

A RUDE INQUIRY CONCERNING PASTOR RUSSELL'S SERMONS

Contrary to It's Rules, The Spirit Answers an Anonymous Communication Asking Why Pastor Russell's Sermons Are Published in Its Columns.

It is the rule among newspapers generally to pay no attention to unsigned communications. However, here is an instance wherein The Spirit deems it advisable to depart from the established newspaper rule...

shippers adhering to them as tenaciously as a tick to a dog's back. And who ever heard of an infidel or an atheist pulling off a Preacher Richeson or a Priest Schmidt stunt?

Here is his letter, published in the identical form in which it was received: Frostburg md dec. 1914 Mr Livingood editor of the Spirit. Dear sir

We declined to help in the roasting here, and if the old coal-digger atheists roasts in the next world, he will likely find the fellow alongside of him who wanted him roasted here.

Well, since "a subscriber" has not signed his name to his letter, which would have enabled us to answer him privately, we shall answer him through the columns of the paper, and we do this in the hope that it will broaden his ideas and make him as tolerant toward others as he desires others to be toward him.

After all, it doesn't matter so much what a man professes; it's what he does that he must be judged by. In the meantime, the Pastor Russell sermons will be continued in The Spirit, and we feel sure that the moral side of any person who reads them will be benefited thereby.

For the benefit of all who may wish to know, we will state that we publish the Pastor Russell sermons for several reasons, as follows: First, because we are under contract to publish them weekly for one year, and we never repudiate a contract.

Every bundle contained a bargain, too, a real, genuine bargain, a bargain that would cause those customers to return again and again to that store, especially when there's a big sale advertised, for the people have come to know that a reduction sale at the big Hitchens store means exactly what is advertised.

Furthermore, we consider that an up-to-date newspaper ought not to balk at publishing anything that aims for the moral uplift and betterment of mankind, when a large number of its patrons are clamoring for it, no matter what body of sincere religionists it emanates from.

When the clock struck nine, the hour for the sale to begin, customers were there in great numbers, and they continued to come all day. They came by the scores and dozens, with their sisters, brothers, aunts and cousins. In fact, the wind just seemed to blow them in from all directions, and the customers "blowed" themselves according to their purses, going away with bundles in great profusion and of all sizes.

The "Russellites" Are Good and Bright People.

At any rate The Spirit regards them as such, judging from its dealings with them and the many letters received from them. We have never yet run across a single deadbeat among them—not one who takes the paper without paying for it, and we regard all honest people as good people, regardless of their religious affiliations.

The Whole Family Invited.

We invite the family—old and young—to join our Christmas Savings Club at the Citizens National Bank, Monday, December 21st.—Advt.

Even Infidels and Atheists Are Not As Bad As Painted.

Some of the world's very brainiest and most kindly and upright people have belonged to these very classes. We have even known some very able preachers in our time that were in reality infidels. Whether all of that class go to a burning hell is not for us to say, but we have never heard of a case where an infidel or an atheist ever burned anybody else at the stake, or hanged him, or tortured him on the rack or in any other way for differing with him on matters pertaining to the hereafter.

Congratulations From '53 To '63.

Our esteemed friend, William T. Hoblitzell, an old Frostburg boy now residing in Meyersdale, Pa., on Monday morning called The Spirit office by telephone, and when the editor put the receiver to his ear, a jovial voice addressed him as follows: "Is this the editor?"

Baby Will Want a Tree

and a lot of other things next Christmas. Make her a member of our Christmas Savings Club, and she will be sure to get them at the Citizens National Bank, Frostburg, Md., "The Bank That Helps You Save."—Advt.

That's a Hard Call.

The married man who hasn't anything running around his house but a fence is always the lad who doesn't like the way the fool neighbors raise their children.—Cumberland Press.

The Hitchens Bros. Company's Phenomenal Half Price Sale

A Sale That Was a Sale, Proving the Pulling Power of Printer's Ink When Merchants Have Great Bargains to Offer.

Allegany County's Leading Store Got Much of the George's Creek Trade that Cumberland Made a Special Effort to Get.

That the people know genuine bargains when properly advertised by a reliable and progressive firm, and that they will go after them in any kind of weather, was demonstrated last Monday, when the Hitchens Brothers Company started their special sale of ladies' suits, coats, etc., at half price, and also gave one-third off clothing for men.

Neither do they sell shoddy goods at their special sales which are first marked up to twice their values, and then marked down to about 25 per cent. above the price they should really sell at.

The great sale was not only liberally advertised in the home paper, but also by 10,000 neatly printed circulars, ordered from the home paper's job printing department. The home paper carried the good news into a very large number of good homes in Frostburg and surrounding territory, and the circulars were distributed in all the towns tributary to this city.

They are good patrons of the home paper, a fact which The Spirit greatly appreciates, and they do not require the local editor to bid against every blackleg "Cheap John" printer in the country.

The Advertising Brought Great Results.

A successful sale was anticipated while the advertising was being done, but suddenly a snow storm set in on Saturday night, and when Monday, the day of the big sale arrived, the wind was blowing a veritable blizzard, the air was full of snow, and the weather was cold enough to freeze the horns of a "mooley" cow. It was an awful day for women to venture out, and when daybreak revealed a regular blizzard, it was feared that the weather would put a sort of "damper" on the sale. But did it? Well, not so as you could notice it.

Built On An Honest Foundation.

The Hitchens store business is built on an honest foundation, a foundation laid by honest workmen who took care of their money until able to get into business for themselves. They built up a large business by honest methods, which their descendants are continuing in the same reputable manner, and constantly enlarging.

Customers Galore Crowded the Store.

When the clock struck nine, the hour for the sale to begin, customers were there in great numbers, and they continued to come all day. They came by the scores and dozens, with their sisters, brothers, aunts and cousins. In fact, the wind just seemed to blow them in from all directions, and the customers "blowed" themselves according to their purses, going away with bundles in great profusion and of all sizes.

A Joke On Cumberland.

During the last week or ten days the Cumberland Chamber of Commerce has been running free special cars provided with free victrola music to entice people all along the line of the C. & W. E. Railway to come to Cumberland to do their shopping. The scheme worked well until last Monday, and then nearly all of the shoppers on the free cars from West-ernport and the other towns down that way went no further than Frostburg and bought heavily at the Hitchens special sale.

No Cheap Skate Crooked Methods At This Store.

The Hitchens Brothers Company is a concern with a reputation back of it. Its members did not come to the town under a cloud, hence they do not have to lie awake nights to study up some big, glaring lie to head their next special sale posters, giving a fake reason for the sale, as some firms are noted for doing.

That's a Hard Call.

The married man who hasn't anything running around his house but a fence is always the lad who doesn't like the way the fool neighbors raise their children.—Cumberland Press.

A Little Tragedy of the Plains

The Woman Whose Day Had Passed

By MARJORIE BODLE

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They called it twenty miles from the Potter place to town—twenty miles of crisp, sun baked buffalo grass and monotonous, blinding sky.

The hot wind from the south had come with the Potters today on their drive to town, but it went faster than the two hopeless boys could pull the old wagon, and so the dust whirled up from the wheels and the horses' feet and settled grimly all over the Potters.

It made the two Potter boys and the two little Potter girls, sitting down in the wagon bed, half heartedly quarrelsome and Mr. Potter, on the high seat, the lines gauging imply in his hand silent and grim.

Mrs. Potter stopped joggling the fretful baby and tried to shade its red little face with her dusty handkerchief. A hot gust of wind caught at her black hat and jerked it unceremoniously on one side. With the baby hanging over one arm she set her hat back again.

She glanced at her husband with the usual feminine question, "Is it on straight?" on her lips, but with a look at him, staring moodily ahead, his mouth set unenjoyably, she forbore.

The baby had almost cried its poor, little self to sleep, and Mrs. Potter sat with her arms cramped and aching, her forehead puckered in a tired frown.

But at last the sight of a little, un-painted shack at the side of the road and a bright, salmon colored cottage a little farther on made the boys stop the systematic teasing of their sisters and crane their necks eagerly toward Edenville.

Mr. Potter swung the rawhide whip over the backs of the two horses. They



"I BELIEVE I'LL TAKE IT IF IT'S NOT TOO HIGH."

lunged suddenly forward, jerking the baby fretfully awake, and trotted briskly on, spreading panic among the chickens scratching in the dusty road.

At the livery barn Mr. Potter pulled up. "You'd better get out here, ma," he said, reaching for the much crumpled youngsters.

Mrs. Potter climbed stiffly out over the wagon wheel and held up her arms. The little Potters clambered out, and the girls stood silent and close to their mother.

"Me and the boys 'll go over and get their things now. You get you and the girls fixed up, ma, and then come over to Martin's. I'll load up the groceries there."

"All right, pa," his wife answered, tucking a hanging lock of hair behind her ear. "But I—I guess I'll have to have a little money."

"Will that do you, d'you think?" Mr. Potter leisurely took a bill from his worn, reddish pocketbook and handed it to her, generously beneficent in his capacity as dispenser of funds.

"Yes, that'll be plenty, Will." And nervously: "Now, you hurry, pa. We don't want to be late getting started home."

"Oh, I guess we'll be ready by the time you women folks get fixed up with hats," and pa chuckled in high good humor, now that the long drive was over.

Mrs. Potter smoothed the baby out as well as she could. The baby, worn out by the long ride, protested only feebly.

heels, she walked down the one sided Main street to a store where "Miss Ellis, Millinery, Dry Goods and Notions," was painted in yellow and black on the false front.

Inside it was cooler and shaded. The counters and shelves, with the piles of lawns and calicoes, seeming to run largely to grays and blues, and the notions, among which were displayed attractive side combs and irresistible ribbon bows, were all arranged in careful order. And the hats—such creations!

Mrs. Potter gazed at them with admiring eyes. She stood for a moment uncertainly. Then Miss Ellis herself came forward, large and complacent in cool gray chambray, with smoothly combed black hair and a dark down upon her upper lip which rivaled the notion counter in the attention of the children.

"Why, how d'you do, Mrs. Potter?" Miss Ellis was most cordial. "When did you get in town? The darlin' baby! And both the little girls too? Aren't you tired out this hot afternoon? Just set down here, Mrs. Potter. You came in to do some buyin', I suppose?"

"Yes'm. I thought I'd get me and the girls fitted out with hats, though it's pretty late to be gettin' them."

Her sunburnt face flushed a little. "Oh, we have some nice hats left, Mrs. Potter, though, of course, the stock's a little picked over. Shall we take you first? Oh, the little girls? Let's see. What are their names? Oh, yes; Mary and Lucy. All right. We have the very things!"

Miss Ellis helped their mother unte their bonnets in preparation for the ceremony of trying on. The little girls were frightened at first, but they grew dazed with joy when they found them selves radiantly latticed, one with blue flowers and ribbons, the other with pink.

At last they knew them for their very own. The rubbers were slipped under their proudly lifted chins, and it was Mrs. Potter's turn.

"You can put the baby here," Miss Ellis offered a cushioned armchair. "Poor little thing—it's all tired out," and "it," who was, in truth, of feminine gender and labeled "Alva Jane," was gently deposited, warm and red and sound asleep, on the calico cushion.

Mrs. Potter brushed at her black dress and felt nervously at her black hat. It was very old, and the felt and the ribbons were dusty and limp.

She put it on a chair beside her and smoothed vainly at her roughened, faded hair. Her face was lined and weary, and her eyes, which were blue and should have been pretty, were reddened from the sun and wind.

She stood passively while Miss Ellis selected a hat and placed it on her head. It was a large hat, with a softly drooping brim, with mounds of chiffon and big pink roses.

Mrs. Potter looked almost timidly into the glass, and then she forgot that she was stiff and tired from her ride and that her face was dusty and her hair stringy. She was gazing at the mirrored reflection of the hat.

"That certainly does look good on you, Mrs. Potter," said Miss Ellis, who was a milliner of business rather than aesthetic principles.

"Oh, do you think so?" Mrs. Potter hesitated.

She reached up and felt nervously of a pink rose with her brown hand awkward in the black cotton mitt.

"Well, I certainly do. Just look at them roses. And the amount of pink chiffon that's on that hat—it's sure the hat for you, Mrs. Potter," Miss Ellis went on encouragingly, but her customer was not listening to her at all. She was looking into the mirror at something for which Miss Ellis had not the gift of sight.

She saw a girl's face, sweet and pretty, with pink cheeks, and big blue eyes, and golden brown hair. And shading it was the wonderful hat of chiffon and roses.

The reflected face, which Miss Ellis would have said was old looking and very tired, flushed, and the eyes brightened and filled a little. Mrs. Potter, with the glory of her vision upon her, turned to the milliner.

"It's like one I had the summer Will and I was married," she said. "He liked it. He said it just suited me." The flush deepened. "I believe I'll take it if it's not too high and you think."

Mary and Lucy had recovered from the awe of their new hats and were playing hide and seek among the counters.

Mary ran around to where her mother stood. Mary was used to her mother in a chronically old blue calico sun bonnet or the black felt with the rusty, crumpled ribbon, but this! Mary had not known her mother fifteen years ago, and she did not understand.

She looked a moment, puzzled and dismayed.

"Why, mamma!" she said slowly and then gurgled in delighted appreciation of the joke.

"Oh, Lucy!" she cried gleefully and dragged her sister around where she could see. "Come and look at mamma Ain't she funny in that pretty hat?" Mrs. Potter turned suddenly again to the glass.

The light from a back window fell glaringly across her. She saw the pink billows of chiffon and the roses and the soft white brim drooping over her tanned face. The glass blurred before her. She could hardly think or move for a minute.

Then she roused herself and lifted the hat from her head. Her rough fingers caught in the soft chiffon as she set it down.

"I guess I won't get my hat today after all, Miss Ellis," she said dully. "Come on, children; your pa'll be waiting for us." And she pinned on the old black felt.

BEGINNING OF NEW SUMMER RESORT

Completion of "Casselman Cabin" the Precursor of Greater Things.

Under the above heading, The Meyersdale Republican, in its issue of last week, commented as follows on an article it reproduced from this paper, concerning the bungalows recently built at Stanton's Dam, at Little Crossings on the National Pike, just one mile east of Grantsville:

The foregoing items from the Frostburg Spirit are significant as they presage the upbuilding of a summer resort at one of the most picturesque spots on the line of the rehabilitated National Pike, which will constitute a link in an Ocean to Ocean highway, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There is no more ideal spot on the pike for a first-class summer and health resort than "Little Crossings," where the historic stone arch bridge spans the Casselman River, one-half mile east of the village of Grantsville.

The Frostburg gentlemen who have purchased ground at Stanton's dam as a site for summer cottages have shown commendable foresight, and the probabilities are that they will be joined next summer by others from Frostburg, Cumberland and the large cities of the East who will want to erect cabins or cottages and spend the summer at this pleasant spot.

In course of time The Republican hopes to see a large summer hotel, country club, or all-the-year-round sanitarium established at this picturesque place than which there is no more desirable spot in the Allegany mountains. The Casselman River at this point affords splendid boating and fishing facilities, and land, for the laying out of golf links is available. It could be made an ideal rendezvous for automobile parties coming from the East and the West over one of the most magnificent highways in the United States. The building up of such a resort would prove of benefit, not alone to the village of Grantsville, but of the country for miles around.

Stanton's dam has for years been a favorite picnic ground for pleasure parties from Salisbury and Meyersdale. From Salisbury to the state line there is a good road leading toward the National Pike. Between the state line and the pike at Little Meadows (Stone House Farm) there is about one mile of road that needs improvement very badly. If this were improved, there would be a splendid outlet for automobiles from Somerset county to the National Pike and a great many more of our people would go on pleasure trips during the summer months to Grantsville and other places on the pike.

The National Pike between Cumberland, Md., and Wheeling, W. Va., was opened to traffic in the year 1818. The magnificent stone bridge at Little Crossings was built between the years 1814 and 1818, and there is a movement on foot at Grantsville to hold a centennial celebration of the completion of the bridge next summer. The event is one worthy of celebration and if attempted should be carried out on a scale that would attract thousands of visitors.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

Sylvester Crow Entertains Friends On 20th Anniversary.

Frostburg's celebrated Three-Piece Orchestra had a fine time on Wednesday night at the home of Sylvester Crow, who on the 16th inst. reached the 20th mile-post on his journey from the cradle to the grave. The orchestra is composed of Geo. Knoyer, Sylvester Crow and Philip Burton, and they all participated in a birthday celebration, at which music, oysters and other good things figured prominently.

After a hearty feast and ear-pulling, the guests departed, wishing the honored host at least 100 returns of the day, with the understanding that an oyster supper should accompany each one.

May Eat Meat On Christmas Day.

A Baltimore dispatch says: Special dispensation from Pope Benedict will permit the eating of turkey and other meats on Christmas Day, which this year, comes on Friday. However, Christmas Eve is a day of abstinence, and Catholics are not allowed to partake of flesh meats on this day.

There is no restriction on the kinds of meats permissible on Christmas Day, and no special letter of dispensation has been sent out to the various parishes in the archdiocese by Cardinal Gibbons. Now if the Pope could only issue a dispensation that would put meat on tables where there will be none on Christmas day, what a fine thing it would be!