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Mr. Henry A. Groce, one of the pioneer residents of Elk, Ill., was saved from a terrible and lingering death from dropsy and heart disease by means of the wonderful discovery Neuropathy, which teaches that derangements of the brain centers are the principal cause of many diseases. He says: "It is about five years since I took Dr. Miles' Neuropathic Treatment for dropsy and heart disease. My condition was extremely critical. I experienced great difficulty in breathing and could not lie down without smothering. My limbs and body were badly swollen and I became very weak. I had been under treatment by the best physicians of Elk, and was growing worse every day. They could do nothing to relieve me, and, in fact, gave me up to die."

As soon as I consulted Dr. Miles he showed me that my doctors had failed to understand my case and said he could help me. It was wonderful how soon relief came. It was almost instantaneous. I was soon a well man. The cure was truly wonderful considering my age, which was seventy at that time. I am now seventy-six years old, and able to enjoy life."

Mr. Groce is only one of the many hundreds of remarkable cures effected by Dr. Miles' discovery regarding the "Brain Centers." The Doctor's reputation as a specialist is national. His Heart and Dropsy Cure is a marvel. Every person afflicted with disease of the heart, stomach, kidneys, nerves or dropsy, which often complicate each case, should send the Doctor a description of his case, and he will send you one thousand testimonials, his Book, and \$2.50 Treatment free. Address: Franklin Miles, M. D., LL. B., Dept. N., Grand Sanitarium, Elkhart, Indiana.

### "OLE" PETE LIVENGOOD.

The Star Accused of Giving Unionism Its First Black Eye—The Editor Both Criticized and Praised.

Our old friend Griff Thomas discussed the coal strike with the editor of THE STAR, several days ago, in all its phases. He admitted that the paper has been uttering much truth concerning the strike and strikers, but he says we have been altogether too hard on the union, and he declared that had it not been for the attitude of this paper, the strikers would long ago have won the battle. THE STAR has given the union its first awful black eye, says Mr. Thomas, and yet Blatherskite McCullough has been declaring in his public speeches that THE STAR has no influence. Who is right, Mr. Thomas or Blatherskite McCullough? The loquacious coyote from Michigan, E. S. McCullough, has been contending all along that THE STAR isn't worth noticing, and that it couldn't hurt any cause. Yet it has been bothering him so much that it has been the burden of many long-winded harangues he has been inflicting upon a long suffering public, and the paper has been a thorn in his flesh for many moons.

Mr. Thomas discussed the subject with us in a gentlemanly way, and we believe he was honest in his criticism of the course we have taken. In fact we believe Mr. Thomas to be an honest man, as we have always found him that way in all the dealings we ever had with him. We are in no way offended at what he said, but we believe he is in error in many things pertaining to the strike. With Mr. McCullough, however, it is a far different case. He has been deceiving the strikers, mismanaging the strike, catering to all that is low and beastly in men, telling them one thing while he was believing another, etc., etc. In fact he has been working a graft in his own interest, to the detriment of the poor strikers, their wives and their children. He has been fostering desolation, want and business stagnation in this region, and in our opinion he deserves deportation by forcible means. Many of the strikers believe just as we do, but they hate to admit it.

But THE STAR is in no sense an operators' paper, and neither is it a foe to organized labor. We have no fault to find with a miners' union that lives up to principles of honor, decency and respect for law, order, fairness and common sense. There is but one brand of unionism that we have assailed, and that brand we will fight as long as we are able to hold a pen or utter a word. We have reference to the brand of unionism that applies the torch; that tries to murder men and horses; that tries to win by dynamite, threats, intimidation and criminal utterances; that deadbeats newspapers that were always friendly to the miners; that makes use of the boycott; that dictates with whom men must speak or refuse to speak; the kind that wishes dire things to employers; gloats over accidents that befall non-union miners; the kind that blacklegs men in other occupations at wages from \$1.50 to \$1.75 per day, and at the same time hoots "scab"

and "blackleg" at the men who make from \$3.00 to \$10.00 per day at mining 55-cent coal.

We do not believe that the constitution and by-laws of the United Mine Workers of America teach or uphold the kind of unionism we have just outlined, but we do know that it is the kind that has been dominating affairs in this region, and the kind that is being upheld and defended by a lot of unprincipled leaders. We have been after the spurious or out-throat brand of unionism, and if we have given it a black eye, we are proud and pleased over the fact. As we have often said before, some of the union men of this region have always acquitted themselves as men of decency and honesty, and we are sometimes accused of fighting their interests, too, because they belong to the same organization that the other element belongs to. We cannot see it that way, but we will admit that the innocent must often suffer with the guilty, and if decent strikers suffer in this region, the sin cannot be laid at THE STAR's door, but at the door of the bad element in the organization, the element that has brought about such a condition of affairs as to make it the duty of the decent newspapers of the region to assail it.

Many a union miner in this region sorely regrets that he did not take THE STAR's advice and go to work long ago, for many have been trying to get their old places back only after it was too late, when the places were filled by other men. Many candidly admit their mistake, giving THE STAR due credit for the sensible course it has taken, while others waste their breath from morning till night, these days, cursing "Ole" Pete Livengood.

The fact is, unionism has proven a failure and a detriment in this region. It is not the fault of unionism, in the true sense of the word, but of mismanaged and outraged unionism by a large element of its own members. It has been demonstrated that the lawless, senseless, ignorant element has been dominating the union in this region, and when such is the case, all honest, God-fearing, law-abiding citizens should abandon it. And, after all, it is a question, too, whether the man who steers clear of all unions, save the union of himself and his family, is not in the long run following the safest, wisest and best paying policy. After all, does not unionism have a tendency to obliterate individuality? We sometimes think it does, and without individuality a man is a mere animal, a flunky, a nonentity.

Of course, THE STAR and its editor will be cursed by some people when they read this article, but we will lose no sleep on that account, as we are sometimes praised, too, as will be seen by a letter which some unknown friend wrote in a very neat hand and shoved under the door into our office hallway. If the author will disclose his identity, we will consider it a favor, and promise to say nothing. Following is the complimentary and anonymous screed, for which we feel duly thankful:

To "OLE" PETE LIVENGOOD.

I hear you "cussed" frequently and fiercely, but I have never yet heard you "cussed" by a man who amounts to a "cuss." As was said of good old Grover Cleveland, I love you for the enemies you have made and the fearlessness you show in expressing your opinions, which, according to my careful observation, I nearly always find to be correct. I am neither a poet nor the son of a poet, but I cannot refrain from submitting the following lines, which you are at liberty to publish or consign to the waste basket, as you see fit:

There are some folks in Salisbury-ee, Whom their true duties never see, They never do the things they should, But "cuss" that "Ole" Pete Livengood.

They "cuss" and rave at him, forsooth, Because he always prints the truth, For that they'd kill him if they could, That sturdy "Ole" Pete Livengood.

But "Ole" Pete never gets dismayed, The truth to print he's not afraid, He keeps right on a "sawin" wood, While fools "cuss" "Ole" Pete Livengood.

"Ole" Pete sometimes is pretty gruff, And uses language rather rough, But he's fairer, no man ever could, Than that same "Ole" Pete Livengood.

He's fearless, truthful, up-to-date, And our old town owes much to him, True men respect him as they should, That sturdy "Ole" Pete Livengood.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again," Was written by great Bryant's pen, And on that plank THE STAR has stood Since founded by Pete Livengood.

The truth sometimes, of course, does hurt, And makes men howl who're doing dirt; But if men act as set they should, They need not fear Pete Livengood.

The enforced resignation of Burgess Michael Lowry, owing to failing health, is a matter much to be regretted by his many friends. Burgess Lowry, like all other office-holders, had his friends and his enemies, and while THE STAR did not always agree with the views and decisions of the Burgess, yet the editor has ever been one of his staunch personal friends. We give him credit for being a conscientious man, and we believe that he performed all his official duties without prejudice or malice toward anyone. His official record, too, is rather above the average, and THE STAR heartily concurs in the resolutions passed by the Town Council upon his resignation, which will be found elsewhere in this paper.

One of the finest tributes to the country newspaper that has ever been rendered, was contained in a recent address by Senator Chancey M. Depew before the New York Press Association. Mr. Depew said: "I pay my respects to and express my admiration for the country newspaper and the country editor. His lines are not cast in the places of the great and profitable organs of the metropolis, whose profits are reckoned often by the hundreds of thousands of dollars every year. But the country editor lives in and is a part of his community. His virtue is not so much in what he prints as in what he refuses to print. He could easily destroy the peace of the community by admitting to his paper the scandals and gossip of the neighbors, but he stands a censor and a guardian of public morals, and I know of no conditions under which the public is appealed to in a certain measure where the utterance is so free from criticism as the general tone of the country newspaper."

AFTER you have been married a little while, you are going to find that there are two kinds of happiness you can have—home happiness and fashionable happiness, says a knowing writer. You can buy a lot of home happiness with a mighty small salary, but fashionable happiness always costs just a little more than you are making. You can't keep down expenses when you've got to keep up appearances of being something you are not. You're in the fix of the dog chasing his tail—you can't make both ends meet, and if you do, it will give you such a crick in the neck that you won't get any real satisfaction out of your gymnastics. You have to live on a rump steak basis when you're alone, so that you can appear to be on a quail-on-toast basis when you have company. And while they are eating your quail and betting that they are cold storage birds, they'll be whispering to each other that the butcher told their cook that you lived all last week on a soup bone and two pounds of hamburger steak. Then when you're sweated along at it a dozen years or so, you will wake up some morning and discover that your appearances have deceived no one but yourself. A man who tries the game is a good deal like the fellow who puts a fancy vest over a dirty shirt—he is the only person who can't see the egg spots under his chin.

Let us give thanks and rejoice with exceeding great joy, for surely the millennium is coming. Six months ago every man who dared to dig coal, even in a country mine, was called a "scab" by the strikers, and men who bought coal at the country mines, or hauled coal therefrom, or supplied mine timbers thereto, were called the same. But now things are different, for some moons ago our old friend and college chum, Her Von Frederick Diehl, started to dig coal for J. C. Balliet—not that he needed the work, but perhaps in order to keep some non-union man from "scabbing." And now we can spring another surprise by announcing that another dear old friend and college chum, "Mistah Edgah Showaltah," is also digging coal for Mr. Balliet. Now, wouldn't that grab you? Why, feller citizens, it's enough to draw tears from an Egyptian mummy and cause the stars in heaven to bump together for joy to behold such a grand old captain of industry as "Mistah Edgah" going to work. Another hopeful sign of peace and good will among men is the fact that our old friend and college chum, Bill Kyle, is again speaking to the people whose hearts he almost broke for months by passing by in silent contempt. Things are again getting back to their normal condition, and it is indeed pleasant to know that union men can't "scab," no matter at what price they work, nor what jobs they snatch away from the men who have never interfered with the work claimed by the union miners at the company mines. That is one nice thing about belonging to the miners' union, for a union man can do any old thing with impunity, while a non-union man can

hardly breathe without being called a "scab." If, while breathing, he is looking in the direction of a company mine. Consistency, is as much of a jewel as it ever was, but let us be thankful that the millennium is dawning.

### AN EMERGENCY MEDICINE.

For sprains, bruises, burns, scalds and similar injuries, there is nothing so good as Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It soothes the wound and not only gives instant relief from pain, but causes the parts to heal in about one third the time required by the usual treatment. Sold by E. H. Miller. 1-1

### Court House Corner Stone Laying.

Last Wednesday was a great day in Somerset, for it was the day on which the Corner Stone of the new court house was laid with appropriate ceremonies. The following program was carried out:

Prayer—Rev. Hiram King, D. D.  
Anthem—"Praise Ye the Father"—Church Choirs.  
Address—Hon. A. H. Coffrath, Pres. Somerset Co. Bar Association.  
Music—Somerset Concert Band.  
Address—Hon. W. J. Baer, Ex-Pres. Judge 18th Judicial District.  
Anthem—"Ye Shall Dwell in the Land"—Church Choirs.  
Address—Hon. W. H. Koontz.  
Address—Hon. Francis J. Kooser, President Judge.

Reading list of articles deposited in Corner Stone—A. L. G. Hay, Esq.

Placing box and laying Corner Stone—W. F. Wood, Supt. for contractors, W. S. Anderson, Supt. stone work.  
Hymn—"America"—Church Choirs.  
Benediction—Rev. Geo. W. Knepper.  
The addresses were very impressive, and the music was fine. The weather was ideal and the attendance very large. It was a fine program well carried out, and we only regret that we are unable to publish the addresses. Some of the newspapers of the county were not treated right in this respect. The manuscripts should all have been sent to the American Press Association, with instructions to make and supply to each of the county newspapers a set of stereotyped plates, containing the speeches in full, also a picture and plans of the new court house. And the county should have paid the expenses thereof, too, although the publishers would not have objected to paying for the service themselves.

### PLACED IN THE STONE.

Among the articles and historical data placed in the corner stone were the following: History and directory of county, rules of court, roster of public school teachers, newspaper accounts of county centennial celebration, names of members of bar, names of assessors and collectors, list of voters and school children, election returns, roster of Somerset churches and secret societies, copies of county papers, manuscript of prayer and addresses at corner stone laying, roll of company T, Fifth Regiment, Pa., Vols., photographs of court house officials and lawyers, photographs of Somerset Coal Company's Elk Lick mine, roster of Somerset band and church choirs, official and bank forms, county order for one dollar, etc.

While the Corner Stone was being lowered to its place by means of a large crane, the Somerset Concert Band played national airs, and the big crowd cheered lustily. On the stone were appropriately and artistically engraved the names of Hon. Francis J. Kooser, President Judge; Samuel Poorbaugh, Joseph Horner and Joseph B. Miller, County Commissioners; John C. Fulton, Architect; Caldwell & Drake, Contractors; W. F. Wood, Supt. for Contractors; A. F. Dickey, Supt. for County.

### Cumberland Doctor Says The Star is Right on Vaccination.

Several days ago we received a letter from a doctor in Cumberland, Md., who writes as follows:

EDITOR SOMERSET COUNTY STAR:—Some time ago I read an article in an exchange—an article copied from your paper—on vaccination in Illinois. I suppose the article came from your pen, and I heartily endorse it. Too much cannot be said against that filthy practice—vaccination. In Utah it is a crime for any doctor to vaccinate a child, either with or without the consent of the child or its parents, on the plea that the child cannot defend itself against the poisoning process, and in later life may have to suffer the consequences of the poisoning of its little body. Respectfully Yours,  
DR. C. FRISB.

### A COSTLY MISTAKE.

Blunders are sometimes very expensive. Occasionally life itself is the price of a mistake, but you'll never be wrong if you take Dr. King's New Life Pills for Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Headache, Liver or Bowel troubles. They are gentle yet thorough. 25c. at E. H. Miller's Drug Store. 1-1