

Personal Talk With You.

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Romance of Ellis Island

(Original.) Why should story tellers rack their brains for themes when romances are happening every day under their noses?

Here, like a flower peeping from under a heap of rubbish, is a romance extracted from the most unromantic thing in the world, an emigrant ship. It only remains for a story teller to put it in form. It is not a tale of young lovers. In the conventional story romance ends with marriage.

Nature knows no such division. Consider an old fruit tree bearing shortly before it is cut down a single bit of fruit into the tree's vitality has been concentrated and you have the kind of romance you are about to get.

Forty years ago Herman Gurlich, a Prussian, came to America, purchased a farm, married, raised a family and prospered. His wife died, and one by one his children left him to marry and raise children of their own.

Martha Leoser, a widow living in Berlin with her daughters, had a son to America. Her daughters had been with her since their birth, but her son had left her for a story teller's boy.

Now it happened. This is a short sentence, an incomplete sentence, yet how much there is in it! What would all the story tellers do if the two words were blotted out from the world's on-looker's eye?

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GEORGIA'S LIMIT

By FRANK H. SWEET

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THERE was unmistakable excitement on board the eastbound train that morning. It began on the platform when three rough, unshaven men in miners' costume arrived and carefully supervised the removal of their baggage.

After the train started there was a glancing back over shoulders to see if the miners were in sight, and if they were not, men rose carelessly and walked backward or forward through the cars until they found the objects of their search and seats as near to them as possible.

Strolling about the platform had been two men who appeared to take little interest in the scene. One of them, however, on the appearance of the miners they had exchanged significant glances and then had walked nonchalantly in opposite directions.

From Klondike, I suppose, stranger? called a voice from some indeterminate point in front. "With your piles, of course?" "I do not mind telling you something about the place?"

"Is there as much gold as the papers lead you to believe?" "What sort of winters do you have here?" "Is there any big deal in the quick succession from various points."

The two men, who had consigned their baggage to the express car, looked about and nodded good naturedly. "Yes, we're from Klondike," one of them answered, "me and my partner here. But we didn't bring our pile. That's back in our claim under ten feet of snow and ice."

"Did you get anything?" asked several in tones of disappointment. "Oh, yes," indifferently. "Thirty thousand or so pieces, back in the express car. But that ain't much for going. We count on three hundred thousand. Then we're going home and settle down to be comfortable."

"Has your friend done as well as you and your partner?" asked a passenger, nodding toward the third miner, a little, hollow faced man who seemed anxious to conceal himself behind his baggage.

A Needed Change In Our Banking System

By JAMES H. ECKELS, Ex-Comptroller of the Currency

IT is a happy circumstance that the need of a more responsive character of bank note issue and a better adapted relation of government finance to DAILY BUSINESS UNDERTAKINGS demands attention at a time when the prosperity of the country is undoubted, its agriculture, manufacturing and financial activities everywhere apparent and substantial and its credit conditions HEALTHFUL AND SOUND.

A great central bank in this country, where political issues always prevail and where individuality in every part of the country will not surrender itself to CONCENTRATED POWER in the field of banking. The commission which sat at Washington proposed legislation which will emasculate the subsidiary system and place the banking business of the government of the United States upon the same rational and common sense lines as that of the banking transactions of the man of EVERYDAY AFFAIRS, that of every state, county and municipality in the country.

As long as the nation takes through force of law from the individual citizen more than the government needs for LEGITIMATE governmental purposes it ought in justice to him at least to attempt to minimize the wrong it inflicts by permitting the business world of which he is a part to have the benefit of the daily use of the SURPLUS REVENUES which are accumulated.

A commission on behalf of the commercial and banking interests of the country will ask congress to enact into law a provision enlarging the note issuing function of national banks by granting them the right, under well conceived and conservative restrictions which assure safety to the public and guard the banks against misuse of the power given, to put forth promissory notes of small denominations WITHOUT SPECIFIC DEPOSIT OF ASSETS to secure the same.

I am sure the public will not at a distant day accept as axiomatic the fact that bank notes are nothing but mere PROMISSORY NOTES issued by an institution and of value because they are redeemable upon demand in that which has recognized value. The vast usefulness of a deposit currency and a CHECK CURRENCY is acknowledged.

WHY NOT SUPPLEMENT THESE EFFICIENCY MEASURES BY ADDING A RESPONSIVE BANK NOTE CURRENCY WHICH IS ESSENTIAL AS AN ELEMENT TO MEET NEEDS WHICH NEITHER THE ONE NOR THE OTHER CAN ALWAYS PROVIDE?

Georgia was hilariously exuberant. He laughed and sang and cracked jokes that he remembered to have been in honor in the old neighborhood, and they sang and laughed with him until they came to a lonely place in the woods.

Then the carriage was turned quietly into the bushes, and Georgia felt the cold muzzles of two revolvers pressing against his temples. "Now turn over your money," one of the men ordered sternly, "and be quick about it."

Georgia looked at them in dazed wonder, while the other two men, who had been observing the scene from a distance, came forward and stood by the carriage. "What's the matter with you?" one of them asked, "you're acting queer."

"I believe your tickets ran out at the last station," he said inquiringly. "Yes, but we've changed our minds," said the man in front, "we've changed our minds."

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An' this, cutting the strings of another bundle, "a full 'o' gold stuff an' inja' axia'." I 'lowed Marigold would like 'em. An' these other bundles, cutting the strings as possible, "a full 'o' pretty rods an' shells an' things. Long's I had all the money I wanted, I 'lowed Marigold would like 'em better'n 'a' would more gold."

"And you mean to say," "speak" the words slowly and menacingly, "that you brought all this stuff in Alaska when you might have brought gold?"

"Why, of course," wondering, "I didn't need any more gold. The Hunter place can be had for two hundred an' a four room house raised for a hundred an' fifty. That'll be enough, I had knows. More'n any 'o' my family ever had afore."

"The rumble of a wagon could be heard coming through the woods, and a baffled, vindictive gleam came into the miner's eyes. For a moment they cleared at Georgia, as though debating the question of a quick and signal revenge. Then the rumble grew louder, and they suddenly sprang to the ground and disappeared in the woods.

"Howdy, Peter?" he called cheerily as the driver of the wagon approached near enough for recognition. "How air ye? How's the folks?" "Hey, that you?" in mild surprise from the wagon, "when'd you come? I'm toler'ble, an' the folks air all well."

"An' Marigold?" "I've grained." "Marigold's well too. Ast 'bout ye today?" "Georgia's up into his carriage and cracked the whip. "See ye air in, Peke. Hain't no time to fool now. G'lang there, you old plug you!"

"The two vehicles moved apart, and the foliage closed in between them, and soon nothing could be heard but the decreasing rumble of a wagon in one direction and the impatient, soft-sounding cracks of a whip in the other.

DESTRUCTIVE MICE. They tried to sink the Ark, according to the old legend. Mice do not play a great part in folklore. Even the legend of the "Piel Piper" associates them with rats, but one recalls a few cases not uninteresting. A Bohemian legend declares that they led through a wild, almost unhabited forest. At this their eyes had brightened hopefully, and they had assured him that it would be unnecessary for him to order a carriage. There would be large enough for all three, including his baggage, and they were going directly his way to their old home.

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