

The Somerset County Star.



VOL. XIV.

SALISBURY, ELK LICK POSTOFFICE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1908.

NO. 32.

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 E. GERHARD.

Poor Director,
JACOB C. DEITZ.

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

County Surveyor,
IRENIS S. PYLE.

A CREDITABLE POEM.

The Berlin Old Home Week is now a matter of history, and it was a great success from start to finish. People flocked to Berlin by the thousands to participate in the great event, and the interesting and creditable features of the occasion were many indeed. One of the best things brought forth by the Berlin Old Home Week is something that deserves to live and be cherished by future generations of Somerset county people, and we believe it will. We have reference to an Old Home Week poem composed for the occasion by our worthy poetical friend Hugh W. Denison, of Somerset, whom General Wm. H. Koontz has dubbed "The Bard of Kimberly Run." Following we reproduce it as it appears on a card that was sold by the thousands, at 10 cents per copy, during Old Home Week:

OLD HOME WEEK.

AUGUST 9-15, 1908.

AIR—Battle Hymn of the Republic.

BY THE "BARD OF KIMBERLY RUN."

You are welcome, welcome, welcome!
To Berlin, our Mountain Queen,
Where the Allegheny eastward
In her majesty is seen;
No purer air is ever breathed, or
Fairer picture seen,
As we go marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
As we go marching on.

Friends and neighbors, join the chorus,
And we'll make the welkin ring,
Voice with voice together blending,
As we all together sing;
With the stately Banner waving,
Tri-colored—glorious thing,
As we go marching on.

CHO.—Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! etc.
We have left our stores, our workshops,
And our fields of new mown hay,
To honor the occasion of this great
"Old Home Week" day.
Now our eyes behold with rapture
This magnificent display,
As we go marching on.

CHO.—Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! etc.

The old, the young, the middle-aged,
Have come from far and near,
And are filled to overflowing
With the joy of being here;
Let us lift our joyful voices
In vibrations of good cheer,
As we go marching on.

CHO.—Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! etc.

Hurrah! for dear old Berlin;
Up where God's cool zephyrs blow,
May her sons and daughters prosper
As the years do come and go;
May the "Brothers" of the "Valley"
Naught but comforts ever know
As we go marching on.

CHO.—Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! etc.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

Abram L. Williams Meets Death by
Accident on P. & M. Street
Railway.

It is with much sorrow that THE STAR this week chronicles the death of Abram L. Williams, as good a citizen as Elk Lick township could boast of.

Deceased came to his death by an accident on the Garrett extension of the P. & M. street railway, where he had been engaged at helping to string wire. He and another workman were on top of trestle or derrick erected on a hand car, and while drawing tight a wire by means of a rope and pulley, about 5 o'clock, last Saturday evening, the pulley broke, and the two men were hurled violently to the ground, falling a distance of about 15 feet. Mr. Williams struck some crossties when he landed, and as a result was badly injured, both internally and externally. The other workman, very fortunately, was but slightly injured.

Mr. Williams was brought to his home, near Salisbury, as soon as possible, where everything was done for him that it was possible to do. But his injuries were so severe that death was inevitable, and he passed peacefully away about noon, the following day. Some of the bones of his face had been broken, and he also had a broken arm and a broken leg.

In the death of Abram Williams, Elk Lick township has lost one of her best citizens, and his wife and children have lost a kind and devoted husband and father. The editor of this paper feels especially grieved over the death of Mr. Williams, owing to the fact that he worked on the old Williams mine dump with him for two years or more, and never did he work with a more agreeable companion. He was kind and agreeable to all, honest, industrious and in every way a man in the true sense of the word.

The funeral service was held at the home of the deceased, conducted by Rev. S. M. Cousins, of the United Evangelical church, and it was one of the most largely attended funerals ever witnessed in this vicinity.

Deceased was the youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Williams, who were the pioneer coal operators in this end of the Elk Lick coal region. He was aged 37 years, 11 months and 17 days, and is survived by his wife, two sons and two daughters. He is also survived by two brothers, William and Morgan Williams, of Johnstown, Pa., and by one sister, Mrs. Benjamin Jones, of Elk Lick.

CURED HAY FEVER AND SUMMER COLD.

A. S. Nusbbaum, Batesville, Indiana, writes: "Last year I suffered for three months with a summer cold so distressing that it interfered with my business. I had many of the symptoms of hay fever, and a doctor's prescription did not reach my case, and I took several medicines which seemed only to aggravate it. Fortunately I insisted upon having Foley's Honey and Tar. It quickly cured me. My wife has since used Foley's Honey and Tar with the same success." Sold by Elk Lick Pharmacy, E. H. Miller proprietor. 9-1

Mr. Garrett's Baltimore Bible Comes Out Strong for Taft.

The Baltimore Sun, one of the best and most reliable newspapers in the United States, even though Democratic in politics, has come out strongly in favor of the Republican candidate for President. So true and reliable is the Sun, that our staunch and whole-souled Democratic friend Mr. R. S. Garrett, superintendent of the Merchants Coal Company, frequently refers to it as the Baltimore Bible. We trust that Mr. Garrett will vote according to his Baltimore Bible on Nov. 3rd, and thereby help to elect the next President. He is too good a man to be a Democrat, anyhow, and besides, he never was a Bryanite.

The following, which is reproduced from the columns of the Sun, gives that great paper's reasons for coming out for Taft:

"It is the judgment of The Sun that the material welfare of the people of the United States—industrial and financial—would be promoted to a greater degree by the election of Mr. Taft than by the election of Mr. Bryan, that their rights would be safeguarded as carefully by Mr. Taft as by Mr. Bryan.

"It is our deliberate judgment that for the next four years the material interests of the people of this country would be safer with Mr. Taft at the head of the National government than with Mr. Bryan. We further believe that while lawbreakers would be brought to account by Mr. Taft with as little fear or favor as Mr. Bryan could display, the methods employed by Mr. Taft would not curtail the working-man's opportunities for employment by disturbing the business of law-abiding men and corporations, as has been witnessed in the last few years. Mr.

Taft's experience in important administrative posts, his judicial temperament, his patience and thoroughness in investigation, justify the belief that as President he would execute the law faithfully and well, but not spectacularly. And while his type of man ought to be in the White House all the time, he seems especially needed now, when the country is emerging from an industrial and financial depression which brought distress and suffering into many homes.

"Fine phrases do not multiply the avenues of employment. Epigrams butter no bread and start no factories. Repartee and ready debate do not raise the scale of wages. The products of the farm are not marketed by eloquence or fine diction. We do not question Mr. Bryan's sincerity in his devotion to the interests of the people. But we believe that the material welfare of the nation would be safer in the hands of a President of Mr. Taft's temperament, and for this reason we favor his election to the Presidency. "We believe that the election of Mr. Taft would tend to hasten the restoration of prosperous business conditions. We believe that his administration will be prudent. Therefore we support him from a sense of public duty."

SHE LIKES GOOD THINGS.

Mrs. Chas. E. Smith, of West Franklin, Maine, says: "I like good things and have adopted Dr. King's New Life Pills as our family laxative medicine, because they are good and do their work without making a fuss about it." These painless purifiers sold at E. H. Miller's drug store. 25c. 9-1

The Most Expensive Mile of Railway.

Oil City, Pa., August 15.—what is probably the most expensive piece of railroad engineering work in the country has just been completed on the new Franklin & Clearfield railroad, in Clarion county.

In one mile there are two tunnels, one 2,160 feet long, and the other 1,721, a mammoth concrete arch and a long concrete bridge. The mile of construction cost \$2,500,000.

The line is being built as a cut-off on the Lake Shore system between New York and Chicago. It extends from York, this county, through Clarion and Jefferson counties to Clearfield, connecting with the Beech Creek line at that place.

ATTENTION, ASTHMA SUFFERERS!

Foley's Honey and Tar will give immediate relief to asthma sufferers and has cured many cases that had refused to yield to other treatment. Foley's Honey and Tar is the best remedy for coughs, colds and all throat and lung trouble. Contains no harmful drugs. Sold by Elk Lick Pharmacy, E. H. Miller proprietor. 9-1

TAFT will make no immediate reply to Bryan's speech. Taft is judicially deliberative; Bryan is always ready to talk. Taft doesn't have to revise his opinions; Bryan has an attitude of his discredited political propositions. Taft is a rock; Bryan is a whirlwind. The rock is safer to build upon and tie to; the whirlwind is very active and headstrong, but very destructive to property and prosperity.—Connellsville Courier.

A BOON TO ELDERLY PEOPLE.

Most elderly people have some kidney or bladder disorder that is both painful and dangerous. Foley's Kidney Remedy has proven a boon to many elderly people, as it stimulates the urinary organs, corrects irregularities and tones up the whole system. Commence taking Foley's Kidney Remedy at once and be vigorous. Sold by Elk Lick Pharmacy, E. H. Miller, proprietor. 9-1

"What is meant by the term, the law of diminishing returns?" asks a reader. Ask Mr. Bryan.

Gov. HUGHES disapproves his enemies by shutting his mouth when he has said all that he considers necessary.

It is now asserted that Mrs. Gunness, the Indiana murderess, is living in Texas. In that case she is being punished sufficiently.

PROSPERITY is certainly returning. A dispatch brings the cheerful information that Mr. John D. Rockefeller is having his barn painted.

It will be a great convenience for Mr. Hearst to be chairman of his own party. He can control the expenditure of his own money.

The Milwaukee Journal says Bryan may carry Wisconsin. Yes, Debs may carry it, but Taft will carry it.

A LINCOLN correspondent says the Bryan home is full of framed mottoes. The place of honor should be given to Mr. Bryan's favorite motto: "Any-quit, win."

Forty counties in Oklahoma are preparing to spend \$4,000,000 for public school buildings. Oklahoma must be getting ready to drop out of the Democratic column.

TOM WATSON says, "Mr. Bryan has just as much chance of being elected as I have." And then he proceeds to hammer him as if determined to quarrel over a trifle.

EX-GOVERNOR DAVID R. FRANCIS, so it is reported, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President in 1912. Bryan will only be fighting his fourth battle then. Francis is too soon.

A PHILADELPHIA motorman has inherited \$150,000, but refuses to give up his job. The pleasure of occasionally putting an automobile on the junk heap is worth more than mere filthy lucre.

MR. TAFT urges quicker justice for the poor, but as a rule they get theirs much quicker than the folks who can afford to hire lawyers, depending, of course, upon the kind of justice required.

AND DOW W. J. Bryan has been elected an honorary member of the Typographical Union. It is becoming as easy for a politician to get into a labor union as it is for a millionaire to get a college degree.

THE Guffey and anti-Guffey factions of the Pennsylvania Democracy are fighting each other so bitterly, that by election day the Democratic party in the Keystone State may be too maimed and mutilated to walk to the polls.

JUDGE PARKER opened the campaign in Los Angeles with a speech, and during his remarks one prominent Democrat dropped dead. If he has any more luck like this, the judge is likely to be invited to come home and keep quiet.

THE slums are always down on the local paper. They scan its every item to see if any of their evil doings are given publicity. The only work some of them ever do is in hustling around after the paper is published to borrow a copy to see if anything is said about them. They are well aware that the newspaper man of the present day is "onto" all their doings, and they only feel relief when they read the paper and see nothing derogatory to them.

AN excellent ruling has recently been made by the postal authorities at Washington for which they are entitled to the united thanks of the mail carriers. It has been ruled that where a man keeps a vicious dog about his premises that makes it dangerous for a carrier to deliver mail, such delivery may be omitted. Unless the carrier is willing to risk danger of the dog, the owner of the vicious brute will have to depend upon himself in getting his mail at the postoffice.

ARE we going to be a race of stoop-shouldered men? One would naturally think so to look over almost any large crowd, walk down any crowded street, or glance at the average male human being he meets. The man who walks with his head erect, his shoulders thrown back and his chest extended as nature intended he should, is a rarity, and is remarked about wherever he goes. The average man, and more the pity, the average young man, walks as if he were very tired.

THERE are two kinds of girls in the world, the girl who works and the girl who gads. Commend us to the former. Work lends dignity to a pretty girl, is an added charm to her. The girl who works combines the useful and the ornamental. She might gad about, roll on sofas, gossip and read story books, but she prefers to be of some account in the world, and goes out stenographer, teacher, saleslady or housekeeper, bravely makes her own way. Such are the salt of the earth, and of such is the kingdom of heaven.

A janitor in a neighboring school threw up his job, the other day. When asked what was the trouble, he said, "I'm honest, and I won't stand being slurred. If I find a pencil or a handkerchief 'bout the school I hang it up. Every little while the teacher or some one that is too cowardly to face me, gives me a slur." "In what way?" asked the officer. "Why, a little while ago I saw written on the board, 'find the common multiple.' Well, I looked from cellar to garret, and I wouldn't know the thing if I met it on the street. What made me quit my job? Last night in big writin' on the blackboard, it said, 'find the greatest common divisor.' Well, I says to myself, both of them darn-things are lost now, and I'll be blamed for swipin' 'em, so I'll quit."

The United States is the only country in which the son of the poorest mechanic or laboring man may become its ruler, and where the daughter of a farmer may become the wife of a President and the mother of Senators. It is the only country where all earthly honors are within the reach of every citizen, and where it depends upon the individual himself whether he will be a Senator or a street-sweeper, a railroad president or a railroad section hand, a millionaire or a pauper, a general or a policeman, a banker or a bankrupt.

THERE never was a preacher or president, poet or politician who could please everybody. There never was a tinker or tailor, soldier or sailor who could suit us all. Show us a doctor or lawyer, a merchant or sawyer who pleases the whole multitude. The Lord himself and all the angels in heaven have never half succeeded in comforting the human race. There is not a thing on earth or anywhere else that meets the approval of all mankind. Then it would be nonsense for editors or correspondents to fret when their honest efforts fail to please a certain few. Write with sound judgment, an honest purpose and a decent pen, and the majority of sensible people will rise up and call you blessed.

FIFTY years ago there was some excuse for bad roads, for our country was poor. Now it is rich, and there is no excuse. A good road is always to be desired, and is a source of comfort and convenience to every traveler. Good roads attract population, as well as good schools and churches. Good roads improve the value of property. A farm lying five miles from market, connected by a bad road, is of less value than an equally good farm connected by a good road. A larger load can be drawn by one horse over a good road than by two over a bad one. Good roads encourage the greater exchange of products and commodities between one section and another. Good roads are of great value to railroads as feeders.

THE man who pays his debts and his taxes may be a blessing or a curse to the community. It depends on what else he does. In making this statement it is to be understood that by the word "debt" is meant the ordinary cash obligation which a man incurs in the transaction of his business. There are men who appear to believe that so long as they are not indebted to their neighbors for goods purchased, or the municipality or the state for the last tax levy, they have discharged their whole duty, and that nothing can be asked of them. But in reality a man's duty to his neighbor is limited only by his power to do his neighbor good, and his duty to the community by his ability to be of service to it. The community in which the prevailing statement is "What do I get out of it?" is one which does not and cannot prosper.

THERE are times when purse strings are tightened, when there is a proposition of a public nature calling for contributions. Men will talk of their past contributions, of the failure of this and the other project, and will refuse to pay money for further plans which they say will not bring money to their pockets. There are some of these men to be found in every community, just as there are some potatoes in every hill. But when this condition becomes general, when men to whom the community has a right to look for a slight return for the benefit and the prosperity which they enjoy, refuse thus to discharge one of their plainest duties, and when the number of such men becomes so great as to threaten the success of movements in the public interest, that condition is an evidence of a species of dry rot, which, if not speedily removed, will land the community in the commercial graveyard.

SAY, do you know the kind of fellow who's just to the world's mind? The kind the world can't lose? The kind that folks enthuse over and take off their hats to? Why, it's the man who does. He's the fellow! Not the fellow whose grandpa got there; not the fellow who would if he could; not the gentleman who's going to some day; but the man who does, now, today. No sitting around waiting about him; no expecting something to happen; no looking for something to turn up. No, sir! He calls the turn and turns 'em; he takes off his coat and doesn't care if he starts a little sweat; he doesn't need a big, brass-buttoned copper to tell him to move on; he keeps the procession humping to keep up with him; he is hustle from his feet up and from his head down; he is not only in the push, but he is the push—the whole thing; and say, the way he makes

things come and business hum is a caution; the way the world takes that fellow up and is good to him makes your heart glad; he's all right, he is; he greases the wheels of progress and keeps the world spinning round.

THERE are three great rocks ahead of the practical young man who has his feet upon the ladder and is beginning to rise. First, drunkenness, which, of course, is fatal. There is no use wasting any time on the young man who drinks liquor, no matter how exceptional his talent. Second, speculation. The business of a speculator and that of a manufacturer or man of affairs are not only distinct, but incompatible. The manufacturer should go forward steadily, meeting the market prices. When there are goods to sell, sell them; when supplies are needed, purchase them, without regard to the market price in either case. We have never known a speculative manufacturer or business man who scored a permanent success; he is rich one day, bankrupt the next. The third rock is skin to speculation—endorsing. There are emergencies, no doubt, in which men should help their friends, but there is a rule that will keep one safe: no man should place his name on the obligation of another if he has not sufficient to meet it without detriment to his business.

WHEN one finds he is out of sympathy with his town, and can only say a good word for it coupled with an apology, he ought to get out. Many people fall into a sort of unconscious habit of growling. But it's a miserable habit. Such people make of themselves a dead weight, while, of course, they imagine themselves particularly independent. The individual has about all he can do to get along under his own loads, and he wants help and encouragement from those going his way, and who are identified with him in interest. So with the town. It has its interest to care for, and it needs all the pluck, all the energy, all the co-operation and helpfulness its citizens can provide and bring to bear. Every man is a part of his town. The town embraces the fortunes, and in some measures at least takes on the character of the man. So loyalty to one's town is no more than loyalty to one's self; and this loyalty is in the line of all well shaped human nature. Therefore, it is right to say that the man who does not stand up for his town is in some way dwarfed. There is something wrong about him. His fellows will pass this judgment upon him, and the chances are that while he may add to the discomfort of others, he will not escape making himself unhappy.

ONE W. M. Likins, known as the red-headed roarer and holy howler of Uniontown, Pa., last week had his portrait printed in the Meyersdale Commercial, together with nearly three columns of disgusting and egotistical slobber concerning his candidacy for Congress on the Prohibition ticket. Of all the inane rot we have read for some years, the reasons given by Likins why he should be sent to Congress, easily takes the cake. His plea is made up principally of the most silly and sickening self praise we have ever seen in print, and the balance of it is made up of mud-throwing at other people, the latches of whose shoes he is utterly unworthy to unloose. As he would like to have the Hon. A. F. Cooper's seat in Congress, he naturally devotes considerable space to traducing our very worthy and efficient Congressman, but we think Mr. Cooper will be able to stand it, for his honorable and efficient record in Congress is able to withstand all the venomous shafts that blackguards and egotists of the Likins stripe can hurl at him. Likins came to Pennsylvania from Kentucky, a few years ago, and if all reports are true, he is likely to remain away from Kentucky for reasons which need not be stated here. The people of Somerset county have already taken his correct measure, as have the people in the other counties of this congressional district, and they regard him only as a cheap, insignificant demagogue with a constipation of ideas and a violent diarrhoea of slanderous words. A couple of years ago he accused Congressman Cooper, through the paper he (Likins) edits, of doing too much for the old soldiers. Now, however, the red-headed roarer would like very much to receive the votes of the soldiers he accused Mr. Cooper of doing too much for, but he will not get them, nor the votes of many other people, either. The people of this district are not yet ready to exchange a tried and true public servant for a cheap, windy, slanderous demagogue from Kentucky, who is not taken seriously by anybody but himself, and whose candidacy is regarded as merely a joke. A newspaper must indeed be pretty hard up for something to print when it will publish the rank, reeking rotteness from the pen of Likins, even for a price.