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### BRYAN'S BOSSES AND BRYAN'S CLAIMS.

Norman E. Mack has been chosen Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, but not until Charles Francis Murphy, "Chuck" Connors and other distinguished Tammany statesmen had been consulted and their approval obtained. Colonel Bryan exerts Bossism in Pennsylvania, but in New York he crooks the pregnant hinges of his knees to the Original Sin. Bryan has hopes in New York, but none in Pennsylvania. He consequently slavers over Tammany, but gags at Guffey. In this connection the claims of the Bryanites, as set forth by the Official Calculator, Editor Warren Worth Bailey, of the Johnstown Democrat, are as follows:

SURE DEMOCRATIC.	
Alabama.....	11
Arkansas.....	9
Florida.....	12
Georgia.....	13
Indiana.....	15
Kentucky.....	12
Louisiana.....	9
Maryland.....	8
Mississippi.....	10
Total.....184	

SURE REPUBLICAN.	
Connecticut.....	7
Delaware.....	3
Idaho.....	3
Maine.....	6
Massachusetts.....	16
Michigan.....	14
Minnesota.....	11
New Hampshire.....	4
New Jersey.....	12
Oregon.....	4
Total.....140	

DOUBTFUL.	
California.....	10
Colorado.....	5
Illinois.....	27
Iowa.....	13
Kansas.....	10
Montana.....	3
Nebraska.....	8
Total.....159	

It is evident that Colonel Bryan counts heavily on Kern. Indiana is set down as certain, with Ohio and Illinois doubtful. New York is also placed in the doubtful column. It seems that the rule which insures Nebraska to the Democratic party because of the nomination of their favorite sons does not apply to Ohio and New York and the Republican party.

The Democrat thinks it would be well for its readers to cut this table out and keep it for future reference. It will certainly be interesting as a souvenir of the great Democratic rain-bow race.

Ohio and Illinois are about as doubtful as the Solid South, while Indiana is about as sure Democratic as Pennsylvania. The others set down as "doubtful" are doubtful only in this highly optimistic Democratic view. Colonel Bryan thinks he comes the third time in triumph, but he is doomed a third time to disappointment. The Bryan band wagon is not a triumphal car, but a political hearse.—Connellsville Courier.

One application of Manzan Pile Remedy, for all forms of Piles, soother, reduces inflammation, soreness and itching. Price 50c. Guaranteed. Sold by Elk Lick Pharmacy.

## A Fitting Rebuke.

### Will Not Stand for the Foul Attack Made on "Star" Man in Red Rag of Girard, Kan.

### False Statements of a Character Assassin Thoroughly Exposed.

DULUTH, MINN., July 29, 1908.

P. L. Livengood, Editor Somerset County Star, Elk Lick, Pa.

DEAR BROTHER:—I have before me a clipping from a Socialist sheet published at Girard, Kan., yeelped "Appeal to Reason" (but which, I agree with you, would be more appropriately called "Appeal to Treason") in which you are somewhat roughly manhandled for having the temerity to express your opinion of that red rag and two very "undesirable citizens," Eugene V. Debs and W. H. Haywood, in your characteristic, forceful manner.

The writer of the article before me, after quoting an editorial from your paper denouncing "Appeal to Reason" as a publication unfit for circulation through the mails, and expressing the opinion that the country would be well rid of Debs and Haywood by the gal-lows route, proceeds to tell what an "undesirable citizen" the editor of THE STAR is, in his opinion, and incidentally assails your integrity and reputation for dealing justly with your fellow men, especially those who make their living by honest toil.

The article is manifestly the emanation of a brain so steeped in socialistic sophistries and inculcated with the virus of anarchy as to be lost to all sense of the sacredness of family ties and devoid of the finer sensibilities of social amenities. I would not think it worth while to comment upon it, did not the fellow, with evident relish, claim close kinship with you, and, as one speaking by the card, essay to expose your alleged sins with ghoulish glee.

The demagogic nature of the attack on your honor is shown by such assertions as the following:

First. That our father (yours and mine, Samuel J. Livengood, of blessed memory, and thank God that you and I adhere to the principles, patriotic and moral, that he bred into us, that we revere his precepts and examples and will see that his grave is kept green) lost his life in the coal mines back in the eighties, "through the criminal carelessness of the mine owner."

I regret to drag our sainted father's name into controversy, but this is the first time I have ever heard it hinted that old Tommy Williams, the mine operator, was in any way responsible for Father's death. You were employed at the mine at the time and were the messenger who bore the shocking news to our poor mother, who had a premonition of the disaster and divined what had happened as soon as she saw you running homeward. I was in Jefferson county, Pa., at the time of the tragedy, but arrived home in time to attend the funeral, and remained at home for some months afterward. I do not recollect what the verdict of the coroner's jury was, if there was an official inquest, but I cannot recall that the mine owner was either officially or privately censured for the accident which resulted in the instant death of our parent, as good a man in all respects as ever lived in old Elk Lick. I know full well that no member of the bereaved family ever put in a claim for damages against the mine owner, nor even thought of such proceeding. The commonly accepted verdict was that Samuel J. Livengood came to his death through the accidental breaking off of a "breast" of coal which had been undetermined, sheared at one side and prepared for blasting. The accident happened while his partner, George Robinson, had gone out of the mine to bring in timbers to support the roof and lay track before shooting loose the mass of coal which fell of its own weight during Robinson's absence and crushed the life out of poor father. As the top of his head was caught under the mass of coal and crushed like an eggshell, death was instantaneous, and there was no eye-witness to tell how it happened, but it was surmised that he undertook to undermine the blocked-out coal a little farther while Robinson was away, and that there was a fault in the vein which caused the undetermined portion to break off suddenly and unexpectedly.

As you were at the scene of disaster and were Father's almost constant companion, the circumstances of his tragic death no doubt are much more indelibly impressed upon your mind

than on mine. The only point I have to make is that this accusation that father lost his life through the "criminal carelessness of the mine owner" comes at a very late date, and can serve no purpose, except to demonstrate the demagogic trend of a mind surcharged with the socialistic theory that every employer of labor is *per se* a criminal at heart and morally responsible for every accident that befalls a workman in his employ. It is true, perhaps, that mine owners and operators often fail to provide as many safeguards as they should, but coal-mining at the best is a hazardous occupation, and so long as men go underground to work, a certain percentage of them are bound to get killed in spite of all the safeguards that science or the law can invent. This is also true regarding a great many other occupations than mining. In fact there are no vocations where a man's life may be said to be absolutely safe from external accidents, though the degree of risk in the varied callings differs greatly, being almost nothing in some cases and extra-hazardous in others. It is the custom of the socialist agitators, however, especially where labor union methods obtain, to lay nearly every accident of any kind that happens to a man on a job, at the door of the employer, who is always "criminally careless," according to these jawsmiths, but the man who gets hurt is hardly ever himself to blame.

I cannot see how Thomas Williams could have prevented the accident, unless he had been personally in the mine at the time, with knowledge of the fault in the vein of coal, and warned Father of his danger. Mr. Williams, a practical miner himself, no doubt took many a chance similar to that which bereft us of a loving and much loved parent. You were very devoted to Father and familiar with all the circumstances of his death, and had you believed that the owner of the mine was in any way to blame for his untimely taking off, I feel convinced that you would at least have made an effort to have him mulcted for damages, for the removal of the head of the family while he was yet in the prime of life was a great blow to us all.

Next Sunday will be the Twenty-sixth anniversary of his death, and I trust you will lay a wreath on his grave as a mark of our joint respect for his memory, and as a token of our regret that any one claiming kinship should try to create a false impression as to the cause of his demise in connection with an attempt to besmear the honor of one of his sons.

The author of your biography in "Appeal to Treason," after getting Father killed off by a "criminal mine owner" who was unscrupulous enough to give him employment underground at better wages than he could make on top,—as soon as a labor insurrection in the mining district had been put down and willing workers like Father and George Robinson were again permitted to dig coal,—then goes on to say that "when the Knights of Labor had been disrupted in that field and conditions were at their worst," you were employed about the mines and working ten hours a day for \$1.25, which, of course, was pretty tough. But hark you:

"When 'Pete' turned traitor to his fellow workmen by accepting a 'soft snap,' where his duty was fraudulent weighing of coal in the interest of the bosses, he lost my confidence and respect, and since then I have been prepared for any act of treachery to his class of which he might be guilty," says your biographer.

That is "the most unkindest out of all."

You betrayed your fellow workmen by giving up a job as general roustabout at \$1.25 a day, to take the "soft snap" of "fraudulent weighing of coal in the interest of the bosses," at probably the same magnificent stipend. I knew that you weighed coal for a while, as did our father also, prior to his going underground to be killed, but I never knew before that you weighed fraudulently. I had to read "Appeal to Treason" to discover that important fact. So that is the stain on your escutcheon—"the damned spot that will not out?"

Well, that gives me a new sidelight

on my own character. I must plead guilty to the soft impeachment of once having had the "soft snap" of weighing coal at a mine myself—the old Tubmill, where I believe I received the magnificent salary of \$1.25 a day, or thereabouts, for my distinguished services. Perhaps the bosses did not pay me more because I did not weigh fraudulently. At least none of the miners ever accused me to my face of giving them short weight, and none of my fellow workmen seemed to shun me as a traitor to their cause. In fact, in those days it was considered quite respectable to hold the job of weighmaster. It was usually given to some old man or boy, because the work was light and the able-bodied men could make more money by digging coal.

I wonder how many of the men who worked in the mine where you officiated at the scales accused you of giving them the worst of it, or considered you a traitor to their cause? I'll venture to say that not a man employed in the mine ever accused or even suspected you of using your position solely in the interest of the bosses and to the detriment of the men who dug the coal. I dare say you had the confidence and good will of every honest man employed in or about the mine.

Your acts and utterances have not always had my full approval. There have been times when I had serious differences with you, and well do I remember when we were growing boys, I the elder by nearly three years, but you the stronger and more pugnacious, how you had no respect for age, but whalloped me good and plenty at your sweet pleasure when we got into an argument in which kicks and cuffs were used instead of words. But I have forgiven you for all of that. Both of us had our full share of faults and peccadilloes, and perhaps have not outgrown them altogether. But of one thing I am certain. We inherited as our birthright from both our parents and a line of Pennsylvania Dutch-German-Swiss ancestors as far back as we can trace them, the bedrock principles of honesty, industry, patriotism, love of home and kindred and desire to do right and live right, not only for our own peace of mind, but for the common weal.

As boy and man I have never observed anything in your acts that has led me to believe that you are otherwise than strictly honest. Whatever mistakes you have made, I believe were errors of judgment, and not due to any intent to do wrong or harm to any living soul. I have heard a good many people vituperate you on account of spoken or written utterances of yours, but I have never before heard any one, except your critic in "Appeal to Treason," accuse you of dishonesty or downright fraud.

So firm is my confidence in your integrity, that I would stake my life upon it. As to your relations toward your fellow workmen, I would stake my reputation that you have never knowingly cheated a workman out of a single dollar of his just dues. So far from being a traitor to, or an enemy of the workmen, I believe you are one of the warmest sympathizers and most sincere friends and respecters of the men and women who toil for a living, especially of those who do manual labor. You and I have both been inured to toil from our earliest infancy, we are hard workers yet, so why shouldn't we be steadfast friends to the workmen? You have worked in the mines yourself and know all the hardships of that life, and I know that you always have the best interests and welfare of all the laborers in your community at heart. Had the miners of the Elk Lick region always taken your counsel and advice in times of labor disputes, they would be a great deal better off today, for I never read a labor editorial in your paper that was not brimful of common sense.

But why pay further heed to the calumny which your socialistic critic attempts to heap upon you as a means of vindicating his so-called comrades, two of the arch peace-disturbers and perverters of the minds of the workmen of this country? One of these men has stood in the shadow of the galleys and was convicted by public opinion, if not by a jury, of complicity in a series of the most heinous crimes committed in the interest of organized labor, that has ever disgraced this or any other country. The other has done penance in prison for inciting arson and riot in the sacred name of labor. I would not constitute myself judge and executioner of these men, as I do not believe in condemning any man to death, except in a legal way, after he has had a fair trial and been convicted by a jury of his peers. But I fully concur with our distinguished President, Theodore Roosevelt, that they are "undesirable citizens," and agree with you

that the country would be well rid of them and all their ilk.

Nothing would please me better than to see the whole kit and caboodle of them turned loose on some island or continent by themselves, where they would have a chance to put all their fads and theories into practice, on themselves. How long would it be before they would be seeking to devour one another? Human nature is pretty much the same the whole world over, and has been so in all times and all ages, and it is not much unlike animal nature, in that the big fish are forever swallowing the little fish, and the little fellows that escape being swallowed when they are young, develop most ravenous appetites for swallowing other little fish as they grow larger. It is the world-old story of the survival of the fittest—the rule of the strong and the wise over the weak and the feeble-minded.

I do not believe that our socialistic brethren, however well meaning, are going to cure all or many of the ills that the body politic and our social institutions are cursed with. Most assuredly the cure will not be effected by connivers at crime and condoners of outrages perpetrated by strikes or their sympathizers in times of industrial warfare.

Conditions change as the country develops and population increases and natural resources decrease. Reforms are always needed, and every necessary reform will come in time, for the processes of evolution are ever slow, but sure.

I do not believe that the social "revolution" that the Debs-"Appeal to Reason" agitators are constantly ranting about is at all imminent. But I do believe that a better social and political fabric is gradually being evolved in this nation, from the experiences of the past and present, through such great moral forces as our able, brave and strenuous Chief Executive and other men of his stamp and lofty patriotism, not the least of whom is our next President, Hon. Wm. H. Taft.

The same fellows who are continually yapping about the "tyranny of capital," our "economic masters," "government by injunction," etc., are the very chaps that would out-Herod Herod, if they only had the chance. Let them into the saddle and give them free reign, and we would soon have a government as stable as that of Santo Domingo or some of the Spanish-American republics, where every other man wants to be a general, or thimblebob or other, and boss of the whole works. We would have a lovely kettle of fish if the "undesirable citizens" alone had the catching and cooking of them.

Things are looking very Tafty here at the head of the lakes in the kingdom of Yon Yonson. Since it has become a foregone conclusion that we are to have four more years of prosperity, even though "Teddy" goes off on a hunt for bigger game than Standard Oil octopuses, work has been resumed in the famous iron ranges of northern Minnesota, and the big lake freighters are steaming in and out of this port by the hundreds. It is a fact, although almost unbelievable, that Duluth rivals New York, London and Liverpool in marine tonnage.

If any sentiments conveyed in this letter be treason, let the "undesirable citizens" make the most of it.

Yours fraternally,  
W. S. LIVENGOOD.

#### EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The sound logic and truthful statements contained in the foregoing article, make it unnecessary for me to say much in my own defense. The writer, W. S. Livengood, is well known to a vast number of the people of Somerset county, as well as in other states where THE STAR circulates, and all who know him concede that he is a man above reproach, as well as a scholar and thinker. A more generous-hearted, conscientious and just man never lived than W. S. Livengood, and as he has known me and my traducer ever since both of us were infants, his remarks ought to have some weight in this very unpleasant matter.

I have my share of faults, as most men have, but dishonesty is not one of them, and never was. I have never fraudulently weighed a pound of coal in my life, and as the men I weighed coal for never accused me of such a thing, it is indeed strange that a traducer away out in California should bring such an accusation at this late date. I was weighman at Tubmill mines in 1885, being employed by the mine owner, and the miners were so well satisfied that they did not desire a check-weighman while I had charge of the scales. With most other company weighmen at the various mines, the miners demanded and were allowed to put on a check-weighman. I also

weighed coal at the Williams mine for quite a while, where I was employed by the miners, and at the same time served the company as dumpsman. I held both positions there as long as I wanted them, or until I resigned to accept other employment. While employed as weighman, both by the miners and the operators, my relations were always most pleasant with the former, and most of those for whom I weighed coal are still living and numbered among my friends and patrons.

The trouble with my traducer lies in the fact that he is a rabid Socialist, and takes it for granted that every mine owner, superintendent and company weighman must necessarily be parasites and impostors. He was a grown up young man and was employed by me on the Tubmill dump in 1885, when I was weighman there and superintendent of that end of the works. If he knew of any fraudulent weighing being done, why did he not make it known then, when the miners would have had a chance to profit by an investigation? It is fraud to conceal a fraud, and if I was a fraudulent weighman, my traducer fraudulently kept the matter concealed for nearly a quarter of a century. Isn't he a pretty fellow to conceal fraud, if he knew of any, which of course he didn't, for all these years? If I lost his confidence and respect as far back as 1885, as he asserts, he should not have come here all the way from Detroit, Mich., to see me and be my guest for 12 days as late as 1901, treat me with the utmost friendliness, and write me friendly and complimentary letters at even later dates.

But there is no accounting for the things a wild-eyed, rabid Socialist will do when a political campaign is on and the Dog days are upon us, and it's consequently no wonder that I must now be assailed by such a crank and dubbed a trickster, political boodler and publisher of a paper in the interest of the Capitalist class.

The Capitalist class, I presume, puts a high value on a little country newspaper. The fact remains that the only class in whose special interest THE STAR is published is the class composed of myself, wife and seven children. Of course, I dabble more or less into politics, just as my traducer does. And, of course, I sometimes do political jobs, as most men interested in politics do. But I have yet to do the first criminal political job or to sell my political preferences. The jobs I sometimes do in politics consists of making all the votes I can in an honorable and legitimate way for the men and measures I believe in, and that's all there is to it.

It affords me pleasure, too, to be able to truthfully say that the Socialist vote in Salisbury and Elk Lick combined has dwindled from over 200, four years ago, to a mere nothing at the present time, and today about three copies of "Appeal to Treason" come to the Elk Lick post-office, instead of about forty copies several years ago. Men here who swore by "Appeal to Treason" several years ago, now swear at it, and curse themselves for having allowed their minds to be swayed for a single moment by such a contemptible red rag and the jawsmiths and demagogues writing rot and murder-inciting trash for its columnists.

My opinion of Debs, Haywood and all of their ilk remains unchanged. I would not want to see them unlawfully hanged, but I do think we ought to have our laws so amended as to make all men liable to the gallows who commit, condone or incite murder and other heinous crimes in the sacred name of labor by inflammatory speeches and publications.

With these remarks I bid my traducer adieu, and I recognize no ties of kinship with him, and never shall, unless he repents of having raised the hand of Cain against me and makes ample apology therefor.

P. L. LIVENGOOD.

#### A Tailoring Event of Much Interest.

An event that will be looked forward to by the good dressers of Salisbury and vicinity is the visit to the Barchus & Livengood store of the cutter and fitter from Schloss Bros. & Company, the well-known Baltimore tailoring house. He will be here Aug. 14th and 15th, with patterns of the latest Fall and Winter fabrics, and a fund of information that will be helpful to every good dresser.

Read the advertisement on Local page, and if you like to wear well-fitting clothes that cost no more than the ordinary, drop in at Barchus & Livengood's and see the tempting array of stylish textures.

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