

# SAVINGS BANK LAW

Postal Measure Is Soon to Become Effective.

Board of Trustees and Special Committee Busy Perfecting Details for Putting Banks in Operation—Many Problems to Face.

Washington.—The law creating postal savings banks, which was signed by President Taft June 30 last, will soon become operative. Since the date of the approval of the law the postmaster general, the secretary of the treasury and the attorney general, who constitute the board of trustees, have been diligently at work, assisted by a special committee of employees of the post office department, appointed by the postmaster general to perfect the details for putting the postal banks in operation.

The special committee has had the advantage of the laws governing the postal savings banks in Great Britain, France, Austria, Italy and other countries, the result being that the rules and regulations to govern the postal savings banks in the United States will be as well nigh perfect as is possible.

The postal banks will be conducted on strictly banking lines, with the exception that there will be no pass books, certificates of deposits being issued in duplicate. The opening of an account will be a very simple proceeding. Any person ten years of age, or over, may open an account in his or her name for one dollar. The same privilege applies to a married woman, whose account "shall be free from any control or interference by her husband."

Like the dime savings bank, however, you may begin your account with Uncle Sam by buying a ten-cent postal savings card. When you have purchased nine other postal savings stamps, which the postmaster has attached to your postal savings card you will receive in exchange a certificate of deposit. The postal savings stamps are then destroyed by the postmaster.

The postmaster general has already ordered 1,500,000 postal savings cards and 10,000,000 postal savings stamps with which to begin business. No one may deposit more than \$100 in any calendar month, while the total balance is limited to \$500.

Furthermore, no person shall at the same time have more than one postal savings account in his or her own



Postmaster General Hitchcock.

right. No obstacles are placed in the way of any depositor from withdrawing the whole or any part of his or her account, with accrued interest, on demand, under such regulations as the board of trustees may prescribe.

Depositors will be paid two per cent. interest yearly. The postal funds placed in designated banks by the board of trustees will yield the government 2 1/2 per cent. It is believed that this quarter of one per cent. difference between what the government pays the depositor and what the banks will pay Uncle Sam will be sufficient to meet all necessary expenses for conducting the postal savings depositories.

### Government Benefited.

A careful study of the law creating postal savings banks makes it clear that the government will be benefited largely, and that within a year or two after the system has been in operation Uncle Sam may have all the money necessary to meet deficiencies, and to make effective public improvements without having to appeal to Wall street for financial aid. Section 10 of the act gives a depositor the privilege of surrendering his deposit, or any part thereof, in sums of \$20, \$40, \$60, \$80 and \$100 and multiples of \$100 and \$500, and receive in lieu of such deposit United States coupons or registered bonds of the denominations of these amounts, which shall bear interest at the rate of 2 1/2 per cent. per annum, and be redeemable one year from date of issue, and payable 20 years from such date. These bonds are payable in gold coin.

It is believed by the board of trustees that this section of the law will prove a strong inducement to the people, and especially the foreign element, to patronize the postal banks. It will also add to the desire of children to put away their pennies so that they may buy a government bond.

In connection with the section of the law limiting deposits to \$500 it should be understood that deposits are at no time to exceed that amount, but when a depositor has accumulated \$500 he or she may invest the account in the bonds issued by the government and then again build up their

postal savings to the limit when more bonds may be purchased.

Money at Home.

One of the probable first effects to follow the opening of the postal savings banks, say post office officials, will be the falling off in the purchase of international and local money orders by our alien population. It is believed this class of citizens will be among the first to avail themselves of the postal savings depositories, and that they will discontinue the practice of sending their savings to their old homes in Europe for deposit in the foreign postal savings banks. The decline in the sale of foreign and local money orders may show in postal receipts, but it is believed the general good resulting to the country will more than offset the loss from this source.

Treasury officials declare that one of the strong features of the postal savings bank law is the authority given the board of trustees to use the postal savings for investment in United States bonds. As the postal funds grow they can be exchanged for bonds which become subject to the call of the secretary of the treasury. The success that has attended the creation of postal savings banks in foreign countries convinces the



Attorney General Wickersham.

board of trustees that like success will immediately follow the opening of the banks in the United States.

Announcement has been made by the department that problems have multiplied in connection with the establishment of the system. The plan submitted by a committee of officials in the department of the postmaster general has failed to command the entire approval of the board having the matter in charge, although it is believed that the scheme as originally devised will ultimately be adopted with a few material changes.

Doubtless there are many perplexities to be overcome in the inauguration of the new system, and it is pleasing to note, in view of this fact, that the postmaster general adheres to the tentative decision to put the system into operation as nearly as may be on the first day of January.

### OUTLOOK FOR LEGISLATION.

The present outlook is that congress in this short session will do little more than pass the appropriation bills necessary to keep the government going during the next fiscal year, despite the fact that there are a number of important measures pending in both branches of congress, in addition to which President Taft has some important recommendations which he would like to see enacted into law before the Democrats take possession of the house.

Conditions in the house, however, are such that it is doubtful if much legislation can be handled. Under existing rules only three days a week can be devoted to the appropriation bills and, with the customary two weeks Christmas holiday, the chairman of the several committees handling the appropriation bills will consider themselves fortunate to finish their work before March 1. Confronted with a situation replete with confusion, the president is said to realize fully that he has a difficult task before him to accomplish much.

The president has made it clear to his callers that he does not purport to withdraw any part of his program, although he may be compelled to change his plans somewhat because of the change in the political complexion of the house. The short time that remains of Republican majorities in both branches of congress is being used by the president as an argument for pressing forward. During the session the regular appropriation bills, numbering 14, and carrying an aggregate of approximately a billion dollars, must be passed. Otherwise an extra session would have to be called next spring.

Among the administration measures to be pressed is that providing for the fortification of the Panama canal, and this, it is conceded, will provoke controversy. Others are the parcels post and ship subsidies measures, the proposed pensioning of supernannuated employees of the civil service, the creation of a public land court and the establishment of forest reservations. Opposition to the naval program may be expected.

The ship subsidy bill is the unfinished business in the senate, but some Democrats are ready to talk it to death. There are enough Republicans to pass the bill, if they can be prevailed upon to accept it as a party measure.

The present congress will be asked to provide for a reappointment of the house of representatives to conform to the figures of the recent census, but the Democrats will contend for the postponement of this legislation until the Sixty-second congress convenes.

## The Hermit of Rocky Hole

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mrs. Stevens panted into the sitting-room where her boarder was sewing in the sunny bay window. It was Saturday and the school-teacher's holiday.

Grace Winton looked up from her mending and smiled at Mrs. Stevens' eager countenance. "You look as if you had news to tell," she suggested, threading her needle.

The other woman tossed aside her knitted shawl and warmed her hands at the drum stove where the apple-wood smoke curled fragrantly from the cracks. "There's more news than common," she wheezed asthmatically. "You've heard tell about the hermit of Rocky Hole?" she asked.

"I've heard the children tell tales about such a person," admitted Grace, with interest. "I thought he was a mythical personage—is there really an hermit in Pendleton?"

Mrs. Stevens nodded her head emphatically. "I should say there was! Rich, too, and lives in that cave high up on the west mountain. Rocky Hole, they call it, because you can't get anywhere near it without being heard; there are so many rocks around they go tumbling down the hillsides at every footstep you take. He's mighty unsocial, too, they say."

"Hermits have that reputation, I believe," said Grace demurely. "Do tell me, is your news about this hermit?"

"Yes, you see, he's been coming here for years. Every spring when the first robin comes that hermit makes his appearance; nobody ever gets very close to see him for he has a big dog to keep folks off. And I don't know how he gets his foodstuff because he don't trade in the village—maybe lives on roots and berries and such truck. He's an old man with a long white beard and he walks with a stick as if he were lame."

"What becomes of him in the winter?" asked Grace curiously.

"Some say he goes to the city and plays an organ on the street corner. I've heard those folks make lots of



"Do You Want to Go on a Picnic With Me, Lon?"

money. He owns half the mountain, they say. Well, what I was going to tell you about is this: Mr. Lane, the storekeeper, says he believes the old man is sick or dying or something."

"Why?"

"Somebody heard him calling for help yesterday morning, some hunter who was passing along the upper road that's seldom used—it leads almost underneath where the Rocky Hole is. So the man hollered up and asks if anything is the matter. Just then the hermit began to throw stones down on him, round stones, big enough to knock a man senseless. So the hunter says, 'Go to the dickens—I guess there ain't much the matter with you!' Mr. Lane says there wasn't any smoke coming from the mountain this morning and he reckons something's the matter."

"What is going to be done about it? Surely, somebody will go up and see the old man," said Grace pityingly.

"I don't know who wants to get stoned. Maybe he's crazy—like as not he is. Anybody who'd want to live where there wasn't nobody to talk to must be crazy! There I've got a cake to make now to take to the meeting—we're going to pack a barrel for some of them savages; you want to come, Miss Winton?"

The school-teacher was looking off toward the west mountain slopes with misty eyes. She turned her head to Mrs. Stevens. "Not today, thank you," she said gently. "I'm going on a little picnic this afternoon—with one of my scholars."

"It's a nice day for a picnic if you're well wrapped up. There's plenty in the pantry to put in your basket and you can help yourself, you know," said the other hospitably.

An hour after dinner, Grace Winton set forth with a covered basket on her arm. She stopped once or twice and made additions to the generous lunch Mrs. Stevens had provided, a can of soup and a glass of jelly from the grocery and a bottle of black-berry wine from the little drug store. Then she walked briskly over the bridge, turned into the road that led past the mill and hailed the miller's

little lad who was fishing in the tumbling stream.

"Do you want to go on a picnic with me, Lon?" she called.

"Yes, ma'am," he called delightedly and after obtaining permission from his mother he joined his teacher and together they walked through the woods where the fallen leaves crisped under foot and where the odor of birch and sassafras smelled strong and sweet.

"Lon, do you know the way to the hermit's cave?" she asked quietly.

Lon stared at her with paling cheeks. "You're not going there, Miss Grace?" he faltered.

"Yes, I am, my dear. If you don't go with me and show the way I must go alone, for an old man is hurt there and perhaps dying. Before we enjoy our own picnic we must see him. You can turn back now if you want to." She looked at him, confident of his answer.

"You can't go alone, Miss Grace; he might hurt you. I'll go with you; if he throws stones I'll—I'll lam him one!" Lon frowned fiercely at his imaginary foe and thoughtfully cut himself a stout stick with a knobby handle.

"Thank you, dear," said Grace. "I was sure you'd go along to take care of me."

Lon straightened his shoulders and his ears reddened with pride and embarrassment as he led the way through a tangled thicket and by devious other ways until they stood in a narrow path, well defined and covered with a clear white sand.

"That leads to the cave," whispered Lon cautiously. "Me and some fellows found it one day—it comes from over the mountain—I guess that's the way he goes to and fro. We was after bird's eggs last summer—there's millions of birds around here—and the old man came and chased us off."

Grace reserved her reprimands for some future date and told Lon to go ahead and she would follow. At last, they stood before the mouth of the cave which opened onto a plateau covered with small loose stones of various sizes. They carefully guarded footsteps sent several stones rattling down the hillside with a surprising din. A dog barked hoarsely.

"Who is there?" called a feeble voice from within the cave.

"Friends!" replied Grace cheerily. "Are you in trouble?"

"Yes—fell and sprained my ankle yesterday and I've been suffering tortures since then. I've tried to get help from outside but everyone acts so comfoundedly idiotic every time a stone rattles down the hillside that I'd about given it up. Wait a moment please and I'll come out."

"He's got a nice voice," whispered Lon to his teacher as they waited for the hermit's appearance.

"Very likely he's the nicest old gentleman you ever met," she smiled back at him. "Here he comes now."

With that expression of tenderest pity lighting her face Grace Winton saw a man drag himself painfully from the opening of the cave. Her eyes widened as she realized that this was no old man—young, handsome and athletic looking, the picture of health, save for a certain drawn look in his face that intense suffering might have placed there, he half crept, half hobbled to a sitting position in the mouth of the cave and then he fainted dead away.

When Grace and Lon had recovered from their astonishment and bent themselves to resuscitate the stranger, the boy spoke:

"This isn't the hermit, Miss Grace."

"Never mind," she said absently, as she propped his head against her shoulder and forced some of the blackberry wine between his lips. "He's in need of help anyway. Unbandage his ankle, Lon—carefully my dear—there, it is black and blue and dreadfully swelled. Can you fetch water from the stream? Doesn't it run above here?"

Lon dashed away with a pail and when he returned with the icy water he found the young man recovered and rather ashamed of his momentary weakness. Sitting with his injured foot in the cold water he told the two that his uncle, the hermit, was none other than Wayne Wood Stone, well-known ornithologist who had used the cave as a summer point of observation to study his beloved birds. Now that the old man was crippled with rheumatism and confined to his beautiful city home, this nephew, Frank Stone, had come to take his uncle's place and gather the necessary data for the old man's forthcoming book of bird-lore.

"Now we must get a doctor up to you at once," said Grace, preparing to leave after Mr. Stone had wrung the story of their coming from her unwilling lips. "And you will want a man to keep house for you if you insist on remaining up here—Mrs. Stevens' son might come and take care of you."

"I believe I'll get the doctor to take me down to the hotel in Pendleton," said Stone thoughtfully.

"There ain't no birds down there," ventured Lon diffidently. "Leastways not new ones."

"There is one new to me—a winter red bird," returned Stone without looking at Grace, as she hastened away, her heart fluttering with his warm thanks of appreciation.

"I'm glad I'm not an old hermit," he added to himself as he waited patiently for the coming of the doctor.

Months afterward, Mrs. Stevens held up her hands in astonishment. "Land alive, Miss Winton, now that you're going to marry Mr. Stone, there won't be no hermit that can live safely on the mountain—all the girls will be going up there to see if he ain't as rich and good looking as your husband!"

## STATESMAN PROMINENT IN SPAIN'S GOVERNMENT

The late crisis in Spain between the government and the Vatican focused the public eye on the man who more than any other person was responsible for the government's stand, Premier Jose Canalejas.



He is a big man physically and mentally, with a directness of speech, with the mellifluous delivery which made "Gambetta days" and makes now "Jaurès days" literary feasts in French parliament, with a thirst for knowledge which prompts him to devour book after book, with a versatility which makes him the peer of any conversationalist of the old school.

Canalejas belongs to a wealthy and cultured family which had produced several litterateurs of mark. A man of simple habits in spite of his wealth he spends all his leisure time in his home or with his books, unless he starts with his son to hunt rabbits and partridges on his estates or to shoot the little black bears that are frequently found in the Pyrenees.

Gossip-mongering sheets are singularly devoid of information touching this Spanish exponent of the strenuous life. Such is outwardly the man who has achieved lately international fame and who seems destined to take rank with the great makers of history.

At twenty-five, the district of Sorla sent him to the Cortes, where he took his seat among the advanced liberals. During the ephemeral republic, after the resignation of King Amadeo of Savoy, he called to the sub-secretaryship of the presidency, a position of importance which, however, almost blighted his prospects; the right-hand man of the chief magistrate, he had to bear the blame for many republican measures, the carrying out of which was entrusted to him.

For many years after, although he had been minister of finance and justice in several cabinets, he was not welcome at the royal palace. His name was too closely linked with the overthrow of the monarchical regime.

In 1902, invited by Premier Sagasta to accept the portfolio of agriculture, he introduced into parliamentary life a measure which is characteristic of his attitude. Canalejas demanded that the new cabinet should meet formally and sign a document setting forth in unmistakable language the position of the ministers on all the issues of the day. This was not a politician's but a statesman's way of doing things.

He had long before ceased to be an orthodox liberal. Liberalism of the Sagasta hue correspond less and less to his definition of that political nuance. He founded the radical party, which, not unlike the radical party of France, is made up of near-Socialists.

Now, the erstwhile Republican, the mellowed Socialist, has become virtually the autocrat of Spain. For the king very wisely confines himself to the social and diplomatic part of his position. Furthermore, he has expressed his complete confidence to Canalejas, and the Cortes had adjourned until October.

## RETIRED RAILROAD KING WHO STARTS WORK AGAIN

When President Alpheus B. Stickney of the Chicago, Great Western railway retired in 1909, he remarked to a newspaper man:

"When a man quits work of all kinds, it's time he quit living. Something worth while must be the aim of every man or a living death begins at once."

The aged railway president

who fought his way from a schoolmaster's chair in a little country schoolhouse to the head of a great railway system, who has built lines through the northwest, taken traffic against the determined opposition of the most powerful lines in the country, maintained a unique and commanding position as an exponent of clear and advanced thought among American railway presidents, was sincere in what he said and although seventy years of age when he retired, and wealthy, has again plunged into the active current of affairs, this time to give his home city of St. Paul a system of parks the future may be proud of.

Mayor Keller induced Mr. Stickney to accept a position on the park board. Within sixty days the former railway president knew the financial and operating statements of the park boards for years back by heart and had tabulated and classified expenses and accounts with the view of perfecting a system by which the city may in the future follow a set course, covering a period of years and terminating in a completed and connected system of parks and parkways second to none in America. St. Paul now has 19 miles of parkways. These Mr. Stickney seeks to have extended, and while the cost is too great to permit all the work to be done at once, he recommends railway methods, based on a set plan, with each successive appropriation bringing the board nearer the completed whole.

# CAP and BELLS



## HIS REASON WAS ASTOUNDING

Prosecuting Solicitor Attempts to Elicit Little Testimony of Witness With Dire Result.

It was at the police court. A witness for the defense had been examined, when the prosecuting solicitor stood up to crush him.

Solicitor—Why did you hide Sullivan in your house on that Saturday night?

Witness—I did not see Sullivan at all on that night.

Solicitor (knowingly)—Will you swear your wife did not hide Sullivan in your house that night?

Witness (more hesitatingly)—Well—I don't think so.

Solicitor (most knowingly)—Ah! And perhaps you can tell the court how it is you can swear your wife did not hide him, while she cannot swear she saw him. Speak up now, and tell the truth.

Witness (unhesitatingly)—Well, you see, I'm not a married man.

She Could, Too.

Soon after the removal of a certain Indiana minister to California, the father took Elizabeth, aged five, out for a walk. Looking at the mountains around the city, he remarked:

"Just think, Elizabeth, God made these beautiful mountains. Isn't it wonderful?"

Elizabeth, not being in a spiritual mood, replied:

"Hm, I could, too, if I had the dirt."—Delineator.

## Our Thoughtful Government.

Hiram Hawkins—Say, Lem, what if yew suppose them 'postal savings banks' air fer, anyway?

Postmaster Perkins—Wa-al, peers tew me, H, they air fer folks thet's bin gittin' a hull lot o' them pictur' postals from all over th' world, an' bein' thet they want tew save 'em, why, th' gov'ment's startin' up them kind o' banks 'round th' country.—Judge.

## A GREAT DEAL.



Estelle—Does Miss Scads spend much in charity work?

Edith—Oh! yes. It was only the other day that she paid \$100 for a stunning gown.

## Breaking the News.

"Minnie, are you reading 'Home Hints'?"

"Yes, darling."

"Will you look among 'Home Recipes' and see if there's anything about taking stains out of carpets."—Merry Thought.

## Difficult Eating.

Mother (at lunch)—Yes, darling, these little sardines are sometimes eaten by the larger fish.

Mabel (aged five)—But, mamma, how do they get the cans open?—Ideas.

## The Poor Granger!

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a poor, down-trodden farmer?

Pa—He is one of those fortunate individuals, my son, who have real cream in their coffee.

## The Impossible.

"A man can do almost anything when he discovers that he must."

"Have you ever felt that you must get upstairs at two a. m. without waking your wife?"

## Or Did He Escape.

"I met Miss Elderly and Miss Beer going for a tramp, yesterday. "Which one of them got him."