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THURMONT, FREDERICK COUNTY, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1916.

NO. 14.

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.
9:40 a. m.	10:27 a. m.
11:40 a. m.	12:27 p. m.
2:10 p. m.	2:57 p. m.
4:00 p. m.	4:44 p. m.
4:40 p. m.	5:27 p. m.
6:10 p. m.	6:57 p. m.
8:30 p. m.	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.
12:33 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.	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 at leaving Frederick scheduled from Square.

Western Maryland R. R.

Schedule in Effect September 19, 1915

GOING WEST.

Leave Baltimore	Leave Thurmont	Arrive Hagerstown	Arrive Cumberland	Arrive Chicago
*4:10am	6:07am	7:20am	10:25am	
8:00	10:12	12:04pm		
10:40	12:31	1:15	4:00pm	8:10am
14:04pm	6:21pm	7:40		
7:10	9:22	10:45		

GOING EAST.

Leave Chicago	Leave Cumberland	Leave Hagerstown	Leave Thurmont	Arrive Baltimore
	7:55am	8:12am	10:25am	
17:15	1:55pm	3:13pm	5:41pm	
*8:00pm	1:30pm	3:57	4:51	6:45
	4:15	5:33	8:14	

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

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nov 25/16

Thrown From Wagon.

Head Caught in Wheel.

Body Badly Bruised.

Mr. Wm O Wertenbaker of Gracem, office deputy in the Sheriff's office, met with a serious accident Monday morning midway between Thurmont and Gracem.

Mr. Wertenbaker with W. H. Bietler, was on his way to Thurmont to get the car for Frederick. Mr. Bietler was driving. An automobile came along and frightened the horse. The animal made a lunge and threw Mr. Wertenbaker out. He was caught in the rear wheel, with his head in the spokes, and his escape from having his neck broken is marvelous.

Before the horse could go any further Mr. Bietler succeeded in stopping it, but not before Mr. Wertenbaker had been twisted around in the wheel, sustained a bad bruise and a sprained back of the neck, cuts and scratches on the legs and arms, and an injured foot. He was also badly scratched and bruised in the face.

On arriving in Frederick, the injuries were attended by Dr. J. O. Hendrix.

Mr. Wertenbaker took up his duties in his office, but since that time has suffered considerable pain, his back giving him the most trouble.

Franklinville News.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Gail, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Gail spent Saturday evening in Frederick.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Lidie and child and Mrs. John Ridenour and son visited Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Flohr on Sunday.

Miss Mary Oconor of near Baltimore, is spending her vacation at her home at this place.

Mrs. Chas. Addison and two sons were in Frederick on Saturday.

Miss Annie Pryor of Foxville visited at the homes of Messrs Luther Pryor and Clinton Blickenstaff on Saturday.

Mrs. Wm. Martin spent Sunday with Mrs. Benjamin Eyer.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dewees and Mrs. Wm. Dewees visited Mr. and Mrs. Mart Kelly on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. John Ridenour and son Kenneth, spent Sunday with his father, Mr. Wash Ridenour.

SAVING FIRST ALFALFA CROP.

During recent years considerable difficulty has been had in certain localities of the Southwest in saving the first crop of alfalfa. Often heavy rains come about the time the first cutting should be made or soon after the alfalfa is cut, thus making trouble for the haymaker.

One solution to this difficulty problem is to have a silo ready and in case the weather is not favorable for curing hay put the first cutting into the silo. Even after a heavy rain alfalfa may be ensiled because considerable moisture is required to pack the silage so it will not mold.

Experiments were made on alfalfa silage in California with good results. Even alfalfa badly contaminated with weeds were found to be worth saving in the silo. Stock ate such alfalfa when the weeds would render it almost worthless when cured for hay.

The alfalfa grower cannot afford to wait when his crop is ready to cut. Regardless of the weather, he is often forced to cut the first crop and take chances on the weather rather than run the risk of injuring the second crop. If he has no silo ready he has reduced the risk in saving the first or even the second crop.

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oct 14

OVER THE WALL

By ALICE DURVEE.

A flowerpot rolled off the top of the wall at a point precisely above that where David, in blue overalls, was planting seeds, and as David was in the act of stooping the pot hit him on the head.

"The dickens!" he said, rubbing the sore spot and looking around for the enemy. Whence had the bombardment come?

Just then a head appeared over the top of the wall, or rather a pink sun-bonnet did, and the latter was vibrating with excitement, not an emotion of its own, but palpably that of the wearer. "Oh, did my flowerpot hit you? I'm dreadfully sorry, but I didn't know you were there."

"It's all right," said David reassuringly, "and I beg your pardon for saying what I did. But I didn't dream over there." nodding in her direction. "has been quiet so long that you are really more of a surprise than was your method of announcing yourself. Is Miss Wayland here, too?"

Marjorie started, and then remembering that she had on a blue morning dress, big garden apron and sun-bonnet, decided that it was perfectly natural for the Pearson's gardener to mistake her for an underling. And after all it suited her purpose admirably. She was tired of the social mill of a long winter and had retired to this suburban retreat for a rest. It had been many years since the family had moved to the city. The Pearsons had lived next door then.

The role the gardener gave her instantly suggested a plan.

"No, Miss Wayland has—has gone away!"

"I'm sorry! We hate to feel over here that the big house is empty. It used to be such a beautiful place."

His eyes, intent upon the attractive face in the depths of the rosy bonnet, seemed to have a meaning that his lips dare not utter.

"Oh, the house won't be empty. I'm going to stay. You see, Miss Wayland is—she and I—that is, she is very kind to me, and she thought I needed a change. So here I am doing just what I've longed to do for years, planting flowers." She laughed. "And the joke of it is I don't know anything at all about them."

"If you'll let me, I'll be very glad to teach you," answered the gardener eagerly.

"Thank you. That will be nice and I'd like it very much," smiled Marjorie. "Do the Pearsons still live—I mean—Miss Wayland spoke of a family next door—I think Pearson was the name."

"Yes, but the family is scattered. Only two sons are at home now and one of them is away most of the time. The other," he hesitated, "the other was away, too, for awhile, in the war in Europe—the family is Canadian, you know—but he was wounded and sent home. He's all right now though. Improving in great shape."

"That is interesting," Marjorie cried. She was about to say, "I'd love to meet him!" when she remembered.

"Wait! I'll come round by the gate and help you," which rather astonished Marjorie, for the wall wasn't more than breast-high and she felt that she could have climbed it herself.

"He improves on acquaintance," she thought. "It's hard to tell these days, with colleges running courses on forestry, farming and gardening, just who people are. A gentleman, that's pat!"

So the man came through the garden gate and lifted the pansies and set them where they would grow and mapped out beds for flowers whose names she didn't even know.

Days passed and weeks! The garden flourished and grew.

Every day she had seen David and they had worked together. "He looks different somehow," thought Marjorie, watching him one day. "He seems healthier and stronger than he did. He never comes by the gate now."

As she spoke she broke the seal of a letter that had come and glanced rapidly over the contents. "So Aunt Mary has to come and spoil it all!" she exclaimed. "He'll find out who I am now! Oh, well! I don't suppose it matters much now! I've had a notion a half dozen times to tell him everything anyway."

That night she dressed as Miss Wayland. There was a moon and she wandered through her garden to an old stone bench near the wall. A man vaulted lightly over just then and stopped when he saw her.

"Marjorie!"

"David! Won't you come and sit down?"

"I was on my way to your house. But this is better. I want to have a talk and I'm not so much afraid of you here."

"Afraid!"

"Wait until you hear what I have to say. I am David Pearson and have masqueraded all summer as the gardener. I wouldn't even tell you now except that Dick, my older brother, is coming home tomorrow and the murder would then anyway."

She was silent a moment. "Then, since surprises are in order I am not Miss Wayland's companion either, I'm Marjorie Wayland," she confessed.

"I've known it all summer!" he laughed confidently.

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THE ORANGE

By LOUISE OLIVER.

Lucia stopped at Tony's fruit stand on her way home and bought a dozen oranges. It was raining and besides two other packages she had an umbrella to manage against a strong wind.

Gradually the bag softened with the dampness and clung like a plaster to the round, yellow spheres within. A tiny crack appeared, widened, lengthened, and the whole dozen oranges catapulted into the street as though shot out of a machine gun.

Mike Kubelik, carter for Sellem & Hatch, was hauling a wagonload of oranges from the Bay street market to a West end branch. Crossing South avenue, a rear wheel caught in a car track and came off. And immediately there was an avalanche of oranges in all directions.

Now when Lucia's bag broke, she, too, was crossing South avenue, and, moreover, it was at the same instant that Mike lost a wheel. So she looked down to see, not a dozen, but hundreds of dozens of oranges roll about her feet.

Already half a dozen urchins had gathered around and were filling jacket pockets as fast as they could. Mike, with fist, whip and many cursings, was doing the best he could to defend his treasure. But it was futile.

Lucia, seeing no chance of reviving her bag into a semblance of use, decided to use her umbrella as a receptacle and started deliberately to count a dozen oranges into its silk recesses.

"Hi there!" Mike came up belligerently flourishing his weapon. "You pick them down."

Mike reached for the umbrella just as a man stepped between them and put out a restraining hand.

"Let the lady alone," he said quietly. At the tone of authority Mike stepped back without another word and his whip fell.

"Go and attend to those boys and I'll get a policeman to help you," the newcomer said, and to Lucia. "Have you got all your property? If so, I'll help you out of this."

"I think I have. It was hard counting with that man shaking his fist under my nose," she laughed. "The oranges are all here in my umbrella."

"But it's raining hard. You'll get soaked."

"What's the matter with these deep pockets in my coat?"

"But you mustn't go home with me. I live—oh, ever so far."

"So much the better. There, and there, and there and there! I guess I've got them all," raising the umbrella.

At the door the oranges had to be transferred. "Won't you come in?" asked Lucia. "I'll get a dish for them." So the man went in and they emptied the fruit into a black-and-white china bowl.

"He's cheating the dealer," "By Jove, we've chatted you."

The man divided the odd orange carefully in two parts and gave her half.

"In movies," he remarked, "they tear cards, or smash shells and each takes a piece. A sort of kismet, you know, for each of the two contracting parties. Now why not an orange skin. See!—fitting two pieces together. You take one and I'll take the other. To keep as long as we live!" solemnly.

When her gallant defender had departed it suddenly occurred to Lucia that she did not even know his name.

A week passed. Busy days for Lucia, as all days were, but not too busy for many thoughts of her recent acquaintance and his identity. But she was to have a shock. One evening she opened the paper, and there on the first page was the picture of the man! Below it she read, "One of the suspects arrested in connection with the Allison jewel case. The man, who gives his name as John Emerson, was seen coming out of the alley in the rear of the residence at 6:30 Thursday evening and he could not explain his presence there, although it was a dozen blocks away from his lodgings and place of business."

Tuesday! That was the night he had taken her home! And 6:30 was about the time he had left her. The alley in question was between her street and the Allison's. He had probably been taking a short cut home! But why had he not told them his errand?

Lucia thought over all the details, and the orange skin popped into her head. She would send it to him and he would not refuse to see her, she knew.

An hour later, among grim surroundings, Lucia was shown into a little white room, and John Emerson came in a moment later.

"Why didn't you tell them where you were last Tuesday?" was her breathless greeting. "This is terrible."

"I couldn't without bringing your name into it and I thought I'd rather be convicted than have your name breathed here. You shouldn't have come—unless there is something I can do for you."

"There is! Tell them all about it."

"I won't."

"Then I will!"

The district attorney heard the story. Mike was sent for and added his share to the testimony. Then John Emerson was allowed to depart.

And that was only the beginning of the end, for John and Lucia were married the other day.

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NUMBERS DON'T COUNT

GREAT VICTORIES WON BY NUMERICALLY INFERIOR ARMIES.

Most Notable Is the Conflict at the Pass of Thermopylae—Small Force of Irishmen Held the Bridge at Athlone.

The victory of Gideon's 300 over 120,000 Midianites, and the activities of Samson with that jawbone, as related in the Book of Judges, are fair indications that the Lord is not always on the side of the big battalions, writes George Irwin in New York Evening Telegram. Profane history affords many instances of long odds. Ten thousand Greeks routed 120,000 Persians at Marathon, and 300 Spartans died while defending the pass of Thermopylae against 1,500,000 (more or less) other brave Persians during the famous invasion of Greece by Xerxes.

The Scots have one to their credit over England when in 1314 Robert Bruce and 30,000 of his countrymen routed 100,000 of their southern neighbors.

At Crecy in 1346 30,000 English proved too many for 100,000 French, and some years later at Poitiers the Black Prince, with 12,000 men, disposed of the king of France and five times that number principally by the prowess of his archers.

Three hundred and fifty Irishmen held the Shannon bridge at Athlone against 18,000 English, Dutch and Germans in 1691. Two hundred of their number fell, but the bridge was destroyed before the others drew off.

Charles XII of Sweden, with 9,000 men, defeated an army of 60,000 Russians at Narva.

As might be expected in the wars between civilization and barbarism or semibarbarism, the victory was generally won by the former against fearful odds.

If the Spanish chroniclers are to be believed Cortez defeated 200,000 Aztecs in the battle of Otumba after he evacuated Mexico City, or, as it was then called, Tenochtitlan. On this occasion he could scarcely have mustered 200 Spaniards.

In India the British have had their own share in this kind of warfare. Surajah Dowla's army of 50,000 at Plassey in 1751, and Sir Robert Napier tackled 30,000 Beloochees at Meenas with 2,800 men.

The longest odds in any modern battle were faced, however, by Garibaldi when at the battle of Marsala in 1859, with 1,000 "red shirts," he attacked and defeated 50,000 Austrians.

Tomato and Corn.

Have you heard of the famous tomato and corn clubs that are now organized in many states of the country? They originated in Aiken county, South Carolina, in the brain of a little schoolteacher named Marie Cromer, who was getting thirty dollars a month.

She asked her pupils one day, "What are you doing to help me?" They all allowed that they were not "doing" anything much. She started them to doing something.

She got each of them to begin with about the easiest cultivated plant, the tomato, on a tenth of an acre of ground, and the most efficient cultivator to receive a prize. All the tomato clubs in the country started from that.

Thousands of cans of tomatoes are now produced from Aiken county alone.

Then Jerry Moore got two thousand boys of the state into corn clubs. And there are now forty thousand throughout the South. These boys learn how to produce corn at the lowest possible cost.

Development of Titled Industry.

In its investigation of the possibilities of the titled industry, the United States bureau of fisheries finds that there is some reason to believe that the fishing grounds extend some distance toward Cape Hatteras, although up to the present time they have been developed only as far south as about the latitude of Atlantic City.

In the extension of the field the zone in which both the depth and temperature are suitable is probably much narrower than farther north.

The commercial fishery for titled fish continues to develop. During the month of January 398,000 pounds were landed at New York in 17 trips by six fishing vessels, or an average of 23,400 pounds per trip. This is an increase of 135 per cent over the amounts landed during December. The price remains uniform at an average of about six cents per pound.—Scientific American.

Many Druggists and Physicians.

There is a drug store for every 2,000 inhabitants in the United States and a physician for every 667 inhabitants, according to a directory census of the drug trade just completed by the Pharmaceutical Era. The Era finds that there are 46,551 retail drug stores located in 15,937 cities and towns, and it also finds that there are 280 drug jobbing houses, including 12 that are owned by retail druggists on a co-operative plan. On the basis of these figures there are 185 retail drug stores for every wholesale drug house. The number of physicians in the United States is estimated at 150,000, making an average of one drug store for every three physicians.

EL PASO NAMED IN 1598

Border City Was So Called by Juan de Onate, an Explorer of the Early Days.

As you near El Paso you catch a glimpse, at Ysleta, of the venerable church, now hopelessly "restored," that was built away back in 1682 after the Pueblo uprising. Does this sound like a remote date in American history? One is constantly surprised down here by the antiquity of the settlements. Ernest Peikotto writes in Scribner's.

El Paso is certainly no exception to the rule, for it was given its name in 1598 by Juan de Onate, one of the earliest explorers of New Mexico, who, having founded the Rio Grande at this point, called it El Paso del Norte—the Pass to the North. Fifty years later the old church and mission at Juarez were built. But from that time until the Mexican war period the site of El Paso itself remained a ranch belonging to the Ponce de Leon family. After the American occupation it became a terminal point on the old Overland trail from St. Louis to San Francisco, and the rumbling stage coaches brought life and glitter to the saloons and gambling joints of the Calle El Paso.

The last half century has again vastly changed all this, and the border town has been completely submerged in the steady march of modern improvement.

Pioneer plaza remains the center of the city's activities, to be sure, but upon it, instead of humble adobe homes and tawdry shops, front two great hotels, several large department stores which display the very latest fashions and the "largest all concrete building in the world."

"Oh, Blair, it would be the hit of the show."

Maud agreed to buy the hat for her brother.

Caste lines were but loosely drawn in Truxdale. The minister's daughter had felt no hesitancy in marrying the son of the grocer on the corner, the young doctor felt it an honor to know the daughter of old Dobbs, who drove the station wagon.

So Clarice Higgins came in for her share of the college fun—little bright-eyed, slender Clarice, who had been known to every sweet-toothed boy in college as the dispenser of his favorite brand of soda water or sundae.

But Clarice had cherished ambition. There was not enough scope for her imagination in the task of soda dispenser. So when an apprentice was needed at Crindle's millinery shop she left the fountain on a day's notice. Blair Tuttle could but feel a satisfaction in knowing that hereafter those bright eyes of hers would shine only for haughty Mrs. Crindle and her other assistants or the occasional woman shoppers who came in to try on the new millinery.

"I am so perfectly happy tonight," Clarice told Blair when he called at her boarding house to take her to the movies, that single source of evening diversion in Truxdale. "The most wonderful thing has happened. My hat—my very own hat—that I worked on so hard has been sold. I didn't see the young lady that bought it, but the girl who waited on her said she looked like a fashion plate, with a hat that must have come from New York. Isn't that wonderful?"

Blair had more than once before tried to get his courage up to tell the high-spirited little girl that she was part of his own plans for happiness and that in the career he was about to start after his graduation from college he needed her encouragement more than anything.

"But, Clarice, I don't want you to be independent. I don't want you to go on this way."

Clarice was too full of the enthusiasm of achievement to be stilled.