

THE DEMOCRAT

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EASTERN OFFICE, 250 Nassau street, New York City. R. J. SHANNON, Manager.

TUESDAY, NOV. 18th, 1902.

WILL THEY FLY THE TRACK?

The papers yesterday were vehemently denying the reports of those of the day before to the effect that the mine owners contemplate a refusal to abide by the decision of the arbitrators, in case it shall involve any recognition of the union.

The searching cross-examination which Mr. Mitchell has been undergoing for some days past, at the hands of the operators' lawyers, seems to indicate an extreme bitterness of spirit, and some purpose not apparent when applied simply to a redress of the alleged grievances of the miners.

The most significant intimation, however, in the direction of the reported disposition on the part of the mine owners not to accept honorably the award of a tribunal to which they have ostensibly submitted the matters of differences between themselves and their employees, and to take a possible advantage of a technicality, is found in a leading editorial of the New York Sun in its issue of Sunday.

The Sun is not only the thick-and-thin defender of trusts, but all through the weary coal strike it insisted that the operators were quite right in refusing to enter into any treaty whatever with the miners; that they had nothing to arbitrate, that the only constitutional function the President had to perform in the matter was to comply with the demand of Mr. Baer by calling out the federal troops, and that the simple duty of the latter was to shoot down disorderly strikers, like so many wolves. The editorial in question deals with Mr. Roosevelt very slightly, to say the least, and there is in it, apparently, a studied purpose to belittle and disparage his efforts to compose the unhappy differences between the mine-owners and their workmen; in fact it is an ill-concealed sneer at the President's good offices in the matter, when it compares these with the work of a "game warden."

In the article referred to the Sun used this very suggestive language: "The plain truth is that the Anthracite Strike Commission has no legal status at all. Theodore Roosevelt, as President of the United States, had no authority to appoint it. In making the appointments he acted as an individual and not as President. These appointments might just as well have been made, so far as official character is concerned, by a person holding the office of Coroner or game warden. Nor do the members of the Commission act officially in passing upon the matters submitted for their determination. They have no power to enforce the attendance of witnesses, or to examine witnesses under oath, and their decision, whatever it may be, must depend upon the acquiescence of the parties for its enforcement. When that decision is rendered, either party is entirely at liberty, so far as the law is concerned, to disregard it. Neither the President nor any other officer of the nation or of any State can compel obedience to the determination of the Commission. The whole scheme, in origin, administration and effect, is outside the law; and the United Mine Workers of America, as well as the coal operators, are at liberty to ignore any recommendation or so-called judgment of the Commissioners, if they see fit so to do.

There are many people who doubt the propriety of such action as Mr. Roosevelt has taken in this matter because they feel that the influence of the Presidential office ought not to be exercised in proposing or promoting a method of adjusting a great public controversy by a proceeding which cannot result in an adjustment capable of being legally enforced. And then, as if getting ready to

hedge in advance by throwing the burden of probably repudiating the arbitration agreement upon the miners themselves the Sun concludes thus: "No one can read the statement of Mr. Mitchell and his testimony before the Commission without being convinced that the labor organization which he represents will feel itself at perfect liberty to treat the decision of the Commission with scorn and contempt, if that decision is not satisfactory to the United Mine Workers of America."

These utterances of a sheet which is the avowed exponent of the operators, taken in connection with its assertion that the attorneys for the coal trust are to cross-examine him for all of this week, together with the drift of the cross-questioning, lead us to suspect that the President's scheme of a peaceful settlement of the strike may not be completely successful.

From this on the proceedings of the Arbitration Commission will be watched with extreme solicitude.

THE BANKER'S UNION.

The recent convention of moneyed men held at New Orleans has been, not inaptly, referred to as the "banker's union."

The bankers there gathered would, no doubt, hotly resent any kinship with unionism in the current sense of the term, for which we shall not now quarrel with them.

But we do desire to call attention to the gross inconsistency between their utterances in this convention and the doctrines which they have for the past ten years been preaching to the people of the United States as embodying the sum total of financial wisdom and national morality.

The burden of their well-fed cry was the need of an anchor to cast to windward in the shape of more money when the pinch of hard times shall revisit us, as they seem to think it will, sooner or later.

The suggested devices to this end take the various euphemistic names of "emergency currency," "asset currency," "elastic currency," and so on, for quantity.

But underneath them all lies the proposition that the government is to furnish this currency of many names, and that it is going to furnish it to the banks, and not to the people. The banks, in the hour of need, may have the resources of the government paper mills to the limit of their wants. But the public, if they share in the issue, must pay the banks their price for the privilege.

And these schemes are put forward by the men who six or seven years ago were shouting that "the government must go out of the banking business." The difference between that cry and the one heard from New Orleans is that the former was directed against the government furnishing its currency favors directly to its citizens, and thus dispensing with the costly but useless services of middle-men in the shape of banks. Yes, when the people are being served by the government being in the banking business, it must straightway "go out" of it: When the banks need help financially, the government must embark in the very business thus formerly put under the banker's ban.

The next inconsistency found in the deliberations of this convention is that the mooted project of "asset currency" is no different in principle from the sub-treasury scheme of the western Populists of a dozen years ago, and which these selfsame bankers at the time laughed to scorn.

It is hard to see wherein the "assets" which the Nebraska farmer offered, in the shape of warehoused corn and grain, are any less valuable or convertible than the stuff that Wall street would dump into the treasury in return for eripet new bills, if the doors were once opened for the process.

Another inconsistency is seen in the use of the terms "emergency currency,"—meaning thereby a currency to be furnished by the government whenever the need of more money shall be felt.

This is neither more nor less than the "greenback" doctrine of a still earlier date, but shorn of its merit of being exploited for the benefit of the people, impartially, instead of being farmed out by the banks at their own will and their own price. No one had a loftier contempt for the greenback or than the banker. But now the latter

adopts the principle of the former, so long as he can monopolize its benefits and make the people, who furnish its advantages, pay him for the use of their own.

An inspection of the doings of this convention will reveal the fact also that by an "elastic currency" is meant an elasticity which shall help those who need it the least, and be denied to those who need it most. The currency is to be "elastic" to the touch of the creditor, but very rigid at the approach of the debtor. And the government is in this case, as in the others, to furnish the "elasticity" to the banks, at the expense of their customers, who pay the taxes, for the most part, which keep the government running.

No alleged financial heresy that was denounced by these bankers in 1896, with much untruth and all manner of uncharitable speech, but has been in effect advocated by some of them at their late meeting. The only difference is that they denounce so-called vicious doctrines when their advantages are likely to accrue to the people at large; they advocate them only so far as they can win a monopoly of those advantages.

Hypocrisy is bad enough. But hypocrisy plus selfishness, is perhaps the worst compound by which public morals can be poisoned. And it is not the more respectable when concocted by those who claim to be "upholders of the nation's honor," and the conservators of the financial integrity of the people.

A GOOD START.

A decision of the City Council to hold meetings once a week until the machinery of the new code is put into operation is a good one, and the further provision that nothing outside of

code matters be taken up at such extra meetings is a commendable feature of it. In this way, the extra work of restricting the city, fixing salaries of the various officials and making other necessary changes will not in any way conflict with the regular business of Council. There seemed to be no friction Monday night over the appointment of committees to take charge of special departments of the work, and this augurs well for a speedy and successful outcome of the undertaking. Only one feeble attempt was made to turn the matter into a partisan measure, but it was promptly turned down. The work is to be done for the city, not for the benefit of a political party, and if this is constantly kept in mind, the public will undoubtedly be better satisfied in the end and a great deal of needless friction will be avoided.

Akron people will know within a few days how much it will cost them to pay their city officials under the new code. Council having appointed a committee to fix the salaries. The committee should do its work in a way that will give Akron's taxpayers something for which to be thankful.

The one lone Republican Congressman from Missouri, the one Democratic Congressman from Iowa, and the Democratic Governor of Rhode Island, ought to form a reunion association.

If President Roosevelt finds no bears in the South, he ought to find other game there. He might, for instance, join with General Dick in reforming Southern suffrage abuses.

Six Republican Congressmen want the Speakership. Mr. Hanna may be obliged to call upon his reserves to maintain order in the House.

Some Recollections of a Public Servant

Yes, politicians come and go, political methods change as time passes, but the instinct of the ward heeler for boodle always remains substantially the same.

In the days when I was on earth, politically—and it's not so very long ago, either—the compactly organized machine of the present was unknown, but strikers for money infested the community, just as they do now. Personally I never was thrown much in contact with them; and this, I imagine, was partly due to an infirmity of mine of giving such people when they approached me, what Jeffries used to call "a lick with the rough side of his tongue," and in part to a lack of knowing just how to make use of their devious ways of work—neither of these incapacities being very creditable to my tactfulness as a politician.

I recall an instance in which what may be called practical sarcasm drove one of these gentry from his prey. In 1887 I was a candidate for reelection. On the morning of election day a ward patriot called upon me, and after shutting the door to my private office, informed me in that mysterious whisper indicative of his craft that he should "have to have a dollar." When I inquired what he wanted the dollar for, he replied with becoming gravity, that he wanted it to buy lead-pencils to scratch Democratic votes in my favor in South Akron. Opening my desk I handed out to him a dozen of Dixon's hardest pencils and said: "Now use those all up in scratching votes for me, and when they are worn out, come back and get some more."

Giving me a look of reproach my friend darkened my door for the last time,—leaving the pencils behind. I had lost a friend, but—all things considered, it was not a bad riddance.

I remember an instance also, in which I found myself unwittingly acting as sexton at my own funeral.

It was just before the election of 1884, and I was a candidate then too. One chilly night I was aroused from my sleep by the ringing of the door-bell. Upon getting up I found a messenger who said I was wanted at the Court House to naturalize a lot of foreigners. There were no street-cars in those days, and the long walk from West Hill to the Probate office was relieved by thoughts of the increased majority I was likely to "roll up" by the votes of the foreigners aforesaid. When the Court House was reached, I found assembled there some 14 or 16 coal miners, under the chaperonage of a fellow black-diamond manipulator, and for all of whom he was the sole witness. He must have been,—or rather is, for I saw him the other day—a most ubiquitous individual, for when he came to swear for these 14 or 16 embryonic citizens, it appeared that, although they had come to this country in diverse years, hailed from various Welsh towns and bore names strongly flavored with the wealth of consonants and parsimony of vowels characteristic of the Cymric tongue, he nevertheless knew the age and birthplace of each, and when they all landed on our shores. In fact, he must have stood at the gang-plank of

The Thrifty Ward Heeler The All-Knowing Witness The Garrulous Veteran.

the dozen or more different ships that bore these candidates for the blessings of American citizenship and Yankee politics, when each touched our sod.

Well, when the affidavits were all sworn to by this single affiant, and the certificates showing the respective holders to be entitled to exercise the God-given (?) rights of free men had all been "signed, sealed and delivered," as the deeds say, I was informed by the husky chaplain referred to that I was not to expect the legal fee of a dollar and a half each, because, as he said, that while all were normally Democrats, and would vote the Democratic ticket ordinarily, yet at the then impending election they had engaged to be true blue Republicans. So that I ought to yield up the twenty or twenty-five dollars to which I was lawfully entitled, for the good of the cause, and especially as I was myself on the ticket that year. A little cross-examining brought out the fact that the chaplain was in the employ of a fellow candidate with me on the ticket, at whose instance he had been down to the coal miners and "gathered them in," and that he had in his pocket at the time a carefully prepared ballot for each of them to cast on election day. "Let me see 'em, Pete," said I. He pulled from his pocket a sealed package which he said contained the tickets in question. I opened it, and what do you think? Each ballot was straight Democratic, from top to bottom except the name of the Democratic candidate who was running against my fellow-Republican, which was duly scratched and that of the aforesaid "fellow" inserted. This was before the days of the Australian system of voting. Not a ticket was scratched in my favor, and each of these men whom I had just created voters was thus armed and equipped by my fellow-Republican candidate to vote against me and for my Democratic adversary. In short I had gotten out of a warm bed on a cold night, walked a mile and a half, with the certainty of walking back again, worked near two hours, given up over twenty dollars to which I was entitled, and as a net result had been preparing some 14 or 16 clubs to break my own head with. To say I was angry would be putting it quite too mild. I was mad, all through; and not for the same reason that Paul the Apostle was charged with by Festus, either. What did I do? Well, I edited, revised and censored all of those tickets. And when the revision was done, you may be certain that as to me at least, the edition was quite innocuous. After the returns came in I carefully analyzed the vote of the townships from which these men hailed, and satisfied myself that they had not disobeyed my parting injunction not to allow their tickets to be "tampered with," upon pain of disfranchisement.

I used sometimes to lose friends from sheer want of time to keep them. I recollect one such case in particular. The "party of the other part" was an estimable but garrulous old gentleman, a veteran of the Civil war, and as he has long been "camped on the other side," I can tell the story without giving offense to any one. In those days

MARY BROWN, No. 128 Portage street wins And thereby gains the \$20.00 Suit. Her name and number the 1st lucky one to be drawn. CHAS. CHAPMAN, No. 314 5th ave., 2nd Prize. A \$10.00 Ladies' or Men's Suit. CELIA RITZER, No. 111 Steese st., 3rd Prize. A \$5.00 Ladies' Suit or Waist. AND THE NEW CREDIT STORE PAYS THE FREIGHT. The DRAWING took place at our place of business, 118-120 South Main Street, last Saturday evening, at 7.30 p.m. P. H. SCANLON, employe of the Taplin, Rice Co. M. WALSH, employe of the American Hard Rubber Co. and FOREST FAUST, employe of the Werner Printing Co. WERE THE JUDGES.

As was previously announced, the FIFTH NAME and NUMBER drawn would receive FIRST prize. The TENTH, the SECOND PRIZE. The TWENTY-FIFTH the THIRD Prize. The drawing was as follows: First Drawn182 Second Drawn 783 Third Drawn3020 Fourth Drawn1712 FIFTH DRAWN3200 Sixth Drawn 706 Seventh Drawn1610 Eighth Drawn1012 Ninth Drawn1054 TENTH DRAWN 153 Eleventh Drawn1720 Twelfth Drawn 297 Thirteenth Drawn 750 Fourteenth Drawn 245 Fifteenth Drawn 296 Sixteenth Drawn1788 Seventeenth Drawn3220 Eighteenth Drawn 515 Nineteenth Drawn1787 Twentieth Drawn3210 Twenty-first Drawn1757 Twenty-second Drawn 688 Twenty-third Drawn 249 Twenty-fourth Drawn 248 TWENTY-FIFTH DRAWN3215

ALL TICKETS we have given away in the drawing ARE WORTH \$1.00 in our store till after Jan. 1st.

Galvin McQuillan Co., Up Stairs THE STORE THAT TRUSTS THE PEOPLE. 118-120 S. Main st

type-writing in public offices was scarcely in vogue, and I always kept the journal of my court in my own hand. The early morning was devoted to this work, and each day I first wrote up the journal of the day before. As this was the official record of title to large amounts of real estate, and of valuable personal and property rights, and was thus being put in enduring form, it was essential that I should not be disturbed or distracted while preparing it. But my loquacious friend was wont to seize this very hour of needed quiet to recount his many exploits by flood and field. He had told them so often that, if not strictly true in fact, he had come to believe them so. To listen to them appreciatively 50 or 60 times was something I could do well enough, but when these limits were far passed, the stories became monotonous. He surely was the original of Goldsmith:

"The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay, Sat by his fire and talked the night away; Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done, Shouldered his crutch, and shewed how fields were won."

One morning I came over to the Court House early, for the journal work was several days in arrears. I had just got well settled to the task of recording: "This day came the several parties hereto" and so forth, when the door opened and in came the battle-scarred veteran. I saw by his looks that trouble was ahead and that he was about to unburden his soul of some of his often-fought campaigns. He rested himself in a chair right in front of me, and looked me in the eye, with the air of a down-east skipper when he squares away his ship for a month's job of doubling Cape Horn.

It was the latter part of November, and he preliminarily cleared his throat a few times and then began "the old, old story" thus: "Well, Jim, it's just twenty years ago this mornin' that old Hood was after us,—referring to the chasing which that general gave Thomas's army down the pike into Nashville in the fall of '64. He got no

"IMPOSSIBLE" for you to enjoy to hundreds of others as to the happiness of motherhood," says the doctor. Sometimes he qualifies the statement, and says: "Impossible without an operation." Yet both these "impossibles" have been made possible by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Many times the hindrances to motherhood are to be found in womanly diseases or weaknesses, which are perfectly and permanently cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This great medicine for women cures irregularity and dries debilitating drains. It heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"I wish to add my testimony to the value of Dr. Pierce's medicine," writes Mrs. Ida M. De Rod, of Laitima, Hubbard Co., Minn. "I have doctors with a great many physicians—some specialists; have twice been in a hospital for treatment. My case has been regarded as a hopeless one, and they knew not what the trouble was. I lost my hair; stomach all out of order; tired out; severe pains in all parts of the body; sinking spells, and nearly every ailment a woman could have. I took many a bottle of 'patent' medicines without effect. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and ten months afterward I was able to do my usual work. My hair has grown again, and I feel as well as ever. I am now a mother of a fine child. Both the baby and myself were strong, and I got along splendidly.—Thanks to your medicine."

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further. Its very first sentence was the death rattle in the throat of his yarn. Irritated out of all prudence by the interruption, and without stopping to measure the unkindness of my words, I said in an instant: "I wish to the Lord he'd caught you."

With a grievéd rather than an angry look, the old campaigner received the shot, and got out of the room with an alacrity which would have stopped his pension, sure, if the department officials had seen him. He never came there after.

These are a few reminiscences.—fair samples of a whole lot. Perhaps I'll give you some more sometime.

Wise and Otherwise

Councilman Sawyer wins out, once in a while. The wetter the rain the larger the doctor's bill. Who shall be the first hunter with success enough to tell about?

It is up to some one to remark that this is fine weather—for ducks. The Pittsburg orchestra made remarkably good music, nevertheless. Now for a long siege of Councilmanic effort in putting the new code into operation.

Age may be a disqualification in some cases, but on the other hand there's cheese, on wine. Mr. Snook will please note that the President of Council has not relinquished his right to name committees.

While the rain lasts, the quail and rabbits of Summit county will probably take a much needed rest, and prepare a list of casualties. Group plans and other incidentals for the new municipal building have been discussed. The color might be taken up and settled, next.

The railroad corporations, however, are not altogether soulless. They are making thousands of homes happy these days by increases in wages of employes. Some of the unfortunates who have been hunting and who were footsore and empty-handed when they returned, would like to be able to prove an alibi when their friends ask them "what luck?"

What if the articles bought at the rummage sale are merely taken home and thrown into the garret? They can be hauled forth for future rummage sales and disposed of again, to decorate someone else's garret. "And Nimrod was a mighty hunter. So runs the record."—Johnstown Democrat.

We can prove it by the Beacon that Nimrod was a novice at hunting compared with our own General Dick. The biggest bass and the fattest quail are in the same class, if the stories of hunters and fishermen are reliable. The stories of both these kinds of sportsmen often contain information to the effect that the biggest and the fattest got away.

No wonder there were a number of recruits for the navy from Barbartan. They are about half sailors anyway. After as much rain as there has been during the last 48 hours, it requires a skillful navigator to get about on most of the Barbartan streets. A good joke is soon to be sprung upon a gentleman occupying a prominent position in one of Akron's clothing stores. Not long ago a farmer, who is a steady customer at the store, brought in a jug of sweet cider for the clerks and left it in charge of the above mentioned gentleman. He, for a joke, hid the jug and enjoyed hugely

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the efforts of the other clerks to find it. Occasionally, when he was sure no one was looking, he would take a pull at the jug of good, sweet cider. Meanwhile, the clerks located the jug, drank all but about a pint, and filled it with water. One of them examined the jug recently and found it nearly empty. The clerks are enduring in silence the bantering of their comrade until the cider(?) is all gone, when they expect to enjoy a laugh at his expense.

NEXT MORNING PHILOSOPHER.

There are times when the fool-killer needs an assistant. Often people who ask for public judgment want to take an appeal. "Out of sight out of mind" does not apply to the detective or the tax inquisitor. When a man takes the public into his confidence he should be careful not to betray it. It requires great caution to decide a dispute between two friends without losing one or both of them. When a woman uses to recover for breach of promise and receives a verdict of six cents, she realizes the worthlessness of love.

I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember, The farm where I was born; Where my father used to wake me At the first faint gleam of morn. But things are altered since that time, Those good old days have fled, And at the hour I used to rise I'm seeking now my bed.

I remember, I remember, How I milked the lowing kine And conveyed some slight refreshment To a score of hungry swine. And yet this handling of fat stock Was a prophetic start; I make my living handling stocks In Wall street's busy mart.

I remember, I remember, The ox team red and white With which I tramped the meadow, From morning until night. But muscles I developed then, They come in handy still, When I must walk behind and push My auto up the hill.

I remember, I remember, The hoe I used to swing Among the countless hosts of weeds That came to life each spring. To swing the golf club and replace The turf I dig up now Keeps me about as busy as The hoe did then, I trow.

WHY STAY PALE.

A pity to see pale girls stay pale and dull when it is so easy to get Scott's Emulsion. One of the best things Scott's Emulsion does is to give rich blood to pale girls. The result of regular doses of Scott's Emulsion is an increase not only in the red color of the blood and in the appetite but in the good looks and bright manners which are the real charm of perfect health.

Since Lincoln's Time, more than 7,000,000 Jas. Boss Stiffened Gold Watch Cases have been sold. Many of the first ones are still giving satisfactory service, proving that the Jas. Boss Case will outwear the guarantee of 25 years. These cases are recognized as the standard by all jewelers, because they know from personal observation that they will perform as guaranteed and are the most serviceable of all watch cases. IAS. BOSS Stiffened GOLD Watch Cases are made of two layers of solid gold with a layer of stiffening metal between, all welded together into one solid sheet. The solid permits of beautiful ornamentation. The stiffening metal gives strength. United they form the best watch case it is possible to make. Insist on having a Jas. Boss Case. You will know it by this trademark. Send for Booklet THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE CO., Philadelphia