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THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

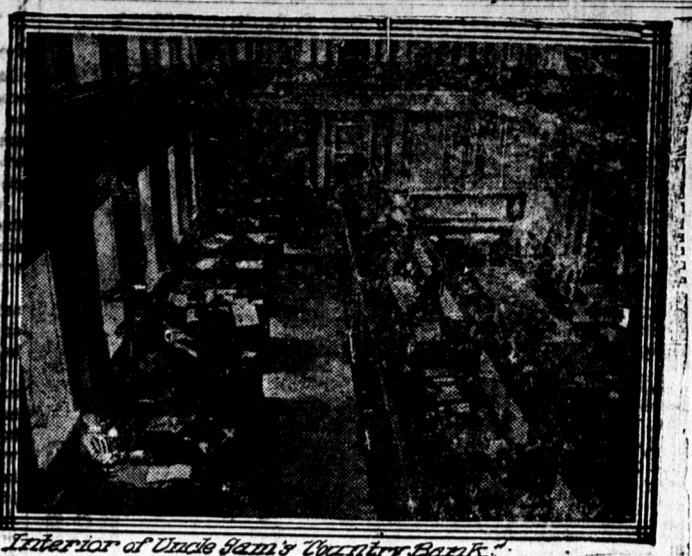
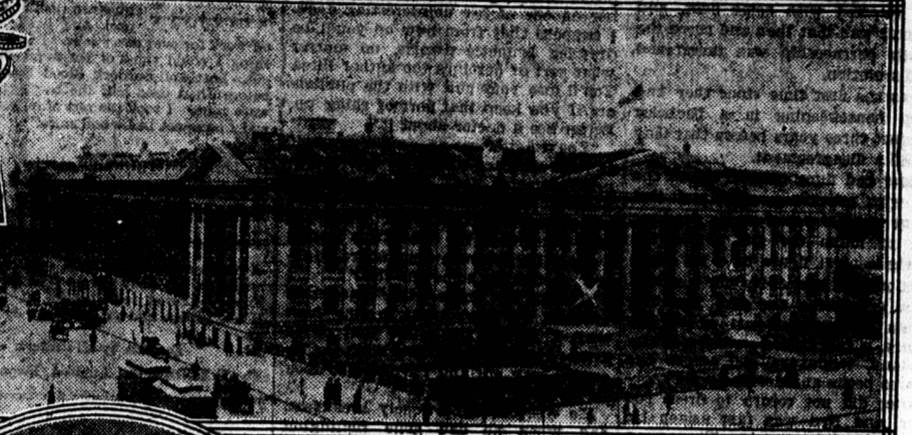
MORNING Daily Catches All Early Morning Mails.

MORNING DAILY FOUNDED 1881 WEEKLY (NOW RURAL DAILY) 1887

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CANADA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1909.

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UNCLE SAM'S "COUNTRY BANK"



Tucked away in one corner of the United States Treasury Building at Washington, so obscurely concealed that only the initiated know of it, is a bank that handles more money each year than any other bank in the world—more money even than the far-famed Bank of England. The largest single warrant ever issued on this bank was for \$40,000,000, the smallest for one cent. The sum total of its annual receipts and disbursements is figured as individuals or even the strongest corporations figure, in thousands or hundreds of thousands, but as nations figure, in millions.

It is really the Bank of the United States, for it is here that all of the government money is disbursed and received from those officials who are authorized to deposit it with, or withdraw it from the Treasury.

In appearance, such a gigantic institution gives no evidence of the mighty volume of business transacted therein. In fact, it resembles, more than anything else, the typical country bank in a medium-sized town. While there are no farm wagons with their loads of produce ready for market and trucks of hay hitched to the fence outside, as is generally the case with its village prototype, its dark and gloomy interior, its walls smoked with the atmosphere of 50 years ago and its ancient banking equipment lend to it an air so truly rural that in comparison the average small-town banking institution seems most impressively modern.

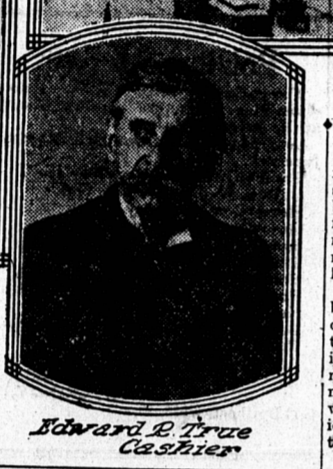
The "country" bank of Uncle Sam is in reality the direct descendant of that real Bank of the United States that came to such an untimely end during President Jackson's administration. It was then that the authorities discovered that they could not transact a practical banking business with the people direct. It was not a paying proposition for the government to enter into competition with private banks, when it did not have the facilities for getting out the money that were allowed the private banks. So the Treasury Department took charge of all the public moneys and installed this little country bank to attend to the disbursement of it.

It is situated at the North entrance of the Treasury building, and together with its plain and unpretentious business windows give no idea to the casual visitor of the immense amount of business transacted there daily.

The air, though, is heavy with the dank



George F. Robinson, Watchman



Edward R. True, Cashier

peculiar odor of many greenbacks, and one feels rather than hears, in the very quietness of the place, the dull clink of gold. The bulk of the bank's business is done not over its windows, but out of its shipping rooms, and, therefore, few people are seen in the bank proper compared to the crowds that move in and out of the average city bank. But any one of the men who come to the bank to transact Uncle Sam's business, carries with him, as a general rule, more money than many of the largest banks in the country handle in a whole day.

Many visitors, however, from all parts of the country, pass in and out the whole day long and listen to the monotonous voice of the guide, who tells one of the enormous quantities of money in its vaults and the size of its warrants, especially when he is allowed to hold nearly a million dollars in his hands. It seems scarcely possible to him that all the money in the country that he and his friends and everyone has to work so hard for comes out of this little bank in the Treasury building. And yet it does. Every piece of money issued by the government passes through the hands of the employees of this bank, and a strict account is kept of the corporation, bank or individual to whom such new bill is issued.

The cashier of the bank, Edward R. True, has a greater responsibility in point of the number of dollars he is responsible for perhaps than any other cashier in the country. He nearly always has five hundred millions of dollars in his custody.

The business of this bank is transacted in practically the same manner as that of any other bank, with the exception

U.S. Treasury Building The "Country Bank" is where the X is marked

ment than to list each note separately. This exchanging of new money for old is most interesting. Not only do all banks send in their old bills to be exchanged, but many visitors and Washingtonians frequently step to the window and obtain new, unsoiled greenbacks for battered, much-travelled ones they may chance to have.

One of the employees of the "country" bank tells an interesting story of an exchange that he made on his own hook. In the Civil War he had been captured and imprisoned by the Confederates. One day, not so very long ago, an old, white-haired man came up to him and asked him if he was Captain —. He acknowledged the identification and suddenly grabbed his interrogator by the hand, exclaiming: "Well, if this isn't Colonel —, I'll eat my hat!"

The questioner proved to be the Confederate officer in charge of the prison in which the bank employee had been confined during the war.

The two veterans fraternized for some time and swapped stories of the war. The colonel explained that this was his first visit North, and that he had come to the Treasury bank for the purpose of taking back home with him some of the new money. As it was after banking hours, he feared he would be unable to get it that day. The captain, however, discovered that he had several new notes in his pocket. The colonel straightaway drew a five-dollar gold piece from his pocket and received in exchange five new one-dollar bills from his one-time prisoner. The two parted very affectionately and went their separate ways.

The next morning the captain took the gold to the bank window to exchange it for paper money. They took it in, after examining it for a few minutes, and gave him back four one-dollar bills and 96 cents in change. In exchanging this the bank always gives bill for bill, but gold is carefully weighed and only the exact value of the worn piece is returned to the owner.

The captain looked ruefully at the change a moment, and then exclaimed good naturedly: "I might have known that old rebel would get the best of me!"

Not all of the cancelled warrants and checks made out on the treasurer are kept, but they still have the largest and smallest warrants ever made. The largest made out to cover the purchase price of the Panama Canal. It is for the sum of \$40,000,000. In contrast to this immense sum is the warrant made out to President Cleveland at one time for one cent, necessary in the balancing of his salary.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact about the "country" bank of Uncle Sam is that, in one way or other, every piece of money, whether paper or coin, passes through the hands of its officials before being put into circulation. When the paper money is made at the government's Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington it is handed to the bank's vaults under the Treasury Building in a manner somewhat different. Uncle Sam's big mints at San Francisco and Philadelphia have representatives of the "country" bank stationed on their premises. These representatives issue silver and copper currency to the various banks of the country on order of the cashier of the "country" bank in Washington. This system centralizes the financial business of the government in the small offices of this tiny bank in the treasury building. Gold coin is shipped from the mints through the express companies in specially constructed boxes for this purpose to the vaults in Washington. The same system of disbursement of the paper money is used in putting the gold into circulation.

George F. Robinson, the watchman, who sits at the door of the bank has the opportunity of seeing a larger number of the tourists who visit Washington than any other government employe, perhaps. Every stranger asks him one question at least. Some of them spend quite a while with him, for he has many interesting things to tell. Visitors frequently remember him, after they return home, with postals and letters. He has letters from visitors from all over the world who have made his acquaintance at the door of this little "country" bank.

Although it is the largest bank in the world, and full to overflowing with thou-

sands and thousands of dollars, there have been no attempts to rob it. Several times money has been embezzled, but only in small amounts; and, at that, the culprits have enjoyed their plunder but a short while, for the government, through its secret service, has almost unlimited means in running them down. In fact, it has become nearly a breach of criminal etiquette to attempt to rob the "country" bank in the Treasury Building at Washington. Nor has any effort ever been made to rob the big number wagon that carries the money from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing to the Treasury Building. Chief of the United States secret Service Willie has at times received letters of warning of an alleged attempt to be made to rob the wagon and the money. These are investigated, of course, but, as far as the public knows, at least, none have ever turned out to be forerunners of a plot bona-fide put into execution.

Over a Million Speak Esperanto

Few persons realize that the language of Esperanto is more than a passing fancy. Some few know that it has several magazines published in its peculiar language, but not many comprehend that at its last conference in Dresden, 1,200 delegates attended, and that they represented close to a million and a half of persons who can speak and read the artificial language, Esperanto.

The press of Germany, which has seen most of the activity of all Esperanto congresses, speaks very respectfully of the scheme and its remarkable vitality. The last conference in Dresden was made welcome by the city fathers, who paid the conference a fine compliment by teaching 20 German policemen Esperanto and placing them on duty near the scene of the conference.

The Emperor sent a special message of welcome to the Esperantists, and the King of Saxony accepted the honor of becoming protector of the cult and loaned his beautiful opera house to the Esperantists, in which they produced a drama in Esperanto. Undoubtedly, the artificial language gives signs of persistency that may yet make it of value as a general means of communication between the nations of the world.

SURE
Nikson—What do you think the Best Trade is doing to the public?
Nikson—Making vegetarians of them.



The magnificent new \$350 Mendelssohn Piano, in mahogany case, especially ordered by Miller Bros of this city, which was a "Special" prize in The Guardian's Mammoth Canadian Tour Contest open to single and married Provincial ladies of over sixteen years of age. Other "Special" prizes will be a beautiful new \$150 Pipe Tone Bell organ, in quartered oak case, especially ordered by C. P. Fletcher of this city, and a new Edison Phonograph, with two dozen records in case, almost \$100 in value, from A. E. Toombs, city.

"Beautiful underwear, full of unthinkable prettiness, tucked, frilled and gathered with garniture of laces and embroideries. They win the admiration of all. Perfected machinery makes their cost to you about the value of the materials alone. See us for white underwear and hosiery and corsets. Jas. Paton & Co. 6-1944f.

"Come in when you will—earlier the better—and let us talk clothes with you. We talk finance, tariff and politics—if you like—but don't be afraid of being talked to death. We wouldn't go so far with you as that, because we want you to live to wear the clothes we offer. See our perfect fitting New Brown and Green suits in the 2 and 3 button style at \$20.00. Jas. Paton & Co. 6-1944f.

"BIRTHDAYS"

(By W. S. Louison.)

Do we make enough of birthdays, individually, or nationally? You are at liberty to form your own opinion. For my part I have decided we do not.

There is pleasure in remembrance, it is a beautiful custom for example adopted by Sunday Schools, to have a Cradle Roll. The baby's birthday comes round, and a card is sent. Everybody is happy in that home for that day and appreciate the thought.

After all is said and done there is a good deal of human nature in the whole of us.

"Better a card or cheap bouquet To your living friend this very day Than a bushel of roses white and red To lay on his coffin when he is dead."

Next week, Andrew Brown, Uncle Andrew (as many of his admirers call him) expects to celebrate his 88th birthday at Beleque on the 1st July.

About two weeks ago a party of us were out fishing along the banks of the picturesque Dunk River. It happened to be a beautiful bright morning, birds singing, lambs frisking, trout jumping, mosquitos biting.

Uncle Andrew threw out his line, and with a bright twink in his eye remarked, boys, here goes for a four pounder. But somehow the big fellows didn't catch on that morning. The tide the wind the time or the fly, must not have been just right. Now and then we would catch little fellows at which we had fair success. We were enjoying ourselves immensely, when we heard a strange voice behind us remark that he would have to charge us 25c each for fishing on his property.

If we would rather take out a season ticket for \$1.00 we could fish when we liked, and it would be the same to him. Some of us tried to explain that we were members in good standing of the Fish and Game Protection Club of Charlottetown, and enjoyed to the full, whatever privi-



ANDREW BROWN, REBEQUE.

Uncle Andrew stands over six feet in height, weighs 210 lbs., reads easily without wearing glasses, walks smartly without the use of a cane, and gives, and enjoys a good joke or story.

If you will notice a large medal hangs from his breast. It appears

that last winter Uncle Andrew, upon two occasions, escorted the same young lady to concerts. Several of his admirers presented him with a leather medal, to commemorate the event, and which reads:

Presented to Mr. Andrew Brown, by a number of his admirers, for undaunted gallantry and bravery. None but the brave deserve the fair.

Thursday next the 1st of July Uncle Andrew will be 83 years old. He was 37 when the first Dominion Day was celebrated, and we wish him, and our great Dominion long life and prosperity. Thirty six years ago the different provinces of Canada united.

Only two of the fathers of Confederation survive that important occasion in the History of Canada.

Senator MacDonald of Charlottetown is in his 81 year, and Sir Charles Tupper hale and hearty in his 88th year.

We hope these gentlemen will live to see our sister province Newfoundland join the Dominion.

Let us not forget, fail not to remember birthdays, be happily father, mother, sisters, brothers, wife, husband, friends, survive, remember always, there's pleasure in remembrance of birthdays. We ought to have a great time on the first July celebrating Uncle Andrew's birthday and Dominion day together.

Fit — Finish — Style in the BOULEVARD CASTLE BRAND 3 for 50c.

Made in Berlin by A12 for 25c. you can buy this shape in Elk Brand, named "NEWPORT".



The beautiful new \$150 Pipe Tone Bell Organ, in quartered oak case, especially ordered by C. P. Fletcher of this city, which will be given as a "Special" prize in The Guardian's Mammoth Canadian Tour Contest open to single and married Provincial ladies of over sixteen years of age. Other "Special" prizes will be a magnificent new \$350 Mendelssohn Piano, in mahogany case, especially ordered by Miller Bros of this city, and a new Edison Phonograph with two dozen records in case, almost \$100 in value, from A. E. Toombs of this city.

Chandler & Bell

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Manufacturers and dealers in Monuments and Headstones. In Marble, Granite and Freestone. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Write for designs and quotations.

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