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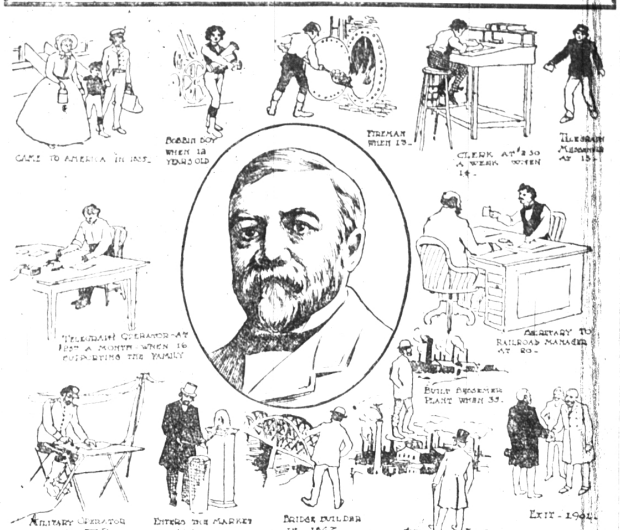
HOW TO DIE POOR.

Problem that Confronts Andrew Carnegie.



PICTORIAL LIFE OF ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Andrew Carnegie, the great multi-millionaire, is said to be disposing of his vast interests in the United States with a view of getting that equivalent (so to speak) in good gold coin. This done he will take his departure for Scotland, there to remain the rest of his days. An Eastern paper whose editor has come into hysterics over what he calls Mr. Carnegie's disloyal methods, sent an interviewer to him, who asked the why and the wherefore of his determination to take his gold away from the land in which he has made it, to hoard it up in the land of his birth. Mr. Carnegie's reply was characteristic. He merely said: "I expect to die poor." So the question naturally arises, How is he going to accomplish the seeming miracle of becoming poor? The artist makes a guess at one way to do it.

It is no easy matter for a five-hundred millionaire to devise a practical working scheme for getting poor. It is evident at once that his first and most pressing problem is how to prolong life, for if he should pass away within the next few weeks it would be under a ponderous load of capital and accrued interest. In fact, there must be a terrible struggle with the interest alone. For it is calculated that the philanthropist income will be $125,000,000 annually, and if we knock off sixty-odd days in the year for Sundays and holidays that $125,000,000 must be disposed of in 300 days, or at the rate of $400,000 a day. Now if at first sight this does not seem to be much a serious matter, it will be seen after a little reflection that it is as shocking as the astronomical feat of the thirty quails and that, too, though it means giving instead of consuming. Mr. Carnegie's mind must be quite full to repletion with the problem of charity.

When he wakens in the morning the puzzle of the next $400,000 will immediately assert itself, and though the list of willing recipients is large enough there must be some discrimination used, or the $400,000 will be seriously diminished by making way with it in accumulations in a heap. For the greatest gifts have not been upon such

THE CARTOONIST SUGGESTS A PLAN.

Death of a Noted Critic.

Benjamin E. Woolf, the famous dramatic critic of the Boston Herald, died in that city a few days ago. Mr. Woolf was of Jewish ancestry and engaged in a family of all of whose members are well known for their literary attainments. Excellent critic he was, but whether of the drama, music or the work of the artist he was in the latter always as a prize-winner. He was a playwright. He was a musical composer. He was a painter. He was a critic. He was a lecturer. He was a writer. He was a poet. He was a musician