Louise Whitfield Carnegie

THE LIFE OF MRS. ANDREW CARNEGIE

By

BURTON J. HENDRICK

and

DANIEL HENDERSON

"Or walk with kings—in or lose the common touch . . ."

—Rudyard Kipling

HASTINGS HOUSE

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This story of Louise Whitfield Carnegie and the times in which she lived began in her sitting room at No. 2 East Ninety-first Street, New York, on a sunny winter morning in 1943. Mother was kept from her usual busy morning routine by a slight cold, but was well on the way to recovery. Sitting before the fire dressed in her lavender wool frock, she was happily crocheting a blanket for her newest great-grandchild. “I am having a holiday this morning,” she said.

In this mood she enjoyed talking about her early days as a girl in New York and, when it was suggested, readily agreed that these recollections should be jotted down. “Tales of a Grandmother,” she laughingly called them. Several pleasant mornings were spent in this way. Then her cold disappeared and she was again in the full swing of her active life.

Her own reminiscences were never resumed. But so many diaries and letters were found among her papers that the advice of Burton J. Hendrick, who knew her well and had written the biography of her husband, Andrew Carnegie, was sought. Impressed with Mrs. Carnegie’s individuality and many-sidedness, and with her background on two related continents, he was
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glad to continue her life story. He was in mid-passage with the work when his death occurred in March, 1949.

He spared himself in no way in the preparation of this story of my mother, and I am grateful to him for his patient research and for the skill he dedicated to writing these informal memoirs. Not long before he died he told me that when the book was finished it would be like parting with an old friend.

Fortunately there was available to carry on the biography—with the same understanding spirit—Daniel Henderson, well known for his work as a poet, and for informal biographies of persons who in their times had made some impress on life. As long-time Secretary of the Authors Club of New York, Mr. Henderson knew Mr. Hendrick; they had much in common, including a deep interest in the Carnegie family.

In taking up the work, Mr. Henderson was especially guided by a remark made by a woman friend about my mother after her marriage:

"... To be the wife of a man who is not only rich in this world's goods, but whom God endowed with a powerful brain, a restless and untiring energy, and a sympathetic heart—why, that is a sphere of life wherein most would fail." His search led him to agree with Mr. Hendrick's conclusion, that Louise Whitfield Carnegie did not fail; simply, graciously, high-mindedly—her work controlled by fine executive ability—she succeeded.

It is an intimate story you will read in the following pages, because any true picture of my mother, Louise Whitfield Carnegie, must show her as the center of her family. In both the land of her birth and during her summers in Scotland she was the true homemaker, and her human relationships—whether as

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daughter, wife, mother, grandmother, or friend—came first with her always.

The book has been written for her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, for her large circle of friends and, of course, for any reader wishing to know what it meant to be the wife of Andrew Carnegie. She shared to the utmost his ideals and purposes, yet lived a life of individuality and independence, and never ceased to make their home a place of warmth and kindness where spiritual rather than material values were put first.

Margaret Carnegie Miller.
Louise Whitfield Carnegie
A Child of Old Chelsea

Louise Whitfield Carnegie was born three days after James Buchanan became President of the United States; her life from March 7, 1857, to June 24, 1946, covered a span of almost ninety years. It was a time of progressive movements and expanding horizons, and in her quiet, womanly way she had a part in them.

She saw the beginning and the triumph of the crusade to give women the vote and grant them freedom to engage in almost every class of endeavor.

Her growing interest in world affairs coincided with advance in travel and communications. Concerned with human welfare and international relations, as her life drew to a close she anticipated with joy the meeting of the fifty nations at San Francisco to form the charter for the United Nations Conference. This convention and its prospects seemed to her to seal the ideal of her husband for a harmonious union of all nations.

But now for the child that was mother to the woman:

It seems fitting that Louise Whitfield, one of whose dominant traits was a love of children, should have been born in New York City’s Chelsea, within a few hundred feet of the spot where Clement Moore wrote his merry little poem:

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring—not even a mouse; . . .
On Christmas Day, 1822, seeking to amuse his children and put them in good spirits for the festival, Clement Clarke Moore exercised his gift for light verse by scribbling the universal classic of American childhood. *A Visit from St. Nicholas* is more than a jingle; before its appearance, St. Nicholas had been a rather stodgy figure, who made his methodical rounds with about as much imagination as a postman delivering mail; the lively laughing Santa Claus, whirling through the air in a reindeer sleigh, entering the house via the chimney, and stuffing the children's stockings with gifts, is the achievement of Clement Moore.

Significantly, among the treasures the child piously preserved is a copy of this poem, gaily illustrated in color, inscribed on the flyleaf to "Louise Whitfield, teacher's reward." She was then seven years old and the book was perhaps the first of that long list of school prizes she was to obtain. She loved the little poem and knew it by heart.

The Clement Moore house was located about where the present Twenty-third Street meets Ninth Avenue. The Whitfield dwelling was on Twenty-second Street, just east of Ninth Avenue.

Louise Whitfield, the child, was growing into an attractive, intelligent little girl with nut-brown hair and large blue, animated eyes. She gave promise of the distinctive features of maturity—the long oval face, the determined mouth, the firmly prominent chin. There is a striking resemblance, indeed, between the childhood photograph and those taken many years afterward; the little girl of eight displays the same dignity and unruffled poise that characterized the woman.

In this early time, she was quiet, almost demure, a little in-
clined to keep herself apart, but she had her lively moments, and found a zestful delight in children's games—a heritage from youth that would long afterward send her into Schwarz's to buy games for her daughter and later for her grandchildren.

Naturally, there was behind this happy child a pleasant home and a fond mother and father. She was the daughter of John William Whitfield, a progressive wholesale merchant, and Fannie Davis Whitfield.

No family fitted better into the out-and-out American population of Chelsea than Mr. Whitfield. His stock was thoroughly "American" in the Colonial and Revolutionary sense of the word. Making no pretence to exalted social status, still less to wealth, it had those solid virtues of industry, public spirit, and reverent living which laid the foundations of the nation. Louise Whitfield, though she lived extensively on two continents, mingled on intimate terms with the great men and women in both, and learned to love Scotland as her second home, was never at base anything but an American; in fact, her fundamental allegiance was even more restricted, for her first love was bestowed on New York.

Her progenitors on her father's side were born on Manhattan Island. Her mother, a native of Bridgeport, Connecticut, came from a long line of New England ancestry; all of them had played their part in Manhattan's development.

The birthplace of her paternal grandfather, George Buckingham Whitfield, was on Cherry Street, close to the East River—the same Cherry Street on which was George Washington's Presidential "mansion" when New York was the Federal capital. Her great-grandfather, Thomas Whitfield, is the first of the American line of whom there is authentic knowledge. He was
born in England, emigrated to America, and settled in New York before the Revolution.

Thomas Whitfield, in the family record, figures as a "loyalist," and, as such, found it comfortable to spend the period of hostilities in Nova Scotia. When the war ended, Thomas returned to New York and, a well-esteemed citizen, resumed his prosperous career of shipbuilder.

Another branch of the American Whitfields, the celebrated Henry, was in 1639 one of the six founders of Guilford, Connecticut. The stone house which this evangelical pioneer built is still standing, one of the three or so oldest in the United States; it is today preserved as a museum by the State of Connecticut.

The family did not lack Revolutionary antecedents, and antecedents that admitted them to the order of the Cincinnati. There was a generous French strain in Mrs. Carnegie, of which she was extremely proud. It was a double strain, running back to the Huguenot settlers of New Rochelle in the seventeenth century and to that body of Frenchmen who came over in 1776 to fight side by side with the American patriots. From both these ancestors the descent is direct. There is no more authentic Huguenot name than that of Guion. The first of this name in the family tree was Angelique, who was baptized in the Episcopal Church in New Rochelle March 31, 1755.

This lady's son, John Stevens, born in New Rochelle—1783—married Catherine Pariset, the daughter of a follower of Lafayette. It was, indeed, at the invitation of Lafayette that the girl's father, Nicholas Pariset, crossed the sea and joined the American Army. He became a general, taking part in the Maryland and Virginia campaigns; then he fell in love with
the daughter of an American comrade-in-arms, purchased a plantation at the head of Elk River, Maryland, and reared a family of four girls. One of these, Catherine, married the sea-going John Stevens, and her daughter, in turn, Elizabeth Guion Stevens, married Louise Whitfield’s grandfather, George Buckingham Whitfield. Here was plenty of ancestry, French, martial, adventurous, to add a touch of fire to the more stolid English stock.

Around the corner from the Whitfield home was Chelsea Square, the great block set aside for the Seminary. Its gray, ivy-clad walls, mullioned windows, crenelated roofs and towers, and its students in cap and gown, walking leisurely to lectures, reminded one of an English university town. It was a fitting first environment for a little girl who was one day to be capped by New York University near by, and by St. Andrews University in Scotland.

Before long her family decided to move further uptown. The Whitfields had an inclination to the most picturesque part of New York City, and, in selecting the Gramercy Park district, they again displayed this talent. The Gramercy Park section had begun its existence at almost the same period as old Chelsea and now, for about thirty years, had engaged in a kindly rivalry as the favorite residential headquarters of New Yorkers of substance and character. Like Chelsea, it had a famous sponsor—Samuel B. Ruggles of New Milford, Connecticut. This Yale graduate, who attained distinction in several fields—law, business, public life, education (he was for fifty years the guiding trustee of Columbia College)—developed for residential purposes the old Bowery or Bouwerie, the farm
that had been the country seat of James Duane, first mayor of New York. Part of this farm estate became Gramercy Park.

In 1831, Mr. Ruggles—a real estate promoter with a devotion to beautiful city planning—gave to the families buying property around it the land extending from Twenty to Twenty-first Street, and for about two blocks east and west, in all sixty city lots, under a deed stipulating that it should always be preserved as a park, planted with shrubs, trees, flowers, and privet hedges. The park was inclosed with a widely-spaced iron railing. The park having been set aside exclusively for the abutting owners, each of these families was given one key to it.

"Buildings, towers, palaces may moulder and crumble beneath the touch of time," said the philosophic Samuel Ruggles, "but space—free, glorious open space—will remain to bless the city forever."

"Yes," replied a friend, "man makes buildings but God makes space."

Soon Gramercy Park and the neighboring streets became one of the most sought for residential preserves of New York. George Buckmaster Whitfield, Louise’s grandfather, had, in a small way, John Jacob Astor’s genius for real property. He had been a pioneer in the Bronx, where he had purchased lots for $200 which he had subsequently sold for $50,000. For years he had conducted a wholesale and retail business on Water Street, dealing in a miscellaneous assortment of hardware.

By 1853, having become a trustee in three leading New York banks, he retired and built a fine stone house on East Seventeenth, around the corner of Union Square, or Union Park, as it was then called. He had bought a number of lots in the Ruggles district, and when he died an obituary notice said
LOUISE WHITFIELD CARNEGIE

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that he was one of its chief promoters. It is, therefore, not surprising that his son, John William, father of Louise, should wish to settle in the neighborhood.

In 1862 the family moved into the three-story brick dwelling at Number 116, later 149, East Eighteenth Street, between Irving Place and Third Avenue. This house and the Gramercy Park hinterland form the back drop of Mrs. Carnegie’s early life; here her childhood and girlhood were spent, from her fifth to the eighteenth year. It was a happy time.

Her favorite playground, and that of her youthful friends, was Gramercy Park. As the Whitfield home did not directly front on this exclusive soil, her family did not possess the coveted key, but that proved no deterrent. One who is almost her only surviving playmate relates that, when the caretaker was otherwise employed, “Lou” and she used to slip through the gate or climb the fence and thus achieve the fairyland of flowers and darkling trees; if the fence was the one that is standing there today, that was something of a feat.

The favorite objective of the little tomboys was the fountain, presided over by a Grecian nymph—a young lady of marble who is still doing service in the park, though she was removed to a more obscure corner some years ago to make room for the statue of Edwin Booth. The girls loved to wade in the adjacent pool, and they also used to spend many agreeable hours playing marbles, not hesitating, at times, to take on the boys—not always unsuccessfully. Gramercy Park and its secluded attractions stayed on in Lou Whitfield’s mind.

The dearest companion of Louise’s childhood and girlhood was her young mother. The youth of Mrs. Whitfield made the friendship between the devoted parent and girl almost that
of an older and younger sister. Louise delighted in playing child mother to little brother George, but always the sight of her mother would attract her away from playmates, and, arms linked, they would go to the playground or to the East River to watch the boats and barges going by, the gulls flying, or the boys swimming.

Mrs. Carnegie liked to recall the Saturday mornings when she and her small friends were loaded on the horse car and transported to Central Park, where they would spend a good part of the day in games, lunching on some attractive hillock.

"My life was a simple one," she said. "My mother was the youngest daughter, and, soon after her marriage, her mother, Mary Ann Davis, who was a widow, came to live with us. Grandmother Davis was still active and a great help to my mother, who was only twenty when she married. We kept one maid in the kitchen and one upstairs, but Grandmother cooked most of the fancy dishes, and, of course, the washing of the best china was always done by the family.

"I well recollect drying the fine teacups which my Grandfather Davis, a captain on one of the clipper ships, had brought home to us from Liverpool. My father used to take us on holidays to High Bridge, New York State, and one recollection is very clear in my mind. I ventured too near a flock of turkeys roaming about up there and my little brother, George Buckmaster, who was two and a half years younger, became my champion. Picking up a branch, he ran after the turkeys crying, 'I'll 'hip 'em, Lulie!' Soon after that, the first sorrow came into my life. My little brother playmate sickened and died. I remember the weary weeks in which I missed his companionship keenly.

"Not very long after George died, a baby sister [Estelle] ar-
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rived. She was very delicate and I remember many, many anxious days. She lived, however, well into middle life. After Estelle came, Grandmother Davis took me into her room. I recall sitting up in bed in the morning looking at the woodcuts in the large Dutch Bible which she gave me to amuse myself with while she was dressing. My best days were always when my mother took me shopping with her and I learned many domestic habits in this very delightful way.

“My father was a partner in the firm of Baker, Dowd & Whitfield, though he afterward became its head when it was reorganized as Whitfield, Powers & Co. They were a retail and wholesale house, dealing in Yankee notions and a great variety of fancy dress materials. They were also importers of white goods from England and France.

“Once or twice during the winter on Saturday mornings my father would take me down with him to the warehouse, and this was a great treat as there were all kinds of fascinating things to be inspected. My special delight was small china dolls and the rows on rows of boxes of these enchanted me. Father, of course, was not too keen to break into these boxes which were to be sold wholesale, but I usually came away with one of the dolls on which I had set my heart. Afterwards we would go to Delmonico’s for lunch and then walk up to Eighteenth Street in the afternoon. What happy excursions these were!”

The Gramercy Park neighborhood was full of persons and associations that were to figure in the girl’s later life. Four blocks away, on Irving Place and Fourteenth, stood the New York Academy of Music, which was hospitable to Signor Angelo’s Italian Opera.
Walt Whitman, when a Brooklyn journalist, reported the opening of the Academy:

This edifice is one of the largest audience buildings in America . . . it is of elegant architectural appearance outside, especially at night—adorned with its plentiful, round, moon-like lights. Here we are in front. What a gay show. The visitors are now in full tide. The lookers on—the crowd of pedestrians, the numerous private carriages dashing up to the great porch—the splendid and shiny horses—the footman jumping down and opening the carriage doors—the beautiful and richly dressed women alighting, and passing up the steps under the full blaze of lights . . .

Seated in the red velvet arm-chairs of the parquette, and on the sofas of the dress-circle, are groups of gentlemen, and of the most superbly dressed women, some of them with that high bred air and self-possession, obtained by mixing much with the best society.

In contrast, the residents of Gramercy Park went to hear Patti, Sembrich, and Nilsson unostentatiously. Their section, conveniently located as to the Metropolitan and the Academy of Music, and as to the Steinway and Chickering Concert Halls, was the locale of the New York Philharmonic orchestra, with such well known directors as Leopold Damrosch, Theodore Thomas, Anton Seidl, Emil Paur, and Walter Damrosch.

A small boy destined to a great career, who was born a year after Louise Whitfield and was to become her friend, lived a stone’s throw away. Teddy Roosevelt was surely one of the playmates against whom she used to match her skill at marbles. His sister, Corinne Roosevelt, Lou’s playmate then, became a friend through life.

At No. 1 Lexington Avenue, facing the Park, lived Peter
Cooper, whose famous Cooper Union was aided generously by Andrew Carnegie. The Cooper house was subsequently occupied by Abram Hewitt, afterward fellow steel-maker with Carnegie, and later first president of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh. His lasting regret was to be that he had declined the offer to become a partner, for a modest investment of cash, of Carnegie, whom he declared to be "the greatest manufacturer who ever lived."

John Bigelow, another close friend of the Carnegies in after years, lived at No. 21; he was joint owner with William Cullen Bryant of the *Evening Post*. Robert G. Ingersoll had his dwelling near by. Other men who gave distinction to the region were Cyrus Field, who laid the Atlantic cable, James Harper, of the publishing house, and Samuel J. Tilden, like Carnegie a library founder, who became presidential candidate in an exciting contest.

Other associations gave the neighborhood character it has never lost. Within a few steps of the Whitfield domicile stood the house, at the corner of Seventeenth Street and Irving Place, where Washington Irving once lived—it is now a museum dedicated to his memory. Near at hand was the demure Friends' Meeting House, whose adherents, in Louise Whitfield's childhood, were familiar sights passing silently to their place of worship, gray-bonneted and gray-coated. At No. 16 was the house ultimately to become the home of Edwin Booth—it is now The Players. And at the corner of Twentieth Street and Fourth Avenue stood that famous Unitarian Church, presided over by the great pulpit orator Dr. Bellows—a structure which, though modelled after the Basilica of San Giovanni in
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Monza, Italy, was popularly known, from its alternate layers of terra cotta and white Caen marble, as the “Beef-Steak” church.

Next door to this ornate structure stood the spacious “mansion” over which Miss Henrietta B. Haines, educator, held gentle but emphatic sway for a generation. Residence in the Gramercy Park region solved the problem of a school. For twelve years, from her sixth to her eighteenth birthday, Louise Whitfield, at the earlier time in company with her cousin Lizzie, walked each morning two short blocks from Eighteenth Street to No. 10 Gramercy Park, which a brass plate on the door proclaimed as “Miss Haines’ School.”

We can easily form a picture of the two little girls, books in hand, doubtless proud of being members of so famed a seat of learning, trudging sturdily to school. They might well stand in awe of this new dignity, for Miss Haines had long been a New York institution, not only for the quality of her instruction, but for her character and social eminence.

Miss Haines’ very appearance was an education in good manners. Surviving photographs show her tall, spare, and willowy, dressed invariably in black, with the mere suggestion of a train, the head crowned with a black lace cap, ornamented with little white flowers, the neck bound by long white bows. On the face is the faintest suggestion of a smile; it is a figure that spells high breeding, dignity, restraint, force, and, at the same time, a kind of distant friendliness. Her everyday behavior accorded perfectly with this exterior. She was subdued but definite and determined; she moved unobtrusively among her flock, not on familiar terms, but with an air of proprietorship, and a benignity that invited confidence.

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From childhood Henrietta Haines had been profoundly religious, and, as a young girl, her one desire was to become a missionary. She enrolled in a group about to sail for the Far East. All her preparations had been made, the time of departure had arrived, when one apparently insuperable difficulty blocked the way. She was unmarried, and the promoters declined to accept a youthful novice, unguarded by a husband. A young unattached man in the crusading party offered to remove the disability. Inspired by religious fervor, Henrietta consented, and paid bitterly for the indiscretion. The husband proved a cruel helpmeet.

Within a year the disillusioned girl returned to her native land, obtained a divorce, resumed her maiden name, and opened a girls' school on Warren Street. A divorcée had a much more difficult time of it in 1847 than in these more tolerant days, but Henrietta Haines' personality and character soon triumphed over the handicap. In a few years "Miss Haines' School" had become the leading place of its kind in New York. One of the most famous of the early pupils was that Kate Chase, who, as daughter of Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, became, next to the President's wife, the leading hostess of the Lincoln Cabinet.

The tragedy of Miss Haines' early life clung to her like a kind of aura—a secret topic among the students. Certain details heightened the suppressed excitement. The discarded husband—so it was whispered—broken in health and fortune, had returned to his old home. Occasionally at night, after "lights out" was the order in the dormitories, a black-clad figure would quietly emerge from "No. 10," take a waiting cab to the Jersey ferry and cross the river, returning in time for school
prayers next day. This was Miss Haines, who was regularly visiting and providing for the wants of her dying husband.

Soon after setting up her school, Miss Henrietta showed a kindly understanding for a fugitive from France, Henriette Des Portes, who in 1849 had become involved in the notorious Praslin murder case and had sought refuge in New York. Miss Haines came to the relief of this prisoner of the Conciergerie, believing, as all the world does now, but did not then, in her complete innocence. She enrolled her as a teacher of French in her school, a brave and generous act which has been turned to entertaining literary account in Rachel Field’s very popular novel, *All This and Heaven Too*.

The Mlle. de Janon who figures in most recollections of the school was Miss Haines’ partner and head of the French department. She appears over and over again in the record of Mrs. Carnegie’s mature life—in fact she became a most valued friend. “How I remember her!” Mrs. Carnegie would say. “Always dressed with exquisite taste. I can see her now with her lace cap and her beautifully shaped fingers. The perfect French lady!”

There were courses in English composition, the teacher being no less a person than Susan Walker, author of the American-Victorian classics, *Queechy* and the *Wide, Wide World*, while Ik Marvel, the bachelor of the *Reveries*, was a favorite evening guest and entertainer. “Elocutionists” frequently performed, reading whole plays of Shakespeare and extracts from novels such as *Rob Roy* and *Waverley*, while the girls were tempted by the prospect of prizes to commit to memory approved selections from the English poets. Louise memorized the first canto of Scott’s *The Lady of the Lake*—a better preparation for her
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later life than she realized at the time. The school itself contained a library of several thousand volumes, which the girls were encouraged to use.

There was no greater teacher of chemistry in the United States than Miss Henrietta’s own nephew, Robert Ogden Doremus. Scarcely any man, in geology and physical geography and its kindred branches, ranked in the same class with her nephew by marriage, Arnold Henry Guyot. The recollections of Louise Whitfield and her classmates testify to the romantic interest these teachers inspired, for both instructors were attractive.

After each lecture the pupils of Professor Doremus were required to write out an abstract of what they had heard. Prizes, usually books, were awarded for the best. Many of these neatly written digests exist among Mrs. Carnegie’s papers today.

Professor Guyot’s subject was the earth and everything pertaining to it, and how he did love to impart his knowledge! One of his subjects—and this was a remarkable innovation in a girls’ school in the sixties and seventies—was biology. Louise Whitfield remembered vividly all her life Professor Guyot’s discourses on the life processes, especially how he would draw, on the blackboard, with colored crayons, pictures of the egg, and trace the development of the chick into adult life.

At the dinner table, in the periods between classes, on the daily walks, Mlle. de Janon—or one of her assistants—was always vigilantly at hand to make sure that there was no lapse into English. At the end of the day’s session, each girl was called upon to report whether she had scrupulously observed this rule. For a perfect record they received a mark of “five,”
and each pupil was placed on her honor to render a truthful account. If she had spoken nothing except French between classes, she answered “Cinq”; if she had committed the sin of once using her mother tongue, a meek “trois” was exacted. Louise Whitfield, after twelve years of this daily exercise, acquired a colloquial fluency in French that made her always at home in the wanderings on the Continent that became her yearly routine in later life.

There was Monsieur Julien in French history and literature. “I can hear his beautiful French voice now,” Mrs. Carnegie would remark, “as he read page after page of Molière.” Mlle. Le Claire taught French Bible; the French translations of the Old and New Testament which she used are carefully preserved among Mrs. Carnegie’s effects.

New York was a stirring place for impressionable girls during these school days. It was the time of Tweed rings and of gangs and roughs. The child watched the pathos and violence of the Civil War. Mrs. Carnegie held vividly in mind the memory of herself, a child of four, standing with her mother at the curb and watching the gallant Seventh Regiment march off to battle.

The funeral procession of President Lincoln was an indelible recollection. The New York obsequies took place two or three blocks from her home; at Union Square the procession stopped, while George Bancroft delivered his funeral eulogy and William Cullen Bryant recited his poem. Newspaper accounts, with heavy black borders, preserved among Mrs. Carnegie’s memorabilia, describe the huge crowds that filled the Square and all the neighboring streets.
Another less reverential demonstration, the draft riots of 1863, came too close to her home for comfort. The disorderly multitudes of the city showed their hostility to this enforced levy of troops by burning the Negro orphan asylum and stringing up helpless colored men on lamp posts. Third Avenue and Nineteenth Street, only a block or two from the Whitfield house, was the chief scene of these hostilities. For two or three days Third Avenue, from this corner up to Forty-second Street, was one howling drunken mob. Gramercy Park itself became a military post for the militia, hastily summoned to cope with the situation; two cannon were posted at its northeast corner, pointed at the seat of disorder. Naturally, children were kept in the innermost recesses of their homes until the storm subsided.

More pleasant war memories were associated with the Church of the Divine Paternity, at Bleecker Street and Broadway, which the Whitfield family attended. Every Sunday little Louise heard its minister, the famous Universalist divine, Edwin H. Chapin, stimulate the citizenry to patriotic action.

Neither war, however, nor other distractions could divert attention from the main purpose of life at this time, which was centered at No. 10 Gramercy Park. Louise Whitfield was a studious and serious young girl. She worked steadily at her lessons, both in school and at home, and was most ambitious to succeed. For the result we are not dependent on tradition; dozens of her monthly reports, attested in the dainty handwriting of "H. B. Haines" and "C. de Janon," have been preserved. They disclose an almost perfect record, in attendance, deportment and recitations. At the bottom a separate line is reserved for "Rank in class," and almost invariably this is fol-
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ollowed by the impressive digit, "1". The high marks went on regularly for twelve years—which must have come near to establishing a record at the school.

In June, 1875, aged eighteen, Louise Whitfield was regarded as "finished." There was no particular ceremony—no "graduation exercises" to mark this milestone. Miss Haines gave her a parting present, a book in which she wrote a few words of affectionate remembrance of the "twelve long years" Louise had been her pupil.
One morning early in 1873, while Miss Louise, then sixteen, was walking home from church with her father and mother, she rather wistfully remarked that one of her friends was sailing for Europe.

"When is she sailing?" the father asked. "We may be going on the same ship."

The girl looked at him with amazed and eager eyes. What did that "we" mean.

"Yes," Mr. Whitfield continued, "Mother and I are sailing on the thirteenth of April and we would like to take you with us."

He frequently made trips to Europe to purchase stock for his emporium, and this time was extending his expedition into a sight-seeing European tour. For school girls to visit Europe is not unusual today but in the eighteen seventies it was a great event. Louise was still at school when this delightful interlude was offered, but Miss Haines warmly fell in with the plan; though it meant an interruption of school in mid-year, it would have educational advantages not obtainable in the study room.

The evening before departure Miss Haines and Mademoiselle de Janon formally called at the Whitfield home to bid Louise
bon voyage and to give her a few hints on how to get educationally the most out of the trip.

The young woman, when she returned home, was asked so constantly to tell her experiences that they remained fixed in her mind. A few years before she died, Mrs. Carnegie dictated her recollections of the tour, so the story of luxury travel in the early seventies can be told in her own words:

"We sailed on the Cuba, one of the best ships of the Cunard Line, 2,800 tons. It was a steamship with a single propeller, but sails were still used to make speed and also to keep her steady. We were ten days in crossing. It was a very rough trip and I proved to be an exceedingly poor sailor. The voyage seemed interminable. We carried our own steamer chairs but would not bother to look them up when we got on board and most of the passengers wrapped themselves in their rugs and lay on the deck. I remember lying there and seeing the huge waves of a following sea towering above, threatening to break on the deck and engulf us.

"The dining saloon was the only place we had to sit in when it was raining. Seats extended around the sides of the room where the passengers wrapped in shawls slept most of the time. The only diversion was when the stewards came to set the tables. This they did with great system. Racks were suspended over the long tables on which the glasses and carafes, salts and peppers were hung. When people were seated, the stewards ranged themselves in line from the galley to the door of the saloon and the different dishes were handed up and placed one on each of the tables. The passenger sitting at the head of the table did the carving and the vegetables were handed from one passenger to the one next him. This was
usually too much for me, so I found my way to a little bench near the door leading out to the deck where I could get fresh air.

"From this door the dirty dishes, when they were removed from the tables, were received in large crates lined with zinc on wheels—knives, forks, and plates all jumbled in together and wheeled along the deck to be washed. I used to count up how many such meals I would have to endure and in a copy of Kenilworth, which I was reading, I made a mark for each meal. It gave me great delight to cross off three of them each day. The marks still remain in the book.

"We landed in Liverpool on the tenth of May. The voyage was forgotten and I was in the seventh heaven of bliss. Everything was so strange. I was greatly impressed with the uniforms worn by the policemen. In the afternoon we took a train to Chester with its quaint streets and its delightful English hotel and charming garden. Here I first saw the beauty of the English wallflower. We drove out to Eton Hall and admired its beautiful greenhouses filled with plants all new to me. Our trip was to be a short one, only three months. Father was combining business with pleasure, so we could not linger at any one place. We had to stop in Birmingham and visited Warwick, Kenilworth, and Coventry on the way up to London. London impressed me as cold and gray and I was not very interested in it. But when we crossed the Channel to Paris we found sunshine and gaiety and I was very proud to air my knowledge of French.

"The beautiful opera house, opposite the Hôtel Athénée, where we stayed, was just being built and we were taken through it. The Franco-Prussian War had ended two years be-
fore and there were marks of the conflict on the walls of the Tuileries. The Hôtel des Invalides, the Arc de Triomphe, and the Bois de Boulogne all greatly delighted us. Father had been in Paris in the reign of Napoleon III and went to the Exposition in 1867 when Paris was full of gaiety. He told us that now, in 1873, it was a much more sober city. One day as we were sitting in the salon of the hotel, to my great surprise and delight I saw my French teacher, Mlle. Le Claire. Catching sight of me, she came forward with arms outstretched, exclaiming ‘Ma chère Louise!’ and we had a most happy reunion.

“From Paris we went to Belgium, Antwerp, and Dusseldorf, then to Cologne down the Rhine and finally reached Vienna, where we had the great delight of hearing Johann Strauss conduct his orchestra and play his beautiful Blue Danube waltz. As he played on the violin, leading the orchestra at the same time, he danced the steps of the waltz. We sat in the beer gardens drinking light Pilsener beer, which I greatly enjoyed. Russian leather was the outstanding souvenir to buy in Vienna at that time and we made many purchases.

“The two countries I most wanted to visit were Scotland and Switzerland. Scotland was to be left until the last, but the Continental trip consumed more time than we had expected and Scotland had to be left out altogether, a keen disappointment at the time. But looking back I realize that it was destined I should never visit Scotland as a foreigner. For me it was reserved to enter that beloved land as the wife of a Scotsman, which meant that I came to the country as an adopted daughter. I believe that this has been a large factor in my always having regarded Scotland as my second home.

“From Vienna we turned westward and made for Switzerland,
land. We entered from the northwest and visited all the lakes in succession—Zurich, Zug, Lucerne, Geneva, and Interlaken. I was enchanted with every stop. We went to the Grindelwald glacier and I gathered a bunch of forget-me-nots growing on the edge of the ice, which I carried with me all the rest of the trip. We had only time for another day or two in Paris, a week in London, and then went down to Liverpool to sail home on the Russia, July thirteenth. This was the crack ship of the Cunard Line.

“We had another very rough trip. The smokestacks were encrusted with salt from the waves all the way over. The steamer chairs had to be lashed and waves washed over the decks. A gentleman came to ask me if the last wave had drenched me, and I was so thoroughly miserable that I replied, ‘I don’t care. I wish it had washed me overboard.’

“It was on this trip that I declared vehemently that ‘if ever I live to reach dry land nothing will ever induce me to set foot on a ship.’ Could I have foreseen that it would be my fate to cross eighty-nine times after this it would have been a pretty staggering prospect!”

Note the girl’s vivid description of the rough passage. She was beginning her habit of observing the weather and of reporting it keenly.

There are a few passages in Mother Whitfield’s letters that indicate the variableness of the girl of sixteen:

Louise is deserving of praise for behaving so well under the most depressing circumstances, but she thinks she had better do all she possibly can on this trip as she doesn’t think there is money enough in all Europe to tempt her to cross again... Louise is enjoying herself here [Switzerland] very much. She likes the wild and natural
beauties of the country much better than all she sees in cities. Her ambition is to see a glacier [perhaps recalling Professor Guyot’s lectures] and I hope she may be gratified.

The all-important event in a young lady’s life—her “coming out”—took place in 1875, just two years after the Whitfields had returned from Europe. Louise was eighteen. Her recollections of the occasion centered chiefly on her mother. In Paris, the preceding summer, a celebrated dressmaker had fashioned for Mrs. Whitfield “the loveliest pale blue evening dress trimmed with little bows. The whole effect was one that only a French dressmaker could achieve. My mother wore it at my coming-out party the following December. I remember I also wore blue but she looked far prettier and more attractive than the debutante.”

Her coming-out party was in December, when life was gayest, and most sociable. Her parents did not subscribe to the earlier teachings of Miss Hale in Godey’s: “Stimulate the sensibilities of your boys, and blunt those of your girls.” This advice had been written to persuade young ladies of the preceding generation to cultivate domesticity and shun careers, but the Whitfields believed in giving their daughter the benefits of opera, drama, literature and travel, while training her to be gracious in the parlor and efficient in housekeeping. And now the daughter was to become a part of the larger social life to which her family belonged.

The informal affair which introduced Louise was unheralded in the society columns, and there were no fashionable photographers making pictures of her to send to the society editors. The stage was the quiet elegance of the Whitfield parlor, simply decorated for the Yuletide. Her introduction to
the world of manners merely meant a coming to know the
friends and events and enjoyments of the Whitfield circle, espe-
cially among the younger set.

The little boys who had played marbles with her in and
around Gramercy Park were now polite youths coming home
for the holidays from the campuses and classrooms of famous
schools. Love of life was strong in them too, and they were
curious to meet the onetime playmate who their mothers and
sisters said had grown up into a gracious girl with whom it
might be dangerous to match wits.

Soon after this party, ominous changes made the house on
East Eighteenth Street less desirable as a residing place. A new
metropolitan horror, the Elevated Railroad, with belching
smoke, piercing whistles, rumbling engines, and ugly iron
viaduct—a good deal of it, incidentally, manufactured by the
rising young Carnegie firm of Pittsburgh—began invading
New York City. It was driving entire residential groups into
new locations; it was threatening also the cleanness and calm
of the Whitfield home. Moreover, the improving family pros-
pects seemed to justify a more commodious domicile.

John W. Whitfield was forging ahead in business; he was
now chief owner of the firm which he had entered as junior
partner a few years before, and faced a future which promised
an even more comfortable establishment for his family.

New York City was expanding in all directions, especially
to the northward. The same process that, in an earlier time,
had given rise to Chelsea and Gramercy Park was opening up
new areas, and enticing to their purlieus the same type of con-
servative New Yorker that had peopled the old favored sec-
tions. It was one of these that, in the year 1875, attracted the Whitfield family.

For the better part of the century Columbia College had been the disgruntled owner of the large tract extending from Fifth to Sixth Avenues and from Forty-seventh to Fifty-first Streets. Dr. David Hosack, a native of Scotland, had, in the early part of the century, acquired an old farm in this place that was one of the natural beauty spots of the island. He had transformed it into the Elgin Botanical Garden, named in honor of his birthplace in Scotland. Planted with flowers, shrubs, and exotic trees, it served both as an experimental drug laboratory and a pleasure ground for the masses, but the investment brought the philanthropic founder close to bankruptcy.

The good doctor was finally compelled, in 1811, to sell his colorful garden to the State of New York for a trifling sum, and the State, in turn, finally “unloaded” its supposed white elephant on Columbia College, in payment of a financial claim the institution held against it. At least, that is the way the Columbia trustees looked upon the transaction. What possible use could they make of the land? The suggestion of moving the college from Murray Street to the new site was ridiculous; it would lose a large number of students if it settled so far out of town!

These protesting educators would have been astonished had they known that the day would come when Dr. Hosack’s farm would pour into their treasury $3,000,000 a year in liquid cash; or that the old Middle Road, a favorite Sunday drive for romantic couples, would some time develop into Fifth Avenue, the world’s richest shopping thoroughfare. Still less did they
GIRLHOOD IN THE SEVENTIES

dream of that modern phenomenon known as Rockefeller Center, the conglomeration of huge skyscrapers, theatres, international buildings, and other structures, which now occupies all the space once devoted to Dr. Hosack’s floral preserve.

One reminder of Dr. Hosack happily survives in Rockefeller Center, for the plazas and streets between the mighty fortresses of steel and masonry are again blooming, at appropriate seasons, with the flowers and plants that so delighted his heart. In the most conspicuous areaway, the thoughtful proprietors have deposited a tablet to the memory of Dr. Hosack.

Louise Whitfield, as she passed the brownstone fronts of this proud new neighborhood, could have no vision that this great change would come, and that, in the latter part of her life, she would visit in the spring and autumn the breath-taking indoor and outdoor gardens of Rockefeller Center.

Columbia now let out plots on long-time leases, the holders acquiring the right to build their own houses and pay an annual ground rent. It was one of these leaseholds which the Whitfield family purchased in 1875. Theirs was the usual four-story house, with the distinction that its front was of red sandstone instead of brownstone. It was an inspiring neighborhood in natural beauty and architecture for a girl whose mind and heart were open to such influences.

“I remember so well,” Mrs. Carnegie said, “the winter before we left Eighteenth Street, going up on Sunday afternoons to see the new house my father had bought and which we were to occupy. At that time, the Church of St. Nicholas stood on the northwest corner of Forty-eighth Street . . . but opposite grew a large catalpa tree, whose purple blossoms I so well remember finding on the sidewalk in early summer. St. Patrick’s
Cathedral dominated the neighborhood of Fifty-first Street and Fifth Avenue. From Fifty-first to Fifty-second, on the west side, where afterwards the Vanderbilt houses were to be built, there were huge, high boulders.

"On the top of these were small wooden shanties, reached by wooden steps going up the side of the rocks. In one of these lived Brophy, the Irish dressmaker, considered the smart place for the young ladies of the neighborhood to have their dresses made. It was a great event when I went to her to have a gown made instead of having the seamstress come in as usual to make it at home."

Her girlhood was thus passed in that period of New York history which Mrs. Wharton has called the "Age of Innocence." This is only one of the many condescending and mocking terms applied to the unimaginative seventies and eighties. If we wish to understand their tempo and outward manifestations we need not go to these modern historians; no better guide could be asked for than Mrs. Carnegie herself.

In the diaries which she kept so scrupulously for most of sixty years—the first entries that survive are for the year 1878, the last for almost the day of her death in 1946—she has left an instructive, brief chronicle of her time in naive recordings of her everyday existence. The personal record is concerned with life in a city that, in its physical aspect as in its manners and thinking, is far removed from the present.

Consider only one fact—a fact which had as great an effect upon the city's spiritual existence as upon its mechanical routine. New York in the seventies was a city in which practically every family—outside of the slums—lived in its own house. In 1875 there were only two or three apartment houses, or "Pa-
risian flats," as they were contemptuously called, on Manhattan Island; the city was a monotonous panorama of three and four story dwellings pressed tightly together, each one an almost identical duplicate of its neighbor.

New York at that time was a city without telephones, radios, motor cars, subways, airplanes, moving pictures, penthouses, cabarets, night clubs, lipsticks, slacks, bobby-socks, abbreviated skirts, cigarettes, cocktails—the latter two at least not in universal profusion—and a thousand other conveniences and diversions that make up its present life. But the differences went deeper than this. It was a city in which the folkways of the old "native American stock" still ruled supreme in manners and social standards. Reticence in language and behavior was still regarded as a virtue. Flagrant violation of a long-established moral code was generally frowned upon. But if the lives of the people followed a stereotyped pattern, beyond which it was fatal to transgress, that same pattern, after all is said, was not hypocrisy, but made, on the whole, for orderly, seemly living.

The east side of Fifth Avenue from Forty-fifth to Forty-sixth, was occupied by the luxurious Windsor Hotel, where lived an already well-known gentleman whose name, Andrew Carnegie, meant nothing to Miss Whitfield in 1875. Here the young iron-master, fleeing the uncongenial grime of Pittsburgh, had taken up his residence several years before, making a home for the Scottish mother whose training had contributed largely to his success and to whom he was extremely devoted. The whole atmosphere of Fifth Avenue and adjoining streets was then one of quiet. Instead of the present continuous stream
of automobiles, crowding almost front to end, an occasional victoria or landau would amble by, the horses' hoofs clinking against the cobblestones, or that only form of public transit, a horse-drawn bus, with the driver perched on a lofty seat, would come along. Instead of a jam of excited shoppers, there were easy-going gentlemen strolling with canes, wearing glistening top-hats, frock coats, and striped trousers, and womenfolk who suggested ships under full sail with their plumed bonnets, mantles, overskirts and bustles; sometimes the ladies rode in carriages behind high-spirited horses, and stepped down, card cases firmly gripped, to pay the calls that took up so much of their time.

No bustling crowds filled the sidewalks except, perhaps, when upper-class New York filed into the churches to sit under the great preachers of whom the city was so proud. Ordinarily the calm was disturbed only by the far-away tinkle of the horse-cars on Sixth or Madison Avenue—in winter varied by the more resonant jingle of the sleighs—or the rumble any day of the new elevated road, or the cry of the vendor on side streets.

One respect in which life contrasted picturesquely with the present day was its neighborliness. Those solid rows of brownstone fronts joined in friendly familiarity and brought their occupants into frequent contact. It was not bad form to know one's next door neighbor. Louise Whitfield's daily companions were, for the most part, young girls whose families, like her own, had moved into the Columbia enclave.

The same names—Lizzie Vanderbilt, Anna Brown, Gussie Brush, Emilie Pyle, Grace Vorhiis, Nellie Strickland—most of whom lived on the same or a nearby street—are mentioned
over and over, and it tells much for the genuine bond uniting these girls, some of whom afterward led prosperous, happy lives and others of whom did not, that they remained Miss Whitfield’s good friends to the end of their days. They maintained free and easy terms with each other’s houses and, on warm summer evenings, liked to gather on some spacious front “stoop” with their young men, passing the time in converse and gossip, occasionally joining in a song. Now and then they would adjourn to a Sixth Avenue drug store for innocuous liquid refreshment, or one of the boys would depart for the nearest confectioner and return with a generous stock of ice cream. One feature of the evening’s entertainment, Mrs. Carnegie liked to recall, was the inevitable appearance of Huyler’s cart, selling molasses candy from door to door—such was the humble beginning of a business which afterward became almost as nation wide as the making of steel. “This sticky mess would stop our chatter for some time,” she would say, still relishing, even in old age, the savory recollection.

There were, of course, more pretentious diversions. Selected spirits of the region organized themselves into a body called the “M. & B.C.”—mystic initials signifying the “Maid and Bachelor Club.” Its objects were social recreation and mental improvement—a kind of precursor of the Chautauqua and Browning fraternities that soon became the popular rage. They met regularly for reading—both of the classics and of evanescent literature, convocations that are duly recorded in the diaries. On February 2, 1878, Miss Louise reports that she had a delightful time at the Literary Club where she was the chief performer, reading Alice Cary’s poem *An Order for a Picture*; a few days afterward she puts down, with understandable
pride, Miss Vanderhoef's compliment on the excellence of her rendition. Several spoke of it, she said.

The poet who wrote An Order for a Picture had been a neighbor of the Whitfields in the Gramercy Park section. Her sister Phoebe and she had been introduced into New York literary society by the brilliant hostess Anne Lynch, who afterwards, as wife of Prof. Vincenzo Botta, entertained Louise Whitfield as bride of Andrew Carnegie. This special poem had been highly praised by Poe; it was especially appealing because it pictured nostalgically the life of the Ohio pioneers, thus describing their home in the hills near Cincinnati:

Low and little, and black and old,
With children many as it could hold,
All at the windows, open wide,
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush:
Perhaps you may have seen some day
Roses crowding the self-same way,
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Charades and private theatricals filled a good part of the time, and there were many visits to picture exhibitions at the budding Metropolitan Museum, the National Academy, and the Union League Club. Lectures at Chickering Hall, sometimes on serious subjects, such as Professor Franciani on the "Ruins of Rome" and John Fiske on "Herbert Spencer" and "Evolution."

A good deal of time was naturally devoted to more frivolous occupations. The games with which these young persons amused themselves probably mean nothing to their successors. As there were no cabarets or night clubs they had to resort to
less garish entertainment. There were afternoon tea parties in which tea—no cocktails—was really served; in the evening bean bag tournaments—for which the girls would dress up—represented the limit of the decorous, and occasionally, for a particular lark, they would visit the roller-skating rinks that were then so popular, or the bowling alley. "Pound parties," "candy pulls," "commerce parties"—whatever these may have been—logomachy, a kind of game with words, dumb crambo—matching one line unseen with another that rhymed with it—whiled away many an evening. Card games—old-fashioned whist, progressive euchre and bezique, better known to later times as pinochle, were other favorite diversions.

Singing, or playing the piano and organ, charmed many a young man caller. Miss Whitfield herself had an acceptable soprano voice, and sang occasionally in these private gatherings, while with the piano and organ she was always on familiar terms. The extent to which the church blended into social activities is worthy of notice. To invite a favored cavalier to sit in the family pew and share the hymn book was a compliment highly esteemed, and, after evening devotions, couples usually paired for the walk home—a leisurely promenade that was frequently extended to the Park.

And there were more formal entertainments. To Anna’s dinner party; wore blue dress and pink roses—entries like this are frequent. The german (a dance consisting of involved figures intermingled with waltzes) was then in full swing. The diarist likes to record the large number of favors that came her way. There were balls, sometimes at one of the girls’ homes, sometimes at Delmonico’s or Dodsworth’s. This latter was the great dancing academy of the day; instead of the present contortions
these more sedate belles and beaux enjoyed the waltz à la Strauss, while square dances—the quadrille and lancers—were still the vogue, and other evolutions which have entirely passed out of use; the schottische, polka, and the Virginia reel, were parts of a well-filled programme.

Much of Louise Whitfield’s lighter existence in these seventies and eighties could serve as background to the prints of Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives. Practically all the diversions celebrated in their famous lithographs occupied her days and nights. Sleighing in Central Park and on the Harlem Speedway—and the buffalo robes, the sealskin sacques, the spirited horses, only too eager to pit their mettle against presuming rivals, the red cheeks of the girls—all were part of the healthful winter routine. Somehow there always seemed to be plenty of snow seventy years ago! And ice, too; when the red ball went up on the tower in Central Park, indicating that the ice on the lake was good for skating, the boys and girls of the West Forties were always promptly on hand.

She early developed a love of horses. “We,”—that is, the “Maid and Bachelor Club”—“took up riding and went to Dickles Riding Academy to learn. Our home dressmaker made me a good black riding habit and I felt very smart.” This picture has been preserved, for an artist friend, Sarah MacKnight, painted a portrait of her “dear Louise” in this equestrian guise and gave it to her as a wedding present.

The imposing figure, sitting sidesaddle, riding crop in hand, clad in long black habit, the head crowned with a lofty mannish silk hat, in itself recreates a vanished chapter in history. Certain modern critics may ridicule the horse and buggy era, but the young people of that time found Old Dobbin and his
Louise Whitfield at the age of six
Fifth Avenue. Looking South from 47th Street with the Windsor Hotel on the left.
carriage highly diverting. The Whitfield family possessed a phaeton and long jauntins into Long Island and Westchester, either alone or with friends, gave a zest to the sport which modern speed devils could hardly understand.

Croquet was probably the favorite outdoors sport; archery was still popular; and tennis played in long skirts and with ladylike action—overhead shots were not good manners—had begun its prosperous career. The vast amount of walking that generation engaged in is a reproach to people of today. Subways and motor cars were unknown, but there were little horse-cars, painted red, blue, orange—each avenue and important crosstown street had its own color. The cars were kept warm in winter by straw strewn on the floor. The new elevated railroads, with little asthmatic locomotives puffing bravely along, and the easy-going stage also offered transportation, but walking remained popular.

In her constant dutiful visits to Grandfather Whitfield, Miss Louise thought nothing of walking from Forty-eighth Street to Seventeenth, a distance of almost two miles; shopping trips "down town," that is to Fourteenth Street and lower Broadway, were usually on foot, and advantage was always taken of moonlight nights, when girls and swains would saunter up Fifth Avenue.

The diaries reflect the immense importance attached to calls, both of a social and a sentimental nature. It almost seems, in reading this account, that a good part of one's time in those days was spent either in calling on friends, or in being called upon by them. The number of calls made and received is noted with pride; almost, one would think, an attempt was being made to establish a record.
Took a coupe in the afternoon and made sixteen calls reads one proud boast. In no respect does the lack of telephones appear so appalling as in this form of social intercourse. Many of the services now performed via the electric wire were then matters of personal approach. While for the most important functions engraved invitations were the thing, less formal courtesies had to be delivered by word of mouth. A young man aspiring to take his friend to Sunday evening church usually called Sunday morning and extended the invitation. You could not spontaneously summon to luncheon by taking down the telephone transmitter; you had to call, or if you were rich enough to possess one, send “your man.” One does not realize, until glancing over these little books, the extent to which the telephone has lubricated social life.

The great importance attached to evening calls of young men—especially Sunday evening calls—is also in the record. The number received, and usually the names, are religiously noted, and when an unusual evening passes and no one came, that fact is recorded with a touch of melancholy resignation. If the visit is unwelcome and the young man slightly boring this too is set down. Snubbed him horribly, the diarist records of one of this latter class.

There was an etiquette regulating these visits which contrasts with the more free and easy present. It was bad manners to stay too late. Ten o’clock was the suitable time to leave or, at the extreme, ten-thirty. Miss Louise occasionally notes in her diary, apparently in reproof, instances in which this dead line had been exceeded. Mr. Brush—and he was a particularly favored friend—stayed till eleven o’clock. On November 20, 1878: Mr. Douglas called and stayed until 10:30. So mad! She writes
with satisfaction of a conscientious gentleman who had infringed this ten-thirty rule and who, next day, wrote a note apologizing for his bad manners. The almost invariable use of “Mr.” in referring to these friends should be observed. No fact is more eloquent of the genteel formality of the time. Almost never are men, even those who stood on the most friendly footing, called by their first names. The freedom with which today even casual acquaintances are “Jimmed” and “Bobbed” and “Charlied” would have been looked upon then as unforgivable impudence. With the “Mr. Brush” mentioned above, for example, Miss Whitfield had a half serious affair of sentiment, with exchange of letters when either was out of town. Yet she never refers to him as “Bill,” his first name, but always as “Mr.”

The man she married appears on almost every page for the first year or two as “Mr. Carnegie.” Only after three years of close friendship does he become “A. C.” and not until their troth had been definitely pledged does she call him “Andrew.” And never, either in personal intercourse or in her letters, did she use that “Andy” that was so popular with his friends.

There were other, more substantial forms of entertainment for the young lady of Forty-eighth Street. The period was a great one in the annals of the New York theatre, although in display—dazzling lighting effects, ostentatious decor, expensive costuming—the stage of the seventies and eighties would seem rather drab compared with these more gorgeous electric light days. Could a theatre addict of the modern Broadway be transported to the orchestra seat of the seventies and eighties he would probably be startled and amused by the naive simplicity of the offerings. He would give a regretful sigh also as he glanced at the prices of admission. The best orchestra seats
could be procured for a dollar and fifty cents, the whole dress circle for half a dollar, and the least desirable (in the "peanut" gallery, the popular designation of the third upper tier) for twenty-five cents. Nor did the ticket broker stand constantly between the eager patron and his quest. Many of the presentations too—the ever-present Uncle Tom's Cabin, East Lynne, Kit, the Arkansaw Traveler, Josh Whitcomb, David Crockett—might even entertain the modern theatre goer by their appeal to the surface emotions. Miss Whitfield, who never lacked invitations to the theatre, witnessed all these simple productions and enjoyed them as keenly as most of her contemporaries.

Perfectly splendid!!! is her comment on Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle, and the other hardy perennials usually evoked similar exclamations of delight. But there was more than this in the theatre of her early days. It was the day of Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Dion Boucicault, Mary Anderson, Clara Morris, Fanny Davenport, Agnes Ethel, Helena Modjeska, Rose Coghlan, Georgia Cayvan, Ada Rehan, and many more whose names still rank high. There were notable visitants from England—Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, the Kendalls, and many more to whom the present generation does obeisance. There were such great stock companies as Wallack's, Daly's, Booth's and Palmer's offering a steady fare of the classic drama. Booth in Hamlet and Richelieu; Wallack in The School for Scandal; Mary Anderson in Ione and Pygmalion and Galatea; Irving and Terry in The Merchant of Venice; Modjeska in Twelfth Night—all these performances are among those recorded.

It was the day of engaging light opera, not yet popularly known as "musical comedy." To list these simple and tuneful plays that so delighted Miss Whitfield and her contemporaries
—La Mascotte, Olivette, The Chimes of Normandy, Bohemian Girl, Fatinitza, Billee Taylor—will signify little to those who have not reached at least three-score-and-ten. Today they survive only in certain still occasionally played popular airs such as "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls," but another crop of musical plays of the same era seem destined to immortality. Louise Whitfield’s young womanhood was the age of Gilbert and Sullivan and the American premieres of such delights as Pinafore, The Pirates of Penzance, Iolanthe, and The Mikado. How she did enjoy them!

Above all there was the enjoyment of grand opera. Undoubtedly, music in all its forms—opera, symphony, oratorio, choral—was throughout life her main aesthetic pleasure. In this enthusiasm Louise’s sister Stella was an eager companion. The extent to which music made part of the two sisters’ lives is apparent in three volumes of press clippings, kept by Stella, which completely cover the musical annals of the late seventies and early eighties. Anyone writing the musical history of this era would find the volumes valuable material. The composers and orchestras and artists of the time, the operas presented and their stars, the great opening nights, the reviews by famous critics—these are preserved with a neatness that makes them fascinating memorabilia.

The period was an historic one also in American opera. For a long time the old Academy of Music at Fourteenth Street and Irving Place, splendid in its red and gold ornamentation, had been the headquarters of this great art. Here Colonel Mapleson had ruled with suave tyranny, offering each season a brilliant succession of Faust, Aida, Il Trovatore, the Barber of Seville, Don Giovanni, and other classic masterpieces, chiefly
of the French and Italian schools. In those days, indeed, the Latin race held almost exclusive possession of the stage. Miss Whitfield, in this early time, was a regular attendant at the Academy. In the late seventies and early eighties, however, the Germans began to clamor for attention. Leopold Damrosch, intimate associate of Liszt and Wagner, had organized his Oratorio Society and of this Miss Whitfield became a life member. Andrew Carnegie was subsequently, for many years, its president and liberal supporter. At the conductor's still memorable presentations of *The Messiah, Elijah,* and other oratorios Miss Whitfield was always a rapt listener.

But in the eighteen seventies, Wagner was almost an unknown composer in New York. Of course he had his followers, but the attitude of the general public was perhaps illustrated by the remark of a recently arrived conductor from the Vaterland, who, when told that New Yorkers did not enjoy Wagner, replied, "Den dey vill haf to hear him till dey do."

It was somewhat in the spirit of this retort that a group of millionaires began, in 1882, the construction of what Colonel Mapleson derisively called "the great yellow brewery on Broadway"—a building now internationally renowned as The Metropolitan Opera House. The chief purpose was probably to give hitherto-excluded German opera a fitting auditorium in America's leading city. Leopold Damrosch, conductor, brought over a glorious group of Wagnerian singers—Lilli Lehman, Marianne Brandt, Madame Materna, Madame Fursch-Madi, Albert Niemann and Adolf Robinson—the battle of the Wagner Ring began, and soon *The Valkyrie, Siegfried,* the *Meistersinger, Tannhauser* and the rest divided the city into two
warring camps. Those were days of brilliant music criticism; with Finck of the *Evening Post* and Krehbiel of the *Tribune*, neither side lacked able champions.

Miss Whitfield became a Wagnerian; she did not entirely desert the Academy of Music, but was a regular and appreciative attendant at the Metropolitan from the beginning. This passion for opera, along with other forms of music, was to become one of the strongest of the links binding her and Andrew Carnegie, also a great music lover.

She was not a profound student of books but, despite these many occupations, did a considerable amount of reading. On the days when "no one came," the usual notation follows: *Spent the whole evening reading*. The Whitfield family was accustomed, for several years, to pass the summer on a farm in Oyster Bay, as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gilson Landon, uncle and aunt. The farm was a rather scraggly one, remote from urban centers, and Miss Louise always found farm life rather unpleasant, despite the human aspect and the many delightful drives. She realized in after life, however, that what at the time were regarded as hardships had their compensation; for she found relief from loneliness in books. She thus covered the accepted classics of the day—Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, Cooper and the rest. The mention, in her daily jottings, of other favorite volumes also brings reminders of a vanished time. What young lady of today reads that sugary epic over which the girls in the seventies and eighties shed so many tears: Owen Meredith's *Lucile*? The great hold that the same author's father, Bulwer-Lytton, held over the same generation is interesting to students of literary history. *Pilgrims of the*
Rhone, The Caxtons, The Last Days of Pompeii, What Will He Do With It? and many of the others charmed Miss Louise as they did most readers of the day.

Another vastly popular writer who seems to have fallen into neglect was that master architect of plots, Wilkie Collins; Miss Whitfield not only revelled in The Moonstone, The Woman in White, The New Magdalen, but could enjoy most of them dramatized on the stage. A writer whom she especially liked—not only for her novels but for her poetry—was George Eliot, England’s great lady of the seventies; and occasionally a French novel of more decorous type—Le Roman d’un Jeunne Homme Pauvre—kept her French in practice. The diary notes a liking for Endymion—whether Keats or Disraeli is not specified. Occasionally a non-fiction note is sounded. Spent all the afternoon reading history—in the evening, “Martin Chuzzlewit.” A more serious interest appears in the commonplace book which she kept in the early eighties, copying, in her already beautifully formed handwriting: Thoughts that have impressed me. From this it is apparent that she was a reader of Wordsworth, Ruskin, Emerson, Harriet Martineau, and Mrs. Hemans, as well as Whittier, Howells, and other standard authors. Could one ask a more balanced ration, or one more characteristic of the seventies?

Of a family of five Louise Whitfield was the only member with marked physical endurance. Nature had endowed her with an alert, independent mind and a strong constitution. All her youthful activities are mirrored in the entries which Miss Whitfield set down, every evening for years, in her diaries. The diurnal picture they give is that of a girl living comfortably but indulging in no extravagant pleasures and, at the
same time, well mannered and aware of responsibilities. The large part of the day spent in affairs of the home is significant, not only of the customs of the time, but of the diarist’s own nature.

It was a day when the household head did not disdain ordinary household duties. She could intelligently supervise her menage because she was able to perform all the routine duties herself. She did not hesitate on occasion to cook, dust rooms, make beds, polish silver, do the family darning, join the visiting dressmaker in fashioning clothes and trimming hats, or perform any essential household task. The little diaries are sprinkled with family details of this kind. *Went to market and then helped Marie in the kitchen . . . dusted parlors . . . helped mother make mince pies . . . arranged the curtains . . . cleaned the closets . . . prepared front room for cleaning.*

We get a picture of the daughter of the house visiting, almost every day, meat markets and grocery stores, making her personal selections, negotiating prices and making sure she obtained what she was paying for. There was then no telephone to transact such business in more superficial and expensive fashion. March 17, 1878—and plenty of other like entries could be cited—seemed to be a particularly active day:

*Went to market, came home, made cake, dusted parlours, took Harry [her four-year-old brother] to have his hair cut, and took walk in the Park.* The amount of time spent in sewing, crocheting, and embroidering is also suggestive. Miss Louise never seemed to be without a needle of some kind in hand. When not working on her own wardrobe she was making doilies, table covers, screens, or “lambrequins”—mantel draperies very popular in Victorian days; sewing, indeed, was
a part not only of home life but of the more familiar social life. Ladies of the neighborhood were constantly dropping in, “bringing their sewing” and spending in useful employment a chatty afternoon. Even callers in the evening did not have the exclusive attention of their friends, for the clicking of knitting needles frequently accompanied their most entertaining conversation. The day by day progress on some elaborate piece of homemade art is recorded in the diary, and when the masterpiece is finally completed, there is a note of triumph which the present generation can hardly understand. It was the day also when dabbling in water colors, painting china and decorating jars were regarded as part of everyone’s education in the arts.

From childhood Louise had been strong-minded, even self-willed, in a subdued but determined fashion. “I am afraid,” Mrs. Carnegie would say, referring to her youth, “that they sometimes found me a little difficult; I had a mind of my own.” But one who did so much for the household was surely entitled to some measure of independence. She liked responsibility and command, and her mother’s house became the training-ground for the exercise of these qualities in her larger life afterward; to attend to details gave her pleasure, and the direction of anything pertaining to herself and her surroundings was congenial employment.

In those days of inadequate medical knowledge and a less healthy mental outlook, sickness troubled the Whitfields. The mother, though there were vigorous strains in her ancestry, became an invalid when Louise was eighteen. The girl then quietly assumed most of the household duties. The control of servants, the care of the frail little brother and sister, the hum-
GIRLHOOD IN THE SEVENTIES

drum but essential minutiae of the home—in these she found early opportunity for the exercise of the directive ability she afterwards used so well in a broader field. The family ailments tended to foster the affection and consideration which, throughout life, formed the foundation of her character.

Along with the pleasant things, she was learning how to bring comfort to the sickroom, and to endure bereavement. In a way it was well that her responsibilities kept her so busy, because as sorrows increased, she might otherwise have become morbid. Not only was her mother in ill health, but also the father she loved with great devotion died, April 26, 1878. The notations in the diary about his illness and death are heartrending. Night after night the girl of twenty sat at her father’s bedside, doing her all to make his last days happy and free from pain. Characteristically, she nourished no false hopes; in spite of the occasionally cheerful word of physicians, she confided in the nightly entries her belief that “poor papa” could not long survive.

Easter Sunday: Very bright and pleasant outside but oh! how dark inside! ... Monday, April 22: Papa gave me such a sweet kiss today; I suppose it will be the last he will ever give me of his own free will. April 24: Papa is passing away very rapidly; the doctor says he may live 12 hours or it may be 24. Dr. Chapin came in the afternoon and he talked and prayed with us all. It has really come to the last now. April 26: Papa died last night on the stroke of 12 o’clock. He was conscious up to an hour before, bade us all goodbye and passed away quietly and happily. Mr. Whitfield was only forty-six years old.

Another custom of the times—that of abandoning all liveliness of costume and putting on the most sombre of garments
on the death of a near relative—is brought to mind by another entry a week later.

Folded away all my colored dresses and party dresses. I wonder where we will all be when they are taken out again. There were to be no more social diversions for the rest of that year and for some time afterward. Her melancholy address, eight months later, to the departing year shows her religious turn of mind:

Let the old year go, she wrote on New Year's Eve, or the New Year come, it makes no difference to me. This terrible year that we shall always look back to with so much dread is going. It indicates that we are one year nearer that Home where there will be no vacant places, no desolate families. With this year passed away my old glad life. Henceforth whatever happiness I may have will be so deeply tinged with care and sorrow that I do not intend to keep any account of it. I have no dear Papa to bring me a new book as he has done for years back so I think it a fitting time to close this volume of my life and the new one of care and trial and perplexity that has opened for me shall be known alone to myself. God hath grievously afflicted us but He will not always chide and I can always trust my father in Heaven for, "Is not the Life more than meat, and the body more than raiment?"
A Troubled Courtship

One important occasion of the seventies must not be overlooked: New Year's day, when gentlemen in top hats, frock coats and fashionable trousers called to pay respects or leave their cards in a receptacle hung upon the front door knob. Louise Whitfield had reason to remember these great social functions, for one of them marked the turning point in her life.

"Among my family's friends in New York," she would relate, "were a Scotch gentleman, a Mr. Alexander King, and his beloved wife Aggie. He was in the thread business. Father and Mr. King were warm friends and the Kings never failed to call on New Year's day. This, of course, was the great visiting day and I can remember the excitement and thrill of preparing the lemonade and sandwiches, and then of standing behind the parlor curtains watching the guests arrive.

"Even before I was old enough to be present I knew many of the visitors and, as I had a good memory for names, I could help mother in remembering them. One New Year's day Mr. King brought a friend of his, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, with him. . . . I do not remember anything out of the usual about that afternoon. Mr. Carnegie was greatly taken by my pretty, gentle mother, and returned every year to wish us a happy New Year."
The steel man was, of course, aware that there was a bright schoolgirl in the Whitfield home, but she was mostly behind the scenes when he called. It was not until he returned in the middle seventies from a trip around the world that he had discovered how gracious and comely Louise had become.

"Having learned to ride," Mrs. Carnegie went on, "I was delighted when Mr. King asked me to ride with him in Central Park and thoroughly enjoyed going whenever he invited me. Mr. Carnegie was also fond of riding and took several of his young lady friends out with him. Mr. King told him how much I liked to ride and suggested that he take me; so, after getting mother's permission, he often invited me. This is how our friendship began."

The meeting between Louise Whitfield and Andrew Carnegie, in which he observed her for the first time as an attractive, self-possessed young woman, occurred at one of those Whitfield "at homes" on New Year's Day, 1880. She was nearly twenty-three and he was forty-four. She had already been impressed by his career, and by what she had heard of his aspirations. He was already one of the best-known figures in American life. Born in Dunfermline, the ancient seat of Scottish kings, descended from humble Scottish weavers, he had come to the United States in boyhood and had found his opportunity in western Pennsylvania, where he was to become a leader in transforming that region into the great industrial capital of the United States. A soaring ambition, a quickness in perceiving and grasping opportunity, and a steadiness in pursuing an objective were joined to a buoyancy of temperament, and a profound belief in individualism and in America.

Starting as a bobbin boy in a Pittsburgh cotton mill at $1.25
a week, and becoming in succession a telegraph messenger, telegraph operator, assistant manager and then manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad, he early began investing in outside enterprises—oil, iron, sleeping cars, and other businesses. By the time he was thirty years old, he had become one of the most conspicuous young men of the Pittsburgh area. All these occupations, however, were merely preludes to the great opportunity that came about 1870.

Two separate events converged at that time, the meaning of which Carnegie was apparently the only man to understand. The first was the ending of the Civil War which had freed the energies of the American people, unloosed a huge migration to the western plains, and started the industrialization of the country; the period of railroad building which was to create more railroads in the United States than in all the rest of the world, had begun. The second of these events was the invention and development of the Bessemer converter, which ushered in the age of steel.

It is hard for the present generation, which looks upon a country made almost exclusively of this material, to realize that, in 1870, steel was virtually one of the precious metals—useful for the finer qualities of cutlery, for the mainsprings of watches and other delicate mechanisms of the kind, but altogether too expensive to be considered for commonplace uses. It was Andrew Carnegie who had brought together industrial expansion and the use of steel. After signing the papers for the sale of Carnegie's properties to the United States Steel Corporation in 1901, J. P. Morgan turned to Carnegie and said, "I wish to congratulate you, Mr. Carnegie, on being the richest man in the world."
But these achievements give only a narrow view of Carnegie the man. It was as a person, indeed, that he was more significant than as a steel master.

"There is not one Andrew Carnegie, there are really half a dozen," was the way a friend once described him; and of all the ideas associated with his name, perhaps the most original was that concerning the responsibilities of wealth. Up to Carnegie's time rich men had had no particular theory on this subject. The money a man had heaped together was his own, to be used in ways that seemed wise to its possessor—thinking on this matter had not advanced much beyond this simple statement of the case. But Carnegie, even as a young man, had developed a system of his own. Surplus money—money, that is, more than necessary to satisfy a man's immediate personal needs—belonged to the public and should be dispensed in the public's interest. The individual who happened for the moment to possess it, was merely a trustee—a temporary holder whose business it was to dispose of his fortune in ways that would best promote the public good.

He carefully reasoned that continuous giving should be his life work. In a paper, written as early as December, 1868, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, and now preserved among his effects, he had partially described this system. Though only thirty-three years old, he had already had an annual income of more than $50,000—a princely sum in those days—and was evidently disturbed over the disposition of it. He wrote:

Thirty-three, and an income of $50,000 per annum! By this time two years I can arrange all business to secure at least $50,000 per annum. Beyond this never earn—make no effort to increase fortune, but spend the surplus each year for benevolent purposes. Cast aside
Oil painting by Sarah MacKnight

Louise Whitfield just before her marriage
The Carnegies on their honeymoon, Isle of Wight, 1887
business forever, except for others. Settle in Oxford and get a thorough education, making the acquaintance of literary men—this will take three years of active work—pay special attention to speaking in public.

This program of self-education had an omission any young woman might note with curiosity; girls seemed to have no place in his scheme for acquiring knowledge.

Foreseeing himself as a person who would become immensely rich, Andrew Carnegie made plans to distribute his earnings where they would do the most good. In the same year he wrote:

The amassing of wealth is one of the worst specimens of idolatry—no idol more debasing than the worship of money. Whatever I engage in I must push inordinately, therefore I should be careful to choose that life which will be the most elevating in character. To continue much longer overwhelmed by business cares and with most of my thoughts wholly upon the way to make more money in the shortest time, must degrade me beyond hope of permanent recovery. I will resign business at thirty-five, but during the ensuing two years I wish to spend the afternoons in receiving instruction and in reading systematically.

This program was one reason why young women had been crowded out of Andrew Carnegie's life, except for casual social affairs and horseback rides with this or that charmer of the moment. In the main he carried out the plan laid down in the document; he did not go to Oxford or any other university as a student, but he did spend much time in reading and study and in association with literary men.

That a man so prominent and so wealthy was a very desirable match needs little emphasis; the very fact of his long
bachelorhood aroused the curious interest of the young women of his circle. Though middle-aged at the beginning of his attentions to the in-no-ways eager Louise Whitfield, he had never married. The fact was even more remarkable because of the man’s very human temperament. That he liked the society of women, and had many friends among them, was no secret. That he had the capacity to enjoy, beyond most men, the delights of family life, was also only too evident. Of the reasons for his abstention Carnegie never spoke; the most articulate of men maintained a baffling silence on this phase of his career. The matter, however, was no great mystery.

Carnegie, all his life, had shown the utmost devotion to his mother. His relation to her was indeed almost mystical. No other woman seemed quite the same in his eyes. He regarded her as something set apart. She was, in a way, the cause of his success, for it was her constant urging, against the more cautious conservatism of her husband, that had led to the migration of 1848.

Carnegie could never forget the time when, as a little child, he used to sit at his mother’s side, threading the needles with which she was binding shoes for her brother Thomas Morrison—from the sale of which the family of four was saved from starvation in the terrible Scottish winter of 1847-48. The strength of character Margaret Carnegie had displayed on that occasion had been the influence that had held the family together in the early dark days in Pittsburgh. Andrew’s father, William Carnegie, did not long survive the trans-Atlantic voyage; he was a dreamy, Swedenborgian soul, whose mind was always in the clouds, giving his body little chance of coping with the difficulties of the existing world.
A TROUBLED COURTSHIP

Margaret Carnegie was in her remote ancestry a Highlander, with all the alertness that dominates the Highland character; even further back she was of Viking origin, and thus came honestly by that instinct for adventure that had led the little group to the western world. To her Andrew always attributed his practical genius. "Here's where Tom and I got our brains," he would say, pressing his forefinger on his mother's forehead; and his spirit—its audacity, its willingness to gamble, its foresight—also came from the same source.

It is not strange, under these circumstances, that Carnegie's entire career had centered upon his mother. He had promised her, as a boy, that in due course she should wear silk, live in her own house, and ride in her own carriage; when he had moved to New York, he had brought his mother with him, installing her in a suite of an expensive hotel, his own apartment closely adjoining, and the two thus lived a contented life. He made his mother a part of all his diversions. She went with him to the opera, accompanied him on his foreign excursions, lived with him in the summer in the home he had established at Cresson, in the Pennsylvania hills.

Here is the reason that Carnegie had never proposed to any of the charming young women among whom his lot had been cast. He had, in fact, definitely promised his mother not to marry in her lifetime. Whether she had exacted the promise, or whether, in his expansive way, he had volunteered the pledge, is not known, but the pact had indeed existed for several years. In 1867, his brother Thomas had married Miss Lucy Coleman, one of the most beautiful girls of Pittsburgh; this left Andrew to his mother, an arrangement with which both had long been satisfied.
Until his friendship with Miss Whitfield, this singleness had not been a disturbing force in Carnegie's life. He had enough, in his business, in his friends, and in working out plans for using his money, to keep his mind free of thoughts of marriage. But soon after this companionship formed it became apparent to the friends of both that their minds were dwelling on what for Carnegie had been forbidden land. That the two were vastly interested in each other was evident. You had only to see them riding through the Park to grasp the fact.

These were the equestrian days of Central Park; the ladies, clad in tall hats and long habits, and riding sidesaddle, were escorted by attentive male riders in smart togs. Soon one of the most familiar views was that of Miss Whitfield, young, dignified, attractive, slight of figure—her weight was only about 112 pounds—with brown hair, blue eyes, and fresh and sparkling complexion, and Andrew Carnegie, seasoned man of the world. The two at times rode at a rollicking pace, at other times they engaged in quiet, earnest conversation, completely absorbed in each other, utterly oblivious of the interest of lookers-on.

The park, not then crowded, was in its glorious heyday; there were no automobiles, no smell of gasoline, no modern impediments to a day's happy outing. But Carnegie himself was more than this little world. There was enough in his conversation to charm a girl. "After my first ride," Mrs. Carnegie used to say, "I decided, whatever the future might have in store, that would remain the great experience of my life."

Her diaries record day by day her delight in these experiences: *Went riding with Mr. Carnegie. Glorious time!* . . . *In afternoon Mr. Carnegie came and took me horseback riding. Splendid time!"*
The courtship really began over a book. A writer who was then creating a big stir in the world was Sir Edwin Arnold, whose *The Light of Asia*, first published in 1879, was sweeping the world. It obtained a wider popularity in America than in its own country. Carnegie was one of the first to read and praise it. He gave the girl a copy, and together they pored over the story of Prince Siddartha and his searchings for the pearl of great price. This book exercised the greatest influence in bringing the two seriously together. Miss Whitfield, as she herself said, used to carry it with her wherever she went, and even took it, after the troubled course of true love, on her wedding trip. Her copy, with her favorite passages marked, is carefully preserved among her effects. It bears upon the fly-leaf an inscription by Andrew Carnegie written on this same wedding trip:

The first gift I ever gave to my wife, then the young lady Louise Whitfield, was this book. Reading and quoting it at times to her, I first discovered she had a mind and heart above, and beyond, those of others of her own age and from that day to this (seven years) I have kept on discovering new beauties of mind and character in her, and, day by day, I find the list is yet unexhausted. She seems to have been made to turn the earth into a heaven for me. Bonchurch, Isle of Wight. Sunday May 8th 1887. Andrew Carnegie.

Carnegie and Sir Edwin Arnold became intimate personal friends, so intimate that the poet gave the American the original manuscript of *The Light of Asia*. The manuscript, found among the Carnegie papers, has been presented by the Carnegies’ daughter, Mrs. Roswell Miller, Jr., to the Library of Congress. It is this work to which Miss Whitfield refers in the
following letter to Carnegie—a letter from the Catskills indicating a disposition to encourage his courtship:

My dear Mr. Carnegie,

Just a few lines tonight before retiring, to tell you how much I rejoice with you in the possession of your treasure. How much you must prize it, and yet how much more must you value the friendship that prompted such a gift from such a man! May I hope to have a glimpse of it some time in the Fall? I always carry the copy of the *Light of Asia* you gave me, around with me every place I go. I love to pick it up, even if only to read but a few lines, and it always refreshes me, and does me good. I wish I had it, as you have, at my tongue’s end, but I have committed a few of the loveliest bits to memory. William Black too, oh dear me! how I envy you! But are authors really as nice as their books lead one to suppose they are? I am now reading his *Princess of Thule*, which I have never read before and am charmed.

Then she mentioned a woman whose book, *John Halifax, Gentleman*, was one of the most admired works of the time:

Have you seen much of Miss Mulock? I just reverence that woman. Her *Sermons Out of Church* and *A Woman’s Thoughts About Women* are almost inspired they are so true.

I am having a very quiet summer; there is very little going on here, but Mother is well and happy, and she is the first consideration. We expect to remain until about the 1st of September, and then go to Oyster Bay on Long Island, as we always do, to stay until the latter part of the month. By that time I shall be quite ready to return to New York.

So now, Good night, my friend; won’t you be surprised to receive this! But I hope as well pleased as I was to get yours this morning.
A TROUBLED COURTSHIP

Outwardly the courtship was progressing well; the two were clearly much in love; but how about Carnegie's mother, then spending her last years in the Windsor Hotel? How did she regard the prospect of separation from the one human being who, to her, represented the whole world? How was she meeting the quiet but significant appearance of Miss Whitfield?

Margaret Carnegie was then seventy and more; her health was failing, but she was as determined as ever to keep exclusive charge of her "Andra," as she called him.

In the early days of the Whitfield romance she called upon Miss Whitfield and her mother and received calls from them. Carnegie had long since realized his boyish dream of a carriage for his mother, and Mrs. Carnegie was apparently fond of appearing at the Whitfield home, taking Mrs. Whitfield driving and, sometimes, the daughter. Mrs. Carnegie seemed to find particular pleasure in driving with Mrs. Whitfield—thus leaving the way free for the horseback rides of her son and Miss Whitfield. A diary entry of February 7, 1881, says, Nice call. Mrs. Carnegie came and took Mama and Harry and Stella to drive and Mr. C. came for me to ride. Splendid time! The diary contains many entries in similar strain.

Mrs. Carnegie was also frequently a member of the box parties her son gave at the theatre and opera. In evening, Miss Whitfield notes for February 10, 1881, Mr. C. came for us. Mrs. C. went too. Went to Booth's to see Salvini in "Macbeth." Had a splendid time. Mrs. Carnegie introduced to Miss Whitfield her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Thomas Carnegie—thus laying the basis of an active friendship between the two. One might have concluded everything was going well.

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LOUISE WHITFIELD CARNEGIE

The tentative courtship came to a point when Carnegie was planning his famous coaching trip for 1881. He had given a library building to his native town of Dunfermline, Scotland, and the foundation stone was about to be laid that summer. He had also been reading his friend William Black’s *Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*, and was planning to duplicate that trip, making Dunfermline his objective. He wanted to take a dozen or more of his intimate friends to Europe, and drive northward to his destination. Mr. and Mrs. King, Alice French, and others had accepted invitations and he wished Miss Louise in the party.

But difficulties arose, which are sufficiently manifest from Miss Whitfield’s diary. That she wished to go, but realized the impossibility of doing so, is apparent. On April 6 she wrote: *In afternoon went to ride. Had a delightful time—afraid it is my last. He told me to speak to Mama about trip and she says I cannot possibly go. So unhappy.*

A day or two later she returns to the subject: *I cannot become reconciled to my disappointment. Mr. C. has invited me to go on his drag trip but Mother says it is not proper for me to go.*

The next day, *Mr. C. came in the morning and I told him I could not go on his trip to England. Am afraid that is the last I shall see of him. He goes to Pittsburgh tomorrow. Stayed home all afternoon and evening and Mother and I so unhappy.*

But Carnegie was similarly disappointed and refused to give in. There are indications that he contested his mother’s iron will. On April 15, Mrs. Whitfield was informed that Mrs. Carnegie was waiting to see her in the drawing room. She had come to extend a formal invitation to Louise to make one of
A TROUBLED COURTSHIP

the party, of which she herself was to be the chief ornament. Neither her manner nor her words, however, were particularly cordial. Miss Whitfield records her behavior as very nice, but notes that Mrs. Carnegie did not urge my going. In fact, Andra’s mother pointed out to Mrs. Whitfield, when Louise was out of hearing, the inconveniences of a single girl of twenty-three embarking on such an excursion, bluntly concluding, “If she were a daughter of mine she wouldna go.” Mrs. Carnegie’s advice did not affect the question of her going, one way or another; for both mother and daughter had at last agreed that the idea was out of the question. Yet the disappointment remained.

I am so unhappy about the trip. I want to go so much and yet I see it is impossible, she wrote on April 16; and two days afterward: Mr. C. came for me to ride. We went in afternoon and had a lovely ride. Gave my answer about the trip. It is a great disappointment but it is for the best. And on May 7: Mr. C. called to invite me to ride. We had a glorious ride. Went way to Morrisania. Mr. C. invited me to concert. Refused. And on May 21 Carnegie came to take her to the Windsor to dine with the coaching party. There, with Mother Carnegie presiding at the table, and the talk trending toward the pleasure of the trip, Louise did not enjoy the dinner. Was very sorry I went but did not know how to get out of it. Yet her thoughts followed the party as they sailed the next day. I suppose the party all got off this morning. I must learn to be satisfied with what I have and not long for any more.

And so, instead of a summer spent rumbling along English roads on top of a tallyho, stopping to lunch beside some brook, Miss Whitfield spent her vacation in the Catskills and on the
LOUISE WHITFIELD CARNEGIE

Oyster Bay farm, having a wretched time of it. The bright days were those that brought a Dunfermline paper—telling of the laying of the foundation stone, the procession held in Carnegie’s honor, the public banquet—and a letter from Carnegie. It is the first—at least the first surviving—he addressed to Miss Whitfield. There was one note in its telegraphic contents that intimated affection:

Queens Hotel
Reading
Well My Dear Friend,

I have waited until I could tell you whether the “Gay Charioteers” were a success, or not, and now I can say that no estimate of the pleasure derivable from Coaching which I made was half high enough. England can only be seen from the top of a four-in-hand. We overlook the hedges and walls and the eye rests upon a succession of the prettiest gardens you ever saw.

Our party are so enthusiastic, so happy, so good, that it does seem almost too much like paradise.

Not one mishap, nor an ache, nor a pain so far.

Our luncheons by the way side are just idealistic. We start in a few minutes for Oxford where we expect to arrive about 8 o’clock tonight, spending two hours on the banks of a pretty rivulet for luncheon.

It is all I pictured it, and more. Mr. and Mrs. King join us Saturday night. They decided to make their visit to Paisley first. We number fifteen and have room for all on top; but Oh My Friend! would you were with us.

Not one shower of rain so far; a few drops through the nights to lay the dust is all. Today is perfect also. I was so sorry at reaching the Parlor only a few minutes after you had left; please excuse
A TROUBLED COURTSHIP

me. I was detained. Kindest regards to Mamma. May you enjoy your summer!

Goodbye,
Your friend

A. Carnegie

Please let me hear from you care J. S. Morgan & Co. London.

Louise, in less than a year, would read with mingled feelings about Andrew’s tour in his vivacious book An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.

In inscribing the gift copy of The Light of Asia, Carnegie stated that his period of courtship was the Biblical seven years. There were complex reasons for the series of breaks in the courtship and the long delay before fulfillment, and both families were involved. Andrew remained firm in his pact with his mother, and she gave no signs of surrendering him; on the other hand, Louise Whitfield felt that she had a responsibility to her mother, who in her illness could not be left alone.

When the time came that Andrew could marry, his wife would be faced with the problem that his program for the next few years called for living abroad, and this would separate her from her mother for an unbearably long time. Carnegie, then deeply interested in British radicalism, had purchased a dozen or more English papers, all named Echo, and all radical in tone. Ardent lover of American democracy, his aim was to establish in Britain a form of government something like that established by the Constitution of the United States; to succeed in his program he must spend much time abroad.

In their rides together, Andrew and Louise discussed these
things frankly; she told him that to live in England seemed to her an utter impossibility.

Their bothered courtship came to one of several crises in the year 1883. That year had been much the same as the two preceding: shadowed for the young woman by illnesses of Mrs. Whitfield, lightened by the "glorious" rides with Carnegie, and the many evenings passed with him at the opera and the theatre. Carnegie had left in May for his usual holiday in Scotland. Miss Whitfield and her mother spent the summer in the Tremper House in the Catskills.

On July 19th, among the usual notes recording the life at a summer resort, a strongly hopeful note sounded in Miss Whitfield's diary: Received lovely long letter from Mr. Carnegie from London. She had received letters from him for the two preceding years, but never anything like this one. Delighted, she shut herself alone in her room a few days later and answered it:

Tremper House
Phoenicia, N. Y. July 23/83

My dear Mr. Carnegie:

Oh how glad your letter made me! for I was really afraid this year you would forget all about writing. But you didn't forget after all, and so made a certain individual very happy. I carried it off all by myself, to the loveliest little nook in the woods, and had such a good time reading of all your gay doings. What a delightful time you must be having in the society of such congenial people, but I hope you won't get to like them too well. Rumors are constantly reaching us of the stir you are creating—and on this side, everybody is talking about your book, An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.
I have cut some very flattering criticisms from the different papers, which I will some day show you. We are all very proud of you, and love to think that you are our friend. I don’t like to hear, however, that you have neglected your health. After a winter in New York, to have a season in London, is more than anyone could stand. I am afraid you have missed your riding! You must certainly take a good long rest before coming home, or else you will not be able to ride as much in the fall, and that would be a dreadful disappointment to me, especially when I expect to have my new riding habit, too!

In a deft way, she was letting Carnegie know that the Catskills were not lacking in inspiring scenery:

... it really reminds me of Switzerland, the air is so invigorating that we are out all the time, either climbing the different mountain peaks, or spending whole mornings by the side of the prettiest little stream. It reminds me so much of the song, The Burnie, in your book.

She confessed to experimenting in nature painting:

I have actually tried to paint some of the lovely views ... they are sorry attempts, but a great gratification to me ... .

She could be coquettish when the moment seemed to require it. Ending her letter, she said:

I almost hope that Scotland may not be quite as kind as usual, in order that you may hasten your return home.

The exchange of letters, in which any emotion of love is hard to detect, nevertheless kept the romance warm and culminating. When Carnegie returned he definitely proposed to Louise Whitfield, and she, blinding herself for the time to the
objections that still existed, accepted him. Like many another diarist, she forgot her daily jottings when matters of great moment were afoot. For the day she became engaged she wrote only two words about it: And then—. The two became betrothed in the middle of September, 1883. Carnegie by now was not so insistent on living abroad, and the engagement at least indicated a weakening of the mother’s hold. As for Mrs. Whitfield, her invalidism could last for decades, and she was not one to deprive her daughter of normal happiness. She began to protest against her daughter’s sacrificing her romance for her sake. Mrs. Whitfield had probably never heard of the “silver cord” psychologists now speak about, but she would not let her circumstances become a barrier to letting her devoted daughter fulfill the one important romance of her life.

But for these lovers, the clouds cleared only to return again. With the engagement, the emotions became deeper, the talks more earnest, and the moods shifted from joy to dolefulness. Whenever she broke it off with Andrew, Louise Whitfield’s thoughts reverted to her early determination to marry a poor young man and help him to make his way in life. She knew her own father and mother had begun married life in moderate circumstances and had prospered together. With this in mind, she accepted invitations from other suitors; the worried Andrew tried to persuade her that to manage a large estate, and to use one’s wealth wisely, was just as fine an enterprise.

The varying emotions of those days are expressed in all plainness. Had delightful horseback ride with Mr. Carnegie was followed a day or two later by a single line: Am so unhappy, so miserable, and followed still again a week later by
another mood: *Am so happy tonight; Mr. Carnegie came and spent afternoon with me.* Sunday, December 2: *In afternoon Mr. Carnegie came and read to me.*

On December 12: *Went shopping in the morning and in afternoon went riding with Mr. C. Glorious sunset. Rode home in the gloaming. Happy at last.*

Two days later: *In the evening Mr. C. came and we had such a happy time.* And the next, the 15th of December: *Mr. C. came and we went to matinee at the opera. It was “Mephistofoles.” Very grand and lovely. Red letter day.* On Monday, December 17: *Had ride with Mr. Carnegie in the afternoon, the first snow of the season.*

As the Christmas season drew near, the doubts again rose. On December 24 she wrote: *My Christmas task is done. The tree is dressed, the presents set out in order. Oh! is this the last time I am to perform this loving labor in my old home? Had a loving note from Mr. C. which made me very happy, but the old ties will pull.*

*In afternoon, Miss Whitfield wrote on December 26, we all went to oratorio of “The Messiah.” Mr. C. sent me a box and he came too. We walked home and he bought me lovely flowers. So happy.* And on New Year's eve, she summed up the whole situation:

*And now we come to the last night of the old year again. What a changed girl it finds me! Life seems so hard. I feel so old and strange. She was twenty-six. Nothing is certain, she ran on, nothing is sure. I am striving so hard to do what is right, but I cannot see the light yet.*

In this year of 1884 came the most serious crisis in the romance; again it was worry about their mothers that caused
LOUISE WHITFIELD CARNEGIE

the estrangement. The diary shows that the decision came suddenly:

Very happy time, she writes of Carnegie's visit on January 1, 1884. Let me record it for it is probably the last, and adds, on January 6: Took nap in the afternoon and then Mr. C. came. Cessation of hostilities. From this point "A. C." vanishes from the diary for three months, though there are references to theatre parties and to Matthew Arnold's lectures which she attended and enjoyed.

On March 1, 1884: Mother and I went with Mr. Tonnele to Matthew Arnold's lecture on "Literature and Science." On April 1: Mr. C. sent for me to ride—went to painting lesson and then to ride with A. C. Very nice but so tired—quite used up in the evening.

But now the illnesses of their mothers had become acute. A disrupting fate seemed to be toying with them. Miss Whitfield decided on the one possible way out of the impasse. The day of decision was April 23, 1884, a few days before Carnegie left on the Aurania for his Scottish visit.

In the afternoon took the last sad step. Felt it was best. Mother and I have decided to go to Grant House for the summer.

The lovers exchanged the many letters they had written to each other for the preceding two years and declared the engagement at an end. Marriage for the time was impossible. They would think of each other merely as friends. Resolutions of this kind, however, are usually writ in water. When two people are deeply in love, mere verbal agreements of this sort do not fundamentally affect their relations. Except that in the letters Carnegie wrote to Miss Whitfield in the next few
months he was at pains to address her—perhaps half mischievously—as "my dear friend" there was little change. From Scotland he wrote occasionally sending memorabilia of another coaching party, and seemed overjoyed when she acknowledged his letters. On June 11, 1884, he wrote from Okehampton, Devon:

Many thanks, my dear friend for your kind notes. Here we are coaching once more. Have been out from London for about ten days. Started with William Black, Matthew Arnold, the two charming Misses Arnold, Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, who illustrates for Harper's. How delightful it all has been! . . . I hope your summer will be a happy one. I am very sincerely gratified that your picture is voted good. Keep at work but don’t forget that after all literature, good literature, is the most important possession for old age . . .

Carnegie returned home early that year; he had promised his mother, who was ill at Cresson, that he would cut short his visit to Europe; and his next letter, of July 19, was written from his Pennsylvania retreat. Its most revealing paragraph describes how, on landing in New York, he had gone up to Forty-eighth Street, only to find the Whitfield house unoccupied; the entire Whitfield family were in the Catskills. The lonely man looked up at the darkened windows and returned to his hotel.

Did you see Miss Arnold is engaged to a New York lawyer? [This is a reference to the engagement of Lucy, daughter of Matthew Arnold, famous English poet and essayist, to Frederick M. Whitridge of New York.] Her younger sister is the cleverer, but she isn’t pretty. Too bad clever young ladies are rarely beautiful. There are exceptions; I think of one. I spent a night at the Windsor, walked past your house to see it all closed but boasting a span new
awning over the door. Not a soul in town I knew, or cared to know that night, except I did want to find you, and you were gone, too. Just as well, better no doubt, I said, and walked back to the hotel.

I have avoided the sad point till the last. Mother is not doing well. She was better for a few days but this week there seems to be a relapse. She hasn’t been out of bed for two days and I have the heart taken out of me whenever I fail to keep that subject out of mind. Your letter this morning gave me a respite and I was bright and happy for a while. I hope you will write to me now and then. My love to your dear mother. Am glad she keeps better. To your sister and brother please remember me.

And so things continued until the fall of 1884. Carnegie returned to New York in early October and at once sought Miss Whitfield. He was introducing her to celebrities and she had been thrilled to meet James G. Blaine, even if he had been defeated by Cleveland for President of the United States.

A great English lady now played a part, all unconsciously, in bringing the pair together again. That was the autumn when Ellen Terry and Henry Irving were delighting New York with their Shakespearean performances in the old Star Theatre. Carnegie knew them both, having met them in London, and, as an amateur Shakespearean himself, naturally was as much excited as the rest of New York over their interpretations of the Bard. When the state of his emotions over Miss Whitfield were at their peak, he wrote Miss Terry, inviting her to drive, evidently promising the finest trotters that New York could offer. The charming response of the actress, then playing Beatrice to Irving’s Benedick in *Much Ado about Nothing*, is preserved among the Carnegie papers.
Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! I could weep, for it has become an intense de-
sire of mine to sit, if but for one hour, behind some fast trotters and
I have never done so as yet. I cannot come! and am so sorry, but
a bad cold must not be neglected and I must stay in bed all day
for Beatrice's sake and the evening's work. Very many thanks for
your welcome and kind offer of a drive. If you will ask me again
some day I will come. That's rather dreadful to say that, but I
long to go so and there is my excuse. Very truly your Ellen Terry.

Evidently Miss Whitfield heard of this invitation to the
actress and revealed her hurt. Carnegie excused himself:

I only asked her in a desire to get someone out of the ordinary.
You had to be banished somehow. Now will you go with me at half
past two, and let us have a talk. Perhaps this is all wrong, but I
do wish to talk with you.

This note was sent to Miss Whitfield's home, with a pen-
cilled notation, in Carnegie's handwriting: "Get reply."

The answer came back promptly; it was a single line, written
in the middle of the page: "Yes—I will."

There is, of course, no record of what happened on this oc-
casion, but the letters of the next few weeks are sufficiently
explicit. The engagement was renewed. Soon afterward Car-
negie went to Pittsburgh.

Louise Whitfield wrote fervently and beautifully to her "dear
Andrew" in that place:

We have had rain and snow since you left. You and I enjoyed
the last bright, warm day together. Shall you ever forget that view
of the dark cloud rolling aside, and allowing the sun to burst forth
in all its splendor, and forming a golden pathway across the river?
It seemed to me as typical of our lives—all the clouds gone at last.
I wish I had asked you to write me a few lines. I miss you so much,
especially just now, when I have so much to say to you, which I cannot write, for my love “lieth deep, too deep for swift telling.”

Again she wrote, with anxiety about his strenuous life:

My dear A. C.:

Have just received your note; how good of you to think of me in your hurry. Your flying around the country in this way doesn’t seem quite so dreadful to me, when I know where you are, and that you have time to give me a thought.

Don’t rush around too rapidly. You do enough to kill two ordinary men; remember you are mortal, and that you have given me the right to be interested in the welfare of this mortal.

*Twelfth Night* was a great success. Have come to the conclusion I do not like Irving, but am more in love with Ellen Terry than ever. To add to the pleasure Mr. Blaine was in one of the boxes, and the audience gave him a hearty welcome. I had a good chance to feast my eyes on him, and I actually waxed enthusiastic, think of it!!

In the words that follow Louise Whitfield revealed the forming principles that afterwards made her successful and esteemed:

I have made an important discovery: there is nothing like interesting work to drive morbid fears and ghosts out of one’s head. I never was made to be a fine lady, and sit with folded hands and be waited on. I must work—with head and hands and heart, all three—in order to be happy—and in you I have a glorious exemplification of that fact.
In his quoting from the poems of Burns and Shakespeare, Andrew Carnegie had, for consistency, to skip certain passages that took Louise Whitfield's side in the love controversy that, mostly under the surface, was going on. He must avoid dwelling on the impetuosity of Burns' love verses, and must pass over Shakespeare's Sonnet 111, with its uncomfortable lines:

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments . . .

The years of courtship passed, but the impediment that was Mother Carnegie stayed, looming so large that every other difficulty dwindled in comparison. The obstacle came into open view when Carnegie insisted that, for his mother's sake, the engagement be kept secret. Louise consented, but the request, and the practice of it, rankled. Mrs. Whitfield was told, but the outside world was kept in the dark. Louise's most intimate friends—Lizzie Vanderbilt, Anna Brown, and the Alexander Kings—were not informed.

Mrs. Carnegie, now seventy-five years old, was extremely frail, but the fact that she was living with her son at the Windsor Hotel, Forty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, just two blocks from the Whitfield house, kept her influence continu-
ally felt. Louise well knew that Mrs. Carnegie's conviction, expressed to Mrs. Whitfield: "There is no woman good enough to marry my Andra," would remain to the last hour.

If she had learned the secret, and tried to break the match, there is no doubt that she would have been defeated. Andrew Carnegie had come to a full realization of his need for the companionship of Louise Whitfield. She had the advantage, along with other qualities, of being a home-centered woman; in this, old Mrs. Carnegie suffered by comparison. The latter had become accustomed to luxurious hotel life, and to shifting about. It was a strange habit for a Highland woman to fall into, especially when she wished to keep her son utterly contented. This trait gave the homeloving, homemaking Louise a great advantage over her in keeping Andrew devoted; it was one of the attributes by which the young woman triumphed over the noted actresses and singers who were her rivals. Her lover hungered for homelife and greatly enjoyed his visits to the Whitfield home; he knew too that a hotel dining room, for all its richness, was a poor place in which to entertain professors, editors, and authors. Louise Whitfield was always at the center of his dreams for achieving his own door and dining room.

Miss Whitfield's diary went on recording the comings and goings of Andrew, the theatre and opera parties, the dropping in at St. Patrick's Cathedral to listen to the music, the long, long walks in Central Park. There is mention time and again of the rides and drives they took together, excursions that were often escapes from depression. Ordinarily Carnegie—in those telephone-less days—would send invitations in the morning by "his man," an Irishman named John, and, if Miss Whitfield
were free, would appear himself at the appointed hour, with her favorite horse Roderick. Off the two would go, oblivious to the world—to everybody except themselves. Rain or snow, heat or cold, was seldom permitted to interfere with their exercise. They were just as visible in January and February, even though the weather were cold and forbidding, with flakes of snow falling, as in early spring; they were frequently caught in showers, which seemed only to add to their enjoyment. Sometimes Carnegie would vary the program, appearing with buckboard or surrey.

One did not have to go far in those days for open fields. Broadway, then called the Bloomingdale Road, stretched north from Fifty-ninth Street to Kingsbridge, an almost uninterrupted mass of green, with many of the old colonial mansions still intact. Kingsbridge itself—the modern Marble Hill—was a pretty little village surrounded by open fields. Fort Washington was then little changed from the scene of Washington’s encampment; High Bridge, favorite site of many a rustic gathering, opened a fairway to the Bronx, into which the venturers plunged. The now densely-populated Bronx was then a beautiful expanse of country, not much changed from the time when old Jonas Bronck laid out his estate under royal charter. Many of the old Dutch and Huguenot homes were still standing: the Van Cortlandt homestead, the Lydig snuff mill on the Bronx River, the De Lancey home and mill on the river, the old Macomb mansion, and the homes of the Morris family. All these were found deeply hidden in dense pine groves, for which the Bronx in its natural state was famous. The river itself, overhung with trees, called to mind Washington’s army, and the Indians who camped at its sides.
LOUISE WHITFIELD CARNEGIE

The couple also rode out to the Poe cottage, and found it little altered from the days when the poet lived there in dire necessity. Historic sites, or new adventures among rocky ravines and tangled glades were equally attractive to the riders. On one of these venturesome rides to Pelham Bay, the guarded secret was almost exposed. This diary notation shows what a plight they were in because the betrothal must be kept hidden: Started at 11 o’clock with A.C. and drove to Pelham Bridge and took dinner. Met two friends of A.C. Furious! It was a wild thing to do and I shall not do it again!

They ventured, however, to go together to meetings of the daring Nineteenth Century Club. Courtland Palmer, a forward-looking man of wealth and social influence, had shocked the conservatives by organizing this body as a meeting-place for leaders of adventurous thought. Carnegie, who had been a member since the beginning, first took Miss Whitfield to a meeting in 1884, in which he himself discussed the “aristocracy of the dollar.” The lecture was a famous one, and had wide echoes. Miss Whitfield wrote that she felt something like a cat in a strange garret, but she soon became a confirmed member of the Nineteenth Century Club and attended all its sessions, even when Carnegie was out of town. President Eliot of Harvard and President McCosh of Princeton she found very interesting on elective studies, though President Porter, of Yale, on another occasion, seemed a little prosy. On March 17, “A. C.” spoke again, this time on the somewhat gruesome topic “Cremation.”

On July 23rd, 1885, Carnegie sent his fiancée a tantalizing letter from Scotland:
Well, my Dear, here we are in the Whirl. . . . Rather lonely some mornings, at breakfast in my room alone, but I like it some ways. Bachelordom has its advantages! I miss Mother much in such big rooms and wish a certain young lady were only here to brighten them up with her smiles and silvery laugh; but she is having fine hours with many admirers no doubt.

Such a message could be calculated to annoy the young lady who received it, whose very last wish would have been to share the big room with the living presence or even memory of Carnegie's mother. His reference to Louise's "many admirers" indicates that she was in turn keeping him from complacency. Carnegie's teasing letter continued:

I spent last Sunday with the Howards at Clapham Hall and next I go to the Arnolds. Of course Matthew Arnold and Herbert Spencer have been with me here to lunch. Today Edwin Arnold comes and a party of twelve. Mary Anderson couldn't come, unfortunately. (Maybe you are glad.) She is much prettier and younger than Ellen Terry . . .

Then came the first hint of his dream of spending summers with his prospective bride in a castle in Scotland. The letter went on:

Half of Scotland said to be for sale. I am deluged with plans of estates which I am supposed to be likely to buy. I am going to have a peep at one or two while North. But truly you should be along to select; a castle seems grand. Aboyne Castle, Fyvie Castle, Craig Castle and some other castles are all waiting purchasers. My kindest regards to your dear sweet good mother, and to your sister and brother, and for yourself as much of anything as you wish to take. God bless you!

Did no entirely tender and intimate love letters pass between the pair—letters uninvaded by business, politics, and various
Louise Whitfield at sixteen had watched art students copying masterpieces in the galleries of Europe, and now art instincts and influences were working out in her. Pictures she had made of beautiful scenes in the Catskills and elsewhere had won favorable comment, and Andrew was especially encouraging, often proposing new landscapes for her brush. His mother and he spent the autumn of 1885 at Cresson, Pennsylvania, and from there he sent her enthusiastic invitations to come up and paint the glory of the mountains. "Oh what colors for a painter—that's you!"

The next summer he abandoned his usual summer trip to Scotland to take his failing mother to Cresson. There he adroitly arranged that Mrs. Whitfield and her two daughters should visit the Alexander Kings in their Cresson cottage in August and September. Both were thrilled by the arrangement, but meanwhile, another break had come:

Cresson Springs, Pa.
July 22/86

My dear Louise:

That you are coming on the 29th seems to change the scene. I count the days. The Mountain will seem alive when you are upon it. I have not written to you because it seems you and I have duties which must keep us apart. Our parents are better, and I have always known what you said recently was true. To leave your Mother: "you could not think of it"—nor could I leave mine.

The vexation Louise Whitfield had exhibited some time before over the Ellen Terry invitation was matched now by the constant suitor. He had always relied on younger men for busi-
ness, but he had recently become aware that they could also be zealous in romance. He proceeded:

You seemed interested a little in other suitors, just a little I thought, and probably some one might arise who would come into your household and make not only you happy but your mother and family also.

This would be the ideal way, therefore I have stood away back as it were, and resolved that it was best to let you alone and free; but now when I hear the 29th I thrill with gladness and await your coming, even if I do not see that we can go beyond our present relations at present. I did not want to write because you were to be here soon and we would talk over all this and decide upon our course.

Mother seems really better, it is miraculous. I trust yours is also better. Everything does hang upon our mothers, with both of us—our duty is the same, to stick to them to the last. I feel this every day. How little Doctors know! Come and let us confer with each other . . . I wish you were here, but you will be the only belle when you do come and I shall ever be

Your Andrew Carnegie.

It was a memorable summer at Cresson Springs; all the friends of the last few years had gathered there. The soirees and parlors of New York had contributed their intellectuals to the Pennsylvania resort. The Vincenzo Bottas were there, and Dr. W. J. Holland, author later of *The Moth Book* and *The Butterfly Book*. The diaries tell of joyful happenings: *A.C. walked home with me in the starlight. . . . Andrew brought me home all alone—took long lovely walk. Such wonderful happiness. The day before she left for the city was the happiest day of my life.*
Treasuring these crumbs of romance, Louise Whitfield went back to Manhattan, expecting another winter season like the preceding, with erudite lectures by Edmund Gosse, John Fiske, and Charles Dudley Warner; family celebrations with Andrew enjoying the fun; the contest in music between the Italian and Wagnerian schools; strolls with her suitor in the park, and gifts from him and occasions with him which brought her joy to high tide: A.C. took me for a drive and bought some violets; my very pathway is strewn with flowers and I literally live on an abundance of sweetness and light and love.

She could well expect the new season to continue to yield such pleasures, but instead it was to be a grave and solemn autumn, burdened with anxiety. Soon after she returned home she picked up the daily paper and read of the death of Andrew’s younger brother, Thomas M. Carnegie. His loss was greatly felt; his wife Lucy and their children were devoted to him, and in the steel industry he was loved and admired; his business ability and attention to details had been invaluable to Andrew.

Sorrowing for Tom Carnegie’s family, Louise Whitfield became at the same time deeply anxious about Andrew himself. Death was going the rounds in the Carnegie family, and Andrew was menaced. She had met him when he had paid a flying visit to New York, but then she received news that he had had a serious chill when he stopped over in Philadelphia on the way back to Cresson. Returning there, he had found his seventy-seven-year-old mother critically ill. She had not been informed of the death of Tom and was not able to be kept au courant of passing events.
CRISIS

Louise thought of how Andrew constantly overtaxed himself at the steel company. She recalled his letter of the autumn before when, in that odd way of his, he had mingled business and love:

I gave our Rail Mill men fifty thousand dollars Friday, for Library, etc. Hurrah! That's life. I have not lived before...

I have been so busy. We have consolidated some of our Works and Interests into one and this has taken my time and thoughts; a new firm organized, but I have had quiet moments and always the hour before sleep your lovely form and voice and oh! such a lovely rippling smile come dancing in upon me to give me such exquisite happiness. Then I wish, not that I was in the City, but that you were on the Glorious Mountain. I want so much to see you here, knowing how supremely happy you would be, so much at home with Nature in her finest mood, though all her moods are fine...

Well, she had more need to be with him now, but the secrecy of the engagement prevented any open demonstration of her affection and anxiety.

Andrew had succeeded in writing two brief notes to her, in pencil and on scratch paper, before the doctors got him to bed with typhoid fever. "Don't be alarmed. Nothing serious—sure," he wrote his fiancée, and two days afterward he sent her a few more disjointed sentences. "I'll be very careful for a few days," he said. "Got your letter. Mr. Bridge brought it up—the only one I have been allowed to get for three days... Don't be alarmed." But the situation was so serious that his long-time friend and physician, Dr. Frederic Dennis, came from New York and took charge.

Winter was now advancing in the Pennsylvania hills; the
country over which Miss Whitfield and Carnegie had ridden and walked the previous summer was soon covered heavily in snow. Carnegie and his mother lay in nearby rooms in the cottage. The summer visitors had long since departed; the loneliness was depressing, but for six weeks Carnegie lay in a half-comatose state, unable to see the letters that Miss Whitfield was constantly writing him.

On November 10th the end came to Margaret Carnegie’s long life. Carnegie was too ill to be told of her death, but Miss Whitfield noted in her diary: *He suspects it. All the partners very anxious about him.* Her spirits were kept up by frequent telegraphic messages from Carnegie’s secretary, telling of the invalid’s progress, and, on November 24th, she was delighted to receive a letter from her dear one himself, telling of his convalescence and his plans to come to New York, and, moreover, suggesting arrangements for the wedding.

“I recovered slowly,” he wrote afterwards in his *Autobiography*, “and the future began to occupy my thoughts. There was only one ray of hope and comfort in it. Towards that my thoughts always turned.” He meant, of course, Louise Whitfield.

His improvement was steady, but slow. He wrote to her:

I am doing so well. Walked yesterday round the room three different times supported by Drs. Dennis and Garmany, and twice today already. No pain and such sweet waking and such sweet dreaming thoughts of you through the night. You make night itself bright. I get three meals a day and milk twice during the night, and the doctors say no patient ever came through more grandly; not one weak spot in my constitution. Now guard yours, that our lives together may be long.
CRISIS

By December 6th he was dining with the family:

I walked in to dinner last eve. Sunday I fly to you but Dr. Dennis says it will be Wednesday A. M. before I can rise and see everyone. The journey must be fatiguing. Three months the doctor says I shall be better than for years and stronger. After that, Louise, the soul hunger for your companionship must be satisfied. I'll run back to you and run away with you!

The death of Margaret Carnegie had, of course, removed all obstacles to the marriage, but Carnegie was extremely sensitive about his mother. Any flouting of her memory, or any act that might be interpreted as careless of her, would be a profanation in his eyes. The newspaper hullabaloo that would attend any announcement of his marriage, or intended marriage, would under ordinary circumstances have caused him no disquiet, but such publicity, so soon after his mother’s death, would be unendurable. He wrote Louise:

There is only one reason why the whole world should not know of our happiness. It would not seem in good taste to announce it so soon. Even the Alexander Kings would respect us more were we to remain reticent till just before the event. Depend upon this. Don’t be deceived, they are just as sure of our relations to each other as I’m sure Dr. Dennis is, but as long as we don’t tell them, they will respect our reasons and understand them. Therefore I hope the public will not get hold of it. Tell one, tell all, Louise. Aggie King could not keep it; besides now she can say she does not know . . . The quietness that would surround our union, so appropriate after recent events and the months that would ensue before our return to New York life, would, as I see it, enable us to begin life together so much sooner without violating the proprieties—think all this over, my Love.
Carnegie reached New York on December 12th, so weak from typhoid that it was deemed wise to take him to the home of Dr. Dennis, where he lay for five days before he could see Miss Whitfield. That Christmas, however, was a happy one. There is such a deep peace in my heart, she wrote in her diary on the last day of the year, that I cannot be cast down.

The original intention was to send Carnegie to the south of France for his recuperation; he intended to return about the middle of June. But for several years Andrew's brother had had a fine estate on the coast of Georgia. So far as climate and natural beauty were concerned, the place had all the advantages of southern France; moreover, it was more retired, away from the world and better suited to Carnegie for convalescence. In mid-January, 1887, Carnegie, with his physician Dr. Garmany, left for this retreat. Here he spent about two months, in that slow recuperation which always follows typhoid fever. Early in April he returned to New York, completely restored to health.

It seems appropriate to quote from Carnegie's Autobiography his tender account of the long-delayed winning of the woman he was about to marry:

For several years I had known Miss Louise Whitfield. Her mother permitted her to ride with me in Central Park. We were both fond of riding. Other young ladies were on my list. I had fine horses and often rode in the Park and around New York with one or the other of the circle. In the end the others all faded into ordinary beings . . .

My advances met with indifferent success. She was not without other and younger admirers. My wealth and future plans were against me. I was rich and had everything and she felt she could
be of little use or benefit to me. Her ideal was to be the real helpmeet of a young struggling man to whom she could and would be indispensable, as her mother had been to her father. The care of her own family had largely fallen upon her after her father's death when she was twenty-one. She was now twenty-eight; her views of life were formed. At times she seemed more favorable and we corresponded. Once, however, she returned my letters saying she felt she must put aside all thought of accepting me . . . I had written her the first words from Cresson I was able to write. She saw now that I needed her. I was left alone in the world. Now she could be in every sense the "helpmeet." Both her heart and head were now willing and the day was fixed . . .
Louise Whitfield and Andrew Carnegie were married at about eight o'clock in the evening of April 22, 1887, at the home of the bride, 35 West 48th Street, New York. It was a quiet wedding.

In the few preceding years most of Miss Whitfield’s friends had been married with elaborate ceremonies—at which she herself had usually assisted as bridesmaid; but her own ceremony had no maid-of-honor or best man or ushers, or any of the customary trappings. The bride’s wedding dress was merely a gray traveling gown. The procession was informal, consisting of Carnegie, with Mrs. Whitfield on his arm, Miss Estelle and Master Harry—twelve years old—and Miss Whitfield, on the arm of her grandfather, George Buckmaster Whitfield.

The marriage ritual was that prescribed by the Universalist Church and was performed by Miss Whitfield’s pastor and close personal friend, Dr. Charles H. Eaton. Only the relatives and most intimate friends of the bride and groom, a total of about thirty witnesses, were in attendance. By this simplicity, Carnegie and Miss Whitfield paid a final tribute of respect to
his mother and his brother Tom who had died so recently.

Less than an hour after the service, the couple entered their carriage and were driven to the pier of the North German Lloyd Line, where they went aboard the steamship Fulda, for their honeymoon in England and Scotland.

An important event had preceded the ceremony. One must have been struck, in reading the letters exchanged between Carnegie and his future bride, by the almost complete absence of any references to money. We should never guess, so far as these letters were concerned, that Carnegie was one of the richest Americans of his day and generally acknowledged to be the world’s greatest iron-master. An inventory of his assets made in 1890 indicates accumulations of about $15,000,000, and at the time of his marriage he was already distributing libraries with a free hand.

His intention of using almost his entire fortune, in his own lifetime, for public purposes, had already been definitely formed. That his fiancée completely sympathized with his ambitions, and was willing to marry him on this understanding, circumstances both before the marriage and subsequent to it abundantly disclose. On the day of their wedding, therefore, the two signed a marriage settlement. This recited that:

. . . the said Andrew Carnegie is possessed of a very large amount of property, both real and personal, within the state of Pennsylvania and elsewhere, and said Louise Whitfield is fully advised as to the amount and value of said property and of the rights which would accrue to her under the laws of New York, Pennsylvania and other states in case she should survive said Andrew Carnegie, all of which matters have been fully disclosed to her; . . . the said Andrew Carnegie desires and intends to devote the bulk of his estate to char-
WEDDING TRIP ABROAD

itable and educational purposes and said Louise Whitfield symp-
pathizes and agrees with him in said desire and fully approves of
said intention.

Louise Whitfield renounced all claims to the share of Andrew
Carnegie's estate which would have been hers by "right of
dower or other right whatsoever under the intestate laws or
any other laws of any state or country."

In consideration for this abnegation, Carnegie gave his bride
a mass of stocks and bonds, which would produce an income
of $20,000 a year—a handsome provision in that taxless and
inflationless era. This sum became her absolute property—to
spend in any way she pleased—or to bequeath by will. In addi-
tion to this, Carnegie gave his wife as wedding present the
house, No. 5 West 51st Street, adjoining the Vanderbilt estab-
lishment on Fifth Avenue, which he had recently purchased
from Collis P. Huntington for about $200,000. What this settle-
ment really meant was that Louise Whitfield had made herself
a partner with Andrew Carnegie in the use of his "surplus
wealth" for the public good. The tenacity and fidelity with
which she clung to this role will appear as the narrative proceeds.

The voyage on the Fulda, the crack German liner of the
day, proved smooth and easy; Carnegie had had set aside the
captain's and general officers' rooms, and his wife, the memory
still fresh of her rough crossing thirteen years before, turned
out to be a good sailor. Naturally entertained by the interest
which the presence of the Carnegies aroused in the other pas-
sengers, she was pleased to be given the seat of honor at the
captain's table, with her husband at her side; he presided over
the ship's concert with his usual felicity, and the two entered
joyously into the amenities of life on shipboard.

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The first thing Mrs. Carnegie did on stepping aboard was to sit down and write her mother, sending off the letter by the pilot. All through the voyage, she kept a kind of diary account of her doings, so that, by the time the ship reached Southampton, she had another bulky letter, which was dispatched to "the dear ones at home."

The first destination of the pair was Bonchurch, on the Isle of Wight. They reached this beautiful resort on the second of May. Mrs. Carnegie was charmed with the place, with its beautiful hotel, its walks, its literary and historic associations, above all with its wild flowers.

Andrew Carnegie recalled in his *Autobiography*: "Her delight was intense in finding the wild flowers. She had read of wandering willie, heartsease, forget-me-nots, the primrose, the wild thyme, and the whole list of homely names that had been to her only names till now. Everything charmed her."

She wrote her mother the day after reaching the Island:

I must send you the first English wild flowers I have gathered. . . . We arrived at this delightful spot last evening. You should see us at our meals in our cosy parlor, with grate fire burning, bright flowers everywhere and such a glorious view of the sea from our windows. We can sit at table and look out to sea at the ships crossing to France. This morning after breakfast we took a lovely walk, first around the grounds of the hotel, which are beautiful beyond description, where the first thing which attracted our attention was the American flag, floating from a high knoll near the house—of course in our honor, announcing our arrival. It was most touching, I can assure you.

We visited the little Bonchurch, the smallest in England, with
its beautiful, peaceful churchyard, where many noted men lie buried. A most interesting elderly woman in charge gave us most of the flowers I enclose. The blue flower, which we have always called myrtle, is really the periwinkle, while the English myrtle is a shrub—this small fine leaf—and has a white flower. The season is backward, yet there is the greatest profusion of flowers, everywhere; the primroses and wallflowers growing wild would delight you beyond everything. This afternoon we took a long drive, visiting another part of the coast, and walking through a most beautiful glen called Shanklin Chine—Chine means glen or valley. Everything is so delightfully quaint.

While at breakfast yesterday in Southampton we received a lovely bouquet from a gentleman who crossed with us; it was such a pretty attention. But such an English bouquet as it was!—made up with such precision and trimmed with white lace. We had time in the morning to drive to old Netley Abbey; it was my first glimpse of lovely England and you know all I mean by that. We arrived at Bonchurch at about five o’clock and at the very threshold of the hotel your cable was handed us. “All well and rejoiceing.” I had not hoped for it so soon and it made me feel almost as though I had seen you. It brought you so near to have these words from you as we entered our first home. Andrew was delighted with the cable; he said it expressed so much and every now and then he repeated the words to me, making me so happy . . .

In the midst of writing this letter, the bride was thinking of her husband’s relatives in Dunfermline, whom she had never met, and who could have had no idea that he intended to marry. She had seen Andrew send off a cablegram to them asking them to prepare a Scottish home for his bride and himself but naturally she was nervous as to whether they would
like her unreservedly. The relatives were the family of George Lauder, Andrew’s uncle, who kept the shop in High Street, Dunfermline.

The bride’s letter to the home folks continued:

We already talk of our Scotch home. Uncle Lauder and his daughter Maggie are coming next week. We will hear what they have to say, for they have been looking at houses for us and we will then decide. We are already counting on the pleasure of selecting in London the things we may need for our Scotch home, thus having many things ready for 51st Street. I have been so amused, John has just put tags on my trunks as follows: ‘‘Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, No. 5 W. 51st.” I believe John is as delighted as we all are. Doesn’t it seem almost too good to be true? I am convinced this side of the water is the best place for Andrew to spend his summers. He already sleeps and eats as he has not done before in a year, and the benefit to him is marvelous. It is impossible for me to make you understand how lovely this place is. You must come and see for yourself some day. Therefore can you imagine anything more lovely—summers here and winters not alone in New York but actually in No. 5 West Fifty-first Street? . . .

The heat and turmoil of New York summers would eventually make the Carnegies regular summer residents in Scotland.

This letter has been written with many interruptions. It is now May 5. We have been walking and driving and having such a wonderful time. This morning we sat for a long time on the cliffs, overlooking the sea; the air so warm and genial, we seem to drink in health at every breath. The rest and quiet after the tumult of the winter sink into my very soul. Heard a lark sing for the first time yesterday—in fact all the birds seem to be holding high carnival . . .

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I wish you could look in on us tonight. We are both writing in the most serious way, like settled married people. I have donned my “little home dress” for the second time. It is still cool here and I find my heavy things comfortable. We have a fire in our parlor. Give love to Grandma and tell her I see many old ladies who remind me of her driving around in the queerest little donkey carriages.

May 12, 1887

... It is strange that we both seem in the same dazed way. I have not awakened from my delightful dream yet; each day is more entrancing than the last; and yet I have slipped so easily into this new life there is nothing strange in it. We had a most happy week together here, and then, as we were anxious to hear about our Scotch home, we sent for Uncle Lauder and his daughter Maggie to come down and report. We have several plans under contemplation and shall decide now in a few days...

... Uncle Lauder is most cordial and Maggie Lauder is so very pleasant. They brought me a pretty ecru plaid shawl with a sweet note from “Aunt Lauder,” and I felt at home with them at once.

Maggie felt that I would come between Andrew and them, but she has told him privately that her fears are at rest now. We have accepted the Provost of Edinburgh’s invitation to visit him while in Edinburgh, as you will see by the paper sent you today. Andrew is to lay the cornerstone of the library and be presented with the freedom of the city. I expect there will be grand times!

The next note relates to the future unveiling of a statue of Scott at Stirling—a Carnegie gift.

What do you think of your daughter’s presenting the statue of Sir Walter Scott? Little did I think when I was reciting The Lady of the Lake years ago that I should ever see this day. When Andrew suggested it, I was delighted to fall in with it. In a letter received
today I am told a special meeting of the Custodians was called and
the proposition was received with acclamation! I expected to be
well known but never thought I should have greatness thrust upon
me quite so soon. I begin to see I must in some measure lead a
more worldly life. My old conscientious way of attending to details
must be given up. Numerous letters are coming, all of which take
all my spare time to answer and it is not easy writing to strangers.

May 13, 1887

I began writing last evening after a most happy day's outing. We
started after breakfast, six of us in two carriages, and drove to Ryde,
twelve miles distant, where we lunched and returned in the after-
noon. A more delightful drive could not be imagined, through
avenues of tall elms and hedgerows bright with yellow primroses.
Such clusters would drive you wild! The air is cool and bracing
and we would get out and walk, gathering handfuls of primroses
and wild hyacinths, such as I enclose. En route we visited the site
of an old Roman villa, built in the third century. The mosaic floor-
ing is intact in some places and I managed to secure a small piece
for Harry.

The temptation to remain in this spot was strong, but en-
gagements in other parts of the British Isles were even more
tempting. Chief of the waiting attractions was their new home
in Scotland. With the aid of the Lauder family, they had leased
Kilgraston House, near historic and rarely beautiful Perth, for
their summer residence. It was situated in the Valley of the
Tay, and there they would dwell in a large country house and
enjoy a spacious lawn and well-kept gardens and shady walks.
And they would always breathe in the winds from the High-
lands.

It was a prospect that made them both impatient to begin
residing there, but certain pleasurable commitments must be observed before they could settle down.

London, above all, was an important place in the summer of 1887. The city was preparing to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of the reign of Queen Victoria. Carnegie, during the sojourn in the Isle of Wight, had written a vigorous letter to a committee in New York which had asked for a subscription to a fund to observe the great occasion in that city—a letter in which he trounced the proponents of the American celebration and emphatically declined to contribute.

"I am an American citizen and a very staunch Republican," he wrote . . . "I should stultify myself were I to celebrate the reign of any hereditary ruler. 'I was born as free as Caesar.'" However, the approaching spectacle promised to be a good show and Carnegie had engaged advantageous rooms in the Metropole Hotel from which he and his friends could view the royal procession. Other friends were calling him to London. A letter from Lord Rosebery came asking him to bring Mrs. Carnegie for a visit to his home Mentmore, at Leighton Buzzard.

Among the first callers on the Carnegies in London were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Louise Carnegie saw at once why her husband regarded Gladstone with profound respect and admiration, and this same occasion unexpectedly brought her a chance to take the measure, in her woman's way, of Joseph Chamberlain, whom Andrew considered the coming leader of Democracy in Britain.

The Carnegies and the Gladstones were getting on swimmingly when an incident occurred that, in less diplomatic hands than Carnegie's, might have proved embarrassing. Joseph
Chamberlain was suddenly announced! He had come mainly to pay his respects to the wife of his old friend of the early eighties, but Gladstone and Chamberlain at this time were not on the most friendly footing; however, they laid aside their political differences, talked on general and harmless subjects, and the occasion passed without disturbing incident.

A few days afterward Gladstone sent Carnegie a full statement of Liberal finances, a curious document which is still preserved in the Carnegie papers. As a result of the departure of rich contributing Liberals, the party chest was practically empty and work had been all but suspended. Could not Mr. Carnegie come to their assistance? He responded at once with a check for $25,000, a sum in those days quite unprecedented, which enabled the party to enter the forthcoming election with good prospects of success.

To her "dear ones at home" Mrs. Carnegie found time to write hurriedly of the Victorian Jubilee Week and the social experiences that came to her. On June 10, she wrote:

It is after 11 P. M., and I have only time for a few lines tonight. Have had friends to dinner. We have been here a week and are in a constant whirl. Have met more celebrities than I can count—the poet Robert Browning, and Edwin Arnold, writer John Morley—and spent the day with Lord and Lady Rosebery at their place at Mentmore. Sunday we spent with the novelist William Black.

Am charmed with all I meet, they are all so delightful, but the constant rush confuses me and I sometimes scarcely know whether I am on my head or my heels. People to lunch and dinner every day. I like it but my head doesn't stand it. It will though when I get used to it! Am trying to do a little shopping, which is a great annoyance. Drove out today in my new bonnet and wrap; very
dignified and lovely but I shall do my shopping in New York in future. Took luncheon with Mrs. Moscheles, the artist’s wife; wore my heliotrope suit for first time; they almost turned my head with their compliments. Had Lord Carnegie, head of the clan, and his brother and cousin to dinner.

Her husband’s amazing energy was disconcerting at times. She wrote on the same occasion:

Well, Mother Mine, we are in the whirl, nothing but a rush and a bang all the while. I begin to experience the realities of life now and oh! how I do long for Mother! I am not a bit homesick but I begin to realize how much a man wants and how important it is for a woman not to have any wants or wishes of her own.

We shall be so glad to get to Kilgraston. Have been out looking at pictures all the morning, have come home so tired. Friends are waiting for luncheon in other room. I am supposed to be dressing, so I must finish hurriedly. Andrew and I are both tired out. London does not agree with us. This is a grumbly sort of letter but it has done me good to write it.

Soon after she wrote:

London, S. W., June 21, 1887

Well, Mother Darling, my last word from London goes to you. We leave in the morning about noon for Wolverhampton where we are to stay two days and then to Bedford to spend Sunday with friends and then up to Kilgraston for a good rest before going to Edinburgh. The festivities there are to be on the 7, 8, and 9 of July. On the day of the laying of the cornerstone the workmen are to line the streets from the Lord Provost’s house, where we shall stay, to the library site. The Lord Provost and Lady Clark, who are here for the Jubilee, say the reception given to Royalty is nothing compared to that which they will give Andrew—the Scotch are so enthusiastic. So do think of us at that time!
Well, this is the Jubilee day. I am writing while waiting for dinner. With our usual good fortune we had four large windows in our rooms, commanding one of the finest views of the procession in London. We invited about forty people who all stayed to lunch and the consequence is we are literally worn out tonight . . .

I wish I could write at length of our pleasant afternoon at the Gladstones’ garden party. Mrs. Gladstone is delightful and showed me so much attention sitting down and having a long chat with me. Was introduced to the dark Queen of the Sandwich Islands—she is very ladylike. Mr. and Mrs. Blaine are here and went with us to garden party. I like them so very much . . .

After the Jubilee, the couple went to Wolverhampton to visit the Grahams. Louise wrote her mother:

Mr. Graham is manager of a prominent newspaper there which Andrew largely owns and the employees determined to give him a dinner and present to him an illuminated address of welcome in honor of his marriage. I supposed it was a men’s affair and never gave myself any concern about it when what was my surprise on arriving about 5:30 to be informed that I was expected to go too. I was quite delighted. Annie flew around and dressed me in my maude (as there were only to be five or six ladies present). The dinner was held in the large Drill Hall, the largest in town, and on Mr. Graham’s arm I was the first to enter the room where were seated about 150 employees. Andrew followed with Mrs. Graham and the men immediately rose and cheered while the brass band played the Coronation March.

The next visit was to the James Howards, of Clapham Park, Bedford. They were old friends of Andrew and he knew his bride would enjoy what the visit gave her—a taste of the English family life of a representative home. In her enthusiastic
letter home describing this visit, she referred to the gay days in London:

The life was perfectly fascinating. We were hand in glove with Mr. and Mrs. Blaine and their two daughters. Mrs. Blaine was so pleasant and motherly my heart warmed to her. Mr. Blaine was politeness itself to me (you know he is noted for his gallantry) and really I felt sorry to leave them. We went from there direct to Wolverhampton to visit Mr. and Mrs. Graham.

Before the busy couple could settle down in Kilgraston, important ceremonies were awaiting them in Edinburgh. Carnegie’s library-giving career had just begun. He had already presented buildings to Dunfermline, to Allegheny, Pittsburgh, and Braddock, Pennsylvania, and now Edinburgh was next in line for a library.

That eminent city had planned an elaborate celebration, lasting two days, in honor of the laying of the foundation stone. In his speech accepting the freedom of the city of Edinburgh, Carnegie referred to the inspiration of his gift:

One day walking the streets of Edinburgh I saw the return in which the citizens declared they would not support a free library in the city. I said to myself, with a little bite of the lip, I will make this city reverse that vote.

An offer of $250,000 for a library building was the charm that had caused Edinburgh to change its mind.

In the ceremonies Mrs. Carnegie was a little startled to find herself a conspicuous figure. In the Council chamber she was placed in full view on one side of the presiding officer, Carnegie being on the other. After the freedom of the city had
been conferred on Andrew, Lord Rosebery rose and proposed her health:

I have not the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Carnegie so intimately as I have Mr. Carnegie; but I know enough of her to feel sure that she deserves the happy life that she is destined to lead with her distinguished husband; and I know, moreover, of him that as he has been the best of sons he is not unlikely to turn out the best of husbands.

Carnegie amidst frequent applause, replied for his wife, referring to the enthusiasm she was already manifesting for everything Scottish:

I am glad to be able to say, upon her authority, that, high as her opinion has always been of Scotland—for Walter Scott has thrown around the youth of every American woman a halo of romance—devoted as she has been to Scotland, I am able to tell you that she finds in Perthshire all that she imagined of this country has been exceeded ten fold.

I begin to see in her the great danger that exists in all converts—she is beginning to out-Herod her husband in her love and devotion to Scotland. There is no tartan she sees that she does not want to wear. She could not find any Carnegie tartan, but Lord Carnegie told her when in London that there was a draper in Arbroath that made the Carnegie tartan and today I saw a letter from that draper thanking Mrs. Carnegie for her large order.

Only today when she was up at the Castle of Edinburgh, she whispered to me, “Oh, I know we want the pipers at Kilgraston,” and she has already her eye on the two magnificent specimens which we saw in the Lord Provost’s rooms. She has asked me to inquire on what terms the larger man of the two could be obtained. But, ladies and gentlemen, believe me that my wife is as thoroughly
Scotch already as I am myself, and I leave it to your imagination to say what she will become when she lives here as long as I have had the pleasure of living among you.

In the evening, at the Synod Hall, the working men of Edinburgh presented an address to Carnegie; at this meeting the bride found herself a center of attention. Her entrance, on the arm of the chairman, was the occasion of a prolonged demonstration. After the presentation to Carnegie, Mr. Walter Fairbairn crossed the stage to Mrs. Carnegie and presented a brooch of cairngorm and Scotch pebbles set in gold to the approval of the cheering audience. Next day, at the laying of the cornerstone, Carnegie proved equal to the occasion: after performing the duty, he deposited the silver trowel in his wife’s lap. That Mrs. Carnegie thoroughly enjoyed these demonstrations her letters show.

Correspondence was frequent between the bride and the folks in America. Her letters home disclose how strong the tie was between her mother and herself; she healed her nostalgia by the confidences and descriptions she sent Mrs. Whitfield.

My own dear Mother—

Well the conquering hero is once more at home. Our reception exceeded anything I ever experienced (ever saw given to a private individual) or could ever imagine. It equalled the receptions given to our Presidents... It is all right enough for Andrew but imagine me, who three months ago was not known, riding in the carriage with Mr. Blaine, who for once had to take a back seat. I had to bow right and left in response to the cheers with which we were greeted from thousands who lined the streets. Every window was crowded to the fifth and sixth stories and American flags dis-
LOUISE WHITFIELD CARNEGIE

played everywhere. Andrew followed with the Lord Provost alone, preceded and followed by out-riders. But coming home, I rode by my own husband's side—a proud woman, I assure you. On our way to the Library our carriage was stopped and a man carrying a little baby in whose hands was a large bouquet came up and presented it to me, the crowds cheering all the time. Imagine it if you can.

Andrew made three speeches in two days and acquitted himself grandly. I never heard him speak better or appear so much at his ease before an audience and everything he said brought the cheers, I can tell you. We left Edinburgh last night at 8 P.M. and arrived home at 10.30. At every station crowds collected and cheered and then pressed up to the car window to shake hands with Andrew, one old man peering into his face and exclaiming, “Are you the real Andrew Carnegie?”

Our marriage was often alluded to and many were the congratulations and wishes for our happiness we received. We now have lots of treasures, the working men’s address, the trowel, etc. are all works of art—while the brooch the working men gave me is a beauty. Imagine me seated on a platform facing 3000 people and a nice white-haired old man coming up to me and presenting me with the brooch. I was so excited I do not remember what he said but he finished by patting me on the back and saying—“And we are awful glad he has got such a good wife.” . . .

Then came a garden note:

We have had rain and Kilgraston is looking splendidly. We visited our garden this afternoon and such quantities of fruit as we saw! Black, white and red currants, gooseberries—huge ones such as Scotland is famous for, raspberries—and such strawberries! They even rival those of Oyster Bay and with cream from our two cows so thick we cannot pour it but have to use a spoon to dip it out—

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we certainly ought to get strong and fat. Lady Clark, the Provost's wife, said I was looking much better than when in London, so I am sure Kilgraston will agree with us.

We had our coach out twice last week. It is a beauty—we celebrated the Fourth by taking it out for the first time. Uncle Lauder came and took lunch with us and brought an American and English flag with which we decorated the dining room and we tried to make the day as patriotic as possible . . .

Tell Harry that Sister thinks of him whenever she sees the trout darting through the pretty burn which winds through our grounds almost within stone's throw of the house, and tell Ted I selected a Scotch brooch for her in Edinburgh. Give lots of love to Grandma, Aunt Lucy, and everybody and with the largest share for my own dear Mamma . . .

This letter reveals Mrs. Carnegie had to become accustomed to Andrew's lavish hospitality:

Kilgraston, Sunday, July 17/87

Well, Mother darling, as some of the party have gone to church and others are in their rooms I have shut myself in my little sitting room to have a little chat with you. Somehow Sundays I feel more lonely than any other day of the week. I miss the old sweet routine and the great change in my life comes over me more then than at any other time. Andrew is sweet and lovely all the time but he is so very different from every other human being. There is not the first particle of pretense about him—he is so thoroughly honest.

Well, our house is now full. Tomorrow we expect to sit seventeen at table. The Blaines, Hales, Hays, and Alex King are here and tomorrow come the Palmers and Iddings. I really have no actual care but it oppresses me to have so many people around. I see very little of them except at table and while we are driving but it all seems so very sudden; there has been no growth, no
gradual transition. I seem to be leading two lives—outwardly I am the mature married woman, while inwardly I am trying to reconcile the old and the new life. I get awfully blue sometimes but I know it is very wrong to indulge in this feeling and above all to write it to you, but, Mother dear, I feel so much better for it. I suppose today it is reaction after so much excitement. Mrs. Blaine I like extremely; every now and then she says a motherly word to me which sinks way down deep into my heart I can tell you...

Fortunately, Louise had no servant problem:

Annie is a perfect treasure—helping me in every way. English servants are so strict about their duties but Annie just fills in all the gaps and does everything and anything and all in such a cheerful way. I get in many tight places, but I wriggle out of them and the ladies all compliment me on my management.

However strange my outward life may sometimes seem, Andrew and I are growing more and more together every day. We snatch so many happy moments together and he is so much more thoughtful in little things than he was before we were married. He takes keen delight in all my pleasures and is so thoughtful of my welfare. You need have no anxiety, Mother; I have a husband who knows how to take good care of me.

Last week ten of us drove to Dunfermline, about twenty-five miles. It was a most interesting visit to me, and Andrew showed me the old Abbey, the place in which he used to sit in church and all the places associated with his childhood, the Carnegie Library, Carnegie baths, etc. People congregated wherever we went and gave us a hearty welcome. We stayed over night at Uncle Lauder's. They invited all the principal people of the city to meet us in the evening and the next morning, after visiting two linen factories and purchasing quantities of beautiful linen, we drove back to
WEDDING TRIP ABROAD

Kilgraston in the afternoon passing over the wildest moors and loveliest glens imaginable. . . .

The first gong has sounded for luncheon so I must stop, but I must tell you of our Piper. We really have him in full Highland costume. He plays every morning on the lawn to waken us and to summon us to dinner and during dinner. It is most thrilling, I can assure you, to hear the Scotch reels, laments, etc. How you would enjoy it!

I tell people I owe a good deal of my love of Scotland to you. You used to sing Scotch songs to me when a child. Some people tried to sing *Annie Laurie* the other day but I hear a very different voice in my ears . . . I feel a thousand times better than when I began to write so you will forgive me pouring out my heart to you.

News-letters like the following one gave her home folks much to talk of:

On Tuesday we took the coach to Kinghorn thirty miles away and attended the ceremonies of unveiling a statue of Alexander III, Czar of Russia, and the opening of a public park. Andrew and Mr. Blaine spoke and we had a right royal reception. We remained over night with Mr. Shepherd at Rossend Castle, a lovely old house covered with ivy. The room Andrew and I occupied was built 800 years ago and Mary Queen of Scots slept in it many times. Many legends are connected with the room; the place where secret stairs were originally is shown. . . .

Yesterday we coached fifty miles through the most beautiful country. We had a nice luncheon put up and stopped on the moors right among the heather and spread our luncheon in the shadow of a large rock. Such appetites! and such fun! They told funny stories, recited poetry and sang Scotch and American songs, while great frowning cliffs with not a tree in sight looked down upon
us and the burnie rushed past while we sang *My Country 'Tis of Thee* and ended by singing *Auld Lang Syne* in the spirited manner in which you know Andrew can do it.

It was Mrs. Palmer’s birthday and we drank her health; and then Mr. Blaine proposed “Our Princess Louise” (meaning me) to which they all responded most cordially. Andrew recited a piece of poetry about the burnie in the impressive way he has and thrilled his audience and altogether it was a most memorable occasion. We reached home at 8.30 and after a hearty dinner continued our songs and recitations until midnight. Yet with all this we are not tired, in fact, feel fresher and better for the fun.

By now, Mrs. Carnegie was getting accustomed to having many guests:

We now number eighteen at table; fun! pouring coffee for so many! Mrs. Blaine declares she would not do it, but I can’t bear to give it up. We have a delicious table, everything the finest and best. Our cook is a perfect treasure and with fresh fruit more than we can use and fresh vegetables, I have already gained eight pounds. I was 111 when we arrived at Isle of Wight and now I am 119.

Andrew looks ten years younger, everybody says, and it really would do your heart good to see his clear complexion and bright eyes and the sweet happy look in his face. Mother darling, I believe he becomes dearer to me every day of our lives. Of course this big life is not altogether one I would choose. I like my own ease and comfort too much, but it is the life I need to crush out my selfishness and as long as Andrew and I are so thoroughly united I never can be otherwise than the happiest woman alive. No one, not even you, can begin to imagine the sweetness of that man’s disposition.

We have young Courtlandt Palmer with us, a lad of fifteen—one of the most superb musicians you ever heard. How Ted would en-
joy his playing. We have concerts every evening—Wagner, Beethoven, Chopin, etc. I tell you it is a treat.

I wish I could describe this lovely place. Just now roses are in full bloom around one of my windows with white jessamine around the next one filling the room with the most delicious perfume. The beautiful lawn in front where we play tennis and the Scotch game of bowls, lovely shady walks on one side and in the distance a new mown field with haycocks. Oh! why aren’t you all here to enjoy it too?

The love of freedom that is the long-rooted, unconquerable sentiment in Scotland, the spirit of individuality that makes Scottish and American sympathies as one, was being driven home to the American woman by the atmosphere she breathed. Andrew Carnegie was repeating to her what he had said in his Autobiography: “Wallace, of course, was our hero. Everything heroic centered in him.”

Out of Carnegie’s first earnings in the United States he had sent home a contribution to a monument for Sir William Wallace. He recalled his talk with Emperor William of Germany, and how he had answered the monarch when the latter said that he liked the Scottish hero, Robert the Bruce: “... But Bruce was 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.”

From girlhood, Louise Whitfield had been familiar with the heroes of Scotland. She had read about them in Jane Porter’s classic, Scottish Chiefs, and now she was encouraging her young brother to read the inspiring book: “I hope Harry received the Scottish Chiefs. The very hill where Wallace hid we pass every time we drive to Perth.”
The management of a large country house did not prove too exacting. "It's easy to keep house," she sententiously confided to her mother, "if you have plenty of servants—and plenty of money."

Her Dunfermline relatives had stocked Kilgraston House with twenty of the former, with all of whom Mrs. Carnegie soon established the friendliest relations and several of whom remained with her, in Scotland and New York, for the rest of their days. Here she first found Mrs. Nicoll, her housekeeper, who performed the same service of half upper-servant, half friend, for the next twenty-five years. With all her love of music and flowers, Mrs. Carnegie had an extremely practical side, and the attention she gave to the details of housekeeping, expressed in the minute instructions as to the furnishing of her New York home on Fifty-first Street were a matter of endless amusement to her husband.

She continued to write Mrs. Whitfield regularly every Sunday reassuring her of her happiness as to her husband and environment.

There was a pleasant reciprocity between the couple as to their relatives. The wife sincerely shared Andrew's affection for kinfolk, and he enjoyed having her family about him. Pleasant glimpses of Andrew Carnegie in relation to his "in-laws" appear in the wife's chatty notes:

I am glad Grandma liked her letter. Andrew insisted upon my telegraphing her on her birthday; I tried to do so but they did not understand the address, so I folded the telegram as I wrote it and sent it by post. I think if Grandma and you could just see Andrew there would be little doubt as to his being happy. Yes, Mother, it is
as Andrew says: “Happily married—two words fraught with the deepest meaning in the world.”

You are a dear brave Mother and knowing your tender heart I also know the effort you make to be cheerful, and, Darling, Andrew loves you for it as well as I do.

Another Sunday letter to her mother gives this description of an outstanding day during their summer at Kilgraston:

Yesterday took place one of the pleasantest events of our entire summer. There is a fine orchestra in Perth composed of the men working in Pullar’s Dye Works. They are all great Radicals in politics and greatly admire Andrew. They sent to ask us if we would permit them to come to Kilgraston and play for us. We appointed yesterday afternoon; we sent notes to all our neighbors and the minister of the parish (a nice old Scotchman, by the way, who is very friendly to us) went to all the cottagers and invited them to come listen to the music.

The afternoon was a glorious one, the bright sun shining on the beautiful green lawn in front of the house, with the children dancing in rings, formed a picture never to be forgotten. The carpenters put up tables on the lawn and we served tea, bread and butter, and cake to fully four hundred people. Every one of our twenty servants turned out, coachmen and all, to serve the people and a prettier sight you never beheld. Young people and old, men, women and children came. They came even from Perth by train.

During intermission our piper played, marching up and down the lawn in the most stately manner and then the band played for him to dance which he does most gracefully. When the programme was finished Mr. Wells, the minister, made an excellent speech, thanking us for the invitation and then all the servants and cottagers danced Scotch reels on the lawn. That finished, the Bandmaster stepped up and presented Andrew with a photograph of
the band—neatly framed—and Andrew responded with a very neat and telling speech. By that time it was growing dark and cold and the people reluctantly dispersed. So ended a most happy afternoon. The servants entered into it with such zest and were so happy.

Mrs. Nicoll made all the arrangements for extra dishes and everything without any trouble to me. Truly she is an exceptional woman and manages everything so quietly. She is looking forward to meeting you with so much pleasure; she says she shall feel at home the minute she sees you. Truly, Mother, my cup runneth over. Andrew, who has just looked over my shoulder, says to put “our cup runneth over.” That is indeed it...
There was happy excitement when the couple returned to New York in the autumn. They drove at once to Mrs. Whitfield's house on Forty-eighth Street, and dined with the assembled family. Long into the night they sat there, telling fascinating tales of their travels.

Mrs. Nicoll, who had preceded them from Scotland, prepared the house on West Fifty-first Street for their reception. They entered a hall bright and fragrant with flowers. Adequate and comfortable for their life then, they began a fifteen-year residence there.

The Carnegie house was notable for its bookish atmosphere. The library was the most spacious room in the residence, and was furnished with rich and harmonizing refinement.

It occupied the entire front of the second story of the house, or, more properly, three rooms thrown together to house the collection of books, journals, and literary trophies. Here at his desk, a secretary handy, Carnegie wrote magazine articles for *Century Magazine, The North American Review, The Forum, The Youth's Companion*, and other periodicals.

Ever since Carnegie in 1867 left Pittsburgh for New York, he had had no home of his own; after twenty years of hotel life, he at last had a home. His devotion to it—and to the joy-
ous woman who was creating it—became marked. In the early years of his marriage he was forced to spend a good deal of time in Pittsburgh, but he wrote or telegraphed her every day. Sometimes, in the midst of board meetings, he would scribble on scratch paper; his fellows would think that he was taking notes, but in reality he was writing to his wife. The theme was always the same: his loneliness, his desire to get home:

Oh, Lou, you don’t know how happy I am, thinking of you between the chinks as it were. It’s all so different since I have a real home to return to. I am the most fortunate man in the world—but they all tell me that!

Carnegie’s connections in America and Scotland had become devoted admirers of his wife. Lucy Coleman Carnegie, widow of Carnegie’s brother Tom, became her lifetime friend, and all Lucy’s nine children dearly loved their new Aunt Louise.

When Lucy Coleman married Tom Carnegie she was petite, sparkling, and spirited in conversation—just the right companion for her quiet, thoughtful husband. When prosperity came, Tom purchased the estate Dungeness on Cumberland Island, off the Georgia coast—an historic spot, the burial-place of Light-Horse Harry Lee and other celebrities. In 1887 Andrew had spent his convalescence here; and every year, usually in early winter, the Andrew Carnegies spent several weeks at Dungeness, while Mrs. Tom and her brood were always favored guests at Cluny. Lucy and Andrew were quite a pair. Though fond of each other, their disputation would almost rock the house; she was one of the persons who could meet Carnegie on fairly equal terms. She was always confiding
in her “sister,” as she called Mrs. Andrew, admiring the younger woman’s good sense and poise.

And in Dunfermline, Scotland, there was the clan Lauder—the tenderest tie attaching Carnegie to his native Scotland. When Andrew was a small boy in Dunfermline, it was Uncle Lauder who inspired him with Scottish history, and implanted in the lad the love of Burns, Bruce, and Wallace. Andrew and Uncle Lauder’s son George were playmates; from childhood George called Andrew “Naig” and Andrew called his cousin “Dod”; these nicknames remained until the end of their days.

Uncle Lauder conducted a grocer’s shop in the High Street, and in a back room Naig and Dod acted familiar episodes of Scottish history. Carnegie maintained his attachment to Uncle Lauder and Dod, and Uncle Lauder, even after Naig’s amazing career in the United States, was still regarded as his companion and teacher.

There had been considerable alarm in the Lauder household over Naig’s marriage. What effect would it have upon their relations with their American cousin? A worldly American wife might come between them, might destroy the intimate friendship that had lasted for so many years. As we have seen, Carnegie, on his honeymoon visit to the Isle of Wight, had summoned Uncle Lauder to come and have a look at his bride. A few minutes had banished all fears. She had at once become, not Mrs. Carnegie, not even Cousin Louise, but “Mrs. Naig.”

“Glad Louise is so fond of Glendevon House [the Lauder home] and those that dwell therein,” Uncle Lauder wrote Carnegie. “We will give her a family welcome not because she is Naig’s wife but because she is a lovable lady.” “Your dear wife,” he wrote Carnegie about a year after that first meet-
ing, “is a jewel in your crown. I have taken her to my heart as a member of the family and every one of us has done the same.”

The old Scot, whose loves were flowers, Burns, and Scottish history, had taken a keepsake from that first meeting on the Isle of Wight; this was a clematis vine. He nurtured the shrub as a living testimonial to his growing affection for Andrew’s wife. “I have been carefully tending my clematis vine which I call Louise,” he wrote her after it had been planted for two years. “It has grown up this year in six branches, their length being from four to seven feet. We think that wonderful. Next year we expect to see it covered with white blossoms.” Still later he wrote: “I examine your tree half a dozen times every day. I counted fourteen white buds. I expect to see them burst every morning. Soon half the tree will be a mass of white blooms the same as the one on the Isle of Wight where you spent your honeymoon.”

“I look out this moment at a beautiful garden,” he wrote years afterward. “I never saw it in better order. It is looked at by everyone that passes. Your vine was up and trimmed yesterday. It reaches over the flat roof of the bathroom window and next year it will be up at the top. If anything can be drawn from this surely it is this. Success up to this time and success after this! For assuredly the tree that I call Louise will go on and prosper as it takes its way without pretense or ceremony. It is like you. I saw you for the first time seven years ago as a young lass without pretension. You are now a millionaire’s wife without ceremony.”

Uncle Lauder’s misspelling was cleared up, but later, as a sample, a letter will be given as he wrote it. He watched the
vines grew year by year and the affection between him and Carnegie's wife also grew closer. Despite his humble start in life, he was really a fine figure of a man and an ornament to any group in which he might be found. He was over seventy when Carnegie brought his wife to Scotland, tall and straight as one of his own Scottish trees, with a glowing face and a long white beard. With Carnegie's distinguished friends, such as John Morley and Sir Edwin Arnold, Uncle Lauder was always a favorite; they regarded him as an ideal specimen of old Scotland. So did Carnegie himself; he gave him a seat of honor at his Gladstone dinner in 1889.

The old man's philosophy of life appears in the sadly jumbled and misspelled letters written to Mrs. Carnegie:

I think the most important thing a man has got to do is to keep his wife's temper as sweet as possible and let the world go to the devil if it likes to.

He was a devout Swedenborgian, but his faith did not restrict his theological views.

With overflowing love and respect our wish is we may again be united in this world and the next and be happy to all eternity, either in Swedenborg's plan or your own if you like that best.

... If I was able to come to New York, I would be made also at home with Mr. and Mrs. Naig. Who would have thought, who would have imagined that when I was making fun with these two lads in my back room that I would be so highly prized by them? Louise, this makes me feel quite soft, and then there is yourself added. Every fine man in this world requires a balance wheel. You are Naig's balance long may you live and happy is my wish.

Of fresh, distinct biographical value is the story Uncle Lauder put into a letter to Mrs. Carnegie after a three weeks' visit to
the Carnegies’ New York home. He had helped to finance the going to America of the boy Andrew and his parents, and now he recalled the emotions of the parting. The point of departure from Scotland was Broomielaw, Glasgow.

I will tell you a story I have never put in writing before. I felt inclined to be the last to take farewell of that lad [Andrew] and took a position behind him at the stern. I told him that where he was going there was room to rise and that I felt sure that he would rise.

While I sat beside him in the stern the captain of the steamer stood on the top of the paddle wheel box. I put a sovereign into his hand and said, “Now Naig go.” He took a leap of two or three seats and then turned hastily back, threw his arms around my neck, he said, “Oh Uncle I canna leave you!” The passengers were looking over the side of the steamer, as the captain cried we cannot wait longer. I unloosed his arms and said, “Now Naig go!”

Then the narrator concluded:

Throw your bread upon the waters, and it will return to you in many ways, is a quotation I think from Scripture, but it has assuredly returned to me in many ways since that time. The time I spent with Naig and my own son Dod was well spent time for me and for them. I made myself a boy to make them feel and act like men and they are both at one now in making me feel satisfied now that I am eighty years old.

The name of a new and devoted friend, Mrs. Yates Thompson, now appeared in Mrs. Carnegie’s correspondence. Andrew and she had been exchanging favorable opinions concerning the gracious Englishwoman. “You are right,” Andrew’s wife said to him, “Mrs. Thompson is not cold. You cannot imagine the beauty of her letters. She calls me her dearest friend. It is an
honor to be even a friend of such a woman, but to be her dearest friend almost turns my head.”

The letters to which she refers still exist—a huge packet, the earliest dated 1887, the latest 1940, not long before Mrs. Thompson’s death. The period covered by this correspondence, more than fifty years, is in itself testimony enough to a splendid friendship.

It was Mrs. Yates Thompson who first brought Matthew Arnold and Carnegie together; they met at a dinner party given by her in 1881. The world of literature had been her own since her earliest days, for she was the daughter of George Smith, the publisher and friend of Charlotte Brontë, Thackeray, and other great authors of the nineteenth century. He had also published that vast classic, the Dictionary of National Biography. Her husband, perhaps the greatest collector of illuminated manuscripts in his time, was the proprietor of the Pall Mall Gazette when John Morley was its editor and when Carnegie was the radical owner of a string of Liberal newspapers.

Her personal graces and social charm had made Mrs. Thompson, when Carnegie arrived with his bride in 1887, one of the leading hostesses of London. The two took to each other immediately. They had many things in common: Mrs. Thompson, like Mrs. Carnegie, had married a man very much older than herself, at their first meeting she had recently turned her thirtieth year, and she was tall, handsome, straight and lithe, a real Diana. Like Mrs. Carnegie, she loved horses; indeed, she never gave them up, nor used a motor car. She made her visits, as late as the nineteen-thirties, in a carriage and pair.
Though English to the inmost fibre, she had a particular fondness for Americans.

“I am beginning to feel as if I must be a rather bad Englishwoman,” she wrote Mrs. Carnegie, “for I am more often drawn strongly to your countrywomen than to my own!” She was certainly drawn to Andrew’s competent wife. “I think you know that I am never so happy and contented as when I am with you,” Mrs. Thompson wrote her friend.

Among Mrs. Thompson’s few ornaments was a gold chain composed of little enameled beads; she was childless herself, but on each bead was inscribed the name of some boy or girl to whom she was godmother. The time was to come when the name of Margaret, Mrs. Carnegie’s daughter, would be added to those links.

While on her honeymoon at Kilgraston, the bride of Carnegie had listened eagerly as he proposed to the visiting James G. Blaines that they revive the next year his favorite habit of driving a four-in-hand through Britain. She knew her husband was thinking back to the years of their courtship, when she had wished most earnestly to accept his invitation to a coaching trip. Her mother had thought it improper for a single girl, however carefully chaperoned, to travel thus from inn to inn, but now that Andrew and she were married, she thrilled to think that, after all, she would have the experience and be part of a brilliant, merry company of Carnegie pilgrims.

To travel with the Blaines and their attractive daughters Margaret and Harriet would be dramatic, for Blaine had vexed the British press and people by frequently “twisting the British lion’s tail.”
Carnegie’s promise of a coaching trip was in due time fulfilled. The start was made in London, at the Hotel Metropole. There in the curious crowd were British and American newspaper correspondents, waiting to interview and report. Their tenacity in pursuit of their calling disturbed Mrs. Carnegie, who by feeling and training was all for privacy. And yet there was good reason for reporters to be there. Blaine’s movements were of international interest, and his association with the dynamic Andrew Carnegie caused curiosity too.

The wife had learned from Andrew what the excitement was about. Giving her lessons in inside politics, he told her that 1888 promised to be a particularly tense year in American politics, and that Blaine, dubbed the “Plumed Knight,” wanted to get away from the hurly-burly. In 1884 Cleveland had defeated him for the Presidency, and the world wanted to know whether he would run again in the face of Cleveland’s probable candidacy.

Did he really mean he would not run? One school of journalists, led by Edward L. Godkin, editor of the Evening Post of New York and American correspondent of the London Daily News, insisted that Blaine was secretly scheming for the nomination. It was said that, while coaching with the Carnegies, he would be in constant touch with his managers in the Chicago convention, the latter part of June.

It was believed, in most newspaper offices, that at a critical moment the negative Blaine would change his mind and appear as a candidate and they wished to have their own men on the scene when the great moment came. In this newspaper group were the rising journalists Arthur Brisbane and Stephen Bonsal. “We were annoyed by their constant presence,” one of
the charioteers remarked afterwards, “but, when they left us, felt a little lonesome and neglected.”

All this excitement amused the Carnegies. The wife was getting an insight into the relations of politics to the press.

Well, here was Blaine with his family, and along with them had come Miss Mary A. Dodge, the talented woman whose pen-name was Gail Hamilton. And there was Henry Phipps, with his lady. Phipps was Andrew’s lifelong friend and partner. Walter Damrosch, now an established friend of the Carnegie couple, had a place on the coach; he was only twenty-six, but had already taken his father’s place as a conductor of Wagnerian opera at the Metropolitan. There was also Dr. Charles H. Eaton, the minister who had joined the Carnegies in marriage. Lord Rosebery accompanied the party.

The coach in itself was a brilliant affair. It was a wedding present from Mrs. Thomas Carnegie, who had instructed the English coachmakers to spare no expense in details. On the doors were painted the entwined American and British flags, and the Carnegie tartan was spread over the seats. All in the party were attired in approved coaching costume, none of them forgetting the high white hat—though, judging from photographs taken on the way, they discarded these after leaving London. One British reporter wrote:

Mr. Blaine, a gentleman of some sixty years, with whitey grey hair and sallow face, wearing a white hat and blue coat, jumped up to his seat by the whip with the alertness of youth.

“The Iron Queen” [in such words did this scribe refer to Mrs. Carnegie] in a blue serge travelling costume, carrying a detective camera and a lovely bouquet of Marechal Neils, was assisted to her place at the back by Lord Rosebery, who, with his close shaven
face and spruce attire, his bell shaped hat and the humorous smile which plays about his mouth, is the very ideal of a prosperous comedian.

Carnegie looked the picture of health and happiness, and as chirpy as a cricket, with a little serge suit, a white hat fixed well on his head, a red rose in his buttonhole. Up he climbed to his seat by the side of his charmingly pretty wife, who, like all American ladies, was not in the least ashamed of showing her keen enjoyment of the lively scene.

"Ready?" shouted Carnegie.

"Aye, ready, sir," replied the coachman.

"Then off you go!" responded the host. There was a blast on the horn, the four fine-looking horses sprang forward, there was a cheer from the large crowd, and the party was off on its seven hundred mile drive.

They "coached for June weeks through the Cathedral towns of eastern England," Gail Hamilton wrote afterward in her biography of Blaine, "and Scotland to Cluny, tracking the Roman roads, sleeping in the rooms of Tudor kings, lunching under yew trees that might have been the ones that bothered Caesar, under the oaks of Burleigh House by Stamford town, on the hills of the Great White Horse or of the Lammermoors, in battlefields of York and Lancaster, on the banks of the Tweed or a little coldly in the damp of Dalnaspidal."

Though outwardly the atmosphere was one of gaiety and abandon, everything had been carefully arranged. The host had engaged rooms in selected inns and hotels all along the route. At these places lunch hampers, containing all the delicacies of the season, were prepared; as the noon hour approached,
the travelers had a picnic lunch beside a running brook or in some "bosky dell." The outdoor meal was sometimes enlivened with a sing, always with lively conversation, occasionally with high jinks. In Mrs. Carnegie's letters, written during this coaching trip, we find now and then little vignettes of the English and Scottish country side; as usual, she was attracted by its beauty, its rose hedges, its churches, its quiet.

Meanwhile, the coaching party's interest in the Chicago convention grew more intense. Blaine's adherents, especially those from the West, were noisily demanding his nomination, despite his flat refusal.

Blaine! Blaine! James G. Blaine!
We've had him once. We want him again!

This familiar cry filled the convention hall; and pictures of "Blaine of Maine" were everywhere. But "the Convention was assembling," Gail Hamilton wrote afterward, "while Mr. Blaine was examining the gold chair of St. Cuthbert in Durham."

In the early balloting well down on the list appeared the rather inconspicuous name of Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana.

One morning Mrs. Carnegie saw Blaine show her husband a message just received from his representative on the convention floor, Senator Elkins, containing only two words: "Use cipher."

At Blaine's request Carnegie sent a reply in cipher, which, being translated, said, "Blaine immovable. Take Harrison and Phelps."

Next day the coaching party reached Linlithgow Castle, birthplace of Mary Queen of Scots and scene of many of her
misfortunes. The whole town turned out in honor of the visitors; the castle was decorated with American flags. After the ceremonies were finished, one of the American reporters handed Blaine a cablegram. It read simply: "Harrison and Morton nominated."

But Cluny Castle was waiting ahead, and soon the composed Blaine was on top of the coach, pointing in its direction. He had not gained the nomination himself, but he had named the candidate, the winning one, and now, from political turmoil, he was headed toward serenity.

Cluny Castle was indeed a place to thrill new possessors or to solace a statesman. The home of the Macphersons, it was one of the most celebrated houses of Scotland. Situated on a hill overlooking the Valley of the Spey, with snowcapped or heather-covered mountains in the rear, Cluny was at the seat of Scottish history. The coaching party, wrapped in furs and rugs up to their ears, drove over the hills—at one place 1,500 feet above the sea, and presently through a gorge caught sight of a fertile spot many miles away. After they had crossed the river and begun the approach they blew the horn to announce their arrival, and were answered by a salute of guns. From the chimney of the castle, the blue smoke of the peat was curling. The cottagers they passed waved a welcome to them, and when they had passed through the lodge gates, the servants assembled in the front, waving handkerchiefs, and Macpherson with his pipes played them a greeting.

Ben Alder and Benvoirlich dominated the view to the southwest, and the adjacent country was a glistening expanse of lochs, waterfalls and burns, most of them full of mountain trout and a constant temptation to Carnegie’s guests with a
LOUISE WHITFIELD CARNEGIE

hankering for rod and reel. The castle itself was of turreted white granite, surrounded by larches, fir, and birch. The focal point of eleven thousand acres, it stood silent, mildly defiant, blended in a general atmosphere of seclusion and quiet.

The estate was all valley, mountain and moorland, with water courses everywhere—little burns that came dashing down from adjacent mountains, and encircled the house in friendly fashion, and, a larger prospect, the River Spey winding in and out of the hills. The foliage was so darkling that at times the castle, approached through deeply shadowing trees, was almost invisible.

For walking in the woods, for little tea parties in the summer house, for trout fishing in the lochs and brooks—Cluny was ideal.

Interior decorations, however, suggested the aggressive past. On the wall by the stairway could be seen the targe carried by Prince Charles Edward at the Battle of Culloden, and claymores, guns, dirks, and other formidable weapons constantly recalled the gallant role of Macpherson in that contest. It was this Ewen Macpherson of Cluny who secreted the Pretender in a cave protected by a thicket on the side of Ben Alder until arrangements could be made for his escape to France. Cluny himself for nine years succeeded in hiding in the same section, despite a thousand-pound reward for his capture and a large body of searching troops. Clansman James Macpherson, the translator—more probably the author—of the poems of Ossian, succeeded in having the Cluny estate restored to Duncan, son of Ewen Macpherson, on the ground of good and loyal behavior; and it was Duncan’s grandson who had leased it to the Carnegies.
SUMMERS AT CLUNY CASTLE

Perhaps it was Louise's deep and abiding love for her mother and her relatives that made her letters home so vibrant and colorful. If her folks could not be with her to enjoy this Cluny scene, stroll, drive or picnic, her pen must make them see it and feel it.

My own dear Mother:

A whole week has passed in this delightful place and I never passed a happier one. We are all in love with Cluny already. Such walks, such drives, such romantic little nooks! Imagine the most beautiful mountain brooks, one each side of the Park, with rustic bridges, beautiful waterfalls, plenty of shade trees and shrubs and all surrounded by high rocky mountains with not a tree on them—nothing but rocks and heather—and you have some idea of it all. It looks in places just like the scenery in Die Walküre and we are constantly pointing out where Brunhild is lying on the rocky summit surrounded by fire, or by the side of some beautiful brook the place where Siegfried comes upon the Rhine maidens, and then Walter Damrosch bursts out into song and sings passage after passage of the operas.

In a gay letter to her mother, Andrew's wife told how the great American day, the Fourth of July, came to the Highlands. She refers to the Stars and Stripes sent to her by her mother, who may herself have needlessly feared that love of Scotland would lessen her daughter's fondness for the United States.

At eight o'clock A.M. the flag you sent was raised and ten guns fired while Macpherson played the bagpipe. . . . At seven o'clock we had full dress dinner, Alex and Aggie King of course being here, and we walked in to dinner with Macpherson playing Yankee Doodle on the bagpipe—Damrosch had taught him to play it dur-
ing the day! The table was decorated with British and American flags and appropriate toasts were drunk.

In the eve we received a present from Capt. Fitzroy, Cluny Macpherson’s son-in-law, in the shape of an American flag which he had sent from London for the occasion. We were all very much touched by the graceful courtesy and of course it was immediately hoisted in position; but Aggie King whispered to me (she is ever sweet and thoughtful), “Aren’t you glad it didn’t come until evening so that your Mother’s could be the first hoisted?” Andrew says he felt just that way too.

As soon as it was dark enough (which it never is in this country) we had fireworks set off. We sent to Perth for them and they arrived in time. All went well until a chance spark fell into the box and set them all off at once, but it was just as much fun and no harm was done. Macpherson danced the Sword Dance for us; ice cream was passed around and thus ended our Scots-American Fourth . . .

The family loved the unique flag always flying over the castle, symbolic, they believed, of a great historic fact. The Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, sewed back to back, proclaiming the mutual interests of the two nations, have acquired a confirmation in modern times they had not completely won in Carnegie’s day, but in this, as in most other things, he was merely a far-seeing prophet. The friendly feeling between the tenants and the Carnegies was especially manifest each Fourth of July, when all gathered at the castle to commemorate, with music, song, and fireworks, Highland sports and good food, the anniversary of American Independence.

There were always enough visitors from the United States
to keep that country and its traditions vigorously alive at Cluny, and every other Scottish abode of the Andrew Carnegies': the Alexander Kings, for instance. These old friends had brought their children for a summer in Scotland, and were finding that their offspring liked their home town of East Orange more than acclaimed towns of the old country. Mrs. Carnegie wrote to her mother:

Aggie's children seem happy; they say they like it better than Paisley, but not so well as East Orange! They were all down to the river the other day, when the sun was shining brightly and it was rather warm. "Well," said Jessie, "if you don't like this place, you will just have to go to heaven."

As for herself, while it was splendid to have the Sword Dance and the Highland Fling on the lawn, she felt it just as well to balance them with the Virginia reel. Also, having at the same time as Walter Damrosch discovered the charm of Scottish ballads, she was taking singing lessons from him, to please Andrew and support group singing.

Walter Damrosch discoursed on Wagner at the piano in the evening. John Morley proved one of the most interested attendants at these recitals; he had never heard the Nibelungen Trilogy until Damrosch played and explained the text on these occasions. Incidentally, these evening talks about Siegfried or Die Walküre were the first of the Damrosch lecture-recitals that became famous all over the United States.

Damrosch himself rounded out his musical education at Cluny, for it was from the Carnegies' singing of the ballads of Scotland that he was introduced to this field: "To me these
folk songs were a revelation, and I still think they have a variety and charm beyond those of any other race," he remarks in his autobiography, *My Musical Life.*

All unknown to the guests, a heart affair was developing among them. For Walter Damrosch, its hero, there had been more than Wagner and Scottish songs of interest in Cluny that summer. He was much impressed by the liveliness of Miss Margaret Blaine. The fondness in time revealed itself—the two became engaged, and, in 1890, were married. Damrosch said:

Mr. Carnegie was absolutely unconscious of my aspirations regarding Margaret Blaine, and the following summer he suggested a visit to Bar Harbor, where Mr. Blaine had built a summer home. I accepted with an alacrity which he mistook as springing only from the same source as his desire to see again the friends who had contributed so much to the delights of the coaching trip and Cluny Castle. When I afterward told him of my hopes and that they had received some encouragement during our Bar Harbor visit, he was very much put out and vowed that if he had ever suspected anything of the kind he would never have taken me with him.

This feeling was only temporary, for the Carnegies and the Damrosches were intimate friends ever after.

The main attraction of Cluny was the surrounding people. At the future Skibo, sometimes fifteen hundred guests would assemble for the children's fêtes that were given every year, but at Cluny not more than forty or fifty were commonly entertained. Mrs. Carnegie, in her constant walks, liked to drop in on her neighbors, to talk local gossip and discuss local matters, not so much as Cluny's lady but as an intimate friend.

A man so vital as Carnegie necessarily had his rough edges, which his wife sought to smooth. The Laird of Cluny was
earnest and emphatic in conversation, and not always too respectful of the opinions of his guests. Mrs. Carnegie was vigilant and tactful in averting or softening little social crises. The old monkey and parrot story was popular at Cluny. The much suffering monkey, after patiently enduring the insults of Polly, finally turns on the bird and gives it a devastating drubbing. The disconsolate parrot, crawling back to her perch, and attempting to rearrange her feathers, remarks: "The trouble with me is, I talk too damned much!"

Occasionally Carnegie, at the height of one of his most enthusiastic outbursts, would catch a glimpse of his wife, preening the front of her dress. "Oh!" he would exclaim, "Lou thinks I'm talking too much," and quiet down. Another signal was the scarcely perceptible switch of her skirt—which Carnegie, however, would see and understand.

Just how Mrs. Carnegie managed to squeeze in the many guests was a marvel. Occasionally she would protest to her husband over his invitations. "We haven't the slightest room for them," she would say. "Oh, you can put them in my dressing-room," was his invariable reply, until the capacities of his dressing room became a family joke.

A watchful old man was Uncle Lauder; one thing at Cluny disturbed him and that was the apparently endless stream of visitors. He wrote in protest to Mrs. Carnegie on this subject August 18, 1895:

Now pay great attention to what I am going to say. Your dear husband Naig is drawing a large bill on futurity and I think you are a partner in that Bill, which no one will be able to pay but yourselves. So stop in time, you are both making work that would be sufficient for another strong couple, entertaining a relay of visi-
tors the year through. And not ordinary men but all men of talent and ladies of accomplishment is no ordinary work. You cannot stand it, no man or woman can stand it. Excuse me for intruding my opinion in your domestic affairs and believe me it is because I wish you a long life of happiness in this world and a happy meeting in the next.

This protest produced little change in the Cluny routine, but on one point Uncle Lauder was right: the character of the Cluny guests. They represented the highest levels in British and American life. Carnegie had early announced his desire "to make the acquaintance of literary men," and Mrs. Carnegie, while still Miss Whitfield, had written her future husband: "Earnest people, those who are bending their energies to some great and good work—those are the people to be with, is it not so? Thank God you are such an earnest soul."

The horseback riding that had led to the Andrew Carnegie-Louise Whitfield romance in Central Park bridle paths had been resumed:

We have had our first horseback ride this last week. Andrew and I have both had new saddles made for us in Edinburgh, which are very comfortable and fine and I wore my new habit for the first time. We rode twelve miles and greatly enjoyed it; we both find the old love for it coming back. We took a groom with us to attend to us if we want stirrups altered, etc., which is a great comfort.

In the same month she sent a letter home that, while it was too early in her married life to be an actual plan, was yet a strong indication that someday in New York City, for the mother and for other people to enjoy, there would be a Carnegie garden as beautiful as horticultural art could make it.
My own dear Mother—

... While this is a much finer place than Kilgraston, it is much more homelike and I just revel in it. From my little sitting room, steps lead right to the lawn, and Andrew’s business room opens from my sitting room; so we slip from each other’s rooms and out to the lawn with the greatest ease. Just now as I sit by the window writing, I saw a rabbit peep from under a clump of rhododendrons, jump around a little and run back. The lawn is like velvet and the flowers bloom continually. They have no end of gardeners about the place, and they keep it in beautiful order.

The garden is a gem, filled with old-fashioned flowers. I told Andrew yesterday when we were walking there that there would be tears of delight in your eyes all the time if you could only be here. We mean to have a garden just like this when we get our place near N. Y. We shall have a Scotch gardener and have it as much like this as possible and then won’t you be happy? You can invite friends to visit you and the more you have and get used to, the more you will like to have them ... .

The family at home could almost breathe the air of the hills Louise was climbing when they read such bits as this:

We learned there was a very fine view to be obtained by ascending a glen, so off we started. We drove fourteen miles to Loch Laggan and then started on foot to follow the burn to its source—a lonely lake twelve hundred feet above the sea. The distance was about three and a half miles. We all started, but gradually one by one dropped out until Dr. Dennis, Mr. Jenkins, Aggie, Andrew and I were all that was left, with Macpherson’s father carrying luncheon, waterproofs, etc. It was a very rough walk, over peat bogs and crossing innumerable streams of water. I put on my light sateen dress, and left off my flannels for the first time, so I was thoroughly prepared for the walk and greatly enjoyed it. On, on.

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we went until the clouds began to gather, and just as we reached the lake the thunder shower broke in all its fury. The lake is surrounded by cliffs of rock running up eight hundred feet high, with snow in the crevices of the rock. Had it not rained, we could have reached the snow with but little difficulty, but as it was we had to turn back. The rain had swollen all the streams, so it was impossible to pick our steps, we just had to wade through them.

Aggie and I turned up our dresses but our skirts were wet to above our knees, and in this condition we made our way along the three and a half miles back to the farm house where we started. There we bought knitted stockings of the farmer’s wife. I took off my wet skirt and drove home the fourteen miles with my shoes and feet rolled up in rugs. Strange to say, not one of us took cold, and I never took a walk with less fatigue. . . .

The Loch Laggan that has been mentioned belonged to Mr. Armitstead, Member of Parliament, “a nice old gentleman.” Mrs. Carnegie tells of an interesting excursion with him:

He invited all our party to a picnic, and on the way wanted us to see a waterfall. It is one of the most picturesque we have seen and the walk to it was beautiful beyond description—all among the heather. Walking along, laughing and chatting, we suddenly looked up and there before us was a herd of wild deer, fully fifty in number with their immense antlers; it was a very unusual sight. They soon sniffed us and were off like the wind. We saw another herd later standing on the very top of the mountain—through the glass we could see them distinctly outlined against the sky.

Returning from our walk we picked up Mr. Armitstead and the rest of the party and drove about four miles to our camping ground. There we found Mr. A’s cook and butler, fire made and potatoes boiling and Mr. Armitstead proceeded to broil the beefsteaks over
the wood embers. Our walk had given us an appetite and such a luncheon as we ate! I never tasted such delicious steak . . .

Besides picturing the scenery in her letters, Mrs. Carnegie wished to capture it by the camera. She was taking a great interest in her photography:

One of the gentlemen who left this morning, Mr. Salt, is an accomplished photographer and he has given me a great many useful hints in regard to my photos. We have had two most delightful excursions this past week and many nice photos. We go out in the coach very often now with six horses and postillion. It is really necessary for the hills are so heavy; but we have great fun over it as only royalty is allowed six horses, except in cases of necessity. Wouldn't the papers poke fun at Andrew's book *Triumphant Democracy* if they should get hold of that!

The Alexander Kings sailed for home, knowing that the Carnegies would soon be in the same land, and would come to them in East Orange. The Blaines closed their visit, but a new and firm friendship had been made. Mrs. Carnegie and Mrs. Blaine and her daughters would keep it pleasantly alive by exchanges of letters and visits. It was naturally pleasing to the hostess at Cluny that the Blaines were delighted with the castle and its attractions. In a letter to her son, Mrs. Blaine said:

The walks about the castle are fascinating, wild, running by the mountain torrents up hill and down, and a loneliness that may be felt. They remind me of Christopher North's Scottish tales and of Mrs. Carlyle's *Craigenputtock*. Then the hospitality is immense, and I must not forget the long days which reduce candlelight to the minimum, for we leave the dinner table at nine and lights at ten.
LOUISE WHITFIELD CARNEGIE

seem an impertinence—only Damrosch, who plays Wagner every
evening, needs candles to make out his operas. So time goes ir-
responsibly . . .

Mrs. Blaine wrote Mrs. Carnegie:

. . . go now wherever I will, the spirit of Cluny is with me. I
am haunted on the streets of London by the ghost of its wonderful
water and drives, and the sound of those waterfalls is forever in my
ears, and oh! how we miss the air! We cannot feel buoyant in Lon-
don after the Highlands.

Both the Blaine girls wrote in similar strain. Margaret Blaine
said:

We lead double lives here and are at Cluny, in spirit, from Mac-
pherson’s first pipe in the morning to Mr. Damrosch’s opening of the
last soda-water bottle at night. . . . Much as we loved the coaching
trip up I think the Cluny part was still lovelier! The very gravel
that I shake out of my shoes before putting them on is a deeply
touching souvenir, because it is Cluny gravel.

Miss Harriet Blaine remarked in her turn:

Knowing that Margaret and Miss Dodge have both written you,
it seems rather selfish in me to overburden the Kingussie post, but
when the latter lady says to me blandly, “I have written Mrs. Car-
egnie that you are as gay as a lark,” I have to interfere in the in-
terest of truth. Does the lark go about with a dreary, homesick
feeling in his heart, is he very cross to his immediate family, and
does he look at the clock twenty times a day and think what he
would do at Cluny castle at that moment?

Age-long custom in the Highlands required that the Laird
present himself at the village church the first Sunday after his
arrival for summer residence and also on the Sunday in the
SUMMERS AT CLUNY CASTLE

fall that preceded his departure. Carnegie was conscientious in observing this custom. Every Sunday evening Mrs. Carnegie gathered the entire household and guests in the main room for the singing of hymns. Carnegie always presided over these ceremonies, himself giving out the hymns and joining in the song. Many of the old hymns were beautiful, and he always regarded music as a particularly satisfactory form of ritual. “Music, sacred tongue of God, I hear thee calling and I come,” was a saying he loved to quote.

Cluny season closed when the social and business demands from the United States became insistent. The wife, announcing the return to New York, wrote to her mother: “It is such a comfort that notwithstanding his love for Scotland and his enjoyment of the summer here, Andrew looks forward with pleasure to our winter in New York.” They belonged, true enough, to both countries, loving each for its differing yet related traditions and values; they might cherish and praise Scotland, but not at the expense of the United States. The flags of the United States and Great Britain, sewed together over the castle, were a symbol of their feelings. Carnegie said:

I should not be true to the Celtic blood that flows through my veins if I were capable of receiving the benefits which the American Republic has conferred upon me without admiring it and standing ready to defend it. But this affection for the United States is no more inconsistent with love of my native land than is the love of my wife inconsistent with that of love for my mother.

For ten years—1888 to 1898—the Carnegies spent the summer at Cluny Castle. Mrs. Carnegie said that this decade represented the golden period of her married life.
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Motherhood

To refer to any human relationship as “perfect” brings a smile to a generation more sophisticated than that of sixty years ago, yet this was the word Carnegie invariably used to describe his marriage with Louise Whitfield. He had the delightful habit of adding, in lead pencil, little postscripts to his wife’s letters to her mother—whom, by the way, he addressed as “Mama” though there was not much difference in their age. “Lou captivates all hearts; just perfection” reads one of these notes in 1889.

How his wife felt is attested by the fact that every scrap of paper containing her husband’s writing is today carefully preserved among her papers. Even the cards that accompanied flowers and other gifts are still intact. Sometimes these latter are Shakespearean quotations—for Carnegie found much in his favorite author that seemed to apply to his wife. “‘Tis meet Carnegie live an upright life,” he writes on one occasion, slightly altering the Bard to suit his purpose, “for he hath such blessings in his lady. He tastes the joys of heaven here on earth.”

“‘Every man of them,’ he quotes from Julius Caesar, ‘and no man but favors you.’” He likened her to Miranda, of The Tempest:
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... But you,
So perfect and so peerless are created,
Of every creature’s best.

Many old envelopes treasured by Mrs. Carnegie contained flowers—still preserved, sadly faded after sixty years—which Carnegie had gathered with his own hands at Cresson, Pennsylvania, or on the Scottish hills.

The wife, in turn, was as affectionate in her letters after marriage as before, and more and more devoted. She wrote him in 1889, in one of his enforced absences:

Good night, dear. I shall retire early and shut my eyes to this cheerless desolate house. The sunlight has gone entirely. We are under an eclipse when you are away, but the sun, my sun, is the thought on which I live.

Life is nothing but a dreary grind, even if one does live in a palace, with every luxury, if the supreme center is away. Gratitude for blessings there may be, but love is the one thing needful. I sometimes feel it is the only thing in all the world, and how husbands and wives can live away from each other for months at a time surpasses my comprehension.

Perhaps one reason for this fine companionship was that Carnegie and his wife were unlike in many things; no more eloquent illustration of the law of compensation could be asked for. Carnegie’s notes and letters are jumpy in style—short, sharp sentences, frequently with connecting words omitted, yet fairly electric with personality. Sometimes they read like telegrams—he used to say that his early years, spent at the telegraph key, had implanted this style, but in this case style was certainly the man. From his writing one gets the impression of a nervous, extremely active person, always eager to
translate thoughts into action. Busy man of tremendous affairs, he would write on the first piece of paper that came to hand. An undated penciled note of this kind, written on a scratch-pad, is in Mrs. Carnegie's papers. It belongs to the period of courtship:

3 45 PM

My dear L. W.

It is too bad but at the last I find so much to do & two men here of whom I cant get rid—They ought to have come earlier as I directed but they didnt—

I must say good bye its not pleasant to take leave any way—better said—

I'll be down Friday night I think—possibly not till Saturday if I visit the Shakers where my Aunts Brother in law is—He left Scotland forty years & more ago & has just turned up—

Wrote me as he had seen my name in papers & wants so much to have me visit the "Community" I may do so if weather fine

Goodbye

Yours

A C

Comparing the letters, and interpreting character therefrom to some extent, the wife appeared very different from the quick impulsive Andrew. In correspondence and in her acts, she was deliberate and careful; her writing is well formed, and her thoughts never deal in exaggeration, but flow smoothly and coherently, giving precise meaning in presenting carefully thought-out ideas.

Amidst their daily rounds of engagements, the pair found time to confer often on the philanthropies the husband had in mind; these first years of marriage were marked by talks with
his approving wife concerning the benefactions he would like to make when his career of earning money ended, and the spending of his fortune began. Out of these conversations were to flow, ultimately, public gifts to a total of more than three hundred and eleven million dollars. Uppermost then was his library program, to make good reading available to the multitudes. The wife entered into it enthusiastically. Much of her time was spent in going over architects’ plans for library buildings, and she rejoiced with him in their completion. Carnegie wrote Louise on September 26, 1889:

Yesterday I strolled out with Henry Phipps and walked over to see the Library in Allegheny. If ever there was a sight that makes my eyes glisten it was this gem. A kind of domestic Taj. Its tower a pretty clock, so musical in tone too, for it kindly welcomed me as I stood feeling—"Yes, life is worth living when we can call forth such works as this!" I saw many people standing gazing and praising and the big words Carnegie Free Library just took me into the sweetest reverie and I found myself wishing you were at my side to reap with me the highest reward we can ever receive on earth, the voice of one’s inner self, saying secretly, well done!

The Allegheny Library greatly interested both. This building, placed in the town where Carnegie had begun his American career, had a peculiarly sentimental appeal. Carnegie had one lofty ambition for this library: that it should be opened by the President of the United States, and, in January of 1890, he writes that this ambition is to be gratified. President Benjamin Harrison had agreed to come to Allegheny for the ceremony. "I am greatly pleased," he writes his wife. "You know what ‘the President of the United States’ means to me. No official in the world compares with him. You will share my feelings,
I know.” One other thing would be necessary to complete his happiness. His wife must also be present. “Somehow I begin to picture helpmeet, partner, wife, love, at my side upon the occasion. If you stood on the platform in Allegheny, I should feel the ceremony to be complete—otherwise not.”

Carnegie writes in this doubtful vein because he himself feels that this cannot be. At the time Mrs. Carnegie’s mother, Mrs. Whitfield, was on her deathbed.

“I have very little news to send,” his wife answered, “only a heart full of love and a mind full of pleasant thoughts of you and the act in which you will engage tomorrow. I shall be on the platform in spirit and you will feel that my whole heart and soul are with you on this birthday of a noble enterprise.”

In 1900, Mrs. Carnegie, as a resident of New York, was proud when her husband gave five million dollars to New York City for the building of library structures—which led to expanding the Astor-Lenox-Tilden system into the New York Free Circulating Library. Her grandchildren, a half-century later, were to find in the public press acknowledgments of this gift by library officials and journalists showing that their generation gratefully remembered the giver and gift.

This public library movement, in which Andrew Carnegie was so generously enterprising would give enduring satisfaction to Mrs. Carnegie in later life, and to the Carnegie descendants. It was something, for instance, to read in Morison and Commager’s *The Growth of the American Republic* these words:

Inspired by a genuine passion for education, persuaded that the public library was the most democratic of all highways to learning, and mindful of his own debt to books and his love of them, the
Pittsburgh iron master devoted some forty-five million dollars of his vast fortune to the construction of library buildings throughout the country . . .

Her husband's plans to promote international concord also had Mrs. Carnegie's warmest support. As a bride, she had heard Andrew and his friend Blaine discuss the world peace movement. When Cleveland, who could disturb the international situation, began negotiating treaties for permanent arbitration of disputes between powers, Carnegie zealously supported him.

The wife lost no chance to encourage Andrew's work for arbitration and conciliation, for a permanent tribunal to settle international disputes. Keeping up with current affairs, she searched the newspapers for items helpful to the cause: "I cut this from the paper the other evening," she wrote him, inclosing a clipping: "Isn't it marvelous how this idea which originated with you is gaining adherents? Your fame some day may rest on this alone. All the other grand things you are identified with, it seems to me, lose importance by the side of this international idea."

June, 1889, saw the publication, in the *North American Review*, of Andrew's article entitled *Wealth*, which set forth his convictions as to the responsibilities of rich men. He said that the rich man's surplus wealth—and by "surplus" was meant wealth beyond adequate personal needs—did not, of right, belong to the successful millionaire, but to human society. The existing possessor was not so much the owner as the trustee; it was his business to distribute much of his fortune for the public good. Such a revolutionary doctrine naturally produced a great sensation on two continents.

The result of the publication was one of the most famous
magazine debates in history. Gladstone at once cabled the editor of the *North American Review*, asking permission to publish the article in England. It appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, edited by William T. Stead, who changed the title to *The Gospel of Wealth*, by which it will always be known. It was printed as a pamphlet and was widely circulated. In the United States, Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Gibbons, Chief Rabbi Adler, Bishop Potter and other influential men discussed it.

In 1890 came a long-dreaded sorrow—Mrs. Whitfield died. The invalid had been spending the summer in East Orange, and her daughter moved her back to the Whitfield home in West Forty-eighth Street and for the time made it her own abode. For four months, until the end, she stayed near her mother’s bedside, while her husband visited the Blaines at Bar Harbor and went to Pittsburgh and Washington. In January, 1890, he received this simple note: “Darling, Mama left us ten minutes to eight this morning. Lou.” Mrs. Whitfield had been a sufferer for many years. The mother was only fifty-four when she died. Her going closed an era in the daughter’s life. Stella and Harry Whitfield, the latter a student at Andover, came to live with the Carnegies.

In March, 1891, the Carnegies enjoyed together the dedication of Carnegie Hall in New York. It was an anomaly that America’s largest city, until this hall was opened, had no place really suitable for concert music. Carnegie came forward in late 1889 with an offer to meet the cost of the enterprise. Mr. Robert M. Lester, Secretary of Carnegie Corporation of New York, states in his book *Forty Years of Carnegie Giving*, that Mr. Carnegie considered this as an investment, rather than a benefac-
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tion. He was the principal backer of the company that erected the building at first named “Music Hall, Founded by Andrew Carnegie,” later known as Carnegie Hall. Finally, his total investment in the land, building and improvements amounted to almost two million dollars. On his death, the building became part of his residuary estate, and was sold by the Carnegie Corporation to a private business enterprise.

As always, Carnegie liked to associate his wife in his public works. She it was who laid the cornerstone of the Music Hall; for the ceremony she used a beautiful little silver trowel which for the rest of her life remained a prized possession.

In early May, 1891, the building was dedicated by a week of the finest music two continents could provide. Leading European singers—Andreas Dippel, Italo Companini, Antonia Mielke, Emil Fischer, Adele aus der Ohe—vied with talented Americans such as Mrs. Gerrett Smith and Mr. Ericsson Bushnell, in compositions by Wagner, Beethoven, Tschaikowsky and other masters. James G. Blaine came from Washington to watch his son-in-law, Walter Damrosch, conduct the symphony; boxes were filled by such noted public figures as William C. Whitney, John D. Rockefeller, William J. Sloane, J. J. McCook, William Steinway, and Thomas Hitchcock.

When Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie entered their box, the audience stood and gave them an appreciative ovation. But perhaps the most famous figure of all was Tschaikowsky himself, who had come to New York as the guest of Carnegie to conduct several of his compositions—one for the first time.

Tschaikowsky, in his memoirs, described an evening in the Carnegie home:
This millionaire really does not live so luxuriously as many other people do . . . This singular man, Carnegie, who rapidly rose from a telegraph apprentice to be one of the richest men in America, while still remaining quite simple, inspires me with unusual confidence, perhaps because he shows me so much sympathy. During the evening he expressed his liking for me in a very marked manner. He took both my hands in his and declared that, although uncrowned, I was a genuine king of music. He embraced me (without kissing. Men do not kiss over here), got on tiptoe and stretched his hands up to indicate my greatness and finally made the whole company laugh by imitating my conducting. This he did so solemnly, so well, and so like me, that I myself was quite delighted. His wife is also an extremely simple and charming young lady and showed her interest in me in every possible way.

To the public, the opening of the 57th Street Music Hall, with its opportunities for musical enjoyment and education, created a new wave of popular gratitude for the name Carnegie; on the literary side, his beloved club, The Authors, could be lodged there. As for the quiet woman in the background, the dedication identified her as a friend of music.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie had longed for a child. She, with her maternal spirit and her fine gifts for motherhood, was starved for one, but it was not until they had been married ten years and she was forty that the wish was fulfilled. The girl baby was born in the New York home on March 30, 1897, and was christened Margaret, after Carnegie’s mother.

Andrew Carnegie tells in his Autobiography how the birth of little Margaret brought a change in their mode of summer living:
On March 30, 1897, there came to us our daughter. As I first gazed upon her Mrs. Carnegie said, "Her name is Margaret after your mother. Now one request I have to make."

"What is it, Lou?"

"We must get a summer home since this little one has been given us. We cannot rent one and be obliged to go in and go out at a certain date. It should be our home."

"Yes," I agreed.

"I make only one condition."

"What is that?" I asked.

"It must be in the Highlands of Scotland."

"Bless you," was my reply. "That suits me. You know I have to keep out of the sun's rays, and where can we do that so surely as among the heather? I'll be a committee of one to inquire and report."

Skibo Castle was the result.

The tenants of Cluny had celebrated the birth of baby Margaret Carnegie in real Gaelic fashion. Nine large bonfires were lighted on as many mountain peaks surrounding the Castle. But the family's expectancy of spending more summers at Cluny was suddenly disturbed. The Carnegies learned that the summer of 1897 was likely to be the last to be spent in their beautiful home. Cluny Macpherson was contemplating marriage and in future would require his ancestral estate for himself and his bride.

Carnegie wrote from his own sick bed in Greenwich, Connecticut, to his wife, then in the New York house:

Every day I find myself better. The trip to New York and excitement of meeting rather upset me and I appeared worse than the normal condition. Wait till you see me here and you will be happy.
MOTHERHOOD

Now since I have seen you and the Little Saint I seem always with you. Before this all was glamour—like a dream. Now as real as ever. Margaret a little “uncanny” yet—fresh from heaven and not yet just earthly like ourselves.

Here is great news, a note from Mr. Macpherson of Cluny engaged to a Miss Hacey; funny name! Marriage not yet fixed. I think we were not far ahead in deciding to have a Highland castle of our ain, were we?

Mr. Macpherson says nothing about future plans. Nine bonfires around Laggan in honor of Margaret; aren’t they devoted? We must remain in that district, but hopes of our getting Cluny seem faint now, although there’s many a slip, etc. Guess I’ll not risk another visit. I do so much wish to be well to welcome you. Only six days more after this. Hurrah! A kiss for Margaret and twenty for her mother. Ever, darling, your own Andrew.

Soon after he was writing to his wife:

Oh Lou, may this be our last separation. I hope many, many long years together are to be ours with the little Darling closer and closer to us. Ever your own,

A. C.

For Mrs. Carnegie the birth of her child had given life a new meaning and had stirred to its depths an always active sense of responsibility. At this time she wrote to her sister Stella, who was watching over Mr. Carnegie:

Please tell Andrew the most patriotic duty we can perform to our country—better than the making of armor plate—is the taking care of our wee Margaret so that she in turn may grow up a strong healthy woman and become the mother of men. This duty I cannot perform by myself, nor can he do it alone. We must do it together; therefore please urge him to take good care of his health, not only for our sakes, but for our country.
To Mrs. Carnegie, the arrival of a child was indeed an important family event, to be observed with all due ceremony. In Oyster Bay, Long Island, for example, lived her grandmother Davis, a venerable woman now ninety-four years old, with whom, all her life, she had been on the most affectionate terms. Grandmother Davis, who had at times formed part of the Whitfield household, was spending her final years at the home of another daughter, Mrs. Gilson Landon.

By the birth of baby Margaret, the old lady had become a great-grandmother and this new relationship, Mrs. Carnegie thought, was entitled to its own celebration. Andrew and she, and Stella and the baby therefore drove in a buckboard trap to Greenwich, took the Maid of Kent, a steamboat chartered for the occasion, and crossed to Oyster Bay. Here the baby, only a few weeks old, was placed in the arms of her great-grandmother Davis, who held and played with her for a time, delighted with her new dignity. Her death in a few months made the meeting of the generations an occasion Mrs. Carnegie long afterward loved to recall.

Two months later the family was again settled for the last summer at Cluny. Carnegie had started on another of his coaching parties. His wife remained at Cluny, not wishing to leave the baby, then not quite three months old. This trip gave the husband an opportunity to inspect possible places for his new home.

Her own last-minute negotiation for the purchase of Cluny made no progress. A day or two afterward she wrote concerning her husband’s search for a new residence:
Skibo Castle, 1901, showing the new wing built by the Carnegies
Mrs. Carnegie with her daughter Margaret, 1904
MOTHERHOOD

Am very anxious too for your report by word of mouth . . . We now want to take root. We haven't time to make mistakes; as many playthings and play places as you like and yachts galore, but a home first please, where we can have the greatest measure of health . . . But enough—we can talk this over better when we get together, and understand, darling, I want your good first and I'll try to be happy wherever you settle. We shall gang far ere we find anything muckle better than Cluny for baby. Her cheeks are as brown and as fat as possible. She almost talked to me as I was undressing her this evening.

The next winter, the warm climate of the Riviera being advised for Carnegie after his illness, the three spent at the Villa Allerton, in Cannes. Their stay was disturbed because of the disappointment about Cluny, the uncertainty as to whether Andrew's discovery, Skibo Castle, would be all that the husband predicted it would be.

Mrs. Carnegie wrote to her pastor, the Reverend Charles H. Eaton:

The giving up of Cluny, with all its tender associations, has affected my sister and me deeply, and we cannot look forward to Skibo with the delight that Mr. Carnegie does, but when we have seen it and have lived there no doubt we shall grow to like it, particularly if it suits Mr. Carnegie and Margaret. We find our home here all we anticipated and more, and we are most delightfully situated. The restful out-of-door life has brought new vigor to Mr. Carnegie and really there is not a trace of his recent illness left. He climbs the hills with the greatest ease and is in the best of spirits.

If I begin to speak of Margaret I fear I shall never stop. She is indeed the center of all our interests. She lives in the garden in the
sunshine and among the flowers, all the time. She is cutting her teeth rapidly, but, I am thankful to say, easily; three have made their appearance since our arrival here, making her the proud possessor of five in all! This keeps her thin, but she is well and is the brightest little ray of sunshine that ever came to a home.

This letter makes it plain that Carnegie had secured the option on the Skibo estate and that Mrs. Carnegie had never seen it. He had acted with the same rapidity, even the impetuosity, that had governed him in his whole business career. His chief intermediary in the transaction had been Hew Morrison, librarian of the institution Carnegie had founded in Edinburgh ten years before. Morrison was a great student of Scottish history and folklore. As soon as it became definitely established that Cluny could not be purchased, Carnegie asked his friend to look around.

Skibo Castle stands on the northern shore of the Dornoch Firth, Sutherland, Scotland. Its high elevation is about half a mile from the tide. On the north, hills shield it from the sweep of the north winds, and woods provide a windbreak. From the shore of Dornoch Firth the estate runs inland for many miles, covering hundreds of acres of heath and wood. There is good grouse, duck, and pheasant shooting. It is close to golf links and excellent fishing lochs. The Firth provided safe anchorage and there Carnegie could keep his yacht Seabreeze.

Skibo was an ancient place, far older than Cluny, and for six hundred years and more had figured in Scottish history. Previous to the Reformation it had been a seat of the Bishops of Caithness. Its story goes back to the Northmen and Vikings.
who liked to pillage the coast of Scotland. Perhaps the most romantic event concerns the Marquis of Montrose, who slept in the castle one night in 1650 on his melancholy journey to execution in Edinburgh.

Everything about the place, in 1897, was in decay, although the castle itself had been rebuilt by Sutherland Walker, from whom Mr. Carnegie bought it, and was in good repair. The cotters’ and crofters’ homes were going to ruin, the roads were unkempt, all the farms were in poor condition. It is perhaps not strange that Hew Morrison’s first suggestion that Carnegie purchase the place met with a cool reception. He showed Carnegie the plans, of castle and grounds; they were at once tossed aside; Carnegie said that he was not interested.

Morrison, a member of the recent exploring party, with some difficulty persuaded Carnegie to inspect the Skibo estate. The day was a beautiful one, with plenty of sunshine. The two took a wagonette at Bonar Bridge—it was before the day of motor cars—and drove ten miles over an age-old road to Skibo. There was a sparkling expanse of water on their right, and on the left they saw a rising hill overgrown with bracken, oak, birch and larch. The road at places almost bordered the Firth, at others it shrank away from the water’s edge, the intervening places forming a delightful green meadow, with grazing herds of cattle. Over the whole landscape hung a brooding quiet. Carnegie was entranced by the infinite calm of the scene. He had insisted that his future home must have both land and sea; that it provide both trout and salmon fishing; that it have plenty of lochs, and streams, and, above all, at least one waterfall. This place seemed to furnish all these attractions. It was this drive, Carnegie always insisted, that fixed his choice on
LOUISE WHITFIELD CARNEGIE

Skibo. He at once instructed Hew Morrison to rent the place with a one year option to buy. After testing Carnegie’s judgment of the place by living there during the summer of 1898, Skibo was purchased the following year.
May 31, 1899, was an important date for Skibo and the surrounding country, for that was the day when the Carnegies arrived to take up residence. All the villages were decorated with flags and bunting; the bagpipe bands were in full force and the children, let out of school for the occasion, put on their best Sunday clothes. The oldest tenant on the estate, nearly ninety years old, presented the address, to which the new Laird, Andrew Carnegie, responded:

"I am rejoiced, Mr. Carnegie," he quoted Gladstone as saying, "that there is a likelihood of your becoming proprietor of Skibo; I know it well and I can never forget the view from Meikle Ferry, looking eastward and seeing those hills, and especially because when I left Chester everything was backward and farmers were complaining, while there I saw the fields alive with golden grain. It is indeed the garden of Scotland."

Then Carnegie told of his wife’s love for Scotland, her adopted country. "Here," he said, pointing to Mrs. Carnegie, "is an American who loves Scotland, and here"—pointing to himself—"is a Scotchman who loves America, and here"—indicating his daughter, then fourteen months old—"is a little Scottish-American who is born of both and will love both; she has come to enter the fairyland of childhood among you."
The mother’s letter to Dr. Eaton after reaching Skibo for the first time gives an excellent description and reveals her happiness:

We are all very pleased with our new home. The surroundings are more of the English type than Scotch. The sweet pastoral scenery is perfect of its kind. A beautiful undulating park with cattle grazing, a stately avenue of fine old beeches, glimpses of the Dornoch Firth, about a mile away, all seen through the picturesque cluster of lime and beech trees. All make such a peaceful picture that already a restful home feeling has come. The Highland features to which our hearts turn longingly are not wanting, but are more distant.

To show you the unique range of attractions, yesterday Mr. Carnegie was trout fishing on a wild moorland loch surrounded by heather while I took Margaret to the sea and she had her first experience of rolling upon the soft white sand and digging her little hands in it to her heart’s content, while the blue waters of the ocean came rolling in at her feet and the salt sea breeze brought the roses to her cheeks. She is strong and hearty and so full of mischief—a perfect little sunbeam. With all our fullness of life before we have never really lived till now . . .

In this setting of beauty, there must, of course, be organ tones. Mrs. Carnegie here tells how the continual program started:

This year, when I heard we had an organ in the hall, I arranged, as a surprise to Mr. Carnegie, to have an organist here, who greeted us as we stepped on the threshold of our new home with Beethoven’s *Fifth Symphony*. The organist has now become a permanent institution. Every morning we come down to breakfast greeted by swelling tones, beginning with a hymn or chorale, and swelling into
selections from the oratorios, etc. In the evening our musician plays for us on our fine Bechstein piano, which we now are really enjoying for the first time. We are all delighted with our musical atmosphere.

The narrative will soon show Mrs. Carnegie as a competent supervisor of architecture and landscaping in New York City, but it is appropriate to point out here that she received her training for success in that field in the reconstruction of Skibo Castle. The sites for both Skibo and the New York house had been purchased about the same year—1898. This wife, mother, chatelaine, and hostess had in addition to supervise construction in both Scotland and the United States. How she came out of the next few years of multitudinous duties with health and poise is a mystery of personality. What kept her going was Andrew's admiration for her ability as a manager, his respect for her decisions in his private affairs and public benevolences.

In the remodeling of Skibo Castle, it was she who planned and directed the work. Carnegie gladly left to his wife the labor involved in planning and equipping Skibo. The wife had a deft way of dealing with artists and contractors. Everyone felt her quiet touch of efficiency, and her unobtrusive insistence on details. The exterior, with its walks and its flowers, was her especial pride. Probably few persons ever lived who had a more intense love of beautiful growing things.

The inadequacy of the original building had been seen at once. It was too small for the new Carnegie wish for expanded hospitality, and was lacking in modern comforts. The Laird's part was to engage a firm of Inverness architects to start rebuilding, with additions. Hundreds of Scottish workers
found employment in restoring Skibo, and toiled with zest.

In the landscaping of Skibo, provision was made for a nine-hole golf course. The ancient game, so much a part of Scottish tradition, had a special appeal for Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie. A Scot who was expert in fairways and putting greens laid out an appropriate nine-hole course, and John Sutherland, the professional at Dornoch, nearby, instructed the couple in the tantalizing, exasperating use of driver, mashie, niblick, and putter. Mrs. Carnegie made good progress, despite her early despair, and managed to hold her own with women guests. She especially prided herself on her approach shots and putts.

As Mrs. Carnegie's quoted letters to her husband have indicated, she emphatically decided, in the life at Skibo, that for all his plans for lordly entertaining, there should be time and room to enjoy her baby. The place was indeed "a fairyland of childhood," and she intended that little Margaret should have her full share of its delights. The daily care of the child was intrusted to the wise and capable Scottish nurse, Nana; but whenever Mrs. Carnegie could, she strolled and drove with Margaret, or in her own room read to her, played games, and started the lifelong series of chats and confidences—an unusually affectionate and loyal relationship.

The first occasion to introduce little Margaret to the tenants and neighbors was the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new part of the building. Since the central motive for the home was the rearing of the child, she was starred in the dedication scene, with Uncle Lauder as supporting character, and with her mother aiding her tiny fingers to manipulate the silver trowel. After the base was in place, Margaret was given
the mallet, and with Uncle Lauder’s help hit the stone, while the proud old man said the ritual: “I declare this stone well and truly laid in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.” The solemn service ended with the singing of the Twenty-third Psalm in the metrical version of the *Scottish Psalm Book*.

An inscription imbedded in the top of the cornerstone preserves the occasion: “Margaret Carnegie laid me. A.C.-L.W., 23rd June, 1899, A.D.” All this was another demonstration of Carnegie’s desire to share with his wife and child every thought and enterprise.

The home motif, which appears in the letters of Andrew Carnegie’s early married days, reappears now. In one of his wife’s brief absences from the castle he wrote:

Good morning, dear one. Entrancing is the only word for it up here. Such days! Cool, bright—so bright! Yesterday I thought the links never were so fine. How grateful for being here at home! Baba has just had her bite with me at breakfast and jelly on it! When you are away I find myself going to her as the connecting link, as indeed she is, part of both which makes us more truly one!

At another time he said:

If the greenhouses give you pleasure, that is a wise move, a purchase of satisfaction. I believe we shall find them a great satisfaction; and Baba will, that’s certain, and they must foster in her tastes which will remain all her life. Organ, flowers—I tell you we are showing what *Home* means.

In the annual moving to Scotland, it was Mrs. Carnegie who made the arrangements, overseeing, with the aid of her personal secretary, all details. With an understanding of the constant demands made on her husband’s strength and time, she thus
assumed the task of moving her household twice a year across the Atlantic. All this was, of course, exhausting, and after she had sailed with her family and servants for the English port, she was glad for a rest period in London before she went north to the castle. It became a custom with her to spend two weeks in London after she had landed.

During this fortnight, she was gay and carefree. Her rooms at the favorite Connaught Hotel were brightened by flowers sent by friends. Her husband and she went out to the home of the Yates Thompsons at Aylesbury, and enjoyed the sight of a profusion of tulips, and of wall-flowers climbing out of a blue mist of forget-me-nots, and the taste of the first strawberries from the Thompson garden.

The Carnegies enjoyed the London stage, preferring serious drama, and performances by distinguished actors and actresses. Sir Beerbohm Tree was then playing Shakespearean parts in splendid style, and the couple derived pleasure from his acting in The Merchant of Venice, Henry VIII, and Macbeth. The tragedy set amidst Scottish atmosphere, was particularly enjoyed, despite its gruesomeness. The mornings Mrs. Carnegie spent in shopping, and often Mrs. Thompson went with her. The lady of Skibo unfailingly visited the Irish linen stores to replenish the castle's supplies. Shopping, wherever she went, was one of Mrs. Carnegie's keen pleasures.

This London fortnight she called a "spree," with just the happiness of meeting dear friends and of enjoying plays, concerts, art exhibitions, and visiting historic sites. Leaving London and going north, she usually made stop-overs in Dunfermline and Edinburgh, relishing their tang. In her recreations in Scottish towns she was a good deal like the engaging young woman
of Kate Douglas Wiggin's *Penelope's Experiences in Scotland*, a popular book in the Carnegie circle.

New in motherhood, and desperately wishing to be the best of mothers, she came to the life in Skibo vastly burdened with other duties. Andrew wished the castle to be a stage for friendships which would be helpful to his philanthropies. Then there were relatives and friends of both families whom they warmly desired to entertain. Skibo must be rebuilt on a massive scale, with a staggering number of rooms. She must make of its massiveness and formality an intimate home. Its bigness must contain graciousness, ease and simplicity, and the persons invited to it must be earnest, democratic, satisfied with a quiet environment. She said to a friend, "If anything in my life can be made a plea for the simple life, I will be content."

June and most of July at Skibo were periods of rest; there were usually no guests. Now Mrs. Carnegie unpacked and sorted out personally all the booty she had collected in New York and London. She put each article in a special cupboard or drawer, to be produced "on the spur of the moment" when the proper moment came. There was always at hand a large supply of genuine Scottish horn spoons—to be given to each guest leaving Skibo.

During this quiet period all the families on the "policies"—that is, the grounds about the castle—received a visit. Mrs. Carnegie particularly enjoyed calling at the cosy homes, sitting sometimes in the parlor, or "ben the hoose"—in the kitchen.

There were four schools on the Skibo estate—in the pleasant villages of Clashmore, Invershin, Larachan, and Bonar Bridge, and the Carnegies, father, mother, and daughter, were at home.
Andrew, the son of the weaver, and Louise Whitfield, the girl of friendly Manhattan neighborhoods, had human qualities that made them welcome guests in the homes and schools around Skibo. The simplicity of the Carnegies identified them with folk of quiet tastes. This was illustrated by a remark the Laird himself made: "The average American wouldn't like our life at Skibo. There aren't enough of 'other people' to go around—no casinos, nor dancing, and all that. But we love it." To Mrs. Carnegie especially, the summer meant much more than entertaining noted guests; she found just as much pleasure in driving down to the village with her little daughter and chatting with housewives and shopkeepers.

Great occasions were the closing days at the four schools. Then the Castle folk sallied forth to take part in the ceremonies, carrying prizes and boxes of sweets. Small boys and girls, dressed in their best, gave recitations ranging from *Young Lochinvar*, recited in broad Scots and in complete monotone, to amusing verses rendered by a fat little boy in blue velvet suit and white lace collar, who solemnly assured the visitors that—

"They pick the pieces off the wall  
When Father carves the duck."

Group singing followed the recitations; they sang such songs as *Wi' a Hundred Pipers and a' and a'*, or *Sound the Pibroch*. There was one that Carnegie especially liked—*The Boatie Rows*. The poet Burns had liked it too, for its note of family affection mingled with the occupations of life. Its aim was to encourage school children, after they had completed their schooling ("lear'"), to help speed the boat and fill the heavy creel that clothed the family and bought the porridge:
THE LADY OF SKIBO

When Jeanie, Jock, and Janetie
Are up, and gotten lear',
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lichten a' oor care.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' wee;
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The murlain and the creel!

Then an address by the Laird was requested, and Carnegie, in his practical way, praised the reciters, and if he admonished one or two, he illustrated by tone or gesture how to put more expression into the renderings, especially if the selection had been some poem by Burns which he knew by heart. His wife, charming in a smart tweed suit, lacy blouse, and wearing a lovely pin at her throat, then presented the prizes, shaking hands with each child, with her graciousness winning a smile from the bashful little faces. Concluding, the Reverend Mr. Ritchie prayed, all sang God Save the King, and the folks from the Castle went to take tea with the schoolmaster and his wife.

When the party returned home, Mrs. Carnegie, in a highjinks mood, would recall her own schoolgirl recitations. She delighted the small group around her with her own overemphasized renditions of dramatic poems like Thomas Campbell’s Lord Ullin’s Daughter:

“Come back! Come back!” he cried in grief
Across the stormy water;
“And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! O my daughter!”

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What Mrs. Carnegie called “high jinks” were a regular part of Skibo entertainment, especially before the guests came. The term was highly flexible, describing almost anything unusual.

For the evening hours there were games old or new. Backgammon always, and sometimes they played Pit, a lively card game; into this Carnegie and Mr. Ritchie entered with thorough enjoyment. Mrs. Carnegie enjoyed beating them; her eyes would sparkle when she could shout first “Corner on Wheat,” the highest winning cards!

She liked to don a large white apron and boil molasses candy, such as she used to make when a girl; or to play “puff billiards,” with a large group of neighbors asked in for the purpose—a boisterous game that left everybody limp with excitement and laughter. Pleasant diversions were trips after breakfast with her friends on the yacht Seabreeze, with a landing on the rocks at Tarbatness for a picnic. Then she would start singing, and inspire her companions to join in; there was something in the country of the clans that evoked music. Anyone could make darling Prince Charlie the symbol of her own dreams; and so it was with the Castle’s mistress as she sang this favorite ballad:

“Follow thee! follow thee! Wha wadna follow thee?
Lang hast thou lo’ed and trusted us fairly!
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,
King o’ oor Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie!”

She knew many Scottish songs. Her guests considered it a rare treat to hear her sing Speed, Bonnie Boat, or Come Under My Plaidie (about the lass who rejected an old dotard for a handsome young lover). Reminiscent of one of the wistful songs we hear today, Songs My Mother Taught Me, is the
THE LADY OF SKIBO

daughter’s recollection of the one that follows—“one of those Mother sang most often.”

NORTH COUNTRIE MAID

A north countrie maid up to London had strayed,
Altho’ with her nature it did not agree,
For she wept and she sighed and she bitterly cried,
“O I wish once again in the North I could be.

“For it’s home, dearest home, an’ it’s home I’d like to be,
Home, dearest home in the North Countrie,
Where the oak, and the ash, and the bonnie rowan tree
Are all growing green in the North Countrie.

“No doubt did I please I could marry with ease
Where maidens are fair many lovers still come
But he that I wed must be north countrie bred,
And carry me back to my ain countrie home.”

Her family remembers one particular high jinks performed in the time when walking abroad at dawn was advocated for one’s health. Having heard from the housekeeper, Mrs. Nicoll, of the benefits of an early morning walk, Mrs. Carnegie asked that a thermos jug of hot milk and a plate of biscuits be brought to her bedroom the night before, creating a delicious feeling of something unusual to happen the next day, and at six o’clock in the morning she called all the family to enjoy the surprise. Then the sleepyheads found themselves led along a woodland path to the “Little Moor,” requiring a good hour’s walk.

There were many home enjoyments shared by just the three
of them. Mrs. Carnegie always set aside Sunday afternoon for little Margaret. The two would go alone for a walk; if the cherries, strawberries, gooseberries or raspberries were ripe, they would wander through the garden, picking the fruit. "Warmed by the sun," the mother would say when she picked a luscious strawberry, "how much sweeter than when they come on the table!"

After tea had been served—while the evening sun was sending long shadows across the green lawn and the brilliant flower-beds below the house—father, mother, and daughter would go upstairs to Mrs. Carnegie's boudoir and sing hymns, with Mrs. Carnegie at the piano. A large house party of famous persons might be going on below; but this half-hour was sacred to the family.

The father, imbued with Scottish history and poetry, wished his little daughter to enjoy the same inheritance. He wrote out several of his favorite poems and gave them to Nana, with instructions that Margaret should learn them by heart. Nursery rhymes came first:

Wee Willie Winkie
Rins through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs
In his nicht gown,
Tirlin' at the window,
Cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed,
For it's now ten o'clock?"

As Margaret grew older, she in the same way learned to recite a short version of the Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens. She recalls that a poem of special appeal to her father was The Burnie:
It drapit frae a gray rock upon a mossy stane
And doon amang the green grass it wandered mony a lane
It passed the broomy 'now 1 behind the hunters' hill
It pleased the Miller's bairns and it caw'd 2 their Faither's mill.

But soon anither bed it had where the rocks grew all aboon
And for a time the burnie saw neither sun nor moon
But the licht 'o heaven came again
Its banks grew green and fair
And mony a bonnie fluer 3 in its season blossomed there.

And ither burnies joined it and its rippling sang was o'er
For the burn became a river e'er it reached the ocean shore
There the wild waves rose to greet it
With their ane eerie croon,
Working their appointed work and never, never done.

Nae heart-burnings at what anither's got
Nae sad repinings at the hardness o' its lot
The good or ill, the licht or shade
It took as it micht be
Thus onward ran the burnie frae the gray rock to the sea.

Another familiar rhyme of the North Countree was about
John o' Groat's, the Land's End of the mainland of Scotland,
off the rugged Caithness coast. The Caithness ports of Thurso
and Wick could be reached by land and water from Skibo, and
by the same token, the lore of the place drifted into the Castle
—and into the little girl's room. When Margaret woke and
heard the rain gusts pelting the windowpane, she was sure to
hear a soft Highland accent making the supplication:
LOUISE WHITFIELD CARNEGIE

Rainy, rainy, rattlestanes,
Don’t rain on me,
Rain on John o’ Groat’s house,
Far away at sea!

Along with the mother’s thought for her own child went consideration for the other children of the estate. Mrs. Carnegie’s preparations for life at Skibo began in New York, and there she picked up in favorite shops pretty things that would sell well at the annual church sales at Bonar Bridge and Dornoch, and she also scoured the children’s shops for games, toys and books to take over as presents for Scottish wee ones; or to be held in reserve for visiting youngsters, to be brought forth at the right moment as “surprises,” or as “something to take home.”

Delighting in gardens, she made the one at Skibo her especial pride. She liked to walk with some favored friend in her garden and herself arrange the flowers in the rooms of her guests.

In early June, as she stepped from the train at Bonar Bridge, she saw blossoms everywhere, and passed banks of primroses growing in the mossy oak woods, and masses of yellow broom waving above the grey stone walls as the road led out of the little valley of Spinningdale. As she approached the imposing iron gates of the West Lodge, the air was laden with the heavy fragrance of the gorse growing in golden profusion on each side of the road; it reminded her, she would say, of yellow peaches and cream eaten in girlhood at Oyster Bay.

When she came nearer the house, cultivated blossoms extended a friendly welcome; here was an avenue lined on one side by laburnum trees planted so close together that the hang-
ing tassels made a solid row of color—"golden rain" it has been rightly called. Closer to the castle she could greet the red hawthorn trees, the lilacs, and the banks of rhododendron in full bloom.

The lawn and gardens at Skibo were large, and necessarily formal about the entrance. Fruit, vegetables, and flowers were needed in large quantities to meet the requirements of the vast household, but Mrs. Carnegie succeeded in keeping certain parts of the garden as her own personal preserve, filling them with her favorite flowers. Such places were the long border of lily-of-the-valley below the house, and the beds in the old garden, snow-white with double and single narcissus. Here the lady of the castle went the first possible moment after arrival, returning with baskets full. As long as the spring flowers lasted, she and her daughter picked large quantities, putting them into the bathtub for "a good drink" before shipping them to gladden children in London hospitals.

A note in her diary about this time reads: *We went to the garden to see the Meconopsis—only one blossom left.* This plant, for those unacquainted with garden lore, is a rare blue poppy from the Himalayas.

In July, the path bordered by the "Cluny" roses became a delight. Some of the bushes had been brought from Cluny where she first made friends with the fragrant roses that peeped out like small pink sea shells from grey-green leaves.

Roses in Scotland are late in coming out but bloom all summer. By August, when the large house parties arrived, the bushes were in full flower. The gardeners left the special blooms of the sweet pink *La France Rose*, the exquisite *Mme. Abel Chatney*, and the deep red *Etoile d’Hollande* for the mis-
tress to gather herself. She and her daughter went every Sunday afternoon to pick perfect blossoms to lay in the ladies' finger bowls that night at dinner.

The mistress of Skibo's practical ability and power to command, veiled by her gentleness, were daily in use during the social season in the entertainment of guests. An instance of the importance of the persons the Carnegies received is in the cablegram that went from Skibo Castle at the time President Theodore Roosevelt succeeded in making peace between Japan and Russia. It was signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Principal Fairbairn, John Morley, Nicholas Murray Butler, and two other American educators—President Harland of Forest View and Principal Dabney of Ohio University. The New York Times said of this group that surely more than dollars was needed to bring such guests together. Whoever they were, Mrs. Carnegie made them feel at home.

Each morning after breakfast the efficient hostess planned the details of the day with Irvine, the butler; each group of guests was considered, and vehicles provided. Some of the guests went with Mr. Carnegie on the Seabreeze; others to the golf course; others to fish in the Shin River or to watch the marvelous competitive skill of the collies in the sheep trials; and others to shop in Dornoch.

The number expected for lunch or dinner was settled by Mrs. Carnegie with her butler; then the housekeeper appeared with her large red book containing the cook's suggestions for meals. The book itself bears evidence of Mrs. Carnegie's ideas; many of the cook's proposals are canceled and replaced by the lady's own dishes. Afternoon tea in the drawing room, with
THE LADY OF SKIBO

thick cream—or lemon—and scones, oatcakes and shortbread, was an everyday ceremony. Mrs. Carnegie always sat at the table, made the tea in the teapot, and poured it.

For the main meals there was a variety of foods from and around the estate: salmon from the River Shin; herring brought in from a seacoast village by Curley the fishwife, who carried it directly to the house in her creel; and brown trout and sea trout from two lochs within a mile of the house; there was also mutton and beef, and venison from the estate, with wild duck, grouse, partridge and pheasant in season. The homely rabbit and often the wild hare were served.

From the garden came the freshly picked fruits and vegetables, and from the bakery—the bun, bannock, scone, and gingerbread. It all sums up in the exclamation recently made by one of the family: “We ate well!”

The meals attended to, the next matter of the day was that of accommodating new guests. For the first decade the chatelaine attended to this personally, but, with her husband insisting, she at last engaged a personal secretary. The choice was a gentleman named Archibald C. Barrow, well qualified in intelligence, charm, and industry; he was to serve Mrs. Carnegie uninterruptedly for forty-six years. He opened all except Mrs. Carnegie’s personal letters: after the weeding out of crank notes and random scrawls, plenty remained to keep Mrs. Carnegie busy. She answered many of them in her own clear, firm script.

A swim in the pool usually preceded lunch; the hostess would come from her duties in time to join her friends in this diversion. The lady of Skibo was a good swimmer. After lunch, for the first time in the day, she had opportunity for relaxa-
tion and enjoyment. A favorite pastime was an excursion to
the River Shin to see the salmon jumping at the falls, then
home by way of Lairg. She liked to drive also across the moors,
and have tea at the little inn called Aultnamain—tea served
with home-baked pancakes, oatcakes, and heather honey. The
time from tea until the dinner hour was supposed to be for
resting, but she employed it in writing letters.

When dressed for dinner, she appeared in the nursery where
a little girl was anxiously awaiting her arrival. Here in a fond
few minutes she heard her daughter’s prayers and said “Good-
night,” followed by Carnegie, in his black evening clothes, on a
similar affectionate mission. Then, with her quick, vigorous
step somewhat slowed down by the long train attached to a
beautiful satin or brocade evening dress, cut in a low square or
round neckline and trimmed often with exquisite handmade
lace, together they went down to their waiting house party.

The pipes began, and the guests, who had been paired off by
Mrs. Carnegie with quiet skill in the drawing room, proceeded
into dinner behind the piper. A wide balcony above the hall,
which gave a splendid view of the procession below, was used
by housemaids in black dresses, white aprons and caps, and
other members of the household who could get off for the treat
of seeing the guests go into dinner. Above all, little Margaret
Carnegie enjoyed the scene from this vantage point, and the
lovely and stately lady following her guests into the dining-
room never failed to turn and throw a goodnight kiss.

The pleasantness of domesticity was the prevailing note in
the “Skibo Sundays”—occasions that left lasting impressions
on all who were privileged to be part of them. Mrs. Carnegie
was regardful of the Sabbath, but she became liberal with the
times, and as her daughter grew older, stipulated that there should be quiet healthful recreation on Sundays as well as on weekdays. The swimming pool and golf links were always open on Sunday afternoons. For Sabbath stillness, the daily pipes, which regularly awakened the family at 7:45 on weekdays, were silent.

Mrs. Carnegie's diary invariably records one procedure that marked every Sunday: *We went the Rounds.* This meant that the whole family, along with familiar guests, visited the several places that contributed so much to the comforts of life in the castle. There was the garage, and, before the coming of the automobile, the stables, where the horses, eight or ten of them, scrupulously curried and brushed, were awaiting their Sunday lump of sugar. The coachman's family—and ultimately the chauffeur's—received a call. Mrs. Carnegie never omitted the dairy, in which she took a special interest, or the poultry house. The gamekeeper and the kennels always called for an appreciative visit. The pointers and setters used to point the grouse on the moors barked a noisy greeting. Next came the "nursery," where trees were grown for planting all over the estate; its forester gave them his pleasant morning welcome.

Finally the party reached the greenhouses, where the gardener proudly displayed the ripening peaches, apricots, figs and grapes, and the flowering plants, such as Canterbury bells, and the huge tuberous-rooted begonias—red, orange, yellow, pink, and white.

After this Sunday custom, the group went to church in Dornoch Cathedral; then, after the service and luncheon, each went his own way for the afternoon.

Hymn-singing concluded the Sunday observances. The fam-
ily, guests and servants blended voices in the big hall. The guests were frequently joined by the Reverend Mr. Ritchie and Dr. Bentinck, minister of Dornoch Cathedral. The singing began at nine o’clock, always with one of Carnegie’s favorites, such as *Lead Kindly Light* or *God of Bethel*. Mrs. Carnegie made out a list of the ten or twelve hymns to be sung that evening; these lists still survive among her papers, ranging from the earliest days at Skibo in 1899 to her last stay there in 1939. Friends even now tell the daughter that they never hear certain hymns, wherever they may be, without thinking of Sunday nights at Skibo. They still hear Mrs. Carnegie’s voice giving out the number of each selection and see her warm smile as she rose at the end of the Doxology and said, “Goodnight, everyone.”

The arrival of the motor age was recognized with considerable reluctance by the Carnegies. They loved horses and had a comfortable supply, and the coach, the cherished wedding gift from Mrs. Thomas Carnegie, did splendid service for many years. It still stands, a mute witness to departed glory, in the Skibo stable.

Uncle George Lauder, son of old Uncle Lauder, was the first to be captivated by the new motor vehicle, and in 1905 this bold spirit became the possessor of a strange new locomotive device, vivid red in color, with resplendent brass accessories and a large bulbed rubber horn. It had two seats in front, and a door in the rear which, when closed, made room for three more passengers. One morning he proudly drove the car up to the Skibo door and invited the family for a drive.
THE LADY OF SKIBO

The three Carnegies, in trepidation, ascended the chariot; the driver, warned not to go too fast, started off at a clip of twenty miles an hour—it was doubtful if the affair could make better time. However, everybody enjoyed the experience, for instead of the brief journey planned, they made a forty-mile tour and returned home so late that the butler, tall and dignified in long black coat and striped trousers, and the housekeeper, round and short, dressed in black with white apron and lace cap, were out on the lawn anxiously scanning the east drive for a first glimpse of the returning adventurers.

On January 1, 1906, Mrs. Carnegie again began keeping the diaries which had been a girlhood habit. In the next forty years not a day passed—except for one month when temporary loss of eyesight made the task impossible—that she did not record its happenings.

She liked especially to make note of delightful strolls about the Skibo estate. The Monk's Walk, a favorite with Mrs. Carnegie, went back to the time when Skibo was the seat of the Catholic Bishop. Here she spent many happy hours, revelling among its magnificent trees. Another vestige of the monkish era was a beech hedge, the branches intricately intertwined and the foliage dark and abundant; certain experts pronounced it the finest in Britain. The yew trees also must have gone back to the ecclesiastical period, for they were clearly seven or eight hundred years old.

Then there was the Sunset Walk which the Carnegies had built for a better view of the setting sun. This walk led to Ospisdale, where the Lauders lived, along the slant of a hill, one side

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all greenery, the other overlooking Loch Ospisdale with glimpses of Dornoch Firth beyond. In summer, as the Carnegies strolled there, the splendor of the sunset was almost directly ahead.

All visitors of note and members of the family were invited to plant trees. Ultimately there were twenty or twenty-five—oak, maple, and other varieties—and by the side of each was placed a tablet containing an inscription giving the variety of the tree, the name of the planter, and the date. The first to plant appropriately enough were Andrew and Louise Carnegie. Then came Baby Margaret, Miss Stella Whitfield, Uncle Lauder, “Auntie” Thompson, John Morley, and other close friends. Mrs. Carnegie regarded it as a good omen that of all the trees set out here not one died.

Many of Mrs. Carnegie’s letters contain references to Auchinduich—a part of Skibo of which the public seldom heard, of which few visitors were aware. This was a restored farmhouse on the moors, about twenty-five miles from Skibo. It was the “petit Trianon” of which Mrs. Carnegie once spoke in a letter to Dr. Eaton, a haven far away from the Versailles that was Skibo. Auchinduich was a place to which the family could retire all by themselves. In those first days it perhaps did more than anything else in reconciling Mrs. Carnegie to the castle, for the Auchinduich country, with its hills, bracken, and heather, seemed really a part of the Cluny country. In this farmhouse retreat, with sagging floors and leaky roof, the Carnegies—Andrew without his valet, Mrs. Carnegie without her maid—rested for the month of July every summer. After a few years—for the house at Auchinduich was really disreputable—they built another lodge close by, calling it Aultnagar, a Gaelic word meaning “rough mountain burn.” By this time the Duke
of Sutherland had been persuaded to sell a portion of his property west of Bonar Bridge, including the River Shin, the part of which Laird Carnegie was afterwards most proud.

Margaret Carnegie, now a girl of thirteen, laid the cornerstone in the approved fashion for the new lodge Aultnagar. Here the three retired every year as at Auchinduich. Here Carnegie worked hard on the Autobiography, wrote most of his magazine articles—scribbling with lead pencil on a pad on his knee, usually reading the result to wife and daughter, inviting criticisms and suggestions. In the evening, about the fireplace, there were readings from Burns.

Roamed all over Aultnagar, Mrs. Carnegie notes on July 30, 1910. Glorious. Burns in the evening. Daddy read us, she says at another time, Burns's "The Cotter's Saturday Night" right after dinner.

The poem just referred to has been described as the "noblest poem genius ever dedicated to domestic devotion," and the fact that it was a favorite of the Carnegies is a strong indication of their respect for lowly life and their reverence for the Scriptures. They in their family worship were in accord with the Scots patriarch of the poem who took down "the big ha' Bible" and said to his flock, "Let us worship God."

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,  
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;  
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Mr. Carnegie's appreciation of these benefits is shown in this note to his wife:
LOUISE WHITFIELD CARNEGIE

We must manage somehow that you do not have so much energy in your doings. A slow, quiet-going life is needed. I wish we could all go to Auchinduich direct and play at homekeeping.

The thing that gave the trio the greatest pleasure was the walk that ultimately led along the bank of the Shin; a rustic seat was built by the falls for observation. The site was beautiful amidst silver birches. The falling waters could be viewed directly face to face. In their little watch-house the family could see the salmon jumping, sometimes fifteen or twenty feet, sometimes falling back exhausted, only to renew the attempt after resting—a mad, determined scramble for the spawning grounds in the headwaters of the stream.

One episode of Aultnagar days Mrs. Carnegie related with relish all the rest of her life. She liked men to have what she called a “well-groomed look.” Carnegie was not so careful. With his mind occupied with the questions of the day, and already forming sentences to be expressed in his next speech or magazine article, he was inclined to neglect certain niceties. He never noticed whether his golf stockings matched or whether he had on a tie or not. One of his highly prized treasures was an old coffee-brown waterproof fishing coat with cape sleeves, which left his arms free to cast. It was one article of clothing Mrs. Carnegie dared not touch, but for several summers she had suggested that a new coat might be substituted. She met with flat refusal, in which she apparently acquiesced. One summer, however, fortune seemed willing to help her.

The Laird liked to stroll along the path across the moors in showery weather wearing his favorite waterproof. At the end of the walk there was a wooden bench on which he would meditate. On this occasion the bench had been freshly painted
bright green. Carnegie sat down as usual, adding fresh vivid green blotches to the coat’s dilapidated appearance. Now, thought Mrs. Carnegie, no argument is necessary; she replaced it with a new coat of the same design.

But Carnegie did not appreciate her attention; indeed, he spoke some firm words on the subject. The old fishing coat, now decorated with a haphazard pattern of paint, was restored to him. His wife chuckled as she told this story on herself.

In accord with the Laird’s interest in the results of his widespread benefactions, the Carnegies entertained at Skibo different bodies of trustees connected with the trusts he had founded. One such group were the twenty-five trustees of the Carnegie Dunfermline Trust, who came up for a week end each year in July; they represented several planes of education and social amenity, but Mrs. Carnegie saw to it that all went well.

In September came Principals’ Week. The heads of the four Scottish universities—Sir James Donaldson, of St. Andrews; Sir Donald McAllister, of Glasgow; Sir George Adam Smith, of Aberdeen; Sir William Turner, of Edinburgh—came with their wives and enlivened the place with conversation and arguments. They were men of terrifying erudition, speaking all kinds of languages and endowed with abstruse knowledge; but these talents were not unduly exercised, for they had come to get better acquainted with one another and to gain vigor for their approaching duties.

At other times came Ambassadors in plenty—Joseph H. Choate, Whitelaw Reid, Walter H. Page. I took Mr. Page to the Fairy Glen for tea, Mrs. Carnegie wrote in her diary, September 13, 1913. For tea, Margaret made dropped scones in her
new range. There came Statesmen James Bryce, Asquith and Lloyd George; great scientists, E. Ray Lankester, Sir William Osler, George Ellery Hale, Simon Newcomb; lofty aristocrats, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Secretary of State for Scotland, and his Lady, and the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland.

Men of letters were often present: Rudyard Kipling, whom Carnegie established in the Manse of Creich after his almost fatal illness in New York, and who recuperated sufficiently to write a good part of *Kim* as the Carnegies' guest; William Dean Howells, George W. Cable, Henry van Dyke, Frederic Harrison. The Carnegies found Kipling a man of simple manners, unaffected in his talk. He took a keen interest in all the characters and features of the place. Mrs. Kipling, a New England woman, had plenty of common sense, and shared her husband’s interest in people and customs. Among the guests were great musicians, Sir Edward and Lady Elgar, and Mr. and Mrs. Ignace Paderewski. And there were financiers, such as D. C. Mills and the Rockefellers.

There was even a king among the visitors. One afternoon in 1903, when both Carnegie and his wife were enjoying an afternoon nap, a telegram came from the Duke of Sutherland, saying that King Edward VII was on his way from Dunrobin Castle to pay a call upon the Carnegies.

King Edward came, and was delightfully informal and friendly. It happened that just then Buckingham Palace was being remodeled, and he was intensely interested in viewing the Carnegie castle’s newly installed comforts and conveniences. His enthusiasm vastly pleased the chief renovator—Mrs. Carnegie.

At the appropriate time she gave him tea. For some years
she had been arguing with friends that the American custom of lemon with one’s tea was more desirable than the milk or cream the English preferred. When His Majesty was asked, his reply, “Oh, lemon!” gave the Lady of Skibo a quiet triumph.

Little Margaret Carnegie, then five years old, was on the lawn picking flowers, and Edward asked Mrs. Carnegie to have her brought in. She offered him the flowers she had been gathering. “This one is for you,” she said; then, holding up another—“this for the Queen.” Only one detail did the child overlook—she forgot the curtsey. But the one person who apparently failed to notice it was the King himself; he kissed her.

A special group of intimates known to Carnegie and his wife as “old shoes” gave the place a peaceful, familiar air. These were the men and women who came every year and stayed as long as they wished. Such were John Morley, the Yates Thomp- sons (who after Margaret’s birth became “Uncle” and “Aunt”), and Lord Armitstead, presider over beefsteak picnics.

The “old shoe” mentioned most frequently in Mrs. Carnegie’s diaries was the Reverend Robert L. Ritchie, pastor of the Parish of Creich. Mr. Ritchie was a Gaelic-speaking native of the Island of Iona, but his English was impeccable. He had been pastor of the parish for many years and had welcomed the Carnegies on their first arrival at Skibo. The good man was to remain a part of the life there until his death in 1933. “Dropping in” at the castle almost every day, he usually stayed for lunch or for dinner, and frequently spent the night.

The minister was particularly interesting because he knew so much of the history and antiquities of the region. He was constantly unearthing new memorials of Skibo’s past and de-
protected remains of the old moat that had surrounded the castle. Whenever a skeleton was turned up, he could tell the race and the period. He held in deepest reverence the spring known as St. Mary’s Well, and always removed his hat when he approached it, as if a divine presence hallowed it. Every foot of the country was known to him, and every legend; he called the attention of the Laird and his Lady to many beautiful but neglected places, for instance, the Fairy Glen on the estate. This charming spot evoked stories of “the little people” such as that of Kilmeny, the child the fairies stole, in the poem by “The Ettrick Shepherd”—a legend that must have suggested the theme of Barrie’s play Mary Rose.

The erudite and poetical Mr. Ritchie was also full of quaint humor and made one of the best of table companions; there was not one of the human “old shoes” of whom the Carnegies were more fond; Kipling vastly enjoyed his society, as might be expected of the author of Puck of Pook’s Hill.

The family at the Castle had a special affection for Dunfermline, Andrew Carnegie’s birthplace. If they were ever inclined to forget it, Andrew and Uncle Lauder would not let them. Along with all the stories told about the ancient place, it could be recalled at once by reciting the opening lines of the immemorial ballad, Sir Patrick Spens:

The King sits in Dunfermline toun,  
Drinking the blude-red wine . . .

Mrs. Carnegie, content with the rôle, as she expressed it, of being “the unknown wife of a somewhat well-known man,” was exalted out of that rôle by an unusual ceremony. She wrote in her diary in March, 1907: Dunfermline wishes to confer
On the terrace at Skibo about 1910

Photo by Jerome Franks
No. 2 East Ninety-first Street

Photo by Richard Averill Smith
Freedom on me. Andrew had had the honor before her, and the prospect thrilled her. On June 3rd the formal investiture took place. Maggie Lauder, she wrote, gave a delightful reception. Baba received with me.

It was a grand occasion. The entire population had turned out; all the municipal officers participated with their Scottish relish for pomp and ceremony and their rich robes and chains of office. In its six hundred years of history, no woman had ever received the Freedom, Dunfermline's highest distinction.

In this lively year the Carnegies accepted invitations from monarchs and presidents. On Mrs. Goelet's yacht they met Emperor Wilhelm; in Paris they dined with Ex-President Loubet; a few months afterward they were guests of President Taft. More and more called on for public appearances, the wife was becoming a graceful public speaker. She spoke the right word easily—the one best expressing the gratitude she felt, the compliment she wished to pay, or the thought she desired to share.

Peace between the English-speaking peoples was the Carnegies' first thought as a means to international concord; the idea grew to embrace all nations. In 1903, Carnegie endowed the Palace of Peace at the Hague; in 1907 he founded the Pan-American Union and made liberal gifts to the American branch of the Association for International Conciliation, Paris. He held any sincere effort for world concord worth backing—what dividends for mankind the outlawing of war would bring!

In 1910 came the gift of $10,000,000 to establish in Washington, D.C., the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and in 1914 Carnegie money, $2,000,000 of it, created the Church Peace Union, to rally men of all religious beliefs
to supplant war by justice and world brotherhood. The inspirer
of the Church Peace Union was Mrs. Carnegie—it was her way
of working coincidently with her husband. Her pastor, Dr.
Merrill, became its active head.

These peace enterprises seemed effective at the time, and the
hopes built upon them made the World War when it broke all
the more tragic for those two who had dedicated their lives and
wealth to the cause of international goodwill.

One of Carnegie's utterances as to peace was prophetic of
today: "An International Court to Abolish War," was his text.
"The only measure required today for the maintenance of
world peace," he went on, "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." His wife had oc-
casion afterward to point to this foreshadowing of a UNO.

The hopeful year of 1913 gave fresh reasons for a conference
with Kaiser Wilhelm. The Carnegie gift, the Palace of Peace
at the Hague, was completed and ready for dedication. Ger-
man y's cooperation, previously refused, was wanted more than
ever. This year of 1913, moreover, marked the passage of ap-
proximately a hundred years of peace between the United
States and Great Britain, and it was, as well, the silver jubilee
of the Kaiser's reign. Taking advantage of these celebrations,
Carnegie gladly headed the American delegation to felicitate
the Emperor, meaning to win his support. These events made
many thoughtful persons hail 1913 as a great peace year in-
stead of a mask for war. The Carnegies really believed that a
blessed era was dawning, and there were millions who shared
their hopes.
When Carnegie presented the address to the Kaiser, the monarch lifted a finger: “Remember, Carnegie,” he said, “twenty-five years of peace! If I am Emperor for another twenty-five years not a shot will be fired in Europe!” These words Carnegie interpreted as a personal pledge of the Emperor to keep Europe free of war. They gave a particular zest to this participation in the opening of the Peace Palace soon afterward. Mrs. Carnegie’s hopes for peace were thus set down in her diary after the Palace dedication ceremonies:

Thus the great day has passed, perhaps the greatest in Andrew’s life, when he has been permitted to see inaugurated the permanent building which he has given wherein the great ideal for peace may be wrought—until Peace and good will may be realized upon the earth.

The Carnegies went to Brussels, where great honors awaited them. “What a beautiful country,” Carnegie remarked to his wife as they were crossing it. “And to think that it is so safe! It can never be attacked. Its neutrality is guaranteed by both France and Germany and by Great Britain as well!”

They had a private audience with King Albert—the same King who, a year afterward, made his heroic stand against the Germans. The American minister to Belgium was then their friend Theodore Marburg; he introduced them at Court.

The King is most affable and charming and speaks English perfectly, Mrs. Carnegie wrote. We then withdrew and joined the other dinner guests in a large salon. The King entered, and, after saying a few words to each guest, the Grand Marshal led me to the King, who offered me his arm and led me into dinner, placing me at his right side. Midway through dinner, the King rose and, in excellent English, proposed Andrew’s toast.
in a very charming speech. Andrew made a neat and appropriate reply. Dinner ended, His Majesty again offered me his arm and led me to the salon, where the King withdrew and we went home overwhelmed with the honors we had received.

The Year of Peace was followed by 1914. Then came, in pleasant midsummer, the declaration of war. The effect of it need not be told here; literature has it permanently, poignantly recorded in John Masefield’s poem *August, 1914*, with its picture of the home-loving men leaving the towns and fields, quitting various tasks, the harvest ungathered, for the soaking trench and frozen rigging.

At the moment of the outbreak of war, Carnegie and his wife and daughter were at the Aultnagar lodge. Mr. Ritchie, having learned the news unofficially, hurried to Aultnagar and informed his friend that Britain was at war with Germany—or would be in a few hours. Carnegie at first refused to believe it. “All my castles,” he said, “have fallen about me!”

The family at once returned to Skibo. It had been planned to unveil a bust of Carnegie at the Peace Palace that summer and Lord Bryce had been selected as speaker. Obviously the ceremony had become impossible.

The next few days Carnegie and Morley spent in an excited discussion of the war. The former, despite all his work for peace, believed that the German invasion of Belgium had left Britain no choice but to fight to an end. The latter believed that even under these circumstances Britain had no right to intervene. He had resigned from the Asquith Cabinet when it passed its fateful vote, and was now a private citizen.

The difference of opinion served only to draw the two friends closer together; there was need for their nations to stick to-
together, and they could not be divergent. When the Carnegie family sailed for home a few weeks afterward, Morley journeyed from London to Liverpool to bid them Godspeed. The last person the Carnegies saw as the ship left harbor was their dear friend waving farewell. The two men never saw each other again.

The parting was a farewell to Skibo Castle in another sense which neither Carnegie nor his wife foresaw. They could not imagine that the hostilities would drag out into a four-year war; still less that the United States would take part.

The idea that Carnegie himself would never see Skibo again did not enter anyone's thought; but six years were to pass before Mrs. Carnegie could spend another summer in her Highland home, and then she must come alone.
No. 2 East
Ninety-first Street

Our story now turns back a little to tell of the start and development of the Carnegie family's larger social life in Manhattan—in the residence known far and wide as No. 2 East Ninety-first Street.

In March, 1901, as Mrs. Carnegie busied herself with the daily household affairs at the West Fifty-first Street home, Mr. Charles M. Schwab was announced. He was one of Andrew Carnegie's "young men" in the iron works, and had advanced to be President of the Carnegie Steel Company. Andrew's wife and Charlie Schwab were on very good terms; in board meetings he had often watched Andy scribble affectionate notes to her, and he knew the reliance the boss placed on her good judgment. She on the other hand was grateful to Charlie for relieving her wearying husband of much responsibility.

Schwab told her that he had been talking to banker J. Pierpont Morgan, who with the lawyer Elbert Gary wanted to organize the United States Steel Corporation and wished to buy the Carnegie Steel Company. Discussing with Morgan how best to approach Andrew Carnegie, Schwab had said that the
LOUISE WHITFIELD CARNEGIE

wife’s voice would settle the matter, and now he had come to ask her to cooperate.

She was willing; indeed, eager. Andrew was becoming more and more anxious to retire from business and devote his wealth and energies to the benefit of mankind. In early life he had planned to retire at thirty-five, and now he was sixty-six. She was in constant fear that the iron works would crush the health out of him.

Schwab was waiting for her decision: smiling, she suggested that he challenge Andrew to a game of golf and put the matter before him in the pleasant atmosphere of the links. Assured that she was on his side, Schwab invited the ironmaster to play with him the next day and Andrew accepted; there are indications that he smelt a mouse.

They teed off on the St. Andrew’s links in Westchester County and after a game that left Andrew feeling pleasant they went for lunch to his stone cottage on the hilltop over the Club. There they got down to the gigantic piece of business, and the ironmaster wrote on a slip of paper what he would accept for his holdings. When shown the scrawled proposition, a colossal figure, J. P. Morgan said to Schwab: “I accept.” And so Carnegie sold his share in the Carnegie Steel Company for $250,000,000 in United States Steel five per cent gold bonds.

He minded little that he was being hailed as the richest man in the world; what was important was that he could practice to the full his “Gospel of Wealth,” and distribute his surplus riches, hundreds of millions, for education, library buildings, peace organizations—anything that would help the masses. This program would mean many conferences with men who were informed in the new fields of work. He must have a
house that could accommodate his plans and his visitors. Louise and he had much to talk of now. What an ideal wife she was for sharing this wonderful new phase of his career; she could conserve when that was needful, but she could also spend generously and wisely. And as for home life and entertaining, how easily and pleasingly she assumed all the responsibilities his broadening life put upon her.

Three years before, when his wealth was $25,000,000, Carnegie had purchased a large piece of land on Fifth Avenue from Ninetieth to Ninety-first Street, with adjoining lots to the east. Even the most farseeing New Yorker could hardly picture the time when Manhattan's elect would choose that remote area as a place of residence, but Carnegie foresaw it, and foresaw also that his wealth would multiply and his social life expand and that he would require a big residence. The construction of the house and the planning of the garden were duties he passed over confidently to his competent wife, who had just gone through the supervising of the renovations at Skibo.

In the last month of 1902 came an important day for the Carnegies—the beginning of their life at No. 2 East Ninety-first Street. They had hoped to occupy it in October, but Mr. Carnegie had been taken ill in London, and the return to the United States was delayed. They arrived in the height of the social season—December 10th. Reporters very troublesome, the wife noted in her travel record; the buzzing newspapermen knew that the arrival marked the opening of a new residential landmark, and that the house would be, besides a home, a hive of philanthropy.

Flanked by relatives and attendants, the Carnegies drove
through Central Park to the new house. The familiar faces of
the household staff greeted them. As the family passed through
the doorway, organ music welcomed them; someone was play-
ing well Carnegie’s favorite composition—Handel’s *Largo*.

Louise eagerly accompanied Andrew from room to room,
pausing too at cupboards and closets and new contrivances.
She kept watching his expression as he gazed out at the de-
veloping garden. The place, from the beginning, was her cre-
ation. She revelled in the architect’s plans, builders’ contracts,
landscape gardeners’ arrangements, to say nothing of consult-
ing with decorators and selecting furnishings. Every day she
could find time she was up at Ninety-first Street, helping to
bring true their dream of home ownership. For the building
of it, Andrew had virtually given her an Aladdin’s lamp so
far as funds and opportunity went, but the lamp had required
more than just a touch or a rub to bring the home to fulfill-
ment. A vast correspondence exists among her papers—her
letters to architects suggesting improvements.

For the more ornate aspects of architecture Mrs. Carnegie
cared little; the main requirement was for a place comfortable
for family life and where friends could drop in and feel that
they belonged. The library at the west end, decorated with
appropriate quotations Andrew had selected; the drawing room
and dining room at the south; the great oak-panelled hall with
the organ; the large picture gallery at the east, also useful for
entertainments—all merged tastefully into an atmosphere one
could enjoy. It was a residence suited indeed to a very wealthy,
very busy, and withal hospitable family.

Andrew Carnegie approved of it all. The brightness never
left his face. He was proud of the unofficial architect, furnisher
NO. 2 EAST NINETY-FIRST STREET

and landscapist—his wife. That night she closed her account of
the great day with this notation: *Andrew very pleased with the
house.*

When first planning the house and grounds, Mrs. Carnegie
insisted on a feature then most unusual—a garden on Fifth
Avenue. No doubt she was influenced by her early environ-
ment in old Chelsea and the Gramercy Park section. It was of
course necessary to inclose the garden for privacy and against
vandalism and intrusion, but the iron fence was a handsome
and revealing one. Its widely-spaced pickets, and the open
spaces between the hedging bushes, made her flower beds and
lawns a delight to passers-by. They could see the beautiful
array of flowers—beds of pansies, daffodils, crocuses and hya-
cinths in the springtime, and above and beside them, the flower-
ing lilacs, wisteria, dogwood and rhododendron. Climbing
roses and beds of roses and fragrant-leaved geraniums were
summer glories, followed by autumn flowers that blent in color
with the red and russet of the foliage. It was indeed a calendar
of bloom from the first jonquil to the last chrysanthemum.

Mrs. Carnegie gave the garden the place of honor in her af-
fections; the house itself, with its entrance on Ninety-first
Street, had been almost pushed aside to make room for it.
Here, in late spring and early summer, she frequently enter-
tained her friends at tea; a summer house became in time a
restful retreat for Carnegie.

The land at Ninety-first Street rose slightly—enough to jus-
tify Carnegie’s description of it as “The Highlands of New
York.” Across the street lay the great open expanse of Central
Park. The Carnegies had a romantic attachment for the park,
where their courtship had begun. Almost every day they would walk around the Reservoir.

But it was, after all, the life in the house that was important. Andrew Carnegie, at sixty-seven, had plenty of vigor. His wife was in splendid health. Keeping them young in interest was their little daughter Margaret, with her schooldays ahead of her. Mrs. Carnegie, whose life was rooted in New York, kept up her devoted, lifelong friendship with Lizzie Vanderhoef and Anna Brown Smith and with her group of matured schoolday friends. Members of the Whitfield family were always dropping in, always affectionately welcomed. What is commonly known as Society did not attract her; entertainment, if she were to have a part of it, must have some meaning besides gaiety or diversion. She would go a distance to spend an afternoon with the Alexander Kings, but she would not go round the corner to call on someone who did not share her tastes or interests. She had much in common with her friends Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Hamilton Twombly, Mrs. Henry White, Mrs. William J. Schieffelin, and other leaders of the quietly fashionable world; and of course the latchstring was always out for the minister and his wife. As Andrew created his foundations and became associated with men noted for wisdom, experience, and public spirit, she shared the friendship of these and their wives.

To the public and the press No. 2 East Ninety-First Street became symbolic of the reservoir and outflow of $300,000,000 of "surplus wealth" to be spent for the welfare of mankind. No wonder Mrs. Carnegie, seeking to bring up her child in normal privacy, was disturbed by the attention newspaper editors paid to the house. On the other hand, she was gladly
cooperating in the giving, and watched with sympathetic interest her husband establish during the first year of residence in Ninety-first Street the Carnegie Institution of Washington, D. C., for fundamental scientific research. The witnesses to the deed for the initial grant of $10,000,000 were Mrs. Carnegie and her sister Estelle.

There was something in this grant the imagination could take hold of—something that her daughter Margaret in later life, and Margaret’s husband to be, and their children, could appreciate. Representative of the work of this institution of science is the famous Mount Wilson Observatory. Carnegie himself, with his fondness for yachting, would find it thrilling to follow the voyages of the ship the Carnegie Institution constructed in 1909 and dedicated to further the science of oceanography. This was the Carnegie, a sailing vessel with auxiliary power, fully equipped with a non-magnetic seagoing laboratory. Carnegie would not live to mourn the disaster that overtook the ship in Western Samoa, when she was destroyed by a gasoline explosion and fire.

The Carnegie grant of all grants was the creation of the Carnegie Corporation of New York, which has an aggregate endowment and legacies of $135,336,867. The first letter of gift for the Corporation was signed on November 10, 1911. To the mistress of No. 2 East Ninety-first Street her husband’s decision to establish this particular trust brought great relief. Andrew, then seventy-six years old, was actually exhausting himself in giving away his fortune. She, his partner in giving, faced with him the responsibility of distributing the remainder of the fortune, as he had publicly pledged. There was $150,000,000 still to be spent. His idea was to make a will providing
LOUISE WHITFIELD CARNEGIE

for a great foundation, but his friend and adviser, Senator Elihu Root, counseled him to set up a foundation now with the bulk of his fortune and prepare for others to do the work. This new foundation would not be limited in purpose, but would be used with the broad aim of advancing and diffusing knowledge, from generation to generation.

"With this in mind," writes Robert M. Lester, "and with suitable provision for himself and family, he proceeded during 1911 and 1912 to divest himself of his remaining surplus fortune by setting up the largest single permanent trust ever recorded, Carnegie Corporation of New York. Strangely enough, this action attracted relatively little public attention, and its significance was not recognized for years."

For the first eight years of the Corporation's history, Carnegie himself was president of the governing board. The times were formal, and the business meetings of the officers and trustees were in accord. The members came in cutaways, and when they spoke, they rose and addressed the chair with great deference. When they passed minutes felicitating some worthy person, the resolutions were engraved on parchment and bound in morocco. Time has since simplified these proceedings.

Mr. Carnegie, from the first year of his office in the Corporation, formed the custom of having the annual dinner in his home, with his wife sharing in the entertainment; after he died she continued the dinners.

One of the jolliest affairs in the new house was the annual reunion—usually in November—of the Carnegie Veterans' Association, held there from 1902 to 1915, a group made up entirely of the hand-picked partners in Andrew Carnegie's steel business. After the company had been sold, "the boys" formed
the Carnegie Veterans’ Association, to continue till the last man died. Carnegie proposed that the yearly dinner should be held at his home in New York, and the members gladly agreed to travel any distance to be there. It was one of Mrs. Carnegie’s greatest pleasures in her new home to welcome the Veterans.

Her husband’s own words tell best how the Veterans took her into their association: “... to my infinite delight, her heart goes out to them as does mine. She it was who christened our New York home with its 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 . . .”

The most distinguished of the many dinners held at No. 2 East Ninety-first Street were those given to celebrities Carnegie desired to honor. Sidney Lee, Shakespearean scholar, Mark Twain, Joseph H. Choate, James Bryce, the Reverend Robert Collyer, President Eliot of Harvard, Madame Curie, Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, Mrs. Lloyd George, Sir Robert Horne, Elihu Root (on his eightieth birthday), the Earl of Elgin, Chief Justice Hughes—these were honored by the Carnegies with special luncheons or dinners.

A sprightly, successful author in his own right, Carnegie deserved a place in the literary circles of Manhattan, and enjoyed being host to literary men. He had become a member of the long-established Authors Club of New York, and when he gave annual dinners to distinguished men of letters, he surrounded his board with poets, novelists, historians, biographers, and editors. The poet and editor Richard Watson Gilder became the director of the literary dinners.

“A. C. is truly a ‘great’ man,” Gilder wrote to a friend,
"... a man of enormous faculty and a great imagination. I don’t remember any man who has such a range of poetical quotation, unless it is Stedman ... His views are truly large and prophetic ... He is not accidentally the intimate friend of such high natures as Arnold and Morley."

At times, the host upset Gilder's seating arrangements. At one dinner John Burroughs and Ernest Thompson Seton were among the guests. The latter had been accused of "nature faking," and Burroughs was against him. Knowing this, Gilder had put the place cards of the pair far apart, but Carnegie slipped in and arranged it so that the two would sit next to each other. Gilder expected fireworks, but instead the two writers found common ground and became friends.

Mark Twain grew to be especially fond of the host, and addressed him, for his benefactions, as "Saint Andrew." Carnegie gave a dinner in honor of Mark Twain, and, speaking of Twain's paying his debts after bankruptcy as a publisher, compared him to Walter Scott, both being alike in honor and talent.

Mrs. Carnegie devised her own way of making these dinners memorable. The guests were requested to write their names, in large script, on the tablecloth; then the names were embroidered, making a permanent record. These tablecloths, still in existence, preserve the names of many notables of a generation or two ago. Upon this Irish-linen Who's Who appeared, with many others, John Burroughs, Theodore Roosevelt, William H. Taft, John Hay, John Bigelow, John Finley, Whitelaw Reid, Elihu Root, Grover Cleveland, Woodrow Wilson, Henry James, Walter H. Page.

Henry Holt, in his book Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor, pictures one of these brilliant dinners in the Carnegies’
Mrs. Carnegie's sitting-room
Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie in New York about 1909
house, with the wife enjoying the party as keenly as her husband: "... he was a thoughtful man, and loved the society of thoughtful men, and in the early spring he used to gather those whom he called 'The Knights of the Cloth.' This name came from his getting each man to pencil his autograph on the cloth beside his place. Mrs. Carnegie, who was also present, later had the autographs embroidered . . ."

This Penelope pursuit of embroidering interesting names suggests a more humble home duty in which Mrs. Carnegie entered with zeal. She had been brought up in the tradition of housekeeping and, though at No. 2 East Ninety-first Street she directed the work of twenty servants, she continued to make a personal duty of "regulating closets" and "painting old chairs," or of putting on an apron and "renovating" a medicine chest. In making the place a home, she liked to putter around it putting things to rights.

Little matters of living, though in sharp contrast to large events and enterprises, are important for understanding the complete story of Mrs. Carnegie.

The varied engagements and duties uncovered by old letters and continuous diaries may usually be classed with the minutia of life. They come by mail, cable, or telephone. There is little order to their arrival. And so it seems fitting, in these pages concerned with social affairs, travel, and household attentions, to choose them variously, and set them forth casually. A system for them is only apparent in the calm way in which Mrs. Carnegie took them into her life.

Naturally, among her close friends, there was much comment on her efficiency in directing so successfully the social and domestic life at both No. 2 East Ninety-first Street and
Skibo, with just the relaxation in between of a voyage across
and a fling in London. Some friends said it was because she
was a dominant woman. She recognized in herself this urge
to command, but she had the saving grace of humility. Some-
where in her record of living she said, “I tried not to be domi-
neering.”

Her correspondence with Mr. Barrow, her personal secre-
tary, especially discloses the problems that crowded in on her.
Sometimes a trivial whim of her own slipped into the corre-
spondence, as when at Fernandina, Florida, in 1906, she became
interested in the new official way of selling postage stamps in
little packets:

Will you please get me at the Post Office half a dozen little books
of stamps (2 cents) like the enclosed and send to me at Hot
Springs? I have a little silver case to slip them in, and many people
tell me they buy their stamps in no other way. It is certainly a most
convenient form.

Then there were new toys to be stored away for summer
gifts at the Skibo residence, to which would come young folks
as well as older ones: “The package from Schwarz is a doll’s
chiffonier; please have it put in the Day Nursery.” Some child
of her acquaintance was to receive a gift of books: “Will you
please order from Scribner’s a set of six books called The Little
Colonel series by Annie Fellows Johnston, published by L. C.
Page and Co. Boston, Mass., and keep until I return.”

Her favorite gift to the season’s brides of her acquaintance
was linen—tea cloths or luncheon sets. When members of the
family were married, she loved to provide their silver tea set.

She had assumed the responsibility of selling for her sister
a piece of land, "The Cranberry Bog," that had come down to the daughters from Grandmother Davis and their mother. Her secretary was instructed to take any sum the agent might offer, and to pay the amount to her sister, who had "paid all the taxes for years."

Margaret was mounting horses: "Thanks for the riding habit—it fits as if it were made for her. But alas, as yet, there seems no opportunity for her to use it here [Hot Springs, Ark.]. The riding is too reckless—the conditions are so different from Dungeness, where she was so happy riding."

Big thoughts as well as little appear in her correspondence. Away from home as well as when domiciled, she kept herself informed about international affairs: "Between the dates of March 30 and April 8, 1906," she wrote to Mr. Barrow in New York, "an editorial appeared in either the New York Times or Evening Post relative to Earl Grey returning the portrait of Benjamin Franklin to this country. I shall be so much obliged if you can get the article for me."

Mrs. Carnegie knew what was good or bad in railroad service. She reported to her staff that a private car had a "very bad odor in one of the rooms, which did not come from the plumbing." Having been trained since girlhood to get her money's worth, she reported also that a certain train porter, "while very efficient, charged us with what he called 'Red Raven,' and said it was bilious medicine for the chef, the other man, and himself."

She confessed to "nerves," and in a fretful passage written while she was taking baths at Hot Springs, gave a reason for them: "Mr. Carnegie is busy and happy but it is anything but restful for me. Everyone laughs when we say we are here for
my benefit, on account of my high color, but what with callers
for Mr. C's registered letters, Doctor's instructions in regard to
the care he needs, etc., it is hopeless for me to try and rest.
Home is a perfect haven of rest in comparison."

Then there was always the matter of keeping the servants
contented; the business of caring for her helpers of high and
low degree followed her everywhere.

For instance, there was the trouble she took to satisfy a newly
employed chauffeur, who, in those early days of motor cars,
was a rare person who must be pleased. "I have just had an
interview with — about work going on out in the garage . . . I
know it is Mr. Carnegie's wish that I should not be
bothered about it, but the chauffeur talks about the rooms not
being painted . . . please see that everything is finished and
in good order before he arrives. He talks of wanting a holiday.
This is all right, if he does not neglect his work."

There was one person Mrs. Carnegie made no attempt to
control—her husband. He was the lord of the situation no
matter where they were, and she was content to guard the
health and happiness of the man whose life, she believed,
meant so much for the happiness of mankind.

Her life in 1915 came to a point when care of her husband
in his declining strength became her one occupation. She sacri-
ficed everything to help him enjoy the fruits of his work.

As has been seen, however, the outbreak of the World War
was shattering to all his program for world amity that seemed
near to completion. From this time on, No. 2 East Ninety-first
Street with its restful garden became the home of an invalid;
a home that, with age against him, he went forth from and
returned to in futile search for health. Traveling or at home, his wife was by his side, sacrificing everything for his welfare.

Now in this time of trouble and worry, Mrs. Carnegie was thankful for a smooth-running household staff. Margaret, the schoolgirl, must be left at home during their journeys. Aunt Stella and other trusted persons would have her in their care, and fond employees would be more attentive than ever. But to be caught thus between the tides of age and youth, which would soon become tides of death and life, was sad indeed for this home-centered woman who loved both her husband and her daughter with uncommon devotion.

In 1915 Carnegie was eighty years old. The earliest symptoms of decline, not particularly marked, appeared that year. By this time he had been obliged to give up his Sunday letter writing to Morley; Mrs. Carnegie took up this pleasant duty.

Fortunately, the philanthropist was not now troubled by the great worry of his life, the dispersal of his wealth. The words of Elihu Root, who had advised the multimillionaire to create the Carnegie Corporation, had proved true: “You have had the best run for your money I have ever known.”

As the summer of 1915 was being spent at “Pointe d’Acadie,” Bar Harbor, Mr. Carnegie wished to have a collie for a companion, and one was purchased in the United States and named Laddie—the same name as that of the collie at Skibo; but the dog died suddenly, and one of Mrs. Carnegie’s many duties was to see that the Scotch dog was brought over. She wrote Mr. Barrow:

Many thanks for your excellent arrangements about Laddie . . . this will give Laddie time to feel at home before we arrive. I remember he howled for several nights after he arrived at Skibo &
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could not be comforted until Hugh took him into his room to sleep. He is a spoiled doggie & will have to be made cosy and comfortable before he will settle down, but I know Giles will make him his special care and will be good to him. I think he will have to become an American citizen, for I know the difficulty of taking him back to Scotland . . .

The series of ordeals had taxed her nerves, and sometimes in this state she had difficulties with her “help.” But how humble she was in admitting her own “nerves” and how fair-minded in working for harmony. A letter she wrote to her secretary from Bar Harbor reveals her problems—and her meekness:

... Yesterday a fresh difficulty arose.— [her butler] informed me that he had sent in his resignation to you a few days ago. He was very calm and dignified, but I have not liked his attitude this summer and yesterday I had occasion to speak to him about something I could not overlook, with the result as stated. He seems nervously tired, the result of having not enough to do. He was very frank and said I was so nervous I made everybody in the house nervous.

I have kept calm, but of course that is pretty hard to bear from a servant, although I know it is true. The reason he gives for leaving is difficulty with the housekeeper, and he says he made up his mind to leave last Spring. I have suggested his taking a two-weeks vacation—we paying for it, and think over the situation . . .

Mrs. Carnegie succeeded in smoothing over the situation, which had really arisen through a dispute as to authority between the butler and the housekeeper, and the butler stayed on.

The winter of 1915-1916 was spent anchored or roving on the Everglades, their first houseboat. Mr. Carnegie’s business affairs
had a way of following him, and now the wife must assist in such matters, as well as supervise the housekeeping on the *Everglades* in Florida waters. And then there was a second houseboat, the *U. S. A.*, which accommodated members of the staff—Dr. Neville; Mr. John A. Poynton, Carnegie’s private secretary; Moen, the masseur; Miss Crawford, the nurse; and Morrison, the valet.

Mr. Carnegie had hoped the houseboat would be more like a yacht, and wished to put it to the same use. This meant rough voyaging. It brought from Mrs. Carnegie, after some weeks of being tossed about on it, this confession: “I am getting very tired of the life and long for some outlet. We have already had very severe gales—for four days it was like being in midocean.” This was from the woman who usually went sailing only in calm, cloudless weather.

Later she repeated: “I am getting very tired of being continually on the boat, but the good it is doing Mr. Carnegie is simply marvelous, so I am deeply thankful.”

With her usual ability to adjust to what the situation required she was soon writing her daughter from Miami:

*Houseboat Everglades*

*January 14th, 1916*

My darling Daughter,

We now begin to feel more at home and I can truly say I like it. While we were at breakfast this morning the *Everglades* moved near the shore and anchored off the Club House. This meant that we could go ashore easily, without a long launch trip—so after Daddy had his nap, he was willing to take an excursion! I let everybody go ashore and see the town and the Captain took just Daddy and me in the launch up the Miami river.
We went between shores of tropical growth and we saw the cocoanuts growing. Yellow water lilies are in bloom and wild morning glories and a yellow flower that does not seem to be the jasmine. We went up the river under several bridges to a fruit farm where they are experimenting on new kinds of fruit. The Captain went ashore and brought us out a delicious kind of drink made from the juices of grapefruit, oranges, pineapples, lemons, and kumquats—it was very delicious and I let Daddy have a little which pleased him greatly. We were gone about an hour and a quarter and Daddy enjoyed every minute of it. He was quite ready for his massage and had a good nap afterwards.

We are now just starting again after lunch for our afternoon's sail. The evenings are our beautiful time, just at sunset—so when you see the sun setting, although it is nearly an hour later with us, you may picture us on deck just finishing tea, and the beautiful soft colors appearing in the sky that I described the other day. We sit there till dark, six o'clock with us—seven with you—and then Daddy goes to his massage and I usually go to my writing. You may know I am always thinking of you at this sunset hour. We dine at 7:30 and Daddy joins us at the beginning of the meal; he also comes to luncheon but he is so natural there is very little restraint. We only avoid things we know would distress him. His appetite is wonderful and Miss Crawford says he is remarkably well in every way.

I note the date of your class luncheon February 19th and hope you will get out your invitations at once. I am glad Miss Spence approves... I am sure you will have a very happy winter and enjoy all these things which are perfectly right for you to enjoy with a free and happy mind. It is right for you to get all the enjoyment possible out of your life and right for me to be down here helping Daddy to get well and incidentally resting and laying up strength for myself...
This is an example of scores of letters that formed a pulsating bridge between mother and daughter. The correspondence shows with what fond and intimate interest Mrs. Carnegie followed her daughter's life during that winter, and with what feeling and understanding the girl entered into the mother's experiences in houseboat-keeping. The exchange of letters sustained both during the winter's separation, and kept them in intimate comprehension as to what was happening.

One of the happiest events of Margaret's winter was a luncheon she gave for the senior class at No. 2 East Ninety-first Street. Mrs. Carnegie took the warmest interest in this event and suggested that the girls write their names on the tablecloth. She set forth the size and pattern of the cloth, and went on: "After the luncheon, when the names have been written, I want the cloth put away without washing to await my return, and I will then see about the names of the classmates being embroidered on it." The cloth has since been used in many reunions of the class of 1916.

In February, Margaret gave the anticipated luncheon, and that evening, sat down and wrote the expectant lady of the houseboat this account of the occasion:

Sunday, February 20th, 1916

My darling Mother,

... And now I must tell you all about the great party yesterday. Nana and I and Harris put on the place cards, the conundrum cards, and the pencil boxes, while the men were putting the final touches to the decorations, and then Mr. Barrow and I went all around to make sure all was right.

There were bunches of daffodils in the drawing room, and a big bunch of forsythia in the high silver vase, tulips in the yellow room,
and a vase of red roses in the big dining room. The coat racks were put in the library, and it looked very well, with the table arranged with the mirror, etc., and a few daffodils at each side.

I wore my fawn Sunday dress, with the pink on the waist. We looked at the cerise voile, but it seemed very brilliant, especially with the yellow table decoration, and I was so afraid of being conspicuous. My hair went up quite well, and I felt very self-possessed and very happy. Miss Brinckerhoef came shortly after one, and was just the nicest person to have seeing I couldn’t have you, dear Mother . . .

The luncheon was a triumph! So hot, and delicious and quickly served. It could not have been better and I am so appreciative of all the good planning and hard work which made it go’ off without the slightest hitch . . .

The daffodils in the soft green vases were too lovely, and I never saw a prettier table decoration. I have taken a picture of it, but I hardly think it will come out well enough to give you any idea of how pretty it was. As you will see, I put Adelaide at the head of one of the wings, the vice president on my right, and Hart Shields on my left. The other two officers sat along the top of the table, with me, so I think the honors were evenly shared. They all seemed to enjoy it, and talked incessantly. You ought to have heard the clapping when I told them of the plan of writing their names on the tablecloth! Mother, dear, it was the hit of the party, and they know what a dear, clever Mother I have to think of such a thing. . . .

Soon afterward, Mrs. Carnegie received another glowing note about the class luncheon:

Mother dear, I haven’t half told you how appreciative the girls were about the luncheon. They said you “were just too lovely” to give it, and the number of enthusiastic remarks as they said good-by quite took my breath away with their forcefulness, and genuineness. (What a word. Is the spelling right?) And they liked too, the pen-
cils with their names on them. If only you could have been here to see and hear it all, for this miserable description will give you but little idea of how nice it was. I just couldn’t let myself think of how much I missed you. There is no need to say that, is there, for you must know that to have had my beautiful, spiritual-faced Mother there would have made it a thousand times happier. And then I should so have loved you to see our splendid class all together. All the failings and foibles of each individual girl seem to fade away and all the good qualities in us as a whole seemed to join together. . . . It is an experience I shall never forget for there is a deeper meaning to it than that it was a “class luncheon.”
In Europe, the German army was attacking Verdun; the naval battle of Jutland was being fought, and the British warship Hampshire, with Lord Kitchener aboard, had been sunk in the Orkneys, in seas the Carnegies knew well; the family read these violent headlines in an incredibly tranquil place on Long Island Sound—Brick House, Noroton, Connecticut, a leased residence charmingly situated.

The autumn season, 1916, was spent cruising on the steam yacht Surf in northern waters; life aboard the yacht was as complicated and nerve-racking for Mrs. Carnegie as it had been aboard the houseboat tossing along the Florida beaches. Returning from a cruise farther north, Mrs. Carnegie said in a letter postmarked Bar Harbor:

I was very seasick coming from Nova Scotia and do not seem to recover from it. The constant movement of the yacht, even at anchor, upsets my digestion . . .

Her one constant joy on the trip was that her daughter was along. It was a pleasure to be planning good times for Margaret. To Mr. Barrow, Mrs. Carnegie wrote: “I am thinking of letting Margaret and Nana motor to Lenox to join Mrs. Eaton there for a few days . . .” And again she was asking
the secretary by letter to arrange for a quiet party for Margaret and her friends, to be given at No. 2 East Ninety-first Street. The invitations, for a specified hour, would just say:

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie
Miss Carnegie
At home
Dancing

The older persons could come early and the younger ones could keep it up as late as they wished, and Mr. Carnegie could be present the early part of the evening. Friday would be a good evening for the boys could come home from college—about December 8th, perhaps.

The mistress of No. 2 East Ninety-first Street forgot nothing in projecting the homecoming. She was thinking of Andrew when she arranged for a putting green to be made in the garden, and when she spoke of taking an opera box for Saturday matinees—"for Mr. Carnegie to enjoy the music, staying as long or short a time as he would wish." In this her two objectives joined: "As for Margaret, it would be a good way to entertain her friends."

On December 8, 1916, came the party for Margaret which Mrs. Carnegie had planned in the summer. It was the daughter's coming-out reception.

Well, wrote Mrs. Carnegie, the party is over and such a bright and happy party it has been, without a hitch or flaw. Busy arranging flowers all P.M. Baba had at least a hundred bouquets and baskets of flowers; a wonderful tribute to our little girl. She looked very sweet in her white tulle dress with a few threads of silver and her string of pearls her Daddy and
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I gave her—so very simple and sweet. We had dinner of twenty-six covers and people began to come at 8.30. About 800 people here. Baba had nine girls receiving with her; all so lovely. Party was over at 2 A.M., a very great success. Daddy very happy greeting guests.

For a summer house for “the duration,” Mrs. Carnegie had been searching through the peaceful atmosphere of the Berkshires, and had come upon Shadowbrook, the former home of Anson Phelps Stokes. Spread on a hillside, adjoining the lake, this Lenox estate overlooked miles of entrancing scenery, blue waters blending with green hills. Here is Mrs. Carnegie’s account of it at first sight:

I am charmed with my first glimpse of it which I had in the setting sun last evening. It is a grand mixture of Aultnagar and the Cottage; the fine trees at the back suggest this; all on the scale of Skibo. The Patersons’ house and furnishings are so Scotch I feel I have crossed the ocean and am in Scotland itself on a fine estate.

I am now considering the human element. There are pros and cons, but life is a mixture and we must take it as we find it. Our life here would be an Americanized Skibo, with a fair amount of social life but not as hectic as Bar Harbor. One can be independent here; but more when we meet.

“Independent” was the word for the life the Carnegies lived in the Lenox-Stockbridge colony. Around them were many magnificent estates, with corresponding social activity, but Andrew Carnegie was an invalid, and this fact governed their living. Mrs. Carnegie and Margaret entered moderately into the social affairs of the neighborhood, and the wife occasionally entertained friends for lunch or tea, but the main appearances of Andrew and herself came when they drove along forest
roads or went on favorite walks. It became a familiar sight in the colony to see Andrew Carnegie in his wheel chair, pushed by his friend and valet, the stalwart Morrison, with Mrs. Carnegie at his side.

Seeing old friends in the new environment was always the Carnegies' greatest pleasure. Andrew would appear for a brief time at some of his wife's informal little gatherings, and, while eighty-five, would revive his memory and quote from the great authors as of old. About this time Mrs. Carnegie made the note: Andrew recited "The Burnie" most beautifully at lunch.

Two years went by—years made sunny by Margaret and her friends and saddened by the marked decline in Andrew. Mrs. Carnegie, Dr. Garmany, and Nurse Ferguson were making the last months of Andrew Carnegie's life as easy as possible. Friends still called, among them Mackenzie King (Canadian Prime Minister). The garden of the New York house was more than ever a blessing now. Margaret was at home, and her active life was interesting to her father. The wife and mother, devoting herself to Andrew and providing that her daughter's life was not too much clouded by his long invalidism, lived on gallantly.

Then Margaret met Roswell Miller, Jr., and they fell in love and became engaged. The young man's father, the late Roswell Miller, was well-known in railroad circles; in his active years he was president of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. His son had had training in the Navy in World War I and was preparing to complete his education as an engineer at Princeton University.
Remembering Andrew's long courtship, Mrs. Carnegie was not prepared for the suddenness of the couple; and she found it necessary for the happiness of all concerned to make a sharp adjustment to this new phase of life. She went along, but undoubtedly there is much of suppressed emotion in the brief notation she made in her diary of November 18, 1918:

*Roswell and Margaret waiting for me when I came home to ask my consent to their engagement. Both very happy. Oh my darling child! God bless her. Three days afterward: Roswell came and asked Andrew's consent. He wept but was dear and gave it.*

The marriage was planned for April 22, 1919, which was the thirty-second anniversary of the wedding of Louise Whitfield and Andrew Carnegie in Forty-eighth Street, in 1887. What the diary does not say about Margaret going out on her own, the following letter by Mrs. Carnegie does. Written to the daughter at Millbrook, where she was spending part of the Christmas holidays with the family of her fiancé, it is full of maternal concern. She had given her word of consent, but her heart could not let go:

*My darling little girl:*

*For you are still my little girl even if you have grown up, and want to fly out of the nest. This is just a line, simply because I cannot help it. I have been thinking about you all day, wondering if you would go to church. I know you have been out in this clear frosty air which I hope has brought roses to your cheeks. I hope you have all the warm clothing you need, for it is very cold here. The skating rink [an empty block corner at Ninetieth Street and Fifth Avenue where the Church of Heavenly Rest now stands] op-
posite has been black with people all the afternoon. I was so glad to get your little note yesterday, for you were beginning to seem very far away . . .

The ceremony took place in the Carnegies' New York house. Angus Macpherson, the Carnegie piper of early Skibo days had been brought over to play the pipes at the wedding. After the reception the couple went in Mr. Miller's Stutz car to the first stop in their honeymoon trip—the cottage at St. Andrew's Golf Course near Chauncey, an hour's ride from New York.

_Glorious bright spring day,_ Mrs. Carnegie wrote in her diary. _Our darling's wedding day and our own 32nd anniversary. Ceremony at noon at entrance—and part in the conservatory by Dr. Merrill and Dr. Coffin. Margaret made a very lovely bride. Decorations of spring flowers were fine. Andrew so well and alert. He and I gave Baba away and later we walked down the aisle together. After greeting the bride and groom he went upstairs and rested. Bridal party were photographed and then had luncheon at round table. After cutting cake they went upstairs and changed and left the house at 3 P.M. by closed motor . . .

The record of the splendid day ends with the note: _Andrew up in the evening. Backgammon._

In a May Day letter to the bride, she speaks of missing her, but adds: _Visions of your happy face rose before me, and I am content._ This acceptance of fate and consideration for youth is summed up in the next letter:

_May 2nd, 1919._

My darling Baba,—

Your dear postcard came up on my breakfast tray yesterday morning, and, when I came in from lunching with Mrs. Paterson
I found your precious letter. You are so dear to let me keep in touch with you in this way. I am so glad Lakewood was quiet. You are wonderful managers to lay in your coal and wood now, when it is cheapest, but I am afraid you had rain for your trip to Princeton.

This morning your wonderful box of arbutus arrived in perfect condition. It touched me to see how much care Roswell and you had taken to pack it; all arranged so it was no trouble to put right in water. This afternoon I am taking some of it to his mother, together with some of your Bride’s cake to use right away. The wintergreen berries are wonderful and carry me back to my childhood.

New Jersey is a wonderful state for things that flourish best in sandy soil. To think of you just beginning to know your own country. It makes me so happy that at last you are to know it intimately and to get to know its wonders. Oh! darling how wonderful life is, and the marvel of the Fatherly care that watches over each of His children giving to each what he most needs for his perfect development and usefulness.

This is a glorious day for your trip to Washington and I dwell on the thought of you two happy children “a-Maying,” revelling in the beauty and freshness of the early Spring, with its tender leaves and delicate blossoms.

Daddy does so love to talk about you and hear all I have to tell him. He has such a beautiful smile on his face whenever you are mentioned and Roswell too, and said yesterday, “Well, we must do the best we can, wherever we are.” I talked Shadowbrook to him yesterday and told him all about giving up Skibo this year and he is quite content; he made no fuss, he fully understands that it was impossible to go across this year and is looking forward to the fishing from the Sheila this summer. So the disappointment I dreaded for Daddy has passed almost without a ripple, and I don’t
have to put the big ocean between you and me even for a few weeks. "Better hath He been for years than our fears"; bear with me, Darling, it is such a joy to pour out my heart to you in this way. Roswell won't mind I feel sure, for I know it makes you happy to know that I am happy—just as my deepest happiness is to know of your happiness . . .

One of Mrs. Carnegie's letters to the honeymooners was not so serene. When earlier she had congratulated Margaret on taking her place in the world, she was hoping that her daughter would soon become interested in sharing the Carnegie plans and dreams for helping all humanity. It was then too much to expect that the joyous girl with the natural interests of her years should at once be eager to engage in enterprises born of the mature lives of her father and mother. Margaret and her husband would soon set her fears at rest on this score, but just now something had suddenly come up that put the matter to a quick test. The couple were in Washington—the seat of several Carnegie Foundations—and the head of the Pan American Union, representing twenty-one Central and South American republics, wished to have Margaret appear at a celebration and receive a testimonial from the Union to its founder, Andrew Carnegie.

Mrs. Carnegie wrote the bride:

I suppose you are in Washington this afternoon . . . 60 here this A.M. at half past eight and I know it is hotter in Washington, so I think of you sweltering in your hot clothes, but no doubt you will motor out in Rock Creek Park and keep cool. Mrs. Miller told me yesterday that John Barrett (President of the Pan American Union) was on your track. I know how you will feel about this, but know although you will be firm, you will be polite to him, for
he means well; he is a great friend of Daddy’s in carrying out his work for conciliation in Central and South America; besides now that you are married you are no longer irresponsible children, but owe something to the dignity of both your families and I know you will not fail us . . .

The couple must have considered what a strain the writer was under, and that the note of authority was spoken because of a wish to please the feeble Andrew Carnegie who was wistful for this new family to take on where he left off. Their answer brought great joy to No. 2 East Ninety-first Street.

May 9, 1919

My own precious Child—

. . . Your first letter received at breakfast gave me great joy. It makes me so happy to know that you are gaining a true appreciation of Daddy and his wonderful work in the world; and to have him still with us, so that you can come back to him with this new attitude in your heart, makes me very happy. Circumstances seem to have prevented you from ever really knowing your dear Daddy and now I am so thankful. If you could have seen the heavenly smile that broke over his face as I rushed up to him after breakfast and told him about your letter it would have made you very happy. I am going to show him his gold medal from the twenty-one Republics. You see how much pleasure you are giving Daddy by being happy and appreciative yourself! . . .

There came the final crisis in Carnegie’s condition. Though Mrs. Carnegie’s letters to the newly married couple at first gave satisfactory reports, the tone soon changed. Margaret and Roswell left by their motor at 9.30, she notes in her diary for June 4, and I am left alone with Andrew, so frail and feeble and so very weak.

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Over and over again she pays tribute to his patient spirit; though he suffered a good deal, he never complained. He so dear, tells me not to worry, but it is heartrending.

Andrew is so weak and weary, she noted on August 5. I played the little organ for him on the verandah after tea. On the same date: Letter from Baba. What a wonderful daughter she is! Never was one like her in tenderness and thoughtfulness.

But Carnegie was now rapidly approaching the end: in addition to his general debility, bronchial pneumonia had set in. On August 11 everything was over.

I was called at 6 A. M., Mrs. Carnegie writes on that day, and remained with my darling husband, giving him oxygen until he gradually fell asleep, at 7.14. I am left alone. Telephoned for Margaret at Millbrook at 6.30. She and Roswell got here a little before ten. Dr. Paddock was such a comfort. Everything possible was done. Rested all day. Margaret and Roswell such comforts, relieving me of details. Telegrams pouring in. I think he knew me but he did not speak.

Slept towards A. M., she records for the next day. Everybody so kind, but what is life to me now?


The mass of telegrams, from all over the world, were a consolation. These included messages from President Wilson, the King and Queen of England, the King and Queen of the Belgians, the President of France, and other heads of state,
and from the world's leaders in education, scientific progress, and business.

There had been considerable discussion in preceding years between Carnegie and his wife concerning their final burial place. At one time Carnegie was strongly inclined to Malcolm's Tower in Pittencrieff Glen, Dunfermline. This was the beautiful spot which, as a small boy, he had not been permitted to enter, but which, as a mature man, he had purchased and given his native town for the enjoyment of all the inhabitants. As the years went on, however, the idea seemed less and less desirable or fitting. The Carnegies recognized with warm loyalty that they were both Americans, and a resting place on American soil accorded more and more with the wishes of both. A few years before Carnegie's death, therefore, his wife purchased, to his entire satisfaction, a beautiful plot in historic Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, near Tarrytown, New York. Carnegie's Scottish friends have seen a resemblance between this spot and Malcolm's Tower in Pittencrieff. There is a moderate-sized hill, the sides are covered with greenery,—shrubs, flowers and trees, and a little brook winds at its feet. A Celtic cross was subsequently erected. The granite was quarried on the Skibo estate, transported by his tenants to the railroad station, fashioned into the cross by a Scottish sculptor, and from Glasgow forwarded to America. Andrew's grave was a place of visitation for Mrs. Carnegie for the rest of her life. On almost every birthday she would go up and place flowers on her husband's burial place.

Wreath of heather arrived from Skibo, she wrote on September 19, 1919. Next day she motored to Sleepy Hollow and placed it on Andrew's grave.
LOUISE WHITFIELD CARNEGIE

The Christmas anniversary of 1919 brought a flood of memories. Roswell dear and kind—so reads her diary for December 24, but Oh! my heart aches, thinking of my thirty-two Christmas eves! Heavy snow falling in evening forming a blanket at Sleepy Hollow.
Louise Whitfield Carnegie’s bravery revealed itself in a letter she wrote to a friend some months after her husband’s death: “Many things are happening, and although there can be ‘nae second spring,’ my heart is full of deep thankfulness and hope that strength will be given me to carry the torch in spirit even if in a very modest and feeble way outwardly.”

She had passed her sixty-second birthday at the time Andrew Carnegie died, but, notwithstanding the long anxious watch over him under trying conditions, she still possessed a fund of good health; her time in this life after her husband passed away would be as long as that of the period of her marriage.

Her troubled romance with Andrew, and the long-delayed wedding, had not been lightly passed over by the wife in the later years. The attitude of Andrew’s mother had gone deep into her being, and it worked itself out into a challenge to show that she was well qualified to be his life companion not only in home life, but also in his philanthropies.

Concerning this acceptance of the challenge, she said toward the close of her life to her pastor, Dr. Wolfe: “I never forgot that I was a steward of Andrew’s wealth.” From this conviction flowed a constant stream of public and private gifts.

A key to her character had already been given by her husband in his Autobiography:
The Peace-Maker has never had a quarrel in all her life, not even with a schoolmate, and there does not live a soul upon the earth who has met her who has the slightest cause to complain of neglect. Not that she does not welcome the best and gently avoid the undesirable—none is more fastidious than she—but neither rank, wealth, nor social position affects her one iota. She is incapable of acting or speaking rudely; all is in perfect good taste. Still, she never lowers her standard. Her intimates are only of the best. She is always thinking of how she can do good to those around her—planning for this one and that in case of need and making such judicious arrangements or presents as surprise those cooperating with her.

She had now to experience financially and otherwise the responsibility he had feared his death before her would bring about. He had stated that fear in his Autobiography:

I cannot imagine myself going through these twenty years without her. Nor can I endure the thought of living after her. In the course of nature I have not that to meet; but then, the thought of what will be cast upon her, a woman left alone with so much requiring attention and needing a man to decide, gives me intense pain and I sometimes wish I had this to endure for her. But then she will have our blessed daughter in her life and perhaps that will keep her patient. Besides, Margaret needs her more than she does her father.

Fortunately for the widow, Carnegie had arranged that she should not be overburdened in the distribution of his wealth. With wise foresight he had created well-founded, well-directed institutions for dispersing the ninety per cent of his vast fortune designed “for the improvement of mankind.” Having the friendship and sympathy of the trustees of these foundations, and sharing their purpose to follow the mind of the creator
of these streams of education and benevolence, a pleasant and fruitful relationship went on between Mrs. Carnegie and the officers of the trusts.

She had plenty to occupy her mind and time in managing wisely and usefully her own inheritance. The ten per cent of the Carnegie fortune left to the widow made her one of the world's richest women. Now, more than ever, the challenge of the past must be met, and the answer returned in unobtrusive good works.

Her friend John Morley understood. His was one of the expressions of regard that buoyed her. He wrote her on January 3, 1920:

We have often wondered how you have borne your first Christmas without that living companionship that was for so many years your fortunate lot. We make sure of your fortitude, your firmness. That is you, as I have always pictured you in my ventures in character drawing.

In this year of 1920, Mrs. Carnegie carried out a wish that had been close to her husband's heart—the publication of his Autobiography, as edited by the family's friend, Professor John C. Van Dyke; for this she wrote a preface that gives her own views of the events that broke her husband's spirits and health:

For a few weeks each summer we retired to our little bungalow on the moors at Aultnagar to enjoy the simple life, and it was there that Mr. Carnegie did most of the writing. He delighted in going back to those early times, and as he wrote he lived them all over again. He was thus engaged in July, 1914, when the war clouds began to gather, and when the fateful news of the 4th of August reached us, we immediately left our retreat in the hills and returned to Skibo to be more in touch with the situation. These memoirs
LOUISE WHITFIELD CARNEGIE

ended at that time. Henceforth he was never able to interest himself in private affairs. Many times he made the attempt to continue writing, but found it useless. Until then he had lived the life of a man in middle life—golfing, fishing, swimming each day, sometimes doing all three in one day. Optimist as he always was and tried to be, even in the face of the failure of his hopes, the world disaster was too much. His heart was broken. A severe attack of influenza followed by two serious attacks of pneumonia precipitated old age upon him . . .

Concerned with many important things, Louise Whitfield Carnegie found relief in little homely things. Whenever she was away from New York, her thoughts kept going back to her garden: she wished the gardener to put tags on certain plants she had ordered and to store them safely for use “when the right time comes to plant them.”

Writing from the house of the Roswell Millers, at Princeton, soon after the death of her husband, it was taken as a sign of reviving interest in life that she began to think of fall planting in the Ninety-first Street garden:

I think it would be better to take up the pansies, which are certainly very shabby, and plant geraniums now; these will last until frost. I do not want any chrysanthemums or spring bulbs in this bed.

The pansies in spring and the geraniums for summer will keep the bed tidy, & we can thus do with two plantings in the year, instead of bulbs, geraniums, and chrysanthemums as formerly.

On June 17, 1920, about a year after the death of Andrew Carnegie, a daughter, Louise Carnegie Miller, was born to Roswell and Margaret Carnegie Miller. The coming of the grandchild was one of the providences that renewed Louise Whit-
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field Carnegie's zest for life. The birth is recorded simply in her diary note of June 17, 1920: Thurs. Rainy & cold. My little grandchild was born at 2 this morning. Margaret dear named her Louise Carnegie Miller. My darling so bright & well. Baby Lou fine & so pretty.

Quoted here is a letter Mrs. Carnegie wrote many years later on June 17, 1939, to this same granddaughter (Mrs. Gordon Thompson) in which she recalled Baby Lou's arrival:

I see the Nurse coming to me at dinner time the evening before saying I must not think of staying at home but must go to the Wednesday evening service as usual—"it would be better for Mrs. Miller."

The coming home at 9:30 to see Daddy leading Mummie downstairs from the third floor to the Family Library on the second floor, Mummie clad in a pale blue tea gown like a madonna. Then Daddy playing Scotch songs on the gramophone . . . Then Dr. Thomas leading Mummie into her own room, while Daddy and I retired to my sitting room and rested on the two sofas until the wee sma' hours—when Nana came to the door and said, "I hear the baby crying!" and the wave of joy and thankfulness that went up from my heart that now this new little life had come into our home! And what a blessing that new life has been to us all, all our days, ever since!

Passers-by must have seen the venerable Andrew Carnegie, in his last year on earth, taking the sun in the home garden; but now youth was taking over—Margaret's children.

They came along in this procession: Mrs. Carnegie's namesake, Louise Carnegie Miller, born June 17, 1920, familiar as "De-de" (two syllables); Roswell Miller III, "Robin," born December 14, 1922; Barbara Miller, "Ba," born April 3, 1925;
and Margaret, known to her family as "Margot," born July 15, 1926. These children were the delight as well as the concern of her life.

The neighborhood still remembered that, for all of Mrs. Carnegie's fond care of her beautiful city garden, it was still the playground for her grandchildren. Often she could be seen among them, sharing their play. She allotted a place to them on the broad lawn, training them, however, to respect growing things. She superintended the laying of boards, with a rubber covering, over part of the lawn, and upon this created an outdoor playground: a sandbox, a jungle gym, and swings in which the four soared as high as the roofs of the passing Fifth Avenue buses. And, in addition to the play, the green expanse became a kindergarten of horticulture, because Grandmother "Naigie" was there as a nature guide.

Experienced in the ways of life, and with a disposition to plan ahead for happiness and avoid obstacles to it, Mrs. Carnegie insisted from the start of her daughter's married life that the first devotion of the daughter must be to her husband, and to the children of the union. She did not mean by this that there must be a severe break in living habits, but she did wish that both families should have separate houses, and therein proceed toward mutual happiness. Her wish is recorded in this letter to her sister Estelle:

My life for the last six years has been one of continual change, so I accept things as they come—sustained by the life within and learning what it means to stand alone . . . Margaret and Roswell are dear; no two children could be dearer and more thoughtful, but I am inevitably an outsider. This is the lesson we all have to learn and we do not truly live until we have learned it.
She always assured Margaret, "There was never a daughter like you, my precious," but she remained firm in her purpose to live independently. Thus gradually came into effect a mode of separate yet related living. A house on Ninetieth Street, which adjoined the Carnegie plot, was acquired, and there the Millers lived side by side with Mrs. Carnegie, with an entrance from the Miller house giving access to the Carnegie house and garden. It became a much-used passageway. With each one having the freedom of the other's home, always near, yet separate, the happiest groundwork had been laid for enjoyable living for many years to come.

Avoiding the public gaze, Mrs. Carnegie gave little opportunity outside the circle of her friends and household to know how considerate she was of the feelings and fortunes of others. Her expressions of sympathy for friends who had suffered bereavement were sincere and constant, and she responded in practical ways to the misfortunes of persons she knew. In many cases she went far beyond the normal conception of duty in helping others.

As to her household staff, she wished pleasantness for them, dealt considerately with her helpers, and looked after their well-being. There was the time when a telegram came that little George, the son of one of the chauffeurs, grandson of the George Punton who had driven the Carnegie coach to Cluny, was stricken by an infectious disease. After receiving the report Mrs. Carnegie wrote her secretary, Mr. Barrow:

Well, you certainly have done everything that could be done, and I know that you will see to it that little George has every care and attention, just as if he were our own...
In her reviving activity in 1920, Mrs. Carnegie took out of her desk a little ocean diary she had put away when her life on the houseboat began; she sought a sea change and was planning to add to the notes in its pages the record of another ocean voyage. The little canvas-covered book, *Across the Atlantic*, had been in her possession since 1888; she had used it for the first time on her third voyage abroad, and had kept it up for every voyage since, and would do so until she completed her ninety-second voyage, her last crossing. It had been given her by Fannie R. Dennis, and was printed to be the record of one voyage across and back. Opposite each blank page, planned for autographs and notes, was a page of comforting texts, such as—“When thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee . . .”

Young Mrs. Carnegie had started to gather autographs, and had first obtained that of her celebrated life companion. Next came the contribution of the young musician Walter Damrosch. His signature in the book took the form of one of the motives from the *Nibelungen Trilogy*. Possessing these precious trophies, Mrs. Carnegie converted the blank pages into a crowded day-to-day record of all her voyages. Her minute notes about each of the ninety-two outward and homeward bound crossings eventually ran across every available inch of white space and between the printed texts.

This was to become a very good life record of travel for the girl of sixteen who on her first voyage to Europe had vowed never again to set foot on a ship. The date of sailing; the name of captain, steamship line and steamer; the family members of the party; the mileage per day; the weather conditions, appearance of whales, icebergs, derelicts; the taking on and dropping off of pilots; the docking—these things she put down
regularly. Her notes resembled those a skipper put in his log:

Moderate gale, rough sea. . . Off the Banks, fog early A. M. . . . Still going South to avoid ice; turned north. . . . Passed full-rigged ship at dusk. . . . Poor stoking. . . . Bad coal—worse coal. . . . Hurricane—slowed down to 8 knots. . . . Cyclone all night, wind between 70 and 80 miles. . . . Strong westerly gales with hail and snow, heavy and confused seas. . . . calm sea—delightfully warm and bright. . . . Suddenly fog at Sandy Hook. Grounded on bar at 5 P. M.; remained till next day; tug got us off at 5 P. M.

On a voyage in 1910, Mrs. Carnegie recorded one of the first messages received by Marconi wireless by passengers on shipboard: King Edward died. Occasionally she put in notes like these: Kathleen Adam Smith’s wedding day; sent cable. . . . Margaret’s birthday. . . . Abby Rockefeller’s wedding day. . . . Wireless from Nan Rockefeller—her son Andrew born.

The revealing record of voyages was also a “Baby Book,” for, along with storms and whales, Mrs. Carnegie continued to note the voyages and sailing qualities of, first, her Baby Margaret, and then of Margaret’s little ones. She made note that it was Margaret’s first, second, or third voyage, etc., and afterwards made the same entries for each of her grandchildren:

June 2, 1897. 23rd voyage; Baby Margaret’s first trip 9 weeks old.
April 25th, 1899. 25th voyage; Margaret’s 3rd. On second day, in fog, two-year-old Margaret protested: “Baba tell Captain put away fog horn, only coach horn”—meaning dinner horn.

In the journal of the homeward voyage in the Majestic, in October, 1925, are these notes about the grandchildren: Lou’s
But in the year 1920, there was only one baby in the group, and the decision was being made to try the child out at once as an ocean traveler.

Six years had passed since the Carnegies had hurriedly left their Highland summer home. Mrs. Carnegie recalled how pleasantly her husband, her child, and she had sailed to England in May, 1914, with nothing ominous in sight except a derelict vessel. How different had been the return voyage in September on the Mauretania, as fugitives from the horrors they had devoted millions to help the nations avoid. Then she had made this diary entry: Ship painted war gray and disguised. No lights on deck.

Mrs. Carnegie was anxious to return. There were many decisions about the property that were being suspended until she arrived. The war had wrought severe changes in Great Britain, and Skibo had not come out of it unscathed. She sailed with her sister Estelle on the Red Star steamship Lapland, Captain Bradshaw. The Roswell Millers, with Baby Lou, were to follow by another ship. The grandmother was hurrying to Skibo to prepare the nursery for the baby. Here, in a letter to her daughter, is the story of her return to the Highlands:

Skibo
July 30, 1920

Darling,

I’m at Skibo!! just think of it! and everything in the house is exactly as we left it six years ago. We might really have been gone only six days from the way everything looks, except that in the
old nursery there is a little pink bassinette waiting for its wee occupant!

I have had a hasty run through the garden—the strawberries are not over yet—the cherries still hanging on the east wall big dark red ones, not many but still a few and oh! so sweet, and the gooseberries and raspberries are just about ripe—they are all so wonderful!

Mr. Ritchie [the minister] was on the train with us but I did not see him until we reached Bonar Bridge. I am so glad he was the first one I saw. Mr. and Mrs. Hardie [the factor and his wife] were at the door as we drove up and Nimmie [Mrs. Nicoll, the housekeeper of Cluny days] in the doorway—it was so good to see her. Well, you will see it all for yourself soon. Will it be Monday or Tuesday I wonder. I fear the latter. Mr. Hardie says there is lots of grouse and the dogs are being trained, and there are lots and lots of rabbits. My! won’t they taste good—rabbit pie for instance—so there will be lots of sport for Roswell. Everything is good but the weather—it is bitterly cold. I hope you have plenty of warm clothing with you—put on all you have—it was very cold on the train last night. We have had sunshine and showers all day just like April—but the sky is wonderful. The house is warm and comfortable and of course we have open fires. Our breakfast baskets at Kingussie were hot and nice, and at Inverness we had cold luncheon baskets put in—we wired ahead for them—and ate them when we felt like it—we did not reach Skibo today until 3.15.

Mr. Hardie gave me your dear letter on arrival. Oh! darling it was so sweet of you to think of writing.

The Roswell Millers, starting their new family, must have been a little worried as to Skibo arrangements; something the daughter intimated in her letter caused the mother to give assurance in reply.
But just here I want to set you right about something you said in your letter. I don’t expect you to have my viewpoint—and I wouldn’t have you feel one day older than you are. I want you gay and young and frivolous and bent on having a good time both of you together and it makes me happy to help you have a happy young time. I say this because I know you have a heart under it all. You are bringing your family to your home and I don’t expect things to go on in the old way and don’t want them to. You are the daughter of the house and I am only happy when you are happy. We both have our separate lives to live but it is a comfort to live them near each other. This is not a sermon!! Now hurry up and come home and don’t take cold any of you—it is a terrific change from N. Y. . . .

Baby Lou thrived aboard ship and in the Highlands, and the weeks of Skibo life were delightful for all. But Margaret was to be matron-of-honor at the wedding of Roswell’s sister, and after that the happiness of establishing Baby Lou in her Princeton home lay ahead and preparing for winter life there. On September 11th, therefore, the Roswell Millers sailed on the Aquitania for the United States.

Mrs. Carnegie, about to return home, indicated an unset-tled mind about whether to continue the ownership of the estate in Scotland:

These coming weeks will be the real test whether I can keep this place. I find it is you darling and not the place that counts—and I cannot talk to you over the telephone from here! We shall see—I don’t know if I can stand many more partings like this but the first is always the worst, and it will all work out well in the end . . .

But qualms about giving up beloved Skibo crept out in other passages of the same letter:
THE COURAGE TO GO ON

Auntie and I had a lovely afternoon with our tea basket up on Struie near Aultnamain. We sat in the heather near a burn. It is a lovely place and I must take you there next year! . . .

It has been a wild day of wind and showers, rainbow in the morning! but a good deal of sunshine with all. I managed to run up the hillside and drank from the Spring and went down to see the nearest waterfall which was in spate and crossed the stepping stones and stood at the gate. I thought of the afternoon when we were last at Aultnagar together and of the cosy tea before the fire . . .

I am so glad dear little Lou is such a good traveler and such a joy and comfort too. I am so glad you have her, darling, and that when you get a bit homesick for your “Home in the North Country” you can snuggle her up and think that she has been there too and later on you can talk to her about it. Little darling! as hard as it is, I like to go into her room and imagine I see her there and you lying on the sofa with her in your arms . . .

I’m thinking of last Sunday morning, and the beautiful walk in the afternoon on the little moor. I am afraid I am making it harder for you, recalling all these times. I know how hard it was for you to tear yourself away from this spot you love so well. You are your father’s own daughter, my darling! I was looking at the motto over the fireplace in the hall this A. M.—“hame is hame, but a hieland hame is mair than hame”—I don’t believe you remember it, but isn’t it true? Well, it doesn’t do to get too much attached to places—we must move on and we all have work to do in the world.

In a letter sent a week later, Mrs. Carnegie continued:

I am busy in the house some days going over the linen closet, etc. Such beautiful new tablecloths—French—marked with your initials I find here, but I am not bringing them over just yet. You have two of your cribs here and I am getting the smaller one put up all ready for Lou next year!! . . .

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LOUISE WHITFIELD CARNEGIE

I have had a long sleep this afternoon, after which I was busy framing pictures of you as a bride and with Baby and one of our family group. I want to leave them here and they are all lovely. I like you with Baby in your arms better every time I look at it—she is such a wonder with such a lot of hair—she was just 3 weeks and 4 days old. It looks as if we intended to come back, doesn’t it? Instead of packing photos to take home I am framing to leave here—heigh-ho! I hope you will tell me just how you now feel in looking back over the summer. Does it seem to have been a big undertaking? Was it worth while? Would you dread doing it again? To know just how you feel about it now will help me very much—don’t be afraid of my feelings—tell me honestly—weighing all the advantages and disadvantages how you feel about it.

There were messages from her to Roswell too: thanks for the check he had procured for her, and for finding out where she could hire a motor car when she came to London. And then she remembered his music:

Tell Roswell I actually long to hear him playing the organ. I miss it and him dreadfully—but I mustn’t talk of missing; I couldn’t live if I didn’t try to shut that from my mind.

The wedding of Dorothy Miller, Roswell’s sister, took place on September 25, 1920. On the afternoon of that day, the lady of Skibo sat at her desk picturing the scene:

It is 5.15 by the clock. I can see the drawing room at Millbrook. The bride and groom standing before Dr. Coffin and my own little girl standing beside Dorothy holding her bouquet, as the holy words are said. It all brings you very close to me. . . .

I hope Dorothy will receive the cable I sent off last night to be in time. I also sent one to Mrs. Miller at the same time. I only signed it Louise but I hope it went all right. Dorothy will make
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a pretty bride and I hope everything will pass off to Mrs. Miller's full satisfaction. I know only too well the blank that will be afterwards...

I shall be glad to think of you next Tuesday or Wednesday as being settled in your own Princeton home although to Roswell it will be hard for him to resume his studies. I know how busy you will be getting the nursery settled and everybody broken in, but I know you will love it... I also know you long to stand on your own feet and even your household cares will give you a sense of freedom because they are your own.

Mrs. Carnegie's frankness about herself comes in at the end of a letter:

Auntie and I are having lovely times together and she is very dear and thoughtful and I try not to be domineering. She and I had our last game of golf yesterday... We had pretty poor scores but the day was glorious! I did the 7th hole in eight! and was so disgusted I went back and played it again in four! if I only could have counted it!

The letter of September 25th from Skibo virtually settled the question whether the estate should be retained. An old family friend, Dr. John Ross, who had negotiated for Andrew Carnegie the desired purchase of Pittencrief Glen as a public park for Dunfermline, had come up, old as he was, to advise Mrs. Carnegie about the property. The decision on whether to sell part of the estate or to keep it all is told in this extract from a letter to Margaret:

We are to give up all farming and reduce expenses as much as we can. If we can let Aultnagar with the Auchinduich shooting we shall do so. I want to sell all to the west of the Spinningdale road

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—this will let us keep Loch Bhuie and Lagain and the Fairy Glen! — but there would be no deer shooting nor salmon. Of course the Shin is the best part of our revenue but I don't want the responsibility and I do hope we may find a purchaser . . . I am making my plans now to come back here early next summer, if you and Roswell find that your plans work out so that you can come over after R. graduates—it will make me very, very happy . . .

If you and Roswell want to leave Baby with me and take a run on the Continent I shall be glad of this—but even if you feel you cannot come over and that you must take a house near New York—I could not be with you and my duties plainly lie here—if you cannot come I shall not stay so long . . . I feel like a new creature now that I have begun some definite work and the awful thought of parting with Skibo has gone. I believe it was almost killing me.

Giving up Shadowbrook is nothing to giving up Skibo. The fast ships now would take me to you quickly if you needed me, and really you do not actually need me in one sense, now that you have your husband and child and have your good doctor and trained nurse to call upon if necessary, and always your Nana, and I would come as quickly as ship could carry me if you were in trouble of any kind, and then you would always have Skibo to come to. It seems the right solution, doesn't it darling? At least for a few years. Mr. Ritchie was here yesterday for luncheon and tea. I soon guessed what was on his mind—he wanted to know the result of Dr. Ross's visit. When I told him I was arranging to come back next year he gave a sigh of relief and spoke several times of how pleased the people round about would be. This is all very gratifying and I believe even if I have to curtail and live in a smaller way, which I shall earnestly try to do, that I can still bring a good deal of happiness into the lives of many people.
In the summer of 1921, Baby Lou having started her second year, the grandmother and child got well acquainted with each other in a sunny period of gardening. Mrs. Carnegie reported to the absent young mother:

Your darling daughter graciously consented to spend the afternoon with her grandmother and I have gone back 23 years and had a real old fashioned Sunday afternoon alone with her in the garden . . . I took Baby and sent Nurse off for a walk. We had a fine time. I gave her old roses to pull to pieces while I cut off the old calyxes, and this amused her for a long time, then she had a fine time throwing things out of her pram and Grandmother had a lot of exercise picking them up—it was as good as a game of golf for me physically! So much depends upon the way we look at things! Finally I spread a rubber rug under the big lime trees on the lawn and she sang Grandmother to sleep and tried to eat all the sticks she could find. It was half past five before I knew it and then I carried her in to bed in the best of spirits.

Mrs. Carnegie and the Roswell Millers did not cross the Atlantic during the next year. Mrs. Carnegie’s ship diary tells tersely why she stayed at home that year: Did not cross in 1922. Spent summer at Cape Cod, awaiting Robin. Roswell Miller III was born December 14, 1922. In June, 1922, she went to West Hyannisport, Cape Cod.

She was enjoying an escape from entertaining groups of guests in her “wee house by the sea,” and she had time to indulge in a bit of quiet humor as to the impression her simple living was making on the servants who accompanied her:

No doubt there is plenty of grumbling going on behind the scenes, but, luckily, I do not hear it. I was amused with M—- [an
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English chauffeur] when I was extolling the charms of Chisholm's house as we passed, he replied, "Yes, the location is fine, but the house is rather rough inside."

"Yes," I said, "people in this country like to camp out for the summer."

Again she wrote from her seashore cottage:

I am having the best holiday I have ever had in my life. I love every feature of my simple life and I am able to forget all my worries in the freedom I now enjoy . . .
Andrew Carnegie's foundation for international peace had spent nearly a half-million dollars in the restoration of the war-devastated area of Europe. His widow had been invited to view the work of restoration, and in the spring of 1923 she went in time to watch the spring come to Paris, and see the horse-chestnut trees blooming, and flower-women selling lilies in the streets.

We motored to Fontainebleau yesterday—the drive through the forest with all the trees in their spring freshness was entrancing. There was a hunting party lunching at the restaurant where we took lunch—ladies and gentlemen in scarlet coats and velvet caps—it was a gay scene.

Daddy's memory is revered here, and I want them to know that Daddy's family take an interest and wish to help them carry on.

Word had come to the Belgian court of Mrs. Carnegie's informal visit, and King Albert had invited her to attend a dinner which he was giving to the King and Queen of Spain:

The envoy said the King felt that this occasion gave him an opportunity to show the wife of the great philanthropist a new proof of the esteem and sympathy which Belgium cherished toward the memory of Andrew Carnegie.
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Mrs. Carnegie went to Brussels by way of Rheims, Belleau Wood, Chateau Thierry, and Soissons:

The devastated regions saddened us very much—such havoc is beyond description—whole villages wiped out. Nature, always beneficent if not thwarted, is covering everything with grass so that much of the gauntness is gone—and the restorations are really wonderful; so many buildings have gone up with new red roofs everywhere—Rheims Cathedral is nearly roofed over, but oh! the destruction of the beautiful windows!

Then came a touching reference to the slain son of Theodore Roosevelt:

We visited Quentin Roosevelt’s solitary grave—just where he fell when his aeroplane was shot down. Born in the same year you were, darling. We laid some white lilacs on his grave for his Mother’s sake—I know her well.

Often the traveler came on the Carnegie investments in human welfare:

We lunched at Soissons that day and in the P. M. went to Farnieres—where our Peace Foundation is rebuilding the school and a good portion of the village. The center is to be called La Place Carnegie. The Mayor and all the Town Counsellors were assembled at the little shack which is all they have for a Town Hall—but dear Daddy’s large photograph was hanging over the desk.

The Mayor gave a big bouquet to the woman who had shared in the benefactions, and escorted her to the shack that served as a school:

All the children, about two hundred, were assembled outside, and three little girls with their hair tied with American flag ribbon read another address and presented another bouquet . . .

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At Brussels, "dressed in my best," and accompanied by General and Mrs. Charles Sherrill, Mrs. Carnegie drove to the palace, took her place in the line of guests and made her bow to the King and Queen of the Belgians. Albert spoke to her about the dinner given to Andrew Carnegie ten years before.

The two young princes were also in the receiving line, and Cardinal Mercier, and all shook hands.

The letter ended with this paraphrased Mother Goose rhyme for her granddaughter:

FOR LOU

"Ganma, Ganma, where have you been?"
"I've been to Brussels to see the Queen."
"Ganma, Ganma, what did you do there?"
"I felt like the little mouse under the chair!"

In letters Mrs. Carnegie sent from Scotland in 1923, she often gave delightful little pictures of her strolls of the day, or the scenery she was watching as she wrote the letter. Though she made no pretense to literary style, her letters, when describing nature, have an authentic ring:

I just came in from a farewell walk along the top border of the garden and part of the Sunset walk. Such a glorious evening! The sunset was a yellow one against a greenish blue sky, and patches of dark clouds, so lovely, and in the East the almost full moon was silvery bright, too heavenly for words. Five hours later the same moon will be shining down on you! I wonder if you will see it from the train windows as you approach New York? The leaves
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are falling rapidly and I love to see them lying on the ground. What impresses me most are the individual trees—each a different shade of yellow imbedded in the dark green of the pines!

I am seated in my little East room downstairs where I can get every blink of the sun which comes out fitfully. The dark clouds hang loweringly over the Sutherland hills and all during breakfast I watched the heavy rain clouds, rushing along through the valleys and over the hills—such a wild day. The poor broom is thrashed and beaten and Murray has been busy all the week tying up the tall flowers in the garden. My three doggies are stretched out on the floor where they too can enjoy the blinks of the sun.

I am glad you are enjoying the American summer [she said at another time]; it is very fine in a way, and I love it too, if I don’t have to exert myself in the heat . . . How lovely your flowers which Roswell arranged must have been and the moccasin flowers! All the beauty is not confined to one spot of the earth, fortunately, so while I long for you here, and can hardly enjoy it without you, still I know you too are enjoying a beauty of your own, which I too knew in my early days and I am glad you are learning all about your own country now. We are rich indeed—knowing two countries so intimately.

The Roswell Millers were staying in Millbrook, preparatory to going over later in the summer. The mother wrote to them there in the same vein, referring to Aultnagar:

I know the joy and peace you have living on your hilltop in America and the joy I feel in being on my Scotch hilltop brings me very close to you.

To capture the rare beauty of the Highland scenery, Mrs. Carnegie had gone in for colored photography—an art in which her son-in-law excelled. The reason she seldom appeared in
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...group pictures in the Skibo setting was that it was she who was taking the picture. The idea came to her to use one of the scenes as a Christmas card:

I have taken some glorious colored photos—even Roswell is enthusiastic, but the vivid coloring does not reproduce well, so the film itself is better than any Christmas card can be. The film in my glass viewing case is an exact reproduction of nature.

The changes that had come with time had subdued the “open house” aspect of Skibo. Mrs. Carnegie still welcomed her friends, but they were friends, not necessarily public characters. If the truth be told, she had not always enjoyed those large house parties her husband had given—so many visitors weary me, she confided to her diary.

The unfailing letters from mother to daughter at this time of renewing friendships in Britain carry reports of meetings with venerable friends, especially John Morley.

Lord Morley came and lunched with us on Saturday the day after we arrived. I see a great change in him; he is really very feeble and is very pathetic, but he is the same sweet, dear friend. He had many inquiries of you and made me promise over and over again that I would bring you all out to see them in June when you arrive—babies and all. Lady Morley was not able to come for lunch and was not able to see us on Sunday, but I had a telegram from Lord Morley on Monday morning asking us for tea that afternoon. We found Lady Morley better than we expected. She was down in the familiar library to greet us and when we left they both followed us to the door to see the American car and Lord Morley shook hands with [chauffeur] McCulloch. We stayed fully an hour and they were both so interested in all I had to tell them.
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about you and the babies and said nice things about Roswell. His last words were "Mind you bring them to us in June!"

Mrs. Carnegie's carefully preserved packet of letters from Morley ends with one dated September 8, 1923. Labelled, in her handwriting, "His last letter to me," it has characteristic touches.

I wonder what sort of a world your youngsters will grow up to? I fear we of this generation are not making things of good promise for them. A storm laden "crisis" once a week, each of them more dangerous than the week before, is trying for us all, and especially for worthy people with nerves over 80!!! After all the golden maxim of human life is steadily to make the best of things. Old John Wesley once preached a fierce sermon against the sins and wickedness of the time and of his countrymen; and then he suddenly wound up: "But our people are the best in the world for all that." I fancy something of the same compliment to themselves is not unknown in your country.

Another friend whose death she mourned was the Right Reverend Randall Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury. He and Lady Davidson became regular summer guests at Skibo, usually staying for a week or more. The Archbishop's geniality, his fondness for the Miller children, his pleasure in non-ecclesiastical things, such as tea parties, golf, salmon fishing, and the like, gave a delightfully informal view of a head of the English church.

Mrs. Carnegie afterwards wrote her granddaughter Louise about a group picture of the Davidsons and the Carnegies, taken at Skibo Castle, the Archbishop standing with his hands on the shoulders of Louise, then about ten years old.
Louise Whitfield Carnegie and her four grandchildren, 1932

Photo by Walter Scott Shinn
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Dear Lou—

I hope you will always remember the Archbishop of Canterbury Lord Davidson, and Lady Davidson, who used to visit us at Skibo. I have today received the enclosed photographs taken by Lady Davidson at the front door of Skibo. It is not every little girl that has had the honor of being photographed with such a group of distinguished people, so I am putting them away carefully for you, in the hope that when you grow up you will like to know that the dear Archbishop, whom Daddy and Mummie and I loved very much, once laid his hands so tenderly on your shoulders. The dear Archbishop was very fond of your Daddy and Mummie and in the hope that you may grow up into the kind of woman he would have liked,

With warmest love darling,

Ever devotedly your

Grandma Carnegie

Thoughts of her little grandchildren’s entertainment, comfort, and health were always with Mrs. Carnegie. Her account of a stroll by herself in Edinburgh is a brief example:

Monday morning was a bright day and I thoroughly enjoyed browsing along Princes Street. I did not see much to buy—only four rubber rugs for the children to sit on; just the thing—not heavy but with wool on one side to keep out the cold next October!

But when autumn came, the heart that had been in the Highlands was glad enough to return to her friends and her engagements in Manhattan:

... and then I shall hope to be under your roof soon, and how I shall enjoy it, being visitor without any duties that must be attended to—no letters to write or secretaries to see—and then we shall all be in New York with our cosy luncheons, Philharmonics,
etc. Yes, darling, I have a great deal to be thankful for, and I am grateful for my many mercies.

In March of 1924, Mrs. Carnegie discovered the coast of California, and liked the people and scenery immensely. Uncle George Lauder, in “great good spirits,” was with her on the trip. She especially enjoyed a stay at Coronado Beach:

It is a perfect Paradise. The palm trees, gay flowers, and the beautiful stretch of the Pacific with the long lines of breakers make it to me even more beautiful than the Riviera . . . The Californians are most friendly and seem to reflect this beautiful climate in their characters.

The party returned to New York on the steamship Manchuria, by way of the Canal. Mrs. Carnegie could put up with inconveniences when necessary:

They have not been able to give me a room with bath, but I am on the Promenade Deck with plenty of air. . . . They had allotted Manning a berth in an inside room, which they have changed to an outside one, which will be more satisfactory.

Always eager to visit some new corner of the world, and prepared to put up with any discomfort in doing so, Mrs. Carnegie, in these years of renewed voyaging, sailed with the De Peysters on the Conte Rosso for the Mediterranean. She liked the little Italian ship’s photographer, because “he didn’t intrude,” and she sent home his snapshot of her group.

In the rough seas off Gibraltar, she enjoyed the fancy dress ball:

The whole ship’s company worked like slaves all day yesterday to decorate the dining-room with tiny electric lights and garlands.
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The saloon and upper deck are like fairyland. Everyone was throwing confetti, streamers, balloons, etc., and it was a real fiesta, and yet not boisterous, and nobody was hilarious, just having a thoroughly good simple time. I think it was just what I needed...

Mrs. Carnegie's chief interest as an aging woman was for the simple things of life, the things that one did not have to be a millionaire to enjoy. She found delight in visiting gardens; in sitting on the beach viewing the gulls; in seeing children at play; in reading letters from daughter and grandchildren; the latter had deep admiration and love for "Grandma Naigie," as they called her, perhaps reminiscent of that "Naig" which was Andrew Carnegie's nickname among the friends of his boyhood. She enjoyed taking rambling walks all alone, in the surrounding moors and hills, and sight-seeing tours—for she was an inveterate visitor of cathedrals and places of historic interest. She occasionally went to the movies and followed current events and speeches on the radio; she even tried out some modern music and jazz—but gave it up in despair, reverting to her beloved Tschaikowsky, Brahms, and Wagner.

With grandchildren coming to visit her at Skibo, its mistress was soon giving as much attention to providing pet dogs for their fondling as she did to procuring dolls. As her letters show, she was herself a dog-lover. She gave this picture of Struie:

'Wee Struie came to my bedside wagging his tail and of course he had an invitation to come up and he lay in my arms looking up into my face until my breakfast came and then he cuddled by my side and went to sleep never begging for a morsel. He is the most satisfactory wee doggie imaginable. Last night I went for a walk after dinner and Laddie was close by my side... The short
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young grass is green but not many primroses near the house—tomorrow I shall have to go down the glen and find them. I came across a fine bunch last night. Laddie had promptly gone into the burn and lay down in the icy water and when I called him he came to where I was gathering the primroses and lay down on the top of them, which did not improve them!

Some time later she told of acquiring another “wee doggie.”

I had to run off for a turn on the moors—sunset walk—while the sun was shining, taking the doggies for a walk. It was glorious the lights and shades on the distant hills most beautiful. There is almost a purple tinge on the heather already. Of course I am later here this year than last and everything has a real summer look...

I had written Mr. Wolfenden I wanted to see the little Shetland collie I wrote about last Autumn and to bring him to the train (I wasn’t going to tell you about this but I can’t keep it). He was there—the dearest little year-and-a-half-old all-sable Shetland collie you ever saw. Of course I fell, and when the train pulled out little “Ruag”—meaning red—was in my arms! He was restless at first but soon “cuddled doon” and was sound asleep. My idea is, if the children take to him, to give him to them to take to America—only he will be hunted for a fox if you take him to Millbrook. He is just about a year older than Struie—and is now what Struie was last year. Not quite so docile, but very intelligent, and knows everything I say to him. It will be nice for Barbara and Margot to each have a dog to play with this summer... I was fearful how Laddie and Struie might receive Ruag—so Alexander held the latter in his arms while Laddie and Struie devoured me, squealing with delight. Laddie shows no lameness, and is as lively as ever, only too fat—while Struie is like a little ball—this is partly owing to his very heavy coat, and rather short legs. Ruag is very thin and, while small, has longer legs. Together they are just like Rannoch and Cluny in
the collie picture in our gallery only in miniature edition. They all took to each other at once, and all lay under the table while I ate my dinner. Imagine me going about with three dogs at my heels!

Friday I slept for two hours in the afternoon, and when I came down to dinner Alexander asked me if Ruag had been with me. I had not seen him all the afternoon! Neither had Alexander! He had eaten a good dinner at one o'clock and the last he saw of him he was running off with the other two dogs. Laddie and Struie came back but Ruag did not—not even at night. Yesterday morning I started out to search for him. Went to every cottage, notified McDonald the keeper, posted notices in Invershin P. O. and Bonar Bridge P. O. offering 5 pounds reward, notified Bonar policeman who telephoned Lairg police—did everything I could think of, wrote an advertisement for the Northern Times for Leith to send, etc. Another night and no sign of him. This morning while I was writing here, Alexander brought him in.

The little fellow had walked in about 11.30 A. M. as quietly as if nothing had happened. Looking none the worse, not a bit weather beaten, although it had rained one night and there was frost the other. Where the little monkey had been no one can tell. He was not a bit tired but was good and hungry for his lunch—gone nearly two full days and nights! Now I expect I shall be busy most of tomorrow notifying everybody he has been found. The whole three of them are sound asleep at my feet as I write. I started this letter thinking I should have to report to you a tragedy and now peace and happiness reign supreme.

July 15, 1926, was one of the very happy days in Grandmother Naigie's life. She wrote in her diary: St. Swithin's Day. My third granddaughter and fourth grandchild, Margaret Morrison Miller, was born at 9:20 P.M. 7 lbs. This was a signal
occasion for the vicinity, because the birth of little Margaret Miller (Margot) was the first one at Skibo for a great many years. The baby was christened in the hall at Skibo. Recording the ceremony, the grandmother wrote on August 29th, Sunday, 1926: Little Margaret Morrison Miller was baptized by Mr. Ritchie, in the hall of our home. Sir George Adam Smith, Principal of Aberdeen University [a close family friend] and Dr. Bentick, minister of the Dornoch Cathedral, took part. Fireplace and font decorated with palms, marguerites, bluebells, and purple and white heather. My Dunfermline silver rose bowl used. About 150 here. Baby was presented with a silver vase by household staff. Mr. Ritchie for dinner. Hymns in the evening.

The christening of Barbara, Margot’s next older sister, had also occurred at Skibo. In June, 1925, baby Barbara, newly brought from the United States, had been named and consecrated in Bonar Bridge Church, on the Skibo estate. At that christening, Mr. Ritchie had also presided. The presence of this good man accompanied the lives of the Carnegies and the Millers from the oldest to the youngest; formally and informally, he blessed them all.

In the summer of 1927, Mrs. Carnegie was presented to King George V and Queen Mary at a Drawing Room held at Holyrood Palace in Edinburgh and received an invitation, including her daughter and son-in-law, to the Garden Party given the next day. It was a memorable event in the Skibo summer. Mrs. Carnegie described it in a letter to a friend in America:

The weather could not have been finer for the Garden Party—and I felt very happy and proud of my daughter and her husband,
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both looking very smart,—Mr. Miller in his top hat, cutaway, and spats!—as we walked across the beautiful lawns at Holyrood. The Queen sent word that she wanted to see me, and Sir Harry Verney who came for us, asked me to bring Mr. and Mrs. Miller also. We were taken up to the Royal tent just after they had finished tea. The Queen came out on the lawn and stood talking to us for some time. She asked Mrs. Miller about her children and I told Her Majesty about Dede [Louise] cutting out her pictures from the papers and making frames for them. The Queen was much interested. Dede thrilled when I told her. The Queen then said the King would like to talk with us, and he was very genial and pleasant, and said he was very pleased to see me at the presentation on Wednesday. I was much surprised that he had recognized me. Both Mr. and Mrs. Miller were very pleased, and both much impressed with the great charm of the King and Queen. It was a perfect success, and now I look forward with pleasure to formally presenting my daughter and son-in-law at Court some day!

... We seem to be in a very gay mood, for last week I decided to give a Garden Party here which came off yesterday. We had the tent we had for the christening erected on the tennis green and had the full pipe band in their new uniforms, with Grant as their leader march up and down the lawn at intervals. We also had Mr. Innes and his orchestra placed under the cherry tree near the garden entrance and they played delightfully. About 125 people came ... The Hotel Dornoch furnished ices and strawberries and tea, and served it at little tables on the lawn and everyone seemed very happy.

In the year 1928, Mrs. Carnegie saw the completion of a long-planned shrine to her husband. For several years she had been planning some kind of personal memorial to Andrew and his mother in his native town of Dunfermline. In Carnegie's
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lifetime, greatly to his delight, she had purchased with money of her own—a legacy under the will of her grandfather, George Buckmaster Whitfield—the little two-story graystone cottage in which Carnegie had been born in 1835. The Dunfermline Trust contributed the lot that adjoined his humble home.

Mrs. Carnegie, after consultation with John Ross and other friends of Andrew, decided to convert the two sites into a permanent monument to her husband’s life. In the course of that life a vast collection of mementoes had been assembled; chief among them were the “Freedoms” which had been presented to Carnegie from the British towns and cities to which he had given libraries. Carnegie had always been proud of these parchments bestowing the Freedom of the City. They were in heavy silver or beautifully carved wooden caskets and the collection during his lifetime held an honored place in two large glass cabinets in the drawing room at Skibo. He liked genially to boast that, whereas Gladstone had seventeen Freedoms, he had fifty-two.

Mrs. Carnegie had begun the erection of a fine building, directly adjoining the birthplace, to house these and other valuable Carnegie memorabilia. When the Birthplace Memorial was finished and ready for dedication, the occasion became famous in the history of the old “grey toun.” The school children obtained a holiday, and 8,000 strong, all waving flags, formed the main part of the procession.

In connection with the dedication of the Carnegie Memorial, there was an extra presentation which had special appeal for the Roswell Millers and their children. This is disclosed in Mrs. Carnegie’s letter sent to Sir James Norval:
In this connection, may I say that I wrote Mr. Shearer a day or two ago about a little drinking fountain which I should like placed, if possible, in the shrubbery near the steps leading from the Memorial into the little park. One of the incidents of Mr. Carnegie's childhood, which always touched me deeply, was his going to a fountain to gather water for his Mother; and I have thought that a small fountain would commemorate this, at least in his family's mind, and be a pleasing touch . . .

I find that Mr. and Mrs. Miller are anxious to have just a boulder or two of granite from Skibo, arranged so that the water could bubble up into a little basin at the top. I will write Mr. Shearer more clearly as to my ideas on this subject, and hope that you, as Chairman of the Trust, will approve of the drinking fountain being placed there if possible. It is to be quite small and unostentatious.

Concerning the spot where she wished to place the fountain, Mrs. Carnegie had already said to Provost Norval: "Whenever I go to the Glen for tea, I am deeply moved by the sight of the children playing on the green." The sward referred to was part of the gift of Andrew Carnegie.

On June 28th, the date set for the opening of the Birthday Memorial Building, a brief preliminary ceremony of presenting the fountain was held. The two older grandchildren, Louise and Robin, came to join the family and their friends, and as the guests gathered for the main presentation, Mr. Miller dedicated the little fountain in the garden. Mrs. Carnegie, in a letter to Aggie King, told of the joy both ceremonies gave her:

The little drinking fountain in the corner of the garden was an inspiration, and it was a proud moment for me to see Roswell standing there, presenting it in a few well chosen words, spoken in
a clear full voice, and Lou and Robin turning on the water and then bending over it and taking the first drink.

Margaret was beaming and never looked so well in her life as she stepped up and opened the Memorial door. We all went in to the beautiful building and at the far end, standing beneath Andrew's full length portrait in his St. Andrews Rectorial robes, I made my little speech presenting the building and its contents to the Trustees. . . . The architect, Mr. Shearer, handed the souvenir key to Margaret, who spoke a few words of thanks and appreciation, in a good clear voice, and the little impressive ceremony ended, after three short speeches by Dr. Keppel, president of the Carnegie Corporation of New York, the Earl of Elgin, and Sir Dougal Clerk, representing Andrew's other Foundations.

Lou and Robin sat through it all and joined in *My Country 'Tis of Thee* and the National Anthem, every word of which they knew by heart. We then adjourned to the Tea House in Pittencriffe Park for tea and one of the Choral Societies sang, *Will Ye No Come Back Again* most delightfully, which brought the lump to my throat.

In the little talk Mrs. Carnegie made at the opening of the Birthday Memorial, she said:

It is very good of you to join us today in this little ceremony of affectionate remembrance. I feel the occasion is an intimate one and does not require many words. This Memorial speaks for itself. We shall find in this Collection, by which we are surrounded, many tributes from grateful communities. These addresses, presentations and beautiful caskets containing Freedoms from many cities were Mr. Carnegie's most highly prized possessions, and, in addition to these, we felt it would be interesting to show how far-reaching have been the influences set in motion by the unique life we commemorate today, by visualizing in the form of photographs and
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diagrams some of the activities so ably carried on by the many foundations Mr. Carnegie was privileged to establish. Here will be sent yearly reports of the work that goes steadily on, so that this Collection will never be entirely complete, and we like to think of it as a place that has educational value, where people may come and gain useful information.

It has not been easy to let these precious heirlooms pass from the guardianship of the family; but the very large number of tributes coming from the America he loved to call his "Wifeland" as well as from his Motherland, made it difficult for any family to keep them together as much as we would have liked to do so. We all feel they should be in a place where they will not only be safe for all time, but where we hope they may be an inspiration to following generations . . .

There was a deep family sentiment in these ceremonies at Dunfermline, in which even the littlest of the grandchildren were sharing. "No gift I ever made or can ever make," Carnegie wrote in his Autobiography, "can possibly approach that of Pittencrief Glen, Dunfermline. It is saturated with childish sentiment—all the purest and sweetest . . ." In boyhood, it was beyond his fondest dreams that he would some day be able to buy "the Paradise of his childhood" and turn it over to Dunfermline for a public park. Now his daughter and son-in-law and their children were commingling in Pittencrief Glen with the very children he had hoped might have its "sweetness and light." After the dedication, Mrs. Carnegie and her party returned to Gleneagles where they were staying. Mrs. Carnegie's letter to Mrs. King continued:

The next morning bright and early, our Gleneagles party was on the road again for Dunfermline, to take part in the Children's Gala
Day, and from the Balcony of the Town Hall we watched the 8,000 children march down the High Street headed by the Pipe Band. Each had a flag and such cheering and waving! There were also several bands of music. As arranged beforehand, when the head of the Procession reached the Town Hall, the Reverend Mr. Hutchinson, one of the Trustees, who was marching with them, stepped out where Margaret and the children were waiting, and Mr. Hutchinson, taking Louise and Robin by the hand, marched immediately behind the Pipers into Pittencrieff Park! You can imagine our thrills!

Janet was waiting for them in the Park and when we arrived Lou had already joined a circle of children and was playing “gingaring”—and pleading to continue. By that time it was lunch time and Margaret and Roswell and Lou and Robin were carried off by Lord and Lady Elgin and their four children to Broomhall for luncheon. Stella and I lunched with the Trustees and our guests in the large tent which had been erected. We then strolled among the happy children playing in the Park.

Then came another thrilling moment for me, when the two nurses bringing Barbara and little Margaret arrived from Gleneagles! My Margaret was determined that all four of her children should be with her and me in the Park that day. Soon the party from Broomhall returned; four Elgins and the two Millers joined the other two Millers and presently I saw them all dancing around a tree, and looking up I saw a tablet—“This tree was planted by Andrew Carnegie in 1904.” (I think it was)! Well, the day was full of happy incidents. We had tea in the Tea House, had a family group taken and soon we were all in the motors on our way back to Gleneagles. You may imagine the delight of the people at seeing the children. It was almost impossible to move about, the crowd was so great, and most of the time we had to keep our children on the balcony of the Tea House! They behaved wonderfully. They did not get cross or unmanageable and really I was proud of them.
THE PLEASANTNESS OF SEVENTY

Returning to Skibo from such occasions, Mrs. Carnegie liked to slip away to the quiet peace of Aultnagar.

Almost every letter to her daughter contained an enclosure of flowers which she had gathered with her own hands. *Left at noon for Aultnagar alone*, she noted in her diary; *had picnic lunch, called on Mrs. Murray. Walked to the far seat at noon. Called on Mrs. Morrison and went by Lairg. Home at seven o’clock. Such a wonderful day!*

That gives a perfect picture of the simplicity of her life. The Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Morrison in question were humble cottagers—the type that Mrs. Carnegie loved to drop in on for a gossipy chat. Coming or going, she was always a thoughtful neighbor to the families on the estate. *All my good-byes have been said—I went the rounds this A.M. and had time for a little call at each cottage, everything so immaculate, and prettily furnished, in many cases a piano or violin all showing such comfort and contentment—no striving to live beyond their means—it did me good to see them and talk with them. I’m glad to have had such a wonderful day for my last.*

Here she is again recording her interest in the doings of the people about the Castle: *Angus got the much coveted gold medal for pibroch playing at the Northern Meeting and Malcolm got the 4th prize for the same. Angus is very pleased, his grandfather, father, and brother have all had the gold medal and of course Angus would never rest until he got it. Going among the families she found them “grateful, prosperous, contented people.” She said, “My heart is full of thankfulness, feeling life has not been in vain.”*  

The calm castle occupations were a great contrast to the
annual celebration of the great day of August 12th, which marked the opening of the grouse season. The closed season for the prized Red Grouse or Moor-cock ended the day before, and "The Twelfth" stood out in the calendar as a day for sport and festivity. It attracted to the moors of Scotland an international company, a goodly number of whom could be counted on to appear at Skibo.

The Twelfth had been observed by the Carnegies as far back as Cluny days, and it amused the gathering sportsmen to hear the welcoming Carnegie rail against the ingrained custom of killing game, but it was not until Mrs. Carnegie had a houseful of young people who enjoyed the shooting, and grandchildren who had become old enough to take part in the sport, that the day was so enthusiastically celebrated at Skibo; then the hostess entered into the spirit of it with great zeal.

Every house in the vicinity was full of guests, and all by custom would go up to the moors after breakfast to see the shooters start off. From the Castle, it was usually a party of two or three guns, with pointers or setters, that followed a certain beat across the moors. It had been arranged that the shooting party and other guests should meet again for a picnic lunch. A note in Mrs. Carnegie's diary says: *Went up with the shooters, etc., including picnic lunch.* The outdoor meal included venison pasty and her favorite drink—claret and ginger ale.

In the evening came the great feast of the great day, with the guests and favored neighbors joining in the dinner party. Mrs. Carnegie's family remembers that she gaily continued this festive dinner through all her years at Skibo. This dinner is one of the most vivid impressions of herself and life at Skibo left by her to her grandchildren. During the after-
noon the gardeners and foresters brought in from the moors armfuls of heather, moss, tiny pine trees, and rocks and pebbles; with these they created a miniature moor on the long dining-room table, complete even to lakes. The glass and silver seemed to sparkle with especial brilliance that night.

What a joyous scene! Grandma Naigie, rejuvenated, wore her traditional purple lace evening dress, adorned by a sprig of white heather—the Scottish symbol of good luck—and sat beaming at the head of the table, enjoying with the rest of them the delicious first grouse of the season.
Every year, Louise Whitfield Carnegie kept her own intimate observance of Andrew Carnegie’s birthday. Now the years were trending toward the centenary of his birth in the attic of a one-story weaver’s cottage. Mrs. Carnegie hoped that the city, nation, and world would join with the family in honoring him then. This wish was to be fulfilled; loyal friends of Andrew Carnegie, and admirers who knew him only by his works, also had their eyes on the calendar, and were planning for the great occasion.

The initiative for observing the Centenary of Andrew Carnegie’s birth in an international way came from the Carnegie Corporation of New York.

The Corporation’s Board of Trustees, in a statement drafted by Elihu Root, Henry S. Pritchett, and Robert A. Franks, had recognized the part the wife and daughter performed in the operation of this trust. The trustees affirmed their sense of responsibility towards the founder: “and towards Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, and Miss Margaret Carnegie, who, with cheerful and
active sympathy, have approved and promoted the diversion of
a vast fortune from the ordinary channels of family distribution
to the benefit of mankind.”

It was deeply gratifying to Mrs. Carnegie that there was so
much in Andrew’s career worthy of honoring: his concern
with the common interests of mankind, his contributions to
free public libraries and colleges, his example as to the stew-
ardship of great fortunes, his work in the cause of peace.

Events were so shaping that she would have opportunity for
a preliminary celebration of the Centenary in Scotland. Sir
James Norval, Chairman of the Dunfermline Trust, informed
her in April, 1935, as to the Scottish plans for commemorating
the Centenary, and she prepared to sail earlier than usual. St.
Andrews University wished to honor her in June. On May 16,
1935, Mrs. Carnegie boarded the Aquitania for her eighty-third
crossing.

The Centenary celebration really began in June, at the
University of St. Andrews where Carnegie had served two terms
as Lord Rector. The University, choosing to take the living
woman as the symbol of Carnegie benefactions, decided to give
her the degree of Doctor of Laws. In the St. Andrews ceremony
she was capped by Sir James C. Irvine, Principal of the Uni-
versity.

A civic commemoration in Scotland also had Mrs. Carnegie
as the central figure. On September 30, the City of Edinburgh,
through Lord Provost Thompson, gave her its greatest honor
—that of free citizenship. The ceremony was held in the Town
Hall, in the presence of the sumptuously-robed City Fathers
and an audience of notables. At the colorful luncheon which
followed, Mrs. Carnegie expressed her gratitude in a speech marked by modesty and brevity.

Perhaps the most picturesque feature of the continuing celebration in Scotland was a broadcast made Sunday, November 24, in Dunfermline. This took place in the very second-story room of the little stone cottage at Moodie Street and Priory Lane, in which Carnegie had been born one hundred years before. The room, with its built-in beds against the wall, had changed little since Andrew’s arrival on earth.

In this chamber gathered a distinguished but necessarily small company. Lord Elgin, head of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust, presided. He and John Finley, well-known lecturer, educator, and an editor of the New York Times, who had voyaged to Dunfermline for the occasion, were the chief speakers. Their words, broadcast to the United States, were heard with the utmost distinctness by all listeners, including Mrs. Carnegie and close friends at Ninety-first Street. Lord Elgin ended his speech with an affectionate tribute to Carnegie’s wife:

I cannot close without a word of grateful recognition to one who shared in Andrew’s life for over thirty years and who adorned his work with a beautiful halo of personal charm and grace, and who, by her kindly sympathy and interest, inspires his trustees.

At the dinner in the Music Pavilion in Pittecrieff Park, Sir George Adam Smith, Principal of the University of Aberdeen, emphasized the part played by Carnegie’s wife in her husband’s work. He said:

Andrew Carnegie retained the heart of a child up to old age. His reverence for his mother and devotion to her while she was alive
and later for her memory were especially beautiful and practical, as this town of Dunfermline can well testify. And to his wife, Scotland has but recently paid national honors, and very justly, for her share in her husband's labors and ideals and for her gracious influence in continuing them. Long may she be spared among us to do so.

In the United States, the Centenary week began November 25, and Mrs. Carnegie, then in her seventy-ninth year, was the radiant center of the celebration. It was particularly fitting that Sir James C. Irvine, of St. Andrews, should be selected to come to America as the representative of the Carnegie foundations in Britain. As a student, he had been one of the first beneficiaries of the Carnegie Trust for the Universities of Scotland.

All the Carnegie trusts in the United States joined in the celebration, along with the American Library Association and educational institutions. In public and academic libraries Carnegie exhibits were held and reproductions of Louis Mora's new portrait of the benefactor were hung. The most elaborate ceremonial took place in New York. It commemorated all the activities for which Carnegie was responsible. Thus his interest in music was the theme of the concert with which the proceedings started on November 25th. In the quality of the great audience and the musical program, the affair was distinguished.

The scene was that Carnegie Hall, on Fifty-seventh Street, which Carnegie, as a semi-investment and for the cause of music, had built and dedicated in 1891. Tschaikowsky, who had helped to open this building, was no longer living; but Walter Damrosch, who presided over the original ceremony, was on hand; in 1891 he had been a young man of twenty-nine, but in 1935 he was a white-haired veteran of seventy-three. He
formed an admirable link between Carnegie and the new era, and gave many reminiscences. He said:

As a result of Mr. Carnegie's interest in music, he accepted the presidency of both the Oratorio and Symphony Societies and later of the New York Philharmonic. But perhaps his most important contribution to music in New York was the building of this Hall . . . Mr. Carnegie never earned a dollar out of it, but on the contrary there were many years when he paid the inevitable deficiency out of his own pocket.

The following interpolation, for its amusing quality, is appropriate. On one occasion, when Mr. Carnegie was called on, as usual, to make good the Philharmonic Society's annual deficiency, he looked up from his checkbook and said to his caller: "Surely there are other folks who like the music well enough to help; if they give half of what is needed, I'll give the other half." The gentleman agreed, and went out to raise the needed amount, which was quickly secured.

As Carnegie wrote a check for the balance, he said: "Do you mind telling me who gave the other half?" The other replied: "Not at all, it was Mrs. Carnegie."

This anecdote is told by Gene Fowler, in his book *Beau James*, a biography of James J. Walker, and inquiry indicates its truth.

But to go back to Damrosch's speech in Carnegie Hall:

Mr. Carnegie knew nothing of the science of music, but grasped the genius of Beethoven's symphonies and listened to them with his little eyes tightly shut and a happy smile on his face. During my summers in Scotland almost every evening I had to play for him, his wonderful wife, and John Morley, who was there much of the time, page after page of Wagner's *Nibelung Trilogy* . . .
As I stand here thousands of memories crowd in upon me. Spirits of the past are hovering in this Hall tonight and in their very center we see the spirit of the noble and kindly man we all seek to honor.

Then the musical program began, one that was largely a repetition of the one with which Carnegie Hall had been opened, featuring Tschaikowsky’s *Fifth Symphony*.

Next evening came the lecture at the New York Academy of Medicine by Sir James C. Irvine. He gave a scholarly review of the Carnegie benefactions and the vast good they were accomplishing in Scotland and the United States. The following evening there was a large banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria, at which the principal speaker was Dr. James B. Conant, President of Harvard University.

And there were many private dinners, receptions, and speeches in other places: Pittsburgh, where the orator was the American historian Douglas Southall Freeman—Cleveland, Denver, and even far-off Melbourne and Calcutta. An outstanding event, in New York, was a luncheon, given by the English-Speaking Union, for Sir James Irvine, with Sir Gerald Campbell as another honored guest. In the little talk Mrs. Carnegie made at this meeting she said something that has taken on the nature of a true prophecy. The organization of the United Nations, which has achieved some measure of success, should be remembered as these words of hers are read:

I believe the day will yet come when his hope shall be realized and the world shall become a family of nations. For many years the subject of internationalism has interested me more deeply than any other, and if the years have taught me anything it is that no man nor nation can do any effective work in the world alone. It is
only by working together for a common cause that civilization can be carried forward.

Grandmother Naigie's concern for the young people who come after us is shown by the copy of this address on which she wrote: "For my grandchildren."

On one of the days of Centenary Week, the surviving partners of Andrew Carnegie came with their wives to No. 2 East Ninety-first Street. Over the collation the hearty "Veterans" chatted about Andy and gave a present to his lady, their first and foremost Honorary Member. Mrs. Carnegie still remembered vividly the part this body of partners had played in laying the business foundation for the public benefactions the Centenary was commemorating; among this little group she felt that Andrew was especially there in spirit.

On Wednesday the Carnegie Corporation gave a "family dinner" at the Waldorf-Astoria, the Carnegie "family" having expanded to three hundred guests who had manifested their interest in the Corporation's work. Here is Mrs. Carnegie's laconic diary note as to that brilliant occasion where she had the place of honor; she refers in it to Skibo's imported piper: Grant piped us in & Dr. Keppel and I followed. Sat next to John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Saturday, November 30th, when Centenary Week closed, was the date of the annual banquet of the St. Andrews Society of New York, whose history of charitable and social activities went back to 1756. For the term of 1899-1902, Andrew Carnegie had been its president.

The officers of the Society were happy to include their own little celebration of the Centenary in their banquet program.
While the dinner is invariably stag, the lady of the commemoration was invited to appear for a recognition of the Centenary by the Chair, and for salutations to herself as co-partner in Andrew Carnegie’s work for mankind. She wore on a blue ribbon the gold insignia of office which her husband had worn as President of the Society.

The woman thus honored fitted well into the scene. The American and British banners joined over the platform were no novelty to Mrs. Carnegie, who had united the same flags at Cluny and Skibo. And the sounds played by the proud-breasted pipe majors who led the procession of waiters bringing in the haggis was familiar music. At just the right moment President Andrew Baxter, Jr. spoke of the Centenary, and of the Society’s desire to share in honoring the work of Andrew Carnegie and his lady, and invited her to rise. For that moment, she was the focal point for all the celebrators on the dais, on the floor, and in the balconies. As she bowed, the banqueters rose and lifted their glasses to her, and cheered and applauded.

It pleased Mrs. Carnegie that her daughter and son-in-law were sharers in the general commemoration. To Lady Norval in Scotland she wrote:

Margaret is on her way to attend the annual meeting of the Trustees of the Carnegie Institution, of which Roswell is one. This will be another celebration. We are simply overwhelmed by the enthusiasm and tributes to Andrew Carnegie which are pouring in on us, and our hearts are full of deep gratitude.

The Centenary was over, but not the work of the public-serving Carnegie foundations; the next year, 1936, came the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Carnegie Corporation. At a November
dinner its President, Frederick P. Keppel, proposed this minute, which was unanimously adopted, engrossed, and presented to Mrs. Carnegie:

In the plans for the creation of the Carnegie Corporation, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie has had an active share. Her generous and understanding approval was an essential factor in bringing into existence this foundation for the advancement and diffusion of knowledge and understanding. She has always shown deep interest in its activities. For ten years she was an active and useful member of the Board. On this, the twenty-fifth anniversary of its organization, the Trustees of the Carnegie Corporation unite in extending to Mrs. Carnegie the assurance of their appreciation and esteem and their best wishes for her health and happiness.

There was an echo of the Centenary in a trip Mrs. Carnegie took in the spring of 1937; a number of presidents of Latin-American countries, members of the Pan-American Union, wished to honor her. This tropical cruise on the Aquitania (Captain Irvine) turned out to be quite an ordeal for a woman of eighty. She wrote home concerning her room aboard:

It is opposite the pantry and I am sure the thermometer must be in the nineties—they say it is 112 degrees in the kitchens, but everyone is smiling though rather white and wan.

On this voyage there came to Grandmother Carnegie what was probably the experience of her lifetime in adventures at sea.

The tropical storm at Montevideo was terrifying. We were fortunate enough to be in the first tender to reach the Aquitania, but a 24-mile trip in such a tempestuous sea was not a pleasant experience. One tender had to seek refuge under an island; the captain said it was not safe to go on. A more powerful tender was sent
LOUISE WHITFIELD CARNEGIE

to their rescue but even then they could not reach the ship, but had to return to Montevideo; 59 passengers were out all night, but the officers managed to send food and blankets to them. It was an anxious time for everyone.

And an anxious time especially for this octogenarian who was thought to be reserved, and yet was sympathetic to all humanity.

On such voyages, despite her failing eyesight, she could always be found in the ships’ libraries. One of the last books she read—and recommended—was Douglas’s The Robe. Another book that pleased her was God Was My Co-Pilot, by Robert Lee Scott and when Captain Rickenbacker was lost and found she gave away copies of his story of his providential rescue, Seven Came Back.

Her financial and business responsibilities remained heavy; her conscience would not permit the slightest neglect of any matter important to herself and others. Her husband’s last will and testament had given her a lifetime responsibility, for there was a provision in it which stated:

Being unable to judge at present what provision for our daughter will best promote her happiness I leave to the mother the duty of providing for her as her mother deems best. A mother’s love is the best guide.

Mrs. Carnegie placed primary emphasis on providing her immediate family with a standard of living commensurate with the Carnegie inheritance. Her chief duty, she felt, was to her daughter, grandchildren, and close relatives. Then, having fulfilled the responsibility imposed by the will, she expended the
surplus, and made gifts in her lifetime to employees and other persons not close relatives amounting to nearly a half-million dollars. Each year she made over two hundred gifts to charitable organizations.

It was these business concerns that kept her busy in her office far into the night. She personally supervised the management and administration of her properties, and her attention was divided between the Skibo estate and her American home. She kept her personal checkbook and every month balanced her bank accounts against her checks down to the last penny. Thus, for example, in June, 1933, she tracked down a 50-cent discrepancy, making the notation: Bank misread my check 1688, which was .79 not .29. This detection of a bank error gave her much satisfaction.

Organizations she was connected with gave her much to do. Some of the social and charitable interests had been hers before her marriage. For over a half-century she was on the Board of Managers of Chapin House; and she carried forward her father’s interests in New York Ophthalmic Hospital, of which he had been a trustee.

In her giving she followed the divine teaching: ... let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth. One of her diary notes, made at Skibo, mentions that Dr. Bentick, the minister of Dornoch Cathedral, was voyaging to Canada to see his daughters. Nothing more was said. It was only by a query after her death that it became known that the trip was her gift.

Mr. Russell Leffingwell, who is intimately aware of Mrs. Carnegie’s “usefulness, generosity, and high-mindedness,” has suggested that any story of her life should include: “her many public and private charities; the long roll of pensioners; her
LOUISE WHITFIELD CARNEGIE

service as trustee of the Carnegie Corporation; her gift of a house to the English-Speaking Union, of a parish-house to the Brick Church in the last moments of her life, and her gift by will of her own home [for philanthropic purposes] ... to the Corporation; and the long roll of private gifts in her will. She was," he said, "great lady in her own right."

Her gifts as a rule were not immense, but they were steady. One large contribution was the $300,000 she gave to advance the work of the Union Theological Seminary. Another was the $100,000 given to the Brick Presbyterian Church toward building a parish-house; in this latter donation she stimulated a generous congregation to raise an equal sum.

A woman of a democratic spirit, with an often-proved appreciation of the individual merits of all races, she was at the same time deeply interested in promoting cooperation between Great Britain and the United States, which seemed to her to possess the key to world concord. For the meetings of the English-Speaking Union, and for entertainment of soldiers and citizens who come to these shores as representatives of Great Britain, she gave the building in East 54th Street, at a cost to her of $70,000. Another barely known social contribution was made by her to the Community Service Society of New York—to pay the salary of a Negro worker for social service among families of Harlem.

Among all her concerns, Mrs. Carnegie's own last will and testament kept its dominant place; her anxiety was to name in it every person she wished to provide for. Mr. Elihu Root, Jr., supervised the changes, and Mr. Vincent R. Smalley of his office conferred over its provisions and drafted it. She could
not go away in the summer with an easy mind until she had revised it to meet new conditions.

In 1931 she made these notations in her diary: March 26: *Mr. Root came in P.M. to talk about Codicil.* April 10: *Mr. Root came and I signed the Codicil to my will, but alas I have thought of something else and may have to write it over.* April 24: *Mr. Smalley from Mr. Root’s office, with two others, came to witness my new revised Codicil.*

With every year, the drafting of the will became more difficult, as these notations she made in 1934, show: April 23: *Then I worked on my will. Taxes so high I must cut all my estate.* April 27: *Mr. Smalley came for a long conference. Terrible taxes make my estate planning very difficult.*

An interview with Mr. Smalley, who about 1930 started helping Elihu Root, Jr. to draw up Mrs. Carnegie’s often-changed will, brings out her solicitude for the many beneficiaries, and her consideration for members of her household staff. Mr. Smalley tells of her dilemma:

... several substantial increases in estate taxes wound up taking about three dollars out of every four in Mrs. Carnegie’s estate. The major problem was, therefore, to stretch the fourth dollar over as many as possible of the purposes which she wanted to accomplish in her will. It was a tight stretch, and distressing to Mrs. Carnegie in many respects.

One of the essential purposes of the will was to provide for those who served Mrs. Carnegie at Skibo and in her New York household, and she never faltered in her determination to make that provision as generous as possible ... she gave a great deal of time to such matters. She regularly wrote out specific instructions for me in her own handwriting, giving names, amounts, and titles, and
then carefully checked the will against her lists prior to execution.

Frequently, in going over the lists, she would stop and comment to me on various individuals and their particular circumstances. The extent to which she kept in intimate touch with the lives of so many people was to me quite remarkable.

From matters of big concern like these she turned with equal interest to the little matters of daily life. To glimpse her activities and interests in the period she termed "advancing years," the diary is, as usual, the best recourse. To take at random her seventy-fourth year:

On January third she went to the Metropolitan and heard the opera *Lucia de Lammermoor*, in which Lily Pons made her debut. On January fourth, Sunday, she went to church and took Communion and made a note of Dr. Merrill's text: "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." On the sixth she went to the Women's Association and lunched with Mrs. Colgate to meet Mrs. Edison and Miss Hill. In the evening she went to hear Ruth Draper. On Sunday, January 11th, she encouraged church-going among Miss Spence's scholars, whose school was nearby at 22 East Ninety-first Street: *Called for four Spence girls and took them to church. Four children [the Miller quartet] for lunch. Happy time. Lou and I walked around the reservoir and went to Met. Museum. Miss Goddard for tea.*

An occasion Mrs. Carnegie seldom missed was the birthday luncheon given February 14th in Orange, New Jersey, by Isabel Wiggin for her mother—Mrs. Alexander King. There old times were recalled: how Alex King had introduced Andy Carnegie to Louise, and suggested that they go riding together; how, when Alex had brought his bride Aggie from Scotland,
Louise's mother had taken her under her wing and made her feel at home in New York. The two families had formed the custom of spending New Year's Day together, and now the quiet birthday luncheon to Aggie had become an annual event.

The regular Philharmonic concert was for Mrs. Carnegie the week's finest enjoyment. She derived a special pleasure one happy season in going with Lou, Robin, and their mother to see Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*. She was also hostess to the members of the Zoological Society, and after attending the People's Chorus at Mrs. John Henry Hammond's, opened her house to it. She attended the Dickinson recital at the Union Theological Seminary, and was a guest at the dinner party Mr. Rockefeller gave to Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick.

She supervised the children's pictures taken for Margaret's birthday, and then went over to the house to read to the grandchildren. This "Children's Hour" was used to present a Sunday lesson; she gave the quartet certain Psalms or passages from the New Testament to memorize, and when they recited these to her satisfaction, she bestowed prizes of cards containing Bible texts printed in color.

Mrs. Carnegie's appreciation for the work of the great composers brought her constant enjoyment. She greatly admired Toscanini; it was only through some unavoidable happening that she missed a Philharmonic concert when he was conducting. With other discriminating persons she saw that he was a rare artist who had a clear perception of beauty, and the ability to express it in sound, so that listeners were exalted and shared the vision. His radio concerts were an added pleasure. He and other conductors kept her imagination refreshed, her nerves soothed, her spirit uplifted.
Her fondness for organ music comes out again in a letter Mrs. Carnegie sent from Scotland to her daughter; she was writing from Edinburgh about Alfred Hollins, the blind organist, of St. George's, West:

The recital was delightful—he gave one of his own compositions, a Concert Rondo. Coming out I said how I wished he had played his Spring Song. Alice knew one of the officials and he took us up and introduced us to Mr. Hollins. When I said how often Mr. Gale had played us the Spring Song, he said, "I'll play it for you now," and there in that dim rather cold church—the audience had dispersed—Mr. Hollins played his lovely Spring Song for Alice and me—it was wonderful!

The Sunday organ recitals in the big hall at No. 2 East Ninety-first Street began largely because Mrs. Carnegie's son-in-law was so keen about the organ. She felt also that it would be an artistic and spiritual influence for the young people. The recitals were simple affairs, intended for the family and intimate friends. The programs were composed only of familiar airs or selections from the old masters.

She never closed her mind to the new and the good. The phonograph came, and she became an enjoyer of noble selections on its discs; the radio developed, and she dialed the Boston Symphony, and some important speech in Washington or London, and Dr. Fosdick's sermons. She maintained her interest in men and women of affairs, and it was a very human tendency that, after she had returned by motor car from a trip through New England, she confided to her diary that she had viewed President Coolidge's old home in Northampton, and also his new residence, the Beeches.

Engagements—light-hearted, serious, local, national, interna-
CARNEGIE CENTENARY—IT'S LIVING SYMBOL

tional—her diary for this year is crowded with them: Myron C. Taylor's reception to Signor Grandi of Italy; lunch with the trustees of the Church Peace Union; a meeting about the affairs of the Woman's Hospital; a Colonial Dames service; the Bagby concerts; a reception to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt at the Colony Club; a talk on the Indians given at her church by a woman missionary; a Carl Akeley exhibition (she had given Mrs. Akeley a sum to make possible this showing at the New York Museum of Natural History). At a luncheon of the Foreign Policy Association she listened broodingly to a talk on: "Can France and Germany get together?" One of the important affairs she attended in 1931 was the first celebration of Pan-American Day, in Washington; there she was felicitated by the twenty-one ambassadors from the Americas; she made note: Photographers waylaid me and took my photo.

Any invitation to engage in church and charitable work met a willing acceptance: if it were a prayer-meeting, a lecture, a bazaar, a laying of a cornerstone, a christening, an exhibition of paintings or a concert recital, a benefit, a Y.W.C.A. meeting or a horticultural show, there she went. As to the informal side of religious work, this note in her diary indicates how she mingled with the members of her church in intimate congregational work and in inter-church visiting: Took car to Brick Church. Filled it with ladies and large party. Went to Christ Church and visited all its activities. Lunched there and drove to the Church of the Covenant. I came home exhausted, and could not go down to concert here (at home) for benefit of New York Hospital.

In November of the same year she shopped at Tiffany's and Putnam's for Christmas cards; and on December 7th personally
gave Huyler’s orders for candy. Two days later, Mrs. Mark and I went to Woolworth’s to buy tree ornaments and things for party.

She was scrupulous about attending to her civic and national duties. These later entries indicate her political inclinations: November 8, 1932: Went to polls about 12 o’clock, but queue so long turned back . . . Went to polls again at 2 and stood 1 hour in line, and voted for Hoover. Listened to returns. Gov. Roosevelt elected by overwhelming majority. Nov. 7, 1933. Election Day. Went to vote right after breakfast. By ten o’clock voted the Fusion (La Guardia) ticket. Afterwards, approving of Wendell Willkie’s “One World” views, she supported his candidacy.

In the autumn and winter months international happenings stood out. Premier Laval of France had come to the United States, and she attended the Foreign Policy Association’s tea and reception to him. She was recalling the peace labors of her husband and herself when she joined in the celebration of Armistice Day and went to a Conference on Disarmament. There was faithful devotion to the memory of Andrew Carnegie in the simple notation that she and her daughter went to Sleepy Hollow together and laid a wreath of heather from Skibo on his grave.

Life at Skibo in the thirties was just as active for Mrs. Carnegie, though its contrast was refreshing. Yachting had come forward among the recreations, and formed a breezy topic in her letters. The Millers’ little motor launch Penguin had been replaced by the Wyndcrest, a sixty-six-foot gasoline launch that had been brought over to Glasgow on a freighter. She wrote to a friend:
The yacht has been a great source of pleasure and Lou and Robin are fast learning navigation. They all swim like fish. My Margaret thinks nothing of diving off the yacht into the cold North Sea, and one day in the swimming pool I came upon young Margaret life-saving her Mother—swimming vigorously with her Mother in tow.

One of the most pleasing of Grandmother Naigie’s experiences in England occurred in 1932. Her son-in-law having previously advised her how to hire a motor car when she was “on her own” in London, she employed one for the journey north, and drove in May to Stratford-on-Avon, where Andrew had left a substantial token:

My dear Baba—

We have had a most wonderful experience here. We left London yesterday by a most comfortable motor from Daimler Hire Co. . . . and did all the interesting Shakespeare places—Ann Hathaway’s Cottage, birthplace, etc. Most intelligent curators pointed out all the wonderful documents in Museum etc and described how Mr. Andrew Carnegie had bought the adjoining house and made it into a library—a long story which I must tell you later. When the others had left the room I had to introduce myself and such a look of astonishment came into his face! He called the gentleman at the head of it all and I was introduced to the Librarian and we were taken to parts not usually shown, all so courteously, quietly done and yet with deep enthusiasm . . .

But the change to Scotland brought the lady of Skibo no escape from the sorrows time brings; Mr. Ritchie, dearly-loved minister of Creich parish, whose life was preciously identified with Skibo Castle, died just as Mrs. Carnegie returned there in June, 1933. Having learned by many losses to
be resigned to death, she subdued her grief, attended to the funeral decorations, received his relatives, and mourned with them. But she could not enjoy in this sad return the usual welcoming by the Skibo household:

I played the game bravely and walked solemnly in behind Grant at dinner as he played *Mrs. Carnegie's Welcome to Skibo*, but as much as I appreciate their kindness in giving me a cheery welcome I told Morrison not to have the pipes again until Tuesday morning, inside or out.
Louise Whitfield Carnegie regarded the Carnegie Centenary as concluding her public appearances and work. In declining a degree from Rollins College, she wrote its President, Hamilton Holt, that she had been long "in the limelight," and intended to lead a secluded life. It was instead just a return to privacy and normal interests, and in this retirement she kept as active-minded as ever; with every year her life took on a more mellow radiance. At eighty she was arranging to buy a Ford car for future trips in Scotland, and at Millbrook she played Scotch bowls on the lawn with amazing energy. A note made then at Millbrook has a triumphant sound: Walked to farm and back, two miles, in my eighty-second year.

New Year’s Day was as joyous an occasion as ever; she retained her power to look forward and expect. She kept open house on that day in much the same manner as her mother long ago: “My tea party was a great success. My household entered into it with a vim. We had over thirty here and how they did enjoy the eggnog—it was certainly delicious.”

Her grandchildren contributed largely to keeping her enthusiasm for life; their youth, dreams, and vigor refreshed her. Along with her affection for them had gone from the first a wish to help them gain wisdom to cope with a bewildering
world. Viewing them toward the close of her career, she felt that her teachings had brought good results.

She watched their growth, received their confidences, counseled them in their love affairs, and rejoiced to see them happily married. She liked to talk to them of her own early life: of Miss Haines’ quaint school; of the girls she played with; of horseback rides and coaching parties with the magnetic Andrew Carnegie; of the glamour of her married life with him, when they were received by Kings, Queens, and Presidents, and met and entertained many of the great persons of their time.

Christmas was a happy season for her to the very end; then all the sentiments of her life were gathered up to warm her spirit. The Yuletide of her childhood in old Chelsea revived each year in her memory—like the traditional Christmas rose. The wistful spirit of Christmas past dwelt with her as well as the exhilarating Christmas present. She delighted to recall the Christmas seasons when her grandchildren were young—just waking to the enjoyments of the ornamented tree and the dangling, bulging stockings.

Later, in the week before Christmas, she had gone the rounds of the school celebrations; she remembered one at Spence School in which Lou (Dede), took two parts very pleasingly; and the Froebel League’s play in which Margot was the angel who brought good tidings; and also, the one at Miss Chapin’s school, when Barbara was in the cast. Other memories came of Lou and Barbara separately singing verses in the Spence School Christmas play, and of Lou singing in the Glee Club at the 1935 Spence entertainment. And how nice had been that pre-Christmas afternoon when she took her
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d granddaughters to Mrs. Henry Coffin's for tea and for the candlelight carol service in the chapel of the Union Theological Seminary.

This lady, with Christmas eternally in her heart, saw to it that her household helpers had their festivities too, and she was in the midst of them. Austere No. 2 East Ninety-first Street might look from the outside, but inside there was lots of fun. The servants' party was held several days before Christmas, around the big tree in the picture gallery. There, under the holly and mistletoe, appropriate goodies were passed, gifts distributed, and good wishes exchanged. It was reminiscent of the old ballad:

And the Baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
Keeping their Christmas holiday.

Mrs. Carnegie appeared to enjoy preparing for Christmas as much as celebrating it. Her papers contain lists of people to whom she had made gifts for sixty years, with the presents set against their names. The Christmas cards which friends all over the world received from her were reproductions of a photograph in color which she had taken herself. It was usually some view of Skibo scenery; many of these cards were inscribed in her own handwriting, with messages. And when, before distribution, the pile of presents rose on the billiard table at No. 2 East Ninety-first Street, their gay wrappings were her handiwork.

Christmas Day, she spent at Migdale House, Millbrook, the country home of her daughter and son-in-law. This occasion, the crest of the season's enjoyment, was long prepared for; her big brown trunk, showing the effects of many Christmas
journeys, was a family institution. The grandchildren, from the time they began to take in the entrancement of the Christmas season, claimed her special attention, and she herself filled the trunk with gifts for them. Its arrival ahead of her at Migdale House was a glorious heralding of her coming.

That the New York celebrations should weary her was to be expected, but when Grandma Naigie arrived in Millbrook with her devoted maid Manning she took on new life. The crisp winter air was a tonic. "Oh, the fresh air, how good it smells!" she said. The children always decorated her room with stag's moss, Prince Edward pine, and holly, and the fragrance and beauty of it embraced her as she entered it. "How good it is to be here!" she exclaimed to her gleeful escort.

A little ceremony that particularly delighted her was tea on Christmas Eve with the family before the crackling log fire. This was the time for reciting her favorite *Visit from St. Nicholas*, followed by the hanging of the stockings. The chanting of the poem was always the big feature of Christmas Eve, as Grandma Naigie gathered around her the entire family and led them in reciting the famous lines:

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring—not even a mouse; . . .

Certain young voices might falter as the poem gained momentum, but Grandma Naigie knew every line and in a clear ringing voice brought out every dramatic episode.

Then came the filling of the stockings. While Mrs. Carnegie had supplied a good deal of the "stuffings," she never took part in the filling. This, she said, was the prerogative of the father and mother. But she watched them from the sofa, chuckling at
the little jokes that accompanied a toy or trinket. The next morning, wearing her dark red Christmas frock, she appeared promptly for the eight o’clock breakfast, anticipating the exciting ceremony of opening the gifts spread under the tree. The children, as they grew older, wished first to have the pleasure of handing her their presents, and with this she went along, untying each gift to her carefully, reading each card with its fond message to Grandma Naigie, and tucking it away to keep among her souvenirs. Then came her turn to give, and she enjoyed this immensely, accepting everyone’s thanks with a beaming smile.

In one of the interludes at Millbrook, she took part in the community carol-singing. Protestant and Catholic joined annually in this service. The union of churches was a cause close to her heart, and she looked upon community singing as a way to broad understanding.

She would not have been Mrs. Carnegie if her thoughts had not flown over to Skibo during the Christmastide. She remembered each one of her friends, each one of her retainers, and wondered if they were having a good holiday. She thought of the children of the estate’s four schools, gathered about their ornamented tree, and hoped that they had been pleased with her gifts to them. These thoughts led her to plan for the next summer at Skibo.

Her daughter says: “As we talked of this, walking up and down the terrace arm in arm, it seemed almost to become the deck of the steamer and we were off for another delightful summer at Skibo.”

When, after New Year’s Day, the Millers returned to their city house in East Ninetieth street, Mrs. Carnegie, who had
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gone to town earlier, would give them a token of welcome; they would find that she had slipped in before them and placed flowers in their rooms. Her greeting was cheery: "We are nearer the spring . . . I heard a bird sing in the dark of December."

In the disturbed but not yet seriously alarming years before the outbreak of the Second World War, she had taken a new hold on life through the engagement of her granddaughter and namesake, Louise Carnegie Miller, to Mr. Gordon Thomson, a citizen of Edinburgh who had served in the First World War. The difference in age between Dede and her fiancé was precisely the same as that between Andrew Carnegie and Louise Whitfield. Mrs. Carnegie had known Gordon Thomson's mother many years before the engagement. In the two women's exchange of letters about the betrothal, Mrs. Carnegie revealed that Gordon had captured Lou's fancy from the time they first met. She wrote from New York:

Dede could not bring herself to be interested in the life of the young debutantes. She was to be one this year (1938) but her heart was overseas, and she was dreaming of the new life before her. I have had calls from three friends wanting to know my reaction to the great news. I have been able to communicate my happiness to them, and they have gone away rejoicing. One look at Dede and they know that everything is all right. Everyone has remarked on her radiant loveliness this winter and now they will know the reason.

The engaged girl kept her roguishness. A friend's son had been attracted to her. They met at a ball, and he asked her to dance, but the party she was with were leaving for sup-

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per, and she said she couldn't. Grandmother Naigie reported: "Dede says he is quite nice and might have had a chance if he had come sooner. She is a great one!"

The romance was a delight to the staff at the Castle; they rejoiced in the Scottish-American union that was being knitted under their eyes. When Dede left Skibo on an October day to visit the family of her fiancé in Edinburgh, she went demurely, but the old clan spirit swept the Castle, and they made her going a brave ceremony. The grandmother thus described the occasion to Dede's mother in New York:

Well, Darling, I have just seen your beautiful daughter away from the door, starry eyed but calm, Grant playing the pipes ... and the people gathered at the corner to wave to her! ... 7:10 A.M. she chided me for being up, but I could not let her go off without another embrace. ... The sun burst forth as she was leaving the door, but now it has clouded over, typical of the brightness she has taken with her, and the shadow which has fallen upon the home with her going.

These past three weeks have been such marvelous ones for me. The beauty of her character has unfolded like a rose, and she goes forth to meet her future husband, one of the most lovely creatures God ever made. All the beauty of your own character, darling, is unfolding in her, together with Roswell's directness and clear vision. Her calm knowledge of life, and her tact in meeting it astounds me. She has the poetic vision, and yet keeps her feet on the ground —a marvelous combination. She even accepted from me last night a little devotional book—\textit{New Every Morning}, and asked me to write both our names in it! I have a copy for you. Our moments together have been few—but oh! such precious ones—and we have grown very close. So close that she gave me your beautiful letter to her, received yesterday, to read. I hope you do not mind; it was
almost too sacred for me to read, but you and I are so close that we, mother, daughter, and granddaughter, seem almost one. What a help you are to her, darling, and I can see how close you are to her. She has gone off bravely and happily . . .

Crossing on the Queen Mary in May, 1938, Mrs. Carnegie found her fellow-passengers—Mrs. Thomas J. Watson, Mrs. William J. Schieffelin, and Mrs. Cass Gilbert—“all interested in hearing details of the coming wedding.” Dede’s mother, who would follow on another vessel, was arranging for the shipping to Scotland of “Dede’s goods and chattels.”

Dede had told the heads of various domestic departments and the news went to a friend in New York: “They are simply radiant. Morrison, and Mrs. Mark and Manning—and Orr, Mr. Miller’s man—and Chisholm each and all have so many fine things to say of Gordon and all so highly approve.”

Mrs. Carnegie’s 1938 diary contains several buoyant entries describing the preliminary happenings. There were pipe bands, serenades, and dinners. Louise and Gordon each received a gift of a Bible. July 22nd: The whole household attended a dance at Clashmore Hall. Dede was presented with a beautiful pair of candelabra by the Household (servants) and a very fine rose bowl by the tenants. She made two nice little speeches of thanks. Then Margaret and Roswell both spoke. A very wonderful occasion. Dance music by Mrs. Logan’s band from Inverness. I led the march with Mr. Whittet [the factor]. A remarkable evening. All so happy . . . July 28: Glorious hot sunshine. Dede’s and Gordon’s wedding day. Dear Dede came to my room before breakfast. Whole party down to 8 A. M. breakfast. All promptly at Cathedral at noon. Dede very lovely.

The Carnegies’ pastor, the Reverend Doctor William P.
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Merrill, of the Brick Church, New York, had come to Scotland to perform the ceremony. The Reverend John Levack, resident minister at Dornoch Cathedral, was associated with Dr. Merrill in the marriage service. Dr. James Black, the Thomsons' minister from Edinburgh, gave impressively the final prayer and benediction. The grandmother recorded her satisfaction: A rarely beautiful service. Wedding breakfast for bridal party in dining-room at Skibo, and then we went outdoors to the tent to cut the cake, which Dede did with Gordon's sword.

The bride and groom drove away at 4:30 that afternoon, and the company, after dinner, celebrated in the manner of the country. Before the wedding, the gamekeepers, gardeners and foresters of the estate had built a pile of brushwood on the high ground above the Castle’s farm, Overskibo. There the party went. As the darkness fell, the bride’s mother was called on to light the pile, and up blazed a huge bonfire that informed the countryside of the celebration. Mrs. Carnegie wrote that night in her diary: We all went to bonfire at Overskibo, which Margaret lit. Near midnight when we returned. And so the great day is over. God bless them both.

The dreaded outbreak of war in 1939 caught the family at Skibo Castle, where conditions were much grimmer than in 1914. The Castle was blacked out, with the hall lights dipped in dark blue paint, and the windows completely shaded. Sandbags were piled around the low windows—Mrs. Carnegie’s cherished lemon verbena plants had been dug up to make room for them. The young men of the staff on the estate were leaving to enlist.

September 3rd came, and then Mrs. Carnegie and the Miller
family were one with the millions of stricken families who resigned themselves to conflict and its sacrifices. On that day, Prime Minister Chamberlain told Parliament that a state of war existed between Great Britain and Germany, and King George broadcast from Buckingham Palace his repudiation of the doctrine of force—that might makes right.

Mrs. Carnegie and her loved ones listened to the broadcast from three places: Margaret and her children were still at Skibo; Grandmother Naigie had been persuaded to go with the protective Morrison to her friend Mrs. Buckworth’s home at Weymouth, England, to be near passenger ships bound for New York, and Roswell Miller was in London on business. The son-in-law kept in touch with the Embassy, seeking to obtain passage home for Grandma Naigie.

Before Mrs. Carnegie left Skibo for Weymouth, she paused in the front hall to have her gas mask fitted; then, carrying the mask in its brown case, said farewell. Grant the piper played for her departure: Happy we’ve been a’ th’ gither, and Will ye no come back again. It seemed to her that there had been no progress toward peace since Andrew and she had said goodbye to the Castle under similar circumstances a quarter-century before. She may have suspected that she would never see the place again, for she left a bunch of freshly-plucked flowers, which were found later, very faded, with the note saying: “Farewell to Skibo. September 1, 1939.”

Her letters from Weymouth and London to Margaret at Skibo show her continued brave spirit:

We must none of us be troubled if our departure is delayed a few weeks . . . I grieve to think of your having to meet this crisis without your husband or even your decrepit old Mother beside you,
but don't move from where you are until you hear from Roswell—he has the American Embassy and the Cunard Company to advise him...

After the war announcement, she wrote:

I pictured you all at Skibo in the morning-room listening to the fateful message...I am sorry for Gordon Thomson and the problems he has to face. My love to each one—underneath are the Everlasting Arms...

I am most comfortable here...each one should bring an electric torch with fresh battery and you can buy yellow air-raid candles en route—the supply is exhausted here for the moment but we have fresh torches and Mrs. B. is giving each a candle...

After moving to the Hotel Connaught, London, she made this report:

Personally I felt there was a great rush to get off before the declaration of war but now delay is safer...the raid signal sounded at 7 A.M. this morning—the hotel gong sounded. We had necessary things close at hand to put on—the housekeeper personally came for me and with Manning and Morrison we took the elevator down to the gas-proof chamber. They had a big easy chair and cushion for me and I actually dozed the hour and a half there. They served tea and orange juice!

Before she was escorted to the ship, she went shopping. Strangely enough, things were normally quiet in London during her stay, and the feared gas attacks did not come. A certain mission to one of the shops gave her particular pleasure, for she had assumed the rôle of advance agent for the stork, and was in quest of a layette Dede would need in January, 1940. Returning from the shop, she wrote to Margaret at Skibo:
I went to Edmund Orr’s this A.M. and saw the head lady. She was much interested and said they did not often have people come in to order for the third generation! I told her you would call on Tuesday next if possible to give the order . . . She says they still advise long clothes layettes, the dresses of a white non-crushable muslin very dainty and sweet. I told her to show them to you and if you approve to send Dede three complete sets—dresses, skirts, little shirts, etc. I am not butting in; this is only if—

The baby came and was photographed in the “dainty and sweet” muslin dresses, and photographs came to the thrilled family in New York. Great-grandmother Naigie wrote back to the proud young matron: “I find it hard to believe you are really her mother.” The picture showed Dede holding “precious little Betty” in her lap. During the next year, 1941, came a photograph of Baby Margaret, the second child, and then, in regular course, a picture arrived of the third great-granddaughter, Louise, and the fourth baby, Mary.

In September, 1939, her son-in-law obtained passage for his charges. For Mrs. Carnegie and his own family he secured accommodations on the neutral ship Nieuw Amsterdam of the Holland-American Line, which passed without attack through the cordon of submarines trying to shut off Britain’s food supplies. This was Mrs. Carnegie’s ninety-second and last crossing.

The story of Mrs. Carnegie is now that of a woman past eighty whose life had been devoted to pursuing peace, finding herself forced to join the militant in defence of the things she felt were worth fighting for.

As a grandmother and great-grandmother, she had two concerns that went to the depth of her being: Margaret and her family in the United States and Dede’s in Scotland. In her
talks and notes to them, she kept her emotions well restrained, but they could be easily discerned under the surface; for instance, in this letter to Dede, written at a quiet summer retreat, the Kimball House, Northeast Harbor, Maine:

Last week we saw in the distance one of the cruisers returning from the historical meeting of the President and the Prime Minister. Airplanes were accompanying the cruiser and two of them circled our Cottage . . . We are really behind you now, and I believe supplies will go to you rapidly. I do hope they know of some sure way of things reaching your shores . . .

This note to her daughter, sent from Northeast Harbor, shows where her thoughts went:

I have been spending this heavenly Sunday morning at our little point down by the sea, with the waves lapping my feet. I believe there is no land between this point and the coast of Ireland, and the stretch of water is like a bridge between our loved ones and ourselves—every wave seems to bring its message . . .

She was at Millbrook in early summer, and then Manning and Morrison and the rest of her staff attended her up to Northeast Harbor, Maine; they thought they were caring for her, but she instead thought she was caring for them:

I sent the whole staff to escort Manning to Bar Harbor for her holiday.

Her gift as a writer of travel letters was as good as ever. Of the motor trip northward, she wrote:

The wind blowing on the car was like a blast from a furnace. We actually closed the windows, leaving only a crack for ventila-
tion, and found it more comfortable! ... As we turned east at Ellsworth, we felt the cool rip of the north country air, which put new life in us.

Of another trip she said:

On our way back by the road below Shadowbrook [the Lenox place of poignant memories]. We stopped at the Carillon Tower at Stockbridge and listened to some lovely old English ballads.

When the war placed limitations on the movements of families, she went along willingly. While in Maine she wrote:

I did think of running up to Canada for a few days, since I am so near, but I have no heart for a trip alone, and now with the prospect of a gasoline shortage it would not be the thing to do . . .

Little items in Mrs. Carnegie's letters give a glimpse of the quiet social life of a simple Maine resort. There her happy married life still echoed, because Walter Damrosch and his wife, the former Miss Blaine, had a summer place, and welcomed her warmly. And then, in a letter to her daughter, she told of other pleasant occasions:

... a very happy afternoon with the John D. Rockefellers in their lovely garden. They invited Uncle Hal, Aunt Polly, Mrs. Devens and me—just by ourselves, to a sit-down tea, and then a stroll through their wonderful, peaceful Chinese garden. Mrs. J. D. and I drew very close to one another, as we sat on a shady bench and talked . . . after an early dinner, we walked over to the Rock End Hotel to a violin recital. The young girl artist has a wonderful touch, and plays with the Philadelphia Orchestra; lovely selections, Handel, Bach, Kreisler . . .
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There were also happy hours and trips with the visiting Van Dusens, the Wolfes, and several other friends.

All these diverting little meetings and trips were only flashes of sunlight out of the grim mists of war. The burden of her letters continued to set forth the war’s impact on the large circle of those she loved. Roswell Miller, husband of her daughter, father of her grandchildren, expecting soon to go overseas, was of course her chief concern:

What a joy to receive that fine photograph of Roswell! The one in white uniform is very handsome, and has a wonderful expression showing fine character, tenderness and determination . . .

After the entrance of the United States into the war, Roswell Miller was appointed Lieutenant-Commander, U.S. Naval Reserve, temporarily stationed in Washington; his wife, a Red Cross worker and airplane spotter, spent her weekends in Washington with Roswell. The son, Robin, who had just entered Princeton, was hurrying through an accelerated course. Barbara and Margot were deep in war relief work: Barbara was serving as nurse’s aid at Bellevue Hospital, and Margot was driving for the Red Cross—“My truck-driving granddaughter,” Mrs. Carnegie called her.

Roswell Miller received orders to go to the Clyde as military observer. His yachting experience in the North Sea, his acquaintance with the Orkneys and the Shetlands were militarily useful now. In crossing, he shared the common danger from blitzes and submarines, but the only departure from stoicism in the family was Mrs. Carnegie’s secret one. On August 6, 1941, she wrote in her diary: Roswell has received his orders to go overseas. O God, help my Margaret!

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Mrs. Carnegie sent this note to her daughter:

When I heard Roswell's voice over the phone this evening it was almost uncanny, for I thought he had gone. It was dear of him to call up and I shall always remember it... So Roswell's orders have come, and all our lives are to be changed! I am proud of him, and of you... I want to be helpful in every sacrificial way I can. He is contributing a real service to his country, and you will have helpful lieutenants in your darling children...

The news that came in fragments from abroad about the military occupations of Roswell and the Gordon Thomson's were deeply satisfying. She liked to think that amid the sternness of war duties they were engaged in serving humanity in uniform. Gordon Thomson, she was informed, had been commissioned Colonel of the Midlothian Battalion of the Home Guard—a command of heavy responsibility; and her son-in-law, aside from the duties of his post, was aiding the burdened Dede in her canteen work. Roswell arranged with Mrs. Carnegie to send from New York the food supplies, cutlery, plates and glasses for the opening of a canteen for the men and officers of the combined British and United States naval base at Londonderry, Ireland. He proposed, also, to open the Skibo estate for the convalescence of officers invalided home from the battle fronts, but on account of its remoteness and transportation difficulties the proposed Highland sanctuary could not be used.

To Dede, canteen hostess, the grandmother wrote:

I'll keep in close touch with Bundles for Britain—my fingers are too stiff to sew or knit but I can still write cheques, so I help them...
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with contributions for whatever Mrs. Latham tells me they need most.

Bundles for Britain was one of her warmly-supported projects. She could sympathize with its objectives because she realized keenly that Dede and her little daughters were sharing the privations of all Britain. It was only human and natural that she hoped that once in a while one of the countless food packages sent through regular channels should come as a surprise to the door of the Gordon Thomsons.

It pleased her when there was organized a Bundles from America movement, affiliated with the work of war relief to Britain. She wrote to the senior Mrs. Thomson:

Dede's opening of the new hostel for soldiers brought tears to my eyes. Can you not see the look of joy and pride in her Grandfather's face could he only have heard of it? The Granddaughter of "the little white-haired laddie of Dunfermline" still carrying on as he would have wished! I feel like saying as Simeon of old, "Now let Thy servant depart in peace." Dear child, she is too busy to write either her mother or any of us very often—she says she is so busy through the day that when night comes she falls right to sleep.

Mrs. Carnegie's earnestness had a spiritual spring which strengthened as her days on earth drew to a close. Along with the evidence in this narrative, there is the testimony given by her pastor: "I was a young minister when I first met her," said Dr. Paul Austin Wolfe of the Brick Presbyterian Church, "and she was in her eighties, but I found as I came to know her well that she was continually growing in spiritual grace. I always felt that she was an unusually fine person—fine in the sense of spiritual awareness—she caught the overtones. Her
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fortune was consecrated; her wealth was of the spirit. Born under any circumstances, she would have been fine and great."

It was recalled by the minister that Mrs. Carnegie had once given a chancel in the traditional feeling to the new Brick Church. Dr. Wolfe regards this gift as an illustration of her increasing regard for more ceremony in worship. "She was brought up in a simple faith," he said, "and came by degrees to desire more formality in church worship."

Nurtured by her life abroad, Mrs. Carnegie's inclination was to the stately Gothic, with its similitude to the natural architecture that first impressed mankind—the tall, arching trees.

Toward the end of her life she learned that a large contributor to the church had withdrawn, and that the loss of his annual contribution threatened to hamper the work laid out in the budget. In this emergency, her philosophy appears to have been that in any good work, the best defense is attack. Confering with her pastor, she said: "I have been talking over Brick Church affairs with Margaret; don't you think it's time for the Church to go ahead with its project for a parish-house?" Then she made the offer of the big initial gift.

In the new parish-house, her work for the church has been recognized very appropriately in a spacious, many-windowed room with a garden outlook. The walls are exquisitely decorated and the entire atmosphere is radiant. It is part of the suite devoted to the weekday work of the women, and to the care of children. Reflecting her spirit, it is called the "Louise Whitfield Carnegie Memorial Room." The inscription on the wall is: "She walked with God . . . in her tongue is the law of kindness."
Naturally, Mrs. Carnegie’s concern for her grandchildren and great-grandchildren was made keener by the world conflict, and along with this anxiety came the problem—to her—if the new freedom young people had won in their social life. Barbara and Margot in their war work had earned the right to keep pace with the more liberal new age, but their grandmother thought back to their mother’s socially-shielded career, and wondered, for instance, why “Ba” and “Migs” should wish—and obtain permission for—an apartment of their own in New York. Her own Big House was still there, and the mother’s house was still open. Yet, if she worried, she nevertheless went along with the new ways. Speaking to Dr. Wolfe about her grandchildren who had grown up enough to be on their own, she said she had come to recognize that the doings of the new generation differed from the standards of her days, but that she was trying to understand, and keep her sympathy with youth. She added: “I feel it my duty to keep the generations together.”

Here rang the old note of authority, but it had become subdued. With the instinct and training to command, she had always had a sense of humility. She went to church to submit herself to guidance—a guidance she wished to share with those she loved.

The church hour was happiest for her when she knew there were considerate members of the family sitting beside her, joining in the hymns and pondering the sermon. Her Sabbaths among the devout churchgoers of Scotland, and the Scottish habit of listening intently to the sermon, gave her an attentiveness that would warm any minister’s heart. Devoted to the Reverend Dr. Merrill, when he no longer filled the pulpit she
LOUISE WHITFIELD CARNEGIE

passed with affection and cooperation into the pastorate of the younger Dr. Wolfe. There were evenings when the new minister, in tune with the youth of the country, and the old lady sat looking out over her New York garden, explaining the two points of view, and finding common ground.

When Andrew died, she had spoken of herself as being left alone to bear the torch he had lighted; this was modest, for she had lighted a torch of her own. Having always this idea in mind, she found it reaffirmed in a sermon Dr. Wolfe preached, and she preserved the text: **Dr. Wolfe spoke on the Apostolic Succession; not so much a church doctrine or covenant but one soul passing the torch to the other.**

The second wedding in the Miller family took place on April 28, 1945, when Robin (Roswell Miller III) and Anne Brinton, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Benjamin Brinton, were married at Cumberland, New Kent, Virginia. This event meant much to Grandmother Naigie. Robin and his grandmother were very close to each other. The flurry of engagements among her grandchildren gave her life a sweet final fillip. She wrote to Mrs. Thomson a happy account of the wedding:

Robin and Anne’s wedding in April was a lovely affair. The Brintons have a charming house in Richmond, Virginia, and they invited Margaret to visit them last week before the wedding. She told me yesterday she had a “heavenly time”—strong language for Margaret . . .

Then the grandmother went on to herald two other weddings, one of which she would not live to see:
THE OTHER ROOM

Usually a marriage in the family is exciting enough for one season, but to have two granddaughters announce their engagements in rapid succession is almost overwhelming. Barbara and Lennart Thorell expect to be married before Christmas, so Barbara is deep in her preparations. Lennart (Pilot, American Overseas Line) was a complete stranger to me, but I like him immensely. He is a perfect thoroughbred and rings very true. Of course his profession is a hazardous one. He flies the Atlantic every other week. We are all becoming air-minded, and to see the young people together, so radiantly happy, makes us all happy too.

On December first, Barbara Miller, in a joyous ceremony, became the wife of Lennart Thorell. Grandmother Naigie attended, and remained throughout the reception.

Grandmother Naigie would not live to see her granddaughter Margaret sign her name “Mrs. C. R. McPherson, Jr.,” but she could enjoy the romance. In this period her diary pages are bright with gatherings in her rooms of the couples.

Then here come Margot and Mac. He has been with the Army in Italy and is just home and demobilized. He is just in the throes of deciding whether to go back to college or go into business. He is very much of a man. How my Margaret adapts herself to each and every one of them is a marvel to me, but she is calm and collected and very happy. Roswell also is wonderful.

Gradually she had to give up her game of Scotch bowls, and her clock golf, and the putting green Morrison had laid out for her, but the garden remained for her strolling, and Central Park and the New York streets were always inviting. Almost every day before those last months of feebleness, Mrs. Carnegie took long walks. When she returned from shopping she would
often leave her car about a mile from her house and walk home.

She enjoyed as much as ever the annual Christmas celebration when the students from International House came to be entertained by her. In a typical gathering the guests numbered 200 students from International House and 150 to 200 of Mrs. Carnegie’s personal friends. The company, in a wonderful blending of diverse voices, sang uniting carols about the festively-decorated tree.

At her last party for the International Students she said:

Christmas means more to us this year than ever before for a new light is breaking over the world. We have learned that it is not enough to sing our carols, to light our candles, even to follow the gleam of the Star—the Spirit of the Christ Child must be born in each one of us, for it is only living His Spirit of brotherly kindness with understanding and good will, with a vitality never known, that we can meet the challenge of the new world order we are entering. We need the joy of Christmas to lighten the deep sense of responsibility which rests upon us. Our nation has been given a second chance, and we must each do our part to see that we do not fail the world again. So despite the suffering which still exists, let this be a joyous Christmas, warming our hearts to greater effort to bring in world brotherhood and the Kingdom of God on earth—which is what Peace really means. May I wish each one a most joyous Christmas and the happiest of New Years.

She was keenly alive in these last days to the things that were happening at home and abroad. There was, for instance, her beloved Skibo, which for all its charms was a problem. Now that she was getting too weak to travel, it was bothersome to have to decide so many things at long distance. With
three of the grandchildren married and living in this country, she wrote in her notes, plans are difficult to make. On August 3rd she had sent word to Mr. Whittet, the factor, proposing that he and his wife come to New York in January, 1946 for a conference. She had Dede's growing family in mind when she sent the letter to him:

I think I can safely say that we do not contemplate letting Aultnagar. The Gordon Thomsons love it and in all probability will establish their family there. . . .

As I feel now, I have a strong desire to go over to Skibo with just Morrison and Manning, early next June—not to take up the old life—just to see the people, live very quietly—no visitors—Mr. and Mrs. Miller would probably come over for the shooting, say in September, and would take over, while I would come back to New York. It will all be on a low key.

It could not happen again—even on a "low key." In addition to her failing health, there was the shortage of food in Britain created by the war; she did not wish her party with its staff of servants to add to the difficult food problem; instead she made plans to repeat her summer visit to the garden environment of Lake Mohonk House.

About this time she gave her first intimation that she was about through with life:

The time of the dry and yellow leaf has come for a good many of us and we cannot expect to be buoyant—just thankful for the measure of strength we have . . .

With this note, expressed in a letter to her long-time friend Mrs. Walter E. Hope, she coupled one of joy in her grandson and granddaughters:
My young people are all so happy and busy with their plans—I cannot keep up with them. This is a new rôle for me, for I like to boss; but I have had my turn and now it is theirs . . . Dear Dede and her four little girls are at Skibo. Dede opened a sale of work where they made nearly $200 for war relief. She distributed bonuses to the people of the Skibo estate on V-J day, making neat speeches with each. Am I not a proud Grandmother! But I'd like to see her and them all.

When the Whittets arrived from Skibo in January, 1946, Mrs. Carnegie called a meeting of her family and business advisers and arranged to maintain the Skibo estate on a sound financial basis. Then she sent her personal secretary to escort the Whittets on a tour of lower New York: the Battery, Wall Street, and the churches of Trinity and St. Paul. She had planned this trip for the factor and his wife—"so they may carry away a pretty good idea of New York, and be amazed by it."

Her last appearance in public was when Roswell Miller escorted her to the convocation at Columbia University at which Winston Churchill, the voice of her feelings, received one of his many doctor's degrees.

Dignity, faith, awareness of fate, and determination to accept it with serenity were manifest in these last few weeks of her life. She told a friend: "Death is only going into another room. I am not afraid."

Joy came to her in these last days in Dede's visit from Edinburgh; the beloved granddaughter brought with her six-year-old Betty, and the four generations met. Mrs. Carnegie recalled how long ago Andrew and she had taken their daughter, Baby Margaret, to see Grandmother Davis, the old lady's first
In that last winter and spring, her New York garden was a greater comfort than ever; she took in its sun and air until he died, making note of the changes the seasons wrought, from the coloring by frost, and the snowfall covering the foliage with white beauty, to the coming of the first spring flowers and the blossoming of the dogwood and wisteria. On one of the days of her last springtime, she made note: *Walked in garden; saw first robin.*

On March 7, 1946, the family quietly commemorated Grandma Naigie’s eighty-ninth year; looking ahead, she feared that she should not have another birthday. “The time has come or the leaf to fall from the tree,” she had already said to her laughter. “The thing is to do it gracefully.”

Knowing that she was growing weaker, she arranged all her lays with that fact in mind. Thus she withdrew into herself, topped most of her usual activities, denying herself to solicitous visitors to conserve every ounce of strength for important things. Those who saw her most in these last weeks recall her by her poise, her thoughtfulness for those around her, her gentleness and religious faith. An unforgettable picture of this final period is that of the resigning mistress of No. 2 East Ninety-first Street, sitting almost every day in that lovely garden, with all the rich freshness of spring around her.

Life in the air above her continued to fascinate her. She loved to watch the gulls from the reservoir circling overhead, and to follow the flight of the great glinting planes. She had been interested in birds since her childhood in green Chelsea, and in these last months the stories about birds that were read
to her from the *Audubon Magazine* held her interest when nothing else could. In her visits to the Millers at Migdale House, she had taken a fond interest in Roswell’s bright lyrical birds in the conservatory. As to the planes, that interest began to develop when Barbara married Lennart, the pilot. Flight was marvelous to her, and one of her big excitements in 1945 was her visit to Lennart’s plane, and hearing him explain the science of flying. She said afterward: “If he had asked me to go up that day I would have gone.” When Mrs. Roswell Miller and Margot crossed by plane to visit Dede in March, 1946, Mrs. Carnegie was amazed at the swiftness of the crossing; she compared the speed with her ocean voyages, and recalled also that once it had taken her Andrew six weeks to cross in a sailboat.

Her thoughts went from birds to planes. Her daughter said: “You will catch the connection in her mind: the flight of birds, the flight of man in his airplane, and the last mysterious flight of the soul in death.”

As Mrs. Carnegie watched in feebleness the birds, and above them the planes, she would feel strengthened and would quote from Henry van Dyke’s *God of the Open Air*:

*By the strength of the tree that clings to its deep foundation,*
*By the courage of birds’ light wings on the long migration,*
*(Wonderful spirit of trust that abides in Nature’s breast!)*
*Teach me how to confide, and live my life, and rest.*

Louise Whitfield Carnegie died about noon of June 24, 1946, and was buried on a beautiful day beside Andrew Carnegie at Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. She kept to the end her faith in the progress of mankind, and in the soul’s progress to the life be-
THE OTHER ROOM

When the Carnegie residence, still a prized landmark of upper Manhattan, was not permitted by its trustees to be just a house of memories. The Carnegie Corporation wished it to be used in a way in keeping with the social awareness of the family, and, in accord with Roswell and Margaret Carnegie Miller, found an appropriate way to continue the Carnegie spirit in its rooms and garden.

Leasing it for a long term to the New York School of Social Work of the Community Service Society of New York, a graduate school of Columbia University, the trustees of the Corporation provided that many of the features of the residence should remain; for instance, the original paneling, the Persian prayer rugs, and the fireplaces of Carrara marble.

The main entrance hall, with its handsome carved staircase, and with its paneling of oak, is unchanged. The pipe organ remains at the east end, and the library and study are unaltered at the western end. The art gallery has become a lecture room, and on the second floor the bedrooms on the south and west sides are now classrooms.

Another surviving feature intimately connected with the family life of the Carnegies is the small chamber paneled in hand-carved teakwood, which was Andrew Carnegie's favorite dinner room.

The new occupants at No. 2 East Ninety-first Street have taken care that the residence of Andrew and Louise Carnegie shall not be forgotten by the people of the city and neighborhood. The officers of the Community Service Center, whose
work accords so well with the spirit of the family, have unveiled a bronze tablet memorializing the couple. The marker bears the simple inscription:

Andrew and Louise Whitfield Carnegie built this house in 1901 and lived here for the rest of their lives.

The End