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

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VOLUME XLIV.

THURMONT, FREDERICK COUNTY, MD., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1914.

NO. 42.

ECONOMY & COMFORT

Table, Bed Linens & Towels

made Sweet, Fresh and Clean by having them washed in the laundry. Our method gives it a beautiful, pearly white tint, a smooth yet like finish.

Economy and Comfort FOR YOU.

Our price is 3 cents each for all excellent Counterpanes (which are 10 cents each) or 30 cents a dozen pieces. With each dozen pieces you may include one counterpane.

Try our FAMILY WASH at 5 cents per pound. By this service we iron all flat pieces, such as Bed and Table Linen, and dry all others; starching all pieces needing starch, ready for ironing.

Our agents, Firor Bros., of your town will be glad to serve you. Called for and delivered. Give them a call and be convinced.

Waynesboro Steam Laundry
apr 23 mos Waynesboro, Pa.

FREDERICK RAILROAD

Thurmont Division

Schedule in Effect Sept. 27, 1914.

All trains Daily unless specified

Leave Frederick	Arrive Thurmont
7:30 a. m.	8:16 a. m.
9:40 a. m.	10:28 a. m.
11:35 a. m.	12:23 p. m.
2:10 p. m.	2:58 p. m.
4:10 p. m.	4:58 p. m.
4:35 p. m. Except Sunday	5:23 p. m.
6:10 p. m.	6:58 p. m.
8:30 p. m. Sunday Only	9:18 p. m.
10:10 p. m.	10:56 p. m.

Leave Thurmont	Arrive Frederick
6:10 a. m.	6:58 a. m.
8:25 a. m.	9:10 a. m.
10:45 a. m.	11:30 a. m.
12:38 p. m.	1:27 p. m.
3:15 p. m.	4:02 p. m.
5:10 p. m.	5:57 p. m.
6:23 p. m. Except Sunday	7:10 p. m.
7:40 p. m.	8:27 p. m.
9:25 p. m. Sunday Only	10:07 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 R. R.

Schedule in Effect Sept. 27, 1914

GOING WEST.

Leave Baltimore	Leave Thurmont	Arrive Hagerstown	Arrive Cumberland	Arrive Chicago
*4:10am	6:00am	7:20am	†10:25am	
*3:00	10:42	12:04pm		
*10:40	12:31	ar.1.35	4:00pm	8:10am
*14:04pm	6:21pm	ar.7.44		
7:10	9:22	10:45		

GOING EAST.

Leave Chicago	Leave Cumberland	Leave Hagerstown	Leave Thurmont	Arrive Baltimore
	*7:00am	8:20am	10:38am	
	*1:55pm	3:13pm	5:42pm	
*8:00pm	1:40pm	4:05	5:06	7:00
		4:15	5:34	8:15

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

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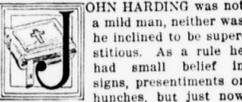
Rates furnished on application to our resident director, P. N. Hammaker, or by L. W. Armacost, Agent, feb. 18 1915.



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Brother Sinner

By Harry Irving Greene



JOHN HARDING was not a mild man, neither was he inclined to be superstitious. As a rule he had small belief in signs, presentiments or hunches, but just now all this was different. For he had seen certain signs that one of his shoats had been stolen; had a presentiment that a certain unworthy known as "Shifless Joe" had done the foul deed, and possessed a hunch that he was about to horsewhip Joe until he was squealed up a fence on a moonless night. So, being a man of deeds as well as thoughts, he took down his trusty bull whip and started swanward towards the abode of his victim to be.

Now Shifless Joe was not reckoned among the 400 of John Harding's community, and when one is told that there were but 400 people in that district he will understand that the statement has a well-defined meaning. He lived alone at the edge of the big swamp, fishing in summer when it was not too hot; trapping in winter when it was not too cold; sleeping and loafing the year around, he was avoided by the entire hard-working, hard-praying settlement.

It was a long tramp from the home of Harding to the miserable cabin of the trapper, and by the time the former had arrived there his righteous wrath against the slothful sinful being whom he sought was grim and unrelenting. "My house is the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves," he quoted sternly. Then he raised his fist and smote upon the wretched door such a blow as Moses of old might have struck when he split the rock and bade the waters gush forth. From within a squeaky, rattling voice bade him enter, and through the narrow doorway he crowded.

He glanced around the cluttered place. From one corner a thin, weaselly figure arose and stood cringing before the mighty one, fear thickly spreading his face as he noted the formidable whip tightly clutched in the equally formidable hand. "Good morning, Mr. Harding. Happy New Year!" he said, fawningly.

"It is a bad morning for you, and it is going to be an unhappy beginning of the New Year," he retorted. "Steal my shoat, will you? The smaller man threw up his hands with a protesting gesture as quick denial leaped to his lips. But Harding silenced him with a roar.

"Don't add lying to your thievery, you sheep-killing cur. One false word from your lips and your punishment

shall be doubled. You thought you were cunning, but in several places I found the mark of that club foot of yours while you were making off with my good pork. Now what have you to say?"

"Nothing, except that I did not steal." As a bear strikes, so did the heavy arm of the invader shoot out, the hand gripping the thin shoulder like a trap.

"I warned you if you lied your punishment should be doubled. Has not the good Lord commanded 'Thou shalt not steal'? Thank your stars that you did not live in those days, for you would have been stoned to death. Rather, bless your luck that you have fallen into the hands of a compassionate man." With a hiss the lash fell and a shuddering scream burst from the lips of the cowering one. But from then on no sound escaped them until, at last released from the iron grip, Joe fell limply upon the frozen ground. Sternly gazing down upon his victim for a moment, Harding turned away. "It was just punishment of a rogue by a just man," he muttered to his conscience.

From a shapeless, writhing heap the fallen one arose, his small eyes glinting with the deadly glare of a prodded serpent. "Whip me, you black devil—you usurer—you for-closer of widow's mortgages—you docter of taxes—you inarticulate scream of rage. 'By the Eternal, I'll kill you for that—yes, murder you in cold blood.' Then the first

moved, and the sides opened out. Tack the pieces to opposite sides of the stick handle.

By holding the handle in the position shown in Fig. 4, and shaking from side to side, the tin wings will flap back and forth and make a splendid crackling, crashing noise.

If you have never tried pulling upon a string rubbed with resin, you cannot appreciate what a loud shrieking sound is produced in this manner.

Every maiden wonders what the future has in store for her, and this is what she must do on New Year's day to learn her fate:

Turn the pillow at midnight, the 31st of December, and you will dream of the man you are to marry. Or let her take her hymn book to her bedroom, blow out the lamp, open the book and mark a hymn (in the dark), put it under the pillow and sleep on it. Next morning when she reads the hymn she will find its text will indicate the event of the year.

On New Year's eve the Italian maiden places in one corner of her bedroom a thimble, in another water, in a third ashes and in a fourth a ring. Upon waking in the morning, if she sees the ring first she will be married that year; if she sees the water first the year will be unlucky; if the thimble, fortune will smile on her; if the ashes, she will die.

On New Year's eve, if a maiden wishes to know her fate during the coming year, she must go into the open air with a psalm book in one hand and a piece of silver in her mouth. She must allow the book to fall open, and if it opens at the death psalm she will die; if it opens at the bridal psalm she will marry, and whatever else it opens to will indicate her fate.

On New Year's eve, while the clock is striking twelve, repeat three times: Good St. Anne, good St. Anne. Send me a man as fast as you can—and you will be engaged in a year.

than to raise a window of his foe's house during his absence, and upon his return kill him at his own threshold and, leaving the weapon behind him, flee. Joe was known to never carry a weapon, and the leaving of this firearm behind, together with the forcible entry of the place, would throw the crime upon mysterious tramps or burglars. As darkness fell he prowled forth, assured himself that Harding had gone, then, prying open the window, entered and sat waiting by the low burning lamp until the sound of distant wheels reached his ears. He had not loaded his weapon yet, having reasoned that should he be caught before the act with an unloaded gun he would be deemed guilty of a far less offense than should it be loaded. But now the time had come.

From his pocket he drew some powder and poured it into the yawning muzzle, laying the bullet upon the table. Next, he must have some paper wadding for both powder and ball, and a book lay close at hand. Without looking at its cover he tore forth a handful of leaves and, selecting one, laid the others aside as he raised the first piece preparatory to crumpling it up and ramming it home upon the powder. As he did so the words upon the leaf caught his eye, and slowly he read:

"Thou shalt not kill."

His hand trembled and his face grew gray. Then in the night without he heard the beat of hoofs before the barn, coupled with the loud command to "whoa," and with a gasp he clutched another sheet. Before his eyes swam the words:

"Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

Slowly the gun slipped from his hand, his form relaxed and he sank into a chair, his head falling upon the table.

Five minutes later John Harding, fresh from unbarrening his team, throwing open the door, started back in fear and amazement. Then softly he approached the man who was now shuddering as he had beneath the whip, laid the gun aside and gazed at the mutilated Bible. Upon the floor he saw the dropped pages, gathered them up, read them, then slowly understood.

For the second time that day Harding's hand fell upon the shoulder of the other, but this time it was with a parent's gentleness.

"Brother sinner," he whispered weakly.

The New Year Presents.

The French "etrennes," both in name and in date, preserve historical continuity with a clearness that our Christmas box has lost. According to the ancient Roman legend the custom went back to the rape of the Sabinas, or, rather, to the reconciliation of the two peoples afterward, when Romulus cut green branches from a grove of the goddess Strenua and presented them to Tatius. Thereafter Romans gave each other branches for luck January 1, together with figs, dates, honey and a small coin—such luck gifts being termed "strenae." Even emperors were powerless to put down a custom that in time became burdensome and the church similarly failed and was driven to Christianizing the practice.

"I'll Kill You for That, Yes."

will outburst of passion passed and into the red eyes a look of cunning crept, the cunning that outwitted wary wild beasts and took them in his snares.

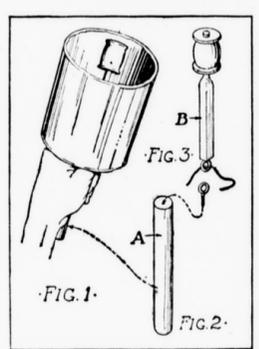
He passed rapidly through the brush until he came to a hollow log, from which he drew an ancient gun which he had stolen and hidden there years before. None knew that he possessed it, and he chuckled at his own cunning as he plotted his details. He knew that Harding's family was away and that John would attend church that night and return home alone after services. Nothing would be easier

FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE

Toy Noise Producers and How to Make Them.

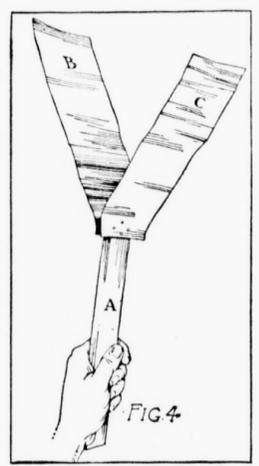
NO one objects to a moderate amount of noise in welcome to the incoming new year, and I am sure that you will agree with me that the following are splendid noise producers. Each will require but a few minutes' time to make.

The bell rattle shown in Fig. 1 is made with a tin can, a common thread spool, two short sticks and two screw-eyes. The tin can forms the bell portion of the rattle, and a short piece of broomhandle, or other stick whittled round, fastens to it for a handle. This handle stick (A, Fig. 2) is secured to the bottom of the can by piercing a hole through the tin and screwing a screw-eye from the inside of the can down into the end of the stick. Figure 3 shows how the



tongue of the bell rattle is prepared. The length of the tongue should be equal to the inside depth of the can. Cut a stick of this length and whittle down one end to fit the hole in the thread spool you have obtained; then screw a screw-eye into the other end (Fig. 3). Fasten the tongue in place with a piece of string, passing the string through the screw-eyes in tongue B and handle A, and tying them loosely with firm knots. This completes the rattle.

The odd-shaped rattle shown in Fig. 4 requires a short stick for handle A, and two tin cans out of which to make the wings, pieces B and C. The bottoms of the cans must be re-



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Waiting for the New Year



HAPPY NEW YEAR CUSTOMS

A New Year's Prayer

By DAVID CORY

God grant that I the new year through
May strive with heart and soul to do
Those things which are most good and true.

God grant that I each morning start
My duties with a cheerful heart,
And cheerfully perform my part.

To wear a smile all through the day,
To banish thoughts unkind away;
And when my bedtime comes, to pray.

To say my prayers with folded hands
As night comes softly o'er the lands,
To Him, who always understands.

And when the bells on New Year's dawn
Proclaim the bright New Year is born,
And I awake on New Year's morn.

I pray Him whisper, low and sweet,
To help me guide my wayward feet,
Lest I forget my prayer to meet.

On Friday, January 1, the mummers will mum—that's their way of ushering in the New Year. How many of them know the beginning of the custom—or the ending! It began innocently enough, but by the seventh century it amounted to "diabolical paganism," outrageous, blasphemous. Ruffians robbed and even murdered under the pretense of merrymaking. Not all was frightful, however. In Rome slaves were waited upon by their masters and the poor reaped veritable harvests, which was but natural, since it all came from the saturnalia of the Eternal City.

In England the mummers performed plays, spoke dialogues and impersonated famous people, especially kings and warriors. Songs were sung both by the mummers and their entertainers. Here is one:

To shorten winter's sadness
See where the folks with gladness
Discussed all are a-cunning
Right wantonly a-mumming.

In those days they loved, too, to masquerade as animals, bears and unicorns being especially favored disguises. Scott's couplet summed it up:

Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient minstrelsy.

At last this mumming came to be a menace as well as a nuisance, and the chaste Henry VIII made it a misdemeanor to wear a mask.

It was George Washington who made the day what it once was in this country. Said he: "Never forget the cheerful and cordial observance of New Year's day." The celebration grew and grew, until a generation or so ago, the scenes enacted at some receptions were simply disgraceful, society having progressed some since it was good form to imble until the imbler quietly slid under the table.

Of later years there has been a tendency to revive visiting on the first day of the year. But it is all very informal, and every hostess knows each and every one of her guests, which was not always the case when it was the fashion to have as many as possible and any man counted one. An amusing story is told of one hostess who, in a lull, left the line and went over to the punch bowl in the back parlor, saying to a man she didn't know: "What is your name? I don't think I know you." He told her. She said he had come by himself, whereupon she ordered him out. Imagine her chagrin the next day upon receiving from this man a letter she had written to a relative in a neighboring city asking that he visit there whenever he should be in the city. Also to be reminded by him that he had sent his letter of introduction and received cards, which he also inclosed. In the holiday rush she had simply forgotten the new name.