

The Somerset County Star.



VOL. XV.

SALISBURY, ELK LICK POSTOFFICE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1909.

NO. 16.

He's From Missouri;
You Have to Show Him.



Governor Folk is from Missouri. He's regarded as a pretty good citizen himself. See what he says about a certain sort of citizen:

"I do not believe in the mail order citizen. IT IS BETTER THAT WE SHOULD HAVE A THOUSAND TOWNS THAN ONE LARGE CITY. If a place is good enough for a man to make his money in, it certainly should be good enough for him to spend his money in. The merchants have a just right to all the business of the town in which they have their stores, and every good citizen will help them to get it."

Did you ever see a FINE LARGE FACT so simply stated?

P. L. LIVENGOOD,
Notary Public.
Star Office, Salisbury Pa.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, PENSION VOUCHERS, AGREEMENTS, WILLS, ETC., CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO.

Special Attention to Claims, Collections and Marriage License Applications. FULL LINE OF LEGAL BLANKS ALWAYS ON HAND.

WANT COLUMN.

For Sale, For Rent,
Lost, Found, Etc.

To THE REPUBLICAN VOTERS OF SOMERSET COUNTY.

I hereby announce myself as a Republican candidate for the nomination of Director of the Poor, and respectfully ask the support of the Republican voters at the coming Primary Election to be held on Saturday, June 5th. I filled this office some years ago, honestly and conscientiously, and am willing to be judged by the record then made.

JACOB W. PECK,
Summit Township.

Six Post Cards for 5c., at Egan's. tf.

Three packages Indian Corn Flakes, or 3 large bottles Blueing, or 2 large cans Veribest Pork and Beans for 25c., at Egan's. tf.

Egan sells 2 lbs of good Coffee for 25c. tf.

Persian Dates, 7c. per lb., at Egan's grocery. tf.

A B. B. H. Special Watch, good time-keeper, guaranteed for one year, only 75c., at Egan's store. tf.

Cleaned and stemless Currants, only 9c. per lb., at Egan's grocery. tf.

WANTED!—Rents to collect, Deeds Mortgages, Pension Vouchers, etc., to fill out and attest. Satisfaction guaranteed. P. L. LIVENGOOD, Star Office. tf.

Lantz, the Reliable Organ and Piano Tuner and Repairer, intend to remain only a few days in Salisbury, this trip, but he just can't get away for the work the people have for him. A workman is known by his work, and that's what creates and maintains the big demand for Lantz's tuning and repairing. He knows his "biz."



P. L. LIVENGOOD,
The Founder, Editor, and Publisher of The Somerset County Star, Which Has Been Sold to Robert H. Johnston.



ROBT. H. JOHNSTON,
The Purchaser of The Star, Under Whose Ownership the Paper Will Be Published After This Week.

VALEDICTORY.

To THE READERS AND PATRONS OF THE SOMERSET COUNTY STAR:—

If tears you'd shed of joy or grief,
Prepare to shed them now;
Turn loose eye juice, or heap abuse
Upon my placid brow.

I've sold the "sheet" on old Ord street,
And all is well, I trow;
So what's the use to make excuse?—
I'm going to leave you now.

I'll leave you not just right away,
But in a little while;
So I'll just say, I'll leave some day,
And go at least a mile.

I care not what you think of me,
Nor what of me you'll say—
I've done my best, without request,
Say what you will or may.

Perhaps you're glad, perhaps you're sad
The STAR is changing hands.
I cannot tell, I know full well,
So that's the way it stands.

Yes, dear readers, friends, enemies and other folks too numerous to mention, I have sold THE STAR, the good old STAR, the paper that many good people swear by and bad folks swear at; the paper whose temperature is 200 in the shade at all seasons of the year, and sometimes even warmer; the paper that has a tone all its own, that has always hewed to the line, no matter who got hit on the "mug" by the chips—no matter who howled, scowled or "made dem goo goo eyes." I don't know whether I'm glad I sold the paper or not, and I don't know whether you are. But I do know that every mother's son and daughter of you in this entire locality have diligently read the paper from week to week, even if some of you did constantly bother your more sensible and up-to-date neighbors to lend you their copies of the "Twinkler."

I also know that THE STAR has proven itself good-paying newspaper property, and it affords me pleasure to say that I shall leave it on a good paying basis, in as prosperous a condition as it ever has been. It is an open secret that I have made good money out of the paper, and I am pleased to say that I can leave Salisbury without owing any person so much as a penny. And I will not need to leave the old town penniless, either, for as a financial success, in proportion to capital invested, THE STAR ranks second to no paper in Somerset county today. Therefore, I have no grievance against old Salisbury, and I feel sure that I could remain here and do a prosperous newspaper and job printing business the balance of my days.

The best evidence that THE STAR has done a prosperous business lies in the people's knowledge of the fact that I have had all manner of bad luck since embarking in the newspaper business in Salisbury, and their knowledge that I have weathered the various calamitous storms and found the silver linings back of the dark clouds which sometimes seemed sure to overwhelm me. I have successfully combatted difficulties and calamities that only stout hearts and strong minds could withstand. By pluck, perseverance and tireless energy, I have made my business a splendid success, and I haven't stinted myself, either. Furthermore, I have spent considerable money in travel, etc.

Of course, I have not pleased everybody. Neither did I expect to do so, and I am not in the least downcast over the enemies I have made. In fact I am as proud of my crop of enemies as I am of my crop of staunch, warm-hearted, loyal friends. Most of the people that have it in for THE STAR and its editor, I wouldn't give a fig for,

and I'd rather have the most of them, at least, for enemies than friends, for the logical reason that a fool enemy is never so dangerous to a man as a fool friend. I do not mean to create the impression, however, that all of my enemies must necessarily be insignificant or bad. Some of them are doubtless pretty good people, and even influential. But my enemies of that class are not numerous, and they are enemies simply through misrepresentation, because they have been misunderstanding my motives, or because I have been misunderstanding theirs. I can truthfully say that I have never personally insulted or "roasted," any man unless I felt justified in doing so as the result of bad and unjust treatment received at his hands, or in cases where my sense of public duty demanded a public reprimand and chastisement. I do not believe that any man can truthfully say that he was ever "ripped wide open" in THE STAR when he was not sinning against the public, against himself or family, or guilty of persecuting or vilifying the editor. It is my nature to strike back, and THE STAR never was afraid to go after any obnoxious offender, regardless of his station in life or society. And in all the paper's battles, whether with scrapping editors, organized labor grafters, fool organizations or private individuals, your old uncle Pete always emerged from the fray unscathed and unseared. Among its adversaries, THE STAR has ever been more than a match for any and all comers.

Some people say THE STAR has been too radical and outspoken at times. Well, perhaps it has, from a policy standpoint, but with me it has ever been policy be damned, when a principle I believed in was at stake. Having been born with a virile, aggressive nature, and having begun my editorial career on the western frontier, I couldn't be a "molly coddle" or a nature-faking policy man if I wanted to. Furthermore, I have no desire to be a "sissy" man on the fence, or to travel on the theory that the Lord is good and the devil not bad. Whether my policy has been right or wrong, I have always believed in it, and I am thoroughly satisfied with results. I have demonstrated that a man can divest himself of all cant and hypocrisy, be himself, own himself, speak his sentiments and succeed in the newspaper business, even here in little old Salisbury.

Some of the business men of Salisbury have not always done their duty towards the local paper. I regret to say that some of them have always been a little too dull and pinchy to advertise much. But every community has its quota of mossbacks of that kind, and as the business men adhering to such a policy have lost more by it than I have, I am content if they are. The enterprising and progressive business men of Meyersdale have always more than made up the deficiency caused by the moss-back portion of Salisbury's business men, and it is likely that they will continue to do so. They are a wide-awake set down there, those Meyersdale business men, and such firms as S. C. Hartley, Miller & Collins, Will & S. J. Clinton Bros., and others, are onto their job. They know the value of printers' ink, and they also know the value of THE STAR as a medium through which to pull trade their way. Their enterprise is most commendable, and besides, they're a mighty nice set of people to deal with. Not a bit nicer, of course, than some of the business men Salisbury, and perhaps their goods are neither cheaper nor better. Be that as it may, the people like to deal with

firms who advertise well their wares and invite customers to their stores. In short the people like to see enterprise among merchants, and what up-to-date man or woman does not prefer to buy of an up-to-date, liberal advertising merchant in preference to a skimpy, pinchy back number of a business man who sits around in his store "like his grandsire cut in alabaster," and whose wares are seldom or never advertised in the local newspaper?

Many an issue of THE STAR has been circulated in the many good homes of Salisbury and vicinity that contained more Meyersdale advertising than Salisbury advertising. That was no fault of THE STAR, for its advertising space is its stock in trade, its life's blood, and if there are enough sleepy fellows among the Salisbury business men to allow the Meyersdale merchants to monopolize most of the advertising space in Salisbury's own home paper, they can find no surer way to compel old Salisbury to grow street grass while its legitimate and natural trade is drawn to Meyersdale. The Salisbury paper will not suffer by it, for Meyersdale money for its advertising space is as good as Salisbury money. But how about the Salisbury stores? The answer is easy, and the duty of the Salisbury merchants is plain. For a country town to allow its local newspaper to go out into the surrounding territory with a dearth of home advertisements, thereby mutely proclaiming to the world that the town in which it is published is a dead one, is the most stupid blunder any set of business men can be guilty of. These suggestions, like a package of the average breakfast food, may not taste good to some of the business men of Salisbury, but if acted upon, there'll be more nourishment therein for them than there is in all the breakfast foods in the world.

At the top of this page appears a good portrait of the new proprietor of THE STAR, as well as one of your humble servant, the undersigned. We don't care which of us you consider the better-looking man, but both of us would be pleased to see the new management get the best possible support of the community. Mr. Johnston needs no introduction to the people of Salisbury and vicinity, for he is well and favorably known here, and for the past seven years he has been the manager of the Elk Lick Supply Company's mammoth general store. In that capacity he has proved himself a courteous, upright and able business man, and I have every reason to believe that he will keep THE STAR up to its present high standard, and perhaps greatly improve it. I wish him the greatest possible success, but much will depend on the co-operation of the business men of Salisbury. Too much must not be expected of him at once, as the editorial business is new to him. However, as he has some knowledge of the printing trade, and will be ably assisted by his brother, John O. Johnston, who has been employed steadily by THE STAR for the past six years, together with such assistance as I can render him, I see no reason why Robert should not take as easily and naturally to the newspaper and printing business as a duck takes to water. But he will need the patronage and co-operation of the community also, and he deserves it.

Don't make the mistake to try to load him down with advice or dictate to him how to conduct his paper. Neither expect him to air your personal troubles through his paper and grind your ax or the axes of your friends every time they get dull. Load his columns with advertising, his subscription list with paid-in-advance subscriptions, and his job order book with orders for job printing. Leave the rest to "Bob," his God and his conscience, and we think he'll make good and please the majority of the people of the community. But do not expect him to please everybody, for nobody can do that.

I will likely manage the paper for Mr. Johnston for the next month or two, as the Elk Lick Supply Company is very desirous of retaining him in the store for that length of time. What I will do after he takes full control, I have not yet definitely decided upon. It is my purpose, however, to embark in the newspaper business again at no very distant day. I have several good business propositions under advisement now, but am not desirous of closing a deal before next fall, when I expect to move away from Salisbury and locate in some larger town. I expect to visit the Pacific Northwest during the Seattle exposition, and am open for any good newspaper proposition, east, west, north or south, that anyone may have to offer.

THE STAR has always been on the right side of all questions pertaining to good morals, civic righteousness, the best interests of our country in general, and of our community's best interests

in particular. In these important respects, my successor will not depart from THE STAR's present policy. In politics, the new management will adhere to the principles of the Republican party, but reserves the right to denounce bad party men and bad party measures, should occasion and the public welfare demand it.

My successor is a son of the Rev. E. S. Johnston, D. D., one of the most widely known and able Lutheran clergymen of Somerset county, as well as one of the most highly esteemed. The son is a true chip of the old block, and he is worthy of all the patronage you can give him.

As to unsettled accounts for subscription, advertising, job printing, etc., I have made arrangements with Mr. Johnston to fill all unexpired subscriptions, without extra charge to those who have paid in advance. Those in arrears on subscription will be required to settle with Mr. Johnston, who has purchased all the subscription accounts, except a few which I have exempted. All persons in arrears will be duly notified by circular letter, within the next few weeks, with whom they are to settle, and after such notice is received by the subscribers in arrears, they will be expected to make settlement as promptly as possible. All accounts I hold against those owing me on advertising and job printing, remain my property and will be collected by me, except, perhaps, a few unexpired advertising contracts which may be transferred to my successor. In such cases, due notice will be given by the undersigned.

With these somewhat lengthy, but timely remarks, I now step down and out as owner and publisher of THE SOMERSET COUNTY STAR, a paper I established here in 1891, and of which I feel pardonably proud. With best wishes for my successor, thanks for the liberal patronage I have enjoyed, with malice toward none and charity for all, I am very gratefully yours.

P. L. LIVENGOOD.

Goodbye, dear STAR, goodbye!
My own dear child, farewell!
This parting makes me sigh,
Though all with thee be well.

UP BEFORE THE BAR.

N. H. Brown, an attorney, of Pittsfield, Vt., writes: "We have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for years and find them such a good family medicine we wouldn't be without them." For Chills, Constipation, Biliousness or Sick Headache they work wonders. 25c. Elk Lick Pharmacy. 6-1

At Paducah, Ky., a man recently came to his death by drowning, and that, too, in spite of the fact that the drowned man had the longest name of any man in the world. His name was Arthur Hugh Thomas T. Dewitt Linnage Hardin Eddy Lane Arland Talnie Marion Branch Sam Jones Rigg Reuben Walker Chiles. A name as long as that is enough to sink any man. The father of the drowned man is a preacher, likewise a durned fool, for no sensible man would burden a son with nineteen names. The fool father named his son in honor of a lot of preachers he admired, and when admiration runs to such extremes as to heap nineteen names upon a child, lots of people will think it a pity that the father wasn't drowned before the son was born.

Out at Freeport, Ill., the parents are holding meetings to devise ways and means to keep their daughters off the streets at night. Why should it be necessary to hold meetings to accomplish the end in view? The thing for parents to do is to issue orders to their sons and daughters, and then see to it that those orders are obeyed, no matter if all the slippers, barrel staves and straps about the place are worn out in enforcing correct family discipline. The reason why so many girls and boys are worthless street perambulators and loafers, is because they have spineless creatures for parents who talk and threaten much, but never enforce discipline. That is one reason, and another reason lies in the fact that many people rely on the church and Sunday school to do for their children what the parents themselves ought to do for them. Without proper family discipline, the work of churches and Sunday schools counts for very little in the matter of making good men and good women of the boys and girls.

"I'D RATHER DIE DOCTOR, than have my feet cut off," said M. L. Bingham, of Princeville, Ill., "but you'll die from gangrene (which had eaten away eight toes) if you don't" said all doctors. Instead—he used Bucklen's Arnica Salve till wholly cured. Its cures of Eczema, Fever Sores, Boils, Burns and Piles astound the world. 25c. at Elk Lick Pharmacy. 5-1

WHEN THE BAR ROOMS CLOSE IN GRANTSVILLE.

Next Saturday, May 1st, the bar rooms in Grantsville, Md., will have to close, as the result of being voted dry at the general election, last November. That the town and its people will be greatly benefited by the closing of the saloons, there is not the slightest doubt. The booze dispensers will find less money in their pockets after their places of business are closed, but their customers will soon be a little more flush. The boozers' wives and children will soon be wearing better clothes, more and better food will find its way to their tables, and there will be fewer headaches and heartaches, fewer bitter tears and less remorse of conscience. Some who are now disgusting, stinking, puking, slobbering, sputtering drunkards, will become good citizens and respectable human beings. And Grantsville will not be a dead town, either.

Of course, according to the saloon-keepers' stock argument, all the people in Grantsville will flock to Salisbury after May 1st, and will spend all their money in Salisbury. But will they? No, not on your tintype. They will do nothing of the sort. Every man who sets up that kind of an argument, or rather that kind of a fool assertion, is a stinking liar, and he knows it. The kind of people who will come from Grantsville to Salisbury to buy, simply because booze is sold here, is a kind of rubbish that Grantsville can well afford to be rid of, and a kind which Salisbury cannot afford to be cursed with, whether it be for a day, a week or a month. The people who will come to Salisbury to buy simply because booze is sold here, are people who are neither numerous, desirable or flush with money. The idea that a few measly, manny, poverty-stricken bums and drunkards can kill their home town by carrying their few paltry pennies to a neighboring town for booze, is simply preposterous. Oh, no, gentle Annie, the Salisbury merchants will not need to hire any extra clerks in order to be able to wait on the customers that will come here from Grantsville on account of the saloons being closed there.

When the bar rooms close in Grantsville, and the bug juice quits its flow, all will be still at the old gin mill, and the boozers will have to go. They'll have to go in their way of woe, to where the bug juice flows, if they want to revel and go to the devil in worn-out shoes and clothes. But all will not go in their way of woe, to other towns for booze; and of those who do, it can be said quite true, the town can afford to lose. Cut off the drink from men who think, and they will think of their better days. They'll resolve to do right with all their might, and many will mend their ways. And Grantsville will thrive, be as much alive, as ever the town has been; while nevermore can be laid at her door the curse of earth's greatest sin.

THE Somerset county court has confirmed the damage verdict against a landlord who sold whiskey to a man who was subsequently killed on the railroad, and whose widow brought suit on the ground that she had notified the landlord not to sell her husband intoxicants any more. The custom of members of families notifying the proprietors of barrooms not to sell intoxicants to other members of their families has no warrant in law known to us, save that which rests upon the allegation that the persons named are "persons of known intemperate habits," and thus fall within the inhibition of the law. Concerning such persons, such notice may be given by anybody or by nobody; the landlord remains liable without notice; but with notice he is apt to be more careful in observing the strict letter of the law in such particular cases. The Somerset damage case probably hinged rather upon the reputation of the man for sobriety than upon the fact of the notice. This particular portion of the license law is not as strictly enforced as it should be, and the Somerset county case should be a warning to landlords everywhere to exercise due caution. In a matter of this kind, it is better to err on the safe side; and an error of this kind is better for everybody concerned from every standpoint of business and morality.—Connellsville Courier.

Lantz, the Reliable Organ and Piano Tuner and Repairer, is still at Valley House, when not out tuning and repairing organs and pianos, at which he is kept quite busy. He would like to remain as long as the people of Salisbury and vicinity have need of his services, but is liable to be called away any day. Don't delay your orders if you want reliable work in his line.