

# THE WASHINGTON HATCHET.

Published Every Sunday.

304 Penn. Ave., N.W. Washington, D. C.

W. J. Armstrong & Co., Publishers.

## Subscription Rates,

One Copy, One Year \$1.00  
To Club Agents .75

THE HATCHET has a larger regular mailing circulation, with one exception, than any Sunday publication in Washington, and we believe the second largest local circulation in the District of Columbia.

## McKINLEY AND ROOSEVELT.

The Hatchet doesn't deal largely in politics. It tries to steer 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis on all religious and political and religious questions. Not that it hasn't pronounced convictions and positive opinions, but does not care to be drawn into discussions of either the one or the other. Here are two individuals—plain citizens of the Republic—nominated by acclamation to be President and Vice President. Now, good people, what are you going to do about it? Is it to be a change of administrations—a change of policy? Shall chaos reign where now order, peace, progression and prosperity hold sway? The lament of the sweet Psalmist of Israel was, "My people will not consider," but we have to deal with a thinking people, a people who can and do reason from cause to effect with wonderful facility and unerring judgment. The mere men, McKinley and Roosevelt, who head the ticket, are not masters. They simply represent a large body of men who mean that certain measures of government shall be carried into effect. And you are asked to ratify by your votes the approval of those measures. We need not go into detail. There is hardly a school boy who does not understand the conditions. All this talk about imperialism is mere "bosh." The senseless gabble of a seeker after place, prominence, and preference. What we want and to hold is prosperity, pure and simple. That prosperity which descends to the humblest citizen and makes him understand that the purest of happiness is not the misty phantasmagoria of a dream, but that it is within his reach and he may grasp and hold it.

The war in South Africa is nearing a close. The Burgers are being hemmed in by the British forces and we may look for an early closing of the struggle. The fight is a losing game for the Boers and the longer persisted in the more difficult the terms will be for them in the eventual surrender.

We are determined to let daylight shine upon the employers of female labor in our next issue, and have determined to show to the people of Washington the cruelty perpetrated by shopkeepers who will not allow the young women to sit down during business hours.

With sixty thousand soldiers in the Philippine Islands, a short sail from China, we have the facts staring us in the face of an administration allowing citizens of the United States to be slaughtered who could have been saved if our government had the nerve to send men at once to protect our people. The whole world is amazed at the manner in which we have acted in China.

The action of the United States government in China is without a parallel in history. The thinking people of the country look with contempt upon Mr. McKinley and his vacillating methods. He should have at once sent a force to China sufficient to maintain the supremacy of the United States and protect our citizens. The English idea seemed to paralyze him—that it would be thought we had an alliance with England. An alliance of any kind would be a good thing if it would put a little stiffening into the McKinley backbone and give him a little more speed in the affairs of the people.

## GHIPS.

A man should not feel worried over abuse from laughter.

Whiskey has done some good in the world after all. A man in Baltimore got good and full not long ago and gave five hundred dollars to the church, but when he got sober he sued to get the money back and lost the case.

Do not hunt for trouble and you are likely to miss it.

It is safer to carry rotten eggs in your pocket than to retail scandal.

The top round in the ladder is the most critical; many reach for it, but few succeed in catching it and holding on.

We are suffering the penalty of being great. We cannot mix up with the other fellows as we used to.

The people who have the dyspepsia ought to be bunched together; the other fellows could then enjoy life.

Some people are so fond of talking that they can never find an audience to listen long enough to hear the finish.

A good joke is hard to find. It should be like a perfect pin, have a head and a point.

There are some things that a man or woman will never forgive or forget—contempt. You cannot find a human being so low that he is beneath it.

A dude done up. Last week a young lady declared to some friends that she would stop the attentions of a dude, dressed in cheap store clothes, who had been annoying her with his attentions, and when the aforesaid dude courageously took his place by her side he was met with a jab of her hat pin which caused a howl of pain, and a missing attendant and lots of praise for the punching girl and the new use made of her hat pin.

A coquette is a person who is anxious to take the devil by the tail. A prune will take the whole business, tail thrown in.

Some people mistake confession for repentance. Confession is a cheap article; repentance is the highest priced article on the market.

Misers cultivate but one habit, and that they stick to.

Fifty years ago people were called to dinner by blasts of a conch shell. Nowadays a good old-fashioned appetite does the business.

There never was a man or woman who made up their minds to go to the devil who did not do the job in good shape.

There are some people who do the "mysterious racket" in order to be thought professional thinkers.

A "living corpse," as a man named Vens call himself, was giving exhibitions in Allentown, Pa. He permitted himself to be buried under ground in a coffin with air holes. For ten cents he permitted curious people to converse with him. A rain storm came on and while his assistants were looking for clear weather he was proclaiming through a speaking tube that the rain was flooding his grave. When rescued he was almost exhausted.

## Legal.

Mr. Kraemer deals in Hats and Men's Furnishings only. His store is one of the handsomest in the city, and as he confines himself to the two lines mentioned exclusively, you will find the article sought for in the proper style, shape, and coloring and of the proper material, best make, at the lowest possible price for a strictly first-class article. For reliability and absolute square dealing Henry Kraemer stands in the front rank.

For Pure Rye Whiskey "Brad-dock" is a leader, and is prescribed by physicians as a cure for consumption.

PROPOSALS will be received at the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., until 12 o'clock noon, May 29, 1909, and publicly opened immediately thereafter to furnish at the Navy Yard, Washington, D. C. the daily supply of food and provisions for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1909. Blank proposals will be furnished upon application to the Navy Yard, Washington, D. C. A. S. KENNY, Paymaster General, U. S. N. 5-1-06.

PROPOSALS will be received at the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., until 12 o'clock noon, June 12, 1909, and publicly opened immediately thereafter to furnish the annual supply of coal, coke, wood, and charcoal at the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H.; Boston, Mass.; New York League Island, Pa.; Washington, D. C.; Norfolk, Va.; Pensacola, Fla.; the Naval Stations; Newport, R. I.; Port Royal, S. C.; Key West, Fla.; and the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md. the annual supply of coal at the Naval Hospitals Dispensaries etc. Portsmouth, N. H.; Chelsea, Mass.; Newport, R. I.; New York, Philadelphia, Pa.; Washington, D. C.; Norfolk, Va.; Port Royal, S. C. Also a quantity of materials for the Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., and fuel oil for the Navy Yard, New York. Blank forms of proposals will be furnished upon application to the Bureau to the Commandants of the different Navy Yards, or to the Navy Pay Offices. A. S. KENNY, Paymaster General, U. S. N. 5-27-09.

## FOR SALE!

STOCK AND DAIRY FARM.

MAGNOLIA FARM

PRINCE GEORGE CO., MARYLAND.

Containing 325 acres in a high state of cultivation. One of the finest stock farms in the County. Adapted to hay and a good tracking farm. 1000 select peach trees, four years old, laden with peaches. 500 apple trees, 50 pear trees and their fruit, running water in every field, several fine springs on the farm, and well in the yard and one at barn. Dwelling now, built three years ago, in 1893, cost \$20,000, nine rooms, fine corn house, and grainery, will hold 1000 barrels corn, and all necessary out-buildings. Two tenant houses, one new, just built, 4 rooms. Plenty good timber, white oak and chestnut, all under good fencing. Can stand in yard and see all over the farm. 12 miles from Washington, 4 miles from three railroad stations, 3-4 mile from school, 1 mile from Post office and church; in a healthy and good neighborhood, and a good turnpike all the way to Washington. Six miles from Marlboro, the County seat. Churches of all denominations.

PRICE, \$10,000.00.

## THE WORKINGMAN

knows his friend, and no other man need fear to trust

The Workingman's Friend

H. KRAEMER,

HATTER AND MEN'S FURNISHER,

1012 SEVENTH STREET, N. W.

## FOR SALE.

HOTEL

75 ROOMS.

BILLIARD ROOM.

11 NEW TABLES.

CAFE

HOTEL

FURNISHED FOR ONE THOUSAND GUESTS.

Centrally located and doing one of the best hotel businesses in the city.

ENQUIRE AT THIS OFFICE.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST

Late advices from the Niger says the deserters from the French regiments are constantly arriving at-Ilo. They allege as their reason for leaving the service that they get no pay.

The electric signal equipment of our army in the Philippines is the most complete of any ever used in any warfare. By means of 'phone and telegraph the General can communicate with the most distant picket in less than fifteen minutes.

Thomas Walcott, of Smyrna, Neb., owns a copy in Lincoln's own handwriting of the first speech made by Lincoln in a court of law. It had been several times completely rewritten, and is now so full of corrections as to be almost illegible.

Tooth and other powders can be easily distributed from a newly-designed can, which has a wheel mounted in the neck, with its teeth extending below the lower end and above the top, causing it to revolve when drawn over the article on which the powder is to be deposited.

Some of the underground railways in London cost as high as \$3,265,000 a mile.

Electric mats are in use to detect burglars. They are so thin as to be imperceptible when placed under a carpet, and when stepped upon they set alarm bells ringing in various parts of the house.

A pet dog was chloroformed to death and placed in the arms of its dead mistress, Miss Elizabeth Webster, of Syracuse, N. Y. This was in accordance with the dying wish of Miss Webster; who had expressed the desire to have the dog buried in the same coffin with her.

An elderly lady in Freeport, Me., was trying to ride a bicycle, under the instructions of her fourteen year old granddaughter. "Now let go," said the old lady when she thought she had control of the wheel. After the machine had proceeded about six yards it wobbled and the lady fell and plowed up about a yard of the road with her nose. That put an end to the day's sport. The bicycle is on the roof of the woodshed, where it is destined to remain; the doctor's carriage is at the door; a strangely familiar odor, suggestive of herbs and iodoform permeates the atmosphere; yards of court plaster find their way into the darkened chamber; and in her brief spells of consciousness the dear old lady is heard to murmur feebly "Backward, turn backward, O, time in your flight, make me a kid again, just for tonight;" while the fourteen-year-old "darling" goes about on tip-toe wearing a smile that would crack a plate.

The noise of a thunderstorm aroused Miss Mary Maloney from a deep sleep in a hotel at Greenwood Lake, N. Y., and she saw a ball of fire pass close to her head. It struck the foot of her bedstead and shattered it into fragments. The terrified girl crawled to the hallway uttered a piercing scream, and became unconscious. In a few hours she had entirely recovered from the shock she had experienced.—New York Weekly Comment: Is it at all astonishing that a thunderstorm should arouse a young lady from a sleep, no matter how deep. Did you ever know a young woman who, at the first indication of an approaching thunderstorm, did not display all the symptoms of nervousness, which gradually increases with each vivid flash of lightning and dull, solemn roar of thunder, and become what might be called fanatically, foolishly uncontrollable? In the case above mentioned we cannot, for the life of us, imagine what the young lady could have been eating, especially in New York state, with its Raine's law and other restrictions. The article says "she saw a ball of fire which passed close to her head." Why, that's nothing. We have seen worse than that.

## Since the First ...

ROCHESTER LAMP was made there have been many "like" or "as good as" it placed upon the market. Some were even said to be "improvements" on it. One by one they fall by the wayside, for experience proves that there is only one lamp that is really better, and we mean that, too.

**THE NEW ROCHESTER**

In it we embody all that is really worth having in a lamp, both as to quality and style. Don't forget, every genuine New Rochester has the name on the lamp.

We can fill every lamp want. No matter whether you want a new lamp or stove, an old one repaired or refinished, a vase mounted or other make of lamp transformed into a NEW ROCHESTER, we can do it. Let us send you literature on the subject.



THE ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 85 Park Place, and 85 Barclay St., NEW YORK.

## A MODEL MAN

Hamilton knew how a man should conduct himself. This was a great factor in his favor. When the conservative people of Laxton suddenly found such a man as this in their midst they received him with open arms.

In time it became no uncommon occurrence to speak of Hamilton as the "model man." He grew accustomed to this distinction, and did everything in his power to hold the title the people of the village bestowed upon him.

He became a veritable encyclopedia in affairs of love. He was consulted by every one on every phase of the matter. No young man of the town thought it anything to lay bare his heart to Hamilton.

Hamilton sat writing one evening when Appleby, "the serious man," was announced. "I say, Han, I want to see you about something," were his words on entering the room.

"Well, well, old fellow," began Hamilton, jokingly, "I hope you haven't got into it, too, I thought you were fireproof."

"I thought so, too, Ham, but a fellow never can tell. Why, do you know, I'm actually losing my appetite."

"You must have advanced quite far," said Hamilton. "How long has this been going on?"

"Don't ask me," replied Appleby. "All I want is your advice. Do you think I had better go on, or let the matter drop?"

"What's to cause you to let the matter drop?" asked Hamilton, seating himself more erect in his chair.

"A third party," was Appleby's brief reply.

"And what does she think of him?"

"She says she does not care for him; says she never did."

"Don't you believe her, Ap?" asked Hamilton, earnestly.

"When I am with her," began Appleby, his voice faltering, "believe every word she says. It never occurs to me that she could utter anything but the golden truth. But when I am away from her I think of what has transpired, and I see plainer—I think deeper."

"Let the girl alone," interrupted Hamilton.

At this sudden outburst Appleby started. He met Hamilton's penetrating gaze and read in it the fact that Hamilton meant what he said. Appleby was silent. Hamilton's advice was not what he expected; he did not like it.

"But, Ham," said he at length, "do you know what you are asking? It is impossible. The girl is Hortense Randall."

Hamilton moved to the window and stood gazing into the lighted thoroughfare below, his heart beating strangely at what he had heard.

"By jove," began Reginald Craven, "do you know, I could hardly wait to tell you. I'm in love. As sure as you're alive, it's got hold of me. Hortense Randall's the girl. An admirable creature, Hamilton. Her father has all he wants, too. She's the only child, you know, and by jove, she's a great one. She says she likes Appleby, he's so serious. She has never told me why he likes me, but she does just the same. She wouldn't tolerate me if she didn't love me, Hamilton?"

"Well," began the latter in his measured way, "Hortense Randall is not like other girls. I would not put too much faith in her."

"Bless your soul, I don't have faith in any girls. Take it altogether, it's an age of degeneration; don't you think so?"

"Leave the girl alone."

It was the second time Hamilton had uttered the words, and they were now uttered with more emphasis than on the previous occasion.

"Not for the world," declared Craven, "I'd be miserable without her. I bear Appleby no ill-will, but I'm not going to leave the field to him alone. Much obliged," and with hasty strides he walked away.

When the coming of the wedding arrived, in the midst of all that was beautiful and costly, Hortense Randall was a picture as she stood before the mirror for a final look. From the top of her head, where nestled the fragrant orange blossoms, to the feet, daintily incased in dainty slippers, all seemed to be a shimmering haze.

Two hours later Hortense and her husband were seated in a car. A gay chattering was going on in the car, ripples of laughter intermingling.

"Well, old fellow, this is a surprise. Where are you bound for? What have you been doing with yourself lately?"

When Hortense raised her eyes she beheld a stranger at her husband's side. The good-natured face was wreathed with smiles and the hand he extended met that of Hortense's husband in a hearty grasp.

"I've been getting married. Mr. Moreland, this is my wife."

Moreland's eyes met those of Hortense for an instant, and then in his pleasing way he said, "Accept my good wishes, Mrs. Hamilton. I congratulate you, Ham."

The cry of "all aboard" came in through the open window, there was a clanging of bells and the train moved out of the depot.—Home Magazine.

Hamilton knew how a man should conduct himself. This was a great factor in his favor. When the conservative people of Laxton suddenly found such a man as this in their midst they received him with open arms.

In time it became no uncommon occurrence to speak of Hamilton as the "model man." He grew accustomed to this distinction, and did everything in his power to hold the title the people of the village bestowed upon him.

He became a veritable encyclopedia in affairs of love. He was consulted by every one on every phase of the matter. No young man of the town thought it anything to lay bare his heart to Hamilton.

Hamilton sat writing one evening when Appleby, "the serious man," was announced. "I say, Han, I want to see you about something," were his words on entering the room.

"Well, well, old fellow," began Hamilton, jokingly, "I hope you haven't got into it, too, I thought you were fireproof."

"I thought so, too, Ham, but a fellow never can tell. Why, do you know, I'm actually losing my appetite."

"You must have advanced quite far," said Hamilton. "How long has this been going on?"

"Don't ask me," replied Appleby. "All I want is your advice. Do you think I had better go on, or let the matter drop?"

"What's to cause you to let the matter drop?" asked Hamilton, seating himself more erect in his chair.

"A third party," was Appleby's brief reply.

"And what does she think of him?"

"She says she does not care for him; says she never did."

"Don't you believe her, Ap?" asked Hamilton, earnestly.

"When I am with her," began Appleby, his voice faltering, "believe every word she says. It never occurs to me that she could utter anything but the golden truth. But when I am away from her I think of what has transpired, and I see plainer—I think deeper."

"Let the girl alone," interrupted Hamilton.

At this sudden outburst Appleby started. He met Hamilton's penetrating gaze and read in it the fact that Hamilton meant what he said. Appleby was silent. Hamilton's advice was not what he expected; he did not like it.

"But, Ham," said he at length, "do you know what you are asking? It is impossible. The girl is Hortense Randall."

A rat annoyed Marie Sarden ti, a housekeeper, of Newark, N. J., and she determined to close its career. Procuring a pistol she awaited the appearance of the rodent, and when it came in sight her careful aim was followed by a loud report. The bullet struck a stove, glanced upward and fractured the jaw of an Italian laborer named Felix Juliano. Marie is under arrest and the rat is still lively.

There is one family that admires Wm. Mercer, of Raccoon Creek, W. Va. In the year 1868 at the age of nineteen he married Miss Jennie Moffatt of that place. Since that time he has successively married her four sisters, Ada, Catharine, Missouri and Anna. His first four wives all died of consumption. He espoused the fifth sister a few weeks ago. The parents of the girls offered no objection to any of the marriages.

There is honor among the lynchers of Alabama. At a lynching party in that State the discovery was made that the executioners had forgotten to bring a rope. In the victim's pocket was found forty cents, and this sum was invested in the purchase of the rope. At the close of the tragic drama the lynchers, with a fine sense of humor, considering the forty cents merely a loan, collected and returned the same to the victim's family.

Liquid air has twenty times the explosive force of dynamite. During some recent artillery experiments in Vienna with liquid air as an explosive no heat was developed in the guns and the range of projectiles was much increased.

There is a transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.—Mme. Swetchine.

There are twelve men in Chichester (England) workhouse whose united ages make 1,042 years—an average of nearly eighty-seven years each.

A skull and crossbones is the somewhat grim emblem adopted by Capt. Montmorency's scouts in South Africa.