

THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, - D. C.

The word "incircumscribability" has been included in the new Oxford Dictionary, where it is explained "as the quality of being incapable of limitation."

There is no democracy so genuine and assimilative as that of the American schoolroom and its playground, so at the end of the period of school attendance it would be a wise man indeed who could differentiate the children according to the races from which they sprang, exclaims the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Tapping telegraph wires for the interception of information of a commercial value has long since been judicially declared to be theft in this country and elsewhere, although the article stolen was intangible. Germany has now put into operation a law punishing the theft of electrical power, which belongs to the same class of undefinable property.

Invention as a science and art (for it involves both knowledge and practice) is better understood both as to its meaning and scope than it was. Thanks to the spread of education and the more practical spirit of the age, the popular ideas on the subject are changing for the better. The field of invention is ceasing to be regarded as a kind of idealized Klondike or Cape Nome, where the happy adventurer turns up the miner's nugget without the hardship and the heart-break of the miner's life.

It is the general complaint that there is now no time for a thousand good, wholesome, friendly things one would like to do. What has become of the time? Is there not as much of it as there once was? As far as we know, there is just as much time as there ever was or as there is ever likely to be. This is adequate between sun and sun, but it is the human machine that in some way is at fault. It is the high pressure put upon it, the strain of a hundred and fifty pounds of steam where fifty or seventy-five would be normal.

In view of the scarcity and high price of household labor in this country, it will in America, housekeepers to learn that ordinary housemaids in Germany get less than \$3 per month, first-class cooks less than \$6 and housekeepers about the same. There have been, it is true, great advances in the wages paid in this and nearly all other kinds of German labor, but if the rates of wages given by the Consul are correct, it needs no expert to show that household labor in this country is easily three times, and perhaps four times, as expensive as it is in Germany.

Among the many blessings he is conferring upon the American people Secretary of Agriculture Wilson has undertaken to teach the women of this country how to make good bread. Although bread is the most nutritious and wholesome of food when properly made, when improperly made there is nothing so injurious to health, happiness and morals. More than half the trouble in this world comes from indigestion, and there is nothing so indigestible as bad bread. Therefore the Secretary of Agriculture has prepared and published a bulletin which ought to be studied by every woman in the land, and will be sent to all who apply to the agricultural department for copies. It begins with the kernel of wheat and gives both a scientific and a popular description of its properties and the way to use it to the best advantage.

Unfortunately, under our social customs, most young girls are permitted to attain maturity without any adequate preparation for the grave responsibilities of life, but especially those incident to the necessity of self-support, observes the Atlanta Journal. Under the natural expectation of an early marriage, young girls are too often permitted to acquire a sense of dependence and security, and thus overlook the serious aspect of the problem which may confront them in after years, when unmarried and homeless, or widowed and having a family to support, they are brought face to face with serious matters of life. It is at such times as these that the necessity for training, for skill in the application of their natural talents, either in mental or manual labor, becomes so painfully evident and distressing. It is then that the woman looks back to wasted opportunities and realizes fully the force of the maxim that "the mills will never grind again with the water that has passed."



ON THE MARCH:

Down the canon of the street,
Hear the muffled marching feet!
Hear the thousand-throated hum,
As the soldiers nearer come!
Eagerly the people crowd;
Faintly now, and now more loud,
While we listen, breathless, dumb,
Comes the droning of the drum.

Marching down the western light,
Bursts the column on our sight!
Through the myriad golden notes
Splendidly our banners float!
Then the sudden-sounding cheer,
Voicing all we hold most dear,
Wondrous, wailing wave of sound,
Till the whirling drum is drowned!

Now the marching men have passed,
We have watched them to the last,
Till the column disappears
In a mist of sudden tears.
Loves and hates before unguessed
Tremble in the troubled breast;
Loves and hates and hopes and fears
Waking from the sleep of years.



It was in the early part of the war, in the summer of '61, that Jack Hillis enlisted. There was a recruiting office at Lake City. In front of this office a band was playing patriotic airs; above its roof the Stars and Stripes were flying. And there Major Seely harangued the young men.

Jack Hillis was seventeen and a month, but he was tall and large and looked twenty. So he signed his name and was accepted. It was a possibility that his mother had never imagined. She was patriotic, though she averred she belonged to the peace party. She did not believe in war. And now, not forty miles from the farm, was this loud-mouthed, shoulder-strapped fellow inveigling her boy and others into signing his papers. She would see about it.

Of Mrs. Hillis' four sons Jack was her favorite. Simon, the eldest was in business, and married. He was already making great gains on his merchandise because of the state of the country and the fears of the future. He would most assuredly not enlist.

Eben had recently graduated from a medical college. He talked loftily about going into the field as a surgeon if Uncle Sam needed him. But as a common soldier—"no, thank you."

Next there was Joe. It was the general opinion in the family and the neighborhood that Joe was good because he lacked strength of character to be otherwise. No one knew his deficiency better than did his mother. He had always been the stupid one of the family. He was the drudge for his mother and brothers.

Jack, the youngest of the quartette of sons, was the darling of the house. He was the brightest of the family. And now he had enlisted!

On the evening of the day that Major Seely had released Jack, Joe was coming home from the Raynor farm-house. The Hillis and the Raynor farms joined. Jennie Raynor met Joe in the shadow of a hedge. Of all the girls in the neighborhood Jennie was the only one who had been kind to Joe. On this evening, after talking over Jack for some time, Joe said:

"If I should enlist I don't believe mother would try to get me off."

Jennie hesitated. She felt that Joe spoke the truth. After a pause she continued, "But you won't enlist, Joe?"

"I don't know; I'd rather volunteer than be drafted. I don't like the



JOE'S FAREWELL TO THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND.

idea of being driven out to be shot at.

"Do you think the war's going to last long?"

"I don't know. If it does I'm going."

"Oh, Joe!" and Jennie's face was very white.

Joe, watching her, felt his heart give a great leap and then stand still. Could it be possible? He, the stupid of the family, the blockhead of the neighborhood, and she, the prettiest, the brightest and the best girl in the world!

There was a silence for a minute

then Jennie said she must go home. Joe detained her by the very slightest touch on her sleeve. "Would you care, Jennie? If I go to the war or if I stay at home, do you care?"

"Yes, Joe, I care very much," Jennie answered, with flushing cheeks and downcast eyes.

She lifted her eyes. Joe's face was very near her own. The twilight was deepening. Their lips met, and each felt that this was their betrothal.

And so it came to pass that within less than six months from the time of the chance meeting in the shadow of the hedge Joe Hillis came home from Bradley looking very thoughtful. After supper he said:

"I enlisted to-day, and I'm going into camp the first of next week. I belong to Terry's cavalry."

mention how Lieutenant Hillis, when officer after officer was shot down, steadily kept the men under control, prevented a retreat, and at last led them, bearing the colors himself, and captured the battery that was doing so much harm—

"Then he'll be captain or something higher?" Jack exclaimed, eagerly, and springing from his chair.

"No, he won't be anything," Smalley said, sadly.

"But why?" Mrs. Hillis asked, sharply.

"Because, Mrs. Hillis, I came to tell you—we thought it would be better—and I got a furlough—and I brought Joe home with me, and—"

There was the sound of slow-moving wheels at the gate. The father, from where he sat, looked through the open door. There was a hearse at the gate, draped with the Stars and Stripes.



TO MY SONS WHO DIED FOR ME
1776 - 1900

"Joe, why have you done this?" his father asked.

"For the same reason that other men are doing the same thing; besides, it looks to me as if a family of five men ought to produce at least one soldier."

Yes, it does look that way," his mother said, in a hard, unnatural tone; "and I don't see how any of the rest could be spared. I hope you'll keep your wits about you, and try to understand what's said to you, and not bring any—"

she hesitated, came near saying "more," but finished, "any discredit on us."

"I'll do my best, mother, as I always do."

After Joe was gone he was missed by the home folks because of the work he had done. His older brothers found it a continual joke that Joe had gone to be a soldier.

There were letters, dutiful and kindly, from Joe to his father and mother. After a time he mentioned skirmishes and battles he had been in. Once he was wounded, and wrote from a hospital. His name was in the newspaper lists. After seeing his name in print Joe's family knew that he was no longer a private. He was mentioned as Lieutenant Joseph Hillis. There was a general pause in the family conversation.

The mother said, "Since he was the only one that could be spared, I'm glad he's doing so well."

It was Sunday afternoon, and all the Hillis family were at the farm. There was a step on the porch. Mr. Hillis arose and met at the door a man in soldier-blue. His face was pale and thin and his right arm was in a sling.

"You don't know me?" he said, smiling; and then Mr. Hillis recognized Jim Smalley, who had gone into the army with Joe. He was warmly welcomed, but he responded coldly.

Jack said, "Well, I say, Jim, isn't our Joe coming out in fine feather? You see him once in awhile, even if he is an officer, don't you?"

"Yes, yes, I see him sometimes."

"Do you think he'll be a brigadier-

general before long?" Eben asked, laughing.

"No, I guess not," Smalley answered. "But he's got the title of hero if ever a man got it, and he'll keep it, too. Future histories will



LIEUTENANT HILLIS BORE THE COLORS HIMSELF.

Antietam from Hagerstown to Sharpsburg.

God alone knows who owned the good right arm, the photograph of which is above, but it probably belonged to one of General Sedgwick's commands, who made their famous charge through the cornfield just north and east of the historic Dunker Church, for it was plowed up in this field five years after the battle, and has been since that time in the office of Drs. D. Fahrney and son, of Hagerstown, Md. Its wonderful state of preservation cannot be accounted for, as a chemical analysis of the soil in which it was found shows no preserving or mummifying qualities.

The other picture is of the old mill and falls just above the stone bridge which was the scene of a bloody conflict between the Federals, who were defending Hagerstown, and the Confederates, who were endeavoring to gain possession of the town. It is said the slaughter of horse and men was such at this cavalry fight that the Antietam ran blood for several hours below these falls. The ground in this locality, especially along the banks of the stream, is almost solid rock, and the blood ran rapidly into the creek.

There is a gentleman in Chicago, having an office in the Board of Trade Building, who was a major in the Federal army and provost marshal of Hagerstown at that time.

Just over the hill back of the little brick house shown in the picture is a female academy, from the balcony of which the Confederate sharpshooters were firing upon the Union officers down in the city, and there are to this day many musket balls bedded in the walls around the public square at the crossings of Washington and Potomac streets.

The Eighth Illinois Cavalry was engaged in these skirmishes, and many members of that organization, which was under command of Colonel W. Gamble, will call to mind the hot time in that old town.

Gratefully Remembered.

The annual occurrence of the day when the nation pays its tribute to and reveres and honors the dead who fought for the preservation of the Union, who suffered and slaved and sacrificed everything, even life, for the country they loved, brings to the attention of all patriots the fact that those who serve the nation are not forgotten. Though they have passed away, the boys who wore the blue are remembered, and their graves are decorated by loving hands, that appreciate and respect and honor their courage and services.

An Occasion That is Unique.

No other nation has a Memorial Day just like this of our own, save, perhaps, Germany, which every year renders to the soldiers of the Empire certain honors modeled after our example. In spite of the occasion which it offers for sports and amusements—inventions much regretted, but entirely inevitable—Memorial Day of all our holidays remains the most picturesque, characteristic and impressive.

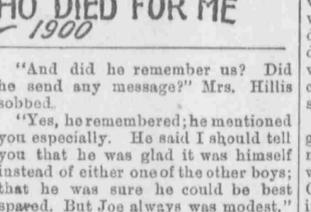
Fame That is Deathless.

The Hero mingles with the dust,
But Glory shrines his deathless fame;
The tomb receives its hallowed trust,
But unborn ages breathe his name!
Yes, mighty dead! In every breast
Thou still shalt live, to memory dear;
This turf, by virgin footsteps prest,
Shall witness Sorrow's dewy tear!

In Reverence Tread.

In reverence tread near the spot where they lie
And deck it with garlands the fairest;
Let tears like the dews that are wept from on high
Refreshen its verdure, the rarest;
For nearest to heaven of all earth is the sod
Where dust of our brave boys reposes,
And nearest their souls to the great throne of God
When death their proud history closes.

When the Antietam Was Red With Blood.



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THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN

is a permanent institution—a fixture at the National Capital. Thousands and thousands of people can testify to the good work it has accomplished during the past five years in the line of suburban improvement. It is the only newspaper in the District of Columbia that maintains a publishing bureau, whose duty it is to punch up the authorities and keep them awake to the needs of the suburbs. On that account it deserves and is receiving substantial encouragement.

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