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TO TELEPHONE THE DEMOCRAT CALL No. 180



SATURDAY, JAN. 11, 1902.

GENERAL MILES.

The position in which General Miles stands before the country surely is no less than pathetic. The letter of censure addressed to him by the Secretary of War was couched in terms, every one of which was calculated to have about the same effect upon any soul alive...

But however severe may have been the communication of Secretary Root, it was at least coldly decent in its manner of conveying to the offending officer the displeasure of the President.

According to the administration paper in Chicago—the Tribune, the President "received the Lieutenant General commanding the army in one of the window seats of the President's office, and flayed him alive for the interview he gave out at Cincinnati.

We have no defense to offer for what General Miles said, and for which he was thus degraded. He has been a soldier and has commanded other soldiers all his life, and his knowledge of the exactions of military discipline in regard to discussing questions of state, or about another arm of a common service, in the raw and wholesale way in which he went at it, was certainly subversive of subordination, and no doubt required a merited reproof from his superior.

Ex-Speaker Tom Reed was in Washington a few days ago and hadn't been there an hour when he was proclaimed by the newspapers as a likely candidate for a Cabinet position. Mr. Reed's entry into the Cabinet as Secretary of State would mean a speedy reduction of the price of Philippines per head.

The oldest lawsuit in Virginia, according to the Richmond Times, threatens seriously to be settled in a few days. It originated as early as 1797, and is known in Virginia history as the case of the Dismal Swamp land company against Anderson's personal representatives and others.

Washington's reprimand to Arnold, administered under the sentence of a court martial, in which the latter—scoundrel though he was, had at least a fair trial, may be profitably studied by Mr. Roosevelt as a model of what good breeding seems to dictate under similar circumstances.

charity and patience, and without a word of reproof, much less of insult, put up with the most impudent and insubordinate treatment on the part of his inferior officers...

It augurs ill for a President, not elected to that office, but called to it fortuitously through what is justly regarded a world-wide misfortune, and whose success and usefulness in it must be so largely conditioned on the co-operation and forbearance of others...

Patriotism will overlook much from a battle-worn comrade who is patriotic too, but the petulance or arbitrary conduct of the martinet new to authority is an offense of itself and tends to disgust rather than admiration, or even respect.

Rev. A. L. Hazlett, a Methodist Episcopal preacher of Colorado City, Col., has returned from the Philippines, whither he went at the request of Gen. MacArthur, and under the authority of the Secretary of War, to study and report upon the moral conditions in the islands, particularly at Manila.

At the convention of the National League of Commission Merchants, just closed at Philadelphia, a resolution was adopted petitioning Congress to enact a pure food law. One of the speakers informed the convention that for 1901 more than 5,000 car loads of imitation butter were sold...

In a lecture Friday evening at Holyoke, Mass., Mr. Bryan said that no one can estimate the cost of imperialism. He cited the fact that England had begun a war of conquest in South Africa and had sent 200,000 soldiers to the Transvaal to subjugate less than 25,000 Boers...

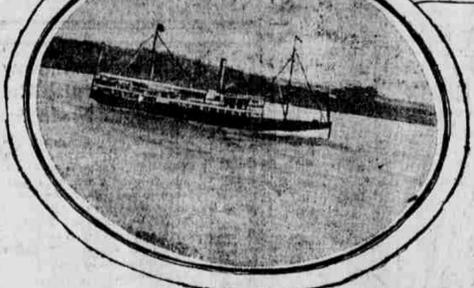
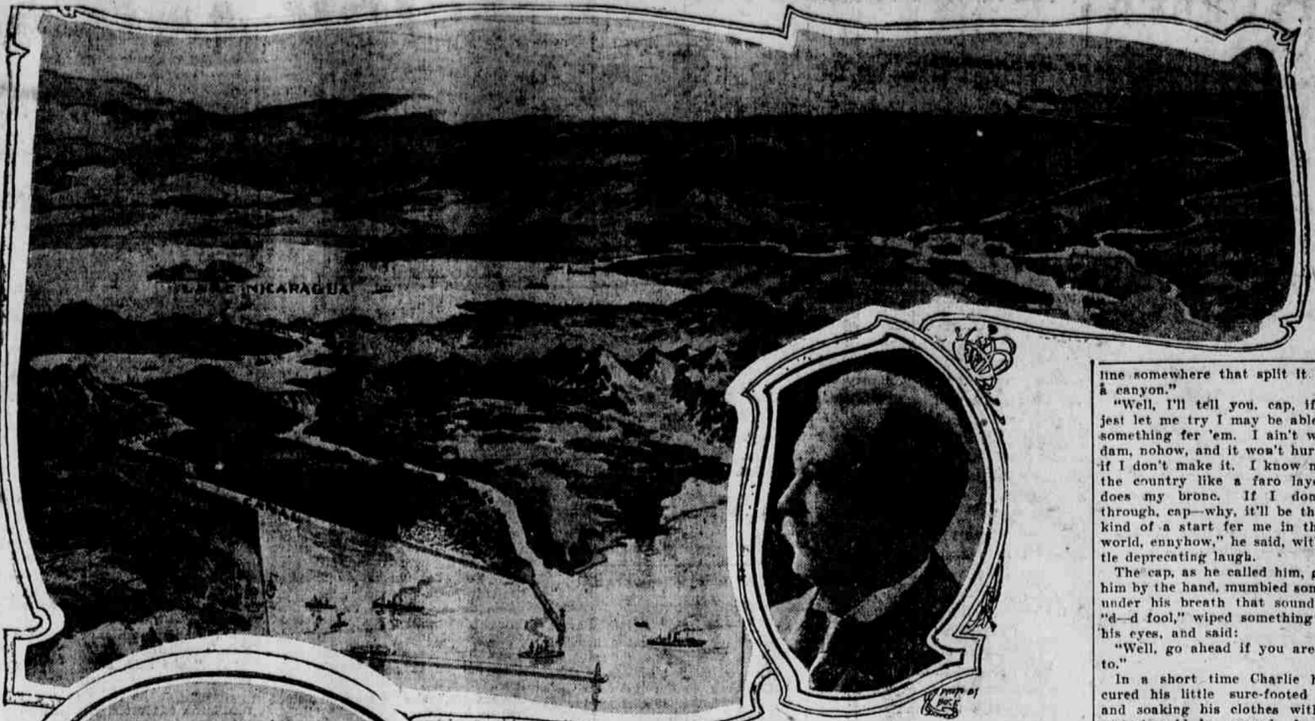
The plan to gag the United States Senate has failed. There will be Congressional fireworks as usual next Fourth of July.

CHAMPIONS OF LIBERTY. (From the Columbus Press.) At the great pro-Boer meeting Sunday afternoon at Gray's armory, Cleveland, three conspicuous Democrats sat side by side...

Does any one suppose that if Abraham Lincoln were alive today, and a citizen of Cleveland, he would have allowed anything to prevent his presence at Gray's Armory when it was packed to its utmost capacity with liberty-loving Americans assembled to express a word of sympathy in behalf of the brave South African patriots...

Will such object lessons as these go on forever without making an impression upon the minds of our teachers in the public schools, our preachers in the pulpits, our lawyers and physicians and others in professional life, who are supposed to read and think about the fundamental principles of the American government?

The Hepburn Bill Puts the First Spade Into the Nicaraguan Canal.



Bird's-Eye View of Nicaragua Route; Steamer Victoria on Lake Nicaragua; Congressman W. P. Hepburn.

Bird's-eye view of Nicaragua Canal route; Steamer Victoria on Lake Nicaragua; Congressman W. P. Hepburn. It carries an appropriation of \$180,000,000.

burn bill will receive immediate consideration when it reaches the Senate. It authorizes the President to secure necessary concessions from the two governments and to expend this money under his own direction.

would conclude that the factional fights in the party do not come from envy or jealousy, but from sincerity, love of truth, and loyalty to cause.

And what of reciprocity? With so many Congressmen boasting of how they will "resist inroads upon the present tariff system" things look blue for the tariff reform policy advocated by Congressman Babcock.

A Western paper accounts for the increase of divorces by declaring that "too many young people are marrying without knowing where there is a grocery store that trusts."

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are in the party of the democratic Democracy? Those Republicans who in their big city have been accustomed to slander and libel such men as Bryan and Lentz during the past five years, would be scourged from the temple of the Republican party by Abraham Lincoln if he could return to earth today...

Many thoughtful and patriotic Republicans are commenting on the fact that their leaders are conspicuous in their absence from these pro-Boer meetings and the future elections will undoubtedly show that many more of the true Lincoln Republicans will be found in the ranks of the democratic Democrats.

WISE and OTHERWISE.

Jingle, jingle bells! Three cheers for the snow! Once again, beautiful snow. And there are prospects for a Labor Temple, too.

MIRROR, SCALES, ETC.

There was a man. And his mirror said "sallow skin." And the scales said "losing weight." And his friends did wag their heads as he passed by. But being a prudent man he forthwith swallowed daily certain pleasant doses of Scott's Emulsion.

The Y. M. C. A. movement is still moving.

In two years there will be another inauguration, Charlie.

Great increase of interest in the ground hog proposition.

The January thaw may yet have a chance to do business.

Notwithstanding the storm, it is said that skates were more numerous at the inauguration than snow-shoes.

The sprinkling of those public buildings among the new manufacturing plants being constructed is a good sign.

The young should observe closely and accurately every unusual record or caprice of the Weather Man. Some day they may have upon them the responsibility of being the Oldest Citizen, when such data will come in handy.

THE EVENING HOUR.

Sweet time of peace, when the swallows fly To home and rest 'neath the quiet eaves; When crimson bars are across the sky, And shadows lengthen behind the sheaves.

When willows dip in a golden pool, And the dark-masked elms are soft and blurred; When sun-arched meadows grow damp and cool, And distant cries of the night are heard.

Then darkness broods in the dusky lanes Where the pale-winged moths flit to and fro; While over the western hill remains The tender light of the after-glow.

Shine, Evening Star! for the hour is thine, Shy rival thou to the setting sun; First-born of Night with thy charm divine, Shed out thy light, for the day is done.

Steal forth from thy poppy-fields, O Sleep! The earth grows weary and faint would rest; Touch her tired eyes with thy lips, and keep Her head soft-pillowed upon thy breast.

Come, gentle Night, o'er the misty world! With silver garments thyself adorn; And bring, safe hid in thy mantle's fold, The golden key to the gates of Morn.

—Annie L. Knowles, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PREPARING

To Make a Fine Showing at Inspection.

Summit City company, U. R. K. of P., is drilling every night in preparation for the inspection soon to take place. The company has recently elected these officers: Captain, H. V. Egbert; first lieutenant, A. E. Liric; second lieutenant, O. B. Miller; recorder, C. G. Benedict; treasurer, J. A. Brown; guard, E. B. Hunsberger; sentinel, H. A. Hostfield.

WON FROM THE FLAMES

BY T. S. BREEN.

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Great forest fires had been numerous that spring in the mountainous districts of northern Arizona. There had been two dry years in succession, leaving the country a veritable tinder box.

The government officers and line-riders were kept on a constant move to save the country from conflagration. The country was sparsely settled. Here and there, miles apart, where a small sheep or spring furnished them water, a settler would sometimes be found, deep in the woods.

It was late in the spring when the biggest fire of a decade broke out, and at a time when the wind was blowing a terrific gale. It marked as high as 60 miles an hour, falling at sunset, seemingly to rest for the coming day when it would break out again with renewed force.

A small camp fire left unattended started the sea of flame on its journey of destruction. A heavy wind was behind it, driving it due north toward the highest peaks of the mountains. The government rider in charge of the district fought it for two days with what help he could get from the ranchers, but on the third day it broke away from him.

Smoke covered the whole country for miles around; valleys were filled with it, and great black clouds hung over and hid the mountain peaks. As far as the eye could reach there was a leaping, twisting, roaring sea of flame. As the night wore on, the smoke settled more closely to the ground and shut out the moonlight.

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Along toward morning, Charlie Lewis, one of the regular range riders of the district, came up to the officer in charge of the reserve, with an anxious look on his begrimed and sweaty face.

"Captain," if I ain't mistaken, there's a ranch over there in that draw about a mile to the left. I hadn't thought of it before, but old man Williams lives there. He moved back there about a month ago with his daughter. I think something oughter be done to see if he ain't got out of there before the fire runs onto him."

"Good God, man, no one could get through this living hell for a mile and come out alive. Unless," he added, half to himself, "unless there happened to be a break in the fire

line somewhere that split it around a canyon." "Well, I'll tell you, cap, if you'll jest let me try I may be able to do something fer 'em. I ain't worth a dam, nohow, and it won't hurt much if I don't make it. I know most of the country like a faro layout, so does my bronc. If I don't get through, cap—why, it'll be the right kind of a start fer me in the next world, ennyhow," he said, with a little deprecating laugh.

The cap, as he called him, grasped him by the hand, mumbled something under his breath that sounded like "d-d fool," wiped something out of his eyes, and said:

"Well, go ahead if you are bound to." In a short time Charlie had secured his little sure-footed beast, and soaking his clothes with what water could be spared from the drinking water in the canteens he was ready for the journey. As he spurred his horse down into the fire, the men gave him a cheer. He waved his big hat at them and was gone amidst the smoke and falling logs. Trees and undergrowth were not thick and there were patches left here and there unburned owing to the ledges of rock and huge piles of boulders.

He dug his spurs into the little beast and down they went, into gulches, up over steep rocks, with Charlie laying close to his horse's neck—running, stumbling, all but falling at times in the treacherous lights and shadows of the blazing wood.

Once a great pine came crashing down a few feet in front of his horse and both were covered with burning sparks. With a scream of pain the little horse jerked himself up again and passed in safety. By strange good luck, or by instinct of the horse, he struck a trail that led him into a draw. Here he dug his spurs viciously into the horse's sides and forced him to the top of his speed. Straight to the cabin he went, where he half fell from his horse, burst in the door, yelling as he did so to arouse the sleeping occupants.

Williams and his daughter had gone to bed, thinking themselves safe from the fire owing to the wind driving it to the north and east away from their home. Half asleep Williams aroused his daughter, and while she hastily dressed he broke into the corral and secured horses. It was but the work of a moment before they were on the return trip, Charlie leading the horse with the girl, followed by the old man. Down the road they went as fast as the horses would carry them through the smoke. Charlie had thoughtfully wrapped the girl in a blanket before the start.

The flames swept so close to the ground that it was impossible to follow the road. Williams was lost from the two ahead a short time after leaving the cabin. Lewis turned and yelled, but his voice was drowned in the roar. To hesitate meant death. The horse behind stumbled and fell. In a moment Lewis was down beside the girl and raised her in a half unconscious condition onto the saddle with him and continued his heroic ride.

Almost hopelessly he spurred his staggering horse on; it seemed hours to him. Then wrapping the blanket tightly around the girl, for one more desperate effort, he jabbed the cruel spurs into both sides of his lagging bronco and plunged up a steep hillside and through the roaring flames. He was nearly swept from his horse by burning brands and partially blinded as they struck him across the face. As he reached the brow of the hill his horse stumbled and fell. In a second he was on his feet, and with the girl in his arms started again for the outer edge of the fire.

At last hope gone, blinded, weak from his gallant fight, scarred in a hundred places, his face and hands burned almost to a crisp, he fell exhausted with his burden. He had reached the limit of human endurance. He had hardly fallen when he heard a familiar voice near at hand yelling to his men:

"Cut away that log, men! Heave it into the canyon below." "Help, cap, help, quick," he managed to scream, and in less time than the telling takes Lewis and the girl were whisked from the sea of flames with willing hands. In a short time the girl recovered sufficient to tell the story of the wild ride, but Lewis remained unconscious for days.

Except for the effects of the smoke, Mabel Williams suffered no ill effects from the ride. Charlie's forethought in wrapping her in the blanket had saved her from burns.

The man seemed remarkably well content with his nurse during the time his burns were healing. One day he said to her:

"I think I'd ought to have to pay for that horse and saddle, Mabel—mighty good horse and double cinch saddle, too."

"I don't think you should have more than you can carry, Charlie—on a warm day, anyhow."

"Buck, May, that's my sore arm that I got foolin' round in the fire; you'll have to hug me on the other side."

And pay for that horse and saddle is a standing joke between them yet.