited us in Scotland in 1887, and talking one day of sport he said he did not shoot, he could not kill anything that had wings and could soar in the clear blue sky; but, he added, he could not give up fishing — "the accessories are so delightful." He told of his happiness when a certain duke gave him a day's fishing twice or three times a year. I forget who the kind duke was, but there was something unsavory about him and mention was made of this. He was asked how he came to be upon intimate terms with such a man.

"Ah!" he said, "a duke is always a personage with us, always a personage, independent of brains or conduct. We are all snobs. Hundreds of years have made us so, all snobs. We can't help it. It is in the blood."

This was smilingly said, and I take it he made some mental reservations. He was no snob himself, but one who naturally "smiled at the claims of long descent," for generally the "descent" cannot be questioned.

He was interested, however, in men of rank and wealth, and I remember when in New York he wished particularly to meet Mr. Vanderbilt. I ventured to say he would not find him different from other men.

"No, but it is something to know the richest man in the world," he replied. "Certainly the man who makes

his own wealth eclipses those who inherit rank from others.”

I asked him one day why he had never written critically upon Shakespeare and assigned him his place upon the throne among the poets. He said that thoughts of doing so had arisen, but reflection always satisfied him that he was incompetent to write upon, much less to criticize, Shakespeare. He believed it could not be successfully done. Shakespeare was above all, could be measured by no rules of criticism; and much as he should have liked to dwell upon his transcendent genius, he had always recoiled from touching the subject. I said that I was prepared for this, after his tribute which stands to-day unequaled, and I recalled his own lines from his sonnet:

#### SHAKESPEARE

Others abide our question. Thou art free.  
We ask and ask — Thou smilest and art still,  
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill  
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,  
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,  
Spares but the cloudy border of his base  
To the foil'd searching of mortality;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,  
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,  
Didst stand on earth unguess'd at — Better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,  
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,  
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

I knew Mr. Shaw (Josh Billings) and wished Mr. Arnold, the apostle of sweetness and light, to meet that



rough diamond — rough, but still a diamond. Fortunately one morning Josh came to see me in the Windsor Hotel, where we were then living, and referred to our guest, expressing his admiration for him. I replied:

“You are going to dine with him to-night. The ladies are going out and Arnold and myself are to dine alone; you complete the trinity.”

To this he demurred, being a modest man, but I was inexorable. No excuse would be taken; he must come to oblige me. He did. I sat between them at dinner and enjoyed this meeting of extremes. Mr. Arnold became deeply interested in Mr. Shaw's way of putting things and liked his Western anecdotes, laughing more heartily than I had ever seen him do before. One incident after another was told from the experience of the lecturer, for Mr. Shaw had lectured for fifteen years in every place of ten thousand inhabitants or more in the United States.

Mr. Arnold was desirous of hearing how the lecturer held his audiences.

“Well,” he said, “you must n't keep them laughing too long, or they will think you are laughing at them. After giving the audience amusement you must become earnest and play the serious rôle. For instance, ‘There are two things in this life for which no man is ever prepared. Who will tell me what these are?’ Finally some one cries out ‘Death.’ ‘Well, who gives me the other?’ Many respond — wealth, happiness, strength, marriage, taxes. At last Josh begins, solemnly: ‘None of you has given the second. There are two things on earth for which no man is ever prepared, and them's twins,’ and the house shakes.” Mr. Arnold did also.

“Do you keep on inventing new stories?” was asked.

“Yes, always. You can't lecture year after year unless

you find new stories, and sometimes these fail to crack. I had one nut which I felt sure would crack and bring down the house, but try as I would it never did itself justice, all because I could not find the indispensable word, just one word. I was sitting before a roaring wood fire one night up in Michigan when the word came to me which I knew would crack like a whip. I tried it on the boys and it did. It lasted longer than any one word I used. I began: 'This is a highly critical age. People won't believe until they fully understand. Now there's Jonah and the whale. They want to know all about it, and it's my opinion that neither Jonah nor the whale fully understood it. And then they ask what Jonah was doing in the whale's — the whale's society.'"

Mr. Shaw was walking down Broadway one day when accosted by a real Westerner, who said:

"I think you are Josh Billings."

"Well, sometimes I am called that."

"I have five thousand dollars for you right here in my pocket-book."

"Here's Delmonico's, come in and tell me all about it."

After seating themselves, the stranger said he was part owner in a gold mine in California, and explained that there had been a dispute about its ownership and that the conference of partners broke up in quarreling. The stranger said he had left, threatening he would take the bull by the horns and begin legal proceedings. "The next morning I went to the meeting and told them I had turned over Josh Billings's almanac that morning and the lesson for the day was: 'When you take the bull by the horns, take him by the tail; you can get a better hold and let go when you're a mind to.' We laughed and laughed and felt that was good sense. We

took your advice, settled, and parted good friends. Some one moved that five thousand dollars be given Josh, and as I was coming East they appointed me treasurer and I promised to hand it over. There it is."

The evening ended by Mr. Arnold saying:

"Well, Mr. Shaw, if ever you come to lecture in England, I shall be glad to welcome and introduce you to your first audience. Any foolish man called a lord could do you more good than I by introducing you, but I should so much like to do it."

Imagine Matthew Arnold, the apostle of sweetness and light, introducing Josh Billings, the foremost of jesters, to a select London audience.

In after years he never failed to ask after "our leonine friend, Mr. Shaw."

Meeting Josh at the Windsor one morning after the notable dinner I sat down with him in the rotunda and he pulled out a small memorandum book, saying as he did so:

"Where's Arnold? I wonder what he would say to this. The 'Century' gives me \$100 a week, I agreeing to send them any trifle that occurs to me. I try to give it something. Here's this from Uncle Zekiel, my weekly budget: 'Of course the critic is a greater man than the author. Any fellow who can point out the mistakes another fellow has made is a darned sight smarter fellow than the fellow who made them.'"

I told Mr. Arnold a Chicago story, or rather a story about Chicago. A society lady of Boston visiting her schoolmate friend in Chicago, who was about to be married, was overwhelmed with attention. Asked by a noted citizen one evening what had charmed her most in Chicago, she graciously replied:

"What surprises me most is n't the bustle of business,

or your remarkable development materially, or your grand residences; it is the degree of culture and refinement I find here." The response promptly came:

"Oh, we are just dizzy on cult out here, you bet."

Mr. Arnold was not prepared to enjoy Chicago, which had impressed him as the headquarters of Philistinism. He was, however, surprised and gratified at meeting with so much "culture and refinement." Before he started he was curious to know what he should find most interesting. I laughingly said that he would probably first be taken to see the most wonderful sight there, which was said to be the slaughter houses, with new machines so perfected that the hog driven in at one end came out hams at the other before its squeal was out of one's ears. Then after a pause he asked reflectively:

"But why should one go to slaughter houses, why should one hear hogs squeal?" I could give no reason, so the matter rested.

Mr. Arnold's Old Testament favorite was certainly Isaiah: at least his frequent quotations from that great poet, as he called him, led one to this conclusion. I found in my tour around the world that the sacred books of other religions had been stripped of the dross that had necessarily accumulated around their legends. I remembered Mr. Arnold saying that the Scriptures should be so dealt with. The gems from Confucius and others which delight the world have been selected with much care and appear as "collects." The disciple has not the objectionable accretions of the ignorant past presented to him.

The more one thinks over the matter, the stronger one's opinion becomes that the Christian will have to follow the Eastern example and winnow the wheat from the chaff — worse than chaff, sometimes the positively pernicious and even poisonous refuse. Burns, in the

“Cotter’s Saturday Night,” pictures the good man taking down the big Bible for the evening service:

“He wales a portion with judicious care.”

We should have those portions selected and use the selections only. In this, and much besides, the man whom I am so thankful for having known and am so favored as to call friend, has proved the true teacher in advance of his age, the greatest poetic teacher in the domain of “the future and its viewless things.”

I took Arnold down from our summer home at Cresson in the Alleghanies to see black, smoky Pittsburgh. In the path from the Edgar Thomson Steel Works to the railway station there are two flights of steps to the bridge across the railway, the second rather steep. When we had ascended about three quarters of it he suddenly stopped to gain breath. Leaning upon the rail and putting his hand upon his heart, he said to me:

“Ah, this will some day do for me, as it did for my father.”

I did not know then of the weakness of his heart, but I never forgot this incident, and when not long after the sad news came of his sudden death, after exertion in England endeavoring to evade an obstacle, it came back to me with a great pang that our friend had foretold his fate. Our loss was great. To no man I have known could Burns’s epitaph upon Tam Samson be more appropriately applied:

“Tam Samson’s weel-worn clay here lies:  
Ye canting zealots, spare him!  
If honest worth in heaven rise,  
Ye’ll mend or ye win near him.”

The name of a dear man comes to me just here, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Boston, everybody’s doctor,

whose only ailment toward the end was being eighty years of age. He was a boy to the last. When Matthew Arnold died a few friends could not resist taking steps toward a suitable memorial to his memory. These friends quietly provided the necessary sum, as no public appeal could be thought of. No one could be permitted to contribute to such a fund except such as had a right to the privilege, for privilege it was felt to be. Double, triple the sum could readily have been obtained. I had the great satisfaction of being permitted to join the select few and to give the matter a little attention upon our side of the Atlantic. Of course I never thought of mentioning the matter to dear Dr. Holmes — not that he was not one of the elect, but that no author or professional man should be asked to contribute money to funds which, with rare exceptions, are best employed when used for themselves. One morning, however, I received a note from the doctor, saying that it had been whispered to him that there was such a movement on foot, and that I had been mentioned in connection with it, and if he were judged worthy to have his name upon the roll of honor, he would be gratified. Since he had heard of it he could not rest without writing to me, and he should like to hear in reply. That he was thought worthy goes without saying.

This is the kind of memorial any man might wish. I venture to say that there was not one who contributed to it who was not grateful to the kind fates for giving him the opportunity.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### BRITISH POLITICAL LEADERS

IN London, Lord Rosebery, then in Gladstone's Cabinet and a rising statesman, was good enough to invite me to dine with him to meet Mr. Gladstone, and I am indebted to him for meeting the world's first citizen. This was, I think, in 1885, for my "Triumphant Democracy" <sup>1</sup> appeared in 1886, and I remember giving Mr. Gladstone, upon that occasion, some startling figures which I had prepared for it.

I never did what I thought right in a social matter with greater self-denial, than when later the first invitation came from Mr. Gladstone to dine with him. I was engaged to dine elsewhere and sorely tempted to plead that an invitation from the real ruler of Great Britain should be considered as much of a command as that of the ornamental dignitary. But I kept my engagement and missed the man I most wished to meet. The privilege came later, fortunately, when subsequent visits to him at Hawarden were made.

Lord Rosebery opened the first library I ever gave, that of Dunfermline, and he has recently (1905) opened the latest given by me — one away over in Stornoway. When he last visited New York I drove him along the Riverside Drive, and he declared that no city in the world possessed such an attraction. He was a man of brilliant parts, but his resolutions were

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

<sup>1</sup> *Triumphant Democracy, or Fifty Years' March of the Republic.* London and New York, 1886.

Had he been born to labor and entered the House of Commons in youth, instead of being dropped without effort into the gilded upper chamber, he might have acquired in the rough-and-tumble of life the tougher skin, for he was highly sensitive and lacked tenacity of purpose essential to command in political life. He was a charming speaker — a eulogist with the lightest touch and the most graceful style upon certain themes of any speaker of his day. [Since these lines were written he has become, perhaps, the foremost eulogist of our race. He has achieved a high place. All honor to him!]

One morning I called by appointment upon him. After greetings he took up an envelope which I saw as I entered had been carefully laid on his desk, and handed it to me, saying:

“I wish you to dismiss your secretary.”

“That is a big order, Your Lordship. He is indispensable, and a Scotsman,” I replied. “What is the matter with him?”

“This is n’t your handwriting; it is his. What do you think of a man who spells Rosebery with two *r’s*?”

I said if I were sensitive on that point life would not be endurable for me. “I receive many letters daily when at home and I am sure that twenty to thirty per cent of them mis-spell my name, ranging from ‘Karnaghie’ to ‘Carnagay.’”

But he was in earnest. Just such little matters gave him great annoyance. Men of action should learn to laugh at and enjoy these small things, or they themselves may become “small.” A charming personality withal, but shy, sensitive, capricious, and reserved, qualities which a few years in the Commons would probably have modified.

When he was, as a Liberal, surprising the House of



Lords and creating some stir, I ventured to let off a little of my own democracy upon him.

“Stand for Parliament boldly. Throw off your hereditary rank, declaring you scorn to accept a privilege which is not the right of every citizen. Thus make yourself the real leader of the people, which you never can be while a peer. You are young, brilliant, captivating, with the gift of charming speech. No question of your being Prime Minister if you take the plunge.”

To my surprise, although apparently interested, he said very quietly:

“But the House of Commons could n’t admit me as a peer.”

“That’s what I should hope. If I were in your place, and rejected, I would stand again for the next vacancy and force the issue. Insist that one having renounced his hereditary privileges becomes elevated to citizenship and is eligible for any position to which he is elected. Victory is certain. That’s playing the part of a Cromwell. Democracy worships a precedent-breaker or a precedent-maker.” X

We dropped the subject. Telling Morley of this afterward, I shall never forget his comment:

“My friend, Cromwell does n’t reside at Number 38 Berkeley Square.” Slowly, solemnly spoken, but conclusive.

Fine fellow, Rosebery, only he was handicapped by being born a peer. On the other hand, Morley, rising from the ranks, his father a surgeon hard-pressed to keep his son at college, is still “Honest John,” unaffected in the slightest degree by the so-called elevation to the peerage and the Legion of Honor, both given for merit. The same with “Bob” Reid, M.P., who became Earl Loreburn and Lord High Chancellor, Lord Haldane, his

successor as Chancellor; Asquith, Prime Minister, Lloyd George, and others. Not even the rulers of our Republic to-day are more democratic or more thorough men of the people.

When the world's foremost citizen passed away, the question was, Who is to succeed Gladstone; who can succeed him? The younger members of the Cabinet agreed to leave the decision to Morley. Harcourt or Campbell-Bannerman? There was only one impediment in the path of the former, but that was fatal — inability to control his temper. The issue had unfortunately aroused him to such outbursts as really unfitted him for leadership, and so the man of calm, sober, unclouded judgment was considered indispensable.

I was warmly attached to Harcourt, who in turn was a devoted admirer of our Republic, as became the husband of Motley's daughter. Our census and our printed reports, which I took care that he should receive, interested him deeply. Of course, the elevation of the representative of my native town of Dunfermline (Campbell-Bannerman)<sup>1</sup> gave me unalloyed pleasure, the more so since in returning thanks from the Town House to the people assembled he used these words:

“I owe my election to my Chairman, Bailie Morrison.”

The Bailie, Dunfermline's leading radical, was my uncle. We were radical families in those days and are so still, both Carnegies and Morrisons, and intense admirers of the Great Republic, like that one who extolled Washington and his colleagues as “men who knew and dared proclaim the royalty of man” — a proclamation worth while. There is nothing more certain than that the English-speaking race in orderly, lawful develop-

<sup>1</sup> Campbell-Bannerman was chosen leader of the Liberal Party in December, 1898.

ment will soon establish the golden rule of citizenship through evolution, never revolution:

“The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,  
The man’s the gowd for a’ that.”

This feeling already prevails in all the British colonies. The dear old Motherland hen has ducks for chickens which give her much anxiety breasting the waves, while she, alarmed, screams wildly from the shore; but she will learn to swim also by and by.

In the autumn of 1905 Mrs. Carnegie and I attended the ceremony of giving the Freedom of Dunfermline to our friend, Dr. John Ross, chairman of the Carnegie Dunfermline Trust, foremost and most zealous worker for the good of the town. Provost Macbeth in his speech informed the audience that the honor was seldom conferred, that there were only three living burgesses — one their member of Parliament, H. Campbell-Bannerman, then Prime Minister; the Earl of Elgin of Dunfermline, ex-Viceroy of India, then Colonial Secretary; and the third myself. This seemed great company for me, so entirely out of the running was I as regards official station.

The Earl of Elgin is the descendant of The Bruce. Their family vault is in Dunfermline Abbey, where his great ancestor lies under the Abbey bell. It has been noted how Secretary Stanton selected General Grant as the one man in the party who could not possibly be the commander. One would be very apt to make a similar mistake about the Earl. When the Scottish Universities were to be reformed the Earl was second on the committee. When the Conservative Government formed its Committee upon the Boer War, the Earl, a Liberal, was appointed chairman. When the decision of the House

of Lords brought dire confusion upon the United Free Church of Scotland, Lord Elgin was called upon as the Chairman of Committee to settle the matter. Parliament embodied his report in a bill, and again he was placed at the head to apply it. When trustees for the Universities of Scotland Fund were to be selected, I told Prime Minister Balfour I thought the Earl of Elgin as a Dunfermline magnate could be induced to take the chairmanship. He said I could not get a better man in Great Britain. So it has proved. John Morley said to me one day afterwards, but before he had, as a member of the Dunfermline Trust, experience of the chairman:

“I used to think Elgin about the most problematical public man in high position I had ever met, but I now know him one of the ablest. Deeds, not words; judgment, not talk.”

Such the descendant of The Bruce to-day, the embodiment of modest worth and wisdom combined.

Once started upon a Freedom-getting career, there seemed no end to these honors.<sup>1</sup> With headquarters in London in 1906, I received six Freedoms in six consecutive days, and two the week following, going out by morning train and returning in the evening. It might be thought that the ceremony would become monotonous, but this was not so, the conditions being different in each case. I met remarkable men in the mayors and provosts and the leading citizens connected with municipal affairs, and each community had its own individual stamp and its problems, successes, and failures. There was generally one greatly desired improvement overshadowing all other questions engrossing the attention

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Carnegie had received no less than fifty-four Freedoms of cities in Great Britain and Ireland. This was a record — Mr. Gladstone coming second with seventeen.

of the people. Each was a little world in itself. The City Council is a Cabinet in miniature and the Mayor the Prime Minister. Domestic politics keep the people agog. Foreign relations are not wanting. There are inter-city questions with neighboring communities, joint water or gas or electrical undertakings of mighty import, conferences deciding for or against alliances or separations.

In no department is the contrast greater between the old world and the new than in municipal government. In the former the families reside for generations in the place of birth with increasing devotion to the town and all its surroundings. A father achieving the mayorship stimulates the son to aspire to it. That invaluable asset, city pride, is created, culminating in romantic attachment to native places. Councilorships are sought that each in his day and generation may be of some service to the town. To the best citizens this is a creditable object of ambition. Few, indeed, look beyond it — membership in Parliament being practically reserved for men of fortune, involving as it does residence in London without compensation. This latter, however, is soon to be changed and Britain follow the universal practice of paying legislators for service rendered. [In 1908; since realized; four hundred pounds is now paid.]

After this she will probably follow the rest of the world by having Parliament meet in the daytime, its members fresh and ready for the day's work, instead of giving all day to professional work and then with exhausted brains undertaking the work of governing the country after dinner. Cavendish, the authority on whist, being asked if a man could possibly finesse a knave, second round, third player, replied, after reflecting, "Yes, he might *after dinner*."

The best people are on the councils of British towns, incorruptible, public-spirited men, proud of and devoted to their homes. In the United States progress is being made in this direction, but we are here still far behind Britain. Nevertheless, people tend to settle permanently in places as the country becomes thickly populated. We shall develop the local patriot who is anxious to leave the place of his birth a little better than he found it. It is only one generation since the provostship of Scotch towns was generally reserved for one of the local landlords belonging to the upper classes. That "the Briton dearly loves a lord" is still true, but the love is rapidly disappearing.

In Eastbourne, Kings-Lynn, Salisbury, Ilkeston, and many other ancient towns, I found the mayor had risen from the ranks, and had generally worked with his hands. The majority of the council were also of this type. All gave their time gratuitously. It was a source of much pleasure to me to know the provosts and leaders in council of so many towns in Scotland and England, not forgetting Ireland where my Freedom tour was equally attractive. Nothing could excel the reception accorded me in Cork, Waterford, and Limerick. It was surprising to see the welcome on flags expressed in the same Gaelic words, *Cead mille failthe* (meaning "a hundred thousand welcomes") as used by the tenants of Skibo.

Nothing could have given me such insight into local public life and patriotism in Britain as Freedom-taking, which otherwise might have become irksome. I felt myself so much at home among the city chiefs that the embarrassment of flags and crowds and people at the windows along our route was easily met as part of the duty of the day, and even the address of the chief magistrate usually furnished new phases of life upon which

I could dwell. The lady mayoresses were delightful in all their pride and glory.

My conclusion is that the United Kingdom is better served by the leading citizens of her municipalities, elected by popular vote, than any other country far and away can possibly be; and that all is sound to the core in that important branch of government. Parliament itself could readily be constituted of a delegation of members from the town councils without impairing its efficiency. Perhaps when the sufficient payment of members is established, many of these will be found at Westminster and that to the advantage of the Kingdom.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### GLADSTONE AND MORLEY

MR. GLADSTONE paid my "American Four-in-Hand in Britain" quite a compliment when Mrs. Carnegie and I were his guests at Hawarden in April, 1892. He suggested one day that I should spend the morning with him in his new library, while he arranged his books (which no one except himself was ever allowed to touch), and we could converse. In prowling about the shelves I found a unique volume and called out to my host, then on top of a library ladder far from me handling heavy volumes:

"Mr. Gladstone, I find here a book 'Dunfermline Worthies,' by a friend of my father's. I knew some of the worthies when a child."

"Yes," he replied, "and if you will pass your hand three or four books to the left I think you will find another book by a Dunfermline man."

I did so and saw my book "An American Four-in-Hand in Britain." Ere I had done so, however, I heard that organ voice orating in full swing from the top of the ladder:

"What Mecca is to the Mohammedan, Benares to the Hindoo, Jerusalem to the Christian, all that Dunfermline is to me."

My ears heard the voice some moments before my brain realized that these were my own words called forth by the first glimpse caught of Dunfermline as we approached it from the south.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The whole paragraph is as follows: "How beautiful is Dunfermline seen from the Ferry Hills, its grand old Abbey towering over all, seeming to hallow the city, and to lend a charm and dignity to the lowliest tenement!



“How on earth did you come to get this book?” I asked. “I had not the honor of knowing you when it was written and could not have sent you a copy.”

“No!” he replied, “I had not then the pleasure of your acquaintance, but some one, I think Rosebery, told me of the book and I sent for it and read it with delight. That tribute to Dunfermline struck me as so extraordinary it lingered with me. I could never forget it.”

This incident occurred eight years after the “American Four-in-Hand” was written, and adds another to the many proofs of Mr. Gladstone’s wonderful memory. Perhaps as a vain author I may be pardoned for confessing my grateful appreciation of his no less wonderful judgment.

The politician who figures publicly as “reader of the lesson” on Sundays, is apt to be regarded suspiciously. I confess that until I had known Mr. Gladstone well, I had found the thought arising now and then that the wary old gentleman might feel at least that these appearances cost him no votes. But all this vanished as I learned his true character. He was devout and sincere if ever man was. Yes, even when he records in his diary (referred to by Morley in his “Life of Gladstone”) that, while addressing the House of Commons on the budget for several hours with great acceptance, he was “conscious of being sustained by the Divine Power above.” Try as one may, who can deny that to one of such abounding faith this belief in the support of the Unknown Power must really have proved a sustaining

Nor is there in all broad Scotland, nor in many places elsewhere that I know of, a more varied and delightful view than that obtained from the Park upon a fine day. What Benares is to the Hindoo, Mecca to the Mohammedan, Jerusalem to the Christian, all that Dunfermline is to me.” (*An American Four-in-Hand in Britain*, p. 282.)

influence, although it may shock others to think that any mortal being could be so bold as to imagine that the Creator of the Universe would concern himself about Mr. Gladstone's budget, prepared for a little speck of this little speck of earth? It seems almost sacrilegious, yet to Mr. Gladstone we know it was the reverse — a religious belief such as has no doubt often enabled men to accomplish wonders as direct agents of God and doing His work.

X On the night of the Queen's Jubilee in June, 1887, Mr. Blaine and I were to dine at Lord Wolverton's in Piccadilly, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone — Mr. Blaine's first introduction to him. We started in a cab from the Metropole Hotel in good time, but the crowds were so dense that the cab had to be abandoned in the middle of St. James's Street. Reaching the pavement, Mr. Blaine following, I found a policeman and explained to him who my companion was, where we were going, and asked him if he could not undertake to get us there. He did so, pushing his way through the masses with all the authority of his office and we followed. But it was nine o'clock before we reached Lord Wolverton's. We separated after eleven.

Mr. Gladstone explained that he and Mrs. Gladstone had been able to reach the house by coming through Hyde Park and around the back way. They expected to get back to their residence, then in Carlton Terrace, in the same way. Mr. Blaine and I thought we should enjoy the streets and take our chances of getting back to the hotel by pushing through the crowds. We were doing this successfully and were moving slowly with the current past the Reform Club when I heard a word or two spoken by a voice close to the building on my right. I said to Mr. Blaine:

"That is Mr. Gladstone's voice."

He said: "It is impossible. We have just left him returning to his residence."

"I don't care; I recognize voices better than faces, and I am sure that is Gladstone's."

Finally I prevailed upon him to return a few steps. We got close to the side of the house and moved back. I came to a muffled figure and whispered:

"What does 'Gravity' out of its bed at midnight?"

Mr. Gladstone was discovered. I told him I recognized his voice whispering to his companion.

"And so," I said, "the real ruler comes out to see the illuminations prepared for the nominal ruler!"

He replied: "Young man, I think it is time you were in bed."

We remained a few minutes with him, he being careful not to remove from his head and face the cloak that covered them. It was then past midnight and he was eighty, but, boylike, after he got Mrs. Gladstone safely home he had determined to see the show.

The conversation at the dinner between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Blaine turned upon the differences in Parliamentary procedure between Britain and America. During the evening Mr. Gladstone cross-examined Mr. Blaine very thoroughly upon the mode of procedure of the House of Representatives of which Mr. Blaine had been the Speaker. I saw the "previous question," and summary rules with us for restricting needless debate made a deep impression upon Mr. Gladstone. At intervals the conversation took a wider range.

Mr. Gladstone was interested in more subjects than perhaps any other man in Britain. When I was last with him in Scotland, at Mr. Armistead's, his mind was as clear and vigorous as ever, his interest in affairs

equally strong. The topic which then interested him most, and about which he plied me with questions, was the tall steel buildings in our country, of which he had been reading. What puzzled him was how it could be that the masonry of a fifth floor or sixth story was often finished before the third or fourth. This I explained, much to his satisfaction. In getting to the bottom of things he was indefatigable.

Mr. Morley (although a lord he still remains as an author plain John Morley) became one of our British friends quite early as editor of the "Fortnightly Review," which published my first contribution to a British periodical.<sup>1</sup> The friendship has widened and deepened in our old age until we mutually confess we are very close friends to each other.<sup>2</sup> We usually exchange short notes (sometimes long ones) on Sunday afternoons as the spirit moves us. We are not alike; far from it. We are drawn together because opposites are mutually beneficial to each other. I am optimistic; all my ducks being swans. He is pessimistic, looking out soberly, even darkly, upon the real dangers ahead, and sometimes imagining vain things. He is inclined to see "an

<sup>1</sup> *An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.*

<sup>2</sup> "Mr. Carnegie had proved his originality, fullness of mind, and bold strength of character, as much or more in the distribution of wealth as he had shown skill and foresight in its acquisition. We had become known to one another more than twenty years before through Matthew Arnold. His extraordinary freshness of spirit easily carried Arnold, Herbert Spencer, myself, and afterwards many others, high over an occasional crudity or haste in judgment such as befalls the best of us in ardent hours. People with a genius for picking up pins made as much as they liked of this: it was wiser to do justice to his spacious feel for the great objects of the world — for knowledge and its spread, invention, light, improvement of social relations, equal chances to the talents, the passion for peace. These are glorious things; a touch of exaggeration in expression is easy to set right. . . . A man of high and wide and well-earned mark in his generation." (John, Viscount Morley in *Recollections*, vol. II, pp. 110, 112. New York, 1919.)

officer in every bush." The world seems bright to me, and earth is often a real heaven — so happy I am and so thankful to the kind fates. Morley is seldom if ever wild about anything; his judgment is always deliberate and his eyes are ever seeing the spots on the sun.

I told him the story of the pessimist whom nothing ever pleased, and the optimist whom nothing ever displeased, being congratulated by the angels upon their having obtained entrance to heaven. The pessimist replied:

"Yes, very good place, but somehow or other this halo don't fit my head exactly."

The optimist retorted by telling the story of a man being carried down to purgatory and the Devil laying his victim up against a bank while he got a drink at a spring — temperature very high. An old friend accosted him:

"Well, Jim, how 's this? No remedy possible; you're a gone coon sure."

The reply came: "Hush, it might be worse."

"How 's that, when you are being carried down to the bottomless pit?"

"Hush" — pointing to his Satanic Majesty — "he might take a notion to make me carry him."

Morley, like myself, was very fond of music and reveled in the morning hour during which the organ was being played at Skibo. He was attracted by the oratorios as also Arthur Balfour. I remember they got tickets together for an oratorio at the Crystal Palace. Both are sane but philosophic, and not very far apart as philosophers, I understand; but some recent productions of Balfour send him far afield speculatively — a field which Morley never attempts. He keeps his foot on the firm ground and only treads where the way is

cleared. No danger of his being "lost in the woods" while searching for the path.

Morley's most astonishing announcement of recent days was in his address to the editors of the world, assembled in London. He informed them in effect that a few lines from Burns had done more to form and maintain the present improved political and social conditions of the people than all the millions of editorials ever written. This followed a remark that there were now and then a few written or spoken words which were in themselves events; they accomplished what they described. Tom Paine's "Rights of Man" was mentioned as such.

Upon his arrival at Skibo after this address we talked it over. I referred to his tribute to Burns and his six lines, and he replied that he did n't need to tell me what lines these were.

"No," I said, "I know them by heart."

In a subsequent address, unveiling a statue of Burns in the park at Montrose, I repeated the lines I supposed he referred to, and he approved them. He and I, strange to say, had received the Freedom of Montrose together years before, so we are fellow-freemen.

At last I induced Morley to visit us in America, and he made a tour through a great part of our country in 1904. We tried to have him meet distinguished men like himself. One day Senator Elihu Root called at my request and Morley had a long interview with him. After the Senator left Morley remarked to me that he had enjoyed his companion greatly, as being the most satisfactory American statesman he had yet met. He was not mistaken. For sound judgment and wide knowledge of our public affairs Elihu Root has no superior.

Morley left us to pay a visit to President Roosevelt at the White House, and spent several fruitful days in company with that extraordinary man. Later, Morley's remark was:

“Well, I've seen two wonders in America, Roosevelt and Niagara.”

That was clever and true to life — a great pair of roaring, tumbling, dashing and splashing wonders, knowing no rest, but both doing their appointed work, such as it is.

Morley was the best person to have the Acton library and my gift of it to him came about in this way. When Mr. Gladstone told me the position Lord Acton was in, I agreed, at his suggestion, to buy Acton's library and allow it to remain for his use during life. Unfortunately, he did not live long to enjoy it — only a few years — and then I had the library upon my hands. I decided that Morley could make the best use of it for himself and would certainly leave it eventually to the proper institution. I began to tell him that I owned it when he interrupted me, saying:

“Well, I must tell you I have known this from the day you bought it. Mr. Gladstone could n't keep the secret, being so overjoyed that Lord Acton had it secure for life.”

Here were he and I in close intimacy, and yet never had one mentioned the situation to the other; but it was a surprise to me that Morley was not surprised. This incident proved the closeness of the bond between Gladstone and Morley — the only man he could not resist sharing his happiness with regarding earthly affairs. Yet on theological subjects they were far apart where Acton and Gladstone were akin.

The year after I gave the fund for the Scottish uni-

versities Morley went to Balmoral as minister in attendance upon His Majesty, and wired that he must see me before we sailed. We met and he informed me His Majesty was deeply impressed with the gift to the universities and the others I had made to my native land, and wished him to ascertain whether there was anything in his power to bestow which I would appreciate.

I asked: "What did you say?"

Morley replied: "I do not think so."

I said: "You are quite right, except that if His Majesty would write me a note expressing his satisfaction with what I had done, as he has to you, this would be deeply appreciated and handed down to my descendants as something they would all be proud of."

This was done. The King's autograph note I have already transcribed elsewhere in these pages.

That Skibo has proved the best of all health resorts for Morley is indeed fortunate, for he comes to us several times each summer and is one of the family, Lady Morley accompanying him. He is as fond of the yacht as I am myself, and, fortunately again, it is the best medicine for both of us. Morley is, and must always remain, "Honest John." No prevarication with him, no nonsense, firm as a rock upon all questions and in all emergencies; yet always looking around, fore and aft, right and left, with a big heart not often revealed in all its tenderness, but at rare intervals and upon fit occasion leaving no doubt of its presence and power. And after that silence.

Chamberlain and Morley were fast friends as advanced radicals, and I often met and conferred with them when in Britain. When the Home Rule issue was raised, much interest was aroused in Britain over our American Federal system. I was appealed to freely and



delivered public addresses in several cities, explaining and extolling our union, many in one, the freest government of the parts producing the strongest government of the whole. I sent Mr. Chamberlain Miss Anna L. Dawes's "How We Are Governed," at his request for information, and had conversations with Morley, Gladstone, and many others upon the subject.

I had to write Mr. Morley that I did not approve of the first Home Rule Bill for reasons which I gave. When I met Mr. Gladstone he expressed his regret at this and a full talk ensued. I objected to the exclusion of the Irish members from Parliament as being a practical separation. I said we should never have allowed the Southern States to cease sending representatives to Washington.

"What would you have done if they refused?" he asked.

"Employed all the resources of civilization — first, stopped the mails," I replied.

He paused and repeated:

"Stop the mails." He felt the paralysis this involved and was silent, and changed the subject.

In answer to questions as to what I should do, I always pointed out that America had many legislatures, but only one Congress. Britain should follow her example, one Parliament and local legislatures (not parliaments) for Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. These should be made states like New York and Virginia. But as Britain has no Supreme Court, as we have, to decide upon laws passed, not only by state legislatures but by Congress, the judicial being the final authority and not the political, Britain should have Parliament as the one national final authority over Irish measures. Therefore, the acts of the local legislature of Ireland

should lie for three months' continuous session upon the table of the House of Commons, subject to adverse action of the House, but becoming operative unless disapproved. The provision would be a dead letter unless improper legislation were enacted, but if there were improper legislation, then it would be salutary. The clause, I said, was needed to assure timid people that no secession could arise.

Urging this view upon Mr. Morley afterwards, he told me this had been proposed to Parnell, but rejected. Mr. Gladstone might then have said: "Very well, this provision is not needed for myself and others who think with me, but it is needed to enable us to carry Britain with us. I am now unable to take up the question. The responsibility is yours."

One morning at Hawarden Mrs. Gladstone said:

"William tells me he has such extraordinary conversations with you."

These he had, no doubt. He had not often, if ever, heard the breezy talk of a genuine republican and did not understand my inability to conceive of different hereditary ranks. It seemed strange to me that men should deliberately abandon the name given them by their parents, and that name the parents' name. Especially amusing were the new titles which required the old hereditary nobles much effort to refrain from smiling at as they greeted the newly made peer who had perhaps bought his title for ten thousand pounds, more or less, given to the party fund.

Mr. Blaine was with us in London and I told Mr. Gladstone he had expressed to me his wonder and pain at seeing him in his old age hat in hand, cold day as it was, at a garden party doing homage to titled nobodies. Union of Church and State was touched upon, and also

my "Look Ahead," which foretells the reunion of our race owing to the inability of the British Islands to expand. I had held that the disestablishment of the English Church was inevitable, because among other reasons it was an anomaly. No other part of the race had it. All religions were fostered, none favored, in every other English-speaking state. Mr. Gladstone asked:

"How long do you give our Established Church to live?"

My reply was I could not fix a date; he had had more experience than I in disestablishing churches. He nodded and smiled.

When I had enlarged upon a certain relative decrease of population in Britain that must come as compared with other countries of larger area, he asked:

"What future do you forecast for her?"

I referred to Greece among ancient nations and said that it was, perhaps, not accident that Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Burns, Scott, Stevenson, Bacon, Cromwell, Wallace, Bruce, Hume, Watt, Spencer, Darwin, and other celebrities had arisen here. Genius did not depend upon material resources. Long after Britain could not figure prominently as an industrial nation, not by her decline, but through the greater growth of others, she might in my opinion become the modern Greece and achieve among nations moral ascendancy.

He caught at the words, repeating them musingly:

"Moral ascendancy, moral ascendancy, I like that, I like that."

I had never before so thoroughly enjoyed a conference with a man. I visited him again at Hawarden, but my last visit to him was at Lord Randall's at Cannes the winter of 1897 when he was suffering keenly. He

had still the old charm and was especially attentive to my sister-in-law, Lucy, who saw him then for the first time and was deeply impressed. As we drove off, she murmured, "A sick eagle! A sick eagle!" Nothing could better describe this wan and worn leader of men as he appeared to me that day. He was not only a great, but a truly good man, stirred by the purest impulses, a high, imperious soul always looking upward. He had, indeed, earned the title: "Foremost Citizen of the World."

In Britain, in 1881, I had entered into business relations with Samuel Storey, M.P., a very able man, a stern radical, and a genuine republican. We purchased several British newspapers and began a campaign of political progress upon radical lines. Passmore Edwards and some others joined us, but the result was not encouraging. Harmony did not prevail among my British friends and finally I decided to withdraw, which I was fortunately able to do without loss.<sup>1</sup>

My third literary venture, "Triumphant Democracy,"<sup>2</sup> had its origin in realizing how little the best-informed foreigner, or even Briton, knew of America, and how distorted that little was. It was prodigious what these eminent Englishmen did not then know about the Republic. My first talk with Mr. Gladstone in 1882 can never be forgotten. When I had occasion to say that the majority of the English-speaking race was now republican and it was a minority of monarchists who were upon the defensive, he said:

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Carnegie acquired no less than eighteen British newspapers with the idea of promoting radical views. The political results were disappointing, but with his genius for making money the pecuniary results were more than satisfactory.

<sup>2</sup> *Triumphant Democracy or Fifty Years' March of the Republic*. London, 1886; New York, 1888.

“Why, how is that?”

“Well, Mr. Gladstone,” I said, “the Republic holds sway over a larger number of English-speaking people than the population of Great Britain and all her colonies even if the English-speaking colonies were numbered twice over.”

“Ah! how is that? What is your population?”

“Sixty-six millions, and yours is not much more than half.”

“Ah, yes, surprising!”

With regard to the wealth of the nations, it was equally surprising for him to learn that the census of 1880 proved the hundred-year-old Republic could purchase Great Britain and Ireland and all their realized capital and investments and then pay off Britain's debt, and yet not exhaust her fortune. But the most startling statement of all was that which I was able to make when the question of Free Trade was touched upon. I pointed out that America was now the greatest manufacturing nation in the world. [At a later date I remember Lord Chancellor Haldane fell into the same error, calling Britain the greatest manufacturing country in the world, and thanked me for putting him right.] I quoted Mulhall's figures: British manufactures in 1880, eight hundred and sixteen millions sterling; American manufactures eleven hundred and twenty-six millions sterling.<sup>1</sup> His one word was:

“Incredible!”

Other startling statements followed and he asked:

“Why does not some writer take up this subject and present the facts in a simple and direct form to the world?”

<sup>1</sup> The estimated value of manufactures in Great Britain in 1900 was five billions of dollars as compared to thirteen billions for the United States. In 1914 the United States had gone to over twenty-four billions.

I was then, as a matter of fact, gathering material for "Triumphant Democracy," in which I intended to perform the very service which he indicated, as I informed him.

"Round the World" and the "American Four-in-Hand" gave me not the slightest effort, but the preparation of "Triumphant Democracy," which I began in 1882, was altogether another matter. It required steady, laborious work. Figures had to be examined and arranged, but as I went forward the study became fascinating. For some months I seemed to have my head filled with statistics. The hours passed away unheeded. It was evening when I supposed it was midday. The second serious illness of my life dates from the strain brought upon me by this work, for I had to attend to business as well. I shall think twice before I trust myself again with anything so fascinating as figures.

## CHAPTER XXV

### HERBERT SPENCER AND HIS DISCIPLE

HERBERT SPENCER, with his friend Mr. Lott and myself, were fellow travelers on the *Servia* from Liverpool to New York in 1882. I bore a note of introduction to him from Mr. Morley, but I had met the philosopher in London before that. I was one of his disciples. As an older traveler, I took Mr. Lott and him in charge. We sat at the same table during the voyage.

One day the conversation fell upon the impression made upon us by great men at first meeting. Did they, or did they not, prove to be as we had imagined them? Each gave his experience. Mine was that nothing could be more different than the being imagined and that being beheld in the flesh.

“Oh!” said Mr. Spencer, “in my case, for instance, was this so?”

“Yes,” I replied, “you more than any. I had imagined my teacher, the great calm philosopher brooding, Buddha-like, over all things, unmoved; never did I dream of seeing him excited over the question of Cheshire or Cheddar cheese.” The day before he had peevishly pushed away the former when presented by the steward, exclaiming “Cheddar, Cheddar, not Cheshire; I said *Cheddar*.” There was a roar in which none joined more heartily than the sage himself. He refers to this incident of the voyage in his *Autobiography*.<sup>1</sup>

Spencer liked stories and was a good laughter. American stories seemed to please him more than others, and

<sup>1</sup> *An Autobiography*, by Herbert Spencer, vol. I, p. 424. New York, 1904.

of those I was able to tell him not a few, which were usually followed by explosive laughter. He was anxious to learn about our Western Territories, which were then attracting attention in Europe, and a story I told him about Texas struck him as amusing. When a returning disappointed emigrant from that State was asked about the then barren country, he said:

“Stranger, all that I have to say about Texas is that if I owned Texas and h—l, I would sell Texas.”

What a change from those early days! Texas has now over four millions of population and is said to have the soil to produce more cotton than the whole world did in 1882.

The walk up to the house, when I had the philosopher out at Pittsburgh, reminded me of another American story of the visitor who started to come up the garden walk. When he opened the gate a big dog from the house rushed down upon him. He retreated and closed the garden gate just in time, the host calling out:

“He won’t touch you, you know barking dogs never bite.”

“Yes,” exclaimed the visitor, tremblingly, “I know that and you know it, but does the dog know it?”

One day my eldest nephew was seen to open the door quietly and peep in where we were seated. His mother afterwards asked him why he had done so and the boy of eleven replied:

“Mamma, I wanted to see the man who wrote in a book that there was no use studying grammar.”

Spencer was greatly pleased when he heard the story and often referred to it. He had faith in that nephew.

Speaking to him one day about his having signed a remonstrance against a tunnel between Calais and Dover as having surprised me, he explained that for



himself he was as anxious to have the tunnel as any one and that he did not believe in any of the objections raised against it, but signed the remonstrance because he knew his countrymen were such fools that the military and naval element in Britain could stampede the masses, frighten them, and stimulate militarism. An increased army and navy would then be demanded. He referred to a scare which had once arisen and involved the outlay of many millions in fortifications which had proved useless.

One day we were sitting in our rooms in the Grand Hotel looking out over Trafalgar Square. The Life Guards passed and the following took place:

“Mr. Spencer, I never see men dressed up like Merry Andrews without being saddened and indignant that in the nineteenth century the most civilized race, as we consider ourselves, still finds men willing to adopt as a profession — until lately the only profession for gentlemen — the study of the surest means of killing other men.”

Mr. Spencer said: “I feel just so myself, but I will tell you how I curb my indignation. Whenever I feel it rising I am calmed by this story of Emerson’s: He had been hooted and hustled from the platform in Faneuil Hall for daring to speak against slavery. He describes himself walking home in violent anger, until opening his garden gate and looking up through the branches of the tall elms that grew between the gate and his modest home, he saw the stars shining through. They said to him: ‘What, so hot, my little sir?’” I laughed and he laughed, and I thanked him for that story. Not seldom I have to repeat to myself, “What, so hot, my little sir?” and it suffices.

Mr. Spencer’s visit to America had its climax in the

banquet given for him at Delmonico's. I drove him to it and saw the great man there in a funk. He could think of nothing but the address he was to deliver.<sup>1</sup> I believe he had rarely before spoken in public. His great fear was that he should be unable to say anything that would be of advantage to the American people, who had been the first to appreciate his works. He may have attended many banquets, but never one comprised of more distinguished people than this one. It was a remarkable gathering. The tributes paid Spencer by the ablest men were unique. The climax was reached when Henry Ward Beecher, concluding his address, turned round and addressed Mr. Spencer in these words:

“To my father and my mother I owe my physical being; to you, sir, I owe my intellectual being. At a critical moment you provided the safe paths through the bogs and morasses; you were my teacher.”

These words were spoken in slow, solemn tones. I do not remember ever having noticed more depth of feeling; evidently they came from a grateful debtor. Mr. Spencer was touched by the words. They gave rise to considerable remark, and shortly afterwards Mr. Beecher preached a course of sermons, giving his views upon

<sup>1</sup> “An occasion, on which more, perhaps, than any other in my life, I ought to have been in good condition, bodily and mentally, came when I was in a condition worse than I had been for six and twenty years. ‘Wretched night; no sleep at all; kept in my room all day’ says my diary, and I entertained ‘great fear I should collapse.’ When the hour came for making my appearance at Delmonico's, where the dinner was given, I got my friends to secrete me in an anteroom until the last moment, so that I might avoid all excitements of introductions and congratulations; and as Mr. Evarts, who presided, handed me on the dais, I begged him to limit his conversation with me as much as possible, and to expect very meagre responses. The event proved that, trying though the tax was, there did not result the disaster I feared; and when Mr. Evarts had duly uttered the compliments of the occasion, I was able to get through my prepared speech without difficulty, though not with much effect.” (Spencer's *Autobiography*, vol. II, p. 478.)

Evolution. The conclusion of the series was anxiously looked for, because his acknowledgment of debt to Spencer as his teacher had created alarm in church circles. In the concluding article, as in his speech, if I remember rightly, Mr. Beecher said that, although he believed in evolution (Darwinism) up to a certain point, yet when man had reached his highest human level his Creator then invested him (and man alone of all living things) with the Holy Spirit, thereby bringing him into the circle of the godlike. Thus he answered his critics.

Mr. Spencer took intense interest in mechanical devices. When he visited our works with me the new appliances impressed him, and in after years he sometimes referred to these and said his estimate of American invention and push had been fully realized. He was naturally pleased with the deference and attention paid him in America.

I seldom if ever visited England without going to see him, even after he had removed to Brighton that he might live looking out upon the sea, which appealed to and soothed him. I never met a man who seemed to weigh so carefully every action, every word — even the pettiest — and so completely to find guidance through his own conscience. He was no scoffer in religious matters. In the domain of theology, however, he had little regard for decorum. It was to him a very faulty system hindering true growth, and the idea of rewards and punishments struck him as an appeal to very low natures indeed. Still he never went to such lengths as Tennyson did upon an occasion when some of the old ideas were under discussion. Knowles<sup>1</sup> told me that Tennyson lost control of himself. Knowles said he was greatly dis-

<sup>1</sup> James Knowles, founder of the *Nineteenth Century*.

appointed with the son's life of the poet as giving no true picture of his father in his revolt against stern theology.

Spencer was always the calm philosopher. I believe that from childhood to old age — when the race was run — he never was guilty of an immoral act or did an injustice to any human being. He was certainly one of the most conscientious men in all his doings that ever was born. Few men have wished to know another man more strongly than I to know Herbert Spencer, for seldom has one been more deeply indebted than I to him and to Darwin.

Reaction against the theology of past days comes to many who have been surrounded in youth by church people entirely satisfied that the truth and faith indispensable to future happiness were derived only through strictest Calvinistic creeds. The thoughtful youth is naturally carried along and disposed to concur in this. He cannot but think, up to a certain period of development, that what is believed by the best and the highest educated around him — those to whom he looks for example and instruction — must be true. He resists doubt as inspired by the Evil One seeking his soul, and sure to get it unless faith comes to the rescue. Unfortunately he soon finds that faith is not exactly at his beck and call. Original sin he thinks must be at the root of this inability to see as he wishes to see, to believe as he wishes to believe. It seems clear to him that already he is little better than one of the lost. Of the elect he surely cannot be, for these must be ministers, elders, and strictly orthodox men.

The young man is soon in chronic rebellion, trying to assume godliness with the others, acquiescing outwardly in the creed and all its teachings, and yet at heart totally

unable to reconcile his outward accordance with his inward doubt. If there be intellect and virtue in the man but one result is possible; that is, Carlyle's position after his terrible struggle when after weeks of torment he came forth: "If it be incredible, in God's name, then, let it be discredited." With that the load of doubt and fear fell from him forever.

When I, along with three or four of my boon companions, was in this stage of doubt about theology, including the supernatural element, and indeed the whole scheme of salvation through vicarious atonement and all the fabric built upon it, I came fortunately upon Darwin's and Spencer's works "The Data of Ethics," "First Principles," "Social Statics," "The Descent of Man." Reaching the pages which explain how man has absorbed such mental foods as were favorable to him, retaining what was salutary, rejecting what was deleterious, I remember that light came as in a flood and all was clear. Not only had I got rid of theology and the supernatural, but I had found the truth of evolution. "All is well since all grows better" became my motto, my true source of comfort. Man was not created with an instinct for his own degradation, but from the lower he had risen to the higher forms. Nor is there any conceivable end to his march to perfection. His face is turned to the light; he stands in the sun and looks upward.

Humanity is an organism, inherently rejecting all that is deleterious, that is, wrong, and absorbing after trial what is beneficial, that is, right. If so disposed, the Architect of the Universe, we must assume, might have made the world and man perfect, free from evil and from pain, as angels in heaven are thought to be; but although this was not done, man has been given the

power of advancement rather than of retrogression. The Old and New Testaments remain, like other sacred writings of other lands, of value as records of the past and for such good lessons as they inculcate. Like the ancient writers of the Bible our thoughts should rest upon this life and our duties here. "To perform the duties of this world well, troubling not about another, is the prime wisdom," says Confucius, great sage and teacher. The next world and its duties we shall consider when we are placed in it.

I am as a speck of dust in the sun, and not even so much, in this solemn, mysterious, unknowable universe. I shrink back. One truth I see. Franklin was right. "The highest worship of God is service to Man." All this, however, does not prevent everlasting hope of immortality. It would be no greater miracle to be born to a future life than to have been born to live in this present life. The one has been created, why not the other? Therefore there is reason to hope for immortality. Let us hope.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "A. C. is really a tremendous personality — dramatic, wilful, generous, whimsical, at times almost cruel in pressing his own conviction upon others, and then again tender, affectionate, emotional, always imaginative, unusual and wide-voiced in his views. He is well worth Boswellizing, but I am urging him to be 'his own Boswell.' . . . He is inconsistent in many ways, but with a passion for lofty views; the brotherhood of man, peace among nations, religious purity — I mean the purification of religion from gross superstition — the substitution for a Westminster-Catechism God, of a Righteous, a Just God." (*Letters of Richard Watson Gilder*, p. 375.)

## CHAPTER XXVI

### BLAINE AND HARRISON

WHILE one is known by the company he keeps, it is equally true that one is known by the stories he tells. Mr. Blaine was one of the best story-tellers I ever met. His was a bright sunny nature with a witty, pointed story for every occasion.

Mr. Blaine's address at Yorktown (I had accompanied him there) was greatly admired. It directed special attention to the cordial friendship which had grown up between the two branches of the English-speaking race, and ended with the hope that the prevailing peace and good-will between the two nations would exist for many centuries to come. When he read this to me, I remember that the word "many" jarred, and I said:

"Mr. Secretary, might I suggest the change of one word? I don't like 'many'; why not 'all' the centuries to come?"

"Good, that is perfect!"

And so it was given in the address: "for *all* the centuries to come."

We had a beautiful night returning from Yorktown, and, sitting in the stern of the ship in the moonlight, the military band playing forward, we spoke of the effect of music. Mr. Blaine said that his favorite just then was the "Sweet By and By," which he had heard played last by the same band at President Garfield's funeral, and he thought upon that occasion he was more deeply moved by sweet sounds than he had ever been in his life. He requested that it should be the last piece played

that night. Both he and Gladstone were fond of simple music. They could enjoy Beethoven and the classic masters, but Wagner was as yet a sealed book to them.

In answer to my inquiry as to the most successful speech he ever heard in Congress, he replied it was that of the German, ex-Governor Ritter of Pennsylvania. The first bill appropriating money for inland *fresh* waters was under consideration. The house was divided. Strict constructionists held this to be unconstitutional; only harbors upon the salt sea were under the Federal Government. The contest was keen and the result doubtful, when to the astonishment of the House, Governor Ritter slowly arose for the first time. Silence at once reigned. What was the old German ex-Governor going to say — he who had never said anything at all? Only this:

“Mr. Speaker, I don’t know much particulars about de constitution, but I know dis; I would n’t gif a d—d cent for a constitution dat did n’t wash in fresh water as well as in salt.” The House burst into an uproar of uncontrollable laughter, and the bill passed.

So came about this new departure and one of the most beneficent ways of spending government money, and of employing army and navy engineers. Little of the money spent by the Government yields so great a return. So expands our flexible constitution to meet the new wants of an expanding population. Let who will make the constitution if we of to-day are permitted to interpret it.

Mr. Blaine’s best story, if one can be selected from so many that were excellent, I think was the following:

In the days of slavery and the underground railroads, there lived on the banks of the Ohio River near Gallipolis, a noted Democrat named Judge French, who said



to some anti-slavery friends that he should like them to bring to his office the first runaway negro that crossed the river, bound northward by the underground. He could n't understand why they wished to run away. This was done, and the following conversation took place:

*Judge:* "So you have run away from Kentucky. Bad master, I suppose?"

*Slave:* "Oh, no, Judge; very good, kind massa."

*Judge:* "He worked you too hard?"

*Slave:* "No, sah, never overworked myself all my life."

*Judge, hesitatingly:* "He did not give you enough to eat?"

*Slave:* "Not enough to eat down in Kaintuck? Oh, Lor', plenty to eat."

*Judge:* "He did not clothe you well?"

*Slave:* "Good enough clothes for me, Judge."

*Judge:* "You had n't a comfortable home?"

*Slave:* "Oh, Lor', makes me cry to think of my pretty little cabin down dar in old Kaintuck."

*Judge, after a pause:* "You had a good, kind master, you were not overworked, plenty to eat, good clothes, fine home. I don't see why the devil you wished to run away."

*Slave:* "Well, Judge, I lef' de situation down dar open. You kin go rite down and git it."

The Judge had seen a great light.

"Freedom has a thousand charms to show,  
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know."

That the colored people in such numbers risked all for liberty is the best possible proof that they will steadily approach and finally reach the full stature of citizenship in the Republic.

I never saw Mr. Blaine so happy as while with us at Cluny. He was a boy again and we were a rollicking party together. He had never fished with a fly. I took him out on Loch Laggan and he began awkwardly, as all do, but he soon caught the swing. I shall never forget his first capture:

“My friend, you have taught me a new pleasure in life. There are a hundred fishing lochs in Maine, and I’ll spend my holidays in future upon them trout-fishing.”

At Cluny there is no night in June and we danced on the lawn in the bright twilight until late. Mrs. Blaine, Miss Dodge, Mr. Blaine, and other guests were trying to do the Scotch reel, and “whooping” like Highlanders. We were gay revelers during those two weeks. One night afterwards, at a dinner in our home in New York, chiefly made up of our Cluny visitors, Mr. Blaine told the company that he had discovered at Cluny what a real holiday was. “It is when the merest trifles become the most serious events of life.”

President Harrison’s nomination for the presidency in 1888 came to Mr. Blaine while on a coaching trip with us. Mr. and Mrs. Blaine, Miss Margaret Blaine, Senator and Mrs. Hale, Miss Dodge, and Walter Damosch were on the coach with us from London to Cluny Castle. In approaching Linlithgow from Edinburgh, we found the provost and magistrates in their gorgeous robes at the hotel to receive us. I was with them when Mr. Blaine came into the room with a cablegram in his hand which he showed to me, asking what it meant. It read: “Use cipher.” It was from Senator Elkins at the Chicago Convention. Mr. Blaine had cabled the previous day, declining to accept the nomination for the presidency unless Secretary Sherman of Ohio agreed, and Senator Elkins no doubt wished to be certain that he

was in correspondence with Mr. Blaine and not with some interloper.

I said to Mr. Blaine that the Senator had called to see me before sailing, and suggested we should have cipher words for the prominent candidates. I gave him a few and kept a copy upon a slip, which I put in my pocket-book. I looked and fortunately found it. Blaine was "Victor"; Harrison, "Trump"; Phelps of New Jersey, "Star"; and so on. I wired "Trump" and "Star."<sup>1</sup> This was in the evening.

We retired for the night, and next day the whole party was paraded by the city authorities in their robes up the main street to the palace grounds which were finely decorated with flags. Speeches of welcome were made and replied to. Mr. Blaine was called upon by the people, and responded in a short address. Just then a cablegram was handed to him: "Harrison and Morton nominated." Phelps had declined. So passed forever Mr. Blaine's chance of holding the highest of all political offices — the elected of the majority of the English-speaking race. But he was once fairly elected to the presidency and done out of New York State, as was at last clearly proven, the perpetrators having been punished for an attempted repetition of the same fraud at a subsequent election.

Mr. Blaine, as Secretary of State in Harrison's Cabinet, was a decided success and the Pan-American Congress his most brilliant triumph. My only political ap-

<sup>1</sup> "A code had been agreed upon between his friends in the United States and himself, and when a deadlock or a long contest seemed inevitable, the following dispatch was sent from Mr. Carnegie's estate in Scotland, where Blaine was staying, to a prominent Republican leader:

"June 25. Too late victor immovable take trump and star.' WIIIIP. Interpreted, it reads: 'Too late. Blaine immovable. Take Harrison and Phelps. CARNEGIE.'" (*James G. Blaine*, by Edward Stanwood, p. 308. Boston, 1905.)

pointment came at this time and was that of a United States delegate to the Congress. It gave me a most interesting view of the South American Republics and their various problems. We sat down together, representatives of all the republics but Brazil. One morning the announcement was made that a new constitution had been ratified. Brazil had become a member of the sisterhood, making seventeen republics in all — now twenty-one. There was great applause and cordial greeting of the representatives of Brazil thus suddenly elevated. I found the South American representatives rather suspicious of their big brother's intentions. A sensitive spirit of independence was manifest, which it became our duty to recognize. In this I think we succeeded, but it will behoove subsequent governments to scrupulously respect the national feeling of our Southern neighbors. It is not control, but friendly coöperation upon terms of perfect equality we should seek.

I sat next to Manuel Quintana who afterwards became President of Argentina. He took a deep interest in the proceedings, and one day became rather critical upon a trifling issue, which led to an excited colloquy between him and Chairman Blaine. I believe it had its origin in a false translation from one language to another. I rose, slipped behind the chairman on the platform, whispering to him as I passed that if an adjournment was moved I was certain the differences could be adjusted. He nodded assent. I returned to my seat and moved adjournment, and during the interval all was satisfactorily arranged. Passing the delegates, as we were about to leave the hall, an incident occurred which comes back to me as I write. A delegate threw one arm around me and with the other hand patting me on the breast, exclaimed: "Mr. Carnegie, you have more here

than here" — pointing to his pocket. Our Southern brethren are so lovingly demonstrative. Warm climes and warm hearts.

In 1891 President Harrison went with me from Washington to Pittsburgh, as I have already stated, to open the Carnegie Hall and Library, which I had presented to Allegheny City. We traveled over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad by daylight, and enjoyed the trip, the president being especially pleased with the scenery. Reaching Pittsburgh at dark, the flaming coke ovens and dense pillars of smoke and fire amazed him. The well-known description of Pittsburgh, seen from the hill-tops, as "H—l with the lid off," seemed to him most appropriate. He was the first President who ever visited Pittsburgh. President Harrison, his grandfather, had, however, passed from steamboat to canal-boat there, on his way to Washington after election.

The opening ceremony was largely attended owing to the presence of the President and all passed off well. Next morning the President wished to see our steel works, and he was escorted there, receiving a cordial welcome from the workmen. I called up each successive manager of department as we passed and presented him. Finally, when Mr. Schwab was presented, the President turned to me and said,

"How is this, Mr. Carnegie? You present only boys to me."

"Yes, Mr. President, but do you notice what kind of boys they are?"

"Yes, hustlers, every one of them," was his comment.

He was right. No such young men could have been found for such work elsewhere in this world. They had been promoted to partnership without cost or risk. If the profits did not pay for their shares, no responsibility

remained upon the young men. A giving thus to "partners" is very different from paying wages to "employees" in corporations.

The President's visit, not to Pittsburgh, but to Allegheny over the river, had one beneficial result. Members of the City Council of Pittsburgh reminded me that I had first offered Pittsburgh money for a library and hall, which it declined, and that then Allegheny City had asked if I would give them to her, which I did. The President visiting Allegheny to open the library and hall there, and the ignoring of Pittsburgh, was too much. Her authorities came to me again the morning after the Allegheny City opening, asking if I would renew my offer to Pittsburgh. If so, the city would accept and agree to expend upon maintenance a larger percentage than I had previously asked. I was only too happy to do this and, instead of two hundred and fifty thousand, I offered a million dollars. My ideas had expanded. Thus was started the Carnegie Institute.

Pittsburgh's leading citizens are spending freely upon artistic things. This center of manufacturing has had its permanent orchestra for some years — Boston and Chicago being the only other cities in America that can boast of one. A naturalist club and a school of painting have sprung up. The success of Library, Art Gallery, Museum, and Music Hall — a noble quartet in an immense building — is one of the chief satisfactions of my life. This is my monument, because here I lived my early life and made my start, and I am to-day in heart a devoted son of dear old smoky Pittsburgh.

Herbert Spencer heard, while with us in Pittsburgh, some account of the rejection of my first offer of a library to Pittsburgh. When the second offer was made, he wrote me that he did not understand how I could

renew it; he never could have done so; they did not deserve it. I wrote the philosopher that if I had made the first offer to Pittsburgh that I might receive her thanks and gratitude, I deserved the personal arrows shot at me and the accusations made that only my own glorification and a monument to my memory were sought. I should then probably have felt as he did. But, as it was the good of the people of Pittsburgh I had in view, among whom I had made my fortune, the unfounded suspicions of some natures only quickened my desire to work their good by planting in their midst a potent influence for higher things. This the Institute, thank the kind fates, has done. Pittsburgh has played her part nobly.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### WASHINGTON DIPLOMACY

PRESIDENT HARRISON had been a soldier and as President was a little disposed to fight. His attitude gave some of his friends concern. He was opposed to arbitrating the Behring Sea question when Lord Salisbury, at the dictation of Canada, had to repudiate the Blaine agreement for its settlement, and was disposed to proceed to extreme measures. But calmer counsels prevailed. He was determined also to uphold the Force Bill against the South.

When the quarrel arose with Chili, there was a time when it seemed almost impossible to keep the President from taking action which would have resulted in war. He had great personal provocation because the Chilian authorities had been most indiscreet in their statements in regard to his action. I went to Washington to see whether I could not do something toward reconciling the belligerents, because, having been a member of the first Pan-American Conference, I had become acquainted with the representatives from our southern sister-republics and was on good terms with them.

As luck would have it, I was just entering the Shoreham Hotel when I saw Senator Henderson of Missouri, who had been my fellow-delegate to the Conference. He stopped and greeted me, and looking across the street he said:

“There’s the President beckoning to you.”

I crossed the street.

“Hello, Carnegie, when did you arrive?”



"Just arrived, Mr. President; I was entering the hotel."

"What are you here for?"

"To have a talk with you."

"Well, come along and talk as we walk."

The President took my arm and we promenaded the streets of Washington in the dusk for more than an hour, during which time the discussion was lively. I told him that he had appointed me a delegate to the Pan-American Conference, that he had assured the South-American delegates when they parted that he had given a military review in their honor to show them, not that we had an army, but rather that we had none and needed none, that we were the big brother in the family of republics, and that all disputes, if any arose, would be settled by peaceful arbitration. I was therefore surprised and grieved to find that he was now apparently taking a different course, threatening to resort to war in a paltry dispute with little Chili.

"You're a New Yorker and think of nothing but business and dollars. That is the way with New Yorkers; they care nothing for the dignity and honor of the Republic," said his Excellency.

"Mr. President, I am one of the men in the United States who would profit most by war; it might throw millions into my pockets as the largest manufacturer of steel."

"Well, that is probably true in your case; I had forgotten."

"Mr. President, if I were going to fight, I would take some one of my size."

"Well, would you let any nation insult and dishonor you because of its size?"

"Mr. President, no man can dishonor me except myself. Honor wounds must be self-inflicted."

"You see our sailors were attacked on shore and two of them killed, and you would stand that?" he asked.

"Mr. President, I do not think the United States dishonored every time a row among drunken sailors takes place; besides, these were not American sailors at all; they were foreigners, as you see by their names. I would be disposed to cashier the captain of that ship for allowing the sailors to go on shore when there was rioting in the town and the public peace had been already disturbed."

The discussion continued until we had finally reached the door of the White House in the dark. The President told me he had an engagement to dine out that night, but invited me to dine with him the next evening, when, as he said, there would be only the family and we could talk.

"I am greatly honored and shall be with you to-morrow evening," I said. And so we parted.

The next morning I went over to see Mr. Blaine, then Secretary of State. He rose from his seat and held out both hands.

"Oh, why were n't you dining with us last night? When the President told Mrs. Blaine that you were in town, she said: 'Just think, Mr. Carnegie is in town and I had a vacant seat here he could have occupied.'"

"Well, Mr. Blaine, I think it is rather fortunate that I have not seen you," I replied; and I then told him what had occurred with the President.

"Yes," he said, "it really was fortunate. The President might have thought you and I were in collusion."

Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, a bosom friend of Mr. Blaine, and also a very good friend of the President, happened to come in, and he said he had seen the President, who told him that he had had a talk with me upon

the Chilian affair last evening and that I had come down hot upon the subject.

“Well, Mr. President,” said Senator Elkins, “it is not probable that Mr. Carnegie would speak as plainly to you as he would to me. He feels very keenly, but he would naturally be somewhat reserved in talking to you.”

The President replied: “I did n't see the slightest indication of reserve, I assure you.”

The matter was adjusted, thanks to the peace policy characteristic of Mr. Blaine. More than once he kept the United States out of foreign trouble as I personally knew. The reputation that he had of being an aggressive American really enabled that great man to make concessions which, made by another, might not have been readily accepted by the people.

I had a long and friendly talk with the President that evening at dinner, but he was not looking at all well. I ventured to say to him he needed a rest. By all means he should get away. He said he had intended going off on a revenue cutter for a few days, but Judge Bradley of the Supreme Court had died and he must find a worthy successor. I said there was one I could not recommend because we had fished together and were such intimate friends that we could not judge each other disinterestedly, but he might inquire about him — Mr. Shiras, of Pittsburgh. He did so and appointed him. Mr. Shiras received the strong support of the best elements everywhere. Neither my recommendation, nor that of any one else, would have weighed with President Harrison one particle in making the appointment if he had not found Mr. Shiras the very man he wanted.

In the Behring Sea dispute the President was incensed at Lord Salisbury's repudiation of the stipulations for set-

tling the question which had been agreed to. The President had determined to reject the counter-proposition to submit it to arbitration. Mr. Blaine was with the President in this and naturally indignant that his plan, which Salisbury had extolled through his Ambassador, had been discarded. I found both of them in no compromising mood. The President was much the more excited of the two, however. Talking it over with Mr. Blaine alone, I explained to him that Salisbury was powerless. Against Canada's protest he could not force acceptance of the stipulations to which he had hastily agreed. There was another element. He had a dispute with Newfoundland on hand, which the latter was insisting must be settled to her advantage. No Government in Britain could add Canadian dissatisfaction to that of Newfoundland. Salisbury had done the best he could. After a while Blaine was convinced of this and succeeded in bringing the President into line.

The Behring Sea troubles brought about some rather amusing situations. One day Sir John Macdonald, Canadian Premier, and his party reached Washington and asked Mr. Blaine to arrange an interview with the President upon this subject. Mr. Blaine replied that he would see the President and inform Sir John the next morning.

"Of course," said Mr. Blaine, telling me the story in Washington just after the incident occurred, "I knew very well that the President could not meet Sir John and his friends officially, and when they called I told them so." Sir John said that Canada was independent, "as sovereign as the State of New York was in the Union." Mr. Blaine replied he was afraid that if he ever obtained an interview as Premier of Canada with the State authorities of New York he would soon hear some-

thing on the subject from Washington; and so would the New York State authorities.

It was because the President and Mr. Blaine were convinced that the British Government at home could not fulfill the stipulations agreed upon that they accepted Salisbury's proposal for arbitration, believing he had done his best. That was a very sore disappointment to Mr. Blaine. He had suggested that Britain and America should each place two small vessels on Behring Sea with equal rights to board or arrest fishing vessels under either flag — in fact, a joint police force. To give Salisbury due credit, he cabled the British Ambassador, Sir Julian Pauncefote, to congratulate Mr. Blaine upon this "brilliant suggestion." It would have given equal rights to each and under either or both flags for the first time in history — a just and brotherly compact. Sir Julian had shown this cable to Mr. Blaine. I mention this here to suggest that able and willing statesmen, anxious to coöperate, are sometimes unable to do so.

Mr. Blaine was indeed a great statesman, a man of wide views, sound judgment, and always for peace. Upon war with Chili, upon the Force Bill, and the Behring Sea question, he was calm, wise, and peace-pursuing. Especially was he favorable to drawing closer and closer to our own English-speaking race. For France he had gratitude unbounded for the part she had played in our Revolutionary War, but this did not cause him to lose his head.

One night at dinner in London Mr. Blaine was at close quarters for a moment. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty came up. A leading statesman present said that the impression they had was that Mr. Blaine had always been inimical to the Mother country. Mr. Blaine disclaimed this, and justly so, as far as I knew his senti-

ments. His correspondence upon the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was instanced. Mr. Blaine replied:

“When I became Secretary of State and had to take up that subject I was surprised to find that your Secretary for Foreign Affairs was always informing us what Her Majesty ‘expected,’ while our Secretary of State was telling you what our President ‘ventured to hope.’ When I received a dispatch telling us what Her Majesty expected, I replied, telling you what our President ‘expected.’”

“Well, you admit you changed the character of the correspondence?” was shot at him.

Quick as a flash came the response: “Not more than conditions had changed. The United States had passed the stage of ‘venturing to hope’ with any power that ‘expects.’ I only followed your example, and should ever Her Majesty ‘venture to hope,’ the President will always be found doing the same. I am afraid that as long as you ‘expect’ the United States will also ‘expect’ in return.”

One night there was a dinner, where Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Sir Charles Tennant, President of the Scotland Steel Company, were guests. During the evening the former said that his friend Carnegie was a good fellow and they all delighted to see him succeeding, but he did n’t know why the United States should give him protection worth a million sterling per year or more, for condescending to manufacture steel rails.

“Well,” said Mr. Blaine, “we don’t look at it in that light. I am interested in railroads, and we formerly used to pay you for steel rails ninety dollars per ton for every ton we got — nothing less. Now, just before I sailed from home our people made a large contract with our friend Carnegie at thirty dollars per ton. I am some-

what under the impression that if Carnegie and others had not risked their capital in developing their manufacture on our side of the Atlantic, we would still be paying you ninety dollars per ton to-day."

Here Sir Charles broke in: "You may be sure you would. Ninety dollars was our agreed-upon price for you foreigners."

Mr. Blaine smilingly remarked: "Mr. Chamberlain, I don't think you have made a very good case against our friend Carnegie."

"No," he replied; "how could I, with Sir Charles giving me away like that?" — and there was general laughter.

Blaine was a rare raconteur and his talk had this great merit: never did I hear him tell a story or speak a word unsuitable for any, even the most fastidious company to hear. He was as quick as a steel trap, a delightful companion, and he would have made an excellent and yet safe President. I found him truly conservative, and strong for peace upon all international questions.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### HAY AND MCKINLEY

**J**OHAN HAY was our frequent guest in England and Scotland, and was on the eve of coming to us at Skibo in 1898 when called home by President McKinley to become Secretary of State. Few have made such a record in that office. He inspired men with absolute confidence in his sincerity, and his aspirations were always high. War he detested, and meant what he said when he pronounced it "the most ferocious and yet the most futile folly of man."

The Philippines annexation was a burning question when I met him and Henry White (Secretary of Legation and later Ambassador to France) in London, on my way to New York. It gratified me to find our views were similar upon that proposed serious departure from our traditional policy of avoiding distant and disconnected possessions and keeping our empire within the continent, especially keeping it out of the vortex of militarism. Hay, White, and I clasped hands together in Hay's office in London, and agreed upon this. Before that he had written me the following note:

*London, August 22, 1898*

MY DEAR CARNEGIE:

I thank you for the Skibo grouse and also for your kind letter. It is a solemn and absorbing thing to hear so many kind and unmerited words as I have heard and read this last week. It seems to me another man they are talking about, while I am expected to do the work. I wish a little of the kindness could be saved till I leave office finally.

I have read with the keenest interest your article in the



“North American.”<sup>1</sup> I am not allowed to say in my present fix how much I agree with you. The only question on my mind is how far it is now *possible* for us to withdraw from the Philippines. I am rather thankful it is not given to me to solve that momentous question.<sup>2</sup>

It was a strange fate that placed upon him the very task he had congratulated himself was never to be his.

He stood alone at first as friendly to China in the Boxer troubles and succeeded in securing for her fair terms of peace. His regard for Britain, as part of our own race, was deep, and here the President was thoroughly with him, and grateful beyond measure to Britain for standing against other European powers disposed to favor Spain in the Cuban War.

The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty concerning the Panama Canal seemed to many of us unsatisfactory. Senator Elkins told me my objections, given in the “New York Tribune,” reached him the day he was to speak upon it, and were useful. Visiting Washington soon after the article appeared, I went with Senator Hanna to the White House early in the morning and found the President much exercised over the Senate’s amendment to the treaty. I had no doubt of Britain’s prompt acquiescence in the Senate’s requirements, and said so. Anything in reason she would give, since it was we who had to furnish the funds for the work from which she would be, next to ourselves, the greatest gainer.

Senator Hanna asked if I had seen “John,” as he and President McKinley always called Mr. Hay. I said I had not. Then he asked me to go over and cheer him up,

<sup>1</sup> The reference is to an article by Mr. Carnegie in the *North American Review*, August, 1898, entitled: “Distant Possessions — The Parting of the Ways.”

<sup>2</sup> Published in Thayer, *Life and Letters of John Hay*, vol. II, p. 175. Boston and New York, 1915.

for he was disconsolate about the amendments. I did so. I pointed out to Mr. Hay that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty had been amended by the Senate and scarcely any one knew this now and no one cared. The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty would be executed as amended and no one would care a fig whether it was in its original form or not. He doubted this and thought Britain would be indisposed to recede. A short time after this, dining with him, he said I had proved a true prophet and all was well.

Of course it was. Britain had practically told us she wished the canal built and would act in any way desired. The canal is now as it should be — that is, all American, with no international complications possible. It was perhaps not worth building at that time, but it was better to spend three or four hundred millions upon it than in building sea monsters of destruction to fight imaginary foes. One may be a loss and there an end; the other might be a source of war, for

“Oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Make deeds ill done.”

Mr. Hay's *bête noire* was the Senate. Upon this, and this only, was he disregardful of the proprieties. When it presumed to alter one word, substituting “treaty” for “agreement,” which occurred in one place only in the proposed Arbitration Treaty of 1905, he became unduly excited. I believe this was owing in great degree to poor health, for it was clear by that time to intimate friends that his health was seriously impaired.

The last time I saw him was at lunch at his house, when the Arbitration Treaty, as amended by the Senate, was under the consideration of President Roosevelt. The arbitrationists, headed by ex-Secretary of State Foster,

urged the President's acceptance of the amended treaty. We thought he was favorable to this, but from my subsequent talk with Secretary Hay, I saw that the President's agreeing would be keenly felt. I should not be surprised if Roosevelt's rejection of the treaty was resolved upon chiefly to soothe his dear friend John Hay in his illness. I am sure I felt that I could be brought to do, only with the greatest difficulty, anything that would annoy that noble soul. But upon this point Hay was obdurate; no surrender to the Senate. Leaving his house I said to Mrs. Carnegie that I doubted if ever we should meet our friend again. We never did.

The Carnegie Institution of Washington, of which Hay was the chairman and a trustee from the start, received his endorsement and close attention, and much were we indebted to him for wise counsel. As a statesman he made his reputation in shorter time and with a surer touch than any one I know of. And it may be doubted if any public man ever had more deeply attached friends. One of his notes I have long kept. It would have been the most flattering of any to my literary vanity but for my knowledge of his most lovable nature and undue warmth for his friends. The world is poorer to me to-day as I write, since he has left it.

The Spanish War was the result of a wave of passion started by the reports of the horrors of the Cuban Revolution. President McKinley tried hard to avoid it. When the Spanish Minister left Washington, the French Ambassador became Spain's agent, and peaceful negotiations were continued. Spain offered autonomy for Cuba. The President replied that he did not know exactly what "autonomy" meant. What he wished for Cuba was the rights that Canada possessed. He understood these. A cable was shown to the President by the French Min-

ister stating that Spain granted this and he, dear man, supposed all was settled. So it was, apparently.

Speaker Reed usually came to see me Sunday mornings when in New York, and it was immediately after my return from Europe that year that he called and said he had never lost control of the House before. For one moment he thought of leaving the chair and going on the floor to address the House and try to quiet it. In vain it was explained that the President had received from Spain the guarantee of self-government for Cuba. Alas! it was too late, too late!

“What is Spain doing over here, anyhow?” was the imperious inquiry of Congress. A sufficient number of Republicans had agreed to vote with the Democrats in Congress for war. A whirlwind of passion swept over the House, intensified, no doubt, by the unfortunate explosion of the warship *Maine* in Havana Harbor, supposed by some to be Spanish work. The supposition gave Spain far too much credit for skill and activity.

War was declared — the Senate being shocked by Senator Proctor’s statement of the concentration camps he had seen in Cuba. The country responded to the cry, “What is Spain doing over here anyhow?” President McKinley and his peace policy were left high and dry, and nothing remained for him but to go with the country. The Government then announced that war was not undertaken for territorial aggrandizement, and Cuba was promised independence — a promise faithfully kept. We should not fail to remember this, for it is the one cheering feature of the war.

The possession of the Philippines left a stain. They were not only territorial acquisition; they were dragged from reluctant Spain and twenty million dollars paid for them. The Filipinos had been our allies in fighting

Spain. The Cabinet, under the lead of the President, had agreed that only a coaling station in the Philippines should be asked for, and it is said such were the instructions given by cable at first to the Peace Commissioners at Paris. President McKinley then made a tour through the West and, of course, was cheered when he spoke of the flag and Dewey's victory. He returned, impressed with the idea that withdrawal would be unpopular, and reversed his former policy. I was told by one of his Cabinet that every member was opposed to the reversal. A senator told me Judge Day, one of the Peace Commissioners, wrote a remonstrance from Paris, which if ever published, would rank next to Washington's Farewell Address, so fine was it.

At this stage an important member of the Cabinet, my friend Cornelius N. Bliss, called and asked me to visit Washington and see the President on the subject. He said:

"You have influence with him. None of us have been able to move him since he returned from the West."

I went to Washington and had an interview with him. But he was obdurate. Withdrawal would create a revolution at home, he said. Finally, by persuading his secretaries that he had to bend to the blast, and always holding that it would be only a temporary occupation and that a way out would be found, the Cabinet yielded.

He sent for President Schurman, of Cornell University, who had opposed annexation and made him chairman of the committee to visit the Filipinos; and later for Judge Taft, who had been prominent against such a violation of American policy, to go as Governor. When the Judge stated that it seemed strange to send for one, who had publicly denounced annexation, the President said that was the very reason why he wished him for

the place. This was all very well, but to refrain from annexing and to relinquish territory once purchased are different propositions. This was soon seen.

Mr. Bryan had it in his power at one time to defeat in the Senate this feature of the Treaty of Peace with Spain. I went to Washington to try to effect this, and remained there until the vote was taken. I was told that when Mr. Bryan was in Washington he had advised his friends that it would be good party policy to allow the treaty to pass. This would discredit the Republican Party before the people; that "paying twenty millions for a revolution" would defeat any party. There were seven staunch Bryan men anxious to vote against Philippine annexation.

Mr. Bryan had called to see me in New York upon the subject, because my opposition to the purchase had been so pronounced, and I now wired him at Omaha explaining the situation and begging him to wire me that his friends could use their own judgment. His reply was what I have stated — better have the Republicans pass it and let it then go before the people. I thought it unworthy of him to subordinate such an issue, fraught with deplorable consequences, to mere party politics. It required the casting vote of the Speaker to carry the measure. One word from Mr. Bryan would have saved the country from the disaster. I could not be cordial to him for years afterwards. He had seemed to me a man who was willing to sacrifice his country and his personal convictions for party advantage.

When I called upon President McKinley immediately after the vote, I condoled with him upon being dependent for support upon his leading opponent. I explained just how his victory had been won and suggested that he should send his grateful acknowledgments to Mr.

Bryan. A Colonial possession thousands of miles away was a novel problem to President McKinley, and indeed to all American statesmen. Nothing did they know of the troubles and dangers it would involve. Here the Republic made its first grievous international mistake — a mistake which dragged it into the vortex of international militarism and a great navy. What a change has come over statesmen since!

At supper with President Roosevelt at the White House a few weeks ago (1907), he said:

“If you wish to see the two men in the United States who are the most anxious to get out of the Philippines, here they are,” pointing to Secretary Taft and himself.

“Then why don’t you?” I responded. “The American people would be glad indeed.”

But both the President and Judge Taft believed our duty required us to prepare the Islands for self-government first. This is the policy of “Don’t go into the water until you learn to swim.” But the plunge has to be and will be taken some day.

It was urged that if we did not occupy the Philippines, Germany would. It never occurred to the urgers that this would mean Britain agreeing that Germany should establish a naval base at Macao, a short sail from Britain’s naval base in the East. Britain would as soon permit her to establish a base at Kingston, Ireland, eighty miles from Liverpool. I was surprised to hear men — men like Judge Taft, although he was opposed at first to the annexation — give this reason when we were discussing the question after the fatal step had been taken. But we know little of foreign relations. We have hitherto been a consolidated country. It will be a sad day if we ever become anything otherwise.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### MEETING THE GERMAN EMPEROR

MY first Rectorial Address to the students of St. Andrews University attracted the attention of the German Emperor, who sent word to me in New York by Herr Ballin that he had read every word of it. He also sent me by him a copy of his address upon his eldest son's consecration. Invitations to meet him followed; but it was not until June, 1907, that I could leave, owing to other engagements. Mrs. Carnegie and I went to Kiel. Mr. Tower, our American Ambassador to Germany, and Mrs. Tower met us there and were very kind in their attentions. Through them we met many of the distinguished public men during our three days' stay there.

The first morning, Mr. Tower took me to register on the Emperor's yacht. I had no expectation of seeing the Emperor, but he happened to come on deck, and seeing Mr. Tower he asked what had brought him on the yacht so early. Mr. Tower explained he had brought me over to register, and that Mr. Carnegie was on board. He asked:

“Why not present him now? I wish to see him.”

I was talking to the admirals who were assembling for a conference, and did not see Mr. Tower and the Emperor approaching from behind. A touch on my shoulder and I turned around.

“Mr. Carnegie, the Emperor.”

It was a moment before I realized that the Emperor was before me. I raised both hands and exclaimed:

“This has happened just as I could have wished,



with no ceremony, and the Man of Destiny dropped from the clouds.”

Then I continued: “Your Majesty, I have traveled two nights to accept your generous invitation, and never did so before to meet a crowned head.”

Then the Emperor, smiling — and such a captivating smile:

“Oh! yes, yes, I have read your books. You do not like kings.”

“No, Your Majesty, I do not like kings, but I do like a man behind a king when I find him.”

“Ah! there is one king you like, I know, a Scottish king, Robert the Bruce. He was my hero in my youth. I was brought up on him.”

“Yes, Your Majesty, so was I, and he lies buried in Dunfermline Abbey, in my native town. When a boy, I used to walk often around the towering square monument on the Abbey — one word on each block in big stone letters ‘King Robert the Bruce’ — with all the fervor of a Catholic counting his beads. But Bruce was much more than a king, Your Majesty, he was the leader of his people. And not the first; Wallace the man of the people comes first. Your Majesty, I now own King Malcolm’s tower in Dunfermline<sup>1</sup> — he from whom you derive your precious heritage of Scottish blood. Perhaps you know the fine old ballad, ‘Sir Patrick Spens.’

“‘The King sits in Dunfermline tower  
Drinking the bluid red wine.’

I should like to escort you some day to the tower of

<sup>1</sup> In the deed of trust conveying Pittencrieff Park and Glen to Dunfermline an unspecified reservation of property was made. The “with certain exceptions” related to King Malcolm’s Tower. For reasons best known to himself Mr. Carnegie retained the ownership of this relic of the past.

your Scottish ancestor, that you may do homage to his memory." He exclaimed:

"That would be very fine. The Scotch are much quicker and cleverer than the Germans. The Germans are too slow."

"Your Majesty, where anything Scotch is concerned, I must decline to accept you as an impartial judge."

He laughed and waved adieu, calling out:

"You are to dine with me this evening" — and excusing himself went to greet the arriving admirals.

About sixty were present at the dinner and we had a pleasant time, indeed. His Majesty, opposite whom I sat, was good enough to raise his glass and invite me to drink with him. After he had done so with Mr. Tower, our Ambassador, who sat at his right, he asked across the table — heard by those near — whether I had told Prince von Bülow, next whom I sat, that his (the Emperor's) hero, Bruce, rested in my native town of Dunfermline, and his ancestor's tower in Pittencrieff Glen, was in my possession.

"No," I replied; "with Your Majesty I am led into such frivolities, but my intercourse with your Lord High Chancellor, I assure you, will always be of a serious import."

We dined with Mrs. Goelet upon her yacht, one evening, and His Majesty being present, I told him President Roosevelt had said recently to me that he wished custom permitted him to leave the country so he could run over and see him (the Emperor). He thought a substantial talk would result in something good being accomplished. I believed that also. The Emperor agreed and said he wished greatly to see him and hoped he would some day come to Germany. I suggested that he (the Emperor) was free from con-

stitutional barriers and could sail over and see the President.

“Ah, but my country needs me here! How can I leave?”

I replied:

“Before leaving home one year, when I went to our mills to bid the officials good-bye and expressed regret at leaving them all hard at work, sweltering in the hot sun, but that I found I had now every year to rest and yet no matter how tired I might be one half-hour on the bow of the steamer, cutting the Atlantic waves, gave me perfect relief, my clever manager, Captain Jones, retorted: ‘And, oh, Lord! think of the relief we all get.’ It might be the same with your people, Your Majesty.”

He laughed heartily over and over again. It opened a new train of thought. He repeated his desire to meet President Roosevelt, and I said:

“Well, Your Majesty, when you two do get together, I think I shall have to be with you. You and he, I fear, might get into mischief.”

He laughed and said:

“Oh, I see! You wish to drive us together. Well, I agree if you make Roosevelt first horse, I shall follow.”

“Ah, no, Your Majesty, I know horse-flesh better than to attempt to drive two such gay colts tandem. You never get proper purchase on the first horse. I must yoke you both in the shafts, neck and neck, so I can hold you in.”

I never met a man who enjoyed stories more keenly than the Emperor. He is fine company, and I believe an earnest man, anxious for the peace and progress of the world. Suffice it to say he insists that he is, and always has been, for peace. [1907.] He cherishes the fact that he has reigned for twenty-four years and has

never shed human blood. He considers that the German navy is too small to affect the British and was never intended to be a rival. Nevertheless, it is in my opinion very unwise, because unnecessary, to enlarge it. Prince von Bülow holds these sentiments and I believe the peace of the world has little to fear from Germany. Her interests are all favorable to peace, industrial development being her aim; and in this desirable field she is certainly making great strides.

I sent the Emperor by his Ambassador, Baron von Sternberg, the book, "The Roosevelt Policy,"<sup>1</sup> to which I had written an introduction that pleased the President, and I rejoice in having received from him a fine bronze of himself with a valued letter. He is not only an Emperor, but something much higher — a man anxious to improve existing conditions, untiring in his efforts to promote temperance, prevent dueling, and, I believe, to secure International Peace.

I have for some time been haunted with the feeling that the Emperor was indeed a Man of Destiny. My interviews with him have strengthened that feeling. I have great hopes of him in the future doing something really great and good. He may yet have a part to play that will give him a place among the immortals. He has ruled Germany in peace for twenty-seven years, but something beyond even this record is due from one who has the power to establish peace among civilized nations through positive action. Maintaining peace in his own land is not sufficient from one whose invitation to other leading civilized nations to combine and establish arbitration of all international disputes would be gladly responded to. Whether he is to pass into history as only

<sup>1</sup> *The Roosevelt Policy: Speeches, Letters and State Papers relating to Corporate Wealth and closely Allied Topics.* New York, 1908.

the preserver of internal peace at home or is to rise to his appointed mission as the Apostle of Peace among leading civilized nations, the future has still to reveal.

The year before last (1912) I stood before him in the grand palace in Berlin and presented the American address of congratulation upon his peaceful reign of twenty-five years, his hand unstained by human blood. As I approached to hand to him the casket containing the address, he recognized me and with outstretched arms, exclaimed:

“Carnegie, twenty-five years of peace, and we hope for many more.”

I could not help responding:

“And in this noblest of all missions you are our chief ally.”

He had hitherto sat silent and motionless, taking the successive addresses from one officer and handing them to another to be placed upon the table. The chief subject under discussion had been World Peace, which he could have, and in my opinion, would have secured, had he not been surrounded by the military caste which inevitably gathers about one born to the throne — a caste which usually becomes as permanent as the potentate himself, and which has so far in Germany proved its power of control whenever the war issue has been presented. Until militarism is subordinated, there can be no World Peace.

As I read this to-day [1914], what a change! The world convulsed by war as never before! Men slaying each other like wild beasts! I dare not relinquish all hope. In recent days I see another ruler coming forward upon the world stage, who may prove himself the immortal one. The man who vindicated his country's

honor in the Panama Canal toll dispute is now President. He has the indomitable will of genius, and true hope which we are told,

“Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.”

Nothing is impossible to genius! Watch President Wilson! He has Scotch blood in his veins.

[Here the manuscript ends abruptly.]