

THE CATOCTIN CLARION.

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VOLUME XLVI.

THURMONT, FREDERICK COUNTY, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1916.

NO. 19.

FREDERICK RAILROAD

Thurmont Division
Schedule in Effect June 18, 1916.
All trains Daily unless specified

Leave Frederick	Arrive Thurmont.
6:25 a. m. Except Sunday	7:12 a. m.
7:0 a. m. Sunday Only	7:57 a. m.
8:20 a. m. Except Sunday	9:07 a. m.
9:30 a. m. Sunday Only	10:37 p. m.
11:40 p. m. Sunday Only	12:27 p. m.
2:10 p. m. Sunday Only	2:57 p. m.
4:00 p. m. Sunday Only	4:43 p. m.
4:42 p. m. Sunday Only	5:29 p. m.
6:10 p. m. Sunday Only	6:57 p. m.
8:20 p. m. Sunday Only	9:07 p. m.
10:10 p. m. Sunday Only	10:56 p. m.

Leave Thurmont. Arrive Frederick.

6:01 a. m. Except Sunday	6:46 a. m.
7:21 a. m. Except Sunday	8:06 a. m.
8:11 a. m. Sunday Only	8:56 a. m.
9:23 a. m. Except Sunday	10:08 a. m.
10:45 a. m. Sunday Only	11:30 a. m.
12:34 p. m. Sunday Only	1:19 p. m.
3:14 p. m. Sunday Only	3:59 p. m.
5:02 p. m. Sunday Only	5:47 p. m.
5:22 p. m. Sunday Only	6:07 p. m.
5:45 p. m. Sunday Only	6:30 p. m.
7:21 p. m. Sunday Only	8:05 p. m.
7:35 p. m. Sunday Only	8:20 p. m.
9:15 p. m. Sunday Only	10:03 p. m.

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

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

Western Maryland Ry.

Schedule in Effect June 18, 1916
GOING WEST.

Leave Baltimore	Leave Thurmont	Arrive Hagerstown	Arrive Cumberland	Arrive Chicago
4:01am	6:00am	7:20am	10:25am	
8:08	10:43	12:07pm		
10:40	12:32	ari 35	4:00pm	8:10am
13:25pm	5:19pm	6:28		
74:04	6:21	ar7:40		
75:14	7:31	8:55		
76:58	9:13	10:35		

GOING EAST.

Leave Chicago	Leave Cumberland	Leave Hagerstown	Leave Thurmont	Arrive Baltimore
	7:15am	7:18am	9:16am	
	7:30	9:19		
	17:15	3:55pm	5:41pm	
8:15pm	1:30pm	3:50	4:55	6:51
	4:20	5:42	8:10	

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

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Respectfully,
JOS. C. GERNAND.

nov 26/16

QUESTION OF FINANCE

MORE WAYS THAN ONE OF GETTING A CHECK CASHED.

Proof That There is Always, to the Ingenious, a Possibility of Getting Around the Soul-Chilling Edict "Insufficient Funds."

He was in high spirits as he strolled whistling down Central Park West. It was spring; his health was good, the sun was shining brightly, the birds in the park were twittering merrily, and in a poker session the night before he had won \$276, of which \$76 was in cash. In an inside pocket a check for \$200, the balance of his winnings, nestled against his heart.

It was great to be alive anyway, and wasn't it fine that he had yielded to his wife's pleas to be allowed to buy those spring clothes? The bills for those spring clothes had been coming in for a week now and had worried him somewhat, but now, with \$276 he had not expected to get and the money he already had, he would be able to pay them without difficulty. His wife deserved all the spring clothes he could buy her. But wasn't it lucky that he had drawn that fourth jack against that ace full the night before?

He reached the bank on which the \$200 check had been drawn and blithely swung through the doors, endorsed the paper and presented it at the paying teller's window.

"There was a pause while the teller got busy with his books. In a moment he was back at the window.

"Insufficient funds," he said.

The sun was obscured behind black clouds, the birds in the park were squawking horribly, forgotten pains began to remind our hero of their existence.

If the maker of the check was the kind of man who would give an N. G. check to pay a poker loss, he was surely not the kind of man who would make good later, thought the holder of the worthless paper. Then he had an idea. He asked the teller how much the check's maker had on deposit, but the teller refused to inform him; saying it was against the rules.

Over on the park bench our hero pondered his problem. At length he reached a solution.

The check's maker was in the theatrical business. Our hero visited a press agent of his acquaintance and got a couple of complimentary tickets. Then he visited the bank again. From the special guard he learned the paying teller's name.

Then he wrote a note to the paying teller, enclosing the theater tickets, and to it he signed the name of the maker of the check. He sent the note and tickets by special messenger to the teller.

Then after waiting half an hour he called up the bank and asked to talk to the teller. When he was connected he gave the name of the maker of the check, asked pleasantly for a moment about the theater tickets he had just sent, and then asked how large his balance was.

"The teller, glad to do the favor to one who had just sent him two theater tickets, answered.

"One hundred and forty-three dollars," he said.

Our hero after a comment or two hung up the receiver and walked straight around to the bank.

Here he questioned the receiving teller to make sure there would be no slip in his plan.

"Can I deposit money to another man's account?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the receiving teller. "We're always glad to get money from everybody."

Our hero then made out a deposit slip for \$60, under the name of the maker of the check, and shoved the slip and \$60 through the receiving teller's window.

Then he walked to the paying teller with his \$200 check.

"I'd like cash for this," he said.

The paying teller looked at the check and repeated his "insufficient funds," but our hero said loftily.

"Pardon, but a deposit which makes the check good was just received."

The paying teller looked it up and found the name correct, so there was nothing left for him to do but pay out the money. At a cost of \$60 our hero had made a bad check for \$200 good.

Again was the sun shining and again were the birds twittering.—New York Times.

DEFENSE OF THE TOOTHBRUSH.

Dr. T. Benedict Furness defends the toothbrush, in "Oral Hygiene," from the attacks recently made upon it by Dr. Bernard Feldman. Until his enemies devise something better, he says, it will not help matters to throw out the best thing for cleaning the teeth that we know anything about.

"It must be remembered that the tooth brushes, bathed and saturated so frequently with tooth paste ingredients more or less antiseptic, furnish anything but a happy abiding for germ pests, no matter how vital and resistant they may be. So that if we merely hang the toothbrush somewhere in the sunshine after each washing of the mouth and teeth and buy a new brush at decent intervals, we need not get worrying about virulent bacteria."

Thrift.

"What did you do with that carload of eggs that was condemned by the board of health?"

"I'm going to make a lot of money on those. I'm having them made into gas bombs to ship to the war zone."

THE FARMER AT WORK IN HIS FIELDS

day long has much better eyesight than the city resident. Farmers, as a rule, have no need of artificial aid to the eyes until old age comes upon them.

On the farm the eyes receive more rest than in the city, because they work at more natural angles. The farmer's work is not right up under his nose. In cases of most city people their work is over books or machines, and they have a habit of stooping over it.

This affects the eyes so that glasses are necessary for relief. Nine-tenths of the people who are suffering from headaches and who wonder what the trouble is can blame them on the treatment they give their eyes. Not enough city people wear glasses. Perhaps one in fifty wears glasses where the average should be about one in every ten.

Children are affected in this way. Most children lean over their desks and have their eyes close to their books. Teachers should prevent them from doing this. Where children are forced to wear glasses it is not necessary that they should have to wear them all the time. When the children are at play they ought, in most cases, to be allowed to go without their glasses.

CULTIVATING BEAUTY.

If the busy housewife can spare an hour or so each day in the exercise necessary to retain her youth and beauty, all well and good. But if not each daily task can be utilized to improve some part of the body. Dashing cold water, followed by hard rubbing, tones up the skin and prevents colds, improves the circulation and takes no more time than a languid rub across the hair, hang the mirror at a convenient height and as you put in the pins rise and fall slowly on the toes, keeping the chest well up. This strengthens the back and ankles to a great extent.

GREAT WASTE OF INK.

He entered the West hotel, a fine, courtly southern gentleman, very affable and genial, says the Minneapolis Tribune. And this is what he wrote on the register.

"Hinton Graves Lee, resident in Augusta, Ga., prior to February 1, and in Georgia state since 1852, now resident at Kansas City, Mo., and Kansas City, Kan."

Clerks A. D. Hein and A. M. Shartin looked it over and had a whispered consultation.

"Think of it," said Hein. "Why, the ink firm could afford to pay the traveling expenses and a good salary to Mr. Lee. If that habit ever spreads, there wouldn't be ink enough in the United States to go around."

PAPER AND INK FOR OUR MONEY.

In the manufacture and printing of the paper money of the United States it is necessary that there shall be imported materials from various parts of the world. A part of the paper fiber, for instance, is linen rag from the Orient. The silk that furnishes the strands that are run through the paper as a safeguard against counterfeiting comes from China or from Italy. The blue ink contains cobalt from Canada or Germany. The black ink is said to be made at Niagara Falls from acetylene gas smoke; and the greater part of the green ink is made with white zinc sulphide, derived from German sources. The red color in the seal is obtained from a pigment imported from Central America.

FOLLOW THE ANCIENT RITUAL

Samaritans of Today Observe the Passover With All the Traditional Ceremonies Ordered.

"The Samaritans stood close together to prevent the Mahometan spectators, who delight to torment them, from snatching even a bit of wool, which would remain over and thus cause them to break the command, 'Ye shall let nothing of it remain until the morning,'" says a writer in the Christian Herald.

"After cleansing the lambs they removed a front leg of each, and these were set apart as the priest's portion. A long wooden pole was then threaded through each of the prepared lambs, and was carried thus to the pit nearby, wherein a large fire, which had been kindled early in the evening, had burned down, leaving a bed of red-hot coals at the bottom. The poles, protected by metal at the lower end, were stuck into this bed of coals, being long enough to reach to the top of the pit, the lambs thus suspended about half way up. A matting was placed over the mouth of the pit, which in turn was covered with earth, making a sort of improvised oven, for the law demands that 'they be roasted with fire, not sodden with water.'

"The sheep were left to roast until midnight—the appointed hour—and all but the guards retired to their tents during the interval.

"Being the guests of the Kalin, we went to his tent, and he edified us by reading the various laws in Leviticus concerning the sacrifices, besides the chapter which gives the narrative of the first Passover."

EYES TOO MUCH NEGLECTED

Residents of Cities, in the Aggregate, Are the Chief Offenders, for Various Reasons.

The farmer at work in his fields all day long has much better eyesight than the city resident. Farmers, as a rule, have no need of artificial aid to the eyes until old age comes upon them.

On the farm the eyes receive more rest than in the city, because they work at more natural angles. The farmer's work is not right up under his nose. In cases of most city people their work is over books or machines, and they have a habit of stooping over it.

This affects the eyes so that glasses are necessary for relief. Nine-tenths of the people who are suffering from headaches and who wonder what the trouble is can blame them on the treatment they give their eyes. Not enough city people wear glasses. Perhaps one in fifty wears glasses where the average should be about one in every ten.

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A Red-Faced, Excited Man Rushed Up.

amazed when I learned that this precious consignment represented nearly a million dollars.

I was notified to meet a freight at flopeton at noon one day and presented myself to find the train stationary on a switch at the end of the yard. Beyond this was the residence section and open country. My car was No. 4321 A. I recall, I saw to the seals, made a memorandum of the transit card and mounted to my post on the top of the car. It had a small grated window at either end and a movable ventilator trap about the center of the car. I opened this and investigated the interior of the car, for it was a slow run of some eighteen hours. In case of rain I was at liberty to go inside. I flashed my electric light tube down into the dark void beneath, made out what from experience I took to be a shipment of brocades and velvets and marked out the spot where I would rest if driven to shelter by the elements.

A call from the brakeman down the track sent me toward the iron ladder at the side of the car. Just as I reached the edge of the roof to descend I drew back. A stranger, ascending, fairly forced me back. In wonderment I faced a beautiful young girl, though pale and distracted looking. She was gasping for breath and directed a frightened glance back over her shoulder. She sank to the car roof as though exhausted. I noticed that the filmy dress she wore was torn as if by brambles or fence wire. She wore no hat or wrap and her hair was disheveled.

"Does—does this train start soon?" she panted out.

"Why, yes," I answered, "but not with regular passengers."

"I know, I know," she breathed hurriedly, "but couldn't I stay here and ride just a little? I wouldn't make any trouble. I'd keep real quiet; she added, with eyes full of a piteous entreaty that stirred my heart. Just then the signal whistle was repeated. "I will be back in a minute and see what I can do for you," I said, marveling greatly, for at a glance I discerned that this was no girl tramp or that genus and I was at a loss to sense the cause of her distraction.

When I got to the ground down near the caboose the conductor was waving a paper. It proved to be orders to belt road the car I was in when we reached a certain junction. Just as I completed reading it a red-faced, excited man rushed up. Pompous, irascible, I think he had the

The Car Rider

By Walter Delaney
(Copyright, 1916, by W. G. Chapman.)

I was for years a train rider. Do you know what that means? If you do, you are wiser than the great majority, for the phrase is a new one and covers a calling somewhat unique. A train rider I was, with all its jar, risk and peril, and would probably be one today but for Imogene—poor, patient, practical—sharing all my joys.

A train rider is a man not listed as a railroad employee, but always on their corporate pay roll. He is a special officer. The pay is eighty-five dollars per month, and fifteen dollars extra for expenses. The work is neither regular nor onerous, only the train rider of a railroad division must be at the censorious and unalterable beck and call of the railroad at all odd, even or unusual hours.

In a word, my functions were these: to proceed on order to a certain train, to locate a special freight car and until that car left the end of the division not to allow it or its contents to leave my sight for a single moment of time. When I turned my watch and ward over to the car rider of the next division my duties were completed, all except sending in a report of any untoward incidents that might attend the transmission of the car of which I was the guardian.

Sometimes it was a blooded horse, more often an opulent shipment of bullion, once a few small boxes containing watch springs. Valueless seeming tiny pieces of steel, I was



By the end of the month my mysterious girl became my true love. In another thirty days I was ordered by this imperious little tyrant to abandon hard work and peril.

"For I am an heiress, you see," said Elvira, "and the cruel guardian I was escaping from, bent on forcing me to marry his son, has no further power over your loving and happy bliss." So I ceased to be a car rider, but blessed the day ever that made me one, whereby I gained the love of the dearest little woman in the world.

APT DESCRIPTION OF AIRMAN

Secretary's Bright Thought Abruptly Put an End to the Troubles of the Toastmaster.

The toastmaster was preparing for his duties. He looked over the list of speakers.

"Here is Von Soar," he said to his secretary. "He's the crazy airman, you know—the fellow who does acrobatic stunts in midair. I'd like to introduce him in some original sort of way. Can you think of anything?"

The secretary straightway looked thoughtful.

"How would it do to call him the lark of the loop-the-loop?"

"Don't like it."

"The soaring tumbler?"

"No, no."

"The snipe of the somersault?"

"I don't think he'd be pleased."

The secretary looked more thoughtful.

"What does he really do?"

"Why, he flies upside down and cuts figure 8's."

The secretary brightened up.

"Figure 8's I've got it! Call him the Flying Pretzel!"

"Fine!" cried the toastmaster.

A Day's Work.

What constitutes a day's work?—Hartselle Enterprise. Get up in the morning, dress, shave with a cheap razor, bring in enough coal for the day, hold the baby while breakfast is being prepared, eat hurriedly, rush to town, work fiercely at your job till dinner; then walk hurriedly home, hold the baby while the mid-day meal is being put on the table, then after eating, hurry back to the job. After which, work till 6:30 and go home for the evening meal, and hold the baby while the cook and the housewife are preparing the meal. After supper put the baby to sleep, bring in some more coal, shut the water off, if it's a threatening night bring the flowers in, then the cat out, and poke up the fire. If that isn't a day's work it is because it takes part of the night to finish your tasks.—Montgomery Advertiser.

meantest countenance and the most treacherous eyes I have ever seen.

"You, men!" he shouted. "Have you seen anything of a girl?" and he rattled out a description of the very person whom I had left on top of my car.

"Look in the caboose—there's six way fares there," observed the conductor, and I hurried back to my car to find no trace of the mysterious young lady who had so recently appealed to my chivalry and sympathy.

She was gone. I scanned the level stretch beyond the tracks, expecting to glimpse her flying form, for I doubted not that she was a runaway. I pitied her if the man I had just seen was her guardian or relative.

She did not drift soon out of my mind. So vividly had she impressed me that I could reproduce her mentality with clearness. We made our run and dusk came on just as we reached the junction. As we made up a new train and got well on to the belt spur I determined to open the trap in the roof and get inside and by the aid of my flashlight enjoyed the lunch I had tossed among the packages below.

We were just passing an overhead bridge when I caught a fleeting glimpse of a descending form. In a flash my suspicions were excited, and rightly. A man had dropped to the roof of the car from the girders. He bore down upon me.

Of course I realized what was doing. A gang were after the contents of the special car, and here was the forerunner of the group. He made for me and we collided. I went flat, and he, too. He was intent on throwing me off the car and later cast the precious freight to conferees awaiting him further down the line.

I slid and, lying extended, seized the rod of the brake wheel. He would be upon me in another moment, when he uttered a sharp cry. Turning, I saw a figure beside the open trap. I saw the ankle of my enemy seized. He was swung backwards and then squarely over the side of the car into space.

"The girl! In a flashing second I understood it all. She had got down into the car hours before, doubtless frightened into hiding from the man who was looking for her. She had thrown back the scuttle cover just in time to save the freight and myself.

And now, having shown the courage of a true woman, she became timid and reticent. I could not influence her to explain her situation. "Only to get away from persecution!" she uttered more than once, and shuddered. "Only to find some secluded home, a shelter, a safe retreat for a single month!"

I won upon her confidence during that strange night journey. When we reached the terminus I took her to the home of my sister. She told her everything, but the information was not imparted to me then.

The company traced the man who had been halted so summarily in his scheme to loot the special car. They found him a cripple for life and broke up his thieving gang.

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SERVES AS PRIVATE

SCION OF ITALIAN ROYAL HOUSE IN THE RANKS.

Duke of the Abruzzi's Half-Brother, in Diapace, Holds Humble Position in the Armies That His Country Has Mustered.

Though almost every royal house in Europe is represented at the front, Italy's alone can boast of a member who is a simple soldier, fighting among the rank and file.

Umberto, count of Salemi, shares the lot and the labors of peasants and workmen. He is stationed at Voghera for the moment, in the regiment of cavalry guides. His regiment will soon be dismounted and go into the trenches.

Then this scion of the house of Savoie will tramp side by side with the ranks and share their trench life on the exposed and difficult Italian outposts on the dangerous plateau called the Cerso.

The duke is a son of Prince Amedeo, late duke of Aosta, who died 16 years ago. His mother, the duke's second wife, is a Princess Bonaparte. She lives in Turin, and her son, in his soldier's uniform, is allowed to visit her on Sundays, when, with the other men of the troop, he has several hours' leave.

His half-brothers are Emanuel, duke of Aosta; Victor, count of Turin, and Louis, duke of the Abruzzi, once the reputed fiancé of Miss Katherine Elkins. The duke of the Abruzzi now commands Italy's fleet in the Adriatic.

The count of Salemi is the only son of Princess Letitia. He has been in disgrace for several years, though the real story is known to only the most intimate courtiers. While at the Naval college he committed some youthful indiscretion, of which even his fellow cadets had but a vague idea, and the king sent him into exile.

For several years he wandered through Europe, spending months in Russia, the Balkans, Portugal and Spain. Always shy and retiring, never knowing what to do with his great stature and his hands, a splendid linguist, simple in manners, he became a favorite in Russian society.

When the war broke out he wanted to serve his country. He begged the king to allow him to return.

"Yes," came the answer, "but you must serve as a simple soldier if you come back to Italy."

He came back and was drafted into the cavalry guides and sent to the front. When the regiment returned for a few weeks he went with it to the little town of Voghera, its headquarters. He is now returning with it to fight; but this time the regiment fights on foot.

The duke of Salemi performs the same duties as his humbler comrades, and has become so popular that their affection quite embarrasses him sometimes. For instance, when he was going to visit the headquarters of another regiment in Voghera they called out a guard of honor to receive him.

"What's the meaning of this?" shouted an officer who happened in.

The count murmured that he supposed it was for him. He asked his comrades never to do such a thing again.

While at the front he distinguished himself by coolness in handling a quick-firing gun. On one occasion, when the men around him were hard pressed, he saved the situation by rallying them.

Medals for A B C Diplomats.

Miss Janet Scudder, one of the leading sculptors of this country, will design the three gold medals which are to be presented by the United States to Ambassadors Naon of Argentina; Da Gama of Brazil and Suarez of Chile, commonly known as the "A B C mediators." Secretary Lansing awarded the designing to Miss Scudder.

The medal will bear an inscription stating that they are presented to the ambassadors "for their generous services as mediators in the controversy between the government of the United States and the leaders of the warring parties of the Republic of Mexico."

Miss Scudder lives in New York and takes a prominent part in suffrage work.

Borrowing a Piano.

Suburbanites are indulging in various co-operative measures in their thirst for economy, and neighbors are getting accustomed to an extension of the borrowing principle. But one man, who lives not far from Manchester, at least thinks the idea has gone too far. He was surprised the other day by a request for the loan of a piano by a neighbor who was giving a musical evening to some friends.

"I have a patriotic reason," he explained, "as I have sold my piano to buy Exchequer bonds." When he was refused he played another card. "Well, perhaps," he said, "you wouldn't mind me bringing my friends here for some music."—Manchester Guardian.

Plan to Domesticate Mink.

The United States department of agriculture will attempt to domesticate the mink which has been bred sporadically in captivity for fifty years or so. The large number of types of American mink, no less than ten, prove it to be a "plastic" animal, and the governmental purpose is to develop a higher and more valuable type than any of those now known.

OXFORD BIBLE WIDELY KNOWN

From Thirty to Forty Copies Are Printed by the University Press Every Minute.

The Oxford Bible is widely known, but few persons are aware of the tremendous scale on which it is produced. The Bible publications of the Oxford University Press have been issued for 300 years, and can be published in 160 languages and dialects. Every year fully six hundred tons of paper are used for this purpose alone. Orders for 100,000 Bibles are quite common, and the supply of printed sheets is so great that an order for half a million copies can be readily filled. On an average, from thirty to forty Bibles are furnished every minute, and this number can readily be doubled.

There are no fewer than 110 different editions of the Oxford Bible in English, varying from the magnificent folio edition for pulpit purposes to the "brilliant" Bible, the smallest edition of the Scriptures in the world. Of the revised version, 14 editions are published. More than one million copies of the revised New Testament had been ordered before the day of publication in May of 1881, and it is claimed that the workmen of the establishment refused a bribe of some £4,000 to furnish a copy of the book before the day of issue.

At a banquet held at the four hundredth anniversary celebration of the beginning of the art of printing in England by Caxton, Gladstone took into his hands and exhibited to those present a copy of the Bible which had been printed and bound entirely since midnight of the preceding day. The preparation of the "India paper" used by the Oxford University Press is a business secret of great value. Although frequently imitated, it has never been equaled. The largest folio Bible printed in Oxford measures 19 by 12 inches, and no erratum has as yet been found in it. The "Brilliant Text Bible" measures 3 1/2 by 2 1/2 inches and is three-quarters of an inch thick, and bound, weighs less than three ounces.

Presidents of Mexico.

Mexico had no vice president until 1907; up to that year the secretary of foreign affairs was empowered to act for the president in case of the sudden illness or necessary brief absence of the chief executive. In the following statements the dates given are to be understood as the beginning of the year: 1901 to 1908—President, General Porfirio Diaz; Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Don Ignacio Mariscal, 1908 to 1911—President, General Porfirio Diaz; Vice President, Don Ramon Corral. October 1, 1911, to February 19, 1913—President, General Francisco L. Madero, Jr.; Vice President, Lic. Jose Maria Pino Suarez. From the murder of Madero, on the last named date, to the recognition of Venustiano Carranza as chief executive of Mexico by the Pan-American conference, October 19, 1915, Mexico had only "provisional" presidents: Victoriano Huerta, until July 15, 1914; Francisco Carbajal, for four weeks after that; General Eulalio Gutierrez, Roque Gonzales Galza, and Francisco Lagos Chazaro, successively, none of them recognized as president of Mexico.

Verdun.

Verdun is the last of the great fortresses with which France has sought to defend its northern frontier.

There, in 843, Charles, Louis and Lothaire, the sons of Louis I, "the debonaire," divided the empire of Charlemagne, brought France and Germany into existence and began the modern map of Europe.

Awarded to Germany then, it came back to France under Henry II in 1562.

From that day, the junction of the road that runs down the Meuse to Belgium and the road that goes straight from Metz to France, has been a great fortress. A Benedictine abbey was destroyed to put a royal keep on its foundations. Around it is an encircling ring of forts.

Its plateau rises a steep 400 feet above the valley of the Meuse on the west, and on the east has a short pitch of 200 feet above the plain.

Pure Accident.

When David R. Francis, recently appointed ambassador to Russia by President Wilson, was governor of Missouri, he was mightily interested in the negro population of Jefferson City, the state capital. He knew much of what there was to know about the colored man, having been born "and raised" in Kentucky himself, and had a number of good stories about an old darky whom he called Hot Foot, because he was so deliberate. Hot Foot had a stereotyped reply to the governor's morning salutation.

"Good morning, Hot Foot," the governor would say. "How are you today?"

"Sober by chance, boss, sober by chance."

And the governor never failed to laugh.

Pupils to Investigate Industries.

As part of the regular school curriculum seniors in the high school of Knoxville, Tenn., are to make a systematic survey of the occupations and industries of that city. The survey will cover condition of workers, maximum and minimum wages, chances for promotion and any other information that will serve to throw light on the character of the specific vocation. A study of the social, civic and economic conditions of the city will also be made.