Patria

The Great Romance of Preparedness

by Louis Joseph Vance

NOVELIZATION OF THE MOTION PICTURE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME. PRODUCED FOR THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC., UNDER THE DIRECTION OF WHARTON, INC. COPYRIGHT, STAR COMPANY

THE CAST.

MRS. VERNON CASTLE as Patria Channing.
MILTON SILLS as Donald Parr.
WARNER OLAND as Baron Huroki.
DOROTHY GREEN as Fanny Adair.

SYNOPSIS.

Anticipating the threatened Japanese-Mexican invasion of the Southwestern States, Patria Channing, an American Girl of great wealth, with the assistance of her fiance-Capt. Donald Parr (late U. S. A.), converts her vast border ranch-lands into what is virtually an armed camp. Baron Huroki, commanding the allied Japanese-Mexican forces, learns of Patria's preparations, and thinking to nip them in the bud, orders his troops to attack in force.

FIFTEENTH EPISODE

The Sting of Victory.

DARK HOURS.

It was shortly after sunrise when the first shots signaled the attempt of Patria Channing's little handful of patriotic adventurers to stem the invasion of American soil by the allied force of Mexicans and Japanese commanded by Baron Huroki.

Patria's first move, then, was to dispatch telegrams to the nearest post of the United States army as well as to Washington, giving notice of the invasion and asking for help.

Within an hour, Japanese field batteries, shelling with shrapnel the advanced-trenches which commanded the international boundary line, had rendered them untenable and Japanese infantry had swarmed over them in pursuit of the retreating defenders.

At the same time Baron Huroki and his staff, taking possession of Patria's hacienda, had converted it into field headquarters. From its patio Huroki directed the efforts of his troops to overcome the resistance of the defenders.

The latter had meanwhile occupied their main intrenchments, a far stronger position furrowing the ridge of a range of low hills lying back of the hacienda and something slightly less than a mile north of the border line.

Here they took root stubbornly. Despite the disparity between their numbers and those of the invaders, they threw back charge after charge of Japanese and Mexican infantry, withering and blasting them with the machine-gun fire which sprayed the terrain with death as a garden hose sprays a lawn with life; while their batteries, cunningly secreted back of the hills and directed in masterly fashion, kept the guns of the invaders too busily on the move to permit their doing much damage to the trenches.

But if the defenders fought with unshakable determination and fearlessness, they fought with despair in their hearts. For their commanding elevation permitted them to overlook all the land between them and the boundary, and they could hardly help being appalled by the flood of allied troops which was sweeping across the border and arraying against them.

Again urgent prayers for aid were dispatched to the authorities.

As before, they gained no acknowledgment of any sort.

Failing to take the main line trenches by assault, Huroki ordered his forces to fall back and dig themselves in—which they did with trained expedition and efficiency, throwing up a line of intrenchments roughly paralleling those on the hillcrest.

Donald Was Wounded.

And their batteries, presently finding shelter, raised shells upon the Americans to keep down their fire, until Patria's guns again searched them out; when the battle passed into a temporary phase of big gun duelling, and the infantry had a little time to breathe and take account of its losses.

These last proved astonishingly slight, but none the less terrible in Patria's understanding. Already the field hospital accommodations which she had provided were overcrowded and the staff of surgeons with their assistants and nurses overworked. And the day was still young.

Donald Parr attempted to comfort her with the assurance that their positions were so strong they could hold out another 24 hours, if required—by which time help must surely have come to them from the regular army and the National Guard which had been mobilized for border duty.

Against this argument there remained the unquestionable fact that repeated telegrams evoked no response from any quarter.

And re-enforcements at any time would arrive too late to prevent hideous mortality in the ranks of the defenders.

Toward mid-morning a second series of most violent assaults was launched against the main-line trenches, and though each in turn was thrown back severely punished, each took its toll of American lives and by so much lessened the ability to present impregnable resistance.

Bit by bit noon Huroki seems to have made up his mind that further efforts to take the trenches by storm were futile. There fell a lull in the fury of the combat between the infantry forces, while a flanking movement on the part of the Mexican cavalry was met and confronted by a cloud of rough-riding plainsmen under the leadership of Rodman Pillsbury.

Then again the artillery duel was resumed; but there was in this something strangely perfunctory—as far at least as the work of the allied gunners were concerned. The suspicion was warranted, and by subsequent events was borne out, that Huroki was sparring for time.

He was awaiting the arrival of heavier artillery; whatever those circumstances were which delayed its coming with effective range till dusk of evening, they alone saved Patria's forces from annihilation—though much credit is due to the scouts of Patria's flying corps for the willingness and skill with which they engaged the Japanese aviators and drove them from the sky above the American positions, preventing their locating the hidden batteries.

The last traces of light were dying from the sky when Huroki's heaviest metal came into action.

Simultaneously new and extraordinarily vicious results were made upon the trenches.

And still no word from Washington or from any other quarter to which appeals had been telegraphed!

It was not till midnight that a scouting party dispatched by Donald Parr brought in an explanation of this ostensible indifference on the part of the authorities to the fate of Patria's devoted little band.

Then it appeared that the wires had been cut by Japanese spies, who had received—and suppressed—all messages dispatched by Patria's field headquarters, in such manner as completely to deceive her telegraph operators.

In short, it transpired that not one of those many frantic cries for help had been heard but by enemy ears.

Throughout a night of hopeless horror the battle raged. From the moment when Huroki's great guns entered into the contest there was scarcely a single perceptible break in the succession of assaults upon the trenches till dawn broke upon their desperately thinned ranks.

And with the dawn came the final effort, a charge in force that taxed to the utmost the courage, resource and ingenuity of the Americans. That it broke and was swept back can be counted as nothing short of miraculous.

As it did so, Donald Parr fell, his shoulder shattered by shrapnel.

When he recovered consciousness in her arms, and she knew that his hurt was not mortal, Patria took into her own hands the command which she had resigned to his. Conferring by telephone in person with her staff, she ordered the effort of the last resort, the forlorn hope which had been reserved for that moment when the day seemed lost and sacrifice of self alone might stem the tide of defeat.

All defensive tactics were abandoned. The men were ordered from the trenches, to advance, to charge and keep on charging till the last man fell. To give them heart a fleet of "tanks"—armored caterpillar tractors carrying machine-gun crews—were loosed upon the enemy.

Looming through the gray, formless light of the new-born day like monstrous armadilloes vomiting fire and death, they crossed their own trenches and met and broke a charge of Japanese and Mexican infantry, scattering it like chaff.

As the enemy turned and fled these terrors the Americans forsook the shelter of their trenches and pursued.

At the same time masked batteries came out of hiding and moved forward to closer positions in the open.

A daring raid of cavalry captured a 42-centimeter howitzer and turned it upon its own people.

Where the tanks were not, there was hand-to-hand fighting characterized by the grimest determination on both sides. But wherever the tanks moved—and nothing served to swerve one of these from whatever course it chose to take—the ranks of the enemy melted into disorderly rabble of panic-stricken fugitives.

A shell from the howitzer found the Channing hacienda and laid it in flaming, smoking ruins about the ears of Huroki and his staff.

Thirty minutes after the tanks had inaugurated the offensive, the invasion had been turned into a rout. The roads beyond the border were choked with fugitives. Huroki and his personal aides forced their armored motor-car through the milling mob upon the bridge at the border and regained Mexican soil a bare minute before another howitzer shell destroyed the bridge utterly, and with it hundreds of fleeing Mexicans and Japanese.

The last action of the battle was an engagement between American rough riders and Mexican cavalry, in which the latter, attempting to cover the rear of the defeated army, were vanquished, dissipated, sent scurrying into the south in disorder as great as that of their comrades and allies whom they had sought to save.

But in this engagement Rodman Pillsbury fell, killed instantly in action.

Ordering her batteries up to the boundary line, Patria instructed them to shell the fugitives mercilessly. Further than this line she would not permit them to move. Nor would she permit one of her decimated little army to carry the war into Mexico.

In defending her own property against aggression she had acted within her rights as a private citizen. If reprisals were to be visited upon the aggressors, that was the prerogative of the government of her country—not her prerogative.

Thus the invading army of Baron Huroki and his dupes and allies melted away into those sun-baked plains and arid hills of Mexico, and was no more—like the army of a dream.

SAMURAI.

In the heat of that breathless afternoon the armored motorcar, a grim gray unit of mechanism rendered only the more grim and gray by its heavy coating of dust and the evidences of hard usage it wore, lunged heavily around the wide curves of the military road penetrating the secret heart of those Mexican mountains, debouched on a downgrade with the swiftness of an angel of death into the great valley devoted to the allied encampment, and drew up sharply, as if checked by some invisible but immovable barrier, before the adobe building dedicated to the uses of the commander in chief and his staff.

The Caterpillar Tank Wins the Day.

Half a dozen men, worn, haggard, silent, in uniforms stiff with sweat and dust, alighted from the car and wearily threw themselves, rather than walked, up the steps to the veranda in front of the headquarters building.

Deepest disconsolation was the keynote of their common demeanor. In the lines that furrowed their dust-masked faces, in those red-rimmed eyes which stared out of them, despair was written plainly—the despair of gamblers who have staked all on a single throw and have lost.

Foremost in their number was Baron Huroki, that arch-conspirator, that gambler incurable—a presence of commanding distinction even in the shadow of defeat, disgrace, and death.

At his heels moved his shadow, that one whose devotion and loyalty to his master passed even that devotion and loyalty which was the due of his emperor—Huroki's aid de camp of today, his body servant of yesterday, his familiar spirit of all days, that Japanese who answered to the name of Kato.

Their four companions were officers of high rank, subordinate only to the commander in chief of the army which Japan had thrown into Mexico to cooperate with the native troops in that "great drive" designed to split the United States asunder by invading the Mississippi valley via the Southwestern states, leaving the Pacific slope defenseless against invasion by way of Lower California and the sea.

As Huroki moved toward the door of the adobe building, a Japanese orderly came out, paused, saluted stiffly, with a countenance expressionless, and proffered a folded paper.

Huroki recognized the form on which incoming telegraphic dispatches were transcribed. He could have hazarded a shrewd guess at the nature of this communication—if put to it, could have foretold it almost word for word.

None the less he extended a steady hand to accept it, unfolded the paper, read it without permitting the slightest phase of his emotions to be reflected in his face, and deliberately refolded it.

At pause before the doorway, he rounded smartly on his heels and commanded the wandering interest of his fagged staff with a single glance, his pose gestureless. With a single impulse they stiffened to attention.

After a moment he addressed them in a level and toneless voice, with the manner of one imparting information concerning a person of particular unimportance.

"Gentlemen," said Baron Huroki, "it becomes my duty to impart to you certain advices. I have here a message from his majesty, the emperor."

He paused to make obeisance to the effigy symbolized by that name.

"I need hardly remind you that, upon the untimely death, day before yesterday, of the late commander in chief, Count Nogi, I, acting on authority vested in me by his imperial majesty, assumed the functions of commander in chief, and in my supreme discretion initiated that invasion of the United States which was the ultimate purpose of our presence in Mexico. For this action I assumed, professed, and accept full responsibility.

"That my action was ill-advised is beside the point. I alone was, and am, liable for its consequences. The onus of failure rests upon a single head, my own.

"By my lack of sound judgment, my haste and rashness, I have brought down defeat upon our forces. I have needlessly sacrificed innumbered fellow servants of his majesty, the emperor, I have wrought confusion with his imperial designs, I have set at naught his ends.

"So be it. I explain without attempt to extenuate the consequences of my madness. I accept without protest the penalty of failure.

"The command of our scattered and shattered forces I resign to your capable hands. You are instructed to reorganize them as quickly as possible and withdraw from this part of Mexico, marching westwards to effect a junction with the army encamped at Magdalena Bay. This you will do not only with all possible expedition, but with all feasible secrecy.

"I have one request to make of your pity; if it be within your power, I would like my dishonored body to be conveyed to Nippon for burial.

"Gentlemen, I go to join my forefathers, in full confidence that the honorable fashion of my death will secure for me the freedom of their company."

Huroki ceased to speak, drew himself up, and saluted his staff. That salute returned, he executed an about-face and strode into the adobe building.

After him went Kato.

For an hour he sat in the office of the commander in chief, industriously, methodically putting in order all his affairs, official as well as personal. When there was no more to do, he rose without hesitation, and strode into the adjoining room, which had been his sleeping quarters.

Here Kato was awaiting him—Kato translated from the trim and soldierly aide in the field uniform of the Japanese army into a figure that might have been conjured from some Japanese print, a servile, fawning, obsequious figure in the robes of his race and humble caste.

Upon the plain canvas cot which had been Huroki's bed were laid out the magnificently embroidered robes of a Samurai.

Beside the cot stood the steel trunk which had contained these robes, and which for many years had formed an essential adjunct to Huroki's traveling gear.

Assisted deftly by Kato, Baron Huroki divested himself of his soldier's clothing, bathed and dressed in the robes of his nobility.

Throughout neither uttered a single word.

And in silence Huroki turned and entered the room beyond, leaving his footwear at the threshold.

The door closed behind him. On its other side Kato, the imperturbable, knelt and ground his forehead into the dust of the floor.

In one stride Baron Huroki had passed from Mexico to Nippon. Paper screens masked the earthen walls and the thatched roof of the room. The floor was covered with a clean white cloth. In the middle of it rested a small rug of glowing, sanguinary scarlet. At the edge of this small rug was a low stand on which rested a jeweled dagger in a jeweled sheath.

Kneeling on the rug, Baron Huroki swiftly denuded his body to the waist. Then taking up the dagger and drawing it from its sheath he tested its edge and point upon the thumbnail.

Satisfied, he held the dagger before him on his two hands, outstretched, open palms uppermost; and in this posture remained motionless for many minutes, his grave, intelligent eyes fixed in meditation upon a point, or scene, or memory, thousands of miles removed beyond the narrow confines of that little room in the adobe building in the mountains of Mexico.

There was neither hesitation nor mutiny in his temper, but only repining that his efforts in the service of his emperor had been so ill-fated.

He would have been glad of a longer life if that permitted him to repair the errors of which he had been guilty.

But he had had his chance, and had failed.

What must be, must.

With a sudden, swift turn of his hand this unhappy gentleman of Japan reversed the point of the dagger and drove it in toward his diaphragm.

THE COST.

When Patria appeared in the doorway the nurse rose and with a friendly and reassuring smile slipped out of the room.

Donald Parr lay moveless on his cot, asleep. The girl sat down on the chair by his side and gently dropped her hand upon one of his that lay outside the sheet, a dark, strong hand that seemed, in her sight, to dwarf and render altogether puny and insignificant the slender white grace of her own.

Still Donald did not stir. She was content with that. Sleep was what he needed, the best of all medicines for his hurts. She asked for herself no more than this, that she be permitted to rest a little by his side, to touch his hand, to know that, though he was wounded and suffering, he would live, and in a day to come be whole and sound once more—and hers.

She was very weary. The need to rest oppressed her like a heavy burden. Yet she did not dream of closing her eyes in sleep. She had too much to think about, the victory of the day too recently won to be reckon. Her brain seemed to burn with thoughts, doubts, fears, regrets, memories; the screen of its vision reflected in endless succession flashing scenes from the splendid, awful pageant of that day and night of fighting.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon. The last shot at the routed and fleeing armies of invasion had been fired hours ago. The last fugitive had long since disappeared. The last stricken horse had been killed; the last wounded man had been found and cared for, the last dead man buried. Remained only the stricken field, bloodied and defiled and trampled and furrowed almost beyond recognition; the consciousness that the day was won, the invader disastrously defeated, the country saved in spite of itself; the bitterness of victory.

Sitting there in that close little room that reeked of iodoform, with her hands touching the hand of her beloved, the girl abandoned herself to reverie, her dark eyes furrowing immeasurable depths of thought.

Unconsciously she began to count the toll of victory: Donald wounded nigh unto death, Rodman Pillsbury and Bud Morgan dead—and these but the beginning, names that headed the hundreds upon the lists of casualties merely because they were most intimate to Patria; the hacienda wrecked beyond repair, the fair countryside that surrounded it turned into a stinking shambles, a great treasure expended in ammunition and the business of war.

And all to what end?

She foresaw quite clearly what would happen within the next few days and weeks; the storm of popular indignation; the massing of troops along the border; the interexchange of diplomatic amenities; Japan's studiously polite disavowal of Huroki and all his alleged works; Mexico's disavowal of the part its troops had played in the conspiracy and the attempted invasion; the administration's grudging acceptance of both; demands for measures of "preparedness" voiced in congress; the shrill clamor of the pacifists, contending at once that to prepare to resist agression was to invite agression and that the defeated invasion had been merely a minor skirmish between cowpunchers and Mexican raiders, an affair exaggerated beyond reason; the simmering down of popular interest; the return of the common apathy; the renewed reign of lethargic indifference to the need for "preparedness!"

Huroki Prepares to Die.

And so she began to understand that the victory of that day was but a barren one; that she had fought and endured and sacrificed lives and happiness and treasure to no end whatever, but only to be a beginning; that the battle, the battle of her country, the battle of common sense, patriotism, was merely beginning; that he who would save his country in spite of itself undertakes a labor as unending as it is thankless.

Nevertheless, to this plough she had set her hands; and there could be no turning back.

She must fight on and on and on, shoulder to Donald's shoulder, his hand in hers.

Bending forward Patria tenderly set her lips to the lips of Donald Parr, dedicating anew her life and his, that was hers to do with as she willed, to the service of their country, that it might be saved.

(THE END.)

Touchy People.

Beware of touchy people! There are always some about, ready to pester you in some way. Hurry on past, so you cannot hear them, and above all, refuse to deny what they say. Just keep sweet and go ahead, and let their unkind words swelter in the gloaming. How much time and patience are wasted on touchy people. And yet such people think they are the salt of the earth and everybody else dirty water. It is a real wickedness to be touchy. It is as bad as lying and cheating. It does the world as much harm. It spoils more religion than swearing. If you find a touchy person in your church, turn him out as soon as possible; if not, he will infect the whole brotherhood and sisterhood with his sin. We knew a "touchy" person at time whose touchiness struck in on him and he died. We hope all our gentle readers will escape so sorry a fate.—Ohio State Journal.

The Kind of Floors He Wanted.

"Would you like the floors in mosaic?" asked the architect.

The Springfield man looked dubious.

"Will you like the floor in mosaic patterns?"

"I don't know so much about that," he finally said. "I ain't got any prejudice about Moses as a man, and maybe he knew a lot about the law, and gards laying floors though, I kinder think I'd rather have them unsectarian."—Harper's Weekly.

Ambition.

"Pa, what is ambition?"

"Ambition, my boy, is that spirit which prompts a young man to work hard so that he can some day stop working hard."

Natural Process.

"What do you think of having a woman on the floor in congress?"

"Why, naturally, I regard it as a sweeping change."

A Strategic Retreat.

"John, what is a proletariat?"

"Mary, my dear, I am astonished you should ask me such a question and before the children, too!"

Increase in Friends.

"I thought a five passenger car would easily hold all my friends."

"Well?"

"Until I got a five passenger car."

At the Wedding Feast.

In some parts of the country it is the custom to send congratulatory telegrams to friends at a distance who are being married. That is, the message is timed to arrive just after the ceremony, and during the feast which usually follows.

Now, a certain man, a large farmer, was about to be married, and shortly before the time he heard that one of his cattle had strayed. It being a valuable animal, he told his bailiff to let him know at once when it was found. The bailiff, being an economical man, combined the two affairs, and the happy bridegroom received the following message just as they all sat down to dinner:

"Congratulations. The beast is caught."

It is fair to conclude that the telegram afforded at least as much gratification to the assembled guests as to the actual recipient himself.—Tit-Bits.

Proverbs.

Proverbs have not always been an unmixed benefit to the world. There are several very mean and malignant proverbs embodying the wit of one man and the ill-nature, not the wisdom, of many men. One of the worst of these proverbs is, "There is no smoke without fire"—a proverb which has lent its aid to thousands of gross calumnies. Perhaps we might venture to adopt a counteracting proverb which has at least as much truth, physically and metaphysically, as the foregoing one. It is: "The less fire the greater the smoke."—Sir Arthur Helps.

Correctly Defined.

The women were discussing their marital troubles, when one asked: "By the way, what is your husband doing now?"

"Oh," said the other, "he's a-settin' 'round tellin' what's goin' to happen next election."

"Then he's a prophet?"

"No, he ain't. So far as this family is concerned, he's a dead loss."

Resented Insult.

The Judge—You say that throughout this affair you acted like a perfect lady?

Mrs. Casey—Sure, your honor; when he tips his hat to me an' me not knowin' him, I ups with a rock an' caves in his face.—Puck.

Mr. Automobile Owner:

Are you insured against fire, theft and liability? The *Citizens' Mutual Automobile Insurance Company*, of Howell, carried the insurance and paid for the following automobiles by theft:

Thos. D. Fitzgerald, of the Secretary of State's Office, Lansing	$335
Jerry Kastle, New Boston	300
Earl W. Tucker, Wyandotte	375
Benjamin C. Hilliker, Swartz Creek	320
Anton Keidis, Scottville	308
R. Barringer, Richland	275
Mutual Telephone Co., Imlay City	315
Frank S. Hagerman, Stevensville	425
Glen C. Gillespie, Prosecuting Attorney, Pontiac	300
Kirk Van Winkle, Lansing	325
W. H. Williamson, Oakland County	975

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Such is Life.

"George," she said, "am I really and truly your little popsy wopsy?"

"The sweetest peachy wanchy in existence," declared George.

"And you've never, never loved another girl?"

"There isn't another girl in the world worth a thought, sweet."

"What makes you love me so, George?"

"Just because I can't help it, preciousest."

"Am I an angel, George?"

"An elf, petsie. The daintiest little fairy that ever drew breath."

"Oh, my true knight!" she sighed. "Good night. Good night."

And five minutes later the daintiest little fairy that ever drew breath was snapping ma's head off because the bread and cheese and pickled onions were not laid out for supper; whilst the true knight was whispering sweet nothings to the golden-haired barmaid at the Fan and Feathers, and asking her if she had a fancy to go to the pictures next Friday.—London Tit-Bits.

On Will Training.

The magazines advertise many books on will training. Each of them promises to heal the sick self, to strengthen the feeble knees, to turn the poor in heart into dominating personalities, to make live wires out of hand bound brains. Pleasant is the picture, very pleasant and alluring, which these advertisements paint of the future. Your inhibitions shall be cast out of you, they shall perhaps enter into your Gadarene competitors, who shall be driven violently down a steep place into the sea, leaving your other fairer heart free to win fair wages. Unless, indeed, your competitors happen to better their wills by buying and reading the same books, in which case the future looks less clear.—The New Republic.

The Trouble.

"Whatcha looking so blue about, old top?"

"Oh, my wife wants more clothes, though all the year her wardrobe has been oversubscribed."

Most Probable.

May—Jack has an airship now.

Fay—Yes, I know. He promised to drop in when he gets around our way.

POST TOASTIES
are the newest and best in corn flakes
—BOBBY

THAT EXTRA GLASS OF JELLY

Tale Is Something Like That of What Happened to Man Just for Lack of a Horseshoe Nail.

"You've all heard that old saw about what happened to one man just for the lack of a horseshoe nail," said Uncle Jim B—, coming into the village store one morning. "Well, I can tell you a tale that'll lay it in the shade. It was a recent happening at our house. We had company in the house that planned to leave on that early morning train this morning and mother and the girls got up before daybreak to get an extra good breakfast. The table was decked out with a fresh tablecloth and all the best china and glassware, and they had fried chicken and made cream gravy and hot biscuits, and they was sirup and preserves and goodness knows what all.

"But just before they called the company out, mother decided that she wanted one more glass of jelly to put on. One of the girls came up out of the cellar through the trap door that opens in the dining room, and when she had set the pitcher of cream on the table she climbed up on a chair on the other side of the table to get the jelly off the top closet shelf. Climbing down she tipped the chair over, throwing her against the dining table. Of course, that turned the table over, and as it went over all the best dishes and that wonderful breakfast slid through the open trap door, landing with a smash at the bottom of the cellar.

"There wasn't time to get another breakfast before train time, and not much left in the house to get, either. So you see the company was disappointed, the women folk were just plagued to death, and all the best things ruined, all for the extra glass of jelly—but you better believe I didn't stay around home to quote that old saw to them."—Indianapolis News.

First of Printed Books.

Although neither Caxton nor other of early printers included any part of the holy scriptures among their productions, it is a noteworthy fact that the Bible was the first printed book in the world, being, moreover, the masterpiece of the illustrious inventor of the art of printing, Johann Gensfleisch von Sulzbach, surnamed Zum Gutenberg, having associated himself with Johann Faust of Metz, produced, with his assistance, in 1450-55 (the book is undated) the famous folio Latin Bible commonly known as the Mazarin Bible, the first copy having been discovered in the library of Cardinal Mazarin. The expense of this production was so great that Gutenberg was unable to repay his partner the money that he had advanced, and was obliged to resign to him the whole of his printing establishment and plant, with which Faust, in partnership with Peter Schoeffer, printed the equally famous Metz Psalter in 1457. By the testimony of auction prices these are the two most valuable books in the world.

In national factories and establishments controlled by England, 500,000 women are now employed.