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TUESDAY, MARCH 4, 1902.

NOT ZION'S HILL.

In our issue of yesterday we printed the speech of David B. Hill given at the meeting of the Manhattan club in New York, on Washington's birthday. This speech, suitably prepared for publication, surrounded by Hill's picture, which was flanked by those of four other men all of whom worked and voted for the Republican ticket in 1896, and three quarters of whom did the like in 1900, was sent to us by a syndicate in New York, presumably for the honor and glory of Mr. Hill, for which reason it was not printed by us, but to give our readers a chance to know just what he did say on the occasion referred to, so that they may compare it with something else that was said there, and with some of the truths of his history.

It is a pity—almost, that in the midst of the harmony which the Manhattan meeting was gotten up to promote, and which the provender—solid and liquid—that a New York swell club dinner is calculated to provoke, there should have been a rift in the lute, a jarring note in the music, a fly in the ointment of Mr. Hill, apothecary. But there was. A man from the Pacific slope—a lawyer of great repute at home, and of courage and eloquence even in the Manhattan club, was there. How he came there—viewed after the event, is passing strange. He must have found himself much in the plight of the man at the feast without a wedding garment, as narrated in the Scripture. But he was there, as we have said, and his name it was Wood,—Wood of Portland, Oregon. We are careful to mention his name, because we observe that no syndicate is sending his speech out into the provinces, much less his picture with four renegade flankers around it.

Mr. Wood began his deliverance by dealing out some truth in solid chunks. He said: "We talk of uniting the elements of the party. What is a party? What is the Democratic party? If it is anything it must be a gathering around a principle, around a great idea. But what are we talking of? Gathering the elements; getting together the parts of the party. What are the parts and what are the elements? The party cannot have more than one element, nor more than one part, if it is Democratic. The plain truth we should face; and we should honestly tell ourselves that what we are trying to do is to get into or hold inside the Democratic party a lot of people who are not Democrats and who should not be in the party. The best way for us to start in to 'get together' is to put out these men who don't belong here. Then, when those who remain are of one mind, they can preach their Democratic faith and make recruits."

Having thus cleared the ground by outlawing Mr. Hill from the candidacy which the meeting was called to boom, Mr. Wood went on to distribute some political food that must have given chills and fever to his caponized hearers. He said:

"It has been said that tariff reform is a good issue for the party. But is it? Suppose some of the Democrats in the North and West want free trade in sugar, what will the Louisiana Senators and Congressmen do about it? Will they submit? I don't think so. And so you may go through the list of the tariff schedules. Then we are told that regulation of the trusts is a good Democratic issue. Is it? Regulate them how? By law. But have we ever regulated the railroads by law, or the Standard Oil company by law? Let me say that we never, never can regulate anything by law that has its roots deep down in exorbitant social conditions. Those things are too strong to be regulated by law. The truth is that these are not the real Democratic issues and cannot be. They are but changing phases of the ever present issue for Democracy. That issue is 'privilege.' Look at the great fortunes of today. Are they made by ability? The great mass of men have difficulty to keep body and soul together, and some other men have unthinkable fortunes. Can we say that the mental powers of the few are as superior to those of the many as the riches of those few are in contrast with the poverty of

the many? I don't believe it. It is not natural. I don't want to say anything against riches. What I want to say is that the masses of the people are not getting their rights. And it is the Democratic party's business to get them their rights—to make war upon privilege, which is depriving them of their rights."

Here, with a blow of his sledge-hammer, Lawyer Wood shivered and shattered the house of political cunning, tergiversation, fraud and false pretense, which David B. Hill had so laboriously planned and built. And he did not end here. Having thus unmasked the hollow sham of a man staking up and down the country, prating parrot-wise "I am a Democrat," and all the while showing by his votes, his conduct and his influence that he was an utter stranger to what the word Democrat in any true sense means, and preaching of tariff reform, when too his votes and influence had all been used to perpetuate and in-trench the worst tariff abuses fathered by the Republican party,—having, we say, thus pulled off the Manhattan garb in which David B. Hill had a moment before been masquerading, the same Mr. Wood went on to show that the people of the West,—people not within the Manhattan "sphere of influence," are desirous of being heard before the momentous issue of 1904 is made up, and that they are not ready to swallow the dose which the quack of Wolfert's Roost has prepared for them. And so he remarked further:

"Perhaps this is not the view of Democracy here. But I want to say that I have been called to speak for the West coast; and my say is that the pressing, palpitating thought among the great mass of men there is that somewhere, somehow, there is a great wrong that cruses some men to have a superabundance and other men not enough to live good lives, though they work with all their might. And I want to say that this thought is going down to the foundations. It is going down to the roots. Men are asking themselves why it is that some few human beings are accorded the right to keep all others from the use of the land, why it is that persons who call themselves owners are permitted to lay claim and sweep idle great stretches of country while other men are forced to compete with each other for a living? It is not right. Anybody who thinks about it can see that it is not right, and I want to say to this meeting of Democrats that the real principle of Democracy has sounded or later got to take up that question and settle it on the principle of equal rights, notwithstanding titles and parchment."

Mr. Hill stands for the very reverse of all that is here so truly set forth, and as the resolute and interested enemy of every reform here so eloquently advocated. No wonder the syndicates are not sending out bullet-plates of Lawyer Wood's speech into the highways and hedges, for consumption among the barbarians. And that this should be done with the sermon of Mr. Hill, reformer, is passing strange upon any other hypothesis except that the people have forgotten him and what he is.

He was a member of the Senate at a time when his party was in absolute control of all branches of the government, and when that party had been commissioned by the people, in a most emphatic and solemn manner, to right the abominable wrong embodied in the McKinley Act, and to redress other popular grievances for which the Republicans were responsible. He was a leader in his party, and was admitted on all hands to be able and influential in its councils. The Wilson bill, when it left the House, while not the ideal measure which reformers hoped for and had a right to expect, nevertheless contained a large measure of relief to the masses from the exactions of privilege. It included a tax on large incomes. Mr. Hill vehemently opposed this. And when the Senate, dominated by a little coterie of so-called Democrats, but really attorneys for and beneficiaries of the most flagrant abuses of which the McKinley Act was guilty, got through with the Wilson bill it had wrought no material change in its worst enormities, except to switch its benefits from the trusts owned by Republicans to others owned by themselves or their clients. Not only was the sugar trust abundantly taken care of by these reformers, but with an assurance that amounted to blasphemy they retained for "the protection of industry" a burdensome tax on commodities upon which no labor except that of God Almighty had been expended, to wit: coal, iron ore and the like.

In 1896 these people, to a man, were vociferous supporters of the Republican ticket and platform, as they were again in 1900,—pledged as they knew both to be to the most unconscionable exactions of a high protective policy.—Hill, Whitney, Brier, Gorman, Carlisle and the whole lot. Then and now,—he and they, are and have been, and may be counted on always to be, the consistent of privilege. Privilege created them, and they remember their creator in the days of their youth and middle age and old age. And when Mr. Hill puts himself forward as the apostle of reform of any kind, and much more of tariff reform, he deserves to



Rev. Marguerite St. Orner Briggs, 35 Mount Calm Street, Detroit, Michigan, Lecturer for the W. C. T. U., recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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The Democrat's Daily Puzzle Picture



"GIVE ME A MATCH, NEIGHBOR." FIND HIM.

we are not, and we think it the part of honesty to say so. Manhattan spreads won't carry elections, and the people have only to remember not very remote history to condemn the candidacy of a man who in the past has been trusted only to betray them. We know the "syndicates" have been very busy in the past ten days, circulating Mr. Hill's speech, and that they have suppressed that of Mr. Wood,—in regard to which they are as whitewashed as a lot of delegates to an underground convention. We know too that the Republican newspapers have been, for the same time, chanting his praises, and that these "gift-bearing Greeks" have been all the while inflating his boom,—which suggests the military maxim of "find out what your enemy wants you to do, and with all your might don't you do it." We know also that David B. Hill is a most acute politician; in fact he must be one of the men "John P. Robinson, he," had in mind when he said: "Gin'ral C's a dretful smart man," etc. But with all the advertising the syndicates can give him; with all the puffing the Cleveland Leader and its fellows may furnish; with all his native shrewdness and acquired chicanery; with all his experience in what the late James Fisk Junior used to call "presencing things out of somebody else,"—with all these, and in latter-day politics they are often winning points, yet one thing Mr. Hill, thou lookest, viz. the confidence of the people, and you will lack their votes.

GET MAD

When Friends Tell the Truth.

Many people become coffee tapers because they realize it, and would be angry if this described even by a close friend. It will pay anyone to examine carefully into whether or not coffee has gained the mastery over them. A coffee taper may suspect that his or her ailment comes from coffee drinking, but they will invariably charge the disease to some other cause, for right down in the heart they realize that it would be practically impossible to give up coffee, so they hope against hope that it does not hurt them, but it goes on with its work just the same and the result is complete collapse and nervous prostration, lasting sometimes for years, unless the poison that causes the disease is discontinued. There are hundreds of thousands of illustrations of the truth of this statement.

Any person addicted to coffee can make the change from common coffee to Postum Food Coffee without trouble provided the Postum is properly prepared so as to bring out the color, flavor and food value. It has a rich brown color and changes to the golden brown when good cream is added. The change will work wonders in any one whose nervous system or stomach has been unbalanced or disturbed by coffee.

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If the alternative is the continuance of the Republican party in power, so be it. Defeat on an honest issue is to be preferred every day in the year to success won only by buncing the people. That's what we say. The threats of political enemies to prevent the return of Speaker Hanger-son to Congress have called for a second letter from him on the tariff question. To J. W. Adams, a constituent at Waverly, he writes: "It is Babcockism that is disturbing our people, or rather back of that, the trusts, the aim being to strike at the steel trust and the glass trust, but there is no need of a general revision of the tariff law.

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The aim is to hit the trusts. In this aim I thoroughly sympathize, but if the steel trust is selling abroad and beating foreign competitors, how are we going to kill the trust by reducing the tariff or putting steel on the free list? The Speaker has spoken. If the Iowa constituents are not convinced with this kind of logic, they are not fit to continue voting the Republican ticket. And the letter such as the foregoing will put Babcockism out of business if anything will.

At a meeting of the Railroad Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature Saturday, it was decided to recommend appropriation of \$5,000,000 to aid the railroads in doing away with grade crossings. A like amount was appropriated several years ago. As the law forbidding grade crossings now stands, the railroads pay 65 per cent. of the cost of changing the crossings, the municipalities 10 per cent. and the State the remainder. The law will be amended to oblige street railways using grade crossings to pay their share of the tax. The example of doing away with grade crossings is one that might be emulated to advantage by the Ohio Legislature.

Capt. Hill, the Representative from the Des Moines (Ia.) Congressional district, publicly pledges himself to retire absolutely from politics if his constituents will give to him one more term. As the Congressman is at the head of a syndicate which is exploiting one of the chief resources of the Philippine Islands, his desire not to be retired at this time may not be wholly disinterested.

Senator Mason, of Illinois, refers to the Governor of his state as a "governmentette." Governor Yates might get back by calling the Senator an organette.

NO REBATE.

Grant St. Citizens Will Pay Full Price For Improvements.

It now turns out that property owners on Grant st. will not have a rebate attached to the improvement of their street. They had Councilman Piske report to Council that they believed \$1,500 had been transferred from their street fund several years ago, when the street was graded, and that it had never been returned. The matter was looked up, and Engineer Payne reported Monday evening at Council meeting that he could find no record of a transfer, but had discovered that after the improvements had been commenced an additional levy of 46 cents per foot front had been made. "This would indicate," he said, "that there was no balance in the fund, when it became necessary to make an additional levy to take care of the expense."

RIPANS

"Two years ago I had the Grippe," said the wife of a Long Island farmer, "and since then I have never been real smart. Nothing that I ate seemed to set well on my stomach. I have never been much of a hand for doctoring, but I tried different kinds of herb teas, but they didn't seem to do much good. One day a lady asked me if I would try

Ripans Tabules

Richard he took some too. Whatever they are made of I don't know, but we have not felt so well in years. We work all day now and eat our three regular meals, and all kind of victuals seem to agree with us. Don't hesitate about taking them. They won't hurt you." There is scarcely any condition of ill-health that is not benefited by the occasional use of a R.I.P.A.N.S. Tabule, and the price is for a penny, does not hurt them from any home or justify any one in enduring ill-health that are easily cured. For sale by druggists.

Wise and Otherwise

Not much doing in the marriage license business. A true sign of a real winter—four feet of mud on the country roads, and the frost not nearly out of the ground. The man who placed March in the calendar of Spring months, put a different interpretation upon "Spring" than that usually accepted. People who are already figuring where they can borrow a spade, should reflect upon the gentle downfall of the beautiful April 20, "last past."

It is plain that the hens did not go into a trust. Just at the time when the prices were gracefully mounting higher, the stupid fowls began laying again. About that lion and lamb controversy—it seems that the weather is deciding the matter for itself, so humanity may as well save its breath to blow cold fingers.

The newest conceit in ladies' handkerchiefs is a square of white cambric, with a border of tiny roses, in the most delicate of pink, embroidered just inside the hem. If the weather continues cold, and eggs go up again, chicken stew will cease to be the solace of lunch-counter devotees. With eggs high, chicken will be beyond the reach of the ordinary gourmand.

Then, it would seem that Mayor Doyle is not given to the use of such expressions as "Gad-zooks," "sblood," "Hark ye," and that tears do not course down his cheeks every time he hears a tramp poet recite.

The March lion may bristle up his mane and growl as fiercely as he will, the crocuses peeping out from beneath the snow and the spring bats in the milliners' windows tell us that all this is simply bluster to keep up appearances and spring is coming speedily and sure.

Two local funny fellows decided to put on a "Gaston-Alphonse" caper at their boarding house Monday morning, at a time when the atmosphere was anything else but balmy. Their antics were neither understood nor appreciated by a certain grumpy bachelor who came near killing both the joke and the jokers.

The young men approached the front door and opened it wide. Great waves of freshness rolled into the room, and toyed cunningly with the whiskers of the bachelor, and sent a series of chills swiftly down his spine. Nothing was said until this dialogue began:

"Pray, my dear Alphonse, you enter." "No, my dear Gaston, you first." "Not until you have gone in, my dear Alphonse." "I insist, my—"

But here an explosion interrupted. "What are you ding blasted idiots doing? Can't you see, you yaps, that we are all freezing in here?" Then there was business all around.

Paul Kester, the playwright and writer, spent his boyhood in Cleveland, where he used to be a law student, when he was not scribbling verse and plays. Maybe he referred to Cleveland in the following stanzas which he recently wrote for McClure's magazine:

I want to go home To the dull old town With the shaded streets And the open square And the hill And the flats And the house I love And the paths I know— I want to go home. If I can't go back To the happy days, Yet I can live Where their shadows lie, Under the trees And over the grass— I want to be there Where the joy was once. Oh, I want to go home, I want to go home.

It costs some women a blame sight more to fix themselves up for a party than for a life beyond the grave.—Mount Union (O.) Register.

An amateur farmers' club was recently organized here, composed exclusively of young men who are sowing wild oats.—Waycross (Ga.) News.

Old man Plunket got mad and fired his hired girl last week for sassing his wife and scolding his coon dog.—Broad Hippie (Ind.) Correspondence.

A young woman recently applied at the local insurance office for a job as

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solicitor. When asked what her qualifications were she smiled and touched her cheek. She was engaged on the spot.—Tipton (Ia.) Republican.

A man in this town claims to possess three hearts, and is crowing a great deal because thereof. Most men can bluff successfully with four hearts, but it is ridiculous to raise a rumpus over three.—Lodi (Wis) News.

Can't Keep It Secret. The splendid work of Dr. King's New Life Pills is daily coming to light. No such grand remedy for liver and bowel troubles was ever known before. Thousands bleed them for curing constipation, sick headache, biliousness, jaundice and indigestion. Try them. At C. B. Harper & Co.'s drug store.