

# THE CATOCTIN CLARION.

Established By Wm. Nead, 1870.

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

Terms \$1.00 in Advance

VOLUME XLVI.

THURMONT, FREDERICK COUNTY, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1916.

NO. 15.

## FREDERICK RAILROAD

Thurmont Division  
Schedule in Effect June 18, 1916.  
All trains Daily unless specified

Leave Frederick	Arrive Thurmont
6:25 a. m.	7:12 a. m.
7:09 a. m.	7:57 a. m.
8:20 a. m.	9:07 a. m.
9:59 a. m.	10:47 p. m.
11:40 a. m.	12:27 p. m.
2:10 p. m.	2:57 p. m.
4:00 p. m.	4:43 p. m.
4:42 p. m.	5:23 p. m.
6:10 p. m.	6:57 p. m.
8:20 p. m.	9:07 p. m.
10:10 p. m.	10:56 p. m.

Leave Thurmont	Arrive Frederick
6:01 a. m.	6:46 a. m.
7:21 a. m.	8:06 a. m.
8:11 a. m.	8:56 a. m.
9:23 a. m.	10:03 a. m.
10:45 a. m.	11:30 a. m.
1:44 p. m.	2:29 p. m.
3:44 p. m.	3:59 p. m.
5:02 p. m.	5:47 p. m.
5:22 p. m.	6:07 p. m.
6:45 p. m.	7:30 p. m.
8:25 p. m.	9:05 p. m.
9:15 p. m.	10:00 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 Ry.

Schedule in Effect June 18, 1916

GOING WEST.			
Leave Baltimore	Leave Thurmont	Arrive Hagersville	Arrive Cumberland
*4:00 a. m.	6:00 a. m.	7:20 a. m.	10:25 a. m.
*8:08	10:13	12:07 p. m.	
*10:40	12:32	1:15 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
*3:25 p. m.	5:19 p. m.	6:28	
14:04	6:21	7:40	8:10 a. m.
15:14	7:31	8:55	
16:58	9:13	10:36	

GOING EAST.			
Leave Chicago	Leave Cumberland	Leave Hagersville	Leave Thurmont
	16:15 a. m.	7:18 a. m.	9:16 a. m.
	17:15	8:00	9:19
*8:15 p. m.	1:30 p. m.	3:50	5:41 p. m.
	4:20	5:42	8:10

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

## MADE GOOD ON DEFENSE

Argument That Would Not Appeal to All Won Verdict From Jury in the Mountains.

Tango had penetrated the country and every preacher in the neighborhood had his fling at it. They still preach hell-fire and brimstone in the mountains, and more than one delinquent was made to shiver under the fiery exhortation of the ministers. But when it was noted about that "Colonel" Phil, a member and pillar of the church on Goose creek, had danced the tango at the festivities on Beaver fork, it seemed to the good folks of the community that the bottom had fallen out of the religious world.

There were too many witnesses to permit of a denial. It seemed almost certain that "Colonel" Phil would be church-ed (which is local ecclesiastical for expelled). In his distress the colonel hunted up the best lawyer in the country to defend him before the church board.

"If you had only been drunk," groaned the lawyer, "it would have been easy. No one would church you for a little drop of good liquor."

"I was drunk," vouchsafed the colonel. The lawyer was smiling when he went before the church to argue the case. It was the shortest defense on record.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we concede that my client danced the tango. Yes, sir, we concede it, but he was so drunk he didn't know what he was doing."

He won the case—New York Saturday Evening Post.

## SALESMAN WAS BADLY STUNG

But "Prospect" Who Knew Just What He Wanted in an Automobile Lost Out.

"I want to buy a car," said Felix Spatter, according to the *Louisville Times*, "and it must be a car that combines a reflex starter, a duplex flasher, radio-active cylinders, Heufelder spark plug, hot air reverse."

"My dear sir, have you had your lunch?" beamed the salesman.

"Why, no, I—"

"Well, lunch with me, and we'll talk it over," said the salesman, and they repaired to Beany's eatery, the most expensive place in town.

After the two had consumed a repast of Philadelphia scrapple, Denver gage pudding, San Francisco honeycomb cutlets, Springfield fritters and Des Moines rhubarb pie, they each drank a quart of champagne, and the auto salesman footed a dinner bill of \$3.80.

"Now we'll talk autos," he said.

Felix Spatter waved his hand.

"I won't insist on all these provisions now," he said genially. "They're only things I have heard people talk about, anyway, and I don't know the first thing about 'em. All I'll do is insist on my original intention of not paying more'n \$40 for a car."

Excusing himself, the auto salesman reached under the table, and picked up one of the empty champagne bottles and sent it tinkling musically into a million pieces against Felix Spatter's solid ivory head.

## CHIEF OBJECTS IN PRUNING

Principal Aim Should Be to Make Substantial Framework to Hold Up Leaves and Fruit.

The objects of pruning are: To make the tree into what might be called a substantial framework with which it is to hold up the leaves and fruit, to cause it to have a symmetrical shape, to renew the fruiting wood, to remove crossing and diseased and broken branches, to thin the top so as to allow free circulation of air through it and to keep the tree as low as possible so as to facilitate pruning, picking and spraying.

In young trees care should be taken to have the main branches come out from all sides of the tree and each from a different height. The crotches will all be strong then.

## GEO. W. STOCKDALE

THURMONT, MD.

Dealer In

Hardware, Groceries,

Cement, Plaster,

Wall Finish,

Galvanized Iron and

Felt Roofings,

Feed, Seeds, Phosphate,

Wire Fencing and Gates.

Prompt Attention Given

All Orders.

## BEFORE THE TROUBLES COME

Why It Is Easy for Housekeeper to Be Pleasant in the Early Morning Hours.

It was the first thing I noticed in the office of the busy man—a little square of pasteboard with this statement: "Be pleasant until ten o'clock in the morning and the rest of the day will take care of itself." Probably the thing that made it strike in at my first glance was the fact that it was after ten, and I had come to ask a favor of a busy man, a writer in the Indianapolis News says. If he stayed pleasant until ten o'clock I wasn't certain of the successful outcome of my venture, but when he entered the little room I saw at a glance that his early morning attitude toward life had not yet worn off. He was kind, courteous, gentlemanly, and I shall remember him as living up to his motto.

But would it work under all conditions? I'd hate to say that it isn't true—the statement that if you're pleasant until ten o'clock the rest of the day will take care of itself—because the man who said it is gone, and can't argue the question with me, but I can say that maybe he hadn't tried it out in all trades. Take housekeeping, for instance! Nearly any housekeeper can be pleasant until ten o'clock, for it is after that time when things begin to happen. Who ever heard of dinner burning before 10 a. m? Agents don't usually begin to ring the doorbell until about that time. Usually the telephone calls begin to come in after ten, notifying you that you must make your number of church calls immediately, get someone to help with your table at the next church supper, be sure to attend an important committee meeting, be at the next club meeting without fail, etc.

If unexpected friends or relatives are going to drop in for dinner it will be after ten o'clock. The postman brings all your bad news after ten. The afternoons bring more agents, and callers, welcome and unwelcome. The baby has the colic in the afternoon, if he's going to have it at all, and the next sized one is older if he falls to get his nap, and the cross ones come tramping in from school with muddy feet, noisy voices and empty stomachs. Then the man of the house may put in a call for a hurry-up supper so he can get to an important lodge meeting on time. In fact, it seems that all the nerve-racking, brain-gauging, back-breaking hours in the business of being a homemaker come after ten o'clock in the morning.

Maybe some day we will get started being so very, very pleasant early in the morning that it will be like sitting down a steep hill, impossible for us to stop—but some of us will have to have a right smart push to get us started.

## When East Meets West.

An amusing illustration of the modesty of the Chinese in matters of dress is given by Elizabeth Cooper in her new book, "The Harim and the Purdah."

"When one of the imperial princes was en route to England," she writes, "he attended his first foreign dinner in Shanghai. About twenty-five of the guests were English and American ladies, dressed in their most elaborate gowns, which means extreme décolleté.

"The attaches of the prince had tried to prepare his highness for the sight he was to witness, but they had evidently underestimated its startling qualities, because when the prince arrived and gave one amazed look at his hostesses as the line of waiting ladies he was nonplused.

"He looked pitifully for his interpreter, and not receiving aid from him, put down his head, shut his eyes, and bravely stumbled around the room, groping blindly for each lady's hand, as he had been informed that he should shake hands with them."

Meant Well, But—  
Viscount French of Ypres often tells an amusing story about a French review that he attended a good many years ago.

General French—as he then was—attended the men's dinner in camp one day, and as he puffed on his cigar he noticed that 300 young Frenchmen had nothing to smoke whatever.

Accordingly, he sent to his tent for three boxes of Havanas and these were quickly distributed among the troops.

A rare treat, truly.

To show their gratitude the soldiers, without consulting with their sergeants, lined up in two files, marched toward the English general, and, raising their right hands to their caps and holding their lighted cigars in their left hands, they shouted as with one voice:

"Vive la Russie!"  
They had mistaken the uniform.—Washington Star.

Minces Are Ripe.

Jay was spending the day with his grandmother. Being only three and one-half he was not allowed the variety of food that the grown-ups had. When dessert came and he was served with a diminutive piece of mince pie, his joy and surprise almost overcame him. With an air of ingratiating interest and dignity, he said, "Why, mamma, I didn't know minces were ripe."—Exchange.

Butter Statistics.

The receipts of butter in 1915 were 481,850,000 pounds, and in 1914 364,430,000 in the five cities, Boston, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis and San Francisco. New York received 2,734,000 packages in 1915 and 2,513,000 in 1914.

## In Leap Year

By GEORGE COBB

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There were two predominating features, dread and timidity, in the thoughts and actions of Ralph Burton as the leap year came in and he was made the target of organized menace and rillery on the part of those who fancied they could play upon his weaknesses.

"You're a selected victim, Burton!" declared more than one of the little town club of which he was a member. "Oh, he'll never escape through the month!" insisted others. "You'd better keep away from the trap of social functions."

"I rarely favor them," observed Burton gravely.

"And has a bodyguard," was the further advice. "I understand that the girls' clubs had out a regular program, with dates and victims. Not an unmarried man in the town will escape."

"Yes, and a well-fixed individual like Burton will be the especial object of persecution!"

Ralph Burton smiled, but it was not a natural smile. Nature had awarded him a grinning, self-deprecating element, and he had never battled it. At twenty-eight he found himself a reserved young bachelor with an inborn veneration for all womankind, yet bashful and retiring. If he had ever loved, he had never been able to summon up the courage to confess the fact to the object of his adoration.

"A confirmed woman hater," was the snappy ultimatum of more than



"Er—That is strange."

one of those disappointed, for in intelligence and fortune Burton was a most eligible party.

The "boys" at the club were fond of jokes and the arrival of the month with 29 days in it favored their wicked designs.

"Now, then, you want to rush the program hot and heavy!" was the decision of Ned Walton, a tireless mischief maker and therefore the plot to give Burton a period of misery was set in motion.

"A young lady called twice, sir," was the announcement of his landlady, two evenings later, when Burton came home from the office.

He colored and fidgeted. Visits from young ladies comprised a proceeding to which Burton was an utter stranger. He could not even recall where recently he had joined company with a member of the opposite sex so far as a single block on the public streets.

"Er—that is strange. Leave any name, Ah, perhaps my sister from Smithville."

"Oh, no, sir—I know her," disclosed the landlady. "She was veiled. Your visitor was young and graceful and acted very anxious to see you. It struck me she was quite mysterious. And when she left I noticed she joined two other ladies in the street."

"Witnesses!" gasped Burton to himself. "If all the crowd told about the outlandish exercise of the leap-year privilege by the female sex this year is true, I fear I am going to be the object of some annoyance."

For three days Burton did not go home to dinner. For three evenings he went without a light in his room and barricaded the doors. His "veiled lady visitor" did not appear again, however. He began to feel relieved, when a letter reached him.

Its pages were delicately scented and the handwriting was exquisitely dainty. Its sentiments were burning, professing "the ardent admiration of a longing soul seeking a life ideal," and finding it in him. It promised further epistles, it suggested that he wear a pink carnation in his coat the next day, in order that his correspondent might know that her continued attentions might not be distasteful to him.

That especial morning Burton buttoned up his coat tightly and reached his office by unrequited byways. He stayed away from the club, he had serious thoughts of taking a vacation. When one day a bouquet was delivered, he decided that affairs had reached the limit. He was so disturbed he decided to take a day off. Burton made for the outskirts, craving for a day's solitude in the

woods. As he passed a certain house he gave one startled glance behind him and quickened his pace. His blushing glance had caught sight of a faded lady of uncertain age waving her hand at him and calling his name. He feigned not to hear. He saw her throw a light wrap over her shoulders. He saw her run out of the front door.

"Gracious!" gasped Burton, "I do believe she is going to follow me. Yes, she is, and leap year—say! she may be the one who sent me those flowers."

In desperation Burton edged off the street. A row of bushes protected where he was, Burton flushed to the roots of his hair. Why! he had invaded the precincts of the Morton home, and Ruth Morton was a very dear name to him, although he had never told anyone so—no one, not even Ruth herself, who would have been pleased to learn the fact.

Twice he had been Ruth's escort to a town entertainment. Then he had been too bashful to call. Often he had thought of her. Now he dodged back farther into the barn. Ruth, four of her little sisters and brothers accompanying her, were making straight for his retreat.

"Why, Mr. Burton!" exclaimed Ruth, and she looked really pleased, though flustered, as she came upon him—"Is this your long-looked-for call?"

"Er—why, yes," declared Burton in stumbling tones, feeling that he was acting like a dunce. "That is, I—well, I'm taking a day off and you see, sort of putting in the time—"

"Which you can do to decided advantage to us," chirped the sprightly Ruth. "Myself and this brood have about ten bushels of apples to pare and cut for evaporation. You shall string. Will it please you?"

"Please me? It will be delightful!" declared Burton.

"Then come, sir, you must be aproned like the rest of us!"

What a thrill pervaded his sensitive being as Ruth tied a big kitchen apron around him! What a novelty to be seated amid the gay chattering group, doing his share of the work!

Then there was a grand lunch, then a ramble in the orchard. Mrs. Morton insisted upon his staying to tea and then there was moonlight, and a feverishly delicious critical moment at the garden gate, his own face close-closer to the charming one of Ruth.

What ever possessed him? What put new courage into his timid soul? What irradiated his being as, after blurring out all the story of his fears and his hopes, he found in Ruth a truly loyal sympathizer.

Love, love, love!—it drove him, bold as a lion, to the club that evening. His fellow members stared. There was a new Burton revealed. He bore his head high. There was a happy smile on his face.

"Got you yet—the leap-year pranks?" questioned one of the group who had driven Burton into paradise.

"Oh, yes," answered Burton, and there was a cheer and joy in his tones. "One of the fair ladies has. Only she didn't ask me. Tell it to the world that I am the happiest man it holds! I'm going to marry—"

"Miss Dempster?"

"Not on your life! but charming, lovely, incomparable Ruth Morton!"

## THE ORIGIN OF SURNAMES

Those Most Familiar Were Taken Originally From the Occupations of the Holders.

Once upon a time given names were the only names in use. One was Tom, Dick or Harry, and that was all there was about it. Our present surnames arose from the nicknames. Thus Tom the Taylor became in time Tom Taylor, and his descendants used Taylor as the family name. The most familiar of our surnames were taken from the occupations of our forefathers, as Smiths, Bakers, Brewers, etc. Many men, moving to new towns, had the name of the place from which they had come fastened upon them. Others took names like Pope, King and Bishop, from playing those parts in plays. Hogg and Bacon are simple. Purcell developed from porcel, meaning little pig. Gait and Grice are old dialect words of the same meaning. Tod meant fox, Fitchie was polecat, and so the keen student of language traces the beginnings of our names in the old dialects. Some of the nicknames were originally distinctly complimentary, as Seeley for silly, Cameron for crooked nose and Kennedy for ugly head. Grace developed from gras or fat.—American Boy.

A Fool to Fire.

"Our childhood ambitions are seldom realized."

"Too true."

"Life with me is just the reverse of what I thought it would be."

"How so?"

"I thought I was going to set the world on fire, and now I make my living selling insurance."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Difficult Diet.

"You Americans are becoming a race of dyspeptics," remarked the observant visitor. "You are too impatient."

"Maybe that isn't it," replied the quiet citizen. "Maybe it's all due to the habit we have got into of swallowing our indignation."

## USE ANCIENT WATER CRAFT

Nations Warring in Mesopotamia Employ the "Kelek" on the Tigris and Euphrates.

All kinds of ships of war and of commerce have been pressed into service in the great European conflict. There are over-sea boats, on-the-water boats and under-sea boats; there are super-dreadnaughts, battle cruisers and disguised commerce raiders; there are great ocean greyhounds that yesterday were floating palaces of the ocean, carrying the wealth and beauty of civilization on their migrations across the sea, but that today are grim havens of suffering, where the wall of pain and the shriek of anguish have substituted the carnival of music and the sound of Lullaby.

But strangest of all the kinds of floating equipment that the war has drafted into service is the kelek. Describing this strange boat, the National Geographic society says:

"The kelek is probably one of the earliest forms of water transportation used by our ancestors in Asia. It consists of goatskins inflated with air, tied beneath a framework of light poles. Often as many as eight hundred such skins are used to give the boat the desired buoyancy."

The cargo is loaded on to the kelek just as though it were a flat-bottomed barge, after which the craft begins its journey down the Tigris or the Euphrates propelled or guided by oars. When it reaches its journey's end it is broken up and sold as skins and timber.

"The two great rivers of Mesopotamia are very crooked and very irregular in their depths. The air line distance between Diarbekir and Bagdad is 400 miles, while the water route via the Tigris is about 1,000 miles. At many places the river is deep enough to accommodate boats of considerable draft, but at others it is so shallow that a man has difficulty in swimming. But even over shallows, where a man cannot go as a swimmer, a well-laden kelek will float without accident."

"For thousands of years this buoyant boat has helped the people of Mesopotamia to move their commerce over the shoals and shallows of two of the earth's moodiest rivers, and has now come to play its small part in the greatest war of human history."

## Secrets of the Moving Pictures.

It takes a certain amount of time to affect the eye. You do not see things instantaneously. If you move a lighted cigar in a dark room very rapidly you see what is apparently a continuous curve of light.

The motion pictures reproduce movements faithfully for the same reason. Before the eye has a chance to see a picture in its entirety a new picture is flashed on the screen. The pictures appear and vanish at the rate of sixteen a second, in other words, so rapidly that the effect of continuous motion is produced.

Advantage is taken of this to produce very curious and unnatural effects; for example, a hole digging itself in the ground, a skyscraper growing up from a foundation without the aid of human hands. The camera operator has simply taken a picture of the demolition of the old building and the rate of perhaps one an hour, but projects them all in twenty minutes.—Popular Science Monthly.

## Sweden's Stock Exchange.

The present membership of the stock exchange in Sweden consists of sixteen banks, eight banking firms or free brokers, and five brokers in the ordinary sense of the term. Substantial stock exchange buildings have been erected in both Stockholm and Gothenburg. The annual volume of business amounts to about \$100,000,000.

## Economic Maintenance.

The split-log drag has contributed to a large extent toward the economic maintenance of public highways. It is an improvement which can be built or purchased at a low price and is easily operated by anyone who can drive a team.

## Gold.

Gold is not considered a commodity in the ordinary sense of the term, but is the basis on which the values of commodities are determined. Its value does not fluctuate, but is universally fixed at \$20.66 2/3 ounce or its equivalent. Its price, however, fluctuates as in the case of premiums; its value is stationary, hence the term premium. The difference between the fluctuation of that and the purchasing power of gold may be simply illustrated as follows: That while its value remains stationary, a premium would serve to reduce its purchasing power, to be added to its cost, but an advance in the price of commodities would operate to reduce the purchasing power of gold, taking one dollar as a unit. For instance, a dollar will purchase an article whose price coincides, but if an advance in the commodity raises the price of that particular article to \$1.10, the purchasing power of gold would necessarily be reduced proportionately; or, again, in times of adversity, commodities are cheap, the supply invariably exceeding the demand, the purchasing power of gold would then be greater than in times of prosperity when the supply does not meet the demand and higher prices for commodities result. There is no difference in the cost of a penny-weight of gold today from what it was ten years or more ago.

## PERFECT LOVER

By ELIZABETH E. HOYT.

Molly Foss was one of seven girls who had grown up together in Easton. Molly alone had shown no signs of losing her heart. She had studied nursing. And, of course, she might have gone on nursing peaceably forever had not Dr. Richard Randall come to town.

Molly apparently did not reproach Dr. Richard Randall's devotion.

The first to speak to Molly about it was Carrie Smith, who had been Carrie Waters. Carrie's husband had had an attack of pneumonia, and Molly had come to help Carrie out—and Doctor Randall was the doctor. One night she told her friend just what she thought of her indifference to the young doctor.

"Molly, my dear," she said, "I am going to speak to you plainly. Let me tell you it is a great thing to have the devotion of a man who is interested in the same things you are. Think it over, Molly, dear."

It was Helen Lake who spoke the next word to Molly about Doctor Randall. "You ought to be mighty thankful, Molly Foss," Helen said, "to have a man like Doctor Randall. He is so exactly the right size for you." Helen sighed.

A week or two later Molly was calling on Betty Arnold Wister, whose husband, Peter, had brought her much love and a salary of \$15 a week. "Molly," said Betty. "The slightest mischance would send us both to the poorhouse. Doctor Randall is the most prosperous person in Easton."

Grace McPherson overtook Molly a few days later. "Molly," she said, "you may think it is none of my business and I am awfully silly, but you know I've seen quite a lot of Tom Sears lately, and I like him very much. But Sundays he just stays at home and smokes, and when he takes me home from evening meeting, he always waits outside the church door. I feel so wicked, Molly! Dr. Richard Randall comes to church every Sunday. I envy you, Molly."

Gertrude Fiske Ingraham called on Molly on purpose to deliver her message. "I am going to tell you frankly," she said, "that you don't half appreciate Dr. Richard Randall's family connections. I know a girl who lives in Rye, where his family came from, and she said his mother had just read a paper before the women's club on the mistake it was for relatives to come to live with a young couple. I vow I never spoke of this before, but what with Mother Ingraham and Grandmother Ingraham and Cousin Sophronia and Great-aunt Dorcas all living with Percy and me and all wanting to run the house, from pouring the tea to bringing up the baby, I tell you sometimes it almost breaks my heart."

Molly's dearest friend, Lou Thompson, who was not to be married in June, came to Molly a few weeks before the wedding. "Molly," she said, "I know you'll understand why I tell you this, for I'm doing it not to hurt John, but for your own sake. I love John, but he's so forgetful of little things that sometimes he almost breaks my heart. He doesn't take off his hat as soon as he comes into the house—and things like that, you know. I never dreamed of speaking of this before. Until you've had an experience like mine you won't know that manners can be more aggravating than anything else in the world. And you ought to know how important they are. Molly, for Dr. Richard Randall has the best manners I ever saw in any man in all my life."

"Then Molly unburdened herself. "Dear Lou," she said, "Richard Randall is too perfect. He is interested in the right thing, he is the right size, he has a good income, he's got the best kind of habits, and the best kind of relatives, and he's eugenic, and fatherly and generous, and he has the best disposition in the world. And, to cap the climax, he has absolutely flawless manners. Lou, I am not perfect myself, and I'm not going to marry a man who is. If I ever did a thing that wasn't quite right, or accepted, you know