

THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
A Journal devoted to the Interests of the Residents of the Suburbs of Washington.
 PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
The Suburban Citizen Newspaper Co.,
J. M. WOOD, Business Manager.
 No. 611 10th Street N. E.,
 WASHINGTON, D. C.

Its CONTRIBUTORS are Business Men, Business Women, Scientists, Plain People, Travelers, Poets, etc., etc. In other words, people familiar whereof they write, who tell their stories in a way that will interest our suburban friends.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
 One dollar per year, payable in advance. Single copies five cents.
 Advertising rates made known on application.

Address all letters and make checks payable to THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN, Washington, D. C.

Entered at the Post Office for transmission through the mails of second-class rates.

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The time is rapidly approaching when the suburbs will be represented on the Board of Commissioners. At present no name is so suitable as that of Louis P. Shoemaker, of the Brightwood Citizens' Association.

The Galveston Daily News says: "Unhappy Crete, torn as she has been in the past by persecution of the intensest sort, bids fair to become a well ordered garden spot, the home of a peaceful populace. If reports be true, for this happy result much praise is due Prince George."

A family in Philadelphia consented to let a daughter marry a man because she declared she would kill herself if she couldn't. She married the man, and since then he has made a desperate attempt to commit suicide. Some feminine natures yearn toward tragedy like a tender violet for the shade.

The Philadelphia Press shows the necessity of national forest parks, and remarks: "It is encouraging to know that the Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs has decided to take charge of the project to establish a national forest park in that State and will send representatives to Washington to call the attention of Congress to the subject. The Minnesota park scheme is projected on an extensive scale. The rest of the country will watch this effort to establish a national forest park in the Northwest, and if carried out similar schemes will spring up elsewhere."

The impression has been given out that the marvelous extension of trolley lines throughout the country was having a bad effect on the established steam railroads by drawing passenger traffic. It would appear from an analysis of the figures that this was a premature assumption. The figures show that the number of passengers carried by the steam roads in 1895 was about 53,200,000, whereas in 1899 it was 50,300,000. Thus the number of passengers handled decreased but the passenger income increased from \$15,400,000 to \$15,900,000, because each passenger was carried farther on the average. Last year the number of passengers carried on trolley lines was about 60,000,000, actually more than on steam roads, and the receipts were about \$3,000,000. The conclusion seems to be that the trolley lines by concentrating local interests will eventually benefit rather than injure the steam roads.

NEW MAJUBA HILL.

SPION KOP, WHERE BRITISH SUFFERED DEFEAT.

A Barren and Open Slope, the Ridges of Which Are So Steep That Conquest Is Almost Impossible—Center of a Group of Kops—Joubert and Jameson.

Spion Kop, the new Majuba Hill, where the British experienced the worst reverse of the present South African campaign, is a rugged mountain rest of about 4,600 feet elevation, and nearly fourteen miles south and a little west of Ladysmith. Gen. Buller described it as a "barren and open slope, the ridges so steep that guns cannot be placed upon them." It is one of innumerable kops or plateaus peaks lying between the Tugela river and Ladysmith, and is as formidable a place of defense as the first eastern ridges of the Rocky mountains would be. Old Majuba Hill, where Sir George Colley fell before the Boers in 1881, is nearly 8,000 feet high, but Spion Kop is high enough to have served the purpose of the Boers well this time. Near it, crowned by Boer batteries, are half a dozen other kops, all higher than the one Gen. Warren scaled only to be defeated. Some of them are 4,700 feet in elevation, others 4,800 feet and 4,900 feet. Guns mounted upon them, properly depressed, would sweep Spion Kop so that nothing living could remain upon its summit. Between the kops are ragged ravines, affording fine retreats for Boer riflemen, whose duty it would be to harass a retreating enemy. The rocks are rough, difficult to climb over and unprotected by tree or bush. From the Tugela river almost to Ladysmith is constant rise of land that blisters with heat by day and is dangerously chill by night.

An interesting story is told in connection with the capture of the Jamestown raiding party by the Boers in 1896, and shows how near to summary punishment Dr. Jameson and his officers were at that time. A score of the leaders of the Boers had assembled to decide their fate. The majority favored the shooting of all concerned in the raid and, while President Kruger advocated mercy and used all his great power to make his counsel prevail, his efforts were of no avail. Finally Gen. Joubert, who sided with Oom Paul, got a hearing and as a last effort, throwing argument aside, related the following parable: "Friends," he said, "suppose I have a farm, and my neighbor's dogs are always worrying and killing my sheep, what would you advise me to do? Shall I kill the dogs and stop the nuisance? If I do so, my neighbor may come to me and say, 'You have killed my dogs; they were of much greater value than your sheep, and you will have to pay for it.' Would I not be better advised to catch the dogs, to bring them to their master, and say: 'Your dogs are worrying and killing my sheep; take your dogs, punish them, and refund me for the loss I have suffered?' Nobody answered, and Gen. Joubert continued, "We have caught the dogs. Would it not be better to send them back to the English government for punishment and to claim damages instead of giving them a cause to demand reparation, and to send from their kennel other and maybe worse dogs to worry us?" The parable turned the scales.

Quaint London Rents Paid.
 Certain ancient and quaint rent services, which are due to the crown by the corporation of London, were, in accordance with custom, performed at the offices of the queen's remembrancer, in the royal courts of justice, in the presence of a number of curious and interested spectators. George Pollock, the remembrancer, made the usual explanatory statement as to the origin of the custom, and proclamation was then made: "Tenants and occupiers of a piece of waste ground called 'The Moors,' in the county of Salop, come forth and do your service." The city solicitor advanced and cut a faggot of wood with a hatchet and another with a billhook. Proclamation was made next: "Tenants and occupiers of a certain tenement called 'The Forge,' in the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the county of Middlesex come forth and do your service." The city solicitor on this occasion counted six horse shoes and sixty-one nails. The queen's remembrancer replied, "Good number." Faithful suit and service having thus been made the ceremony ended.—London Telegraph.

Stumbled, but Won a Wife.
 Gov. Aaron V. Brown of Tennessee was a Chesterfield for politeness and a Talleyrand for wit. When he, a much admired widower, was paying his addresses—as yet unavowed—to an attractive young widow, he called at her house one day and was ushered into a room darkened to the degree which the prevailing fashion of those days declared to be elegant, and before the governor had familiarized himself with the surrounding objects in the gloom the young widow entered the room. With enthusiastic devotion he advanced to meet her hastily, not noticing a low stool directly in his path; way, unhappily, he stumbled over it and plumped upon his knees directly at the feet of the object of his affections. Before she could utter a word of apology or sympathy the adroit governor, seizing her hand, exclaimed: "Madam, a happy accident has brought me where inclination has long led me." The formal declaration which followed was, of course, successful, for such ready gallantry could not be resisted.—February Ladies' Home Journal.

The Income of a Naval Officer.

On about the salary of a young clerk an ensign of our navy must dwell well, his wife and children must; they must live in a presentable part of any city; the children must be educated, and well, somehow. The very nomadism of their lives is a great source of expense, and there is no escape from unpaid bills, no living on from year to year in debt, as do a recognizable number of people in civil life; for a tradesman has but to send his authenticated bill to the Navy Department and the delinquent will be curiously reminded of it through official channels, resulting in a court-martial if his shortcoming is so often repeated as to be "unbecoming to an officer and a gentleman." But even all this sordid counting of dollars and debts seldom succeeds in subduing, certainly not in breaking, the spirit of people naval. "Everybody knows what everybody has," and this fact at once lifts off a social burden which is responsible for half the misery of poverty of the "genteel" degree. Then, too, to have even a little, if that little comes regularly and with absolute certainty, is a rest in a country where leisure is still looked at askance. In return, however, an officer gives up his whole life, very often smothering his talents and ambitions, and is "on guard" every hour of his existence. Politically he is practically disfranchised, must always be for the Government and remain discreetly silent in a land given over to "oratory" and in a time of extreme individualism of opinion.—Anna A. Rogers, in the Woman's Home Companion.

Kitchener as a Boy.
 A boy Lord Kitchener, says Golden-Penny, was inclined to be lazy. His father, Colonel Kitchener, who died within the last ten years, was a strict disciplinarian of a most antocratic temperament. While his son Herbert was at a public school working for a certain examination it was reported to the colonel that he was idling. This angered him, and he told the future conqueror of the Mahdi that unless he succeeded in passing his examination he would take him away and send him to walk two and two in a dame's school, adding the further threat that if he failed then he would apprentice him to a hatter. In spite of these threats the embryo General failed. His father kept his word, and for some time Herbert Kitchener might have been seen in the "crocodile" of a certain worthy schoolmistress. But when he again went in for his examination he passed. If he had not there is little doubt that for a short time at any rate he might have been employed in the hat trade. For Colonel Kitchener was a severe man of his word, and a martinet of the old school, of which paternal characteristics Lord Kitchener of Khartoum has a large share.

Mrs. Buggins and the Pajamas.
 Mrs. Buggins has gone in for the emancipation of her sex. She doesn't exactly want to run the universe, and she confesses she wouldn't know how to vote if she tried. Her attempt at emancipation has taken the form of pajamas. For a long time she has trailed against the conventionality that has bound her to the robe de nuit, and has cast envious eyes at the silk pajamas worn by Mr. Buggins. "I don't see why we women can't wear them, too," she said the other day. Then she went to a Chestnut street haberdasher's and asked to be shown pajamas for boys. "How old is the boy?" asked the salesman. "Gracious! I don't know," replied Mrs. Buggins, who is not blessed with any children of her own. And then, seized with a sudden inspiration, she added: "I think he wears a No. 13 collar, if you can tell by that." The salesman told her that those sizes were not kept in stock, and would have to be made to order. "You had better bring the boy here, and then we can tell better about the size," he said. Mrs. Buggins promised and left the store, greatly dejected.—Philadelphia Record.

If a fire requires blowing to give it a good start it will be found that blowing down into the flames makes it burn up more brightly and quickly than if blown from underneath.

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QUICKNESS IN DEBATE.

It Often Accomplishes More Than Well-Studied Statistics.

Joseph M. Proskauer, of Mobile, now a brilliant young lawyer of New York, was a notable figure in the undergraduate life of Columbia University several years ago. He was a member of the debating teams that defeated the teams of Harvard and Chicago Universities, and is at present the coach of the Columbia debaters. He found that the necessity for quick thought in the face of surprise in debating made his debut into court practice comparatively easy.

He was on the debating team of Columbia which advocated the popular election of United States Senators, against Harvard. Each side agreed that the re-election of Senators was often beneficial to the nation at large, but the Cambridge debaters claimed that popular elections would not accomplish this end. Columbia denied this, and brought to its support that particular form of sophistry called "statistics" to the effect that members of the House were as often re-elected as Senators.

The next Harvard speaker controverted this statement with more statistics, showing that Governors of States were seldom re-elected, and claiming that Governors and Senators would share the same fate if their elections were conducted the same way.

Mr. Proskauer followed, and his reply not only won the debate, but fixed his status forever in the affections of the Columbians. With an assurance born of daring he answered: "The comparison of the opposition is worthless, because so many Governors, by reason of State Constitutions, are debarred from re-election." The Harvard men were stunned. This was a view they had never taken. They had no statistics to cover this point, and therefore they ignored it, and the debate went against them.

This is where they were foolish, for Mr. Proskauer knew no more about State Constitutions in fact than they did. It flashed across his mind that one or two Northwestern States did prohibit re-election of Governors. How many more he did not know, and does not know even to this day. It was simply a bluff, but it won.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Speculate Only on Paper.

The story is told in the Ladies' Home Journal of a member of Plymouth Church who had lost heavily in Wall street speculation and failed in business and who went to the great preacher one day and voluntarily promised that he would not speculate for one year. At the end of six months, however, he went to his pastor and asked to be released from his promise. "I can make more in one week than I am now making in a year," he said.

Mr. Beecher refused to release him. "Do you speculate on paper," he said, "and at the end of the year tell me how you would have come out had I let you go." At the end of the year the would-be speculator reported to Mr. Beecher: "If I had actually made those deals I would have failed three times in the six months."

The Months to Marry In.

Some curious secrets as to matrimony are seen in the following statistics: May and November are the most marrying months. Fewer people are married in March than in any other month. When bachelors marry widows the widow is generally the older; but when widowers marry maids the maid is usually the younger.

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