

# The Somerset County Star.



VOL. XIV.

SALISBURY, ELK LICK POSTOFFICE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1908.

NO. 27.

## REPUBLICAN NATIONAL TICKET.

For President,  
WILLIAM H. TAFT,  
Of Ohio.

For Vice President,  
JAMES S. SHERMAN,  
Of New York.

### STATE.

Judge of Superior Court,  
WILLIAM D. PORTER.

### DISTRICT.

Congress, 23rd District,  
ALLEN F. COOPER.

### COUNTY.

Legislature,  
WM. H. FLOTO,  
A. W. KNEPPER.

Sheriff,  
CHARLES H. WEIMER.

Auditor,  
W. H. H. BAKER,  
JACOB S. MILLER.

Recorder of Deeds,  
NORMAN E. BERKEY.

Clerk of Courts,  
F. A. HARAH.

Register of Wills,  
BERT F. LANDIS.

Treasurer,  
RUSSELL G. WALKER.

Prothonotary,  
JACOB B. GERHARD.

Poor Director,  
JACOB C. DEITZ.

County Commissioner,  
R. S. McMILLEN,  
JOSIAH SPECHT.

County Surveyor,  
IRENIS S. PYLE.

## OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Below will be found the names of the various county and district officials. Unless otherwise indicated, their addresses are Somerset, Pa.

President Judge—Francis J. Kooser.  
Member of Congress—A. F. Cooper, Uniontown, Pa.

State Senator—William C. Miller, Bedford, Pa.

Members of Assembly—J. W. Endsley, Somerset; A. W. Knepper, Somerset; William C. Begley, Prothonotary—Charles C. Shafer, Register—Charles F. Cook, Recorder—John R. Boose, Clerk of Courts—Milton H. Fike, Treasurer—Peter Hoffman, District Attorney—John S. Miller, Coroner—Dr. C. L. Friedline, Stoystown.

Commissioners—Josiah Specht, Kantner; Charles F. Zimmerman, Stoystown; Robert Augustine, Somerset. Solicitors—Berkey & Shaver.

Jury Commissioners—George J. Schrock, Joseph B. Miller.

Directors of the Poor—J. F. Reiman, William Brant and William W. Baker, Attorney for Directors, H. F. Yost; clerk, C. L. Shaver.

Superintendent of Schools—D. W. Seibert.

Chairmen Political Organizations—Jonas M. Cook, Republican; Alex B. Grof, Democratic; Fred Grof, Republican, if.

The licensed saloon is the greatest curse of this or any other age.

MR. BRYAN has already been beaten twice by an Ohio man. Now comes the third bump.

The home has all right to shape young manhood, and the saloon has no right to debauch it.

ALL doubt about the strength of the Chicago platform has been removed. Mr. Bryan has denounced it.

WHATEVER be our political principles and party, this subject of temperance underlies all political policies and partisanship.

The liquor traffic is a soulless monopoly, is the greatest foe to the laboring class and an ever-present menace to their homes.

WITH Bryan defeated this year, who will be the Democratic candidate for President in 1912? asks the Savannah News. Bryan, of course!

You might as well try to regulate the yellow fever as the liquor traffic. There is only one way to deal with it—sweep it out of existence.

The woman who buys her goods at the nearest corner store is just as well off, and just as happy in life, as the friend that is ripping, tearing and snorting from one bargain counter to another in the department store.

Mr. BRYAN stated many months ago that he would take the nomination only in case it was fairly forced on him, and then he went about and forced it on.

The store-keeper who does not advertise, and who does not systematize his business, might as well put up his shutters. Judicious advertising means financial success. Never in the history of the commercial world has advertising occupied so dominant a place as it does today.

Mr. BRYAN says if he is elected President he will never run for that office again. Probably not, but he may try it. The fact is he never did run for President. True, he has been thrice nominated, but if he ever did any real running, the official count failed to show it.

The liquor traffic is a commercial fraud. Based upon pure selfishness, it takes a blessing, it returns a curse. It hurts, it rots, it kills. It ruthlessly tramples human rights under foot. Sound reason cannot approve of it. The traffic is against nature, and nature is against the traffic. It should never be licensed in any form or for any price.

The citizens of any prosperous town are always public-spirited and united. Stand together, work for the interests of the whole town. Always stand ready to do your part. Don't grumble and spend your time in prophesying failures, but help to make every enterprise a success, be it great or small. Be energetic and enterprising, and your example will be imitated.

Some boys do not earn \$20 a year, yet they can afford to smoke cigarettes and to use tobacco in other forms. Boys should think it over seriously before commencing to use tobacco. Boys who do not use the weed or loaf continuously on the streets are much better models to follow. No boy should wish to pattern after a profane, foul-mouthed, worthless street loafer.

There is a great deal in writing an attractive advertisement. Do you give your advertisement your best attention? If you expect to do a large business on the fact that you know so many people, you will get left. The ones you don't know are in the great majority. How are you to reach them in the most favorable manner at the least expense? By placing an attractive advertisement in the newspaper.

According to William E. Curtis, President Roosevelt's ambition is to occupy a seat in the United States Senate from the state of New York, after the expiration of his presidential term, following a trip around the world. He is said to make no secret of his desires in this direction. Apropos this there is talk in Washington of making ex-presidents members of the Senate as representatives of the country at large.

An advocate of saloons says that they are licensed for the public good; whereupon an exchange puts to him some hard questions, as follows: What good have saloon-keepers ever done? They live without work. Is that a public good? They consume a substance of the people and produce nothing. Is that a public good? They live on the money that rightfully belongs to wives and children of drinking men. Is that a public good? They cause eighty per cent. of all the crime that is committed. Is that a public good?

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth and all things therein. He then created man and woman and left the loafers on the corners, and in due time they multiplied and then spread into postoffices and depots and the stores. In these places they sit and explain state and national problems that have vexed great minds. While he is thus engaged, his wife is out washing for her neighbors, and the poor, helpless children are left at home taking care of themselves as best they can. There is nothing more noticeable than a loafer."

There should be no "faction" in any city. The property of one individual, and every improvement made, enhances the value of all property in the corporation. Our city is simply one big family. When this is discarded there is little progress. When there is a united pull for anything, its accomplishment is made easy. Envy, jealousy and hatred are things to be despised. Envy is a canker that gnaws at the heart and makes folks sour, disgruntled and unhappy; jealousy warps the intellect and makes us unfair in passing judgment. Hatred doesn't pay even from a sordid point of view.

The man who edits the average country newspaper cannot well avoid

treading on somebody's toes continually; must expect to be censured often for unintentional failures; must expect hard work and little thanks; must expect to be called a coward because he does not "pitch into" everything that somebody thinks is wrong, and a fool if he speaks out too plainly on public evils; he must expect to grind other people's axes—and turn the grindstone himself. Still we think it is one of the noblest professions on earth; the one in which the earnest man can do the most good to his fellow man, and in which an honorable man can wield much power for good.

Men who contribute money to buy votes and to bribe the people's representatives, as well as those who disburse it, are deadly enemies of the republic. Their greed and love of power are greater than their love of country. They impair popular respect for law, which is the only safeguard for life and property; and it will be an evil day for the nation when its preservation depends upon their patriotism and courage. They may masquerade in the garb of righteousness, and address the people in the language of patriotism, but their virtues are assumed; they are hypocrites and assassins of liberty, and would welcome a dynasty rather than shed their blood in defense of popular government.

There are too many boys and girls in the country and city, more in the latter than in the former, who are prone to look upon work as beneath them. There are thousands of them on the threshold of maturity who retain the same views and habits which found encouragement in their earlier years. What becomes of this class of people? Some of them awaken, and after a desperate struggle overcome the habit and learn to work, to save, and to prepare for the inevitable "rainy day." Many of them, however, drift and drift until they become acceptable recruits in the hobo army. Then they speedily reach the conclusion that things are mighty unequal in this world; that the advantages are all with the rich, and that a poor man has no show.

AFTER all, there is a good deal in talk. Let a man talk dull times and it is infectious—everybody will talk dull times. Instead of hustling around to take care of what business there is, they all sit down and mope over dull times. If a customer does happen to drop into one of these "dull times" stores he actually gets frightened out of one-half as much as he expects to buy, because things look so blue. He catches the spirit of the store and resolves to hang on to all his money with a death grip, even if his business goes to pieces on account of running short of goods to fill up the empty shelves. The bugbear of hard times should be sat down upon. It is doing more to kill business than anything else. Tell a man he is sick, keep it up, and you will eventually bound him to death.

Don't laugh at a boy who magnifies his place. You may see him coming from the postoffice with a big bundle of his employer's letters, which he displays with as much pride as though they were his own. He feels important, and looks it, but he is proud of his place. He is attending to business. He likes to have the world know that he is at work for a busy concern. The boy who says "we" identifies himself with the concern; its interests are his. He sticks up for its credit and reputation. He takes pleasure in his work and hopes to say we are in earnest. The boy will reap what he sows if he keeps his grit and sticks to his job. You may take off your hat to him as one of the future solid men of the town. Let his employer do the right thing by him; check him kindly if he shows signs of being too big for his place, counsel him as to his habits and associates, and occasionally show him a pleasant prospect of advancement. A little pride does an honest boy a heap of good. Good luck to the boy who says "we."

SHORTLY before the Democratic National Convention assembled at Denver, some practical joker put out a report that President Roosevelt would likely be nominated for Vice President on the Democratic ticket, and that he would accept the nomination. Ridiculous as the report was, it is nevertheless a fact that many Democrats believed it, and they were nearly tickled to death over the prospect of seeing such a thing come to pass. They figured that Roosevelt on their ticket would make Bryan's election sure, but some of the "Dummies" not quite so sanguine of success as others, thought it would be safer and more appropriate to give "Teddy" first place, and Bryan

second on the ticket. That would have been placing the best man at the head of the ticket, of course, but even such an arrangement could but prove futile. President Roosevelt had a hard time to keep the Republican nomination from being thrust upon him—a nomination almost as good as an election, and for him to decline that and then accept an empty honor at the hands of a defunct and degenerate political organization like the Democratic party, would have caused at least nine-tenths of the American people to point the finger of scorn at him and say: "Behold the man is crazy!" The Republican party has statesmen in abundance for all needed purposes, but has none to lend to the Democratic party to pull that discredited and defunct organization out of the mire of defeat, the only place it is fit to occupy.

The editor of today has to get his nose down to the grindstone and keep it there sixteen hours per day, and 365 days in the year, or he falls by the wayside. There are men who quit work Saturday night and rest until Monday morning. They lay aside business cares at five or six o'clock every evening, and do not resume them until seven or eight the next morning. Not so with your editor. He has no elegant leisure. He knows no hours, no Sunday, no night. When he goes to a party, or to church, or on an alleged pleasure trip, it is all in the line of duty. Withal, your editor man is a cheerful, long-suffering soul, going about doing good in his humble way. He returns good for evil. He writes long puffs of church societies, and in return therefor accepts a chunk of cake that would sink an ironclad, if it is offered to him, which is seldom. He notes the arrival of all the babies in his neighborhood, and tells how pretty they are. He rejoices with the gay and mourns with those who are sad. He booms every enterprise which makes his community rich, and goes about himself clothed in gunny sack coats and one suspender. He glories over the fortune of his neighbor, and meekly eats his own repast of boiled corn cobs and colored labels off tomato cans. He can write a sermon, an account of a prize fight, a political speech, an obituary notice, poetry, split wood, pitch hay, wash dishes, preside at a camp meeting, curry horses, quote law or gospel, or anything else on a moments notice.

## BRYAN AND KERN.

At the Democratic National Convention held in Denver, last week, William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska, was nominated for President of the United States, and John Worth Kern, of Indiana, for Vice President.

Mr. Bryan's nomination was a foregone conclusion, but Mr. Kern was a "dark horse" candidate scarcely dreamed of before the convention.

Mr. Bryan needs no introduction to the people of the United States, for aside from one Alton B. Parker, he has twice been the most thoroughly licked man that ever entered the Presidential race, and the indications are that the third licking, which he is sure to get next November, will also be a most thorough one.

John Worth Kern will be John not worth a darn after the November election, speaking in a political sense. He is scarcely known outside of Indiana, and after the election he will sink back into his former obscurity and be forgotten before Christmas. Not so with "Billy" Bryan, however. The Nebraska "windmill" will be a bigger man after his next defeat than he would ever be if elected, for your uncle "Billy," remember, is the man who has made a plaything of the Democratic party and a laughing stock of all his rivals who have been posing as its leaders and perpetrators.

Such a man will not soon be forgotten, for in making a plaything of the Democratic donkey for his own financial gain, Mr. Bryan has put the old knock-kneed, ringboned, spavined, wind-broken thing to the only use it is fit for. The Democratic party has long ago ceased to be fit or competent to manage the affairs of this great and progressive nation.

Heat prostrates the nerves. In the summer one needs a tonic to offset the customary hot weather Nerve and Strength depression. You will feel better within 48 hours after beginning to take such a remedy as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Its prompt action in restoring weakened nerves is surprising. Of course, you won't get entirely strong in a few days, but each day you can actually feel the improvement. That tired, lifeless, spiritless, feeling will quickly depart when using the Restorative. Dr. Shoop's Restorative will sharpen a failing appetite; it aids digestion; it will strengthen the weakened kidneys and heart by simply rebuilding the worn-out nerves that these organs depend upon. Test it a few days, and be convinced. Sold by all dealers. 8-1

## THE BRYAN IDOL.

### Fiery Remarks by the Democratic New York Sun.

The political situation is summed up in a rather unusual, somewhat lurid, but distinctly forcible manner by the picturesque New York Sun, as follows: "At Chicago in 1896 a mob drunk on the borrowed rhetoric of Mr. Bryan snatched him from seedy obscurity and set him on the road to fortune. At Denver now another mob, carefully trained and commanded, forces his nomination. "The chaste ballad, yelled so agreeably in the ears of the ladies at the convention, 'What the Hell Do We Care?' expresses exactly the Bryanite feelings. The Eastern States are thrown away; the election is lost in advance; a little maniac colony like Oklahoma makes more noise and has more influence in the Convention than States whose electoral votes are indispensable to a candidate who is to have any chance to win. "What the hell do we care? "In the name of Democracy Democratic principles are violated. What the hell do we care? Mr. Bryan is rich and must be richer. His weekly newspaper must be boomed. His nomination and his platform are good things for him. As for the party, What the hell do we care? "There are lovelier refrains, but this one speaks exactly the mind of Bryanite and anti-Bryanite. The Bryanite has performed his obligation to his god. The anti-Bryanite has no use for politics until that idol is broken and fired out." To all this the Connellsville Courier adds the following: "If the agricultural signs do not utterly fail, we will have excellent crops, and if the political signs do not utterly fail, the Republican ticket will be elected by a bigger landslide than that of 1904. The Peerless One will be buried under the Avalanche, and a great sigh of relief will go up from both Bryanites and Benevolent Assimilators as in the chorus they will exclaim: "What the hell do we care?"

## THE REMEDY THAT DOES.

"Dr. King's New Discovery is the remedy that does the healing others promise, but fail to perform," says Mrs. E. R. Rierson, of Auburn Centre, Pa. "It is curing me of throat and lung trouble of long standing, that other treatments relieved only temporarily. New Discovery is doing me so much good that I feel confident its continued use for a reasonable length of time will restore me to perfect health." This renowned cough and cold remedy and throat and lung healer is sold at E. H. Miller's drug store. 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. 8-1

## Electric Railway Chartered.

The Oakland, Swallow Falls & Uniontown Electric Railway was chartered here last week with a number of local people as incorporators. The charter for this electric railway secures a route from Oakland to the hydro-electric plant two miles below the Swallow Falls. From George D. Brown's mill, the main line will pass up Tolliver Run and Muddy Creek to Cranessville, and from there to the Pennsylvania state line by the most direct route to Uniontown. J. B. Hogg, consulting engineer for Youghiogheny Light & Power Co., and several other prominent Pennsylvania gentlemen, will at once secure a Pennsylvania charter to complete the road from the state line to Uniontown. It is quite likely that the New York city bankers who are now arranging to finance the hydro-electric plant will also finance this important railroad.

During this week the route for the double track electric railway from Swallow Falls to Oakland will be surveyed and located. Papers will be signed by all land owners who have conceded free rights of way.—Oakland Journal.

## Get my "Book No. 4 For Women."

It will give weak women many valuable suggestions of relief—and with strictly confidential medical advice is entirely free. Simply write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. The book No. 4 tells all about Dr. Shoop's Night Cure and how these soothing, healing, antiseptic suppositories can be successfully applied to correct these weaknesses. Write for the book. The Night Cure is sold by all dealers. 8-1

## Marriage Licenses.

Since our last report: David B. Shafer, of Rummel, Pa., and Mary N. Holsopple, of Rummel, Pa.

Andrew Widrick, of Ashtola, Pa., and Frances Lesar, of same place.

George A. Levitt, of Stoyestown, Pa., and Nellie Pearl Lint, of Jennerstown.

Percy S. Walter, of Morgantown, W. Va., and Sarah G. Snyder, of Rockwood, Pa.

Jacob H. Eash, of Paint township and Sadie M. Roudabush, of same place.

David Brainerd Bayless, Jr., of Covington, Kentucky, and Sarah Theresa Hocking, of Meyersdale, Pa.

Norman Kinsinger, of Elk Lick, Pa., and Nora Ellen Brown, of Summit township, Pa.

Jacob Roscoe Shanks, of Casselman, Pa., and Daisy Growall, of Black township.

Daniel Shultz, of Greenville township, and Mabel H. Schrock, of Somerset township.

Alonzo Younker and Grace Hinsh, of Windber.

Wm. H. Miller and Gertie F. Pifer, of Somerset township.

Josiah R. Weyand and Maggie May Weighley, of Somerset township.

Jerome Deeds and Annie E. Thomas of Jenner township.

Geo. C. Pebley, of Shade township, and Rosa Bell Grawden, of St. Clairsville, Bedford county, Pa.

Hiram Shank and Ida B. Holder, both of Somerset, Pa.

Harry Willoughby, of Perrysville, Pa., and Dorothy Maude Robinson, of Meyersdale, Pa.

Martin J. Tiger, of Rochester Mills, Indiana Co., Pa., and Minta A. Reitz of Kuhn, Somerset Co., Pa.

John F. Uphouse, of Milford township, and Susan Peck, of Middlecreek township.

John Sheridan Sheeser, of Roston, Pa., and Ida Catharine Ringer, of Unamis, Pa.

## WAR AGAINST CONSUMPTION.

All nations are endeavoring to check the ravages of consumption, the "white plague" that claims so many victims each year. Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs and colds perfectly, and you are in no danger of consumption. Do not risk your health by taking some unknown preparation when Foley's Honey and Tar is safe and certain in results. Elk Lick Pharmacy, E. H. Miller, proprietor. 8-1

## DON'T.

Don't ask the editor to publish a list of wedding gifts, unless you want to pay for it.

Don't add to the terrors of death by tacking several stanzas of doggerel to a death notice. About the only place they do that is in the Georges Creek mining region, and they don't know any better there. Don't crowd the mourners.

Don't lug old clippings into a newspaper office and tell the editor that you have brought him "something to fill up with." Take him a cabbage; he can fill up with that.

Sitting in the end of a church pew, don't get up to admit others. Move along.

Don't put lard on a man's shoes when you see him "going down hill." They are already greased for the occasion.

Don't pray with the hungry man until you have given him something to eat.

## GOODBYE.

It is a hard word to speak. Some may laugh that it should be, but let them. My hearts are never kind. It is a word that has choked many an utterance, and started many a tear. The hand is clasped, the word is spoken, we part, and are out on the ocean of time—we go to meet again, where? God only knows. It may be soon, it may be never. Take care that your goodbye be not a cold one—it may be the last one you can give. Ere you meet again death's cold hand may have closed his eyes and chained his lips forever. Aye, he may have died thinking you loved him not. Again it may be a long separation. Friends crowd on and give you their hands. How do you detect in each goodbye the love that lingers there; and how may you bear with you the memory of these parting words many days? We must separate. Tear not yourself away with a careless boldness that defies all love, but make your words linger—give your heart full utterance—and if tears fall, what of it? Tears are not unmanly.

## A REVELATION.

It is a revelation to people, the severe cases of lung trouble that have been cured by Foley's Honey and Tar. It not only stops the cough, but heals and strengthens the lungs. L. M. Ruggles, Reasnor, Iowa, writes: "The doctor said I had consumption, and I got no better until I took Foley's Honey and Tar. It stopped the hemorrhages and pain in my lungs and they are now as sound as a bullet." Elk Lick Pharmacy, E. H. Miller, proprietor. 8-1