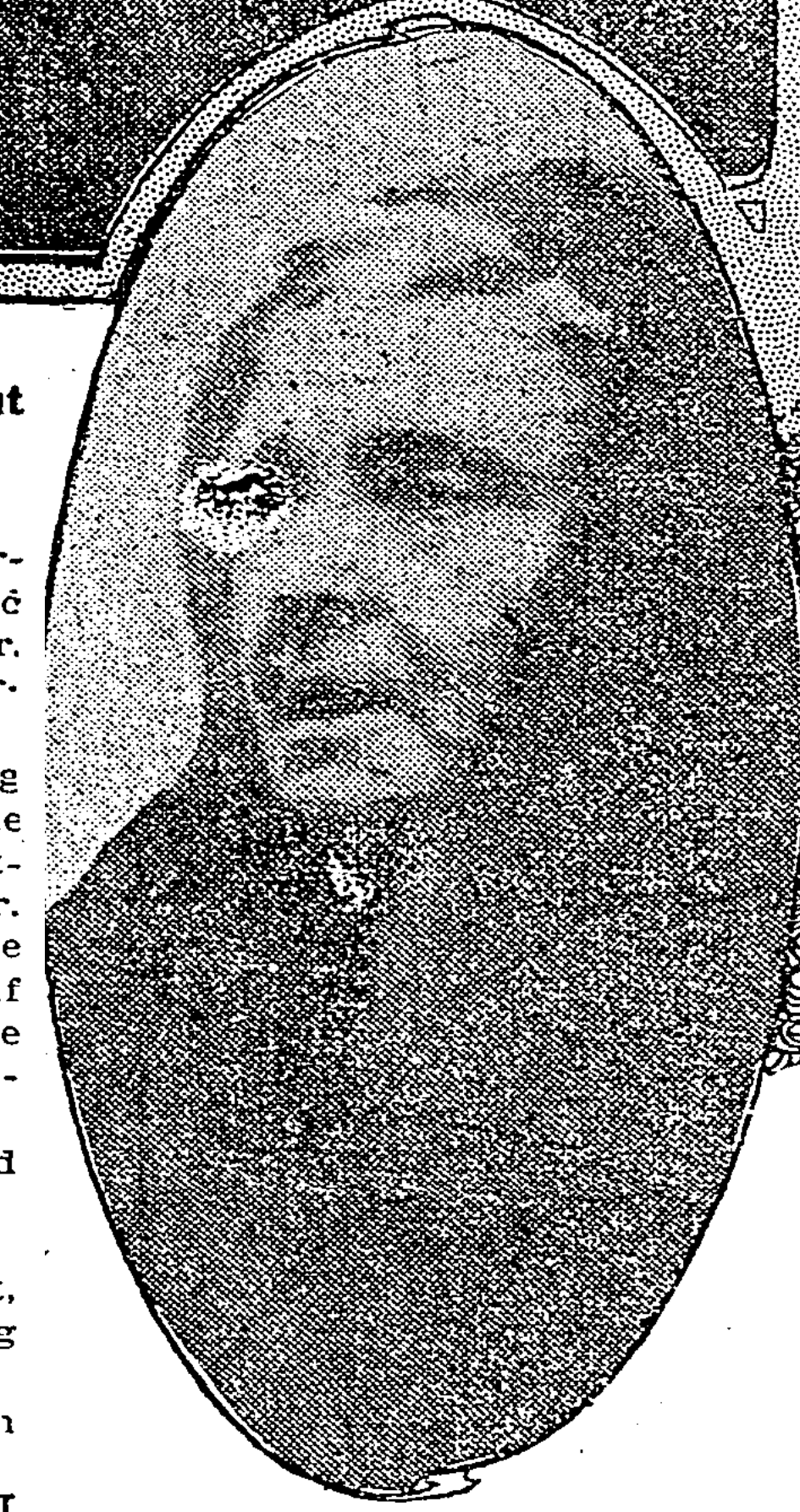
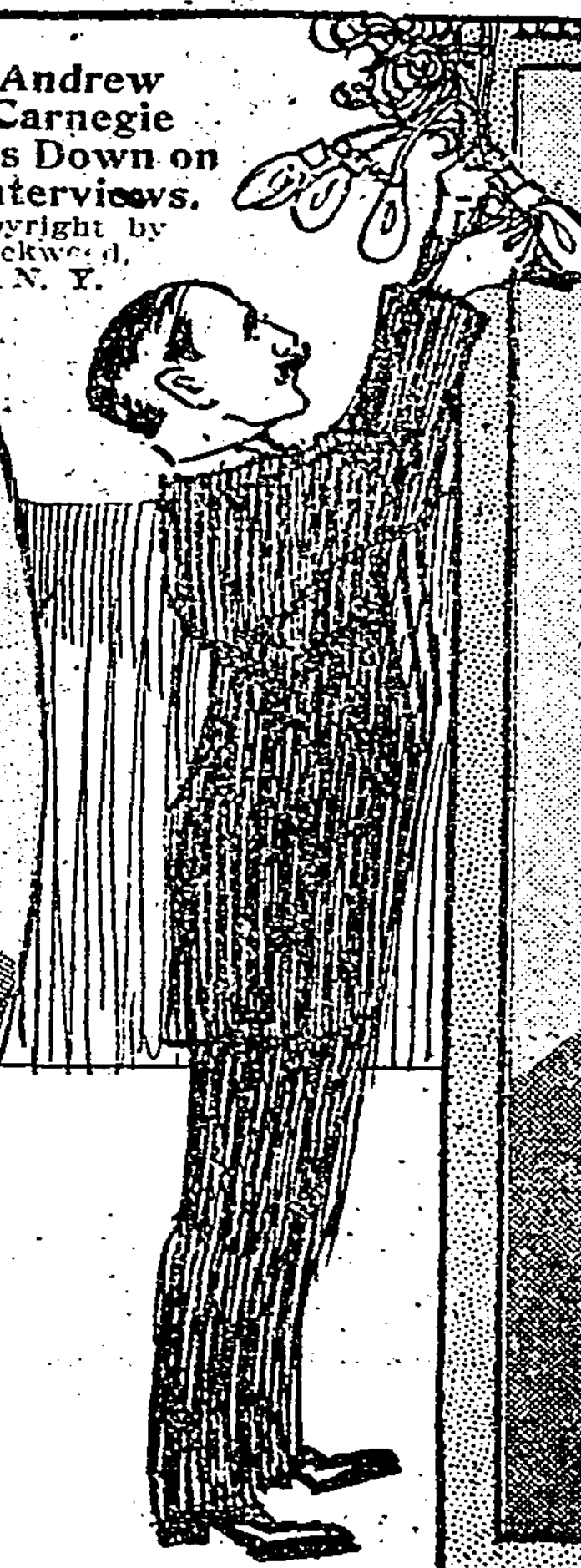
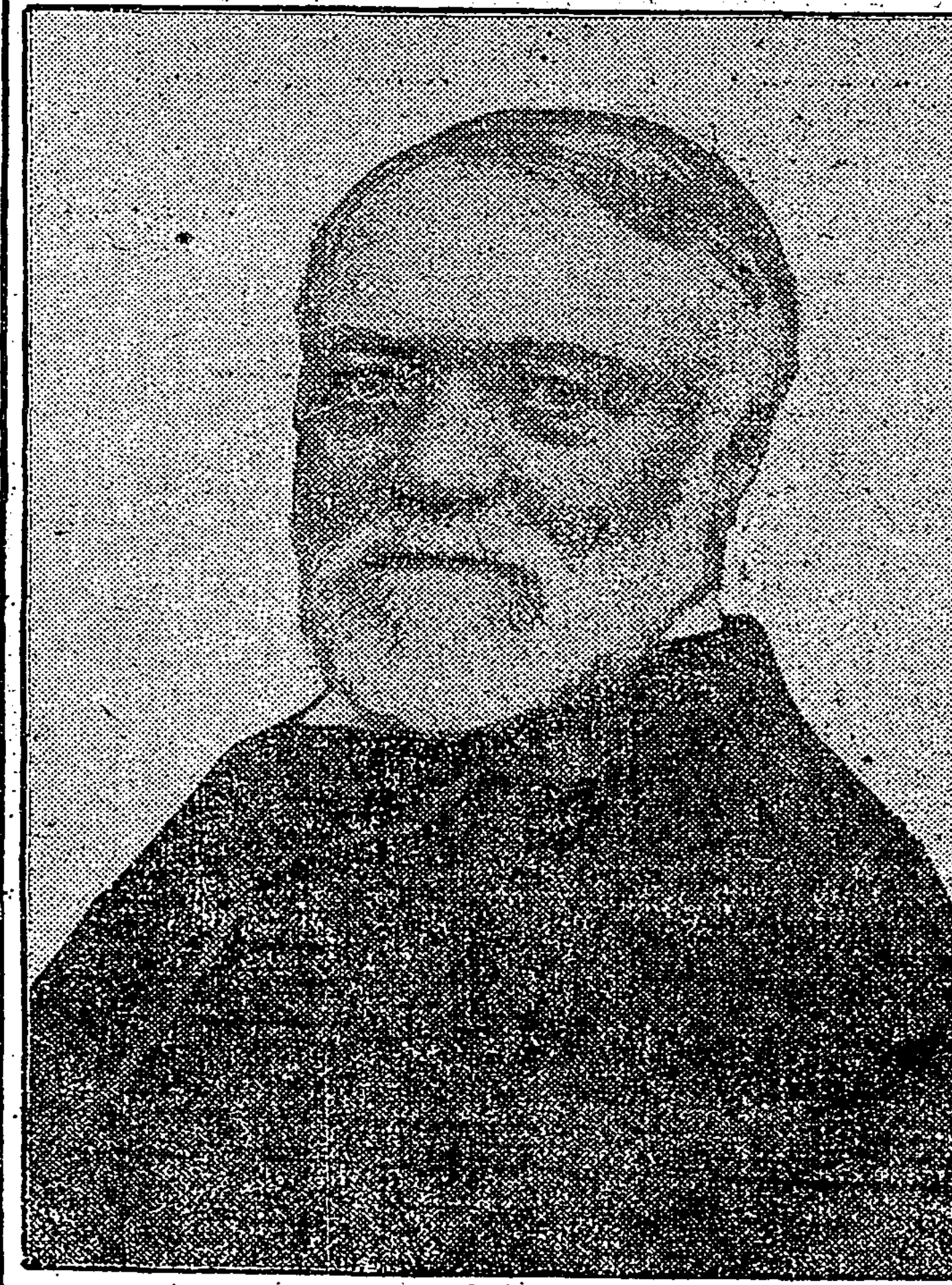


THE PET ECONOMIES OF WELL KNOWN MILLIONAIRES

Peculiar Characteristics of John D. Rockefeller, His Son, Paul Morton, Andrew Carnegie, August Belmont and Others.



John D. Rockefeller Saves on Household Expenses and Is Lavish in Big Ways.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Hates Tips.



Henry Clews's Economy Is Taking Care of His Health.

Paul Morton Always Turns Off Electric Lights That Are Not in Use.

Mrs. Hetty Green Prefers Boarding Houses to Her Own Home.

Charles M. Schwab Economizes on One Scarf Pin.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER. Charles Schwab, Paul Morton, and most of our other millionaires have their little favorite economies. Almost every one, in fact, has one certain small matter on which he has a chronic spasm of savingness—almost every one, that is, except the poor, who, instead of having a favorite little economy, have a favorite little extravagance.

parlor in town is solemnly decorated with one. This girl stood for a minute looking at her particular relic. It escaped destruction. "You cut down on things yourself, mother, just for fun," she remarked.

August Belmont Picks Up Every Pin He Sees Lying Around.

cashier of the Bank of England or the head of Standard Oil or any man; indeed, of ordinary business instincts.

One time a man came up to the Morton home full of a scheme that seemed to have money in it. For an hour Mr. Morton and he talked with such interest that they were dead to the world.

economies got money for them in a roundabout way are Henry Clews and the late Samuel Clemens.

particular one of those dishes she prefers—or least objects to. It is when a man buys the fittings for his office that he seems to have his spasms of economy. Downtown some of the most beautiful rooms in the most beautiful buildings are invaded by furniture that would make any woman sniff.

A very poor woman of the writer's acquaintance, though she works at top speed twelve hours a day for her money, never passes a chocolate shop without drinking two or more of their fifteen-cent sodas. John D. Rockefeller, though he gives away huge sums, spends as little as possible on his personal servants.

An Illinois farmer called out once when he put down 15 cents for some Standard Oil. "Here's where I give 10 cents to higher education," Mr. Rockefeller's servants at any rate may also have the satisfaction of being philanthropists without any effort.

There is a story that one time when Mr. Rockefeller had laid a shining nickel in the centre of the big, black hand of a negro waiter, the darky, not knowing who his tipper was, had hesitated, looked around, and then whispered softly: "Here—take it back, boss! I s'pose you need it more than me."

Mr. Carnegie's special economy makes the writer sad. "What's the little thing you cut down on?" Mr. Carnegie was asked by the writer. "There most be something; there is with everybody."

Then, just as the visitor was leaning forward and saying, "And this is the thing, Morton, that will clinch the matter, finally clinch the matter," Mr. Morton glanced out into the hall, made an involuntary motion, held himself still with a effort, and turned a face with a far-away look on it in the direction of his visitor.

There's no little thing that I cut down on financially," said Mr. Clews to The Times reporter, "absolutely none."

Consequently, Mr. Robert Winthrop Chanler would seem to be more distinguished for his coming "alliance" than for his favorite frugality, which is just that of most of his sex. "Mr. Chanler's studio—the room itself—would make an ordinary flat-dweller blink, partly from delight and partly from being unused, to seeing a large, light, airy room that opens on the street instead of your neighbor's kitchen or bedroom.

It's simply his pet hobby to save money in this way. He pays the people he employs in business liberally enough, but his household it is his peculiar pleasure to run for just as little as possible.

The favorite little economy of Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., is somewhat like his father's. Young Mr. Rockefeller dislikes to tip. He does it, but with a painful effort. As Tommy Traddles said, with a wince, "It's—it's a pull."

The Oil Man's son is careful in all his habits, but giving small tips is the only way of saving money that really warms his heart. Once, when he left a drug store after treating a couple of girls to ice cream sodas, he took out a little notebook and scribbled a few figures in it.

Mr. Carnegie's face took on a solemn look, which is always a sign that he's going to crack a joke. He gave a couple of rapid blinks. Then he snapped, "Giving interviews! "

"The way to manage it is this: First, we'll go after the men I was telling you about, the men that—" Mr. Morton could contain his emotion no longer.

"In money matters I am a most generous man. But the secret of my success is my energy, my enthusiasm, I

Mr. Chanler's furnishings wouldn't cause any emotion at all to the ordinary flat-dweller. He's seen kitchen tables and stools and ladders many a time.

He gave his peculiar pleasure another airing the other day. On his estate in Pocantico Hills are working a little over fifty men. Most of them are townspeople. The rest are Italian laborers. Some of the lot have been with him over ten years.

When Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., goes into a downtown restaurant for lunch he eats quite a lot and gives the impression of having a jolly time. The moment comes for paying. Mr. Rockefeller pays cheerfully enough.

"What are you doing?" asked one of the girls. "Putting down the sodas in my account," he answered. But this action seems methodical rather than economical. If Mr. Rockefeller was keeping an account, as he evidently was, and had only put down in it those sums above a certain amount, the result would scarcely have satisfied the

When Mrs. Vanderbilt has people staying at the house she is willing that it should be pretty well lighted. But as soon as the company has gone, if the butler or any of the servants forget and leave an unnecessary light, Mrs. Vanderbilt will never fail to call sharply: "I want that light out. Don't be careless about my lights!"

He turned out the extra light. Then he gave a sigh of relief, resettled himself in his chair, and gave himself up to the business in hand.

There is originality about Mr. August Belmont's peculiar way of saving. It is

Now, Mr. Charles Schwab, like Mr. August Belmont, has an original economy. Fashion makes a man, to-day, wear a dress whose chief beauty is that it is a sort of moving background to the light, pretty fancy clothes of women.

But in spite of the long connection, a few weeks ago Mr. Rockefeller's proclamation came out: Some of the laborers were to be put on greatly reduced pay and the rest were to have a vacation minus an accompanying salary.

Then Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., leaves the restaurant at peace with the world. He has fought his battle and won. On exuberant occasions he parts with a dime.

Mr. Paul Morton frankly admits, makes him unhappy. He thinks perhaps the reason is that the waste of money caused in that way is "so patent."

To see many of his lights turned on, Mr. Paul Morton frankly admits, makes him unhappy. He thinks perhaps the reason is that the waste of money caused in that way is "so patent."

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So most of the sex, in sheer desperation, go in furiously for lots of gaudy pins to wear in their cravats. But not Mr. Schwab. Day in, day out, he wears the same pin. If any other should put in its appearance there, would be a decided flutter in the office of the Bethlehem Steel Company.

A little economy is conspicuous in the habits of most millionaires. A little extravagance is conspicuous in the habits of Mrs. Hetty Green.

But Mr. Rockefeller was only having a good time cutting loose on his favorite little economy. He'd hand out ten times the money he saved on the men's salaries to the town and would throw in the suave announcement "It is my privilege" in the bargain. Mr. Rockefeller has been very generous in his gifts to Tarrytown. Not only that, but he has acted kindly and unaffectedly toward the people. He's popular about Pocantico Hills. They tell strangers he's "democratic," and each other that he doesn't "put on any airs."

When Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., wants to give a dinner party he selects the Waldorf-Astoria to do it in. The inexperienced waiters of that hotel are in a happy flutter the two or three hours of that dinner. They fly around after salt, ice, &c., positively overflowing with zeal for their work.

Now, the past winter Mr. Rockefeller has taken pretty nearly all the single women of Pocantico Hills and most of the married ones out motoring. At the beginning of the trip he always put on a white paper vest to keep out the cold, and he never was happy until he'd not only given whoever was with him a similar vest, but had seen the thing securely put on. The vests became the property of the girls after the drive, and consequently pretty nearly every

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Some optimist has assured us that she is thinking of renting a mansion in Newport this season. That she has taken apartments at the Plaza and the St. Regis, however, several times is not a dream, but a fact.

According to their employes every millionaire in New York cuts down on the same little thing. The "old man" is generous to the verge of eccentricity; they give you to understand, "but there's one matter, one small matter, that I must say I feel he is just a little bit too careful about. It is my conviction that it would really pay him to take a different view on this subject." Their unanimity on what the "one small matter" is is passionate—"our salaries."