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THURMONT, FREDERICK COUNTY, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1916.

NO. 51.

FREDERICK RAILROAD

Thurmont Division
Schedule in Effect September 19, 1915.

All trains Daily unless specified

Leave Frederick	Arrive Thurmont
7:00 a. m.	7:57 a. m.
9:10 a. m.	9:00 a. m.
11:10 a. m.	10:27 a. m.
1:10 p. m.	1:25 p. m.
4:10 p. m.	4:14 p. m.
4:40 p. m.	5:22 p. m.
6:10 p. m.	5:57 p. m.
8:30 p. m.	Sunday Only 9:17 p. m.
10:10 p. m.	10:56 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.
12:31 p. m.	1:19 p. m.
3:14 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
4:52 p. m.	5:38 p. m.
6:22 p. m.	Express Sunday 7:08 a. m.
7:09 p. m.	7:45 p. m.
9:25 p. m.	Sunday Only 10:05 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	Leave Thurmont	Arrive Hagerstown	Arrive Conowingo	Arrive Annapolis	Arrive Chicago
4:10 a. m.	6:07 a. m.	7:20 a. m.	10:25 a. m.		
8:00	10:42	12:04 p. m.			
*10:41	12:31	1:35	4:00 p. m.	8:10 a. m.	
14:01 p. m.	6:21 p. m.	7:40			
17:10	9:22	10:45			

GOING EAST.

Leave Chicago	Leave Annapolis	Leave Conowingo	Leave Hagerstown	Leave Thurmont	Arrive Baltimore
				10:55 a. m.	8:12 a. m.
				12:15	1:50 p. m.
*8:00 p. m.	1:30 p. m.	3:50	4:51	6:45	
			4:15	5:33	8:14

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

AN ALIBI FOR BOND

"While your mother and I are away will be a good time to have the car put into shape." This remark addressed by Frank Bond, Sr., to Frank Bond, Jr., on the eve of the former's departure for a week-end trip to the country was the wet blanket upon the plans that the younger Bond had been laying for his own week-end diversion. When the bolt fell he was driving the car in question home from business and to vent his feelings he sounded the horn with unusual vigor.

"There are several little things that need attention and there will be all day Saturday to do it in." Bond, junior, merely grunted and turned an unnecessary sharp corner. That night he took little interest in the plans of his elders for their short week-end trip. His mind was too full of his own plans that had been frustrated. He had been so confident when he had laid them before Molly, and Molly's blue eyes had danced so merrily as she made plans for the picnic luncheon which she would prepare with her own fair hands. If only he hadn't been so sure, if he had only left a loophole through which he could make his exit.

With the explanation that he was going "down town for a while," he sauntered out after dinner in the direction of Molly's house. Just as he passed Gink's garage Bond, junior, had an inspiration—not a very brilliant one, but one which, like the proverbial straw, was at least worth snatching at.

Frank sauntered into the gloomy, badly lighted concrete interior, carefully stamping out the cigarette that he had been smoking as he moodily regarded the "No Smoking" sign.

Ginks, junior, approached him, wiping gasoline from his hands.

"Say, Ginks," Frank said, with what he took to be an interesting tone of despondency in his voice, "the governor is going to bring the car around early in the morning to have some repairs done—nothing that needs to be done immediately, but some little jobs. Listen to me! You can't fix it. You haven't time. In fact, you won't have room in the garage for it."

"Wake up," muttered Bond. "I said you wouldn't be able to fix the car, and by the way, any time you want to use my baseball pass it's yours." Do you get me?"

Ginks grinned. "I get you. Got a lady friend?"

"Never your mind what I've got. Just you take the hint if you know what's healthy for you."

"Well, of course," stammered Ginks, junior, "I know how you feel about it. Got a girl of your own?"

Rather resenting this piece of familiarity on the part of the young son of the garage owner, Bond went on toward the home of Molly. There was an air of thwarted ambition in Bond's manner that night that rather egged Molly on to unusual vivacity and sympathy.

On leaving he remembered the loophole.

"It's barely possible," he remarked, wearily regarding the brim of his hat, "that the car will be out of commission tomorrow. I'm awfully sorry, and if it is I'll let you know very early."

The plan of Bond, junior, aided and abetted by Ginks, junior, worked admirably in the morning and Bond, senior, ran the car back into his garage without the shadow of a suspicion.

Saturday was fast and the speedometer that held the disconnected speedometer was strong enough for its task and did not give way. Molly was especially charming.

Monday the car was safely locked in the Bond garage, and Mr. and Mrs. Bond had come home in high glee. There was no hint of trouble until Tuesday noon when Mrs. Bond at luncheon began by showing especial solicitude for Bond, junior, which Bond, junior, was wise enough to know meant that Bond, senior, was in wrong. Toward her husband she wore an air of injured innocence. Something had made her jealous. Bond, junior, was sure of that.

In the hall, after dinner, he caught her by the coat sleeve.

"I want to see you in the garage," he said.

"Son," began the father, when they had reached the small automobile shelter, "I'm in a real predicament and maybe you can help me out. You know yesterday I went around with some of my clients. Some of them are women and one of them is a blonde, and your mother knows it. This morning she found this slipped in the back cushion."

Bond, senior, produced from his coat pocket a single golden wire hair pin. "That's what's the matter with her. If you can prove an alibi for me it will be all right. If you could say, for instance, that you had been out with a blonde on Saturday when we were away I would give you my blessing."

Bond, junior, straightened up. A new feeling of chumminess for his father welled up within him and braced him for his confession.

"Yes," he said, "I'll do it, and, dad, do you mind giving me that little hair-pin, just as a token. You know I am pretty fond of Molly." (Copyright, 1915, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

They Like It. "Are goats fond of music?" "I should say so. I had one that ate up \$50 worth of phonograph records."

Unsalted. "Isn't he the fresh young thing? "No wonder. The people he works for say he doesn't earn his salt."

GIVES WARNING OF DANGER

Safety Device That It Is Said Has Been Tried Out With Satisfactory Results.

A device that gives warning and stops the machinery when any belt or rope is about to break is now being used in a number of Idaho mines, says the Illustrated World. If continued use proves it to be satisfactory the device is expected to find a place as part of the safety equipment on all belt or rope-driven machinery.

The device is able to detect accidents before they occur because of the fact that the breaking cable always starts first with parts of a worn strand, and in the case of a belt with parting of the lacing. The device detects the loose strand or lacing by means of a delicate feeler rod of thin wire supported from a pivoted bar in such a way that only a narrow space intervenes between the feeler rod or wire and the whirling rope or belt drive. As the strand or lacing unravels it hits the feeler wire, and the wire tilts the delicately balanced bar upon which it is supported. Tilting the bar starts the safety mechanism.

This bar has at its end a hook which normally is engaged with a notch in a cam roller, and when the bar tilts the hook is withdrawn from the cam roller. The roller is equipped with a weight suspended from it by a cord. When the roller is released the cord unwinds and the weight drops into a glass cage, where it is caught and falls between two metal bands arranged in a V-relation, but having their ends spaced a little apart. These bands are the terminals of an electric circuit and the weight, when it is caught, completes the circuit. A warning bell operated by the electric circuit is rung.

FISHES TREMBLE WITH FEAR

Inhabitants of Water, It Is Asserted, Show the Same Emotions as Do Domestic Pets.

To most people whose opportunities for observing fish life are limited to occasional visits to an aquarium, the thought rarely occurs that these finny inhabitants of the water are capable of as many varied emotions as are our domestic pets, the cat and dog, says Popular Science.

In an account of the investigations conducted by Dr. Francis Ward, an English zoologist, into the behavior and life of fish in their natural environment, the following appears:

"We are accustomed to think that only we humans become pallid with fear or agitated with joy. But some experiments with perch in the artificial pond show that when their repose is suddenly disturbed by tapping on the glass, the fish visibly tremble and the bars which are characteristic of this species actually disappear for the time being only to reappear when the disturbance is removed and the equanimity of the fish is restored."

"Sometimes a pike that is rapidly advancing on his prey becomes suspicious about the latter's character. The pursuer will suddenly stop, in an attitude of doubt, his back will arch and he will remain suspended as though studying the cause of his suspicions. Only when he is thoroughly reassured does he become rigid, to advance to the final attack; if his suspicion is not allayed he drops to the bottom of the pond or swims off in disappointment."

Laughter.

We talk much about wholesome food, fresh air, pure air, the absence of infection, and other hygienic subjects. But whoever heard of organized attempts to promote laughter?

Of course such endeavors are not often needed, but, really, there is hardly a thing that helps so much to promote health as does good, honest, whole-souled laughter.

Laughter blows away foolish notions, sweeps out the blues, shakes up the dry bones, stirs new life into every corner of the brain. Laughter fills the lungs with new air and blows out the old, opens the eyes to distorted views, clears the way for better logic with new basis; uncovers a multitude of sins. Laughter is the friend of the world; laughter is the only absolutely human characteristic. I mean, the laughter of humor and genuine fun. (It is true that some animals make faces and noises; that is about what some supposedly human folks call laughter, too.)

Promote laughter; not giggles, nor smiles, nor sarcastic grins, but laughter—honest, funny, side-splitting, rib-twisting, friend-making laughter. So shall you be also "friend of the world, and partner of gods."—Osteopathic Magazine.

Right Childhood.

The first character of right childhood is that it is modest. A well-bred child does not think it can teach its parents, or that it knows everything. It may think its father and mother know everything, perhaps, but all grown people know everything; very certainly it is sure that it does not. And it is always asking questions, and wanting to know more. Well, that is the first character of a good and wise man at his work. To know that he knows very little; to perceive that there are many about him wiser than he; and to be always asking questions, wanting to learn, not to teach. No one ever teaches well who wants to teach, or governs well who wants to govern; it is an old saying (Plato's, but I know not if his, first), and as wise as old—"From A Crown of Wild Olives," by John Ruskin.

AN INVITATION

When Lieschen had been with the Duvaris for one calendar month the family in full convalescence pronounced her an acquisition. They never ventured upon a favorable opinion of a cook within any less period of time, experience having taught them that it was unsafe.

Yet there were some odd things about Lieschen that the Duvaris had remarked. She was rather slow about following instructions—that is, printed instructions. If Mrs. Duvar wanted a new dish prepared and referred her to the cookbook for its composition Lieschen invariably looked uncomfortable, and shortly afterward was to be seen leaning over the back fence in earnest conversation with the German housemaid next door. Then she would come back apparently concealing something beneath her apron. If not attainable, it was pretty nearly a sure thing that Lieschen would have some absurd excuse for not having prepared that dish. Also, if she happened to get a letter, she would be missing for the next half hour—and she got letters rather often.

One morning Mrs. Duvar heard her ask the postman, "Is this for me?" and the postman answered, "Sure" as he handed her a letter. She hurried through to the kitchen, and thither after a few moments Mrs. Duvar followed. Just in time to see Lieschen vanishing through the back gate into the alley. She was gone for nearly fifteen minutes, and when she returned Mrs. Duvar confronted her.

"Where have you been, Lieschen?" she demanded sternly.

"I had to see Kattine by next door for something was could not wait," she replied. "The dishes was washed already, and I did not tink you would mind."

"Well," said Mrs. Duvar, "I don't mind exactly, only I think, Lieschen, that when you go away you should tell me."

"All right," said Lieschen. "I will always. Und—und—may I haf tomorrow evening instead of Tuesday evening—please?"

Mrs. Duvar said she might and went away rather puzzled.

The evening following Mrs. Duvar went into the kitchen and found Lieschen there attired in royal splendor and the hat, but looking nervous and miserable.

"I thought you were going out?" she said.

"I do not know. I do not tink—" began Lieschen, and then to Mrs. Duvar's consternation, burst into a flood of tears.

Just at that moment the doorbell rang and Mrs. Duvar hurried away and opened the door to young Pomeroy, an occasionally favored suitor of her daughter, Elizabeth. The young man was attired in what he facetiously termed his "glad rags," and there was a carriage at the curb.

"Is Miss Elizabeth ready?" he inquired, as soon as he was well inside.

"Ready for what?" asked Mrs. Duvar. "She's in the library with that book you sent her, but she doesn't seem to be expecting to go out if that's what you mean."

Here Miss Elizabeth came up and greeted Pomeroy with an air of surprise.

"Well, I like this!" said the young man. "Here I write to you and tell you I've got seats for Sembrich and beg you to honor me with your company and not to trouble to R. S. V. P. unless you can't, and—oh, well, its rough, but I suppose it's what I have to expect."

"I didn't get any letter," said Miss Elizabeth. "When did you write?"

"Night before last. You ought to have got it in yesterday morning's mail."

"This is mysterious," said Mrs. Duvar. "I'll go to the kitchen and ask Lieschen about it. She took in the morning mail."

As Mrs. Duvar approached the kitchen she heard Lieschen's voice in altercation with many tones, seemingly in deprecation. She paused a moment. Then she heard Lieschen say: "Yes, you did. You wrote me a letter and you say, 'I haf seats for Sembrich and I will call with a carriage.' You call me your sweetest Elizabeth."

"I never did nothing of the sort," said the young man. "Somebody's been putting up a job on you."

Here Mrs. Duvar entered. "Lieschen," she said, "if you have that letter yet spoke of it you please give it to me, for I believe it was intended for Miss Elizabeth."

Then the explanation came. Lieschen, it seemed, could not read English and had been in the habit of getting her friendly young countrywoman next door to interpret her cooking recipes and letters.

"Well," said Miss Elizabeth, when Mrs. Duvar returned to the parlor and explained, "there's only one thing to do. It's too late for me to dress now, and I wouldn't go anyway. Jack, you've got to take Lieschen."

"Lieschen's solid company might object," said Mr. Pomeroy. "However, I'm game to give up the tickets and carriage if you'll let me stay here."

"Splendid!" said Miss Elizabeth. "We'll send them off happy."

So that is how Lieschen and her young man went to hear Sembrich in style.

Uncle Eben. "Patience," said Uncle Eben, "is what everybody thinks everybody else needs."

LONG 'NO-MAN'S LAND'

FALKLAND ISLANDS NOT CONSIDERED WORTH POSSESSING.

Though Now a Part of the British Possessions, This Dates Only From the Eighteenth Century—Rivers of Stones.

The Falkland Islands, which will always be memorable in the history of the war, were first discovered by a Captain Cowley in the days of Queen Elizabeth, but it was not until 1764, in the days of King George, that the British decided to annex them.

It was then found that the French had established a colony there in the previous year and had annexed the islands in the name of the king of France. The British, however, later came into possession, but were evicted by the Spaniards by main force.

A war between England and Spain was averted, and the English resumed possession, only to abandon the place three years later. Until the transactions which took place between the Argentine and the British governments in the early part of the eighteenth century the islands were a no-man's land.

Lecturing before the Royal Colonial Institute in London recently, Major Quayle Dickson, formerly colonial secretary for the Falklands, remarked that the rivers of stones were considered by many to be the most interesting feature of the Falklands. They varied in length from a few yards to two miles, and from a distance looked like rivers.

There was no accepted explanation of their existence, but one theory put forward was that the whole country (including Patagonia) was at one time covered with ice. When the ice melted these stones were left bare and slipped down the hillsides into the valleys where they were now found. It was also suggested that the boulder streams were due simply to the natural disintegration of the solid rock.

The blocks were not water worn, their angles being only a little blunted. They varied in size from one to two feet in diameter to ten or even twenty times as much, and were not thrown together in irregular piles, but spread out into level sheets or great streams.

It was not possible to ascertain their depth, but the water of small streamlets could be heard trickling through the stones many feet below the surface. The actual depth was probably great, or the crevices between the fragments must long ago have been filled up with sand and peat dust. So large were the stones that one could easily find shelter beneath one of them.

In some cases a continuous stream of these fragments followed up the course of a valley, and extended even to the very crest of the hill. On these crests huge masses, exceeding in dimensions any small buildings, stood as if arrested in their headlong course.

There also the carved strata of the archways lay piled on each other like the ruins of some vast and ancient cathedral.

War and the Horse.

Farm and Friesland quotes American horsemen in full authority as saying that about 500,000 of our horses have been sold on war orders for about \$100,000,000 since the outbreak of the war.

Fully 90 per cent of the artillery horses purchased were sired by draft stallions and were out of small mares. The same horse authorities claim that the Belgian breed in Europe has been practically destroyed and Percheron breeding stock has also been heavily sacrificed for war use.

A representative of one of America's greatest horse importers says it would not be possible to find 200 draft stallions suitable for export to America, even were exportation allowed.

The crux of the matter clearly indicates that American horse owners must depend on the produce of American studs for draft sires for many years to come.

Judicial Hearing.

Judge T. J. Moll of the superior court, room 5, has the reputation of being accommodating to those attorneys who have cases pending in his court. Recently a relative of a local attorney suffered an accident which made him almost deaf. The attorney was telling another lawyer of the accident, and in the course of this said a specialist, who had been consulted, gave no encouragement of restoring hearing. After listening to the narrative, the second lawyer asked his friend:

"Why don't you take it to Judge Moll? He'll give your relative his hearing at an early date."—Indianapolis News.

He Knew Jenkins.

Mrs. Brown—Josiah, I am afraid Johnny has caught the measles. He's been playing with those Jenkins children.

Mr. Brown—If the children are anything like old Jenkins, Marla, they won't give Johnny the measles or anything else without a mortgage and eight per cent.

Waves' Tremendous Force.

The Donnet Head lighthouse, the windows of which are 300 feet above the high water, occasionally has its glasses broken by stones hurled by the waves from the cliff on which it stands.

THE PEOPLE NEXT DOOR

"They are very peculiar people next door," said the woman with the expansive society smile. "I am sure that I have done all I could to be neighborly ever since they took the house—let me see—two years ago it is now, nearly. I called on them in the first place, although I really don't believe in being too intimate with people just because they happen to rent a house next door to one; but in this case Mrs. Gleewood spoke to me about them. She said they were really very nice people and so I called."

"They are very nice people in some respects—at least Mrs. Park is—but very peculiar, my dear. As I say, I did my best to be nice to them and when they were in their moving muddle I told them it there was anything that I could do for them to be sure and let me know. Well, they didn't happen to want anything, I suppose, for they didn't say so then, but in less than three weeks after that Mr. Parks came to the door and wanted to borrow my stepladder. You know I always keep my stepladder down in the basement and it was quite a lot of trouble to go down and get it, but Mr. Peabody happened to be at home and he brought it up and gave it to Mr. Parks. I don't mind saying that I was annoyed, but I am sure that I didn't show it, and my dear, they kept that ladder over a day before they brought it back and then there was a speck of whitewash on it that I am sure wasn't there when I lent it to them. I'm sure I would have noticed if there had been. Mr. Peabody always tells me I am so particular about my things, but good gracious! If people didn't take care of things they never would have things, would they?"

"Then there was the lawn mower. I was out mowing the lawn one morning. You know Mr. Peabody isn't home once a month hardly and I have to mow it myself or else get a man to do it and that is so expensive, you know. And then men are careless with things. Well, Mr. Parks was sitting on his front steps and he volunteered to do it for me. 'I need the exercise, anyway,' he said. But do you know, as soon as he got through with my lawn he wheeled the mower across the walk and mowed his own, just as coolly! And as if that wasn't enough, he took it on to the Westpers', next door to him, and mowed theirs. 'May as well trim up the neighborhood while we are about it,' he said, laughing as if it was a good joke. Of course the lawns aren't large, but just think!—"

"And then I recommended a laundry to them and went in to give them her address, and one time when they were out I let the express people leave a package for them and took it in to them myself. I assured them that it wasn't any trouble—and it really wasn't so very much, you know—only it might occur too often."

"But it was about the telephone I was going to tell you. They didn't have a telephone put in. Mr. Parks said he didn't care to have one until he made up his mind whether he wanted to take the house for a year, and I told them, of course, that they were very welcome to use mine at any time, and so it was. I think, but I didn't think they would be making a public convenience of my house. They came in—oh, several times. They always apologized, but that didn't make it any more convenient for me to be answering the door and letting them in and letting them out again. Once or twice I was clear up to the top of the house and had to go clear downstairs. I was always just as pleasant as could be, but I think they understood that I didn't care much about it, and they stopped coming until Mrs. Parks' illness and then Mr. Parks began coming again—to call the doctor. It seemed to me, though, that he hadn't have always left it until it became an emergency. Of course in a case of sickness I wouldn't think of refusing anybody and I like to be neighborly. But aren't people peculiar sometimes?"

"Well, thank goodness, they had about stopped bothering me until last week, when there came a ring at the phone and somebody said: 'Is this Mrs. Peabody?' I said 'Yes,' and then the woman—it was a woman—said: 'I'm very sorry to trouble you, but could you get Mrs. or Mr. Parks to the phone? It's something very important.'"

"I thought that was about the limit. I said: 'No, I don't see how I can. I'm very busy and I would have to dress and—no, I'm sorry, but I can't do it.'"

"Oh, very well; excuse me for troubling you," she said in a sarcastic voice and the receiver was shut off.

"Now, would you believe it? After all the pains I've been to be nice to them those people are just as cool as can be since then. I suppose they are offended, but I don't know what they could have expected me to do."

Effect of Poverty.

The eldest daughter had returned from a finishing school and was over at the home of some neighbors where she once delighted to slide down the cellar door and play "I spy." But now she was as on a more dignified mission and was the center of a group of eager listeners as she gave vivid impressions of the year away from home, remarks the Indianapolis News. The mother of the flock was particularly interested in view of decisions soon to be made in regard to schools for her own daughters.

After a few minutes of enthusiastic recital the visitor paused and her countenance, changing, said with a sigh, "O, dear, but it's awful to be poor."

"Why," said another neighbor, "that is a strange remark after all the fine times you have been telling us about. What is all the trouble, my dear?"

"Well," was the reply, "it's just this way. You see I must have a dog before I go back to school, and father agreed to this all right, but says I simply can't spend more than \$100 for one. I know I can't get a dog that the other girls will look at for that pinchy sum."

Feathered Music Box.

For that dainty household pet, the canary, we have been largely indebted to Germany, and the sweet tones of this wonderful "music box" have in many cases been the result of long and tedious hours of patient teaching by some German peasant. The little feathered students are capable of attaining quite a degree of skill in imitating tones. The German canary is known under three or more different names, given to denote the degree of training. In this country the Hartz Mountain canary is best known, partly because of its being less expensive than some of the others, and partly on account of its accomplishments as a songster.

Effect of Polishing.

Take a piece of cheesecloth, wrung out in cold water, and clean the surface thoroughly. Then put a few drops of crude oil on a second piece of cheesecloth wrung out in cold water and begin to polish, turning the cloth in rubbing in order to distribute the oil and prevent the wood from becoming oily. Always rub with the grain. This gives a lasting polish in stead of the more brilliant polish given by cheaper polishes.

Waves' Tremendous Force.

The Donnet Head lighthouse, the windows of which are 300 feet above the high water, occasionally has its glasses broken by stones hurled by the waves from the cliff on which it stands.

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MAKING MONEY WITH NEEDLE

Various Ways in Which Woman Who Is Proficient Can Earn at Least Part of Her Living.

The woman who is handy with a needle need not lack employment, and if she is