Democratic Matchman

Bellefonte, Pa., March 22, 1901.

-Said one little chick, with a funny little

squirm, "I wish I could find a nice, fat worm." Said another little chick, with a queer little

shrug, "I wish I could find a nice, fat bug."

Said a third little chick, with a strange little

squeal, "I wish I could find some nice, yellow meal." "Now, look here," said the mother, from the

green garden patch, "If you want any breakfast, you must get up

and scratch.' -Exchange

TALES OF MEN OF MANY TRADES.

There is no doubt that, as stock clerk in There is no doubt that, as stock clerk in the woolen department of Slater, Weather-by & Co.'s commission house, Hubbard Wilson was not a success. He had obtain-ed the position through Frederick Weather-by, who had been one of his father's boy-hood companions, but whereas Weatherby used to be very genial with him, he now never more than nodded to him, and Hub-bard felt sure that he was sorry he had done anything at all for him.

Slater, Weatherby & Co. was one of the leading houses in Boston, and to enter it in any capacity was esteemed a privilegethe chances for advancement to an ambitions young man were so sure-but Hub-bard had overheard Dick Slater, old man Slater's son, and manager of the whitegoods department, say that "Wilson ain't worth shelf room," and although it made his blood boil at the time, he was too just not to see that, in so far as it applied to the dry-goods business, Dick was right. If Hubbard had been some, or indeed

any, of the men who figure in Samuel Smiles' book on Self-Help he would have made up his mind to master woolens, even though he hated the very feel and smell of them, just to have the satisfaction of becoming a partner within five years. But there was small chance of his ever being used by Samuel as a beautiful example. When, as often happened, a customer came downstairs to see what was new in pat-terns, Hubbard could never by any chance tell him, and as most of the Summer and Arch street merchants knew the Chauncy street store very well indeed, they generally ly found what they wanted by walking down the long canons formed by open cases piled sidewise on each other and containing the various rolls of woolen goods from the different mills. Hubbard would fol-low helplessly behind, and now and again Now neiplessly benind, and now and again hit on the right answer by a lucky fluke, but these interviews always ended in his feeling his utter unworthiness, and yet without producing an ambition to become a passable stock clerk. His was an easygoing nature, and he fared better at the hands of the other clerks than some would have done who showed such a beautiful incapacity.

He was by no means dull, and he had a trick at the pencil that whiled away many an hour for himself and others. There was not a man above or below stairs who had not been caricatured by Hubbard, generally on a letter-head that was passed surreptitiously around that none of the heads of the house might see it. But though praise of the likeness and the way it was done was always forthcoming, it was generally accompanied by some sneer to the belittlement of Hubbard, and he knew that his personal stock was below par just as his woolen stock was in disorder. His predecessor in the stock-room had been made a salesman and had gone out on the market at the end of five months, whereas he, at the end of a year, was still getting a ridiculous four dollars a week, barely enough to keep him decently clothed. This morning he was feeling particularly despondent, and, although five cases of goods had come in from the New York house and he should have been putting them in stock, he was sitting in an empty case drawing a picture of an up-State man who had been in the day before and had completely bewildered him with his questions about quality and marks on some Nepaug cheviots. He heard a step on the stairs, and, thinking it was Dawson, one of the salesmen, he came out of his retreat and walked languidly toward the sample counter that stood in the front end of the

man. And when it was done it was a perfect likeness. Hubbard had what is called a photographic eye, and when he had studied a man's features he could reproduce them with a fidelity or a clever distortion

them with a fidelity or a clever distortion that were alike startling. He had never studied art beyond the merest rudiments. His lack of staying power which was going to prevent his becoming a partner in the Slater-Weatherby firm had caused him to tire of his art work as such, but in a desul-tory way he had sketched for his own amusement are since he was old enough

amusement ever since he was old enough to do anything, and he was now nineteen. When Dawson came in and saw the goods still on the floor he sailed into Hubbard. "Say, Hub, I don't see why old man Slater don't fire you. What you been do-ing?" Then, as he saw the picture : "Well, if that isn't Dexter Burnham to the life I'll eat my hat ! Say, you oughtn't to stay a day in this business. You could make your fortune drawing for the news-papers. Have you ever tried to get a job ?"

papers. Have you ever tried to get a job : "'Oh, what's the use of trying any-thing ?'' said Hubbard despondently. "I'm not the succeeding kind." "Well, I'll lend you a hand to get these woolens in stock before Weatherby comes

down, or some one will succeed you. Say, he's kind of soured on you, ain't he?" "I don't care. I've soured on myself. What's the use ?"

Hubbard laid the picture on the shipping desk and went to work in a half-hearted way at putting the woolens into stock

"Well, I think there's lots of use," said Dawson. "Gee, I know lots of fellows that would fall all over themselves to get your job—and at less pay than you get-just to learn the business; and you've been here nearly a year and I don't believe you could tell how much Shaker flannels are a yard."

Hubbard colored, but he said nothing. Why was it that people were so abominably frank with him? They seemed to think that he loved to hear the truth. The very fact that it was the truth made it harder to hear, but Dawson was a good fellow and meant well, and Hubbard did not reply. "Where do you think you'll be five years

from now ?" "Probably finishing this job," said Hubbard with a humorous twinkle as he slow-ly put a Ferndale cheviot into an Annan-dale case.

Just then a customer came downstairs and Dawson went to attend to him, leav-ing Hubbard to finish alone. And then one of those fits of energy that sometimes came to him seized him, and, with a quickening of wits and movements, he pitched the goods into their cases with the zeal of a new stock clerk and with almost as many mistakes.

But matters had come to a crisis with But matters had come to a crisis with Hubbard. Old Stumberg had met Weath-erby on the street, and in his painfully of-fensive, sarcastic way had told him that that light headed clerk with the big ears ought to be in a kindergarten, and not in the stock department of a big dry-goods

The whistle at the shipping desk blew twice. Edwards, the shipping clerk, step-ped to the desk and put his ear to the tube. "Send Wilson up to me."

"Mr. Weatherby wants to see you, Hub-bard." His eye fell on the portrait that Wilson had made. He grinned admiringly. "Say ! you've got Burnham to the Queen's taste. That's the only thing you can do; but you can draw, and no mis-take."

Hubbard almost suatched the picture and More plain speaking—and from an Irish shipping clerk. Why didn't he smash him? He knew well enough why. Hub-bard was not a pugilist any more than he was a dry goods man was a dry-goods man. He walked into Mr.

and Weatherby had only given it to him because he had been a chum of Hubbard's father. With no recommendation from Slater, Weatherby & Co., how was he to get anything to do?

Weatherby looked at the picture for fully three minutes before he said another word, and during that time Hubbard stood the

picture of hopelessness. "My boy," said Mr. Weatherby finally, "the trouble with you is that you're in the wrong place. You're an artist—a natural artist—and you have it in you to make more money in a year than you could make in a lifetime with us or any other business house. If Burnham saw that he'd want to tear it up because it brings out all he'd like to forget. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I know Colonel McClond, of The Earth, and if you can draw for reproduction in a newspaper I can get you a posi-tion. Only, you'll want to put some energy into yourself there. Newspapers don't

keep drones. Go get your hat and I'll walk down with you right away." This was Weatherby's way of doing things and it explained his success. As for Hubbard, he felt as if the heavens had suddenly aread here here here here had suddenly opened before him. He had

never taken his drawing seriously. It had been an amusement-a way of passing time-but that it should be a means of bread-winning to him had never entered his mind. He went downstairs jubilant. Dawson

noticed his expression and said, "What's up? Been taken into partnership?" "Sure," said Hubbard. "Weatherby

goes out in my favor. Going to take my place in the stock." "Good for Weatherby," said Dawson.

"The stock will be kept in order."

Weatherby and Hubbard walked briskly through Avon Place to Washington street. Weatherby's briskness was his nature. Arrived at the office of The Earth,

Weatherby, who knew Colonel McCloud well, walked straight into his room, not heeding the interrogations of the hall-boy. Colonel McCloud was busy—a constant habit of his—and he looked up with a habit of his—and he looked up with a scowl, but when he saw Weatherby, "Hello, Fred," he roared. He always roared. He had formerly been a sea cap-tain of a fishing schooner off the Banks, and the fog had never gotten out of his throat. He was red-faced, side-whiskered, and as rough as he was ready.

"What's new in dry-goods? Speak quick, for I'm going to take the one o'clock train for New York and I've got to get my lunch."

Hubbard looked at the clock. It was hubbard looked at the clock. It was half-past twelve. His heart sank. Of course nothing could be done until the Colonel came back and he had hoped that things would be pushed right through for him. But he did not know McCloud any better than he knew Weatherby. The editor would attend to helf a dram things

editor would attend to half a dozen things besides taking a hasty bite at Young's, and yet he would catch the train inevitably. And Weatherby would do what he had set out to do if he had to go as far as Providence with the Colonel to do it. That's why both of them were eminently suc-

cessful. "It's nothing about dry goods. I won't take five minutes, but I will take that be-cause it will be worth it to you. This is my friend Hubbard Wilson, and I've brought him here to draw a picture of you, and then I want you to give him a place on your staff. Make a place if there isn't one vacant. He'll keep his end up all right."

This was cold-blooded, to say the least, and if Hubbard had been alone he would have been frightened to death at the grim, ruddy-faced old sea-dog and newspaper magnate rolled into one, but for once he was quick. Weatherby's encouraging words were tonic. He took a letter-head

Botha Asks Dewet. Uncertain Whether or Not He Should Surrender.-Boers Burying Their Guns

A dispatch from Lorenzo Marques says that General Botha is awaiting for an answer to a communication to General De Wet and President Steyn regarding the question of surrender. Should they decline, however, it is believed that General

Botha will surrender. Kitchener is said to be still negotiating with Botha. The armistice will expire on

A report was current that the government anticipates a speedy announcement of the surrender of General Botha, but the officials at the war office declare they have received no news regarding the negotia-tions. They think Botha will surrender, but are doubtful if the other Boer commanders will.

HUNTING BOERS IN THE HILLS.

A dispatch from Bloemfontein says that Colonel Pilcher's column has arrived there with 33 prisoners and 3,000 horses, having cleared the country between Blomfontein and the Orange River of Boers.

A Pretoria dispatch says that the Boers have no artillery or ammunition and that they are burying all their guns. The rail-road from Pretoria to Lorenzo Marques is practically clear of Boers. "The presence of Sir Alfred Milner in

Pretoria to consult with Lord Kitchener is expected to hasten the change from the military to the civil administration." dispatch from General Kitchener dated Pretoria, March 12th, says General De Wet is north of Brandfort, Orange River Colony.

Continuous rains have interfered with the movements of the troops in Cape Colony.

Two bands of Boers are being bunted among the hills by troops under Gorringe, Delisle, Grenfell and Henniker.

BRODRICK SCORES GEN. COLEVILLE.

In the House of Commons recently Secetary of War Brodrick explained the retirement of Major General Coleville, saying he would tell the real facts. "At Sanna's Post," said the Secretary. "General Cole-ville blundered about, or maneuvered until his force was weary, while the Boers carried off guns unmolested. He showed lack of enterprise, which lost him the con-fidence of Lord Roberts."

The Secretary added that Lord Roberts postponed his decision, when there came the unfortunate Lindley surrender, for which General Coleville was blamed. Mr. Brodrick gave General Coleville an opportunity to resign, but he insisted upon be-ing removed. He thought General Coleville had been treated more leniently than if he had been court-martialed.

CHURCHILL DEFENDS ROBERTS.

In the House of Commons this evening General Coleville's friends contended that he had never been heard by a competent tribunal. Those opposed to him, among them Winston Spencer Churchill, asserted that he had been properly dealt with. Churchill exclaimed :

"I shall pin my faith to Lord Roberts A more damaging case than that of Sanna's Post, as described by the Secretary of War, was scarcely ever put forward." Mr. Balfour the government leader, objected to Parliament constituting itself "an amateur court to deal with military and strategic questions." He declared that the commander-in-chief was the only adequate and proper judge in such questions.

A motion calling for an inquiry was rejected by a vote of 262 to 148.

Why People are Idle.

American Troops to Leave China.

An Order Was Sent to General Chaffee Saturday on the Subject of the Evacuation.-Legation Guard to Remain.

An order was sent to General Chaffee Saturday for the evacuation of China by American troops, leaving only a legation guard of 150. The troops will be removed from China the last of April.

The dispatch to General Chaffee, in Pekin, is as follows :

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE. WASHINGTON, MARCH 15th, 1901.

Chaffee, Pekin : In reply to your telegram, Secretary of War directs you complete arrangements to sail for Manila with your command and staff officers by the end of April, leaving as legation guard infantry company com-posed of 150 men having at least one year

to serve or those intending to re-enlist, with full complement of officers, medical officer, sufficient hospital corps of men and, if you think best, a field officer, especially onalifed to complement of the second qualified to command the guard. Retain and instruct officer of the gartermaster's department to protect a scording to plan and estimates you approve. Colonel. Charles F. Humphrey, on arrival, will make an inspection of quartermaster's de-partment, Philippine Islands, until July ist, when he will be assigned to duty as chief quartermaster at Manila, and Miller ordered to the United States. All stores and supplies not required for legation guard to be disposed of in your best judgment, of course ; serviceable supplies needed in d department to proceed to erect necessary course; serviceable supplies needed in Philippine Islands will be sent to Manila. Division of the Philippines will furnish supplies for the legation guard. Mac-Arthur notified.

(Signed)

It was said at the War Department that this clears up the Chinese situation so far as the War Department is concerned, as the protection of the legation can in no sense be taken as occupation of Chinese territory and the guard cannot be used for any

CORBIN.

other purpose. The transports Sumner and Indiana will be sent to Taku to carry the troops in China to Manila. These troops consist of the Ninth infantry, four troops of the Sixth infantry and the light battery, formerly commanded by Captain Reilly. Two transports will bring away the 1,000 animals which have

been used by the army in China. General Chaffee has advised the Depart-Taku, which, no doubt, will be clear of

Naval Losses in China

Exceeded Those in the Spanish War-Difference Weapons Used

Admiral Van Reypen, Surgeon General of

the navy, has prepared a statement show-ing that there were more casualties in the United States navy during the recent trouble in China than there were during the Spanish-American war.

As there is no exact time fixed for the opening of the hostilities in China June 13th is adopted, and the period of trouble runs to October 13th, the first regiment of United States marines de-parting from China on the latter date. Within that period there are 129 causualities from all causes, of which 30 resulted in death. The greatest number of casulties came from gnushot wounds. June 21st there were 34 casualties of this kind. The

The Penna. Rail Road.

The World's Greatest Railway System. It Has 18,602 Miles of Track. The Total Trackage of the Pennsylvania System Would Build More Than Five Tracks From New York to San Francisco.

Chief Engineer Brown's report on the Chief Engineer Brown's report on the mileage of the Pennsylvania railroad com-pany, for the year ending December 31st, 1900, has been completed. This comprises a record of all lines owned and operated and associated in interest with this system. The reports shows that the company now has 813.55 miles in the State of New York, 772 in New Jersey 3.861 in Pennsylvania has 513.55 miles in the State of New York, 772 in New Jersey, 3,861 in Pennsylvania, 253 in Delaware, 507 in Maryland, 8.15 in the District of Columbia and 47.6 miles in Virginia, making a total of 5,788.98 of road controlled by the lines east of Pitts-burg and Erie. The ferries and canals owned and operated in New Jersey amount to 72 miles and in Pennsylvania 179 miles.

During the year 5.67 miles of new track were laid on the United railroads of New Jersey division. On the Pennsylvania di-vision the total new track laid was 84 03 vision the total new track laid was 84.05 miles, 42.35 being second, third and fourth track and 50.82 company's sidings. The Buffalo and Allegheny Valley division which comprises the Allegheny Valley and Western New York and Pennsylvania rail-Creased 87.79 miles, 59.50 being first track 9.68 miles, second track and 18.61 miles company's sidings. The Northern Central rrilroad company shows an increase of 14.-42 miles and the Philadelphia, Wilming-ton and Baltimore railroad 24.46 miles. The West Jersey and Seashore railroad has an increase of 2.85 miles. In the New York mileage the Long Island railroad, which was acquired last year, is included. This company has 391.45 miles of first track, 108 miles of second track and 146.-77 miles of company's sidings, a total trackage of 647.69 miles. The Pennsylvania lines west of Pitts-

The Pennsylvania lines west of Pitts-burg comprise railroads 1,654.60 miles in length of which 405.65 are in Pennsylva-nia, 57.30 in West Virginia, 1,704.75 in Ohio, 1,394.93 in Indiana, 645.93 in Illi-nois and 443.23 in Michigan. During the last year 237.89 miles of new track were laid on the Northwest system and 59.63 on the Southwest system. The total miles of Taku, which, no doubt, will be clear of all roads embraced in the Pennsylvania railroad system is 10,443.58 and the total track 18,602.79 miles-more than enough to build five tracks from New York to San

Francisco. Copper-Covered Cars.

Twenty-five copper-covered passenger cars for the Erie railroad and four for the New York and New Jersey are now being made at Springfield. The Republican of that city thus describes the metal veneer; "The cars will be quite distinct in color

from any other passenger coaches, being of from any other passenger coaches, being of blue-black, unpolished hue, and the color will not change with age. The chemicals make it absolutely proof against corrosion. The copper is fastened to the wood before the piece are matched to compare the piece of the second the pieces are matched to the wood before greater part of the copper covering is 12-1000ths of an inch thick, the letter boards came from gunshot wounds. June 21st there were 34 casualties of this kind. The cases of heat stroke also ran high, with two deaths, 11 serious cases short of death and many minor ones. The entire number of gunshot wounds was 96. During the Spanish American war the gunshot wounds not only were fewer in gunchot wounds not only were fewer in number but decidedly less fatal, the per-centage of deaths being 10 in the Spanish-Two copper-covered cars have been in use on the Consolidated railroad between New York and Boston for some years and may be seen any week day at the station in railroad betwe this city, en route. They are the coaches numbered 365 and 368 and do not at first glance look very different from the ordinary dark green car of the company. They never require painting and are quite as attractive as those subject to the older pro-cess. It has sometimes been a cause for questioning why other coaches have not been similarly sheated. The painting process is costly and a long time is required for a freshly varnished car to dry.-Boston Herald.

basement under the ground-glass light. It proved to be old Stumberg, a German retailer from Lincoln street, whom Hubhard hated worse than poison.

"Vere's Mr. Dawson"

"Out on the market," said Hubbard. "Do you know vedder dere are any Annandale cheviots in stock ?"

"'Nun-no-I mean-yes-there aren't any. Oh, wait a minute. There are some goods just in from New York. I'll look at the invoice." Stumberg looked at him a moment with curling upper lip, and then : "Say, vot you know aboud voolens my boy Ike could say in fife minutes. Und he stutters."

Hubbard reddened to the roots of his hair as he fumbled over the invoice.

Meanwhile Stumberg had been looking at some samples of trouserings that lay on the counter.

"How much are dese a yart?" Hubbard was able to answer this. "Two dollars and fifty cents."

"Dey ain'd vert it. Poor quality. I

can get choost as goot for two dollars at Jackson's."

Now, if Hubbard had been Dawson he would have pointed out to Mr. Stumberg that these goods were among the best sell-ers of the year from the Annandale mills, and that they could not fill orders fast enough, which was a fact. He would have enough, which was a fact. He would have told him that Grunbaum & Jonassen, of Circle City, the greatest kickers in the West, had bought ten cases of them. But being Hubbard, he entirely forgot these facts. His mind was colored by Stum-berg's view of the goods, and, although he had been thinking of getting a big enough sample to make himself a pair of trousers, he suddenly saw that they were inferior goods and said : goods and said :

goods and said : "It is kind of high, I suppose." "High, vy of eourse it's high. De goods are rotten. Vell, you didn't get dose cheviots alretty?" Hubbard had now found the invoice.

"'No, they didn't ship them. Is there anything else you want?" "Not till Dawson comes in. You'll year

yourself oud if you stay here long." And Stumberg lumbered up the stairs, his thick, red, quilted neck sunk into his

round shoulders Hubbard felt as if he had been in Turkish bath.

"How can I stand such insults? I

*** Frederick Weatherby-or Fred, as he

was called by his intimates—was a man of about forty-five, self-made and successful. Self-made men invariably are successful. No man ever takes the trouble to self-make himself poorly. "Did you call me, sir?" asked Hub-

bard. Mr. Weatherby finished what he was doing, and then he wheeled around in his

chair, disclosing a firm, clean-shaven face with a hard mouth and humorous, deep-"Hubbard, do you think that you were

cut out for the dry-goods business ?" he with characteristic abruptness. said

This question struck Hubbard as being ludicrous and he checked a laugh. guess I wasn't cut out for anything, Mr. Weatherby. I loathe the dry-goods busi-ness and every other kind of business."

Mr. Weatherby had evidently been on the point of giving Hubbard a little wellmeant advice, but this chuckle and the de-fignce of business—business that seemed to successful Fred Weatherby the be-all and end-all of life-irritated him and he said

curtly : "Well, I don't think it is honest to hate your fritter away your time if you hate your work. The results show that you hate it.

Now, there are lots of men who would be glad to step into your shoes and who would give good satisfaction, and if you feel as you do about business I think that the best thing you can do is to try to earn your

living by being idle for a while."

Hubbard stood with a shamefaced expression on his features and said not a word. He rolled and unrolled the picture

of Mr. Burnham nervously. "I'll give you two weeks' notice because I knew your father. That will give you time to find another place. This isn't an elee-mosynary institution, and I can't keep a young man who hasn't the interests of the house at heart. What is that you have in your hand ?"

Weatherby's keen eyes had seen the pio-ture, and he surmised that it was some of the stock clerk's work, for his reputation as a draughtsman had come upstairs. "Oh, it's just a little thing I drew for

fun." Weatherby held out his hand for it, and much as if he had been in school and the teacher had asked him for a forbidden putty-blower, Hubbard handed the picture

of Mr. Burnham to his employer. Weatherby's eyes twinkled. He had a sense of humor and an eye for good draw-

ing. "So you draw these things with our

It was an admirable likeness, as Weatherby saw. The shrewd mouth, the par-erby saw. The shrewd mouth, the par-simonious nose and the mean eyes almost adjacent, reproduced with amazing fidelity the little Worcester man who had come

out of the Maine woods with nothing and was now reputed to be a millionaire. "How can I stand such insults? I wasn't cut out for this business or any other. What a fool I am to slave away at it." And so saying, he escaped from slavery, temporarily, by sitting down in the case again to finish the picture of the up-State

heart.

"Say, Fred," roared the Colonel, ought to have been a newspaper man. You have more nerve than any of us."

To an accompaniment of breezy talk Hubbard worked swiftly. He was now doing what he loved to do, and was nerved to his best by the prospect that lay before him. In three minutes he had finished and handed the drawing to Weatherby, "By Jove !" exclaimed Weatherby, breaking into a hearty laugh. "That's your photograph. You'll never better that." The Colonel took it and looked over his spectacles at it for nearly a minute before he spoke. To Hubbard it seemed hours. he spoke. To Hubbard it seemed hours. Finally he grunted, "1'll show that to Maria," and put the picture in his pocket. Then in his roaring voice he said to Hub-bard, as he rose: "Young man, you're the fellow I've been looking for—quick and accurate. I guess Mr. Taylor, the art editor, has some work for you to do. I'll take you in to see him on may way out take you in to see him on may way out. Fred, I'm obliged to you. Now get out of here, for I've got to catch that train or there'll be the deuce to pay."—By Charles Battell Loomis, in the Saturday Evening Post

Carnegie's Retirement.

Gifts of \$5,000,000 for Employees and Libraries.

Andrew Carnegie formally announces his retirement from business. His statement was made public when he sailed for Scotland. In the announcement he made known his intention of establishing a license fund for the relief of sick or needy employes of the Carnegie company in all its varied works, mines and railroads. its varied works, mines and railroads. This fund he fixes at \$4,000,000. It is placed in the hands of Charles M. Schwab and the managers of the Carnegie company who are to expend the interest on it in such way that he may see fit. For the Carnegie libraries at Braddock, Duquesne and Homestead \$1,000,000 is set aside, the interest on it to be used in supporting them and making improvements that may be suggested from time to time. Regarding the use of the income from

the \$,000,000 fund established for the bene. of sick and needy employes of the Carnegie company, the donor states that the revenue is not to be used as a substitute for what the company has been in the habit of doing in such cases, but is to go much further.

It has been the custom of the Carnegie company to have a physician, called a com-pany doctor, at each works, who was paid a stipulated salary. The doctor treats free of charge all employes while at work. When such employes were in need of finan-cial or other aid it was given them by the superintendent or foreman under whom they worked in amount and memory of superintendent or foreman under whom they worked, in amount and manner as the necessities of the case demanded, and the bills were paid either by the company or officials, who often reached into their own pockets and never made any report to

the company. The company The company has also made it a practice to care for the families of employes killed in the works and employes worn out by years

of service. Has Not a to source suit goight no amigning a writting of th

It is most interesting to study the people of Slater, Weatherby & Co.'s out of his pocket, and he saw Weatherby smile as he recognized it, and that gave him more heart. untoward social conditions are to blame for their idleness. But, if we examine these people we shall find in many a case that there is a serew loose somewhere. Some of them are dissipated; some have been drifting about for years as "Jacks-of-all-trades;" some are slovenly or have tilthy personal habits; most of them are shiftless; many have bad manners or have been so wretchedly brought up that em-ployers could not endure them in their stores or offices; some of them are lazy, while many of them are hopeless wrecks. The great majority of the people do not know how to do things properly. not know how to do things properly. They have not been trained to accuracy or thoroughness; they only half do things. This is the great secret of the army of the unemployed. Not more than one in twen-ty of the domestic servants who are seeking situations can fill a position efficiently. They botch their work; they are careless; they do not seem to know how to live with civilized people; they scratch costly furniture, ruin tapestries, break valuable china, while most of them do not know even the first principles of cleanliness and even the first principles of cleanliness and practically nothing of sanitary science. Not one cook in a hundred knows anything of the chemistry of the kitchen, and yet most of them complain of a condition of most of them complain of a condition of things which keeps them from getting work. "Probably not more than one per-son in fifty of those who are looking for po-sitions as bookkeeyers know how to keep a

set of books. They are not naturally ac-curate, they do not know how to concentrate their minds, and consequently blun-der, make erasures, and blot their pages. der, make erasures, and blot their pages. Thousands of stenographers are out of posi-tions, but how rare it is to find one who is really competent. Very few of them know anything of laws of punctuation or English composition, they cannot spell cor-rectly, and most of them are so narrow in their education and experience that they are of little use to a broadminded man. They know little of geography, biography, or history; and, if reference is made to anything outside of their office routine, they are utterly at sea. They know litthe of books, of countries, or of men. They simply learned to write short-hand mechanically, entirely overlooking the fact that, in order to be a really successful stenographer, one must have a broad general education. How difficult it is to find an office-boy who is bright, quick, thoughtful, attentive, discreet, courte-ous, and polite.

Every employer very quickly appreciates merit, and notwithstanding the army of unemployed in every large city who can-not procure situations, scores of business men and institutions are constantly looking for employes who can properly fill posi-tions. First class stenographers, book-keepers, hotel employes, clerks, etc., are exceedingly rare, and there are few young men and women who are thoroughly competent to serve as managers, superintendents or in any other positions of a responsible

character. Competency and efficiency are always in demand, while incompetent and inefficient workers by the thousand are starving for want of employment.-Golden Rule.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

American war and 26 per cent. in China. This was largely due to the fact that the Spaniards used the small Mauser projectiles, while the Chinese used large guns, shell and shrapnel. The marine guard in Pekin suffered the worst loss, for out of 56 men 9 were killed and 9 wounded, making 30 per cent. of casualties.

Concerning a Laugh-maker.

Making light the heart of play-goers eems not to be as conductive to health and seems not to be as conductive to health and longevity as it ought to be. Sir Arthur Sullivan, who did so very much to make the world innocently happy in his genera-tion, died at fifty eight; Gilbert, his co-adjutor, whose rhymes have been better known and more quoted in English speak-ing countries than the verses of any other poem except Ira D. Sankey and Mother Goose, is sad and out of health at internet Goose, is sad and out of health at sixty-four and when he came a month ago to a revival of "Patience" in London, he was wheeled

in a Bath chair. Charles H. Hoyt, our countryman, the successful writer of farce-comedies, who made innumerable persons laugh immoderately, and grew rich in do-ing it, died on November 20 at his country home in Charlestorm. New More than the nome in Charlestown, New Hampshire. aged forty. To laugh as we know, is the way to grow fat and live long. To make to laugh is apparently a much more serious business and hard work.

One associates Arthur Sullivan with the humorist, because in practice he so asso-ciated himself. There must have been humor in his music or it wouldn't have gone with Gilbert's verses. We know that he could and did write serious music when he chose, that he was a master in his pro-fession, and of so wide and honorable a fame that it is possible his bones may rest in Westminister Abbey. Still, if the work that brought him most of his money deter-mines which group of the immortals he belongs with into the enviable company of the British humorists he must go. A good man gone !" Not since Du Maurier died have we in America lost a friend in England who did so much to make us happy -E. S. Martin, in Harper's Weekly.

Rapid Growth of the German Empire -France Not Doing Very Well.

Census Office has received on the population of the German Empire and its cha during the past century. That the popu-lation is now about 56,000,000, larger than that of any country in Europe except Russia, which has in Europe alone over 106,000,000 subjects. In 1845, since which date the area of the

Empire has remained almost constant, Germany had 14,000,000; in 1865, 40,000,-000; in 1885, 47,000,000. Since 1871, when the modern German Empire was organized, the population has increased about 35 per cent, a growth extremely rapid for an old country and for one sending out large and steady streams of emigrants.

and steady streams of emigrants. In 1845, France had about 36,000,000. Now France has about 38,000,000, or only about two-thirds the number of Germany.

The provisional results of the census of Vienna, taken December 31, 1900, show a population of 1,635,647. Vienna ranks population of 1,635,647. Vienna ranks next after London, Paris and Berlin among the European capitals, while in this coun-try only New York and Chicago are larger. During the past ten years, Vienna has in-oreased 21.9 per cent.

the kind of a Judge he has proven to be.



Pie in New England is served in many queer ways, especially the king of all pies, the royal mince. Not long ago there ap-peared a sign in the station of said, crooked and correct Boston-a sign bearing the strange device, "Hot Mince Pie and Ice Cream."

This a mild combination compared with one that was served in this city at a mid-night supper. A Welsh rabbit was being made, and there were some who did not care to eat it on crackers; no toast was in the house, for it was the fire's evening out. A mince pie was found larking in the ice chest and pressed into service. The rabbit was spread over the pie, and both vanished in a short time. Those who ate are still afraid in the dark, for they can imagine that the same things are coming for them again as came during their dreams of that wild, weird night. wild, weird night.

wild, weird night. A local minister tells a pie story on him-self that is a "oorker." He is a delicate man, and his wife was down on pie for him and vetoed it for family use. Once he went to a convention in Pittsburg, and a dinner was convention in Pittsburg, and a dinner was served at which there were seven kinds of pie. The minister took a "little of each, please." and never enjoyed himself so much in his life.—Ballimore American.

Women as Rulers.

Laws that Regulate the Succession of European Sovereigns.

Many people have been confused by the various laws of succession which prevail in Europe. There are three different systems, the most general being that known as the Salic system, under which women are com-pletely excluded. This is the rule in Bel-gium, Sweden and Norway, Italy, Den-mark and Germany. Then there is the German-Datch extern German-Dutch system, under which males of all degrees of relationship take prece-dence of females, the throne passing to the female line only in case of the extinction of all the male lines, however remote. This is the rule in Holland—from which it takes its name. Busic and some of the it takes its name-Russia, and some of the minor German States. The third system is that prevailing in Great Britain, under which females are excluded when there are males in the same degree of relationship, but take precedence of males whose degree of relationship are not so close as their own. Thus an elder daughter of Great Britain The set to all her memory backbers of the set of th gave way to all her younger brothers and their issue, but takes precedence of a male cousin or nephew. This system is the rule

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in Spain and Portugal as well as in Eng-

land.