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VOLUME XLV.

THURMONT, FREDERICK COUNTY, MD., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1915.

NO. 35.

FREDERICK RAILROAD

Thurmont Division
Schedule in Effect September 19, 1915.
All trains Daily unless specified.

Leave Thurmont	Arrive Frederick
7:00 a. m.	7:57 a. m.
9:40 a. m.	10:27 a. m.
11:40 a. m.	12:25 p. m.
2:00 p. m.	2:57 p. m.
4:00 p. m.	4:14 p. m.
6:40 p. m.	5:27 p. m.
8:30 p. m.	9:17 p. m.
10:10 p. m.	10:58 p. m.

Leave Thurmont. Arrive Frederick
6:12 a. m. 6:58 a. m.
8:14 a. m. 9:00 a. m.
10:45 a. m. 11:31 a. m.
12:34 p. m. 1:19 p. m.
3:14 p. m. 4:00 p. m.
4:52 p. m. 5:38 p. m.
5:40 p. m. 6:26 p. m.
6:22 p. m. 7:08 p. m.
7:01 p. m. 7:46 p. m.
9:25 p. m. 10:08 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 September 19, 1915.
GOING WEST.

Leave Baltimore	Arrive Thurmont
4:10 a. m.	7:25 a. m.
6:00 a. m.	9:15 a. m.
7:40 a. m.	10:55 a. m.
9:10 a. m.	12:25 p. m.
10:40 a. m.	2:00 p. m.
12:10 p. m.	3:30 p. m.

GOING EAST.

Leave Thurmont	Arrive Baltimore
7:25 a. m.	10:25 a. m.
9:15 a. m.	12:15 p. m.
10:55 a. m.	2:05 p. m.
12:25 p. m.	3:35 p. m.
2:00 p. m.	5:00 p. m.
3:30 p. m.	6:30 p. m.

Western Maryland R. R.

Schedule in Effect September 19, 1915.
GOING WEST.

Leave Baltimore	Arrive Thurmont
4:10 a. m.	7:25 a. m.
6:00 a. m.	9:15 a. m.
7:40 a. m.	10:55 a. m.
9:10 a. m.	12:25 p. m.
10:40 a. m.	2:00 p. m.
12:10 p. m.	3:30 p. m.

GOING EAST.

Leave Thurmont	Arrive Baltimore
7:25 a. m.	10:25 a. m.
9:15 a. m.	12:15 p. m.
10:55 a. m.	2:05 p. m.
12:25 p. m.	3:35 p. m.
2:00 p. m.	5:00 p. m.
3:30 p. m.	6:30 p. m.

LAMENT ABSENCE OF GENIUS

Frenchmen Wonder That Great War Has Not Produced Literary Man of Great Ability.

That the epoch 1914-15 has not produced a single genius in France is made the occasion for comment by the French Journal, *Le Cri de Paris*.

"In fact," says the *Cri*, "it appears that the stars in our literary heavens have been growing pale for some time. But the time has produced an astonishing, almost miraculous phenomenon. Certain works already ancient, of which the authors are dead, have suddenly become noted as incomparable, which before were not considered so beautiful. It is the war that all at once has revealed their splendor, and today they evoke universal enthusiasm. One may count them upon the fingers, for there are but four of them: A poem, a piece of music, a sculpture and a painting.

"The poem is the hymn of Victor Hugo, 'The Devoted Ones Who Died for Their Country.' Few French knew it before the war; now everyone knows it by heart, or pretends to know it. The piece of music is 'The Marseillaise.' The young people imagined it was a rithornelle, a mere flourish. They have just found that it is a masterpiece. The sculpture is the 'Marseillaise' that Rude cut upon one of the door jambs of the arch of triumph. The painting is a panel by Puvion de Chavannes, in the Pantheon, 'St. Genevieve Watching Over Paris.' So in the midst of the storm that which was great has become very great; and that which was mediocre has become small, very small."

TAKE PRIDE IN NORSE ORIGIN

Natives of Orkney Islands Refuse to Admit That They Are of Scottish Blood.

Miss Elinor Root, who has been visiting the little-known Orkney islands, tells us that the natives are very proud of their Norse origin, indignantly repudiating the idea that their forebears were Scottish.

"People do not speak here with nearly so broad an accent as the people in Scotland," Miss Root remarked to her hostess, "and I notice the names do not sound Scotch—Cutt, Twatt, Flett, Cursitor, and so on. How is that?"

My hostess stiffened visibly.

"They are not Scotch. We are not Scotch. We did not come from Scotland. Have you never heard of the Norsemen from beyond the seas? We are the descendants of them. We are not of Scotch blood. Ye do not call the Irish English; ye're not to call us Scotch!"

"I beg your pardon," I returned humbly, and to change the subject, plunged into the theme of afforestation. The venture was an unfortunate one, as trees refuse to grow in the islands.

"Trees spoil the scenery," declared my hostess. "We would not have them if we could. If ye go to the southland, ye cannot see anything of the scenery for the trees. We like to see scenery."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Mesa Verde Prophets.

The season so far verifies the weather predictions of the Indians who occasionally visit the Mesa Verde national park in southwestern Colorado for trading purposes, but who never stay an hour longer than is necessary, because of their dread of the "little people" who they believe still inhabit, in spirit form, the prehistoric cliff dwellings that have made the Mancos valley famous the world over. Last fall the Mesa Verde prairie dogs deserted their villages for new ones, and the Indians have been shaking their heads over it all winter. "Rain, much rain," they say; "rain all summer." So far they seem to have predicted right. And now they are again shaking their heads. "Cold, much cold," they say; "bad winter coming." And why? Because this summer game has been unusually plentiful on the Mesa Verde. Deer are more frequently seen than for years. Rabbits and hares are so numerous one can scarcely go about without seeing them in large numbers. Coyotes and mountain lions are also unusually plentiful, which may be explained by the abundance of the small game on which they live.

Mobilizing Brains.

Some world-famous names appear on the list of the consulting panel which has been added to the inventions board. Sir William Crookes, O. M., discovered thallium and invented the radiometer, among other valuable services to science, and has written books on such diverse subjects as beet sugar, dyeing, calico printing and fertilizers. Sir Oliver Lodge is a high authority on wireless telegraphy and other matters. The other names are equally distinguished and show that England has at last waked up to the necessity of mobilizing the brains of the nation.

Cautious Preparation.

"Do you study a subject thoroughly before you make a speech on it?" "Not too thoroughly," replied Senator Sorghum. "You're liable to find there's so much about it that you don't know, that you'll get discouraged."

Frank Confession.

"When you got out of college I dare say there was nothing you thought you couldn't do."

"Not quite. I knew I couldn't get a pass in Greek, if I had it to do over again."

HOME TOWN HELPS

AN OLD BOXWOOD BORDER

There Are Some Survivals of Beautiful Garden Ornaments Still to Be Found.

Time was when the boxwood border was considered the very top notch of front yard garden ornamentation. And it was thought to be very beautiful when trimmed into fantastic shapes or clipped evenly in rectangular outline. Take almost any of the old time novels, and in them will appear a description of the boxwood borders running a perfectly straight line from the colonial porch to the front gate. Boxwood hall was a favorite name for many an old time home.

The privet hedge has largely usurped the place of the boxwood border, says the Newark (N. J.) News. The latter was such a slow grower. Years after it was out it seemed hardly larger than when first planted. But it didn't send out impudent shoots in every direction; it grew slowly, sedately and in deliberately chosen directions. It was never in a hurry to be big. Boys may cut whips from an untrimmed privet hedge, but no one ever took such liberties with the dignified old boxwood bush. It did not promote corporal punishment.

There were two things about the boxwood border that none who are acquainted with it will ever forget; its dark green foliage, winter and summer, and its persistently unpleasant odor. The latter isn't like that of birch, sassafras, sandalwood, willow, butternut or cedar. It is more like that of the simpliciorous fetidness of the skunk cabbage. But the box bush stands up as stiff and dignified as if it were disseminating the perfumes of Araby the blest.

Now and then some very fine specimens of boxwood are found in this country, and wherever they are they point out a place having a history running back a century or two. These bushes have not been clipped or otherwise mutilated since our grandfathers' days, and have grown into great trees—that is, great for boxwood. Just such a bush was recently sighted near Mount Holly by a Long Island millionaire, and he paid a small fortune to have it removed to his estate. It was 12 feet high, more than 15 feet in diameter and with a great clump of clay attached to its ramified roots, weighed ten tons. It may live in its new home, but as a rule, these grand old box bushes resent removals after they are a hundred years old.

A fine group of box bushes adorns the old Elias Boudinot mansion on East Jersey street, Elizabeth, where both Washington and Lafayette were entertained in the old days. Four large bushes are still flourishing on the Stoulinger property, 353 Broad street, corner of Clay, in Newark. The house was built in 1832, and the box must have been planted later, but each of the four specimens is at least ten feet high and as many in diameter. Large sums have been offered for them time and again, but have been refused. Doubtless there are many other fine specimens of the old-time favorite box, but a large and shapely tree is still a valuable and cherished heritage.

BEAUTIFUL ROSE HEDGE



A Hedge of Hardy Roses, the Lovell-est Fence Imaginable.

Matter Settled.

When the term of the old negro preacher had expired he arose and said:

"Breddren, de time am heah fo' de selection ob yo' pastoh for anudder year. All dose favorin' me fo' yo' pastoh will please say 'Aye.'"

The old preacher had made himself rather unpopular and there was no response.

"Ha," he said, "silence gibbs consent allow. Is yo' pastoh fo' anudder year."

Sign Number Twenty-One

By DORIS ADA MATTESON

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

Tom Stibbs was just getting the last of a sixteen-sheet poster in place on Sign 21 of the Universal Advertising Syndicate, when the ladder under him shook. He looked down quickly.

"Hello, there!" he shouted. "Whatever are you about?"

A man had come rushing around the corner at a high rate of speed. As he turned he glanced backward. This caused a stumble. His hat fell off. The next moment he was up the ladder. He was a nimble, quick-acting individual, for like an acrobat he pulled himself up alongside of the bill poster. Then he grabbed the long flaring paste brush from his hand and gave him a blow directly under the chin. Tom Stibbs went headlong to the inside edge of the sidewalk, uttering a groan and lapsed into insensibility.

Almost immediately two police officers came dashing around the street corner. They glared ahead, but the object of their pursuit had vanished.

"Where's he got to?" panted one of the officers.

"Bless me, if I know!" retorted the other. "Must have slipped into some doorway."

"No—aha!" ejaculated his companion and he stopped and picked up the tell-tale hat. Then he glanced up at the sign and the ladder set against it. There the bill poster substitute was industriously wielding the paste brush.

"That'll do, my hearty!" sang out the officer, drawing a weapon. "A clever trick that, but we've got you. Come down and give up your body and arrange for a good long term, for you've grabbed something worth while this time."

But the man on the ladder had no thought of giving in so readily. He continued to manipulate the brush for a moment or two. Suddenly he whirled about. Bang!—went the brush, directly into the face of one of his captors. Splash!—the contents of the pail deluged the other. Trusting to their momentary discomfiture the thief, for such he was, sprang to the ground.



The Fleeing Man Threw Up His Arms.

The ground from the ladder and started down the street.

"Halt, or I fire!" rang out from one of the officers.

The speeding fugitive disdained to reply.

The officer did fire. The fleeing man threw up his arms, whirled about and ran down like a clod. The officers ran up to the spot where he lay.

"Done for," reported one of them soberly—"shot directly through the heart."

They searched, but in vain. Then one of them summoned a patrol wagon. A crowd gathered, but dispersed as victim and officers rode away to the station. All the general public knew of the case was the information furnished by the daily prints the next morning. This was to the effect that Barney Flynn, professional thief, had snatched a wallet containing a very valuable document from an old gentleman named Rowland Waldron, had fled with it, was pursued and shot dead, but the wallet not found.

Either Barney Flynn had passed it to some unsuspected accomplice, or had flung it into hiding in some obscure spot along his route.

Two days later there appeared in the newspaper an offer of \$5,000 for the recovery of a blue oblong wallet bearing the initials in gilt, "R. W.," and containing a will signed by Abner Waldron.

Just one week after the shooting of the criminal a young man passed and repassed Sign 21 of the Universal Advertising Syndicate. Ten times, twenty times, in fact all through the long afternoon this individual went over the brief route that Barney Flynn had followed. Always his eyes were on the ground.

This was Adrian Noble, and he had set himself to attempt to win the reward offered for the oblong blue wallet. Noble was not a detective, but an accidental acquaintance with one of the officers who had pursued Flynn had put him in full possession of all the circumstances of the case. So impressed was he with the conviction that in some mysterious manner the thief had secreted his booty between the point of robbery and Sign 21, that he had scanned every hole in the sidewalk, had probed under it, and had peered into areas and past drainage gratings, hoping to find a clue.

"It's like looking for a needle in a haystack!" he sighed rather disappointedly, as, for the fiftieth time perhaps, he came to a halt in front of Sign 21.

It was a large framework of smooth boards covering the front of a fifty-foot lot between two brick buildings. It was about twenty feet high.

"I've got an idea!" suddenly exclaimed the young man. "Suppose the thief threw the wallet over the top of the sign into the vacant lot beyond—why not? Ah! a little door. This may be worth investigating."

Way down at one corner end of the big sign, sure enough, a narrow door showed. The poster sheets covering it had been cut so the door would swing inward. Noble pushed it open. He supposed this was a convenience for the owners of the signboard, so they could get behind the sign to repair it or strengthen its supports when necessary. What was his surprise, however, to find steps leading down into the vacant lot, about its middle a wandering lot shed, made over into a quite presentable living structure.

And what the further surprise of the young volunteer struggling for a living, to observe neat attractive flower beds in front of the little house, and seated in its doorway a charming young girl, sewing. She looked startled as the young man somewhat embarrassed came towards her, his hat in his hand, an apology for intruding upon his lips.

Naturally Adrian Noble explained to the young lady his mission. She was immediately interested and heard of the case for the first time. She was drawn irresistibly towards her handsome, bright-faced visitor. She even joined him in the search for the blue wallet, but the quest was fruitless.

Gradually Noble learned her strange history. Her father owned the lot. It was valuable, but he had spent all he had in litigating with a claimant. All the time in their humble abode, however, he had kept in possession. Mr. Warren worked in a factory near by. Zella helped by keeping house and sewing for a department store. They had managed to clear the lot between them, but the taxes were behind. Another thousand dollars saved and they could borrow enough to build a store structure and receive a good income from the investment.

After that Adrian Noble forgot all about the blue wallet in becoming a regular visitor to the place. Those two innocent spirits seemed made one for the other and John Warren did not object to their new friend.

One evening Noble arrived at the lot to find the sign in ruins, a severe windstorm had blown it down. The sign owners had given it to Warren for kindling wood and were going to build an entirely new one. Noble assisted in pulling the mass apart and piling up the loose board. Suddenly he uttered a wild cry.

"The blue wallet!" he shouted.

Yes, there it was—pasted under the poster sheet as a hiding place by the dead thief and come to light at last.

And so the reward was gained, giving to John Warren the means of relieving his adverse fortune, to Adrian Noble enough to marry on and be happy.

AGES OF VARIOUS LANDS

Many European Countries That Can by No Means Be Considered as Old.

Compared with France and Germany, Switzerland is old. Under Napoleon's patronage the sturdy little Alpine states were united into an independent, but rather loose, federation in 1803. In 1848 a new confederation was formed, modeled on that of the United States, and holding the cantons together in a more strongly centralized federal power. In 1874 a revision of the constitution gave still greater power to the central government. It is interesting to note that at the congress of Vienna the powers of Europe agreed never to violate the neutrality of Switzerland, or to attempt to move troops through the passes of the Swiss Alps.

Greece has been an independent kingdom since 1832, Roumania since 1862, Bulgaria since 1885. Montenegro became independent in 1878 and was made a constitutional monarchy in 1905. The Portuguese republic was established in 1910. Turkey's new regime is five years old.

Russia stands, alongside of England, as our rival in point of age. The empire of the Romanoffs has changed but little since the time when Ivan the Terrible, in 1554, threw off the Tartar yoke.

Trinity Church on Valuable Ground. The land at the head of Wall street, New York, on which Trinity church and cemetery stand, comprises a plot 391 feet long by 227 feet broad, valued at 17 million dollars.

His Favorite Route.

The doctor told Tomkins he must walk three miles every day.

"Where does he take it?"

"Around a pool table, generally."—Boston Transcript.

LIFE IN BULGARIAN VILLAGE

Watering Places the Scenes of Social Gatherings, Where Young People Get Together for Courtship.

As in the Bible times, all the water for the Bulgarian village must be drawn from one or two wells or springs, and these watering places or fountains are the scene of much sociability. Hither come all the youths and maidens of the village to loiter, and there is coquetting and courting about the fountain and home gatherings in the evenings. Marriages spring from mutual attraction and choice, rather than the arrangement of families, as do the Armenian and Turkish alliances. There are hushing bees and quilting bees where the young people meet, but the most popular form of social entertainment is the sedanka. Here assemble the young men and women of the village and adjoining farms, grouped about an open fire, singing solos and choruses. The Bulgarian folk dances are danced in a row or circle, the leader generally waving a bright handkerchief and turning and twisting about his line of followers, like a mild game of "snap the whip." It suggests health and abundance of spirits and good-fellowship, without the sensuality that so often marks the oriental dance. Occasional by the sedanka ends in a dramatic fashion. Some brawny fellow who has been courting his Darka assiduously will seize her in his arms and carry her to his home. The next day this "marriage by capture" is given legal and religious sanction by the blessing of the orthodox priest.

SLEEP IN QUILTS ON FLOOR

Japanese Have No Idea of the Modern Bedstead—Open Window at Night Not Thought Of.

A Japanese house hasn't a single window. And it's only the most stylish of them that have a pane of glass. A person who has a pane of glass somewhere in the house sets the social pace in that neighborhood. Instead of glass they have paper pasted on sliding frames, and through the paper the light filters. Naturally one wonders how they keep the rain out; this is little trouble, for outside the paper walls are a series of wooden doors which also slide back and forth.

When the time comes to retire, you look around for the bed, but there isn't one in sight. It is rolled up in a drawer, and the Japanese wouldn't know a bedstead from a quilting frame. Millions of people in Japan have grown to manhood, voted, paid taxes and gone to their reward without ever having clapped eyes on an American bedstead. To make the bed ready the servant opens the drawer and unrolls the quilts on the floor, putting a tomato-can-looking thing under one end for a pillow. Then she shuts all the paper windows and pulls to all the wooden slides so that not a breath of air can get in and the bed is ready. Money in the palm wouldn't persuade a Japanese to sleep with the window open.—Leslie's Weekly.

Starling Becoming a Pest.

The English starling, introduced into this country some time ago, is increasing in numbers in a manner which puts the far-famed sparrow to the rear in the race, and it is claimed by some that the starling will soon be a greater pest than the sparrow. When the starling first came to us as a stranger he seemed to have some semblance of a song or a melodious whistle, but around the cities where he preferably makes his habitation this whistle is rarely heard, the ordinary note or conversation of the bird among his fellows being a sharp rasping sound, like the click of a fishing reel. In order to determine the status of the starling the government is conducting a number of experiments and examinations of the contents of the birds' stomachs to determine whether the bird is truly insectivorous or simply a scavenger of the English sparrow type. One thing contended for by some persons on behalf of the starling is that where he appears the sparrow is becoming a tree bird.

Avoiding Disaster.

The parish priest had spoken seriously to Murphy several times about the wasteful habit of treating, and urged him when attending market to keep his change in his pocket until he reached home, and then hand it over to his wife.

Some weeks afterward his reverence, passing through the market, noticed Murphy and a few companions leaving a public house. "Now, I saw you in there a moment ago," began his reverence.

"Ach, sar: Of cudn't help it, yer rivilence!" said his parishioner. "Sure Ol' fist foun' a hole in me trousers pocket, an' was afeared Ol' lose the change afore Ol' git home!"

Birds' Slaughter Blocks.

In country districts where shelled snails are abundant a thrilling thing it is to see robin, goldfinch or thrush capture a snail and hie them to a certain smooth-topped stone, there to soar high in the heavens and repeatedly drop the unhappy snail until finally the shell is triumphantly cracked open as you would a nut.

These slaughter blocks, anvils of stone are to be found almost anywhere that birds and snails are common. It is to be sure, no easy matter to catch the resourceful birds in the act; but even if your patience goes unrewarded the crushed and broken houses of shell scattered near such stones tell the tale.

AT KAPPER'S SPUR

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

The Walters' ranch was the largest on the mountain, and they had a good house in the little town besides. But Rita Henty had been in school for four years down at Laramie, and Len Walters had never gone beyond the course he had right there at Kapper's Spur. It had been part of the fun of coming home summers to tease him and show him the decided difference between a person who has studied at Laramie and one who has spent the best years of his teens herding cattle.

Miss Baxter, the new schoolteacher, was to arrive on a Saturday, and just for nonsense Rita went to the station to meet her. Len was there, too. There had been some correspondence and it was settled the teacher was to live at the Walters' house. But Rita was mighty sweet to the stranger when she stepped from the westbound train, clad in brown, with a white felt hat on her soft blonde hair. And she took her away from Len with a laugh. Rita's father, the chairman of the committee, should meet her first. She would take her home to supper, and take her to Mrs. Walters' later.

Len stood and watched them pass down the street from the station. Just for a minute he had looked into Sidney's eyes and they had been diverting. In the weeks that followed they never lost that first charm for him. Twice a week he rode in from the ranch, and Sidney grew to look for the visits.

"My father was a ranger," Sidney told him. "I'm named for him. I was born in the forest, so I guess it's natural for me to feel at home there and love it best. That's why I wanted to come up here and teach school."

"Would you like to stay?" he blurted it out clumsily, but she did not seem to understand what lay behind his words. How could she know that he pictured her living out at the ranch, his wife, and all the world turned golden. Sidney shook her head doubtfully. Perhaps if she could go back East sometimes. Rita had told her how tiresome Kapper's Spur became. If her brother could come out and take up ranching, then she would like it.

"Send for him. I'll take him on with me," promised Len.

And the next few weeks Kapper's Spur thrilled at the small drama enacted under its very nose. Big Al Baxter, fresh from college, with a halfback record behind him, a sense of humor and plenty of good intentions, not only came on and went after ranching as if it had been trout fishing, but also after Rita Henty.

"The trouble with you western girls is that you're trying to be like eastern girls," he told her flatly. "Why don't you drop these latest style flub-dubs and get into a short skirt and flannel waist and ride over to see us with Sid? After we're married, some day I'm going to teach you how to enjoy life."

"I wouldn't marry you for anything, Mr. Baxter," Rita told him teasingly. "Well, maybe not," said Al easily. "Did you know Len and Sid are engaged?"

"Really?"

"Certain sure," he nodded his head solemnly. "Last night. This big gold moon of yours does wonders. I saw how things were going as soon as I came West, so I rather hurried them up. Told Sid she'd have to go back with me; that I didn't like the place, or Len, or the ranch. If you want a girl to go a certain way, you pull the bride opposite."

Rita's brown eyes flashed at the big, complacent fellow. He was so serenely sure of himself and his power to win. It was fearfully slow at the Spur. Somehow Miss Henty began to find interest in teaching the Easterner western ways. She was hospitable to him and comradely. The captain liked him, and Rita invited him to the house often. Sidney would not be married until spring.

"Then I'll be going back East," said Al.

"When?" She almost whispered it. Her back was turned from him. Not for worlds would she have let him see her eyes, filled with tears, after she had laughed at him and been so self-sufficient.

"Any day after the first wind of spring blows this way. Still, it's some time to wait till spring. I can't help looking forward, though. I'm going to be married in April, long about the 10th; that's my birthday."

"Perhaps she would rather be married on her birthday."

"When is it, Rita?"

She turned on him passionately.

"I think you are the most—"

"No, you don't," he caught her up. "You've just been spoiled, that's all. Every abbe-dodded man in twenty miles wishes he had a fighting chance to win you, and I haven't wished. The first time I saw you I made up my mind to marry you. If you don't like April 10, make it your own birthday. I'll let you. I asked the captain and he told me to go ahead and win with his blessing. So I have."

Captain Henty came strolling leisurely up from the corral.

"I just heard about Len getting the schoolmarm," he called up. "You can teach if you want to, Rita."

"She's engaged, Cap." Baxter answered genially. He put out his hand as Rita tried to rise. "You'll have to advertise."

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