

HOARD OF GOLD UNDER GOTHAM

"Real U. S. Treasury" 85 Feet Below Sea.

New York.—The "real treasury of the United States" is in New York, and not Washington. It is in the Federal Reserve Bank building in the financial district, 85 feet below the floors of which are great stacks of gold bullion.

President Louis Borno of Haiti saw the shining hoard on his recent visit here, and exclaimed involuntarily, "Marvelous! One's feelings cannot be put into words." He and the party with him were guided by Pierre Jay, president of the Federal Reserve Bank.

An elevator took the party to "Level E," which, Mr. Jay explained, was the lowest of five subsurface floors, given over to the storage of bullion. It is 50 feet below tidewater. The party halted at iron-grilled doors while guards peered out, and other watchmen inspected all corridors preliminary to opening the door.

When it was swung open President Borno entered, then looking around, asked, "But where is the gold?"

"On the other side of this steel wall, which is ten feet thick," replied Mr. Jay.

The only entrance to the vault proper, he pointed out, was through a vertical section of steel, shaped like a cylinder, and weighing ten tons. The cylinder rotated, disclosing a slot the width of a man's shoulders, through which the party passed. Another heavy door of one-inch steel bar was in the inner vault. Through still another set of heavy steel grills he gazed at treasure enough to stock ten Treasure Islands, or buy out a hundred Captain Kidds.

A few minutes earlier in the counting department he had seen great piles of bills of all denominations rising in bales to the ceiling, and Mr. Jay explained: "Here is some of the gold in back of those bills."

President Borno gazed for minutes at the long ingots from South Africa, the flatter ingots from the London house of Rothschilds, the heavy bars of the United States treasury, long banks of yellow, gleaming brightly under high-power electric lights.

"The wealth of the United States!" was his only remark.

1,200 Tons of New Paper Money Made Every Year

Washington.—Twelve hundred tons of paper money is being manufactured each year by the United States government to supply the needs of the country. In 12 months approximately 1,000,000,000 new pieces of paper money are put into circulation. The same number are worn out each year. The life of a dollar bill is estimated at six months, or shorter than ever before in history.

The use of paper money in this country has increased three-fold during the last 15 years. At the same time the government has been seeking ways and means of increasing the life of paper money. Paper which is 100 per cent stronger than the present standard is to be put into use soon.

The cost of the annual replacement of paper money is estimated at \$4,000,000. The life of paper money is steadily decreasing, the government reports, due to increased circulation and greater carelessness in handling it.

Kept Alive 30 Hours by Artificial Breathing

Norfolk, Va.—Artificial respiration administered by friends kept R. H. Stephens, aged thirty, chief pharmacist's mate, stationed at the Naval hospital, Portsmouth, alive for more than thirty hours after he was apparently drowned in Lake Colerain, near Ahooskie, N. C., but he succumbed later in the Naval hospital after his companions had rushed him back for medical attention by motor and train.

Stephens, who was prominent in naval athletics, with his wife and two hospital corpsmen, J. E. Hunt and J. J. Mitchell, and two young women, set out for a day's excursion in North Carolina.

After lunch the group went for a swim in Lake Colerain. Stephens, a good swimmer, was seen to throw up his arms some distance from the other group and called for help.

A Crying Need

Philadelphia.—One crying need of the times is a pronoun meaning either he or she. Dr. Josiah H. Pennington, provost of the University of Pennsylvania, wants such a word coined, as the increasing number of girls at colleges and in business causes awkward circumlocutions.

Man 77 Years Old Hikes 16,000 Miles

Vancouver, B. C.—W. A. Chapman, seventy-seven, arrived here recently after completing a hike of 16,000 miles, which he began July 10, 1923, for a \$5,000 prize. He finished his task with two years to spare. Chapman left Milwaukee May 27, 1924, on the last lap of his jaunt and then continued through Florida, North Carolina and West Virginia. There he turned north, passing through Indiana and Ohio and entered Canada at Fort Francis. He lives in Millington, Conn.

Stags Fight to Death for Herd Leadership

A duel between stags, though not so rare as a duel between elephants, says an Indian writer, is just as thrilling and many a king of these herds has won his position by challenging previous monarchs to a horn-to-horn fight.

The challenger stands four square and lowers his head to the monarch of the herd. This is the signal for a challenge to fight and the other bucks retire to a safe distance. The ladies tremble with fear and look on the death struggle with their big soft eyes.

Fired with rage, the monarch charges into his insolent rival and stabs him with a sharp blow. The latter staggers back with the shock of the attack, but, nothing daunted, disengages his horns, springs aside, and cordially returns the compliment. Their horns are locked, and with lowered heads they push hard, slowly working their bodies round. Crash follows crash. The interloper is forced to his knees, but his youth comes to his aid. By a deft turn of his supple body he slips his horns, springs up, and deals a strong side blow as the monarch, losing his balance, stumbles past him. The points have been equally divided.

They return to the attack with renewed fury and are locked in such a tight embrace that they rear up onto their hind legs. The youngster, who shows more enterprise and tires of doing nothing, with his front feet lands a beauty on the monarch's "solar plexus" that keeps the latter guessing.

But the monarch is far from vanquished. Delighted with his success, the youngster tries to repeat the dose, but the wily monarch is quite prepared for it this time and at the critical moment steps aside. As the youngster slips past he deals a fearful blow on his ribs. This is followed by a smashing charge and the honors are again divided.

The challenger now makes a supreme attempt to give the k. o. to the monarch, who is betraying signs of fatigue. Charge follows charge, and the dazed monarch is soon sent rolling to the ground. As he lifts his bleeding body the challenger dives, and the monarch is lifted from his feet and thrown down. He makes a last attempt to rise, but his head is giddy and his feet fall him, and he falls to the earth head foremost.

The victor sniffs the twitching body of the vanquished and proudly raising his head moves away in triumph. The herd meekly follows the new leader.

The New Spirit

The late Charles W. Elliot hated "the new spirit." He said one day at a tea in Cambridge:

"The new spirit! How I hate it! This detestable, materialistic spirit in its relation towards learning and art is well brought out in a little story.

"A schoolma'am said to a small boy: 'Edward, your arithmetic problem about the grapefruit and the buyers is all wrong. Stay after school and do it over.'

"How far wrong is it?" said Edward.

"Well, it's two dollars wrong, as a matter of fact. Why do you ask?"

"Little Edward, a profiteer's son, took a roll of banknotes from his pocket and peeled off a two-dollar bill. 'I'll just pay up instead of workin' the thing out,' he said. 'You see, I'm awful busy this afternoon. Pop and me are givin' a tea samsant to a bunch of movie stars.'

Passenger Plane de Luxe

A monster passenger plane with room for twenty-five persons, besides the operating crew of three men, a radio operator and a lunch counter waitress, is soon to be put into service over the Baltic sea, between Sweden and Germany, according to an announcement made by Capt. Carl Florman, head of the Swedish Aero Transport company, on his return from an international aviation conference in Berlin. This airplane, which is now being completed at the Junker works of Dessau, Germany, will be the largest in Europe. The passengers will have compartments with two windows each and a table in the center, exactly as in the cars of the Swedish state railways. At the lunch counter tea, coffee and other refreshments will be served.

Wealth From Smoke

A smokeless England, with everybody rich with the wealth obtained from the smoke and heat and hot water now allowed to go to waste, was a picture drawn for the smoke abatement league conference in Birmingham. The heat should be utilized for power and the hot water should be led to neighboring laundries, hotels, public baths, and private houses, said the speaker. Disinfectants, dyes, drugs, perfumes, and fertilizers could be obtained from the smoke we now allowed to pollute the atmosphere. Great Britain's loss by smoke was \$200,000,000 a year. One firm in Warrington which had adopted smoke prevention appliances was saving \$125,000 a year.

Horse Meat in Prussia

More horse meat is being eaten in Prussia today than at any other time in history, not including the war period, when horses were slaughtered because there was little other meat available. The ministry of agriculture reports that the increased consumption is not due to a great relish for horse steaks, but to economic conditions. The consumption of horse flesh increased 20 per cent this year over the corresponding period of 1925.

GREAT MEN MERELY HUMAN

"Select of the Earth" Really Differ Very Little From the Rest of Mankind.

Once when a grave ambassador visited an English king he was ushered into a room where he found the king on all fours, his son mounted upon his back and riding him hard. Around the tables, in and out between the chairs, the horse traveled while the gray-haired ambassador cheered the rider on.

Abraham Lincoln carried a load of responsibility and care that might have staggered the bravest man, but in the midst of his sore distress he found time to slip away to spend an hour with Tad, and when his duties called him from home he could still find time to write a note to the child he had left behind—tender little messages breathing fatherly thought and affection.

Our own Roosevelt—there was a man's man, but he found time to father his children. He knew how to play with them. Remember that story of him playing "hide and seek" in the barn with the pack of youngsters in full cry? He was then President of the United States. There was every reason why he should have cried off from the frolic; he was not as young as he had been; his office was one of tremendous dignity and of such responsibility as to make his life not his own, but a people's trust. Still he played with the children.

Fine object lessons may be learned from a study of the home lives of noted people around the earth.—Columbia Record.

Twanging the Lyre.

The Kansan and the Texan were telling each other of the thoroughgoing, efficient nature of cyclones in their respective states.

Said the Kansan: "Well, sir, it was in 1906 and I was drilling for oil. Knew it was there, about 2,000 feet down, but I had just got down a thousand and ran out of money. Figured I was busted. Along came a Kansas twister and didn't do a thing but suck the bottom out of that well and bring in a gusher. Hard to believe, but the well's there yet."

Said the Texan: "Sure, I believe it. That's nothing. During the drought of '87 my cattle in west Texas were dying fast. I set out to drill for water. Got down about a mile and still digging dust. Figured I'd better ride over to town and ask the school teacher how far I could go before I struck China. Well, sir, while I was gone a Texas cyclone came along, took rig, well and all. When I got back there was a lake a mile across and spreading fast, and the strange part was that the water was a regular Chinese yellow and just wiggling with cross-eyed tadpoles."—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

Trapping the "Flu" Germ.

Germ of the "flu" has been "isolated," which is the doctors' word for caged, so that it can be microscoped. It is, no doubt, dashing wildly about, gnashing its teeth with rage; and as demoniacally possessed of the will to do evil as if it were a baleful-eyed fire-breathing dragon of the sort that St. George slew.

There are dragons in our day, too; only they are well-nigh invisible. They are as ravenous of sentient life as anything which wandered among the great ferns of the steaming prehistoric ages, although a microscopic photographic picture of them makes them look no more ferocious than a hyphen or the point of a needle.

All the large predatory animals that threatened man are extinct or on their way to extinction. It is the invisible world of malevolent creation that we have now to fear; and our resentment against the influenza germ hardens our hearts almost to a desire to practice cruelty upon it, if that were possible.

Had Money Enough.

Twenty years ago or so there used to be a story of a negro boy who refused to carry a grip uptown for a traveling salesman. "Give you a quarter," offered the salesman. "I got a quarter, boss." The same little darky, now grown, was encountered by a Kansas City man on a dark street the other night. As there was no one about, the Kansas City man shied to the edge of the sidewalk, giving the darky plenty of room. "Nev' mind, mister," the darky assured him. "I ain't gonna hold you up. I got as much money as you have."

Inspiring Interest.

"It took me a long time to get the opposition editor out home to print that extract from my speech," murmured Senator Sorghum. "How did you manage it?" "Wrote it in a letter addressed to somebody else, but apparently put into the wrong envelope and marked it conspicuously, 'Not for Publication.'"

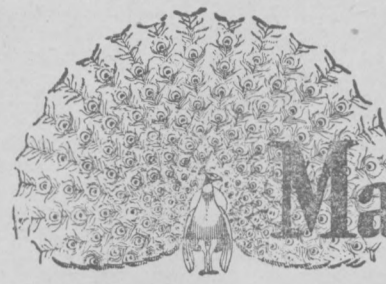
An Oversight.

Daughter—How do you like my new evening gown, father? Father—My dear girl; you surely aren't going out with half of your back exposed?

Daughter (looking in mirror)—Oh, it's that stupid dressmaker's fault; she forgot to cut off the other half!

Twenty-Year-Old Scarlet Fever Germ.

That he had traced an outbreak of scarlet fever to a book used 20 years ago by a fever patient and never again used by the family was stated by the medical officer at Belcham, Essex, England.



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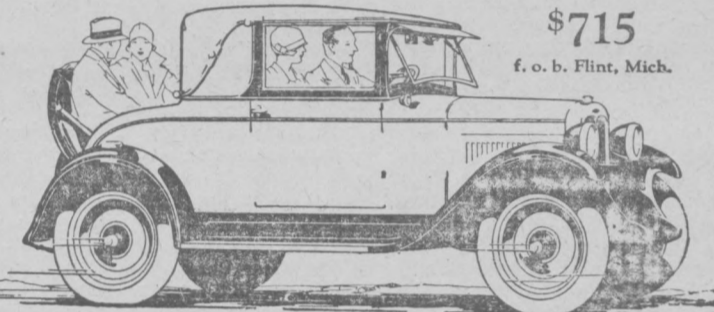
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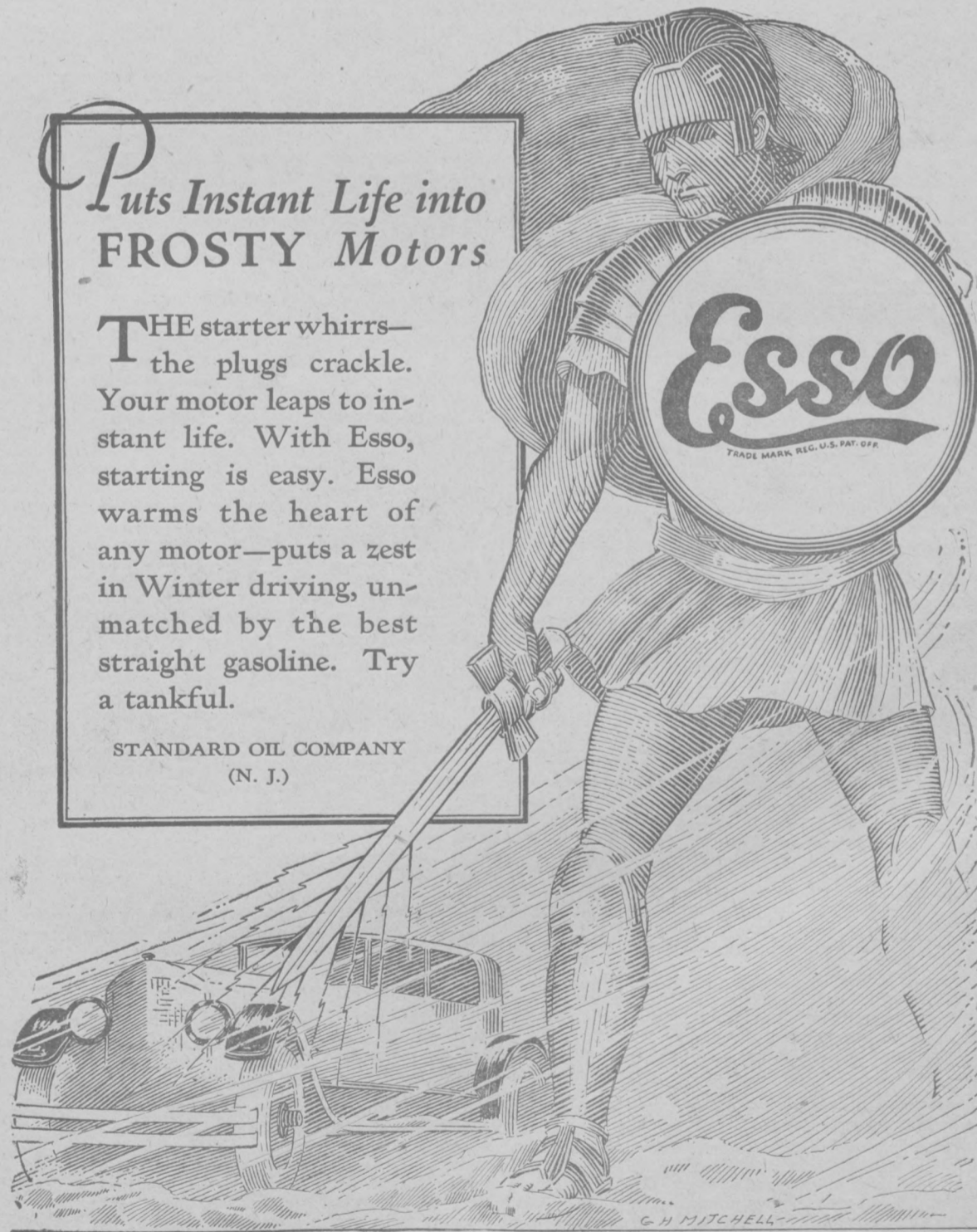
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