

SATISFIED

With the Outlook.

Prohibitionists Lining Up For Battle.

Rev. Coats Calls Attention to Hypocrisy

Of Administration On The Canteen Law.

An Address Issued to Akron Prohibitionists.

Fellow Prohibitionists: The election is over. The present Administration has received emphatic endorsement. The size of the majority for the party in power is a surprise both to friend and foe alike.

Ladies' Tailor Made Garments. I am prepared to make Ladies' Tailor Garments in the latest styles; and remodeling old style coats and skirts at reasonable prices.

MUSCLE AND NOT FAT.

What Thin People Need to Round Off the Corners.

What thin folks need is flesh or muscle, not fat.

To be symmetrical and properly proportioned, every person should have a certain amount of excess flesh, but to be plump does not necessarily mean to be fat.

Fat is undesirable; it clogs and retards the action of the muscles, interferes with the healthy action of the heart, and lungs and when very excessive, predisposes to fatty degeneration of vital organs to say nothing of the discomfort resulting from too much adipose tissue.

Common sense would suggest that if one wishes to become fleshy and plump the thing most needed would be flesh-forming food, that is, albuminous food like eggs, beef, oatmeal etc.

The kinds of foods which make flesh are the food we have on our tables every day; but the trouble is that our stomachs do not properly and completely digest and assimilate the flesh forming beefsteak and eggs we eat every day.

There are thousands of such people, and they are really dyspeptics although they may not suffer any particular pain or inconvenience from their stomachs.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets cure every form of indigestion on this common sense plan, that they thoroughly digest the food and promptly give strength to every nerve and organ in the body, and the weakened stomach a chance to rest and recover its natural vigor.

ARCADÉ CAFE!

TRY OUR LUNCH From 11:00 to 2:00

Table d'Hote Dinners Sunday Only . . . 50c From 5:30 to 8:00 p. m.

M. E. SCHMIDT, Manager

Rostock House 125 North High Street International Hotel and Boarding House.

Best and cheapest place for transient people. Telephone and gas heating in connection. Rates \$1.00 per day. Lodging 30c per night.

The Ideal Winter Route To CALIFORNIA MEXICO and THE ORIENT Southern Pacific Co.

SUNSET ROUTE Via NEW ORLEANS

Trough Pullman Palace Buffet and ordinary Sleeping Cars. The Famous and Palatial

Sunset Limited Leaves New Orleans every Monday Thursday and Saturday, for Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Through Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions from Cincinnati, Louisville, Washington, D. C., St. Paul, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and New Orleans.

LOS ANGELES and SAN FRANCISCO (No change of cars.)

Free reclining chair cars between El Paso and San Francisco.

For detailed information regarding the service, rates, etc., address W. H. CONNOR, Commercial Agent, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you want boarders, male or female, help, roomers, etc., advertise in the Democrat's want column.

MORTGAGE

Was Burned Before Their Eyes.

Central Presbyterian Church Free From Debt.

When the members of the Central Presbyterian church returned to their homes Thursday night, it was with the satisfaction that their church was free from debt. They had attended a meeting at the church during which the \$1,800 mortgage had been burned.

A large audience was present to witness the interesting ceremony. Dr. H. W. Hulbert, pastor of the Old Stone church in Cleveland was present and had charge of the services. He announced that the Board of Church Election of New York, had promised to pay \$1,000 upon receipt of the assurance that all local indebtedness had been cancelled. This had been done and the church was square with the world.

The trustees of the church reorganized and the following were elected to the board: W. H. Anderson, five years; G. H. Miller, four years; D. T. Pritchard, three years; A. T. Hawn, two years, and Herbert Schuman, one year.

After all of the business had been disposed of, the ladies of the church served a splendid luncheon.

OFFICERS

Of the Akron C. L. U. Must Hereafter Give Bond—Thursday's Meeting.

Akron Central Labor Union held its regular meeting Thursday evening.

The delegates from the Akron Federal union reported that a dance will be held in a short time for the benefit of the Machine Molders who are now on a strike at the Buckeye Mower and Reaper works.

Four delegates from the Bartenders presented their credentials and were seated.

An amendment was made to the constitution providing that hereafter the secretary of the C. L. U. shall furnish \$1,000 bond and the treasurer \$500.

Twenty-five dollars was donated for the benefit of the striking machine molders.

McPHERSON LODGE

Elected Officers For Ensuing Year Thursday Night.

McPherson lodge, K. of P., had an interesting meeting last night at which the following officers were elected: Chancellor, commander, R. A. Myers; vice chancellor, G. W. Carmichael; prelate, C. J. Cautfield; master of work, A. E. Linnick; keeper of records and seal, H. V. Egbert; master of finance, C. F. Miller; master of exchequer, M. D. Buckman; master at arms, W. P. Saunders; inner guard, E. B. Hunsberger; outer guard, M. E. Foster; trustee, W. S. Shell; transient relief committee, M. E. Foster; captain first rank team, R. A. Myers; captain second rank team, E. C. Housel; captain third rank team, A. E. Linnick.

ACCEPTED

From Marlboro, Mass., Universalist Church

Rev. J. F. Thompson, formerly pastor of the Akron Universalist church has accepted a unanimous call extended by the Marlboro (Mass.) Universalist church. He has been in charge of the church at Plymouth, Mass., for several years.

Railroad Notices

STEAMSHIP TICKETS TO EUROPE AND PARIS EXPOSITION.

Tickets via all leading lines at lowest rates. Information cheerfully given upon application to C. D. Honnell, ticket agent, Union depot. Cook's personally conducted tours. Apr 23-14

A PATRIOTIC SCHEME

THE TOWN WAS IN FAVOR OF FLYING THE FLAG PERPETUALLY.

Pop Perkins, Postmaster of Jericho Tells How Disposition of the Proposed and How the Project Ended.

(Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.)

It was Enos Hopkins who got the idea that Jericho should prove her patriotism to the world at large by displaying the American flag for seven days a week. He got the idea one Sunday morning as he lay in bed, and he hugged it to his soul and chuckled over it for a week before he said anything to a living soul. Everybody knew by his actions that something was up, but they couldn't figure out exactly what it was. At length, when Saturday night came, and there was the usual crowd at the postoffice, he shot off his gun. He had his speech all prepared. He told how the American flag was first sung to the breeze—how men cheered for liberty as they saw it—how it had given freedom to a continent and brought happiness to millions. Men had fought cheerfully for that flag, and men had died for it. He wanted it hoisted in Jericho at sunrise every day in the year, and he wanted children to cry for it and men and women to venerate it. Monday was wash day in Jericho, and front yards and back yards made a beautiful show of sheets and shirts and



"HAVE WE NO PUBLIC SPIRIT AMONG US?" towels and tablecloths, but above them all would flap and flow the flag which had covered the heroes of Bunker Hill as they died in the cause of liberty.

As soon as the crowd had recovered from its surprise and begun to cheer Deacon Spooner said it was a mighty strong plan and one worthy of a leading patriot of Jericho. He was heartily in favor of the idea, and he would then and there contribute 13 cents toward the purchase of a public flag. He also thought a vote of thanks was due Enos for his kindness in thinking out the idea.

A flapping, popping flag hoisted to the balm breezes of Jericho would give the town worldwide fame and probably result in a boom.

Then Hosen Saunders spoke. His grandfather had died while fighting under the stars and stripes. His father had fallen and killed himself while climbing a flagpole. His mother had wrapped him in the flag of liberty when he was born, and he had long thought of having a group of stars tattooed between his shoulders. He loved his wife and children, and he set a heap of value on his boss and cow, but he loved the flag of his country more. It was hard times, and money was tight, but he would go without tobacco for a month in order to contribute a shilling toward the purchase of a flag. With his own hands, if agreeable to all, he would hoist the emblem at sunrise and lower it at sunset during the rest of his natural life.

The deacon said that was also a beautiful speech, with a mighty strong plan to it, and the feeling of the crowd had got so worked up over freedom and liberty that tears stood in many eyes. Hosen was followed by Squar Joslyn, Phileas Williams, Abraham White and others, and there was frequent cheering and shaking hands. About ten years ago Abijah Davison's dog tore the out off a hog owned by Joel Hardman, and the men have been enemies ever since, but under the excitement and the patriotism engendered by them speeches they fell into each other's arms and became brothers again. It was finally settled that a public contribution should be taken up to buy a \$15 flag, and then came the question of where it should be raised. Enos Hopkins, who had started it all, got up in a modest way and said he would go to the expense of planting a pole in front of his house. It was on high ground, and the flag could be seen from every house in Jericho.

"We shouldn't put Enos to all that trouble," said Deacon Spooner as he rose up. "He's done his share in thinking out the plan. I'll see that the flag is duly displayed from the roof of my cooper shop when it arrives."

"What's the matter with 'tistin it over my grocery?" asked Dan Skinner as he wiped the tears of emotion from his eyes.

"Or with 'tistin it over my coal yard?" said Durus Waterman, who calculated to chip in 10 cents and no more.

Then everybody bobbed up and demanded to be heard. Every man present wanted that flag in front of his house or place of business and nowhere else, and pretty soon they were shaking their fists and saying they'd be darned if they wouldn't have it there or refuse to contribute a red cent. There was a lively row on in two minutes, with no more weeping over patriotism. As the row grew hotter Abijah Davison turned to Joel Hardman and

said he was glad his dog had bit the ear off that hog and that he'd like to serve Joel the same way. Deacon Spooner rattled on the stovepipe with his cane until he quieted the racket, and then he said: "Feller patriots, but have we no public spirit among us?" "We have!" yelled the crowd.

"Then let us exhibit it. Bein my cooper shop is the highest buildin in town and bein the American flag has got to flap in the breeze to be seen and venerated. I unselfishly offer to

Paste This in Your Hat Breckenridge 120 S. Howard Street, Akron, O. Hick's forecasts for December are as follows: "In every probability December will bring many hard winter storms and blizzards." This, together with January, February and March, will give us four months of winter in which to wear heavy garments. We have just received a second shipment of Grey, Oxford and Cambridge Overcoatings in Vicunas, Sheland and Frieze. We also show a complete line of Beaver, Kersey and Melton. The making is of the very best, the price is just high enough to insure honest dealing and the lowest ever made on the same class of work. Let us prove it.

put up a pole and take charge of the flag. "So do I!" shouts every man in the crowd. Then Squar Joslyn made a speech. He told how a million men had died for that flag; how its stars and bars had made tyrants tremble; how a young nation had worshipped it and made all the world respect it. He wound up after ten minutes by offering to float it from his boss barn, but only hisses and groans followed. There was signs that three or four patriots would soon be punching each other's head when Lish Billings strolled in in that careless way of his. Deacon Spooner pounded and rattled till he got order and then said: "I want to hear from Lish Billings on this matter. Maybe he can suggest something. Lish, what place in Jericho would you say the American flag ought to float from?" "How many stars are there on the American flag?" calmly asks Lish. "Nobly could tell. "Well, how many stripes?" "Nobly could tell. "Pears to me," said Lish as he started to wander out again—"pears to me that as none of you can tell the difference between the American flag and a tablecloth you'd better hang up an old army blanket most anywhere and let it do it that."

A PORTER'S MISTAKE.

The Story of a Lady's Frizzes and an Actor's Stage.

As the porter passed through the car she called him aside. There was a whisper and a gleam of silver.

"Now, remember they are in the yellow satchel."

"You'n't miss dem, ma'am."

"No, ma'am."

"The matter is sitting in that car."

"I'll see 'em, ma'am."

"Well, here is the key."

The porter took the key and passed through to the next car.

"Guess dis am it," he said, slipping the thin key in the lock of a yellow satchel. He put his hand in the satchel and pulled out a bunch of hair. Then he relocked the satchel.

"Heah's yo' frizzes, ma'am!"

"Don't speak so loud."

"Anything else, ma'am?"

"That's all, I believe. I just have a minute to put these on before dinner."

The porter reached the platform in time to meet an irate tragedian.

"Not a step!" he thundered in tones that almost lifted the porter's cap.

"What have you done with my whiskers, boy?"

"Your whiskers, sah?"

"Yes; my false beard. The passenger say you opened my satchel with a skeleton key. Where are those whiskers?"

"Laws," muttered the porter, "Ah went in de wrong satchel!"

Just then a lady passed toward the dining car.

"Dah's yo' whiskers, sah," grinned the porter, "on top ob dat lady's hand!"

—Chicago News.

It Hurt Him.

Could friend—I think young Rymer, the poet, felt hurt at a remark you made the other night.

GEMS IN VERSE. OLD FAVORITES. The Breath of God. What comes to us on speedy wing, Like lightning from the sky, And flashes through the human brain? Whence? Whither? How and why? Unthought, unbidden and unknown It wells each rousing hour; It makes and unmakes men and minds A weird, mysterious power. Pray save the riddle, ye who may— The mystery of Thought. Whence comes it? Whither doth it tend? Where is it and where not? Is it a germ of boundless power, Of infinite shades of light? That links us to Omnipotence? Is it the breath of God? —John Wentworth.

The Last Leaf. I saw him once before, As he passed by the door, And again The pavement stones resound As he totters o'er the ground With his cane. They say that in his time, Ere the printing-press of time Cut him down, Not a letter man was found By the crier on his round Through the town. But now he walks the streets, And he looks at all he meets, And he shakes his feeble head, That it seems as if he said, "They are gone."

The mossy marble rest On the lips that he has prest In their bloom, And the names he loved to hear Have been carved for many a year On the tomb. My grandamma has said— Poor old lady, she is dead Long ago. That he had a Roman nose, And his cheek was like a rose In the snow. But now his nose is thin, And it rests upon his chin Like a staff. And a crook is in his back, And a melancholy crack In his laugh. I know it is a sin For one to sit and grin At him here, But the old three cornered hat And the broken all are there Are no queer! And if I should live to be The last leaf upon the tree In the spring Let them smile, as I do now, At the old forgotten laugh Where I cling. —Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A Lost Friend. My friend he was, my friend from all the rest; With childlike faith he sped to me his breast; Gazed silent when the great Virginian, Through mutual share of sunburst and of gloom, The common faith that made us what we are, Till that provincial, to Americans, And made a unity of warring plans; Here was the doom fixed; here was marked the date When this New World awoke to man's estate, Burst its last ship and ceased to look behind. —Lowell.

When the psalm sings instead of the singer, When the script preaches instead of the preacher, When the pulpit descends and goes instead of the carver that carved the supporting desk, When I can touch the body of books by night or by day, and when they touch my body back again, When a university course convulses like a slumbering woman and child convulse, When the mutes' gold in the vault smiles like the night watchman's daughter, When warlike deeds loaf in chairs opposite and use my friendly companions, I intend to reach them my hand and make as much of them as I do of men and women like you. —Walt Whitman.

Bedlam. The word "bedlam" is a corruption of the word "Bethlehem" and originated as a synonym for chaos at the time when the house of Bethlehem, occupied by a sisterhood of London, became an insane asylum. The treatment of the insane in the early part of the sixteenth century was not well understood, and, according to the theories then prevalent, it was necessary to frighten the patient out of his lunacy. All sorts of awful expedients were resorted to, among them "surprise floors," which slipped from under the feet; "surprise baths" and floggings at the periods of most severe illness; hence the name "bedlam," the result of incorrect spelling, possibly, came easily to stand for awful things.

..BALM OF ROSES.. Cures Chapped Hands or Lips, Burns and Pimples. Guaranteed cure. See a tube. At all drug stores. C. U. R. A. CHEMICAL CO. Akron, O.

The Rosary of Years. Some reckon their age by years, Some reckon their life by art, But some tell their days by the flow of their tears And their life by the moans of their heart.

The dial of earth may show The length, not the depth, of years; Few or many they come, few or many they go, But our time is best measured by tears.

Ah, not by the silver gray That creeps through the sunny hair, And not by the aches that we pass on our way, And not by the furrows the finger of care.

On the forehead and face have made; Not so do we count our years; Not by the sun of the earth, but the shade Of our souls and the fall of our tears.

For the young are sometimes old, Though their brows be bright and fair; While their blood beats warm their hearts are cold— O'er them the springtime—but winter is there.

And the old are oftentimes young When the hair is thin and white, And they sing as age as youth they sing, And they laugh for their cross was light.

A thousand joys my form On the billows of all the years, But never the foam brings the leave bark home; It reaches the haven through tears. —Father Ryan.

Never to see a nation born Hath been given to mortal man, Unless to those who, on that summer morn, Gazed silent when the great Virginian, Unshaken the sword whose flash shot uncut through the loveliest clasp Of our loose atoms, crystallizing them Around a single will's compliant stem And making purpose of emotion rash, Out of that seafarer's sprang, as from its womb, Notions at first, but hardening to a star, Through mutual share of sunburst and of gloom, The common faith that made us what we are, Till that provincial, to Americans, And made a unity of warring plans; Here was the doom fixed; here was marked the date When this New World awoke to man's estate, Burst its last ship and ceased to look behind. —Lowell.

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An example of modern architecture. One of the many beautiful homes on West Market street.