The Leading Weekly Newspaper of Allegany County, Maryland

THE FROSTBURG SPIRIT

Successor to The Frostburg Mining Journal Established 1871

FORTY-THIRD YEAR. NO. 27 | FROSTBURG, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1914 | WHOLE NUMBER 2,216

PASTOR RUSSELL COMING TO LECTURE IN FROSTBURG

Will Lecture in the Frostburg Opera House Next Sunday at 3 P. M.—His Subject, "Armageddon," Will Be Most Interesting at This Time.

Let All Turn Out and Learn What the Signs of the Times Indicate, According to the Views of This Wonderful Man.

Pastor Russell, one of the world's most noted and lovable men, is due to arrive here next Sunday, and he is scheduled to lecture in the Frostburg Opera House at 3 p. m., same day, on "Armageddon."

None can afford to miss this interesting lecture by this world-famed man, whose views of the divine plan of the ages seem to be in a remarkable state of verification by passing and coming events that are in sight. The present great European war has much significance, according to Pastor Russell's views, as pertains to the coming of Christ's Kingdom and the Millennial period.

Pastor Russell does not believe in a paid ministry, and although he is both an author and an editor, he nevertheless finds time to preach weekly to the world's largest congregation.

Approximately 2,000 newspapers publish his sermons, reaching 75,000,000 readers. He is also the author of works entitled "Scripture Studies," over 8,000,000 being in the hands of readers. They are published in 19 different languages, including the Chinese. This is a remarkable testimony of the popularity of his writings. His address, Sunday, will be free, and no collection will be taken. Pastor Russell is the duly elected pastor of the London Tabernncle, the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and the Washingtod Temple congregations, and is the president of the International Bible Students' Association and the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society.

He speaks only in public halls, where Catholics, Jews, Christians and Skeptics—all can meet together to consider the Bible and its merits. The citizens of Frostburg surely are favored that this celebrated international preacher is coming here.

Within the last two years, aided by an interpreter, Pastor Russell has preached in all the principal cities of Germany, Denmark, Switzerland, Sweden, Great Britain and many countries in the East. All the tours were made at the instance of the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society, of which he is the practical founder.

Although Pastor Russell is 62 years old, he is still a most energetic and entertaining speaker. For nearly 40 years he has been on the lecture platform, and has covered on an average nearly fifty thonsand miles each year in delivering his talks.

Since the days of Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Talmage, no other preacher has occupied so prominent a position in the United States as Pastor Russell.

Now the citizens of Frostburg are to have the privilege to listen to this man, the announcement of whose name fills to overflowing the largest halls in the world. He has spoken in the Royal Albert Hall, London, as well as the principal cities of Europe and the Orient.

Like Beecher and Talmage, both of the same "City of Churches," Pastor Russell is an independent teacher, not allied with any partic[illegible] denominational organization; giving his time, his strength and his powers of oratory to the moulding of public thought to the Word of God, "with charity toward all and malice toward none."

He is a very talented man, a keen observer, and the greatest Biblical scholar of our day. His reputation as a Bible exegete, is international.

Pastor Russell possesses a delightful personality; he is modest and unassuming, and to meet him is to be stimulated to greater Christian endeavor.

His firm belief in the Gospel of Christ is, without doubt, the secret of his wonderful power as an exponent of the Inspired Word.

Above all, the Pastor may be described as strictly orthodox, evidenced by his close adherence to the Bible as the inspired word of God. Twice annually he goes abroad to serve at the London Tabernacle, and has just returned the past month from a tour of the British Isles.

All are invited. Doors open at 2:30, lecture begins at 3 o'clock.

The World-Famous Preacher,

author and editor, Pastor Russell, will lecture on "The Battle of Armageddon," next Sunday at 3 p. m., in the Frostburg Opera House. All are invited.—Advt.

"LAWYER AND JOURNALIST."

Glissan T. Makes Another Ridiculous Statement.

The Times' Frostburg correspondent writing about the new street car seats said they were covered with "cain." One ought to be Abel to sit on them with ease.—Cumberland Alleganian.

"With ease" is right, and on any Eve, but it is plain to see that the dapper young fellow who pleads guilty to "setting in the lap of Spring," and who in the Frostburg historical and biographical sketch book refers to himself as a "lawyer and journalist," knows no more about the proper spelling of English words than did Cain, Able, Eve or Adam.

Brought Here With Broken Hip.

While at play on the farm of her father, Friday last, the little 5-year-old daughter of Mr. George Bittinger, on the Savage river, Garrett county, was struck by a heavy gate, and her hip badly injured. Later a thorough examination disclosed that the little girl's hip had been broken, and she was on Sunday afternoon taken to the Miners' Hospital for treatment. The injury is exceedingly painful for a child so young, but no serious results are anticipated at this time.

"Armageddon"

will be the subject of Pastor Russell's lecture next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in the Frostburg Opera House.—Advt. 1-2

HARK YE, HEAR YE! LISTEN TO GLISSAN!

Also Listen to "Uncle Pete's" Fatherly Advice to the Journalist "Setting in the Lap of Spring."

Porter is Peeved, Grieved and Deceived, but He Will Learn.

Our friend Glissan T. Porter, the gay young cavorter who "sets" in the lap of Spring, last week was a snorter, but a clumsy retorter, and that is no dream, by ging!

Yes, Glissan got hot last week, so blamed hot that he got red, not only in his face, but also in the region of his coat-tail. He got so all-fired hot there, in fact, that he could hardly keep his clothes on, and for that reason we trust he will be forgiven by those who may think that he exposed that part of his anatomy.

What Peeved Our Friend Glissan.

Now, "Uncle Pete" had no idea that the giddy young fellow "setting in the lap of Spring" would get all "het up" over a little bit of fun, but he did, and it all happened this way:

"Hank," the comical "hunky-dory" sort of a fellow who writes his "Musings" for the Cumberland News, jokingly remarked in his writings that our friend Porter returned to the "wilds of Frostburg." "Hank," of course, meant no harm, and maybe never was in Frostburg, where all visitors behold a prettier and more substantial town than Cumberland. However, he doubtless knows that our friend Porter is more adapted to getting up country correspondence somewhere out in the wilds, at the princely salary of fifty "bucks" per month, than he is to doing reporting in a village like Cumberland, and so he "joshed" Mr. P. about it.

Then Porter came back at "Hank" in a clumsy sort of a way, which is perfectly natural with him, and he objected to two things, viz: being classed as a veteran. and also to Frostburg being referred to as a wild region.

"Uncle Pete" Meant No Offense, But Wrote Truth.

The editor of The Spirit then took a hand in the fun, and good-naturedly remarked that certain news[illegible] correspondents did in the past contribute slanderous "dope" to the Cumberland papers concerning Frostburg that would naturally cause the people in other communities to form the opinion that Frostburg is a very sleepy and antiquated place, or words to that effect.

We also cited some proofs that would at least indicate that Mr. Porter is an old man of poor memory, even if he did say that he is still young and "setting in the lap of Spring," and in a joking manner plainly showed that he had only himself to blame if people so sized him up.

The "Spirit" Is Moved.

Under this heading the fellow "setting in the lap of Spring" delivered himself of the following labored sarcasm in last Saturday's Times:

"A column and a quarter of poor diction is consumed in this week's Frostburg Spirit in an effort to criticise what was intended to be a bit of fun poked at 'Hank' of the News 'Musings' by the manager of this bureau in Tuesday's Times. It is gratifying, however, to the writer to feel that it did a good service in furnishing the Mechanic street weekly with a diversion in its reading matter from its stereotyped allusions to the ills of the 'Spirit' family. This is all of which the notice is worthy."

Just why the yellow fellow "setting in the lap of Spring" should try so hard to emit his silly, slimy and sarcastic slobber over the whole Spirit family, which includes the writer's wife and children, we can explain on no other basis than a woful lack of manly qualities.

The editor alone is responsible for what was in this paper, and no gentleman will try to drag an innocent wife and children into a newspaper wrangle. Anyway, if Glissan T. Porter is looking for trouble with his pen, "Uncle Pete" can give him all he's looking for, and then some. And so can the "Cub Editor," without any assistance from his dad.

Sickness in Any Family is Legitimate News.

It is true that the ills in The Spirit family have been many since locating in Frostburg. It is also true that in quite a number of cases when the hand of affliction was laid upon us, mention of the same was made in The Spirit. But why should we be ridiculed and held up to scorn on that account? Sickness, marriage, birth, death and many other things that come to us all, are all legitimate subjects of news. We mention such things when they occur in the families of others, as well as in our own, if we learn of them.

The Spirit family is known to many of our readers in many localities, many of whom are interested in our ups and downs in life, and when we mention the ills of anyone in this paper, whether in our own family or the family of some one else, we know that a considerable portion of our readers are always interested in the news.

"Answer a Fool According to His Folly."

So sayeth the Scriptures, even as it is here recorded in the gospel according to Peter, published in Frostburg on the Pike, State of Maryland, U.S.A.

And lo and behold it was long since written by the prophets that when a giddy fellow "setteth in the lap of Spring" and openeth his mug that his spleen may be vented, he shall not sooner have it open than his cloven hoof shall get therein. Yea, virily, it even came so to pass with Glissan T.

And here is the answer to Glissan, even as a fool is answered according to his folly in the matter of mentioning the ills that all flesh is heir to:

Lo is it not recorded on the 43rd page in the extreme upper left-hand corner thereof, in the "Historical-Biographical Sketch of Frostburg, Md.," that Glissan T. Porter, lawyer and journalist (so styled by himself) did attend St. John's College, but did leave there in his Freshman year on account of ill health? Thou knowest, oh, Glissan, that it is even so recorded where stated, yea, even by thine own hand.

Wherefore then, oh, Glissan, hast thou a right or a license to mock others on account of their ills, even innocents who have never even uttered thy name? Speak, thou galled jade, or henceforth hold thy piece!

Moreover, oh, Glissan, it is recorded by thine own hand in the book aforesaid, that thine honored father practiced medicine in Frostburg for 40 years, and was beloved as a citizen, friend and physician, all of which is true, even as it is recorded.

We Sympathize With Thee, oh, Glissan!

Yea, verily we do, for it is truly pathetic when even the son of a physician becometh so ill that he must perforce leave school, be unable to finish his education and eventually forced to become a mere lawyer and journalist filling the undignified and small-salared position of country-town correspondent to a one-horse daily paper.

Whether thy illness, oh, Glissan, was mere home-sickness, an overdose of green apples or cucumbers, maketh no difference, and Peter would weep crocodile tears for thee even now, if it were not that he has to laugh at the way thou didst foolishly and needlessly thrust thyself in the way of a buzz saw.

But again doth Peter ask why, if thou advertise thine own ills in public print, thou dost chide and mock others for doing the same? Oh, thou son of a disciple of Esculapius, thou shouldst be the last "gink" on earth to so advertise thy ills. Yet mockest thou others because of their ills and blowest that thou art "setting in the lap of Spring."

Poor Spring is to be pitied, and verily, so art thou. Peradventure Peter should send thee a dose of castor oil and command thee to go away back and be seated. But he shall not do so for the reason that he can give thee something else that will have the same effect, if thou continuest to show symptoms of needing medical advice.

We know that we shall be accused by some of devoting much space to a very small subject, a subject that may be likened by some unto a shrimp, but when a buzz saw is monkeyed with until it gets started, there is no telling when it will stop, and the saw doesn't care where the chips fly.

But perhaps the victim in this case should have received only the attention of the "Cub Editor," who has not yet evoluted fromthe journalist to the newspaperman stage, but is nevertheless more than a match for Glissan, whose pen thrusts are a-missin'.

Glissan, did you listen? We think you did, and the thing you and others heard drop was yourself. And our best shots and trump cards are still in the locker. Want us to play 'em? Eh? What?

Don't you get sarcastic and smart with us, old boy, for we weren't born in the woods to be scared by a "journalist", nor was old "Uncle Pete," No. 9 Mechanic street, born yesterday. Anyway, the war spirit is in the air now, and a resolute Dutchman never surrenders. So you'd just better "set in the lap of Spring" and ask her to shelter you with her wing, poor thing! You've deceived yourself by getting in wrong, hence, it's your own fault that you're peeved, grieved and deceived.

What Does the Great European War Foretell?

You may get an idea by going to the Frostburg Opera House next Sunday at 3 p. m., and hearing Pastor Russell, the world-famous preacher, author and editor speak on "Armageddon." All invited. Seats free. No collection.—Advt.

Some Potatoes.

Richard Housel, a farmer residing a few miles west of Frostburg, recently dug a hill of potatoes on his farm that had 43 tubers of marketable size, and some smaller ones. If any other farmer can match or exel that yield from one stalk, The Spirit would like to hear from him.

GRIM-VISAGED, CRUEL WAR NOW EMBROILS ALL EUROPE

England, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Servia, and Practically All of So-Called Christian Europe Likely to Participate in the Greatest Slaughter in World's History.

Europe's Greatest Powers Already at Each Other's Throats—War on Land, on Sea, and In the Air.

What promises to be the most cruel and bloody war in the world's history is now in full swing in Europe, and it not only threatens to embroil all Europe, but may even eventually draw Japan, our own and other nations into it, for no one can tell what international complications may grow out of a general war involving all of the leading powers of Europe.

The fighting will be unlike that of all wars of the past in that it will not be confined to land and sea. Much of the deadly work will occur in the air. There will be battles between the war aircraft of the contending nations, and airships will drop explosives upon the earth that will wipe out whole cities and cripple large armies and war fleets. At any rate such is the awful prospect at this stage of the war game now in progress.

The havoc that will be wrought in the destruction of property and human life is awful to contemplate, and the human brain cannot conceive the enormity of the awful carnage and desolation that will follow in the wake of such a gigantic war.

Like most other wars, this one has no justifiable reasons for its beginning. The assassination of the heir to the Austrian throne, which is laid at the door of the Servian government, by Austria, was not sfficient cause for Austria to declare war against Servia, as there is said to be no tangible evidence that the Servian government was in any way responsible for the assassination.

The whole bloody affair is due more to the greed, despotism and ambitions of autocratic monarchs than to any other cause—Monarchs who are now advising their subjects to call upon God to bring them victory. The advice of these monarchs, who have brought about this great crisis, is, under the circumstances, naught but blasphemy and mockery to God, as this paper views the situation.

Already there are reports of battles and skirmishes, and much greater battles are in embryo—battles that will startle the world because of their enormity and severity. With modern rapid-fire machine guns, and with high-grade explosives that will be dropped from the skies and also placed beneath vessels by submarine boats and other means, the reader can judge for himself what a great war will mean at this age of invention between the great powers of Europe.

The war news to date is meagre and unreliable, and so conflicting are reports that The Spirit will not attempt to go into details concerning the fights already reported. Anyway, the fighting already reported will no longer be remembered after receiving the news of the great and startling battles that promise to take place within the next week or two.

The most interesting feature of the war talk during the past week is composed of editorials on the subject that have been appearing tn the metropolitan daily newspapers. With one accord the great American periodicals place Germany and Austria in a very bad light in their editorial comments, and justly so, as this paper views the situation.

Following is what The Spirit considers the best editorial it has yet seen on the subject. It is taken from the New York World, and every reader of The Spirit should read every word of it.

AUTOCRACY OR DEMOCRACY.

O great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that healest with blood
The earth when it is sick, and cusest the world
O' the pleurisy of people!

—Beaumont and Fletcher.

When peace is again established in Europe there will come a new order of things. Democracy will not stand forever on the scaffold, with autocracy forever on the throne.

Ten days ago the German people were at peace with all the world. They had no quarrel of their own with anybody. In the years that had followed the downfall of Napoleon III. they had won the admiration of every civilized country. Out of a condition of general poverty they had arisen to great wealth and prosperity. They had become the leaders and teachers of all the nations in the development of scientific industry. Their commerce reached to every nook and corner of the globe. Their ships floated on every sea. Their victories were no victories of brute force, but triumphs of applied skill and trained minds. In many respects the Germans had touched the high-water mark of human civilization. There was not another country in the world that could not learn something from them.

Suddenly this vast fabric woven by peace, industry, skill and science is torn in two. All the machinery of progress is stopped by the hand of autocracy. The Kaiser plunges Europe into the most devastating conflict known to human history, and every civilized country reels under the shock. And about what? Ostensibly because Russia had answered Austria's wanton war against Servia by mobilizing troops on the frontier in order to protect her own interests. *In reality because the reactionary party of Germany was determined to invite a general European conflict in order to stay the advancement of political reforms.*

In the very vanguard of the twentieth century in most respects, Germany has straggled back into the seventeenth century politically. The curse of mediæval government has hung over her noblest achievements. Every impulse toward political freedom has been beaten back by the mailed fist, and at a great crisis in their history the German people are deprived of that power over own political institutions without which the English-speaking races have justly come to regard life itself as intolerable.

Autocracy has had its way. Austria's quarrel with Servia was no affair of the German people. Yet the very fate of the German Empire is thrown into the balance in order to halt the march of political freedom in Europe.

All the world knew that a declaration of war against Russia was in effect a declaration of war against France. Germany admitted it by mobilizing her army—not on the Russian frontier, but on the French frontier. *The decisive blow was to be struck against the French Republic, not against its imperial ally. It was not Russian despotism that was to be crushed, but French Republicanism!*

The hollow hypocrisy of the whole proceeding is revealed in the fact that before the clash of arms is fairly begun the Austrian invasion of Servia is practically abandoned.

Having begun the war, German autocracy now finds itself isolated. Italy construes the Triple Alliance as applicable only to a war of defense; because there would be a revolution in Italy if the Government ventured to champion the cause of the hated Austrian. Great Britain is compelled to make France's cause her cause. Germany and Austria are left alone to fight the battle of autocracy and pay the bill in blood and treasure and prestige. In this war they have no sympathizers among neutrals. The enlightened opinion of the whole world has turned against the two Kaisers, as it turned against Napoleon III when he sought to make himself the autocrat of Europe.

What was begun hastily as a war of autocracy is not unlikely to end as a war of revolution, with thrones crumbling and dynasties in exile. Civilization cannot rest at the mercy of despotism, and the welfare of mankind is not to be made the plaything of autocracy. If all Europe must be drenched in blood before this lesson is implanted in the minds of kings and courtiers, we may say of this war as Lincoln said of the war that exterminated human slavery: "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

This is the twilight of the gods.

Pastor Russell in Frostburg.

He will be here and lecture in the Frostburg Opera House next Sunday at 3 p. m. Subject, "Armageddon." —Advt. 1-2

BETTER PAINT.

Better paint this year if your property needs it. Mistaken men have been waiting for paint to come-down. The cost of their job has gone-up not down; it always goes-up by waiting; never comes-down.

Better paint than Devoe? There isn't any.

Suppose one had waited 20 or 30 years ago for a better paint than Devoe; how long would he have waited? How long would he still have to wait?

The price a gallon makes some difference; yes, but not much; it's the paint that counts; the quality counts.

It's the go-far that counts. Protection of property counts more yet.

Better paint

DEVOE

J. W. SHEA sells it.

BASEBALL.

Notes on the National Sport in Local Circles, by the "Cub Editor," W. S. Livengood, Jr., Aged 13.

Frostburg made it their 4th and 5th straight wins, last Saturday and Sunday. The teams that were defeated were Barton and Meyersdale. The former was a very slow and uninteresting game, the score being 7 to 2. The batteries were, Frostburg—Brown and Ryan; Barton—Dye and Lashbaugh.

More good work, Brown, we are coming nearer the top every game.

The score between Meyersdale and Frostburg was 9 to 3. The batteries were, Frostburg—Colley and Ryan; Meyersdale—Smouse and Bowman.

Cumberland played two League games last week and won them both. The teams were "Coney" and Barton. They defeated the braves by the one-sided score of 11 to 0.

Poor Barton! They are going deeper into the cellar every game, and I really pity them. But it is all in the game. The batteries were, Cumberland—Markwood and Lippold; Barton—Dye and Lashbaugh.

The following account of the other game is taken from the Cumberland News:

"The Lonaconing Tigers lost their hold on the second rung of the Cumberland and Geoege's Creek ladder Saturday afternoon when they dropped a game to the Colts by the score of 4 to 2. That mighty Muster, who has always been so effective against the Colts, got his bumps Saturday, and it started early in the game, too. The first ball that the crack slab artist of the Tigers put across the pan was landed on by Hun Lippold, who sent it over the left field fence for a circle of the bases.

After the first run, which was a homer, the ginger was all taken out of Muster, and he was landed on hard at times all through the game. Had it not been for good fielding behind him, the activities of the locals with the war club would have made the game a regular slugging match, with Boss Russler's Colts doing the heavy stick work. Pitted against Muster was the superior pitching factor of the league "Iron Man" Stafford, who had the Tigers at his mercy, but gave them five lonely singles to keep them in good spirits and give the loyal fans their money's worth.

"The Lonaconi[illegible] panied the "[illegible] hilarious[illegible] visitors s[illegible] and a sing[illegible] ed their hon[illegible] first, it took the [illegible] Coney crowd, an[illegible] lower left-hand corner o[illegible] bleachers, where the fans [illegible] creek had planted themsel[illegible] the game was at a stand[illegible] the fans themselves were as [illegible] lambs. Some of them did revi[illegible] the first half of the second whe[illegible] Schaffer fumbled Blackburn's fly, the latter scoring on a two-base hit by Muster.

"In the last half of the fifth inning Stafford started off for the locals by dropping one in center field, and scored on a single by Geatz. Geatz then stole second and scored, when Whitworth fumbled a fly to center by Schaffer. The next run was made in the seventh, when Hun Lippold single to left followed by Johnson, who sent one to third and beat it out at first. Schaffer then sent one to center field and was out, but Lippold scored on the sacrifice."

Midland regained second place in the C. and G. C. League, last Sunday, by defeating the "Coney" Tigers, the score being 10 to 3. "Coney" used up three pitchere. The batteries were, "Coney"—Wilson, Muir, Keener and Woods; Midland—East and Murphy. Midland had 13 hits, 10 runs and 3 errors. "Coney" had 3 hits, 3 runs and 3 errors.

The Cumberland Collegians were defeated by Piedmont, last Sunday, the score being 5 to 4.

The game between Borden and Ormand Street that was to be played last Sunday, was postponed.

There does not seem to be much ball-playing done in Junior circles just now. I guess it is due to the heat.

An Explanation Demanded.

We see some very peculiar news items at frequent intervals in the Cumberland Times. Following is one just as it appeared in that paper on Tuesday:

Beulah Brown.

Beulah Brown, colored, five months ninth on a single, a sacrifice and But? old, daughter of Albert and Bessie Brown, died last night at 11 o'clock at 101 Goethe street. The funeral will take place tomorrow afternoon with burial in Sumner cemetery.

The Spirit has sent an ultimatum to the Frostburg Chestnut Bureau of The Times, demanding that the "lawyer and journalist" in charge there quits "setting in the lap of spring" just long enough to explain the fine diction in the item taken from the sheet that employs him. If the explanation is not forthcoming within 100 years, the whole Spirit force will walk out and get drunk, to see how badly they can mix things.