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VOLUME XLVIII.

THURMONT, FREDERICK COUNTY, MD., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1918.

NO. 38

FREDERICK RAILROAD

Thurmont Division
Schedule In Effect Sept. 22, 1918.

All trains Daily unless specified

Leave Frederick	Arrive Thurmont
7:30 a. m.	8:10 a. m.
9:47 a. m.	10:20 a. m.
12:00 p. m.	12:50 p. m.
2:00 p. m.	2:50 p. m.
4:00 p. m.	4:50 p. m.
6:10 p. m.	6:50 p. m.
8:20 p. m.	9:10 p. m.
10:10 p. m.	11:00 p. m.

Leave Thurmont	Arrive Frederick
6:40 a. m.	6:50 a. m.
8:30 a. m.	9:20 a. m.
10:40 a. m.	11:30 a. m.
1:00 p. m.	1:50 p. m.
3:00 p. m.	3:50 p. m.
5:12 p. m.	6:00 p. m.
7:00 p. m.	7:50 p. m.
9:20 p. m.	10:10 p. m.
11:00 p. m.	11:50 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 Sept. 22, 1918.
Subject to change without notice.

GOING WEST.

Leave Baltimore	Leave Thurmont	Arrive Hagerstown	Arrive Cumberland	Arrive Elkins
7:30 a. m.	5:47 a. m.	7:15 a. m.		
8:10 a. m.	10:33 a. m.	11:53 a. m.	2:58 p. m.	9:10 p. m.
14:20 p. m.	6:42 p. m.	7:59 p. m.		
18:00 a. m.	10:01 a. m.	11:20 a. m.		
17:00 p. m.	9:17 p. m.	10:30 p. m.		

GOING EAST.

Leave Elkins	Leave Cumberland	Arrive Hagerstown	Arrive Thurmont	Arrive Baltimore
		7:10 a. m.	8:29 a. m.	10:52 a. m.
		12:55 p. m.	5:00 p. m.	6:57 p. m.
		4:25 p. m.	5:29 p. m.	8:25 p. m.

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

Every mile post on the road
to fame and fortune bears
this legend—“Save—Only
by saving can we reach it.”

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Office—46 North Market Street
Frederick, Md.

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The saving habit is a kind
master. It guarantees your
against misfortune.

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Are safe and sure to prevent leakage in meat
if the simple directions on each sack
are followed.



As soon as your meat is smoked, in the early
spring, before the snow or skipper by puts in an
appearance, place your meat in the sack, following the
simple directions, plainly printed on each sack, and
you can rest assured that you will not be bothered
with worms in your meat.

“Peerless” Paper Meat Sacks are made from a
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grained, heavy paper, with our perfect “Peerless”
bottom which is air and water tight and with case-
ment used for several years. They are made in
bottom sizes to suit all sizes of meat, and will hold
a full 50 lbs. of meat, according to size. The large sack
will hold the ham and shoulders of a hog
weighing (live weight) from 200 to 300 pounds, ac-
cording to how the meat is trimmed; medium sack
will hold from 100 to 200 pounds and the small sack
will hold from 50 to 100 pounds.

A fair trial will fully convince every claim for any
reason, and we feel that where once used they will
become a household necessity.

Price—Ask your grocer for them.

Sizes 1, 4 and 5 cents apiece, according to size.

Great Southern Pkg. & Mfg. Co.
FREDERICK, MD.

Mother's Thanksgiving



She used to start the week before,
Preparing for the day,
Peeling apples, cracking nuts—
You know the cozy way.
Getting cook books from the shelves,
Her glasses on to see
Receipts for cooking wondrous things,
For her four boys and me.
Thanksgiving morning, when the smells
Of turkey and mince pie,
Began to steam about the house
She breathed a happy sigh.
Her four boys now have gone to war,
A proud sigh stirs her breast,
Her service flag sports four bright stars,
The mother bears the test.

Special Reasons Why Every American Should Be Grateful at This Season

Be thankful that you are living in the most important era in the world's history and bearing a part in the momentous events which will be a landmark for all time to come. Be thankful that through the blood and suffering of three years' terrible warfare the issues at last stand out sharply, and that we are fighting on the side of right and against might; for democracy and against autocracy and military despotism.

Be thankful that our great nation has the strength and vigor, the spirit and stamina, the men and resources to throw into the balance at the critical time, thereby insuring victory for justice and humanity.

Be thankful that the United States will sit at the Peace Council, when the time is ripe, defending the rights of the small nations and peoples, insisting upon a square deal for all.

Be thankful that our land has not been invaded, our people murdered, our cities laid waste, as have those of

Belgium, Serbia, Roumania and parts of France and Italy.

Be thankful that we are far enough from the scene of strife to miss most of its horrors, but near enough to take an active and deciding part in the struggle; that our farms and factories, mines and mills are spared to produce the supplies so urgently needed by our allies.

Be thankful that we have an army and navy composed of the best material in the land; our bravest sons sent forth to fight for the world's freedom, as their great grandfathers fought for our freedom.

Be thankful that we were not afraid or dismayed when the summons came, but stepped forward, prepared to bear a man's part in the struggle and to help slay the beast that threatens the liberties of the world.

Be thankful that when this war is over and the victory won, the issues settled, there will be no more war; for the so-called divine right of kings and emperors—the right to exercise despotic sway over their subjects—will be no more.

Greatest Day of Thanksgiving That Our Beloved Nation Has Ever Known

FEW years ago we were thankful because we were rich and powerful and safe; now we may be thankful because we are humbly trying to be brave and self-sacrificing and virtuous. Therefore this is by far the greatest Thanksgiving day that this nation has known. The day, therefore, should be not only one of thanksgiving but of consecration. The American people can now see that there is in this world something greater than the accumulation of wealth, and that life has values which they have not before appreciated. After all our efforts to eliminate pain from the world, we may learn that pain has a high disciplinary value—that there is such a thing as perfection through suffering.

Our sacrifice in behalf of the world's peace, safety and honor is just begin-

ning to be offered. Treasure and life will have to be poured out in un stinted measure if this war is to be won—as it will be. The American people should be deeply thankful that they are called to this great service, which is nothing more than the return that they owe to humanity for the wonderful blessings that have been showered upon them.

“That I may know the fellowship of His sufferings”—such was the prayer of the apostle. Through their participation in the sorrow and suffering of their brethren the American people may develop a purer, stronger, more exalted and spiritual life than any they have hitherto known. The very sobriety with which the day is enshrouded ought therefore to serve to glorify it. This year, of all years, we are thankful not for what we have but for what we are able to do, and for the opportunity and will to do it.

THANKFUL

I AM thankful that, lying on my back in tall grass, atop a hill, I have watched white clouds sail over a sky of measureless blue.

I am thankful that on a moonlit night in the desert I have heard the heartrending throb of an Indian chant bearing a dying chief to a heaven as real as the desert peaks, purple and black on the dim horizon.

I am thankful that I know a New England town, dim-shadowed, silent, with a graveyard too large for it, wherein lie men and women who be-got the Nation in the name of God, and laid them down to die in death-
less faith.

I am thankful that I have seen youngsters diving in an old swimming hole, that I have seen lovers strolling in April twilights, that I have smelled sugarbush after rain, that I have seen babies take their first step, that I have known pain and death, laughter and tears, and work with blistered

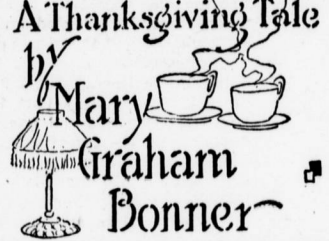
hands and with a back aching from heavy toil.

But most of all I am thankful that I am living today so that, with the rest of thinking humans, I am witness of the birth of a new code for nations, a code so deep, so high, so filled with justice that one must believe the prophecy of Revelation to be coming true. As one with aching heart and streaming eyes must be thankful for the pains of motherhood which bring a new soul to earth, so I am thankful for the heroic agony of the Allies, which is bringing a new spirit to the nations of the world.—Delineator.

Oh, Joy!

D'ye want to show the soldier boys
How well we know we need 'em?
Then share with them Thanksgiving joys—
Just take 'em home and feed 'em!

“Black Coffee For Two” A Thanksgiving Tale by Mary Graham Bonner



“Those letters can wait until Friday, Miss Johnson. Tomorrow we're closed, you know.”

“Very well, sir,” said Miss Johnson.

“You don't seem to be especially pleased,” continued Mr. Brown. “Most of the girls welcome a holiday. They can sleep and then go out dancing with some fine young man. Ain't you got a young man, Miss Johnson? Perhaps you've not been long enough in the city. Well, well, take your time. There's a lot of these youngsters who can make love all right, but when it comes to furnishing the home—they'd have a hard time doing it on the installment plan. The salaries of young men ain't so big these days.”

Mr. Brown was manager of the Jones & Cushing Wholesale Glass and Crockery company. He was a large gentleman with watery blue eyes, fat lips and pudgy hands.

“I suppose you'll be missing the old folks, eh?” continued the gentleman.

“I guess I will miss them,” said Miss Johnson, with letters and notebook in hand. “It will be the first Thanksgiving I've been away. You see I took my course at business college last winter and went home for the summer.”

“To be sure,” said Mr. Brown. “It's only two months since you came here, but you've won your way into our hearts,” he added with a leer.

“And I know how you feel,” he went on. “Just longing for the old folks and the kids. How'd you like some real turkey, eh? Well, we'll have it. You're only a child to me. I'm old enough to be your father.”

And with a look such as no father has ever given before or since, Mr. Brown moved his chair a little nearer.

“How about a Thanksgiving dinner with me tomorrow night? My wife has gone to see her old mother, who is down sick. So let's keep each other company, eh? And have real turkey. What do you say?”

“We'll go to one of the swell places where there'll be cranberry sauce, too. And we'll hear music when we eat, that is if we get those noiseless soup-spoons.” Mr. Brown thought he was a humorous man.

“I guess I'll go,” said Miss Johnson slowly.

“Good! I'll call for you at six sharp and you have a good sleep and write home to the folks that you're going out with a nice safe old fatherly man from the office.” Mr. Brown really flattered himself that he was neither old nor safe.

Miss Johnson had closed the door and gone to put her book and letters back in her desk. Mr. Courtney, one of the salesmen and Mr. Brown's right-hand man, had noticed a slight flush on her face as she had passed him. He wondered if it could be possible that Mr. Brown had invited her to spend the holiday with him. But the idea vanished and just at that moment he was called to the telephone. The other girls had gone to the cloakroom and Miss Johnson entered as they were preparing for the outside world.

“What are you going to do tomorrow, Johnny?” asked Miss Marks. It was the name the girls had given her.

“I don't know just yet,” she answered.

“Bill and I are going to a Thanksgiving ball,” remarked Miss Angela Carter. “And I've got a swell new dress mother's making me.”

There was a general discussion as to the ways the holiday would be spent and the downstairs door Miss Johnson separated from her companions and went over to the elevated.

“Courtney,” called Mr. Brown. “Yes, sir,” he answered.

“Did that new shipment come in today?”

“No sir,” said Mr. Courtney. “I don't



believe we'll get it in until Monday now.”

“Oh, all right, I just wondered. Say, young man, don't look so glum. Get a pretty girl and go off for the day tomorrow. You need cheering up. It's what I need, too. And I'll have it, believe me. I've got a little peach for dinner. Quite a sport for an old boy, eh?”

“Quite,” said Mr. Courtney, quietly. “I don't care much for girls, that is, most girls.”

“Hum,” grunted Mr. Brown as the younger man left his office. “Falling in love, eh? She'll soon tire of him, whoever she may be, if he doesn't get a smile on his face once in a while.”

“Has Miss Johnson left?” Mr. Courtney was asking of one of the stenographers who was hurrying off.

“Yes, left five minutes ago,” was the answer.

“You haven't got her home address?” he asked.

“No, but I guess Mr. Brown has it. He keeps the addresses of the whole staff, you know.” And she was gone.

Miss Johnson boarded with friends her mother had met during her one city trip—a week's excursion which had taken in the Hippodrome and the Flatiron building as wonders never to be forgotten. Usually she took her dinner downtown at a cheap table d'hôte, for Mrs. Palmer, her mother's friend, did not care much for cooking—and besides it had been arranged that way—room and breakfast five dollars a week. But tonight she would go straight home without dinner. Perhaps they would be making preparations for the great day. She bought an evening paper, two bananas and a sweetened roll and started up the elevated stairs.

She reached home and opened the door with her latchkey. From every indication every one was out. She called for Mrs. Palmer but no reply came.

Miss Johnson ate her meager repast and then went to the kitchen for a drink of water. Her meat had been dry and somehow it choked her a little. Everything was so hard to swallow. Or was it that the lump in her throat got in the way?

At last ten o'clock came and Mrs. Palmer walked in. “Oh,” said Miss Johnson, “I came home early tonight to know if I could help you with the dinner tomorrow. I'm going out myself. But mother has always said I was handy with the dressing.”

“Dressing? Dinner?” repeated Mrs. Palmer in amazement. “Oh, land, child, I don't go to no fuss for Thanksgiving! What's the use? I just says to Bert Palmer and the kids, ‘Now why should I be standing over a hot stove for hours when in no time you'd have all the stuff set up?’ So I let 'em



Wondered if Mr. Brown Had Invited Her to Spend the Holiday With Him.

sleep and then I runs down to the delicatessen and gets a few cold cuts and a bit of potato salad for a little extra. Say, why don't you go to the pictures more? I've been tonight to see ‘The Wayward Girl's Return Home.’ It was sad but oh, so beautiful.”

But Miss Johnson was not thinking of the pictures. A few cold cuts and potato salad for Thanksgiving, she was thinking, and a football game and the theaters and movies. No family gathering, no turkey, no pumpkin pie and cider. No children to be allowed on that day to eat all they wanted. Maybe it was a day of national grieving, but it was a family day anyway and it was Thanksgiving day.

She tried to sleep. She didn't want to think of the morrow. But she did, and at the same time came the vision of Mr. Brown, his watery eyes leering at her, and his pudgy hands holding hers so she couldn't escape, and his lips—those fat lips—forcing—Oh no! She shivered and pulled the clothes around her tighter. Why had she said she would go? Perhaps he meant to be kind. But he had always been a little too kind, a little too considerate, it seemed now.

Sometimes she had noticed a strange look on the part of Mr. Courtney. She felt Ned Courtney thought Mr. Brown dictated less and talked more than was necessary. And it bothered her. But she was not sure, and she didn't want to lose her job. It had been so hard—beginning with everything so new and different. Of all the men she had met in New York she cared most for Ned Courtney and his opinion. He had seemed sincere and every one in the office spoke so highly of him. She wondered what he'd think of this, and then she wondered why she wished she knew.

So she thought on. Morning came. Her eyes were heavy. Sleep had come only in snatches. She dressed hastily and then laughed at herself for hurrying. She wrote home and tried to make her letter cheerful.

“Lydia! Lydia Johnson!” came Mrs. Palmer's voice from downstairs. “A gentleman to speak to you on the phone.”

Miss Johnson went down the stairs without hurrying. She had never acquired the habit of running to the telephone as if it were on fire and must be put out by lifting the receiver.

“Hello,” she said.

“Oh, good-morning, Miss Johnson,” came the voice from the other end. “I hope I didn't get you up out of bed. No? You're not a late sleeper even on a holiday? Well, I always knew you were smart. Just thought I'd call you

up to tell you we'll have that turkey tonight at six you know. I'll be around in plenty of time. Look your sweetest!”

“Oh, thank you, Mr. Brown. Yes, I'll be ready a little before six.”

At either end the receiver was hung up and each went off discontented.

“I wonder if I'm wasting time and money on her,” meditated Mr. Brown. “It's all right to favor that country idea she has of a holiday but I like a little appreciation in return. . . . But I guess I've got her where I want her. . . . Only I'd better not lose



Started Up the Stairs.

out by rushing things. She's a bit different from the usual run of 'em.”

Lydia returned to her room, passing by the inquisitive eyes of Mrs. Palmer without answer.

Later she breakfasted, or rather lunched, with the Palmer family. She played the piano a little, and then, before returning to her room, decided she would satisfy Mrs. Palmer's curiosity.

“I'm going to dinner with Mr. Brown of the firm,” she said. “He's a father of children—not young and worthless.” She laughed a little.

“That's good,” said Mrs. Palmer. “But what's he doing taking you out today? Where's his kids?”

“Away to see a sick grandmother,” said Lydia, and as she said it she felt a little too understandingly. Lydia flushed slightly.

“Now, listen, dearie,” said Mrs. Palmer, “to a word of motherly advice. Get all that's coming to you. They think more of you when you make 'em spend—and if he's old enough to be a father—and take you out—he's likely got enough of the wherewithal. Say you like white furs. Tell him in a real baby tone you did wish you could have a silver mesh bag. While I promised your mother I'd look after you, the city's ways aren't the country's ways—leastwise, not so I'd know it. And I want to see you get on.” She was thinking secretly of a new rug she might like herself. “Just work the old boy for all he's worth, but take my advice, and never fall in love. They're done with you then, and you lose interest in others.”

Lydia had sat partly listening and partly dreaming of the Thanksgiving at home—the long table, her father's jokes, the children's ceaseless chatter her mother hot and tired but beaming. She arose. “I'll be careful,” she said as she bit her lip. “I won't fall in love. Don't worry, Mrs. Palmer. I'm not so young as you might think.”

She went to her room and closed her door with a bang. Then softly opened it. An hour went by and then another. Still another passed and Lydia was growing impatient. Her hat and gloves and coat were ready. She sat there, nervous and shaking. At last she heard Mrs. Palmer's shrill voice:

“Lydia, Lydia.”

Lydia closed the door softly and then opened it noisily. “Yes,” she called back.

“I'm just going over to see the pictures for an hour. I'll be back in time to fuss you up a bit for tonight. Don't worry. I'll only be gone an hour.”

“All right, thank you, Mrs. Palmer,” she called.

She waited five minutes, then ten and at last put on her things. Quietly she stole down the stairs. She opened the door, looked up and down the street and then hurriedly walked along. “I guess,” she said slowly to herself, “I'll go downtown.” And she went up the stairs to the elevated.

“I suppose I'll have to eat,” she thought grimly.

Usually Rast's table d'hôte was crowded. There people were always



Tried Hard to Make Her Letters Appear Cheerful.

standing waiting for seats, looking annoyed and envious of those who were almost finished but who took so long over their coffee. Table d'hôte diners had no right to take so long over their coffee, their expressions read quite plainly. But Mr. Rast was genial and always held his crowds by a suave smile and a confidential manner of saying to each customer, “I'll have a table in just a moment for you.”

But this evening there were few at Rast's. The whole place looked strangely empty.

“Plenty of tables tonight,” said Miss Johnson.

“Yes, miss,” Mr. Rast smilingly admitted. “But if some folks knew what an extra menu I give for Thanksgiving they would not be eating home. Trouble isn't that, altogether, but here's the business section there ain't much going on today. Have your choice of tables.” And with a flourish Mr. Rast still retained his manner of personal interest and of a great desire to please.

Lydia Johnson took her seat and looked at the menu. It was just about the same as usual, but Mr. Rast had been true to his boast. There on the top was an additional sheet of thin paper, reading in watery ink, “Special for Today.” Below was “Thanksgiving turkey and cranberry sauce. Squash pie, apple elder.”

Lydia ordered them, scarcely noticing that they were a little special in price, too.

Olives and celery were put in front of her and a small dish of relish. She tasted some and as she put down her fork she saw Ned Courtney entering. As he caught sight of her his eyes brightened and his step became more buoyant. “May I sit here?” he asked, pointing to the vacant chair opposite her.

“Yes, do,” said Lydia quickly. “I'm all alone. I'm kind of homesick, anyway,” she admitted, as her eyes shone a little mistily. “They make a regular fuss over Thanksgiving day at home. I'm from the country, you know. And I guess I'm still a bit of a youngster. It's my first Thanksgiving away from home.”

“And you're here, you poor child,” said Mr. Courtney, who was possibly two years her senior. “Of all the God-forsaken places in the world, the city takes the lead on a holiday when you've no special pals—and when you've been used to the other kind. It's my first Thanksgiving day here.”

“Mother makes an awful fuss over the day,” said Lydia. “And pop is just as bad. Always jokes we're not going to have turkey and we always do, of course.”

“Of course,” agreed Mr. Courtney. “And pumpkin pie and elder. I see you've ordered the specials. Well, I guess I will too. Squash pie, eh? I suppose they haven't any pumpkin.”

They ate their dinner and each



“I See You've Ordered the Specials.”

talked of the times at home—other Thanksgivings.

“Do you come here often?” asked Mr. Courtney.

“Almost always,” she answered. “I wasn't going to come tonight, and then I thought I would. I've never seen you here before.”

“No, it's my first appearance, though I guess I know all the other places like this. One of the boys told me about it at the office. Where did you think you'd go? I mean tonight, if you hadn't come here?”

“Mr. Brown asked me to have dinner with him. He said his wife and two kids were up with his mother-in-law who's sick. She lives in the country and so he'd be all alone. I guess he meant it kindly, but somehow I just felt kind of queer about going.”

“Thank God you did,” said Mr. Courtney with a sudden burst of religious fervor. “Wife and two kids and a mother-in-law—all to fool you with! Why he's not even married! I pity the poor creature who would ever marry him. He's asked all the girls in the office to go out with him. He threatens to fire 'em if they don't accept, but if they're any good at their work he figures on business first—and besides it would look queer to the partners.”

“I've seen him eyeing you,” he continued. “And I've said to myself often, ‘If he lays a hand on her I’ll—’ Tried to work on your homesickness, Ugh!”

Miss Johnson had turned crimson. “I've always been home Thanksgiving before,” she murmured again. She had talked a good deal to Ned Courtney in the shop and the girls had teased her about him. But he had never “asked her out.” She felt miserably friendless.

“Listen,” she heard him say. “I've cared for you ever since you first stepped into Jones & Cushing's, and I'd like to see you step out. My father's ready any day to hand over the farm to me, and the farm life is the real life. Will you—will you—in a little while, marry me? Mr. Brown can fire us both. We'll never be at his mercy again on Thanksgiving day. We'll have a country Thanksgiving—and we'll let the kids out all they want—that is—later on.” He grew uncomfortably red. He had been rushing a little too fast.

Lydia looked at him first a full moment, then looked away.

“I've always wished you cared for me,” she said softly to the empty table opposite.</