

## HOW J. K. TENER STANDS AT HOME

Pen Picture of Nominee For Governor by an Independent.

### NEIGHBORS STRONG FOR HIM

Those Who Know Him Best Are Most Enthusiastic In Support of His Candidacy.

A character study of John Kinley Tener, and a pen picture of scenes in the little town of Charleroi upon the occasion of the recent demonstration there in honor of the Republican nominee for governor, given by John O'Donnell, editor of the Uniontown Morning Herald, after witnessing the ovations, will interest the voters in all sections of the commonwealth.

Mr. O'Donnell, who for more than twenty years was on the editorial staff of the Pittsburg Dispatch, and who is recognized as one of the most independent and versatile journalists in Pennsylvania, told in his own paper what he saw and heard in Charleroi.

This is what he wrote over his signature, "J. O'D.":

"The late James S. McKean, better known as 'Jim,' was a politician, banker and builder. He served a term as postmaster in Pittsburg. He was one of the men who placed the big Union Trust company, now prosperous and powerful, on the road to success. He was also one of the men who made the town of Charleroi possible, and its main street has been named in his honor. Had there been no McKean, there would probably have been no Charleroi now, and no candidate for governor of Pennsylvania by the name of John Kinley Tener. And I believe I knew Jim McKean.

"There are seven boys in the Tener family, I think, and they all look alike. They are tall, erect, clear-eyed, clear-skinned and cleanlimbed, with features which denote great keenness of mind and profiles that are Gibsonesque. Wallace Tener, one of these boys, sat for a moment or two on the balcony of the Coyle theater, in Charleroi, on Saturday night, and watched the thousands of toilers from the great Monongahela valley, with Tener banners aloft, march by to the steady tread of martial music. Noting the size, the

enthusiasm and the character of the pageant, with the keenness of perception peculiar to the Tener family, he also noted the spontaneity and sincerity of the demonstration. And as he realized that it was all in his brother's honor, that it was a tribute to his worth as a man and an evidence of the affection in which he is held by the thousands who know him, a tear dimmed his eye and he quietly arose as a mark of reverent acknowledgment.

"Just then some one happened to make a remark befitting the occasion and Walter Tener broke the silence of the moment. 'Away back several years ago,' said he, 'when the Brotherhood base ball movement went up the spout and John was out of work, the tender of a postbox in the bank down here came to him. I did not want him to take it; none of us did. We told him something would turn up soon, but he said no; he would write out his acceptance that evening; he could not bear to be idle another day—he had been out of work two weeks.'

"That was all Wallace Tener said, but the inference was obvious. At that time Charleroi was a village handicapped by the lack of opportunities characteristic of every small town, and the Tener boys feared that John K. would bury himself.

"Yet today, at the age of forty-seven, still in his youth and at the height of his vigor, John K. Tener has achieved success far and above the most hopeful dreams of himself and his brothers. He is a lending banker of the Monongahela valley and the financial pivot upon which revolve all, or nearly all, of the bridge, street railroad and other important interests of his section. He has made his fortune. He has held the highest office in the grand and noble order of Elks. He has made his mark in the halls of congress, and now the Republicans of the state have made him their candidate for governor. So much for the accident of selection and his choice of Charleroi.

"With a friend of mine I took a walk along the principal streets of Charleroi Saturday afternoon, for I wanted to look over the place that made possible the development of John K. Tener. We passed stately business blocks, fine hotels, imposing banks, splendid residences and the hundreds of homes of working men, neat, attractive, well kept homes. While all were tastefully decorated there was yet another evidence of the deep esteem in which Tener is held by his friends and neighbors. In the windows of little parlors, in the festoons on the modest porches, in whatever conspicuous places were available, could be seen the pictures of the candidate. Regardless of racial, reli-

gious or political predilections the homes of the people bore this bit of testimony to the deep regard for him who is known and loved by every man, woman and child there. Here and there an aproned matron, industrious daughter or some other member of the household was engaged in displaying the lithograph, thus showing that John K. Tener has a place in the homes as well as the hearts of all the people of this town. It is a pity we men haven't the right to vote.

**Has an Ideal Wife.**  
"And what was true of Charleroi was also true of the whole valley. Monessen, just over the river, contributed the largest quota. George Nash sent 2500 men across the bridge with the bands playing, banners flying and every mother's son shouting for Tener and Charleroi. Donora did the same, and so did Monongahela, and California, and Belle Vernon, and Fayette City, for the valley from Brownsville to McKeesport is solid for John K. Of all the happy hearts in Charleroi Saturday night none were happier than those of Mr. and Mrs. Tener. Cultured, charming, witty and sensible, Mrs. Tener is fitted to become the ideal mistress of any executive mansion. A born politician and tactician, she is perfectly at home in every gathering, her gracious personality radiating cheer and good will in every direction.

"Saturday's demonstration would prove an object lesson to many another town. Charleroi knows neither political factions, nationalities nor religions. Its enthusiasms and sympathies are never divided when it comes to conserving its reputation. The unanimity with which the rich and the poor, the master and the man, the merchant and his clerk went about the work of making the day a success was sublime. Men who in business life do little but give orders took them readily from men who usually receive them. When it came to pushing there was a place for every shoulder, and every shoulder was in its place.

"Let no man think for a moment that John K. Tener is any man's man. He may lack the spread-eagleism and the vociferousness characteristic of the average politician; he does not speak in measured periods; he does not postulate; he does not furnish funny stories instead of facts. On the contrary, he takes his candidacy seriously. He knows full well the weight of its responsibility. In a word, his utmost aim is to make good. While he knows thousands and calls them all by their first names, he makes no pretensions to being considered a 'hall fellow-well met.' His handshake is firm, yet without the hypocrisy of feigned heartiness. He has a clear

eye and a direct look and a bearing which seems to say: 'I know what my duty is and I will perform it; can I expect the same from you?'

"Educated in the common schools, endowed by his ancestry with an active mind and a healthy body, he early sought his pastime on the base ball lots. As a pitcher on the Chicago team he was thoroughly drilled in discipline. He knows what it is to stand on the firing line, taunted by the jeers or spurred by the cheers of thousands, his temper always cool and his nerve never shaken. From this stern school he drifted into the realm of business, carrying with him the same judgment and decision which made him a victor on the field. Now, as a candidate for the highest office in the gift of the millions of the state, and during the stress of a hot campaign, he can be depended upon to maintain the same poise that made him a winner in business and athletics. He is not a man to shy at the cars.

**Knows How to Say "No."**  
"Subserviency is not a weakness of John K. Tener. There is too much Irish in his makeup for us to expect, or his political enemies to hope, that he will bend the pregnant knee at the behest of any man or set of men. Though modest of demeanor, he is nevertheless fearless and independent. His life is clean, his record above reproach. He acknowledges no conditions which are dishonorable; he bows to no power but the will of the people. The asset which he prizes most highly is neither that of wealth, family nor social position—it is the love, the esteem, the friendship, the regard of the men and women who have known him long enough to realize that beyond peradventure his 'yes' is 'yes'; that his 'no' is 'no'; that his word is as good as his bond; that he never either by word or action injured his neighbor in his life; that his one great aim has been to brighten the lives and improve the conditions of the people of his town and community.

"Were John Kinley Tener to believe that the governorship of Pennsylvania meant his departure in any one particular from the principles which have won for him his splendid standing in Charleroi and throughout the Monongahela valley, where he is known better than he is anywhere else, I miss my guess if he would not stretch himself to his full six feet five inches or thereabouts and tell the men who proposed it, no matter how exalted their political or business position, to go to blazes and take the governorship with them."

Children think not of the past nor of what is to come, but enjoy the present time, which few of us do.—La Bruyere.

**Taking a Chance.**  
The mistress was giving Harriet the benefit of her advice and counsel touching a momentous step the latter contemplated.

"Of course, Harriet," said the lady of the house, "if you intend to get married that's your own business, but you mustn't forget that marriage is a very serious matter."

"Yes, mum," said Harriet; "yes, mum, I know 'tis sometimes, mum. But, mum, maybe I'll have better luck than you did, mum."—Brooklyn Life.

**Killing the Goose Again.**  
The old family physician being away on a much needed vacation, his practice was intrusted to his son, a recent medical graduate. When the old man returned the youngster told him, among other things, that he had cured Miss Ferguson, an aged and wealthy spinster, of her chronic indigestion.  
"My boy," said the old doctor, "I'm proud of you; but Miss Ferguson's indigestion is what put you through college."—Everybody's Magazine.

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