

# NEW BANKING IDEAS

## MANY NEW PROJECTS SUBMITTED TO CORTELYOU.

Grouped Under Four Heads, a Central Bank of Issue, Centralize Existing National Banks, Issue More Money Against Other Than U. S. Bonds, Also on General Assets Secured.

Details of many new projects for improving the currency are being submitted to the president and Secretary Cortelyou, and are receiving such attention as the other exigencies of the financial situation permit. Secretary Cortelyou is a good listener, and usually digests quickly essential parts of the various plans which are submitted to him.

Measures relating to the currency, which are being discussed among bankers and incoming members of congress, may be roughly grouped under four heads, a central bank of issue, a central organization of the existing national banks, the issue of additional circulation against various classes of bonds other than United States bonds, and the issue of circulation upon general assets with the security of a guaranty fund.

The project of a central bank based upon general outlines of the Bank of France or the Imperial Bank of Germany has apparently been attracting more attention of late than any previous time in recent years. Senator Hansbrough of North Dakota, who is a member of the finance committee, has announced that he will introduce a bill for such an institution.

Mr. Wexler, vice president of the Whitney-Central National bank of New Orleans, is openly in favor of a central bank, and says that the New Orleans press, taught by the strain of the cotton situation, is generally with him.

Those who favor a central bank point to the recent crisis as the best evidence of the aid which it could have afforded had it been in operation. Their view is that the national banks would have been able to rediscount their paper at such an institution and obtain its note to an amount necessary to relieve the strain. It is considered somewhat significant in some quarters that Mr. Ridgely, the comptroller of the currency, has just declared for a central bank of issue, after having in previous reports recommended only a general credit currency for the existing banks. The utterances of Mr. Ridgely are not, however, considered to commit the administration. Treasurer Treat has a plan which he is advocating when he is invited to deliver a public address on the subject.

It is so long since a central bank existed, or was even seriously discussed in the United States, that there is much difference of opinion as to the details of the organization. Those who advocate it generally insist, however, that the secretary of the treasury and the comptroller of the currency should be ex-officio members of the board of directors and that the president should appoint or approve the selection of the head of the bank.

### GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Word comes from Magnhia, Algeria, that 10,000 of the fiercest Beus Nassees, tribesmen swooped down on the French camp and were beaten off, with a loss of 1200 killed. The fighting continued for a long time and was conducted on the part of the tribesmen apparently with total disregard for their lives.

The Pendleton (Oregon) Savings bank opened for business again on Monday, after observing bank holidays for the past two weeks, and there was a rush of business at the bank all day. The most gratifying feature was the fact that deposits during the day exceeded the money paid out.

The Thanksgiving turkey which Horace Vose annually sends to the president of the United States was shipped by him from Westervir, R. I., to Mr. Roosevelt last Monday. This year's bird, however, was raised by J. H. Brown. It weighs 28 pounds.

A report comes from Mason City, Iowa, that Ella Swift, aged 14 years; Merle Mettler, aged 14, and Frank Hartel, 18, were drowned in Little creek. The two girls were skating together when the ice broke and they went beneath. Frank attempted their rescue, but was unsuccessful.

The treasury department last Monday purchased 300,000 ounces of silver at 63 8/12 cents per fine ounce, 200,000 ounces to be delivered at Denver and 100,000 ounces at New Orleans.

### Panama Claims Unsettled.

Richard R. Rogers, general counsel for the Panama canal commission, who was sent to Panama to arrange claims made against the United States by several Panamanians and foreigners whose property has been occupied for canal purposes and whose claims were left undecided by the joint commission, failed in his attempt.

### Runaway Log Breaks Skull.

While skidding logs at the North Star camp, near Jaffray, B. C., recently, a man well known all through the logging camps of this locality, named William McCartney, was killed by a runaway log.

The man who returns home empty-handed frequently carries a larger load than his more proverbial neighbor.

## BRYAN VISITS ROOSEVELT

He Talks Finance—Adds Details of Plans for Government Insurance of Bank Deposits.

President Roosevelt and W. J. Bryan were in consultation for half an hour Saturday.

"I was not invited to call," Mr. Bryan said on leaving, "but I called up on the telephone and asked if the president would receive callers. On being informed he would I came simply to pay my respects to the president."

Mr. Bryan was not willing to discuss the details of the interview, but was free to add details to the financial plan which he proposed a few days ago. In reviewing every measure of relief which had come to his notice, Mr. Bryan said that nothing seemed to be intended to meet the situation as effectively, and at the same time as simply, as to have the government insure depositors in national banks against loss by reason of the failure of the banks. It was not intended, he said, to have the government collect a fund for this purpose, to be kept on hand. Whenever a national bank should be required to pay its depositors it would be the duty of the government to make an assessment on all national banks to meet the amount of loss by reason of the failure. This assessment, Mr. Bryan said, would be infinitely small.

Opposition to this plan, Mr. Bryan conceded, might be made by state banks, which would be left out of the plan. The answer to this, he said, was that the states should individually take up the same scheme and stand as a guarantee against loss to depositors in state banks.

Mr. Bryan said as yet no plan had been made to have his relief measure presented to congress. However, he felt very encouraged over the prospects of its ultimate success.

Being asked as to his position on the tariff, Mr. Bryan said, it was evident that nothing could be hoped for in the way of tariff revision during this, a republican congress.

"I am in favor of removing the tariff on news print paper and wood pulp, an article controlled by a trust, just as I am in favor of removing the tariff on all other trust controlled articles," he said.

Mr. Bryan remarked that he had a very pleasant chat with the president.

## Strange Murder Case in Oakland

The police of Oakland, Cal., have unearthed a most diabolical crime, and have taken into custody M. A. Wilkins, a stationary engineer and will charge him with the murder of his wife, whose remains were found buried in quicklime underneath a shed in the yard of the Wilkins home in Elmhurst, a suburb of Oakland.

Mrs. Wilkins had not been seen around her home by the neighbors for several days. It was known that she was soon to give birth to a child, and inquiries regarding her whereabouts by neighbors elicited the response from Wilkins that she had gone to the home of her parents in the east.

A friend of the dead woman, Mrs. J. M. Anderson of San Francisco, had been staying with the Wilkins household during the past few days, and now asserts that Wilkins had endeavored to induce her to leave her husband and go away with him. Her suspicious became aroused and last Monday night in a dream she saw the body of her former friend lying on the ground, with the arms crossed over the breast. She told the officers of the strange incident, and on their going to the Wilkins home found the body in a trench under an old carpet in the shed, lying as described by Mrs. Anderson. Wilkins has told many stories about the crime.

Mrs. Anderson told the officers that she was awakened from the dream by Wilkins, who was standing over her with a knife in his hand. When she asked what he meant, he replied that she had been talking wildly in her sleep. He put away the knife and asked her to take a drink of water. She sipped some of the water, but did not swallow it, suspecting it had been poisoned. This proved to be the fact. Wilkins is 50 years old and has always borne a good reputation. He came to Oakland with his wife from York, Pa., and claims to have a son in Cincinnati.

## Thirteen Persons Burned to Death

New York, Nov. 26.—Thirteen persons lost their lives and several others were injured in a tenement house fire at 109 Eighth street and Second avenue. All the dead were Italians. Seven of the 13 were children.

The bodies were found huddled together in rooms on the top floor of the fourth story building, where terror-stricken people had been driven by the flames which rushed up from the lower floors. They died before they could reach windows, which led to the fire escapes.

Some had been enveloped in the flames and burned alive. Others, over come by smoke, were spared the agonies of death by the flames.

That the fatal fire was the work of incendiaries, is the opinion of the police, who made the first hasty examination.

### Bagdani Defeats Rachid Forces.

Tangier, Nov. 25.—A dispatch from Rabat announces that General Bagdani, chief of Sultan Aziz' army, has defeated the forces of Mulai Rachid.

# NEWS OF THE WORLD

## SHORT DISPATCHES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE GLOBE.

A Review of Happenings in Both Eastern and Western Hemispheres During the Past Week—National, Historical, Political and Personal Events.

At Laidache, Austria, Saturday, the seismograph recorded a terrific earthquake, which experts think took place near Samoa. It continued two hours.

According to reports from the orient another boxer outbreak is threatened in China, the center of the trouble being near Peking.

A London dispatch states that the real cause of the kaiser remaining in England after the termination of his state visit to the British court is to prepare for an operation, which will take place within a few days.

Frank P. Sargent, commissioner general of immigration and naturalization, is critically ill at his home in Washington.

George A. Bugh, aged 12, and Joseph T. Gibson, aged 20, were drowned in Manhattan lake, near Denver, while skating.

At Goodhue, Minn., Mrs. A. Rosner has given birth to her sixth pair of twins, all of whom have arrived since 1898. Mrs. Rosner is the mother of 25 children.

Professor A. Hall, U. S. A., retired, an astronomer of note, is dead, aged 78. He discovered the moons of Mars in 1877.

The United States Exchange bank in Harlem, N. Y., which closed its doors October 25 because of the inability to obtain currency to meet the demands of its depositors, has reopened for business.

With President Lloyd George of the board of trade as arbitrator a truce has been declared in the fight between the British cotton spinners and their employers.

The plant of the Riverside department of the National Tube company at Bedford, W. Va., has suspended operations, for the first time in its history. The plant employs 4000 men.

Recently Matthew Harris, 23 years of age, was mistaken for a burglar and shot and killed by Mrs. Mary Kerpen at the home of the latter in Chicago. Harris was escorting Mrs. Kerpen's husband to his home.

The American Federation of Labor has called for the levy of a 1-cent assessment to aid the trades unions of Los Angeles, of California and all other unions who may need similar assistance.

Joel Chandler Harris, who is known to fame as Uncle Remus, narrator of the "Br'er Rabbit" and "Br'er Bar" stories, dined with President Roosevelt at the White House Saturday.

The German steamer Setos, arriving in San Francisco Saturday from Port Townsend, reports experiencing a sharp earthquake while off Cape Mendocino.

President Roosevelt has accepted the resignation of W. H. H. Llewellyn, assistant United States district attorney for New Mexico, and filled the vacancy by the appointment of Captain David Lahey.

In an explosion recently on the eastern construction works of the Grand Trunk Pacific at Dryden, Ont., seven men were killed and four injured.

Gust Peterson, a woodsman, while crazed with drink, committed suicide near Hoquiam by nearly decapitating himself.

David Martin Wolfe, alias Charles A. Gordon, formerly of Tyrone, Pa., has admitted his identity, and was ordered taken to the Pierce county jail. Commissioner Bridges fixed his bond at \$7000.

### GET BACK TO CASH BASIS?

Chicago Sounds Sentiment of Banks in West.

Chicago, Nov. 25.—A step looking toward the resumption of business on cash basis has been taken by the Chicago Clearing House association. Letters have been mailed to bankers of the middle west and western sections of the country asking them to express opinions on the general situation. These statements will be tabulated and used by the Chicago financiers.

### U. S. Manufacturers.

Fifteen billions of dollars represents the value of the annual production of manufactures in the United States. After careful estimates were made by experts, John M. Carson, chief of the bureau of manufactures, was able to make this statement in the annual report of the operations of his bureau, made public recently. The figures do not represent finished products entirely, but include products in various stages of progress. Last year the aggregate value of domestic merchandise exported was \$1,854,000,000, an increase of nearly \$136,000,000 over the preceding year.

### Cold Storage Plant Burns.

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 26.—The plant of the Los Angeles Ice and Cold Storage company at Seventh and Santa Fe streets was totally destroyed by fire. The first estimate places the loss at \$100,000.

How long will the world continue to sacrifice her saviors?

## THANKS FOR EARTH'S BOUNTIES.

Through the gray dawn in the meadows we heard the reapers singing—  
The song of men who conquer and who know their triumph's worth;  
Like the bare blades of an army the keen, swift scythes went swinging,  
And golden in their wake lay piled the goodly spoils of earth.

And I said: "Give thanks, O heart of mine, as conquerors may do  
With sound of acclamation when the battling is through,  
To Him who gave us strength and skill to force the stubborn soil,  
For glory of the gaining and the triumphing of toil."

At full noon in the orchard we heard the maidens' laughter—  
Bare-armed among the laden trees they pulled the branches low:  
Home at twilight went the wains, with us to follow after,  
Light of step and gay of voice, as merry children go.

And I said: "Give thanks, O heart of mine, with very truth for meed  
To Him who gave us knowledge of the cunning of the seed,  
For beauty of the growing and the joy of blossoming  
And granting of the harvest from the promise of the Spring."

The praise of words for things of earth, O tender heart of mine,  
But never yet gave mouth of man meet thanks for gifts divine:  
Nor mirth nor acclamation but to Him who granted love  
The great, glad tears of gratitude and silences thereof.  
—Theodosia Garrison, in Harper's Weekly.

## Thanksgiving at Lonesome Hollow

"Seems awfully forlorn to eat a Thanksgiving dinner all alone," said Milly soberly, looking over at the young fellow who sat mending a harness strap beside the blazing hearth. "I haven't the heart to get up a big dinner for just us two."

"I don't see what else we can do. No neighbors to invite except old Pete Sprat, and he wouldn't come. We might send him something by way of being neighborly."

"And be turned away for our pains," the woman laughed.

"You can't even go out on the 'highways and hedges' and gather in stragglers like the ancient host of Bible fame. Maybe it is just as well not to have all the work of getting up a Thanksgiving dinner, for it seems to me that you look tired, Milly. What's the matter?"

"Nothing, Jim; I guess I need a little outing. I'll take a run across the Hollow and be back before supper."

Milly put on her cloak and went out into the crisp autumn afternoon. The woods were bare except for a few torch-like flames of red which marked the presence of an occasional gum tree. The sky was clear, cold and pallid, tinged with a greenish glow where the dark forests rimmed the far horizon. Not a sign of human habitation was visible, and not a sound broke the vast stillness save the steady tap-tap of a woodpecker. The loneliness oppressed Milly strangely. For two years she had endured it in cheerful silence, working patiently at whatever her hand found to do in the rough little shack which had gradually assumed a cozy, homelike appearance. They had left the busy, grinding East in quest of health for her young husband, who was slowly regaining his lost strength and vigor in the bracing climate of Colorado, which alone kept Milly's heart light and hopeful, but in spite of that joyful fact she could not dispel a shiver of loneliness when she thought of the long, dreary winter before them.

"I'm getting morbid simply for the want of a little company," she said, as she walked down the untraveled road in the face of the crisp north wind. "That will never do you, Milly Bennet. For Jim's sake you mustn't give way to such foolishness."

Suddenly Milly's ear caught the sound of chopping which seemed to come from the Hollow beyond the divide. She turned and made her way easily through the leafless thicket, walking briskly over the hill and down the opposite descent until she distinctly heard voices. Further on, at the edge of a natural clearing, she came upon a party of travelers camped beside a newly kindled fire, where a lean, gaunt appearing fellow busied himself with preparations for the evening meal. They were eight in all, a rough, unempt lot in leather jackets and rusty boots. Beside the cook lay a bag of flour, a rasher of bacon and two jugs stopped with corn-cobs.

Milly stopped abruptly when she found herself observed by the curious eyes of eight strangers, then changed her mind and crossed the icy little brook and made her way toward the fire.

A big, black-whiskered man dropped his armful of horse feed and looked at her piercingly. "Lost?" he asked brusquely.

"No. I live two miles up the divide. I happened to hear you chopping, and stopped out of curiosity."

The man's insistent gaze annoyed her, but the forlorn, gaunt appearance of the little group incited a little throb of pity and made her think gratefully of her own cozy, cheerful little shack, with Jim waiting for her beside the glowing hearth.

"I suppose you are simply camping here for the night," she ventured, looking about at the meager comforts of the camp.

"Well, no," answered the black-browed man, who impressed her at once as being spokesman of the party. "We came down to prospect a bit. There's talk of gold in this claim, and if it's worth our while we may set up for a week or two."

"Oh, then you'll be here over Thanksgiving, won't you? I'd like to have you all take dinner with us to-morrow."

The man looked at his fellows with a curious smile, half questioning, half incredulous. "It's rather unexpected," he remarked humorously.

"Oh, we're all neighbors out here, you know," Milly explained cordially. "My husband would be very glad to have you with us. We are from the East, and we're used to having company for Thanksgiving."

"Your husband is a prospector, too, I take it?"

"Oh, no. He came out here for his health two years ago, when he was all run down with overwork. We expect to stay here until he's quite well."

"We didn't notice any houses as we passed along. Where do you live?"

"Two miles below here, on the Sunrise

road, not on the trail. Will you come over to-morrow?"

"Well, being as you're so kind as to take the trouble to invite us we'll be glad to accept your hospitality, and thank you."

"Very well. I shall expect you promptly at 12. There are eight of you, aren't there? I want you all, remember. Now, I'll go, for the walk is rather long. You cross the hill and go straight south till you reach the Sunrise wagon road, which will take you directly to our shack, going west. Good-night."

Milly returned in great good spirits. Jim looked dubious at first, but he was loth to damp the ardor of his good little helpmeet by voicing his doubts as to the wisdom of inviting eight strangers to their home.

"You don't mind, do you, Jim?" Milly asked, anxiously.

"Not a bit. If it pleases you let's have them by all means."

"You should have seen them! Great, gaunt, hungry looking fellows who probably haven't had a good dinner for a year. I do believe Providence sent me across their path expressly to give them a treat."

"I hope we have enough stuff on hand," said cautious Jim. "It will take heaps to satisfy eight hungry men, you know."

"Of course we have plenty. We'll kill both turkeys and I'll make four pies instead of one, and two boiled puddings besides. We'll have potatoes and turnips and the canned corn I put up myself, and as much cider as I can drink. For dessert we'll have real good coffee and iced cake. Oh, we'll have enough, you may be sure. Jim, you must rig up a table big enough to seat them all."

They worked till bedtime that night, peeling apples, seeding raisins and picking the turkeys. The next morning Milly rose long before dawn and set about her baking and brewing, while Jim put up a big deal table that stretched almost the length of the room, and by noon it was set with all the luscious viands of an eastern Thanksgiving dinner, set with homely platters and dishes to be sure, but not roughly in appearance than the men who finally seated themselves about the steamy board. Jim beamed hospitably from his place at the head of the table and

tried dutifully to "act as if the company belonged there," as Milly had said. The big black-whiskered fellow whom the others addressed as Blaisedale had the place of honor because he seemed to be the leader of the gang by natural selection, as the rest all deferred to him. He watched Milly with a curious intenceness which brought a flush to her cheek and made her slightly uncomfortable.

"You're mighty comfortably fixed for these diggings," said he presently, looking about the walls with their homely prints and ornaments.

"Yes, we are rather comfortable, thanks to Milly's ingenuity," Jim answered, with a glow of affectionate pride.

"You're lucky to be able to afford such luxuries, for all those fancy fixings are luxuries in Colorado," Blaisedale remarked significantly.

"Yes, I count myself one of the luckiest men in the world. I owe everything to Milly, even my life. I was a poor law student when we were married, and when my health broke down she simply took all the responsibility into her own hands. It was her money that enabled me to come here. It's her bit of money that we're living on now. All that she has in the world is in the little bank at Sunrise, where she goes once a month to draw the necessary sum for our provisions. But now that I've got to work we're making our way along without much help from the bank. I tell you I hated to use that money had enough, but if it hadn't been for that the Lord only knows what would have become of me."

Milly blushed deeply and becomingly. "Why, it doesn't amount to that," said she, with a snap of her brown fingers. "All the money in the world would be worthless to me if I didn't have Jim."

"I've heard a saying about a 'good wife being a treasure,'" Blaisedale remarked. "Your wife proves the truth of it."

The dinner was a great success. Blaisedale, who seemed to exert a mysterious influence over his fellows, grew very talkative and entertaining. He told stories of queer places and queerer people which savored of familiarity with lawlessness and lawbreakers, but which kept Jim breathlessly interested until the eight strange guests made their adieus. When the company had filed out of the little cabin door Blaisedale, who was last out, gazed at the threshold and held out his hand to Milly.

"You remind me of some one I once knew," he said, simply, "and for her sake I'd like to shake hands with you. Thank you for your hospitality. You won't regret your kindness, by the way."

"Queer fellow, that one," Jim remarked, as he watched the gang recede down the wintry road. "You may be sure he has a strange history behind him."

That night when Jim and Milly sat talking beside their cheerful hearth, a

King Philip, John Winthrop, Judge Sewell and others are at once in mind.

The hostess should warn her guests that they may read up a little on colonial history, and thus be prepared to contribute their quota.

One who may write a little story of the early coming of the Pilgrims, leaving blanks for the guests to supply the names. Thus:

"...colony of (pilgrims) consisting of (101) persons arrived from (England) and landed (December 21) at a place we now call (Forefathers' Rock). They began the first settlement in (New England), calling it (Plymouth); and so on. These may be mimeographed, leaving the part in parentheses blank, and the guests be asked to fill them in. A little prize for the most correctly filled paper may be given.

Whatever games are played should include the whole family and should be significant of the day.

Nuts, apples, popcorn and cider should be served in the evening.

And Thou, Brutus!

Mother Gobbler—What are you swearing for, Brutus?

Brutus—Well, I just heard a man say he wanted a good turkey, and I want him to understand that I'm as tough as they make 'em.

Thanksgiving Time.

Colonel Kaintuck—Rastus, you old rascal, how did you come by that turkey?

Uncle Rastus—Dat am jes' de trouble; couldn't git by dat turkey nobow, Cunnel.

scrap of white paper crept mysteriously under the door. Jim rose hurriedly and threw back the door, but no one was in sight, and not a sound broke the deep stillness of the icy night.

Milly read the note over his shoulder, and this is what it said:

"Some curious whim prompts me to tell you that it was our intention to break into and rifle the little eggshell bank at Sunrise before quitting these diggings, but for the sake of Milly's 'bit of money' it shall go unharmed. Thanking you for a pleasant hour. BLAISDALE."

—New York Times.

### The Gamins' Thanksgiving Dinner.

The gamins sat there at the board  
That groaned with things to eat,  
Around him was a goodly board  
Of bread and cakes and meat.  
And as he viewed it all with grins  
He said: "I wisht dat I wuz twins."

He ate with growing appetite  
And fed upon that store,  
He put much food away from sight,  
And then looked the table o'er,  
And then with sundry sighs and grins  
He said: "I wisht dat I wuz twins."

The viands vanished like a dream,  
The turkey soon was gone,  
But then came cake and rich ice cream  
And he ate on and on,  
And still he wore those greedy grins  
And said: "I wisht dat I wuz twins."

On nuts and fruit he also fed,  
And pie and candy, too,  
He gazed on the sumptuous spread  
That loomed before his view,  
And fumed and sighed between his grins:  
"Gee whiz, I wisht dat I wuz twins."

But by and by he had to stop,  
For he could hold no more,  
His knife and fork he had to drop  
And then began to roar,  
For all at once he lost his grins  
And groaned: "I'm glad I ain't no twins."  
—Chicago Chronicle.

### Thanksgiving Games.

An interesting contest is for each person at the Thanksgiving feast to tell the story of some historical personage or event connected with New England colonial history, and require the others to name the person or place. A prize may be given for the largest number of correct answers. There is no end of material for such stories. The names of Massachusetts, Roger Williams, Miles Standish,

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