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THE MOUNT UNION TIMES.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN HUNTINGDON COUNTY

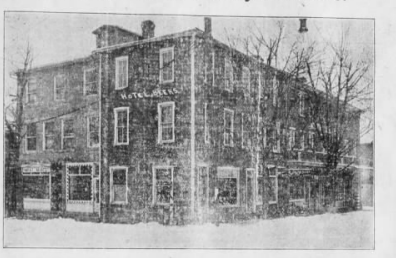
OUR MOTTO : Patriotism, Protection and Prosperity.

CIRCULATION LARGEST OF ANY WEEKLY PAPER IN THE COUNTY

VOL. XLI MOUNT UNION, HUNTINGDON COUNTY PA., DECEMBER 5 1913 NO 31

BEERS HOTEL IS GUTTED BY FIRE

Worst Fire since Chair Factory burned in February 1892. Flames started in Laundry on 3rd Floor, about 8 o'clock Monday Evening. Community in Turmoil. Business establishments of Dave Saxe, Dr. J. M. Minick, Abe Diamond, H. B. Hollingshead and Joseph Palladino badly damaged. Local Fire Department work wonders. Loss probably $35,000 partly covered by insurance.



The worst fire that Mount Union has had since the burning of the DeFrehn Chair Factory on Feb. 20, 1892, occurred on Monday night of this week, Dec. 1st, 1913, when the Beers Hotel, corner of Jefferson and Shirley streets, was gutted by flames. The hostelry was filled with guests for the night, and many of them were in their rooms, when about eight o'clock, some of the men working on the railroad saw the blaze from the top of the building and gave the alarm. It was only a short time after the alarm was given until the Fire Department was on the scene, and quickly was the water turned on. Unfortunately, the fire had gained terrific headway before the alarm was given, it having started in the laundry, which was located on the third floor and above the kitchen. With an abundance of water, four streams were soon playing on the burning building, but it was evident from the start that the building could not be saved, for the entire top was apparently afire before the water was applied.

The fire occurred about 8 o'clock. It was the opening night of the Luna Theatre and Price & Butler were giving an interesting play. There were about 500 people in the theatre, and situated about half a block from the hotel, when some one called out "fire" and almost stampeded the house. The managers, however, kept cool, and handled the people, and the entire house was emptied in about 3 minutes, without any one being injured.

From 8 until 12 o'clock the fire "fiddler" worked heroically. Chief Chas. Wenzel was right at his post and in spite of the criticisms and suggestions of the bystanders, the Fire Company did remarkable service. But the night was calm, and there was abundance of water, and with careful manipulation,



CHARLES WENZEL
Fire Chief

the flames were confined to the burning building.

E. M. Ilvers and mother, who are the owners of the hotel, will lose considerably, although they carried $7000 insurance. H. J. Forney, the proprietor loses heavily, for he not only lost everything but his insurance is meagre and insufficient. He stored much of his furniture after moving from Burnham to Mt. Union, this was all destroyed, and much of it was very valuable. The business men located in the first floor of the hotel block, namely, Dave Saxe, clothier, Dr. J. M. Minick, druggist, Abe Diamond, 5 and 10 cent store, H. H. Hollingshead, merchant tailor, and Joseph Palladino, barber, are all put out of business. Their stock, with the exception of Mr. Hollingshead, who removed most of his, is heavily damaged by the fire and water. Dave Saxe got considerable clothing out, but he lost a large stock of valuable other furnishings. His loss will probably partly covered by insurance. Mr. Diamond is a heavy loser, having just added a big line of holiday goods. Dr. Minick loses heavily, for he had a large stock of bottles, and a soda apparatus, which is very perishable, his insurance is by no means equal to the damage done.

We sympathize with these men who lose by this fire and in fact the town loses also in their being handicapped, as they represented among our leading business places.

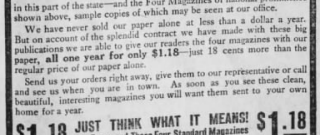
It is quite fortunate that everything was damp and that the night was calm, for had not this been the case, who knows how much damage might have been done. The Beers Hotel is in the "center of town" and in close proximity are the post-office, Maxwell's Hardware, Light's store (Wharton building in which is the telephone exchange), Luna Theatre, Stratford building, Fields building, Wagner's Bakery, Crum building, First National Bank, and on the corner below is the Welch block.

The hotel was filled with guests and many of them were in their rooms, and this is fortunate, for had it been late in the evening more serious damage might have been done. Some of the boarders were homeless for the night, but by this time they are finding stopping places. Mr. Beers will rebuild at once, after the insurance adjustments are satisfactorily made.

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SPECIAL ARGUMENT COURT

On Thursday, Nov. 20, 1913, Judge Albert W. Johnson of the Snyder-Union district came to Huntingdon and held a special session of argument court. Associate Judges Harris Richardson and A. L. Couch, being also on the bench. After some minor routine work, the habeas corpus case of Mrs. C. C. Goodrich, of Lincoln township, was taken up. Mrs. Goodrich had been arrested a few days previous on a charge of attempting to burn a building, the information having been made by George Parks. It seems that George Parks has an agreement with Mrs. Goodrich to cut certain timber on her premises and while working at the job, Parks and his men board themselves in a tent house on the Goodrich lands. One morning recently when Parks and his men went to the house they found the door key gone and had to burst the door open in order to get in. On returning to the house about a half hour later they found that the spigot of the oil can had been opened and the coal oil had run out upon the floor. Seeing Mrs. Goodrich in the vicinity of the house, they suspicioned that she had opened the oil can with the intention later to burn the building. At the hearing the Commonwealth called two witnesses who testified to finding the key gone and finding the oil upon floor of the house, while they did not see Mrs. Goodrich a short distance from the house and going in a direct line from the house at a rapid pace.

After hearing the testimony the court said the testimony did not warrant the holding of Mrs. Goodrich for the alleged offense and discharged her.

The next matter before the court was the injunction proceedings against the Huntingdon Water Supply company. The Borough of Huntingdon on the 13th inst had secured an injunction against the said company restraining them from placing an additional indebtedness against the water plant, of $40,000. In view of the fact that the Borough Council had given notice to the water company of the borough's intention to buy the said water plant.

The plaintiff had subpoenaed the president of the company, James D. Stocker, as a witness, and requiring him to bring all books and papers for the inspection of the plaintiff. Attorney for the company, Thomas F. Bailey, Esq., presented a physician's certificate setting forth that Mr. Stocker was sick and unable to be present. He being a material witness for the plaintiff, the case was continued until December 27, 1913, when the case will be argued.

The case of Josiah C. Hall against W. R. Wilson, et al., motion for judgment N. O. V. and for new trial was argued on Friday morning, after which court adjourned.

THE THANKSGIVING SERMON

The annual Thanksgiving service was held in the evening of Thanksgiving Day in the M. E. church. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Carl Mumford of the Lutheran church. The other pastors, Reverends Womer, Todd and Jones, assisted. Following is the sermon in part:

Eph. 5:20—"Giving thanks always for all things in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to God, even the Father."

How gentle the reminder, how tender and loving the advice, and how proper that we should, as a people and a nation, give thanks to God at this season of the year. For now the year is nearly done. Spring and Summer have refreshed our earth and clad her in beauty and beauty. Autumn has brought her ripening influences to bear, and Winter is hurrying on with hoarse songs of freezing winds that our fostering Mother, resting in his icy cradle, may sweetly sleep, till the stars have run their courses and once more bring back to us nature's smiles and loving calls waking children to life and love.

The husbandman who went whistling to the field scattering precious seed, has returned home again with singing bearing his ripened sheaves. There is a sound of rejoicing in the land for this is Thanksgiving Day.

The fruits of earth are all ripe, and men may now behold the reward of their labors—granaries filled with wheat, cribs crowded with corn that for months will flow through countless tiny streams, ever increasing as they go, till there is a veritable sea of golden grain sweeping across our land for the sustenance of myriads of men. Tons of hay, bushels of potatoes, barrels of apples—sold and given and red ones—perhaps still waiting to be taken to a place dry and warm; pumpkins, too, with their promises of good things, were are, hurriedly snatched from the blighting fingers of Jack Frost. Queer-shaped mounds conceal and protect loads of turnips and cabbage that will be tender and sweet when March winds blow. Truly this is the time of Harvest Home. Fruit and fowl are both fat and ripe and our happy nation has today joined in a hearty Thanksgiving.

Nearly three centuries of progress have brought to us their added blessings since first the people on American soil gave public thanks to God. They were sturdy men—our New England Fathers—men who built character and formed moral fiber for the nation, men of vigor, of courage, of faith, hope, perseverance, men who adopted a principle of right and maintained it, who journeyed to a strange land, sojourned ten years with a foreign people, hoping against hope to enjoy what their conscience and their revealed to them as right. But they loved home—her customs and her language too dearly to see their children being made alien to what their sires held so dear. Homesick and heartsick, having no home, they determined to make a home where they might be free to develop and practice their principles of right—hard work gained fearful odds. Even God Himself seemed opposed to them. Most of them were sick that first winter at Plymouth. So many died that the living were scarce able to bury the dead. Yet they labored on in faith and hope and, when the next Autumn brought a harvest from corn found in a deserted wigwam, they couldn't help thanking God and rejoicing more than As we look back at the Puritans and think of their almost deplorable condition we almost pity them. Only a couple rough houses * * * As a nation we have much to be thankful for. We are at peace with the world. The pruning hook and the plowshare of our yeomanry are far more efficient for the building up of a world-power than all the swords and spears of conquering nations. The ring of the hammer of American mechanics sends deeper echoes round the world than the booming of guns ever could. Some of you know the horrors of war—the fearful din, the dreadful carnage, the awful devastation, the hopeless desolation. Perhaps some of you have seen mangled limbs and torn bodies, and have heard the shrieks of the wounded, the moans of the dying, the cries of the mourners.

In almost every section our land has known the din of battle, the devastation of war. The baptism of blood has fairly deluged our land, and well or us who now live that these things have been. But, listen! North and south, east and west there is a sound of busy, happy prosperous life. Where once was heard the thunder of hostile cannon now we hear a mother's song. Where the mother spoke its messenger of death schoolboys hop along the road. Where gallant men have faced each other in a struggle to the death the friendly plow now turns up the sod and crops wave the richer for heroes' blood here spilt. * * *

Are we sufficiently thankful for our national freedom, peace and prosperity? Or do we take them as a matter of course? Or do we, sometimes, feel discontended with our lot and long for a better? Look abroad over the world. Journey, if your please, into foreign lands. Nay, only visit one port of entry through which immigrants come into our land. Ask why they come. Let this noble Italian answer. "You ask me," he said, "why I have come to America. Is it because I no longer love my native Italy? No! Is it because I like your people better than my own countrymen? No. Is it because your air is purer, your skies clearer than those of my own sunny clime? No. Is it because you have sweeter music, richer painting, more graceful architecture than I find in our queenly cities? No, No. Why then do I come? Listen, I will tell you. In my home land, one day I saw a vision. Looking out across the rolling waters toward the West, I saw a figure—beautiful, noble, grand—a lovely woman, stretching forth her soft arms to be in pleading ivitation the Goddess of Liberty stood on your shore saying 'Come.' And, lo, I am here."

Multitudes from all quarters of the globe follow the same vision and answer the same call. Are we thankful that we've always lived in "the land of the free"?

Frequently we meet men who rail against our governments—the entire system and practice. They pride themselves on their discontent, telling us that "the discontented ones in all ages have been the ones to move the world." "A noble discontent is a step toward God." Nay, more, it is the very pathway to Heaven. But that is the discontent which finds fault not with system but with self. Our system of government is founded upon principles that are intended to give all free men equal voice and even power, and it is only as men abuse their privileges and sacrifice their principles to the god of Mammon or cruelty them through indifference, that the system is prevented. There are many things in our politics that do not work for the good of the people. Yet who but the people are responsible for these things? "Nothing fairer is needed than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created," and I submit that "In our Republics the people who submit to evils of which they complain—evils which are cursing our nation—are themselves responsible not only for the creation but for the toleration of these evils." * * * *

Would God we could all cease our repining and complaining, and with eyes open to behold the wondrous opportunities everywhere confronting us and, minds awake to measure the privileges that are our inheritance right thank God for life at such a time as this in such a country as ours! Let men, discontented men, look out and about them and see if they can't fervently thank God that they have been cast in a pleasant place—under mild government, with free press, free schools and free church, with peace and prosperity attendant upon good homes wherein men are made—richer than kings, prouder than potentates, and women fit to reign and rule in woman's own realm—queens of heart and home.

And as a nation we ought to thank God for the church. No greater, better civilizing agent exists than it work in our land than the church. the stands at the harbor to greet the stranger coming first on our shore—she gives him God's Word in his own tongue—if he'll take it. She stands to help him find home and employment. Where he goes she follows. Though he may wander and stray, she be attempts to help him, pleading with him to come up higher and will not let him go. No other agency is doing so much nor so good work in helping to assimilate the foreign element that is so rapidly increasing our population and thus naturalize citizens of them.

It is her duty to do these things. But yet let us thank God that the church has a sense of her duty and is doing it as well as the meanness of man will permit her. And may the good Lord bless all the efforts, efforts, give her greater zeal, more ardent passion for souls, and may He incline men to heed her call and help her accomplish her mighty mission.

And now let us come home. As a community have we not much for which to thank God? Health, happiness, peace, prosperity are our daily portion.

And are we not thankful that in unity and union we here tonight worship God? Oh, how happy well-behaving God and rejoicing unto Him worshipping God. But the Christians are gaged together, fighting together, working, praying together that Mount Union may be won for Christ. Thank God and pray that all His flock may be gathered into the fold to cheer us with their presence, to help us with their prayers, to bless themselves by worshiping God.

As individuals what have we for which to be thankful? Since last Thanksgiving has the way been all smooth to the feet? Has the Father's smile always warmed your hearts or lighted your faces? Are there no things to regret? Troubles to perplex and worry? Stop! Count your blessings. Are you ever weary with your weight of care?

Does the load seem heavy you are called to bear?

Count your many blessings, every doubt will fly.

And you will be singing as the days go by."

You've tried it? It works well! Try it again.

Oh, let us thank God even for trouble. Let us be glad according to the days wherein He has afflicted us. Let our hearts praise the Lord that He has permitted us to suffer so that we might be saved—that He allowed us to fall so that the shock might open our eyes to behold Him, our refuge and strength. And after all, our troubles are only the so-called bad-weather of life, so much needed to develop us in character as God's plants. Our hearts may shrink in terror from the pain of parting with a loved one but our tears may be only the dew of God's love shed upon our lives to melt our hearts from their branch of selfishness and cause them to drop into the Father's caressing arms. The almost unbearable grief may be but the frost needed to ripen our character into sweetness and perfection of Christian sympathy and grace.

LUNA THEATRE IS OPENED



On Monday evening the new Luna Theatre was opened to the public. Unfortunately, the initial play, given by Price & Butler, was seriously interrupted by the fire at the Beers Hotel, which dispersed the crowd which had assembled in less than three minutes. The theatre is located on Jefferson street, midway between Shirley and Market streets. It is a brick cased building steel lined, steam heated and electric lighted, and has a number of exits in case of fire. Its seating capacity exceeds 500. The stage and stage apparatus are splendid, and the gallaries are very convenient. The management has equipped the theatre with a new Powers 6 A moving picture machine, enclosed in a fire proof asbestos booth. T. C. Peduzzi is the owner and builder of the Luna Theatre.



T. C. PEDUZZI

LOVE VALLEY ITEMS

Butchering is the order of the day, and some of the farmers are killing some fine porkers.

C. H. Morrow is busy hauling extract wood to Shirleysburg.

J. G. Rohrer transacted business in Orbisonia one day last week.

William Mills is working with some water pipe which will bring the water close to the house.

Arthur Morrow has been on the sick list for a couple days. He is now able to be out again.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Morrow spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Pollock.

Linden Kurtz is helping W. H. Crone with his logging for his saw mill.

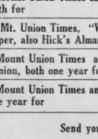
Mrs. Wm. Flemming of Blacklog valley spent a couple days with her step-daughter recently, Mrs. George Henry.

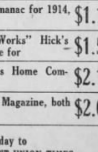
Visitors at the Morrow home lately were: Nannie, Hester and Charles Duffy, J. G. Rohrer, Roy and Russel Peterson and Geo. Henry.

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