

## SUBURBAN ASSOCIATIONS.

List of Officers Together With Time and Place of Meeting.

ON THE ALTER OF THESE ASSOCIATIONS THE FIRES ARE BURNING FOR ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE SUBURBS.

### Citizens' Northwest Suburban Association.

Meetings are Held the First Friday Evening in Each Month in the Town Hall, Tenleytown, D. C.

#### OFFICERS:

President, Charles C. Lancaster; 1st Vice-President, Col. Robt. I. Fleming; 2nd Vice-President, Hon. John B. Henderson; 3rd Vice-President, John Sherman; 4th Vice-President, Rev. Joseph C. Mallon; 5th Vice-President, Rev. J. McBride Sterrett; Secretary, Dr. J. W. Chappell; Treasurer, Charles B. Morgan; Chairman Executive Committee, Louis P. Shoemaker.

Total Membership about 150.

### Brightwood Avenue Citizens' Association.

Meetings are Held the Second Friday Evening in Each Month in Brightwood Hall.

#### OFFICERS:

President, Louis P. Shoemaker; 1st Vice-President, Wilton J. Lambert; 2nd Vice-President, Edward T. Bates; 3rd Vice-President, Claude F. King; 4th Vice-President, A. G. Osborn; Secretary, John G. Keene; Assistant Secretary, Cuvier Green; Treasurer, N. E. Robinson.

Total Membership about 125.

### North Capital and Eckington Citizens' Association.

Meetings are Held the Fourth Monday Evening in Each Month in the Church of the United Brethren, Corner North Capitol and E Streets.

#### OFFICERS:

President, Irwin B. Linton; Vice President, Washington Topham; Treasurer, W. W. Porter; Secretary, A. O. Tingley; Executive Committee, The officers and Messrs. Jay F. Bancroft, Theo. T. Moore and W. J. Fowler.

Total Membership about 280.

### Takoma Park Citizens' Association.

Meetings are Held the Last Friday Evening in Each Month in the Town Hall, Takoma Park, D. C.

#### OFFICERS:

President, J. B. Kinnear; Vice President, J. Vance Secretary, Benj. G. Davis; Treasurer, Ft. F. Williams.

Total Membership about 100.

### POTOMAC RIVER BOATS.

UNITED STATES MAIL ROUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C. TO GYLMOST, MD., and intermediate landings.

The new steamer ESTELLE RANDALL, daily, except Sunday, 9.30 A. M. Returning about 3 P. M.

Passenger accommodations first-class. Freight received until hour of sailing.

E. S. RANDALL, Proprietor and Manager. GEO. O. CARPENTER, General Agent, Washington. WM. M. REARDON, Agent, Alexandria.

### FOR SALE.

Several tracts of land near Brightwood and Takoma, also Building Lots on Brightwood Ave., and 14th Street road. Louis P. Shoemaker, 920 F St., N. W.

### Salaries Compared.

Washington, (Special.)—The division of customs and insular affairs of the War Department gave out the statement that the average annual salary per man in the United States customs service is \$1,395, while the average annual salary per man in the customs service of Cuba is \$922, making a difference in the average annual salary in favor of the Cuban customs service of \$473 per man, as compared with that service in the United States.

Of the total employes in the Cuban customs service only 7 per cent. are Americans.

### ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

Bliss Carman, the poet, is making a study of old French Canadian folk songs and stories for translation into English verse.

Professor Brander Matthews has been asked to deliver a series of lectures on the modern novel before an association of London clubs.

"Davy" Stephens, of Kingston, Ireland, has sold newspapers for 54 consecutive years, had more famous men and women have been among his patrons than any of his rivals can boast.

Alfred Vanderbilt is more of an athlete than most of his family. He is a splendid horseman, a good polo player, is as skillful at golf as he is used to be at tennis, and is a first-rate hand at hockey.

## N. E. WASHINGTON LOCALS

Reported Specially for the CITIZEN.

Mr. Wm. H. Ernest came back from his trip through Pennsylvania and Ohio feeling gay as a lark.

Mr. Charles B. Richards, a very polite clerk at Gibson & Cobey's 13th Street store, graduated in the business department of Wood's Commercial College Thursday evening.

Messrs. Gibson & Cobey's new wagon makes a handsome appearance.

I have just received a new line of fast dyes that I can guarantee to give satisfaction. Work done on short notice. Philip Lederer, expert dyer, 1203 H Street, N. E. Telephone 1519-4.

### COLONIAL BEACH NEWS.

At the town election, the 24th ultimo., the following officers were chosen: Gail Sherman, Mayor; Louis Hartig, G. W. Stant, Rudolph Watson and W. P. Billingsley, Councilmen.

Mrs. Daniel Pfeil, a most estimable lady, died Monday after a long and painful illness. The remains were taken to Washington, D. C., and interred in Prospect Hill Cemetery on Decoration Day.

Quite a crowd came down on the Arrowsmith Decoration Day.

### TACKOMA PARK NEWS.

Messrs. Shoemaker, Heaton and Gerry, the committee appointed to rent a building for the use of the Social, Literary and Athletic Club and Library have secured a suitable building, with desirable grounds, attached, and a janitor and librarian have been engaged.

Some furniture and pictures and numerous books have been donated and the building is open for the reception of such articles as the public and members may feel disposed to contribute for this worthy cause.

Mr. Shoemaker is confident of the opinion that the building can be entirely furnished by donations. A fine painting and a quantity of books were donated by ex-Senator John B. Henderson and Mr. John Joy Edson and others have promised donations.

### Commencement Exercises.

A splendid program was prepared for the graduation exercises of Wood's Commercial College held at the new National Theatre Thursday evening, and the audience that packed the play house from pit to gallery was well repaid for the time spent in bidding God speed to the forty-six graduates who received diplomas.

The program included many selections and an address by Hon. Terence V. Powderly. Diplomas were presented to the graduates by the principal, Court F. Wood, L. L. M. Several gold medals were awarded for proficiency in various branches. There were thirty graduates in the business department and sixteen in the shorthand department.

### LADY LOUISE TIGHE.

No social event of the century equals in celebrity the ball given in Brussels on the eve of the battle of Waterloo. The last survivor of this famous event has just died at Woodstock, Ireland, and in her last days she often referred to that night of gaiety and tragedy so graphically described by Thackeray in "Vanity Fair" and by Byron in "Childe Harold." This woman was Lady Louise Tighe, daughter of the duchess of Richmond, by whom the ball was given.

It was she who buckled on Wellington's sword ere he left the brilliant ballroom to go out and begin the fight which decided the fate of Europe. Lady Tighe's father, the duke of Richmond, had a residence in Brussels, near which city the British under Wellington were encamped. On the night of June 16, 1815, the duchess gave a ball in honor of the British officers Wellington was there. While the ball was in progress a message from Blucher came to Wellington, and about the same time the sound of guns was heard. Wellington, after a few moments of abstraction, gave orders to one of his staff officers, who instantly left the room. Others saw him go and, one by one, they stole away from their partners, who in many cases

never saw their heroes again until their dead bodies were brought in from the bloody battlefield. Wellington was one of the last to leave the ballroom, and ere he departed the lady who has recently died fastened his sword about him.

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### KNIGHTHOOD.

"I should lay this throbbing heart of mine Low for your dainty, careless foot to tread— Should pour my love like sacrificial wine From costly flagons shed.

If I should stand, will-chained and spirit-bound, As lowly captive in a conqueror's train, My powers in honeyed thralldom drowsed and drowned— What were to you the gain?

But to lift high the banner of your name— To write its shining scroll amid the stars— To sound it as the bugle call to fame, Where glory's gate unbars;

To strike, for your dear sake, at mailed wrong— To slay the dragon-brood of old De-spair— This were a task to prove the true heart strong, As eagles borne in air.

—Stephen Power Otis, in Truth.

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## Be a Good Boy.

By Fred W. Mitchell.

WHITE-FACED women and yelling men crowded the railway passenger station. Cheers and sobs, smiles and tears mingled and merged into the scenes of the last minute. One of Chicago's volunteer regiments was leaving for the front.

A blaze of soldiery, a fever of patriotism and ten thousand people had transformed the station into a turbulent sea with waves of unrestrained emotion. Between the inspiring strains of patriotic airs and the rattling of drums, shouts of encouragement were pouring from the megaphone mouths of the multitude.

"Remember the Maine!" thundered a man whose appreciation for the eternal fitness of things is more to be admired than his originality.

An old fellow with a copper button in the lapel of his coat hobbled through the throng, flourishing his cane in the air with little consideration for the comfort of his countrymen.

"Git nixt the whites iv their peepers, b'ys, thin pop it t' thim!" was the advice of this typical son of the Emerald Isle.

The clang of the bell gave notice that little time remained for the final farewells. Wives, mothers and sweethearts were clinging about the necks of the departing soldiers, and amid the tumult, great tears were falling from the eyes of the parting friends.

A witness to all these demonstrations, and alone, with no one to cheer him or to say goodby, was a silent young soldier, who stood lost in reverie. He looked scarce more than a boy, with a proud military bearing and a handsome face. While his comrades were bidding their last adieus he stood as if transfixed to the platform, but suddenly he looked about and exclaimed:

"Won't somebody kiss me good-by?"

Before he could escape a pair of arms were thrown about his neck from behind, and as he turned he caught a warm kiss squarely on the lips, and a soft voice whispered: "Be a good boy and come home again."

In another instant the savior had gone, but as the train moved out a dainty white handkerchief was waved in the crowd—and for him.

The vision—the sweet face, the burning of the kiss on his lips, and the tender admonition to "be a good boy and come home again"—followed Eugene Brockway to Springfield. It broke camp with him when they were ordered south and embarked with him on the transports which carried the regiment to Cuba. In his dreams the girl was sure to present herself, and when the fever took possession of his reason the boys heard him say:

"Be a good boy and come home again!"

After a year's struggle with war and the elements of the tropical island Brockway was returned to Chicago, haggard and weak from the privations and hardships of the Cuban campaign. One thought remained uppermost in his mind. His deeds of daring and bravery while in the trenches of Santiago, his praises sounded in the home papers, and his new commission as lieutenant were entirely forgotten in his quiet search for the pretty and plump little maiden whose kindness had completely disturbed his peace of mind.

In a comfortable and happy home in one of the suburbs the movements of a certain Illinois regiment had been of uncommon interest to Mamie Hurdman. She followed the campaign of the infantry in Cuba with a consuming relish. She scrutinized the printed lists of casualties and refused to believe that death was able to overcome the rugged lad she had jokingly clasped in her arms, and who, in return, had carried away her heart with neither her consent nor hint of where it might be found in the future.

Several weeks after his return Lieutenant Brockway received an invitation to a reception he was disposed to decline, owing partially to the state of his health, but more directly to the general disfavor with which he now considered society girls in comparison with one romping yet sympathetic soul whose image was lodged in his memory. Had it not been for the persistency of his friend, Horace Judson, he would have remained in his room. But Horace had sent him word that he would call for him with a carriage and two ladies at 7.30 o'clock, and there was but one thing to do.

"Hang the parties," muttered 'Gene, as he pulled and tugged with his high stiff collar.

The door bell rang, and in a moment the familiar voice of Judson was inquiring for 'Gene.

"Tell him to hurry; the girls are crazy to see him."

In a few moments he was undergoing a counterfeited enjoyment of greetings, and took his place beside a young lady whom he could see but dimly. She had been presented to him as Miss Hurdman. The conversation naturally drifted to the war, but it was with a noticeable effort that 'Gene was induced to participate in the discussion.

"And you have been with the Illinois, Mr. Brockway?" said Miss Hurdman, plunging into the subject very near her heart.

"Yes, I started with the boys," growled the soldier.

"How strange; I had a very dear friend with that regiment. I had known him but a short time," she continued, with a concealed smile.

"But I had become very much attached to him, and the thought of his being so far from home and the object of Spanish treachery has given me an interest in the war which otherwise I would never have felt."

The tender and sincere manner of Miss Hurdman in referring to her friend appealed rather strangely to young Brockway, and he brightened somewhat as he quizzed his clever charmer as to her soldier boy.

"Was he a private, Miss Hurdman?"

"Well—yes, I believe so," she drolled, feeling her way out of rather a dangerous corner of the conversation, "but was it really true that you had nothing to eat but bad beef, which made you sick?" she added, seeking, with some adroitness, to generalize a bit.

"Our provisions were served a la carte," joked Brockway, "but not with the pomp, perhaps, of our Chicago Delmonicos. But your friend, has he returned to the States?"

"No—that is, not that he has told me. It has been so long since I have received any news from the company that I am getting much alarmed. And had you no cream for your coffee, and did you often sleep out of doors all night, Mr. Brockway, by the banks of rivers where crocodiles and things were crawling and swimming around?" rambled Miss Hurdman, with embarrassed desperation.

"The heat and swamps of Cuba were our deadliest enemies, Miss Hurdman, but what was the name of your friend, of what company was he a member? Perhaps I may know something of him—"

"Are you folks still talking war?" exclaimed Judson, whose previous attentions had been so absorbed that he was not aware how his timely interruption had saved the day for Mamie.

"I must tell you a good joke on 'Gene," continued Judson. "It comes from his own comrades, girls, so I know it must be true. When he was sick and out of his head in the army hospital the only thing he ever said was, 'Be a good boy and come home again.'"

"Well, any fellow's mother would tell him that," laughed Brockway.

The thrill which swept through one of the hearts in the carriage at that moment was known to Mamie Hurdman alone. "Could it be possible that this was the fellow," she thought; "and still those were the very words I used," and she secretly wished that it might be he. When she spoke she leaned lovingly to the shoulder of the young man by her side and softly whispered in his ear:

"'Gene Brockway, your mother never told you that. It was I."

A double wedding took place that fall, for 'Gene begged the privilege from his friend Horace, who was to marry Zella Raymond, the fourth member of the happy driving party which attended the reception.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Wild Man Caught in Wolf Traps.

A wild man was captured in the hills near Plum Fork a few days ago. He had been seen a number of times by different persons, but all efforts to capture him had proved fruitless until Louis Brown, a farmer, set two of his strongest wolf traps at a cave where the man had been sleeping. He was caught in both traps by the nose and right hand. When Brown found him he was trying to loosen the trap from his nose, but when he saw Brown he set up a most dismal howl and attempted to run. He was released and confined in a stable belonging to William Rice. For several days he would not speak, but he was finally induced to talk. He said his name was Levi Brewer, and that he was raised near Warfield on the Big Sandy. He appears frightened when strangers approach, but quiets down when he finds they do not intend to hurt him. His nails on his hands and feet are like the talons of an eagle, and he is completely covered with hair. He told the correspondent that he had supported himself by fishing and catching game with his hands.—Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal.

Schools in Japan.

Japan at present has 30,000 schools of all sorts, maintained at an annual outlay of about \$8,000,000. The number of graduates is 100,000; the number of pupils of both sexes, about 5,000,000. About two-thirds of the total population of school age are receiving tuition after the model of the school system of the United States, says Popular Science.

Ante-Natal Preparation.

Beth had never before seen a hump-backed man. "Mamma," she whispered softly, "did he know he was going to have a bicycle before he was born?"—Judge.

## Order Brewers' Grain Now!

Spring is here, the output is increasing and contracts for the season should be made without delay. I can take on a few more first-class customers and will positively guarantee that those who take grains in the SUMMER will get their regular allowance during the WINTER months. Grains from the National Capital Brewery are acknowledged to be the best in the city. I contract for the entire output.

RUDOLPH THIELE, - - Silver Hill, Md.

I am at the Brewery daily from 9 until 12 o'clock.

## THE IRVINGTON HOUSE,

TENALLYTOWN, D. C.

Again Open for Business.

After being closed up for four months, and after making a most desperate fight for my rights I have won and will be glad to see all my old friends at the old stand. Nothing but the best for everybody.

Ernest Loeffler, - Proprietor.

## SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC!

We have bought a large stock of Sample Shoes from Franklin & Co., of Boston, and we are selling them at 60c. on the dollar for 30 days only. We give Tickets with each pair of Shoes, and 13 tickets entitles you to a new pair of Shoes free of charge.

Louis Rosenberg, 819 H Street, N. E. Branch of 1217 11th St., S. E.

RUDOLPH THIELE,

.....DEALER IN.....

## Cattle and Brewers' Grains,

and also Breeder of High-Class Poultry and Thoroughbred Hogs.

Silver Hill P. O.

Prince George's County, Md.

## Ruppert's - Park,

Otto C. Ruppert, Proprietor,

BLADENSBURG ROAD.

Pleasant Drive from Washington. Short walk from Station. Cycle Track, Picnic and Baseball Park and other Outdoor Amusements.

## Home Repair Outfit.

Every article in this picture packed in a neat box. Price, including 1 year's subscription to the SUBURBAN CITIZEN, \$1.48.

A handy thing to have about the house. You can half-sole your own shoes in a few minutes. We have half-soles in all sizes for men, misses, ladies and boys. With this outfit you can half-sole men's shoes for 20c., women's and children's shoes for 10c. to 15c. Regular retail price of outfit \$1.48, which includes a year's subscription to the SUBURBAN CITIZEN when you mention this adv.

GEO. N. HOLLAND, 1500 H St. N. E.

Chamberlain Carried Out the Joke.

There is a taking little story afloat concerning Mr. Chamberlain, which, if it be not true, has at least originated from someone who has studied the Colonial Secretary and his ways pretty closely. Mainly About People affirms that one day lately Mr. Chamberlain was engaged in conversation with a friend in a well-known London hotel, when a young man approached with a diffidence that bespoke a great desire to exchange a few words with the great man or be snubbed in the attempt.

"May I speak with you for a moment, Mr. Chamberlain?" he asked.

"Certainly," was the ready reply, and the politician rose from his seat.

"I cannot say it here," said the young man, glancing nervously around and leading the way to a remote corner of the room. Arrived there, he spoke his important communication in Mr. Chamberlain's ear. "I am on the staff of the—, and I should esteem it a great favor if you will tell me what you think of the present situation in the Transvaal?"