

THE CATOCTIN CLARION.

Established By Wm. Need, 1870.

A Family Newspaper—Independent in Politics—Devoted to Literature, Local and General News.

Terms \$1.00 in Advance

VOLUME XLVI.

THURMONT, FREDERICK COUNTY, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1916.

NO. 9.

FREDERICK RAILROAD

Thurmont Division

Schedule in Effect September 19, 1915

All trains Daily unless specified

Leave Frederick	Arrive Thurmont
7:00 a. m.	7:57 a. m.
9:14 a. m.	10:27 a. m.
11:10 a. m.	12:27 p. m.
2:10 p. m.	2:57 p. m.
4:09 p. m.	4:44 p. m.
4:49 p. m.	5:27 p. m.
6:19 p. m.	6:58 p. m.
8:39 p. m.	9:17 p. m.
10:19 p. m.	10:56 p. m.

Leave Thurmont. Arrive Frederick

6:12 a. m.	6:58 a. m.
8:14 a. m.	9:00 a. m.
10:45 a. m.	11:31 a. m.
12:33 p. m.	1:19 p. m.
3:14 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
4:52 p. m.	5:28 p. m.
5:41 p. m.	6:28 p. m.
6:22 p. m.	7:08 p. m.
7:01 p. m.	7:43 p. m.
8:25 p. m.	9:08 p. m.

Note—All trains arriving and leaving Thurmont scheduled from a Western Maryland station

Note—All trains arriving and leaving Frederick scheduled from Square.

Western Maryland R. R.

Schedule in Effect September 19, 1915

GOING WEST.

Leave Baltimore	Leave Thurmont	Arrive Hagerstown	Arrive Conowingo	Arrive Annapolis	Arrive Chesapeake
4:10 a. m.	6:07 a. m.	7:23 a. m.	8:10 a. m.	9:25 a. m.	10:25 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	10:42 a. m.	12:02 p. m.	1:00 p. m.	2:15 p. m.	3:15 p. m.
10:40 a. m.	12:31 p. m.	1:51 p. m.	2:50 p. m.	4:05 p. m.	5:05 p. m.
14:44 p. m.	6:21 p. m.	7:41 p. m.	8:40 p. m.	9:55 p. m.	10:55 p. m.
17:10	9:22	10:45			

GOING EAST.

Leave Chesapeake	Leave Annapolis	Leave Conowingo	Leave Hagerstown	Leave Thurmont	Leave Baltimore
8:00 p. m.	9:15 p. m.	10:00 p. m.	11:10 p. m.	12:25 p. m.	1:25 p. m.
10:00 p. m.	11:15 p. m.	12:00 p. m.	1:10 p. m.	2:25 p. m.	3:25 p. m.
12:00 p. m.	1:15 p. m.	2:00 p. m.	3:10 p. m.	4:25 p. m.	5:25 p. m.
2:00 p. m.	3:15 p. m.	4:00 p. m.	5:10 p. m.	6:25 p. m.	7:25 p. m.
4:00 p. m.	5:15 p. m.	6:00 p. m.	7:10 p. m.	8:25 p. m.	9:25 p. m.
6:00 p. m.	7:15 p. m.	8:00 p. m.	9:10 p. m.	10:25 p. m.	11:25 p. m.
8:00 p. m.	9:15 p. m.	10:00 p. m.	11:10 p. m.	12:25 p. m.	1:25 p. m.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday. ‡Sunday Only.

ITTAI THE GITTITE

By REV. B. B. SUTCLIFFE
Extension Department Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

TEXT—Then said the king to Ittai the Gittite, wherefore goest thou also with us?—1 Sam. 16:19.

To get the setting of this text we must read at least the first 23 verses of the chapter in which it is found.

It will be seen that King David was driven from his place by the rebellion under Absalom. It was a dark item in David's history, and his prospects for final victory were not very promising. Some of his most influential friends were turning from him, and his popularity seemingly was waning. Then it was that Ittai came to him with cheer and encouragement.



Ittai's Choice of David.

In the first place it was a proper choice, for even though David was driven out, he was still the rightful king. Then again, it was a very enthusiastic choice, as we see from verse 21. Ittai was in it for life or death. And it was a deliberate choice. He was aware of the difficulties, the privations and the dangers he must share with David. He was not blind to the promise of ease and safety and possible advantage to himself by making another choice. And he had before him the example and influence of some of the leading men who were forsaking David. But he had counted the cost and then deliberately and with enthusiasm he threw himself on David's side. What a picture this presents of what the Christians' choice should be in following the Lord. Doubtless there are certain difficulties and privations, certain promises of ease and advantage from the other side. And there is surely seen the example of many who turn aside. But in spite of this the proper choice for the Christian is a deliberate and enthusiastic choice of the Lord whatever the cost may be.

Ittai's Consecration to David.

His consecration is seen in his separation to David's person. Where the king was he would be and where the king went he must go. But this involved a confession of David's purpose. Being found with David meant that what David wanted to do, he wanted to do. It would be plain to all, friend and foe alike, what Ittai wanted. And this in turn meant association with David's people. How strong the church would be if all professing Christians were found among the people of Christ, having the purpose of Christ as their purpose and knowing not only some of the promises of Christ, but knowing too something of the person of Christ. But so many have their own purposes to follow and work out instead of the Lord's. So many there are whose associations are more often formed among the enemies rather than the friends of Christ. Little is seen of true consecration among them.

Ittai's Compensation from David.

To read this we must read 1 Sam. 18:1, 2. In this passage we are told that Ittai came to a place of responsibility for David's work. He became a leader among David's friends. This put him into a place of honor before David's enemies. They knew Ittai had been promoted and henceforth they must reckon with him in their warfare against David. And this gave him a place in sharing in David's triumph when at last the king came into his own. What an incentive for all Christians to step out and away from the world with a consecration to the Lord which would result in each one having such a place in the Lord's service that would make the enemy take note of them. And in the filling of such a place there will come at last the sharing of our Lord's triumph when, his foes being made his footstool, he is seated and reigning upon his throne.

Ittai's Secret.

Each successful life has had at its foundation some secret spring which has supplied the continuing energy to give that life success. In Ittai's case the secret was threefold. He had a personal attachment to David which never wavered when David came to troublous times. He was ready with personal sacrifice for David when the usurper was on the throne and David driven out. And finally there was personal satisfaction with David even when apparently David could give him nothing but difficulties and dangers while David's rival could hold out the promise of ease and safety. This same threefold secret applied to the life of any Christian in relation to the Lord will bring success of the highest kind. There is in this following the Lord, sacrifice and privation, difficulty and danger in the present time, but in the end it will be glory and honor, delight and joy in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Best Armor is to Keep out of Gun Shot.—Bacon.

MEANT A LOT TO FATHER

Message That "Baby Has a New Tooth" Set Him to Thoughts of the Future.

"Baby has a new tooth," came faintly over the wire. The mother laughed. She added something, but the girl clerk did not understand. The phone did not work well.

"Baby has a new tooth." The news went round the office. All the clerks stopped to listen. They, too, laughed. "Baby has a new tooth," announced the girl clerk in the doorway of the private office. She withdrew.

The chief laid down a paper. It was covered with figures. Most of them were in terms of dollars and cents. The table was littered with papers. On another table were other papers; these, too, were covered with figures and most of them were in terms of dollars and cents.

He wasn't growing old, in fact he was in the prime of life—just old enough to mix sober judgment with youthful energy and do things to count in a hustling, bustling world of rapid changes and big achievements—he felt that his opportunity had come and that he was going to be a success. But a streak of gray showed in his hair—his wife had commented on it only that morning—and there was so much to do, far more, he knew now, than his youth had reckoned. He looked out a window. The wind was blowing; he noticed that a weather-vane pointed northwest.

"Baby has a new tooth." With a shock it came back to him. It was his first-born. He thought of the child and he thought of his mother. Soon the baby would have two rows of teeth in his head; then he would grow up and, his mother's work finished, he, and in turn his son, and his son, and all the generations after, like he, the parent of them all, would lay their little coral lives on his, and in time the island of his dreams would rise above the ocean of ignorance and fear and constitute in the sunlight of truth a new and more beautiful world than what he knew. His head lifted and his heart lightened. After all, he reasoned, there is use in work, and he turned to his desk.—San Antonio Express.

Many Are Four-Flushing.

There's many a Broadwayite posing as ready money who only has two changes of raiment—on and off. Yet the tailors here decree that a man must spend \$5,000 per annum for sartorial effects if he must pose as a gentleman. First he must have a cerebral suit of broadest silk or velvet to wear in the morning when he eats his roasted savdust. And then he should have a suit for every occasion after that. Here's the dope for the swell dresser—twelve sack suits, cut-aways, full evening coats, dinner coats, six or seven overcoats, attire for riding, polo, yachting, golf, tennis, a dozen or so fancy vests, in fact, a suit or two or six or eight for each and every occasion must be included in the wardrobe, and it can all be done for the trifling sum of \$5,000 a year, or \$100 a week. It's very simple when one knows the system, the molders of fashion say. Some of the fellows who have a suit for every day in the week, and that is the one they are wearing, are thinking of establishing credit with their tailors and go to it. The tailors then may alter the aforementioned decree.—New York Times.

Astronomical Observatories.

Plans are on foot to erect an astronomical observatory on Volkollen, one of the highest mountain summits in Scandinavia. A citizen of Duluth, Minn., Mr. J. H. Darling, has undertaken to erect an observatory on one of the public playgrounds in that city, and to equip it with a nine-inch equatorial refractor. Plans have been drawn for an observatory in Toronto to serve as headquarters of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada. The building is to be erected in a public park, and maintained by the University of Toronto. The proposed equipment includes a 20-inch telescope. This project is at present in abeyance, on account of the war.—Scientific American.

Literary Centenaries.

The year 1916 will be a remarkable one for anniversaries. First and foremost is the Shakespeare centenary; July 7th will mark the centenary of the death of another of our greatest dramatists, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who died in the greatest poverty but was accorded a magnificent funeral in Westminster abbey. Other literary anniversaries are those of Charlotte Bronte, who was born in 1816, and Thomas Gray, the poet, who first saw the light a century earlier. This year also witnesses the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Philip James Riley, a poet who has always met with far greater veneration in the United States than in his native country.—London Tit-Bits

Dog Caused Baby's Death.

The death of a ten-months-old child at Birmingham, England, caused by a chained dog, was investigated by the coroner a few days ago. The two companions were left alone for a time, the baby secured in a chair and the dog chained to the door close by. When the baby's mother returned she found the little one lying on the floor strangled. The dog had apparently leaped on the chair, probably in play, and in his antics the chain had been passed round the baby's neck, gripping him tighter and tighter as the dog struggled for liberty. A verdict of "accidental death" was recorded.

The Old Violin

By EVA MORRIS ROBERTSON
(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

"Oh, Natalie, what do you think—you are an heiress!"

"Nonsense, Kate!"

"It's true," affirmed her married sister. "Here is an item in the Rossville paper, and it says that among the beneficiaries of Uncle Warren's will are several relatives outside of his direct family. See—your name: Miss Natalie Prescott!"

Natalie's pulse quickened a trifle. Her name was, indeed, mentioned. She lay down the violin on which she had been practicing and read the announcement.

"Maybe it's ten thousand dollars, maybe it's twenty," said Kate excitedly. "You know that Uncle Warren was a very rich man. My! if you should get a big amount of money, think what you could do for the children and for me, poor, poor old girl!"

"I would pay away for one grand stay at the seaside, and get some new clothes on. I hope your legacy is something substantial!"

"Kate, dear, do not count on it," advised Natalie with a sad smile. "Uncle Warren had near family relatives, and of course they will get the bulk of his estate. I fancy he has remembered me with some trifling memento."

"I'm going to find out. Trust me for that!" declared Kate determinedly.

They were of wide, diverging natures, these sisters. Natalie, patient,

tender-hearted, industrious. Her sister was just the reverse—complaining, dissatisfied, eager for some good fortune that would enable her to live without labor. Natalie was a proficient musician with piano and violin, and gave lessons, paying her grasping married sister more than a fair sum for board.

It was a week later when Kate flashed in upon Natalie at the piano in a feverish state of indignation and excitement.

"The mean old hunk! she scolded. "What do you think? I wrote the lawyers of uncle's estate, demanding to know what they had left you—"

"Oh, Kate! remonstrated Natalie. "I've got the reply," and Kate waved an open letter in her hand. "All he has left you is that old clap-trap of a violin he doted over so."

"Oh, Kate! Did he, indeed?" cried Natalie with sparkling eyes. "Why, his prized Carero is priceless! It was his most precious treasure. To think that he would leave it to me!"

Kate founced off, ridiculing the extravagant delight of her sister over "a piece of antiquated rubbish!" Natalie fondly thought of the old man's delight in his favored instrument. Often he had played to her, and he had even allowed her to handle the old instrument, but tenderly, as though it were an infant in arms. There was a large intrinsic value to the instrument on account of its maker, age and power of melodious expression. Natalie, however, never thought of selling it, especially when the violin duly arrived with a note from the lawyers of the estate, saying that Mr. Warren had expressed the hope that his cherished instrument would never go out of the family.

There ensued a period of rare delight for Natalie after that. The sound of the violin made Kate angry every time it struck her ear. There was a little old vine-covered bower at one end of the garden. Thither Natalie would go, and for hours would draw sweet plaintive melody from the vibrant strings.

She was dreamily playing a cadenza one lonely afternoon when she looked up, startled. On the other side of the low fence stood a young man, rapidly listening to the echoing strains. His eyes were lit with devotion to art, his lips trembled, his whole being seemed permeated with the plaintive yet thrilling appeal of the old instrument.

"Oh," he cried, forgetting that he

was a stranger; "the divine music! That instrument! It came surely from one of the music masters. May I look at it? May I hold it, to know that for a moment at least that I have had possession of the very soul of ravishing melody?"

His fine, statuesque face inspired Natalie with confidence. She opened the little garden gate. She welcomed him as a brother in art. He took up the violin with an air of rare devotion and reverence. Then he began to play. Natalie sat fascinated. He was a master in his line.

After that he came often to the quiet pondous. He was a member of a local orchestra, he told her; his life was devoted to one devouring theme—music. Their preferences were identical, they grew to be friends. One day Victor Dalzell came to Natalie in a state of great trepidation.

"Oh, Miss Prescott," he said anxiously. "I have a great favor to ask! They have placed me on a program for a violin solo at the great symphony concert. The leader says it will set me my admission to his circle at full compensation. Oh, if I had only the Carero for a single fifteen minutes—the great, glorious Carero—I know I should succeed!"

She regarded him with a tender light in her eyes.

"You will be very careful of the instrument," she said.

"I will guard it with my life!" cried the delighted enthusiast. "Oh, how can I ever repay you? And with your presence at the concert, I will bring the very soul out of the violin!"

Natalie sat entranced when Victor, at the concert, began his solo number. All about her tense, strained faces told of the general effect of the beautiful music. The gifted player was given an ovation, and the pleased face of the orchestra leader told that the fortune of the young violinist was assured.

Natalie had gone to the waiting room when the program was finished. Victor was to join her there and accompany her home. Suddenly a scream startled her. The next instant, followed by excited members of the orchestra, the young musician reeled into the room with bloodless face and staring eyes.

"The Carero!" he shrieked. "It is stolen!" and fell senseless at her feet.

A doctor was summoned. He looked grave as he felt the pulse and opened the eyelids of the insensible young musician.

"Get him to a hospital at once!" he ordered. "If the strain he is under is not soon relieved he will lose his mind."

Natalie heard the others tell of how Victor had left the violin unguarded for a moment, to find it gone five minutes later. She sat softly crying to herself. Natalie was about to proceed slowly home when the leader of the orchestra appeared hurriedly.

"You are the young lady to whom the Carero belongs," he said. "It is found. It seems that the caretaker locked it up for safety, has just returned and found it."

"Oh, I must hasten to the hospital at once!" fluttered Natalie. A nurse led her to a room where Victor sat, muttering to himself incoherently.

"The Carero! The Carero!"

"Mr. Dalzell—Victor," spoke Natalie tremblingly, "we have found the Carero. See, it is here," but he never even looked up.

"May I try an experiment?" faltered Natalie, and the nurse assenting, she removed the violin from his case. Natalie began playing the masterpiece of the concert as best she could.

Victor started at the first melodious note. His eyes lost their moody expression. A rare ecstasy came into his face—reason was recalled by the marvelous magic!

The Carero brought distinction and wealth to Victor, and love, marriage and happiness to both these talented children of art.

Health Benefit of Yawning.

Yawning is said to have an exceedingly healthful function besides having a salutary effect in complaints of the pharynx and the eustachian tubes. According to investigations yawning is the most natural form of respiratory exercise, bringing into action all the respiratory muscles of the neck and chest. It is recommended that every person should have a good yawn with the stretching of the limbs morning and evening for the purpose of ventilating the lungs and tonifying the respiratory muscles.

An eminent authority asserts that this form of gymnastics has a remarkable effect in relieving throat and ear troubles, and says that patients suffering from disorders of the throat have derived great benefit from it. He says he makes his patients yawn, by suggestion or imitation, or by a series of deep breaths with the lips partly closed.

The yawning is repeated six or seven times, and should be followed by swallowing. By this process the air and mucus in the eustachian tubes are aspirated.

Rather Arduous.

"There isn't much glamor in modern war."

"That's true. I understand some of the society girls who became nurses have discovered that hospital work is considerably harder than fox trotting."

Not in Existence Then.

"That idea of a 'Don't Worry Club' is a wonderful thing."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "But I'm rather glad it didn't have much vogue when George Washington and his associates were discussing our foreign relations."

FORTUNATE OF EARTH

ARE THOSE WITH WHOM CHILDREN ARE CONFIDENTIAL.

Probably the Most Precious Gift That the Fairies Bestow and It Is Not Given to the Majority of Mankind.

It is very likely a fairy gift, and if you haven't it there is little hope of your ever getting it. If you have it, however, you are the most fortunate sort of all sorts of fortunate folks. You are the sort that the children talk to in the street. And the reason that the person the children talk to in the street is so very fortunate is that they tell him things that nobody else ever hears, and very good things to hear. At that. From that fact it is easy to understand that this talk of theirs is no more "good morning" or "hello" sort of conversation. It is real talk about real things, although, to be sure, it is only the fortunate person who hears it that can really understand it.

They begin very abruptly, these children, and the beginning may be in the middle or at either end of a thing. It does not matter. The talk may start something like this, entirely unexpected or unlooked for on the fortunate person's part: "You'd think they'd fall out anyway, if you did think anybody growed on the moon, wouldn't you?" And it may lead anywhere.

Sometimes it is much more personal than that. You may meet a small boy armed with a toy gun and a sword and he may begin, "You'll have to run for it," meaning the street car, "but if you ain't got any better luck than me you'll miss it anyway. I bet I got the worst luck of anybody, and I bet I've found the most horse shoes. If I had good luck I'd been a girl and then I wouldn't have to fight all the time." And this is probably from the terror of his neighborhood, a boy who is supposed by teachers and neighbors and parents, to exist solely for the joy of battle.

If you are the fortunate sort of person, you will be stopped and consulted about everything the children are doing. It may be cold and almost dark, and you may be hurrying home to supper, but if you are the right one, the little girl who is contemplating the snow woman, a plump stately creature with full skirts and a hat with a feather, will call to you without a doubt of your sympathy, to know whether or not you don't think "she is just a little cross-eyed."

"It's the newshor's fault," she explains, "he poked her in the eye and it ain't been right since. I could take a couple of buttons off her waist, they're only walnuts, and make her some other eyes just to match, but she is getting so sloppy."

They may run after you to tell you a bit of gossip about their "friends," imaginary friends that nobody else ever heard of. They may trot along with you repeating the most astonishing conversations that they have had with squirrels or bears or stars or policemen. And it is all true. It is all because they believe it, and it is the expression of their queer little selves.

Justice, Then Prosperity.

The difference between the men in office now in city, in state and in federal government, and those men in office 20 years ago, in those rather narrow but controlling areas of our politics where there are actually marked differences, lies not in matters of honesty, not in matters of capacity, not in matters of party faith. The real difference is found in their philosophy of life, William Allen White writes in the New York Independent. The political leaders of majorities in the eighties and nineties of the last century believed in business for itself, that prosperity was an end of itself. Today our governments, city, state and national, are more or less under the control of men who all profess, and who in the main believe that justice is more important than prosperity. And the politicians are only taking their cure from the people. A sense of justice—with here a backset, and there a reaction—is growing steadily and overwhelmingly in the American heart.

Zeppelins Built Since the War.

According to a dispatch from Bern, Switzerland, there are now some eighty Zeppelins in the German service. This statement is said to be based on information developed at Friedrichshafen, where the airship works are located. Recently one of the latest type Zeppelins made a trial flight. It bore the number LZ-95, and in design varied considerably from the ante-bellum Zeppelins. Its gondolas are said to be of plated steel. The craft is plentifully supplied with machine guns and apparatus for throwing bombs and aerial torpedoes; among the latter being a new type which is reported to be far more powerful than any heretofore developed. In fact, rumor has it that the new aerial torpedo is to play a prominent part in the event of the German warships and Zeppelins coming out from their sheltering harbors and engaging in battle with the British fleet in the North sea.—Scientific American.

Help! Help!

"Do you know, Miss Peaches, I think you must be very egotistical."

"Why, Mr. Symp? How can you imagine such a thing?"

"Because you have such capital eyes."

NEVER LEARNED THE TRUTH

Callow Youngsters Might Have Repented of Their Condemnation if They Had but Known.

Youth and presumably innocence were waiting at a French goods counter while the clerk wrapped up jars of pink stuff which they didn't need. Each was audacious in the matter of short skirts, and both were chewing gum.

On a stool at the same counter sat another customer, a woman just facing the agony line which separates beauty from vandalism. And Youth and Innocence felt called on to dissect her. They bandied impressions as to the woman's looks, and giggled over her desperate attempts to retain her complexion and age. Their sharp young eyes took in the nobby dress that was almost shabby, and their sharp young voices would have stabbed her to the quick except that she seemed to be walled in by some concentrated thought that cloistered her from their blows.

"I bet she's bad."

The gum-stuck verdict came from Innocence, whose law had place at that minute should have been in some eighth-grade schoolroom.

"I bet she's bad," Innocence told her. "Whodjese would look at her mut like her?"

Then Youth and Innocence, without explaining how they came to be so suddenly enlightened at their callow years, suddenly switched interest to their wrapped-up stuff, and— That was all there was to it.

Except that the woman, having bought and paid for her own little box of something, got up and hurried to the store entrance, where another woman stopped to congratulate her on some appointment obtained by her son:

"That's it splendid! Papa and I are so proud of him—I'm especially glad for papa, because I've been so depressed ever since his last attack— Ned's going to send him to Atlantic City right away— Imagine! After all these poverty-pinched days—"

"Well, you surely deserve all the good luck that's coming to you— Don't see how on earth you keep your color after all the nursing you've had to do—"

"Rouge, my dear. Papa'd be too wretched for words if he knew my complexion had gone yellow—but Ned says I shan't need it after this—"

"This isn't much of a yard, of course, but we have Plutarch's word for it that truth is always worth considering. And this is true.—Washington Star.

Scientists Study "Flying Sickness."

"Flying sickness" is a more essential particular is deserving of careful and scientific investigation, according to the London Lancet. It raises matters of interest in connection with so-called mountain sickness. Edward Whymper states from his own experience of this condition that the abiding symptoms are profound lassitude, intense headache, feverishness, accelerated respiration and occasional spasmodic gulping of air, "just like the fishes when taken out of water," palpitation and tinnitus. The latter two symptoms, no doubt, occur also with great frequency at relatively low levels.

"It is clear," says the Lancet, "that flying sickness is not comparable in the strict sense with mountain sickness, in spite of the fact that some of the symptoms are more or less identical. Hitherto we have had little direct evidence of what occurs as a result of rapid transference from high to low altitudes, for the laborious ascent of the mountaineer into rarified air is very different from a speedy return to normal pressures, while the climb of a flying machine is hardly so rapid as to cause any ill effect. The pilot who is lifted from his machine, after a fast volplane, in a semiconscious condition, falling thereafter into a deep sleep, shows a phenomenon not met with either in mountain sickness or in caisson disease."

To Promote Safety.

The newest museum in New York is called the American Museum of Safety. It contains collections of models, charts and photographs, actual machines safeguarded in full size, together with models of safety devices and sanitary appliances. The museum is free to the public. By special arrangement it is open in the evenings to classes and societies. The activities of the museum of safety are devoted to the safety, health and welfare of industrial workers and the advancement of the science of industry. The society gives yearly medals to those which make notable achievements in devices for the security of human life, and to firms that make notable progress in the promotion of hygiene and the mitigation of occupational disease in their industry, and to railroads that promote safety for the traveling public.

Japanese Turn to Dye Making.

The Japanese are apparently going