

che sara, sara

Preach wisdom unto him who understands!
When there's such lovely longing in thine eyes,
And such a pulse in thy small, clinging hands,
What is the good of being great or wise?
What is the good of beating up the dust
On the world's highway, west with drooping heads?
Oh, I grow fatalist—what must be must,
Seeing that thou, beloved, art so sweet!
—Victor J. Larr.

A DAY'S OUTING

By GLEN HATHAWAY

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Nan was in a gypsyish mood that morning. Her feet tripped to an unuttered tune as she walked down to the village with her Cousin Marie.

"Oh!" sighed she, her eyes lifted to the hills that climbed to meet the breezy blue of the horizon beyond the river. "I do wish we were going somewhere to-day!"

"We are going somewhere—to the post office, after some mail and writing paper," practically returned Marie, to whom the incongruities of certain village stores were an unfailing source of amusement.

The two girls had come to Semberling Hill a few weeks before from a thriving western city, on a long-promised visit to a couple of elderly cousins, the Misses Loretta and Anna Vechten.

The mail was being distributed when they reached the post office. Nan waited for the home letters which they saw tantalizingly near, yet far, behind the glass front of the Van Vechten box, while Marie went on to do her shopping. As she returned, however, she met her cousin coming in quest of her.

"Marie," she solemnly began, "let us escape. The stage is waiting for us, so hurry up.

Instead of hurrying, Mrs. Powell stood still in not unnatural surprise.

"The stage?" questioned she.

"The stage to Sharon Springs," explained Nan. "You know we heard that one takes mail and passengers there from her in the morning, and comes back in the afternoon. I never saw it till to day, but it is standing before the post office this moment. It drove up while I was there, and one of the men about asked the driver if he was starting for Sharon, and he said he was only waiting till the mail was sorted for him, so I came after you at once. Do let's take passage! We can get dinner at the Pavilion at Sharon, and come back by tea time. Think what a ten-mile ride will be such a morning as this!"

"Think also what our cousins would say of our going off so without a word to them, along with a strange driver," objected Marie, though even as she spoke a thought of the trip came temptingly to her in contrast to the over-quiet morning and long, dull, dozy afternoon that would otherwise be her portion.

"The driver looks very gentlemanly, and we can send a note home by some boy to say where we've gone, and for the rest—can you not always chaperone me?"

This small joke was a standing one between the two. Nan was 23 and tall and dignified and gravely sweet of aspect; Marie was 19 and small and gay and an innocently audacious flirt. Nan had gained knowledge of the world by having had to face it alone ever since she began teaching at 17, and Marie had gone straight from an indulgent father's home to that of an equally indulgent husband—but Marie was married, and Nan was not, and hence the Boston aunt whom they had first visited had expressed her approval of their traveling alone, "because Marie could always chaperone Nan," a remark which had struck deep into their western sense of the absurd.

The chaperon now permitted herself to be drawn rather briskly along the street by the chaperoned.

The people waiting at the post office for their mail had departed, but a vehicle still stood before the building—a stoutly-built, open vehicle, with a canopy and broad, empty, inviting seats; a very attractive stage to those used to seeing everything from a new four-in-hand to an old farm wagon dabbled with that name. The driver, a dark-haired young man in a rather shabby flannel suit, was just gathering up his reins to start. Nan, who was generally spokeswoman in the two cousins' travels, hurriedly advanced.

"You're going to Sharon this morning, and coming back before night, aren't you?" she inquired, to make sure.

"Yes," replied the young man, politely lifting his hat as he turned to the sound of her voice and regarding her with a pair of somewhat querulous eyes—true Irish eyes of mingled fun and fire.

"Then," said Nan, with graceful dignity, intensified by the knowledge that Marie was considering the proposed trip a particularly "jolly lark," "then we will go with you. How much is the stage fare?"

"I believe it's a dollar, miss," hesitated the man. "You see," he began to explain, "I'm not the regular driver, but—"

"His substitute, I suppose," put in Marie, who thought it about time she had a share of the conversation.

"Yes, a substitute," agreed the young man, as he alighted to help his passengers in.

He proved an obliging driver. He willingly consented to wait while Nan wrote a note to her cousin, and Marie bribed a small boy with some bonbons to deliver it. Then, at a word and touch, the two strong horses struck off at a swinging gait, and the beautiful view of the valley began to widen and lengthen beneath.

Both chaperone and chaperoned were used to the western type of country driver, who thinks it is his duty to entertain his fares on the road, and before long he was pointing



Her Whole Mind Was Given to Tensely Watching.

There she was followed by Mrs. Powell. The two looked at each other in instant in eloquent silence, and then Nan cried and Marie laughed till both were out of breath.

"The joke on us is too, too good!" sighed the latter at length.

On the very next evening the ladies' society of the church to which Miss Loretta and Miss Lavinia belonged gave a lawn social. Miss Lavinia was chattering about it to Nan as the quarter of cousins walked down the hill in the scented summer twilight.

"You see," she said, "we have got putting if off till Nell Daly got back and his sister came home for her regular visit. They always have a lot of guests then, and they always come to-night."

Several elderly acquaintances of the Misses Van Vechten greeted them and the girls, and Nan answered them all mechanically; but her whole mind was given to tensely watching a certain faultlessly attired, bronzed young man with blue eyes and black hair as he neared her party.

"Marie," whispered Marie warily, "it is to be hoped that our friend the stage driver will have sense enough to pretend he is properly acquainted with us, for old Mrs. Pepperell saw us yesterday and has just been asking me how we enjoyed our drive, and she spoke so loud that I'm sure he heard her."

Here was a new complication! Nan bit her lip vexedly. She was aware that Nell Daly had come up and had taken his cue and was speaking to her and Marie Powell as an acquaintance, but she was sure she accepted his escort for a promenade merely to give Mrs. Pepperell away before Miss Loretta or Miss Lavinia should turn from the gossiping group they were engaged with, and ask awkward questions as to how and where they had been introduced to Mr. Daly.

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WILL CONGRESS ESTABLISH A FEDERAL BANK?



GRAND NATIONAL BANK OF PHILADELPHIA, ONCE THE HOME OF FIRST U.S. BANK.

This interesting question which is being raised by the present agitation in congress looking to some kind of currency reform which will prevent a money stringency in the future similar to that which has but recently affected the whole country recalls the fact that the United States has had two federal banks in its history, although they are buried in the long past out of the recollection of all but the oldest of the older generations.

But the buildings where the government did its own banking still stand as monuments to the system which it is proposed to resurrect. They form two of the interesting landmarks of Philadelphia, the Quaker City, which is known as the "Cradle of Liberty," and is perhaps the richest spot in point of historical interest in the country.

It was in 1791 that congress, chiefly through the efforts of Alexander Hamilton, first secretary of the treasury, authorized the establishment of the first bank in the United States.

Hamilton's original idea was to include the Bank of North America, which Robert Morris founded, in the federal plan, and he had not been long in the White House before Biddle, whose heart and soul were burned up in the institution, realized that he would have to do battle with a powerful adversary if the bank was to remain a part of the nation's financial system.

The clash between the two strong men was precipitated when Biddle refused at Jackson's request to remove Jeremiah Mason, a friend of Daniel Webster, from the presidency of the branch bank at Portsmouth, N. H. "Old Hickory" was aroused and his hatred of Biddle and the bank assumed the most implacable form.

Finally he vetoed bills to recharter the bank at the expiration of its life in 1836. He withdrew the government deposits and put them in state banks, regardless of the distress in financial and business circles, which his course induced.

Biddle on his side was by nature somewhat formal and ceremonious in his manner, and made a little vain of his position, because of the deference which had so long been paid him on account of his financial power, neither at first nor afterward offered to abate anything in the struggle.

While he overreached his power, he was not to be outdone, and applied for and secured a charter at Harrisburg.

Thus, when the national grant expired, the doors continued to open each morning as of yore under the name of the Bank of the United States of America.

For months Mr. Lee's teams have been busy hauling stones of all sizes to a farm two miles from Denton, where the memorial is being erected.

For well did Biddle manage that he weathered a storm of suits against him and carried the bank through the pants of 1837. When he retired from the presidency in 1839, the bank's shares were selling at \$111.

But trouble followed in 1841, as a result of disturbances of that year, and in 1842 the shares were worth only two dollars. The eventual failure of the pet financial scheme affected Biddle so keenly that he died in 1844, virtually of a broken heart.

As in the case of the first bank, Philadelphia was chosen for its home, as the City of Brotherly Love was the financial center of the country in those days.

The new bank occupied a magnificent marble building in Chestnut street, above Fourth, now used as a custom house and the treasury. Its vaults were \$6,000,000 or \$7,000,000 of public money. Private deposits amounted to about \$6,000,000 more. It had outstanding about \$12,000,000 of notes, which were as good as gold from Maine to Georgia. Indeed, they were worth their face in specie in any foreign exchange house in London, Paris, Calcutta or St. Petersburg. The annual profits of the institution were more than \$3,000,000. In the bank in Philadelphia 100 clerks were employed, and it had 25 branches in various towns and cities of the union, employing 400 or 500 more. Through its agencies all the revenues of the national government were received and disbursed.

Nicholas Biddle, who bore at once the reputation of being one of the handsomest men in America, one of

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ART OF GETTING BREAKFAST

Man Who Has Tried It Unhesitatingly Admits Woman's Superiority.

"Ever try to get your own breakfast?" asked the man whose wife is away. "No? Well, it's most valuable education in the art of holding more than one thing in the mind at a time. I can understand after a week of it how women get to be expert in matters of detail."

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SHAFT TO OIL KING

RICH TEXAN PREPARING HONOR FOR JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

A. G. Lee Believes Multi-Millionaire is Greatest Man in the World—Wants Him to Run for President.

Houston, Tex.—John D. Rockefeller need not wait until he reaches the spirit land to have a monument raised to his virtues. He will be able to stand in propria personae before the statue which will hand down his name to posterity and realize something of the impression the memento will make on future generations.

True, he has raised costly structures which stand to-day as monuments to his philanthropy. But this particular monument will be different. Mr. Rockefeller was not consulted in this matter, and the memorial will rise as a voluntary tribute from one of his admirers.

A. G. Lee of Denton, Tex., is the man who is erecting the Rockefeller monument. Somebody asked him why the other day and Mr. Lee showed plainly that his ideas on the subject were emphatic and deeply rooted.

"Why?" he answered; "why, because John D. Rockefeller is the greatest man in the world. I wish they could get him to run for president on the Democratic ticket next year. He'd be elected sure."

Mr. Lee is tall and straight, keen-eyed and shrewd looking. He is rich, too, and is looked upon as a person of consequence in his home section. He dresses plainly, explaining that he is too busy to bother about clothes, but there is something in his bearing which marks him as a man above the ordinary. He owns a hotel at Denton, which he has named the "John D. Biddle" hotel, another mark of his esteem for the oil king.

Besides his firm conviction as to Mr. Rockefeller's right to an ante-mortem monument, Mr. Lee has equally strong ideas about how the monument should be built. In fact, he has superintended the work as far as it has gone, and he has helped with his own hands on the foundation.

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For months Mr. Lee's teams have been busy hauling stones of all sizes to a farm two miles from Denton, where the memorial is being erected.

In the language of Mr. Lee, "Every rock in the pile stands for a noble deed Mr. Rockefeller has done." Surmounting the rugged foundation will be a heroic statue of Mr. Rockefeller, and about its base four tablets will tell of his good works.

Mr. Lee expects to spend \$15,000 on the statue itself. He has ordered from a bronze-casting firm in New York, but of this particular feature he declines to talk. It is evident that he has no desire to talk about his horse racing, which he has been doing for many years, and he has been doing it well.

And now with the necessity of some kind of financial legislation, one of the pet schemes advocated by the currency system reformers is this federal bank idea, a scheme for a great central institution, something like the Bank of England, through which the affairs of the government may be affected and relieved and accorded the money market in times of stress. It is to be a sort of financial lifeguard station.

Various lawmakers view the plan in various ways. Some are enthusiastic over it, some are willing to debate the scheme, while others dismiss it absolutely.