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The Leading  
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# THE FROSTBURG SPIRIT

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## THE LONACONING ADVOCATE ADVOCATES NEEDED REFORM

### A Brutal Sport That Should Not Be Tolerated in Any Civilized Community—Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Should Get Busy.

### MENTAL AND MORAL DEGENERATES WHO INDULGE IN LIVE PIGEON SHOTS ARE NOT TRUE SPORTSMEN, AND SHOULD BE FINED AND IMPRISONED.

For some time some of the newspapers of Allegany county have been publishing accounts of human brutes who have been indulging in live pigeon shoots in order to determine to whom the championship should be accorded for the best wing shooting. A great deal of space has been devoted by some of our exchanges to some of these mental and moral degenerates who call themselves sportsmen, but who in reality are no sportsmen worthy of the name, for no true sportsman will have anything to do with the maiming and killing of innocent birds for no other purpose than to show off his shooting qualities.

We are glad to note that at least one newspaper, (the Lonaconing Advocate) has put the seal of disapproval upon the cruel so-called sport known as a live pigeon shoot, and The Spirit rises to second the motion that a stop be put to the dirty, cruel, cowardly and revolting business which is a disgrace to any community that tolerates such a thing. Such sport is fit only for barbarians, for its only tendency is to foster cruelty and torture inflicted upon God's dumb and innocent creatures who have as much right to be protected from needless suffering and cruelty as have human beings themselves.

The Advocate has the following to say, and we endorse every word of it: "The shooting of live pigeons as a test of marksmanship is one of the cruelest of cruel sports, and should be prohibited by law. It is inhuman and unnecessary. It caters only to the vicious animal nature that is in us, and is nothing more than a revival in a different form of the passions that made the gladiatorial arena popular. The objection lies not entirely in the mere killing, but in the savage methods employed to torture the birds so that they will fly in certain directions as fast as possible. Sometimes they are so treated that sheer pain causes them to fly blindly to possible death or mortal injury.

"There are numerous societies throughout the country who do not object to spending thousands of dollars in their efforts to prevent vivisection and cruelty of dumb beasts, and shower mercy on helpless creatures. Their work is trying in the extreme before definite results are obtained. But here we have the shooting of live pigeons in broad daylight, before hundreds of excited and brutal spectators, whereas a law and its enforcement would be prohibitive. And such a law would meet with popular approval."

The Advocate has the matter sized up exactly right, and every person who reads it and has a heart of the right kind will heartily endorse it. We Americans have a big lot to say about the cruelties and brutal barbarity of Mexican and Spanish bull rings, yet in this 20th century, right here in what we boast of as the most enlightened nation in the world, we tolerate live pigeon shooting, cock and dog fighting to be carried on by a lot of cruel moral degenerates who pose as sportsmen.

The Spirit would like to know in what manner it is any more cruel or brutal to torture bulls than it is to torture pigeons, chickens and dogs. Great efforts are made in nearly all states to stop prize fighting, which is a manly and honorable sport compared with the torture of dumb creatures. If men feel like getting together and by mutual arrangement go to battering each other up in a prize fight, we cannot see that it is of much concern to other people, as men are the custodians of their own bodies, and if they are bent on battering each other up to see who is the "cleverest fighter," let them go to it, so long as each contestant is a willing victim. Of course, "the manly art," as it is called, becomes a nuisance, fosters gambling, etc., and for that reason it is well to have stringent laws against it.

Most states also have laws against cruelty to dumb creatures, and such functions as live pigeon shoots are under ban nearly everywhere, but the laws are not as rigidly enforced as they should be, and the penalties are not as severe as should be prescribed.

If half the effort were made here in this Georges Creek region to break up cruel sports and flagrant violations of various wholesome laws as is spent in punk piffle and bickerings as to whether the Bible should or should not be read in the public schools, it

## A Frostburg Family Of Gigantic Stature

Wm. W. Wittig, 6 Feet 8 Inches Tall, Is Probably the Tallest Man in Maryland—Cumberland Press Not Reliable Authority on Tall Men.

The Family of Ex-Mayor Geo. H. Wittig Noted for Size Coupled With Many Other Good Qualities.

In its account of the death of "Long John Chaney," The Cumberland Press makes the statement that Mr. Chaney was the tallest man in Western Maryland. However, The Press is just as unreliable authority on tall men as it is on politics, and that is putting it pretty strong, but also very true.

The Press seems to have overlooked the fact that Frostburg is still on the map, a rather common failing among certain Cumberland print shops, except when they are begging piteously for Frostburg printing. Nevertheless, old Frostburg, the best town on the Pike, is still here, and she has goods not only when it comes to playing baseball, but also in many other matters, including good bands, a good fire department, a reliable newspaper and tall men.

The late John Chaney was a tall man. In fact he was a very tall man. We have no desire to rob him of any glory that was his, and elsewhere in this paper will be found a much more extended and a much more reliable account of the good old man and some of the interesting incidents of his life than can be found in all the Cumberland papers combined. But Mr. Chaney was not the tallest man in Western Maryland. That is an honor that belongs, undoubtedly, to Wm. W. Wittig, a son of Ex-Mayor George H. Wittig, of Frostburg on the Pike, the same which is in Allegany county, Md., U. S. A.

Wm. W. Wittig is 6 feet 8 inches tall, and he tips the beam at 298 pounds without having anything about his anatomy in the form of a big "bread basket," even though he is a baker and in his line reputed good. He is just a great, big, good-looking, big-hearted man without a "corporation" attached to his manly form. He is not only the tallest man in Western Maryland, but is also the tallest man in the entire state of Maryland, so far as is known.

Some years ago "little Willie" was at an Elks convention in Baltimore, where the noble animals of that noble order had assembled from all parts of the United States. Elks were there in all forms and all sizes, and among them was a gigantic Elk from old Kentucky, a state famous for fine horses, big men and rotten whiskey sold under good-sounding names.

Well, the big Kentucky Elk, who was as thin as a gutted herring and wore a stovepipe hat of great height, causing him to look much taller than he actually was, seemed to think that he was the whole cheese when it came to seeing across the heads of all the other people. Finally he was approached in a crowded place by Frostburg's "little Willie," who said to the tall Kentuckian:

"Say, brother, you are up in the air some, but you'll have to show me that you are a taller man than this little fellow from Frostburg, Md."

"All right," said the Kentuckian, "I'm here to show you."

Then he removed his tall hat, and "little Willie" removed the low slouch hat that adorned his own sky-piece, and they backed up to each other. The crowd saw at a glance that the Frostburger had it on the tall sycamore from "Old Kaintuck" by at least 3/4 of an inch.

Then there was a fallen idol from the land of moonshine and fine "hosses," and three cheers and a tiger "fer the little feller" from Frostburg. From that moment Mr. Wittig was lionized and immortalized wherever he went while in the city, and men and women almost fought with each other for his cards. Some of the Elks say that the women all wanted to kiss him, but the crowds about him were so dense that they could not reach his face, and neither could the giant stoop several feet to help the good cause along. Therefore all that sweet osculation had to be spent in thrown kisses whose fragrance was wasted on the "desert air." What a pity, what a pity, oh, my countrymen!

And there are other fairly good-sized people in the Wittig family, too. In fact they are all real big except George and his sister, Ernestine, who are the dwarfs of the family. The former is only 5 feet 11 1/4 inches tall, weighing 170 pounds, while his little sister, who is Frostburg's well-known and popular sweet singer, is a half inch shorter, but has the dwarf brother beaten in weight by about 15 pounds.

## "THE RICH MAN IN HELL."

R. H. Hirsh, of New York City, Editor, Lecturer and Philanthropist, to Discuss Above Subject, Next Sunday, in the Frostburg Opera House.

On next Sunday at 7:30 p. m., Editor R. H. Hirsh, of New York City, will deliver his noted lecture on the parable "The Rich Man in Hell," in the Frostburg Opera House. Mr. Hirsh says: there are few subjects that are of more vital interest than this. It is one that has puzzled many intelligent, thoughtful minds, it is full of interest, and the correct solution has much to do with satisfaction of heart and mind."



R. H. Hirsh, Editor, Lecturer, Philanthropist.

The speaker is said to be a deep biblical student, and has an intensely interesting manner of presenting his subject. Regarding the teaching that the dead are to suffer forever, he says: "Does it not seem remarkable that in our day, when we have all sorts of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, as well as to humanity, that men should entertain such an ignoble thought regarding their Creator? People who would not think of torturing a mouse, sometimes tell us that they believe the Almighty will torture the unsaved forever. As an illustration of how the laws for the prevention of cruelty are enforced, I might refer to the account of an incident which was printed in a Pittsburg newspaper some time ago. Some boys put a basket containing five small kittens in a woman's yard. The woman heard the kittens crying, and ordered her little son to put the basket in a fire that was burning in the street. The boy took the basket and threw it in the flames. The kittens began to feel the heat of the basket burning and set up a loud cry. The woman was arrested and gave \$300 bail for a hearing. Does it seem reasonable that a God who would torture forever the disobedient, could create beings with so much higher sentiments of pity and justice than Himself? beings who go to expense and trouble to protect dumb animals from unnecessary suffering even for a few minutes?"

In Sunday's lecture, the speaker will discuss this subject very fully and offer proof that God, instead of being inferior in love to man, is far above him. This lecture is under the auspices of the I. B. S. A., and as usual is entirely free to the public, not even a collection being taken. All are cordially invited to attend.

editor of this paper was 6 feet tall at 16 and done growing at that age. People pronounced him "some tall" for a 16-year-old, but gadzooks! he was a mere dwarf compared with that "feller" at 16.

The father of these Wittig children is 6 feet 4 inches tall, and weighed, when in his prime, 228 pounds. The mother, who is dead, was also large; not tall, but weighed 230. The father was born in Germany, but came to this country when three years old. The mother was also German, but was born in Baltimore.

There is an old saying that you can't beat the Dutch; and the Wittig family is at least evidence that the Dutch can't be beaten for raising big offspring. The Dutch or Germans excel in many other things, too. They are the greatest home-makers in the world. No class of people are more thrifty or able to acquire homes and property under any and all circumstances than are the people of the Dutch or German extraction. In the arts, sciences, oratory, journalism, poetry and war they also rank with the best of them, and in the matter of making good sauerkraut and lots of it, they have all other nationalities skinned to a finish. The Germans also excel in making good beer, and a few of them are actually suspected of occasionally drinking a glass or two of it.

The Wittig family all possess the best of German and American traits. They are as honest, as generous and as kind as they are big. The father came here in 1876 and embarked in the bakery business. He has always been an upright and highly respected citizen, and has by thrift and square dealing acquired considerable property. It is said of him that you might as well try to blow away a mountain with your breath as to try to induce him to go back on his word. Surely no higher tribute can be paid to any man than to say he is scrupulously and unwaveringly honest.

## PASTOR ROBISON PREACHED TO VERY LARGE AUDIENCE

His Subject, "Opening of the Prison," Was Ably Handled—Interest Continues to Increase in the I. B. S. A. Meetings in the Frostburg Opera House.

Verily there is no abatement of interest in the series of meetings being held each Sunday evening in the Frostburg Opera House under the auspices of the International Bible Students' Association. People of all religious cults and denominations are attending, as well as those who are not members of any organized body of worshippers.

All the speakers thus far have been greeted by very large audiences, and the many I. B. S. A. members in this locality are planning to have the meetings closed by one of the able lecturers of Pastor Russell, of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, who draws crowds so large wherever he goes that many people are often unable to get inside the large audience rooms provided for him. However, the date of the last meeting of the present series now continuing in Frostburg has not yet been decided upon.

Following is a synopsis of the sermon as it fell from the lips of Pastor Robison, last Sunday evening: We invite your attention more particularly to the words of the Lord as recorded in the 61st chapter of Isaiah and the first verse: "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because He hath anointed me to preach the glad tidings to the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted; to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.

Let us consider the last clause particularly. "The opening of the prison to them that are bound." These words suggest to our minds at least four main thoughts. First, that of a prison—a place or condition of bondage or confinement. Second, that of prisoners—those in such a condition of bondage or confinement. Third, by inference, and by other texts which we shall mention later on, a prison keeper, warden or captor, one who has the immediate or present control over the prison. Fourth, a great deliverer, who is here described as proclaiming liberty to the captives and as opening the prison to them that are bound.

The Scriptures show the prison referred to by the prophet to be the great prison house of death, and to thoroughly appreciate the force of the figure, we must be sure that the death state is a condition properly pictured by a prison, which, of course, represents bondage or restraint of one's life-rights and privileges. We turn to the definitions given in the Scriptures of the prisons, and we find them to bear out the picture most thoroughly. In the first place Jehovah Himself, the very best authority possible, tells us that the death sentence would mean a returning unto the dust—a going into oblivion. (Gen. 3:19) Further, the wise men tell us that the "dead know not anything," that "their love also, and their hatred and their envy is perished," that "there is neither work nor device nor knowledge nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." (Ecc. 9:4, 6, 10.) The Psalmist says that "He returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish." Psalms 146:4.

Seeing what the prison is, we can certainly appreciate who the prisoners are—the whole human family. "All in Adam die." "Death has passed on all."

The scriptures say that the captor is "He that hath the power of death, that is the devil." He who has opposed the best interests of the human family ever since Adam's fall. He is admitted by our Lord to be the prince of this world (Jno. 14:30), and again by the Apostle Paul to be of the world (2 Cor. 4:4.) In Isaiah (14:17) we read that he "opened not the house of his prisoners." Satan has liberated none of his prisoners, because he has not the power over death. That work is appointed to the Great Deliverer.

We are sure that the deliverer is our Lord and Savior, for He Himself applies this scripture unto Himself at the beginning of his ministry. "To preach deliverance to the captives. And He closed the book and He gave it to the attendant and sat down, and the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened upon Him. And he began to say unto them: This day is the Scripture fulfilled in your ear. And all bear him witness and marvelled at the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth!" (Luke 4:16-22.) Then and there began in a public way the carrying out of this glorious prophesy. The fulfillment of it all was invested in Him.

We see that the prisoners can not liberate themselves from the mighty power of death; for they are all in prison, and can only release himself and let the rest out. "None can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him" (Psa. 49:7.) But when man could do nothing when there was no eye to pity and no arm to save, then His own arm brought salvation. The sighing and groaning of the prisoners came before Him, and His determination to carry out this feature of His plan is expressed by the Prophet Hosea: "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem from death; O, death, I will be thy plagues; O, grave, I will be thy destruction." In pursuance of this intention God sent forth His own Son into the world to die and redeem many. "We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor (in order) that he might taste death for every man."

Free Bible Lecture.  
At the Frostburg Opera House, Sunday, Feb. 8th, 7:30 p. m.—Advt. 1-2

## Peter Walsh Dies At Age Of 102 Years

Second Centenarian to Die in the Georges' Creek Region Within a Year.

Peter Walsh, probably the oldest resident of Allegany county, died at his home at Barton, Sunday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock, of complications due to old age. He was a few weeks more than 102 years of age.

Peter Walsh came to this section 82 years ago. He resided in Bloomington, Md., near Piedmont, W. Va., for a number of years. He lived in Barton for 30 years. He was born at Castleborough, Ireland, in 1812—the year in which the second war for American independence began.

During his residence in Bloomington he was employed for many years at railroad work. He was the proprietor of the Barton Hotel for a number of years.

Mr. Walsh is survived by his wife, Mrs. Jennie Walsh, who is 80 years of age. Two daughters, Mrs. Edward Brady, of Masoutown, W. Va., and Mrs. Nelson Wilburn, of Derry, Pa., and Miss Jennie Walsh, at home, survive.

The funeral of the centenarian took place at St. Gabriel's Catholic Church, at Barton, at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning. Burial was made in West-ernport Cemetery.

Mr. Walsh was the second centenarian to die in the Georges' Creek region within the last year, the other one being Mrs. Catherine Coleman, who died at Midlothian, last summer, at the age of 102 years and one month.

Mrs. Coleman, like Mr. Walsh, was also a native of Ireland, but lived in this region many years. A brother of Mrs. Coleman is still living at Midlothian who is 92 years old, and he, too, bids fair to reach the century mark. The old man lives with his nephew, Patrick Coleman, who is also far from being a young man. They live all alone, and Patrick says he gets very lonely for the dear old mother who has passed away.

The information contained in this article is ample proof that the Irish are a long-lived race, also that this locality is a remarkably healthful one.

## A Querc Epitaph.

Down in an Ozark cemetery there is an epitaph that reads:

Here lies Mary Ellen Gilder.  
Tight laced corsets; that's what killed her.

Among the angels she has gone,  
The angels have no corsets on.

Doubtless Mary is happy, even though she has nothing in the corset line to "contain her soul."