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THE FROSTBURG SPIRIT

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MAIL ORDER FAKERS A CONSTANT MENACE

Postoffice Department Kept Busy Exposing
Frauds—List of Schemes to Defraud the
Public a Long One.

New Court Decision Will Help to Drive Out Thou-
sands of Unlawful Users of the Mails.

It is so easy for mail order sharpers to defraud the public that "Uncle Sam" is forced to spend thousands of dollars annually, and to maintain a large force of inspectors and clerks to nip their fraudulent schemes. Frederick J. Haskin, the well known journalist, who has been writing a series of articles for the Chicago Daily News on the Postoffice Department, tells about the mail order fakers in a recent article on "Driving Out Frauds." The article is as follows:

Correspondence School Frauds.

There is a class of advertisers who patronize the want "ad" columns of many newspapers with the view of making capital out of that widespread idea among the uninformed that a man can become a newspaper writer by mail, and that all he has to do is to take a little course in a correspondence school, and that thereafter he can make at least \$100 a month during his spare time writing newspaper stories. These advertisers catch thousands of ambitious people, but sometimes they get caught in turn. Clairvoyants, astrologers and palmists who advertise to tell you anything you want to know about yourself, or about anyone else, find almost as many "snickers" ready to bite, and the Government net gets many of them in a year's time.

Perhaps one of the worst of the frauds is the advertisement of "work at home" schemes. You are told that if you order an outfit from the advertiser you can use it, and the advertiser will buy your product in return. Usually the scheme appeals to poor people who can ill afford to lose a cent, and yet who hope to supplement an all too meager family income by doing some little extra work.

The list of species of fraud perpetrated through the mails is a long one. Impersonating relatives, picture puzzle schemes, fire insurance policies, advertising for traveling companions and taking a deposit from each person answering the "ad," advertising for partners and requiring a little earnest money, advertising that a young heiness wants to marry and advising the would-be swains who answer that she needs a little money for her transportation—these are but a few of the many kinds of frauds which use the mails as a medium.

The department finds it rather hard to combat these evils, because the Federal courts fail to realize the nationwide operations of the individuals brought before them through the work of the postoffice inspectors. In a number of instances persons who have robbed the people of millions of dollars have received jail sentences of only a few months.

If all the courts uphold the action of the district judge in the northern district of Illinois, the Postoffice Department will make short shrift of many of the people who use the mails for fraudulent purposes. Formerly it was held that it was necessary to prove that some person had actually been defrauded. But in the case of Eugene M. Stockton the court held that conviction might follow "if it was the intent of the defendant that some one should be defrauded," and that gives the department a means by which it can drive out thousands of unlawful users of the mail.

"Second Coming of Christ"

Don't fail to hear this interesting subject discussed at the Frostburg Opera House, Sunday, 3 P. M. Seats free. No collection.—Adv't.

FROSTBURG MILITIA.

Movement to Organize Military Company in Frostburg.

If the efforts of Capt. Francis M. Devore, a Spanish-American war veteran, can bring it about, Frostburg will soon have a military company. Capt. Devore served his country in the Philippine Islands, and like many other volunteer soldiers, he has not lost interest in military matters. In fact he is a military enthusiast, and he has taken steps to organize a military company in this town.

In reply to a communication recently addressed to the Adjutant General of Maryland, that officer has written to Capt. Devore as follows:

"I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your communication of recent date in regard to organizing a company of infantry at Frostburg, Md., with a view of having it accepted as a part of the First Infantry.

"In this connection you are advised that under the law an application from not less than 43 citizens of a city or incorporated town or county must be filed with this office. This application must show in detail: First, full name of each applicant; 2nd, present age; 3rd, place and date of birth; 4th, present occupation; 5th, actual residence; 6th, individual signature on the same line on which the above information is given.

"This application when so accomplished, may be sent to this office for further attention."

Captain Devore is now circulating a petition for the necessary signa-

tures, and he will doubtless be able to bring about the organization he has set his heart upon. Frostburg has the material for a first-class company of infantry, and as the town has about everything else that any other town of 8,000 inhabitants has, we may as well also have a military company.

The Spirit Looks Good to Them.

W. T. Hobbittzell, of Meyersdale, Pa., a former Frostburger well known and well liked by many people of this town, has The Spirit's thanks for a \$3.00 check to pay for two year's subscription to this paper. In referring to the paper in his letter accompanying his remittance, Mr. Hobbittzell says: "It surely looks good to us."

"Second Coming of Christ."

Will be the subject of a free lecture at the Frostburg Opera House, Sunday, January 18th, at 7:30 P. M. A cordial invitation extended to all.—Adv't.

Stanley L. Livengood Joins The Spirit Family.

Stanley L. Livengood, a bright young businessman and school teacher of Somerset county, Pa., this week sent his check for \$1.50 and orders The Spirit sent to his address at Marketton, Pa. Stanley is one of the best and brightest young men we know of, and is President of the firm of Livengood Bros. & Co., dealers in poultry.

In remitting a "bone and a half" as he terms it, he says "procrastination has cost him dearly," but adds that he "cannot afford to do without The Spirit a day longer." Hence he "comes across" with the price, and his best wishes accompany the remittance.

Cash and Compliments From Canada.

LONDON, CANADA, Jan. 8, 1914. Mr. Livengood.

DEAR SIR:—This week I shall miss the pleasure of reading The Frostburg Spirit, due to the fact that I am away from the big city.

Your splendid paper ought to be read and subscribed for by every native Frostburger at home and abroad. Wishing you every success, particularly financially, in your publicity of Frostburg, I am sincerely,

EDWIN JANDORF,

New York, N. Y.

P. S. Enclosed find \$1.00, so that you can send The Spirit to my mother Mrs. Fanny Jandorf, 486 W. 136th street, New York City. Every old Frostburger knows my mother. E. J.

A Million-Dollar Bank.

Note the advertisement of The First National Bank of Frostburg in this issue of The Spirit. It announces the fact that it is the only million-dollar bank in the Georges Creek Valley, and so it is. And that is not only a mark of distinction for that bank, but the whole town has just cause to feel proud of having a million-dollar bank, for not many of that kind are found in towns the size of Frostburg.

But genial and wide-awake "Bob" Annan, the President of the splendid and popular First National, assisted by his affable and courteous employees of that bank, are the kind of people that can build up a banking business until it reaches the million mark, and already they have it well advanced toward the two million mark.

In the meantime, the two other good Frostburg banks, which are younger institutions, are also looming up wonderfully strong, and will doubtless also reach the million mark in due time.

Few towns the size of Frostburg can make the bank showing made by this town.

Philip Burton orders his name placed on The Spirit's subscription list and says he has heard lots of people say they like The Spirit very much. He further expresses his own opinion by saying "it's a fine paper, and I want it." The young man who takes an interest in his home paper is better than a hundred old mossbacks who don't.

Roy Long, a piano tuner from Greencastle, Pa., arrived here last week for a visit with his brother, Dr. W. H. Long. The doctor did not make the trip to Pittsburgh, last Saturday morning, that The Spirit stated he would make at that time, as his duties here would not permit of his going away as he intended in order to help celebrate the 50th wedding anniversary of his parents-in-law.

Merchant B. D. Byrnes, Jr., of Eckhart Mines, was a business caller at The Spirit office, Tuesday. Mr. Byrnes left a nice order for circulars that advertise some of the most attractive prices for staple and dependable merchandise that we have seen offered for some time. Mr. Byrnes has a very nice business at Eckhart, and his store is deservedly popular and becoming more so right along. The Spirit has found Mr. Byrnes a very nice man to do business with, hence wishes him the increasing business that's coming his way. He deserves all he gets, and he can't get more than he deserves.

Full Moon Caused Hot Time In Town

Former Frostburg Editor Tells
How Confluence, Pa., Was Ter-
rorized by a Full Moon.

In most communities a full moon is admired and considered a thing of great beauty, but not so in Confluence, Pa. At any rate a full moon is not always admired in Confluence, and recently that town was more or less terror-stricken on a full moon occasion.

David Cronin, who some years ago edited The Frostburg Forum, but who is now manager of The Meyersdale Republican's Confluence and Ursina news bureau, in last week's Republican relates the following full moon episode:

Another recent excitement here was about a full moon. Frank Moon got full, and while in this condition the borough constable got into the Moon's orbit, and as a consequence the constable got Moon-struck and saw myriads of stars. He called on several citizens to assist him, and they supposed that by taking Moon to the lockup they could prevent his revolving around the earth while full, but here they were mistaken, as the lock on the cell door was so flimsy that it could not withstand a Moon-beam. So the Moon came out of the eclipse and started up the railroad track for Ursina, not even leaving any moonshine behind. After inspecting the ruins of the Curry Comb Hotel and lamenting the destruction of this one-time harbor of refuge for the thirsty pilgrim, he boarded a side-door Pullman and started for the city of Connellsville, where after hobnobbing with ebony goddesses of the "Black Susie" stamp, he fell into the hands of the Philistines in the shape of Rockwell Marietta's cops. After being arrested and cast into a dungeon that was Moon-proof, Moon was full of remorse and resolved to leave this world of woe by the potassium permanganate pill process, but this was not enough to make him shuffle off this mortal coil. He was taken to the Cottage State Hospital where after the doctors used some stomach pumps, Moon's "innards" were repaired and the Connellsville officials decided not to prosecute him, but told him to go and sin no more. But no such merciful sentiments moved the compassion of "Confluence officials, who wanted their pound of flesh, for Moon had not only maltreated their constable, but far worse, had destroyed a ten-cent lock.

On the first day of the glad New Year, Constable Burnworth telephoned to Connellsville: "Hold the Moon, for I am coming." Moon was brought from Connellsville Thursday evening and immediately had a hearing before Squire Groff on the charges of resisting an officer and breaking jail. He pleaded guilty and was taken to Somerset in default of bail, Saturday morning. E. O. Redoric was detailed to guard the borough Bastile, Friday night, so Moon could not again filter through the door.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," said Shakespeare, and so would also a Spanish onion. What queer things names are, anyway! So incongruous! Some time ago we read an account of a desperate conflict between a sheriff's posse and an Indian desperado, somewhere out in California. The Indian, after slaying a father who objected to the redskin carrying off the former's daughter, killed the girl because she was unable to travel fast enough to prevent capture by the officers. And what do you suppose was the cognomen of this desperate character?

"Willie Boy!"

Say it over again! Roll it around your tongue, and then set your mind at work trying to reconcile that blood-thirsty personality with the sweet, tender, "mother's pet" appellation, "Willie Boy!" Give it up? Don't blame you! It can't be done!

While on the subject of nomenclature, just run over in your mind some of the names of people you know, and note what a wide diversity exists between the qualities that the names imply, and the possessors of those names.

We know a woman-hater who sports the queer name of Hugg; a man named Payne is one of the healthiest and happiest people of our acquaintance; we all know that Mr. Bell never told anything which he heard; a boy named Ruddy, looks like a ghost. A sour-visaged miser we have read of, has been followed from his birth by the sweet-sounding name of Darling.

You doubtless know many colored folks who respond to the name of White, while Messrs. Black, Brown and Green are sufficiently prominent among white people. Mr. Wolf is a very affable person, and Mr. Fox is undesigning. Surely you are acquainted with big John Little, small Mr. Large, and little Mr. Sampson who really doesn't look as though he could lift a hundred pounds. Mr. Savage is often a very gentle person, Mr. Gay very melancholy, and Mr. Hindman may be the foremost man

in the community. Mrs. Saver is a very gracious person indeed, though 'tis said that the Hopp boy is not at all agile. Mr. Lyon is a lamb in disposition, and in some instances has never been given to lyin' in his life, while more than one Mr. Lamb has been noted as a scrapping bully. Mr. Hill is often a Lilliputian, and Mr. Shell will always object to being classed as a fossil. Mr. Short is often very long, while Mr. Long, in some cases, isn't more than knee-high to a duck.

In Johnstown, Pa., there is a firm doing business under the beautiful and suggestive name of Love, Sunshine & Co., but whether the firm possesses those qualities to a larger degree than usual, we cannot say.

We also know a minister of the gospel in Pennsylvania with the ill-fitting name of Boozer, but his neighbors say that he never drinks anything stronger than water, and is much interested in the temperance movement. We have known cases, too, where Mr. Livengood was not livin' good by a dence of a sight, and so on ad infinitum.

Had we the time and the disposition we could go on filling these columns with queer-sounding names, made so only in their misappellation. Perhaps our readers know many more which appeal to them with their queer sense of humorous inappropriateness.

ARISTOCRACY.

One of the best things this country could do would be to get rid of its useless so-called "aristocracy." It makes us almost mad enough to fight our shadow every time we see a gang of these high-collared, waxed-mustached sons-of-guns cavorting around in their infernal laziness and calling themselves "the aristocracy."

It is the most confounded nonsense for any set of fools to claim that there is such a thing as an "aristocracy" or "best families" or "blue blood" in this country—or anywhere else. If there was an aristocracy of brains, we would honor and respect it, but we have no earthly use for this infernal "dollar aristocracy" that struts and crows like a blamed little bantam rooster on an ostrich farm.

There used to be an idea that a family long established was inherently better than other folks. Let us see what it takes to "establish a family." Take the Jones family. There have been Joneses ever since Adam and the apple tree, almost, but they were all poor people, and the family was not "established" until Bill Jones happened to stumble into a fortune, one day. Right then Bill "established" the "House of Jones," and his stuck-up offspring refused to recognize their old Jones ancestors all the way back. The family henceforth dates its beginning from Bill, and they try to leave the impression that Bill just dropped down from heaven, called himself Bill Jones and got busy.

It's all a matter of money. Why, blame it, you can take the lowdownest beggarly deadbeat in the world, endow him with a million dollars, and he can start a blue-blooded "best family" in less than twelve months. He could stand before kings, and the silly snobocracy would bow and scrape around him like he was a very god.

Let the new-made aristocrat wake up some morning and find his fortune gone, and he will discover that his "blue-blooded aristocracy" has eloped with it. And such is life.—Ex.

A RARA AVIS.

She wasn't much to look at, she was homely, it is true; one eye, it was a plaintive brown, the other eye was blue. Her hair, a fiery color, made her dull and plain as sin, and she had a 16-karat mole, affixed into her chin. Her shoes were number sevens, and her chest was very flat, and she always wore a screech owl upon her ancient hat. When she smiled, but six brown molars were supplanting thirty-two, but she never stopped to gossip as this life she journeyed through.

She was never out of humor, always smiled as she passed by, always mingled laughs with sobbing, mixed up cheers with every sigh. She was never hard to locate when some good was to be done—she could ease a mother's troubles, she could shame a wayward son. She had waited by the bedside of a pilgrim when in pain, and she kept a faithful vigil—never once did she complain—yes, she surely was a scare-owl, always seemed to be asked, but she never stopped to gossip as this life she journeyed through.

Nothing ever seemed to fluster, she was "Johnny-on-the-spot," never looked for smiles or sneering, didn't seem to care a jot whether she was ever welcome, or if everybody fled—she'd smile a hearty "howdydo," and stroke a fevered head. She was always necessary to a frolic or a fray, just to soothe a troubled conscience or to drive a care away. But we didn't gauge her value till the crepe came into view, for she never stopped to gossip as this life she journeyed through.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING

WHY? HOW? WHEN?

Free Lecture on This Subject in
Frostburg Opera House, Sun-
day, Jan. 18, at 7:30 p.m.

Evangelist G. S. Kendall, of New York, will lecture next Sunday night in the Frostburg Opera House. This is the second of the series of Bible lectures under the auspices of the International Bible Student's Association. The subject is one greatly misunderstood. A rare treat is in store for all. Mr. Kendall is a fluent and forceful speaker, who literally rains down Scripture texts on every assertion he makes.



He has made a special study of this subject, and expects to make plain to his hearers just what is implied in the words of his theme, and to harmonize many hitherto supposedly contradictory texts of Scriptures.

He will give a systematic presentation of the Bible's evidence on this interesting topic, showing the time is near at hand for God's will to be done on Earth as it is done in Heaven.

Christians of all beliefs have confidence in this coming kingdom, but few express their views as to why, how and when it is to be expected.

A cordial invitation is extended to all.—Advertisement.

SHOOT! SHOOT! SHOOT!

Frostburg's Fine New Shooting
Gallery Will Give Prizes
Worth Contesting For.

Harvey Stahl, of Meyersdale, will open a fine new shooting gallery in the Dillon building, one door west of the St. Cloud Hotel, Monday, Jan. 19. Guns and everything pertaining to it will be of the latest and best, and prizes worth contesting for will be given for best shooting.

A 40-lb. turkey gobbler will be given for first prize next week. This turkey is one of the famous Bird Brothers' prize-winners, and his value is \$15.00. Try your skill, as you may win this noble bird at a cost of only 25 cents. Anyway, call at the gallery and see the 40-pound bird, which will cost you nothing.—Adv't. 1-15

MAKING THE HOME REAL.

To a certain extent the cities are absolved from blame for luring the boy from the farm and the more or less stable existence of the tiller of the soil to the uncertain lot of the city laborer or clerk. According to arguments advanced by those who have made a study of the small town and country development, the blame for the desertion of the land by the young must rest largely with the parents—with the farmers themselves.

The average farmer has until recently been interested in the crops, cattle, and a bank account more than he was in the comfort of his wife and children. With the city man it has been the reverse. The wife of the city mechanic, whose income was far smaller and immeasurably less secure than the income of the farmer, has for years been having hot and cold water in her kitchen, a bath tub in the house, and gas and electricity with which to cook, wash and iron. Her household work has been cut to a minimum. The wife of the farmer, in most cases, is still drudging away unnecessarily. Because of this drudgery, and the want of a comfortable and consequently interesting, attractive home, the migration to the city has been unprecedented in recent years.

One has only to use his brain a little to discover the various machines which might be installed in the farm home at a comparatively small expense, and which would go a long way toward making life on the farm lighter for the women and more attractive for the children. It is a fact that farms run on a modern basis pay larger dividends. Farms so run not only keep the children at home, but keep them interested in their home, in the farm and the farm work.

Farmers who see that there is something wrong with their farms and who begin to see their children become restless—a sort of constant yearning to get away—will find a solution to the whole problem of keeping the family together, in brightening up the

home and giving it an air of modernity.

Not only is this applicable to the farmer, but to the resident of the small town as well. The rising generation are not wont to be so contented with life as were their fathers and mothers. They must have certain things which, though easily within the reach of their parents, are oftentimes overlooked, only to be discovered after it is too late. The country home may be made as attractive as any other, more attractive, comfortable and healthful in fact. To make it so is to solve the problem of keeping the boys and girls on the farm and in the home town.

G. S. Kendall, of New York.

At the Frostburg Opera House, Sunday, 7:30 P. M.—Adv't.

THE FAMILY PARTY.

I sing of the family party, that once we used to know,
The old-time family parties we gave so long ago,
When every near-relation, and distant cousins, too,

The married ones with children, Aunt Mary and Aunt Sue,
The grandpas and the grandmas, yes, every one of kin,
The nephews and the nieces, and some who married in,

Came trooping to the old home with laughter and with smile,
And had their fun together in the good old fashioned style.
The games we played have vanished and gone beyond recall,

But I still can see the donkey that hung upon the wall,
An' Uncle Ben, blindfolded, his arm out like a flail,
Trying to find the proper place on which to pin the tail.

An' I can hear the laughter that rose up like a roar,
When Uncle Ben had pinned it upon th' parlor door;

An' I can see the women folks sit on a crock an' try
To pass a piece of linen thread right through a needle's eye.

The old-time family parties, when Cousin Will would play
The square piano for us in a real heart-gripping way;

An' Lil, and Tom, an' Annie would take their turn an' sing
Those songs which took your fancy an' had the proper swing;

An' when they tired of singing, somebody would recite
A scene or two from Shakespeare an' do the thing up right,

Then we'd all sit down to supper, and I tell you, if you please,
It wasn't any dinky lunch you juggled on your knees.

But a real bang-up collation, that's what mother used to say,
Of tongue and ham, and cold roast beef, it took her most a day

To prepare that supper for us, there were jellies red and fine,
And layer cakes and pound cakes and some cakes of quaint design;

Oh, there's nothing now can beat them, though we've put on style an' airs,
An' adopted all the customs that obtain with millionaires.

We don't have the fun we used to, nor the joy we used to know,
At the old-time family parties in the days of long ago.

—Detroit Free Press.

Evangelist Kendall, of New York.

At the Frostburg Opera House, Sunday, 7:30 P. M. Subject, "Christ's Second Coming." You cannot afford to miss it.—Adv't.

Christmas Club Running Wild.

The Citizens' National Bank's Christmas Club is not only growing by leaps and bounds, but it is actually running wild, according to a statement made to the editor by Cashier Frank Watts on Tuesday. The Christmas Club depositors are coming in crowds, and the number of accounts and amounts deposited this year will make the big Christmas Club savings fund that was distributed at the close of last year look insignificant. A good idea always grows, and the Christmas Club idea adopted by the Citizens National Bank of Frostburg, last year, has proved a most excellent one for that bank and the whole community.

Frostburg Souvenir Books.

Sixty-two pages; beautifully embossed flexible cover; 172 fine illustrations of people, buildings, street scenes and local scenery printed artistically on high-lustre coated paper; a complete historical and biographical sketch of Frostburg and Frostburgers; also contains the names and addresses of about 2,500 former residents and old-home week visitors; a valuable work to preserve for future reference; gives a better idea of Frostburg than a billion postcards could give. These books would be cheap at 50 cents each, but can be had at The Spirit office for only 15 cents; sent postpaid to any address for 21 cents.

"The Second Coming of Christ"

Will be the subject of a lecture, Sunday, 7:30 P. M., Frostburg Opera House.—Adv't.

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