

## 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 R. 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 R. 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 Capital and R 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. Baneroff, 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, G. F. Williams.

Total Membership about 100.

### POTOMAC RIVER BOATS.

UNITED STATES MAIL ROUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C., to GLENTON, 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.

Desert Lands That Have Been Redeemed. Of recent years the vast desert plains of the West that were supposed to be worthless have been made to produce abundant crops and the finest products by means of irrigation. This method of reclaiming the desert lands has been put into practice quietly, but to the extent that to-day irrigation has redeemed hundreds of thousands of acres of land in the States of Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Utah, Wyoming and California. In Idaho alone over five hundred farmers water their lands by means of irrigation ditches—little streams of water that cut the farms up into strips surrounded by water. Some of the canals from which these small water ditches run are over fifty miles long. The water that flows down from the mountain regions in the spring is preserved in huge reservoirs and given to the thirsty land in small quantities during the summer. By this means the land can always be kept moistened and there is no fear that the crops will dry up through drought, though there are long dry seasons when rain does not fall for weeks at a time.

## N. E. WASHINGTON LOCALS

Reported Specially for the CITIZEN.

Miss Edna Tompkins, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Mr. E. H. Tompkins, a plumber of 805 H St. N. E., was nearly burned to death with gasoline last Saturday night. She was cleaning a skirt at the time and the fluid caught fire from a gas jet. In extinguishing the flames her father's hands were badly burned too.

Mr. J. S. Miller, of 818 H St. N. E., has a summer shoe sale announcement in this issue.

The dyes I am now using are all fast colors. They are close to perfection, too. Come and see the shades. Philip Lederer, Expert Dyer and Scourer, 1206 H Street N. E. Tel. 1519-4.

### TENALTYTOWN NEWS.

A new front is being put in the Irvington House and the place is being thoroughly overhauled for Mr. Ernest Loffler, the clever proprietor.

The four new houses erected by Brewer Heurich are about ready for occupancy.

### AMONG THE DAIRIES.

Mr. John Horrigan is erecting three new brick dwellings adjoining his residence at 36th and O Streets.

The flood last Saturday damaged Mr. L. E. Mayhew to the extent of about \$150.

### SHE COULD DABBLE, TOO.

How a Woman Broke Her Husband of Taking Risks in the Stock Market.

He was a business man making a nice little sum every year for nest-egg purposes, besides extending his business and slowly but surely moving along toward Easy Street. Yet he was not content, and in the hope of forcing the hand of fortune, was doing some trading in the stock market. His wife said it was gambling, pleading with him to stop. He insisted that it was perfectly legitimate and regular, and she finally admitted that he was right and gave up the contest.

His wife gave him no further trouble until one Sunday morning she appeared ready for church in a handsome new cloak. He wanted to know where she got it, and she told him that he would learn by and by. He went to church with her, feeling uncomfortable. He kept his peace, however, and said no more until the next Sunday, when she appeared in a rich black silk gown. He asked questions, but got no answers that were satisfying.

All that week he worried so over that cloak and the silk that he lost his grip on the market and fell short seriously. Sunday came again, and this time she had a pair of diamonds in her ears that fairly dazzled his eyes.

He hadn't a spark of jealousy in his nature and he believed implicitly in his wife, but this was really too much.

She calmly took from her desk a lot of blanks with which he was quite familiar, and handed them to him.

"They are the records of my transactions in stocks recently," she said, with an air of triumph. "I borrowed \$50 on the diamond ring you gave me when we were married, and handed it over to brother Charley to invest for me. I told him you said it was all right, and he did as I told him to do. I didn't know a thing in the world about it, of course, but I was lucky and I have made \$1500, and if the luck doesn't go against me I'll make another thousand next week. It is too easy for anything, and you know, dear, you showed me so clearly that there was nothing wrong in it. I have paid our share of the preacher's salary, too, for the next year, and I'm thinking of organizing a Daughters of the Stock Market in the church. Won't it be lovely?"

"Mary, my dear," he said, solemnly, "if you'll quit I will," and Mary, after the manner of women, began to cry, she was so glad that it turned out just as it did.

### A Close Call.

"Once I sailed these seas, where are the man-eaters, with a corpulent captain. Whenever a chief came on board the first thing he was sure to admire was the proportions of our gallant tar, and the chief would feel him and smack his own lips and turn up his own eyes at the prospect of so much fatness—going to waste, as one may say. These attentions our skipper very much disliked. Well, one day both boats were absent trading, and it fell suddenly calm. 'The old man' (the fore-castle name for a skipper) and I were the only whites on board. The strong currents caught the vessel and carried her on the rocks, and we could get no bottom a hundred yards from the shore; the underflow from the waves kept her from striking. The natives gathered on the cliffs, as ravens to a carcass, waiting for the catastrophe. I took off all my clothes, and we waited and waited for some two hours, the natives recognizing the captain, and telling him plainly they would eat him at last. The strain on our nerves may be imagined. At last the captain's gave way. 'Good-bye, G—, old fellow,' he said, 'those beasts will have me in the ovens at once. You may escape—you are thin. If you see my old girl again, tell her I was thinking of her at the last.' This was said with a gulp and a quiver in the voice. But just then the two boats came round the point, having at last heard our stern guns, and we were saved.—'Among the Man-Eaters,' by John Gaggin.

Among Colorado's relics of cliff dwellers is one building that sheltered probably six thousand people.

### THE WEAVER.

I weave life upwards through the grass, I weave death downwards through the mold.

Before the ordered stars I was: Before my eyes the flowers pass; The seed, the cup of living gold, The bulb, the blossom white and cold, All life within my hands I hold, All death and change my fingers fold, My looms are full, my shuttles fly, The weaver and the weft am I.

I keep all secrets; I disclose Wonder of sweetness to the rose, I fill the dandelion's stem With milk; I give the maidenhair A gift not sweet, and ill to bear— The gift of weakness. Here I bid The lily in the dark be hid From all her kin; and yonder I quicken harsh rue and rosemary, Blossom and bud and seed are mine, All bear my sign and my sign, They are of me, and I of them.

I weave death downwards, through the mold, And weave life upwards through the grass, And which is best I know not—I— Which gift were best to sell or buy If life and death were bought or sold.

Sad hours are lavish, glad hours doled; Sycors and sellers come and pass; Some, warm with love; and some a-cold; Some, with sealed eyes; and some behold Through their own tears, as in a glass, Me and my weaving. Black and gold, Ash-gray, rose-red—all colors flow One with another, to and fro, As endlessly my shuttles go.

I was before the stars began, Or God had ever thought of man, And with the stars I grow not old, I weave life upwards through the grass, And weave death downwards through the mold.

—Nora Hopper, in North American Review.

## EVER SINCE.

BY U. V.



down on the table and burst into tears.

"I knew it was of no use to write," said her brother, Harry, a handsome young man, about twenty, who had been sitting rather moodily before the fire. "He says he has something better to do with his money than send you to school. But never mind; don't cry. I'll not always be a poor clerk, and then you won't have to ask a stinky, old uncle for favors."

"I would not mind it so much, Harry," said Katie, raising her dark eyes full of tears; "but if I could go one term more I should then be able to teach, and only think what a burden it would lift off you."

"Don't talk of burdens, Katie. You are not a burden to me. Indeed, I do not know what I should do without my little sister, now that mother's gone," and his voice quivered.

Then, after a silence broken only by Katie's sobs, Harry suddenly jumped up, saying:

"I have an idea, Katie. Give me my hat—there—don't question me. I'll only be gone an hour or so. Cheer up till I come back."

"It is just too bad!" mentally exclaimed Harry, as he plunged out into the darkness and rain. "I think uncle might have given her something, but it is just like him. It is so hard to be forever struggling with poverty. If it were not for Katie I'd rather be dead. Poor little sister! she is so reasonable in her wants it is such a shame to deny her this. But I'll ask Mr. Grayson to let me sweep out the store and do the work of a boy. I can have it all done by the time the other clerks come, and be able to attend to my own duties. Katie need never know it, and it will bring enough to enable her to go to school."

Ring the bell he was soon ushered into Mr. Grayson's parlor, where he found not Mr. Grayson, but Miss Bruce.

"Her uncle was not in just then, but would he not wait?"

Now Harry had heard of this Miss Bruce before—heard of her as an heiress, haughty and proud, and he sat down to await Mr. Grayson, feeling very uncomfortable. But to his surprise she talked to him, and at his request played and sang for him, and before the evening was over—Mr. Grayson failing to come—he never could tell how it was, but he had told her all his troubles and been sympathized with so sweetly that he found himself wondering was there ever another such a woman.

But this evening, like all others, had an ending, and when he arose to go Miss Bruce held out her hand and said:

"I must say good-by, for to-morrow I return home. I shall not forget you or your troubles. I do not see how I can comfort you. But be brave and I know your life will yet be a success."

The world seemed darker than ever to Harry as he again went out into the night and rain. Darker, because he had found what life might be if he dared to woo and win such a woman as Miss Bruce.

Katie looked up anxiously as her brother returned, but, noting his sad face, she asked no questions, but sat down beside him, put her arms about his neck, and rested her head on his shoulder. It was a way she had of comforting him when he was sad.

The next day, as Harry and Katie were taking their frugal lunch, the landlady came up to their front door and left a letter. He opened it, and to his surprise there dropped out a crisp \$50 bill. A hot flush mounted on his cheek, and for a moment he was exceedingly angry that anyone should make him an object of charity.

"It must be from Miss Bruce," he thought.

"Well, Katie," he said, passing over the bill, "you can go to school now, for someone has been kind

enough to send the money without any name and has prevented us from finding a way to return it."

She gave a great cry of pleasure, but looked surprised when Harry came around, gave her a quiet kiss and hastened out of the room. She did not know that he went out to hide the great love that was surging in his heart, until it betrayed itself in his face, for this beautiful, blue-eyed woman, who he felt must surely be the donor.

Katie went to school and prepared herself for a teacher. The fifty dollars became the foundation of much good, for by and by, with Katie's help, a tiny little cottage was rented outside the city and fitted up into a cozy little home.

Then Harry was promoted, and he showed such admirable tact for business that after four years he became a junior partner. Then his success was steady and upward.

Katie married, but Harry remained a bachelor, with the memory of a sweet, fair-haired, blue-eyed woman enshrined in his heart. He could never marry while the memory of her remained.

One evening, while sauntering up and down the beach of a little seaside town, where he had run for a few days vacation, he met a lady talking to a small child. His heart beat wildly. It was the one he worshipped above all others.

"Miss Bruce?" he said.

"No," she said, with a smile, extending her hand, "Mrs. Lambert. I have been a widow two years. This is my little boy," and she turned the little only-headed child about.

"I did not know you were married," he stammered.

"I married two weeks after I left my uncle's."

"Thank heaven she is free!" he said to himself, drawing a sigh of relief.

He found her just as frank and winning as she had been on that eventful evening so long ago. Day after day he lingered at her side. Did she love him? Sometimes he thought she did. At last he could endure his love no longer, and one evening by the sea, under the pale moon, he told her all. Told her the money had come in an hour of need and helped his little sister, and how her comforting words had cheered him on through all the years.

"I think I loved you ever since then," he said. "Now I know you will think I am a selfish man, for I freely confess I am not content with my first present, but want the donor for another. May I have her?"

He did not know whether she answered yes or no; but they are quite certain we have heard Harry Walker say he liked his last present best.

### SCHOOLS FOR OUR INDIANS.

The Government Has Two Thousand Teachers on the Various Reservations.

"There are, in round numbers, some 250,000 Indians in this country," said Miss Estelle Reel, Superintendent of Indian schools, recently, "and the Government has upon the various reservations about 250 boarding and day schools, in which over 2000 teachers are employed. The work is divided, a part of each day being spent in study and a part in industrial work. The girls are taught to become good housekeepers, and are instructed in all that pertains thereto; while the boys are taught farming and the ordinary industrial arts. Besides these schools, which are situated near the homes of the Indians, there are several where the higher branches and the scientific trades are taught, such as the far-famed Carlisle school, the Haskell institute and the Hampton institute.

Since these were organized, a few years ago, there have been a large number of graduates. Few have returned to their old life, and as a result of the practical work done in the schools there are a number of Indians employed as teachers, cooks, matrons, seamstresses and disciplinarians.

Thus we see that gradually the Indian question will be solved when the coming generation is taught to become self-supporting and to follow the ordinary walks of life, the same as their white brothers.

"There is considerable dispute among educators as to whether our efforts are wasted. The opinion that much of the so-called Indian education is wasted, and that the Indian boy or girl upon returning from school immediately returns to camp life, is held by many. I believe that we must bend the aims of the young Indian, and do this the youth must be brought into and kept in our civilization, unless our civilization is taken to him.

In many instances where tribes of Indians have been surrounded by a good class of white settlers the debasing camp life is ending. Major Pratt, superintendent of the Carlisle school, holds that the Indian children must in some way be placed under the influence of individual contact with American life and citizenship. The placing of Indian boys and girls at service in families of farmers, although for a few months only, has met with abundant success. I believe that young Indian women need industrial education as well as young men, for when you civilize the wife you civilize the home.

For that reason I strongly urge that sewing, cooking and economic house-keeping shall be the leading factors in every Indian girl's education."

The Wear and Tear of Shoes.

We wear away two inches of shoe leather in a year. A pair of boots that would "last a lifetime" would, consequently, have to be provided with soles from eight feet to nine feet thick.

A Large Orange Tree.

The largest orange tree in the South grows in Terre Bonne Parish, La., and is fifty feet high and fifteen feet in circumference at the base. It has often yielded 10,000 oranges per season.

## GOOD ROADS NOTES.

The French Repair System.

BEFORE MacAdam's time it was thought necessary to construct stone roads with a foundation of large stones, the small, broken stone was then spread over them, and traffic was depended on to consolidate them into a smooth and hard roadway. Moreover, in France, upright, protruding stones were placed at the edges of the foundation, in order to enclose the smaller stone. These roads were often two feet deep and yet they wore badly into ruts. When the holes were filled, travel avoided the repaired spots and new ruts were formed.

MacAdam did away with the large stone foundation, and showed that small material, properly laid and compacted, would distribute the pressure equally on the real road beneath and also serve to effectually shed the water which fell upon it. The new system was economical and simple, but it had what seemed at first to be one drawback—the roads required constant watching and frequent repairs. This, however, is regarded as really a blessing, as the construction of the roads makes it easy to keep them in condition. In France this work is thoroughly systematized and is carried on very effectively. The system, as described by the Paris correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle, is as follows:

A chief engineer is at the head of each department, and he has several assistant engineers, each in charge of a sub-division called an arrondissement. All the roads in these arrondissements are visited and examined by them at least quarterly, and often if necessary. These engineers in turn have lieutenants, called conductors, who oversee certain lengths of road which they must look over in detail at least semi-monthly. Under the conductors come the cantonniers who do the manual labor, each one caring for a "canton," or stretch about two miles long. Five or six cantons are grouped together and their cantonniers form a brigade, one of whom is made chief, and has a shorter stretch to care for in order that he may oversee the others. If a piece of road absolutely requires it, one or more laborers, called auxiliaries, are given a canton to aid him.

Besides overseeing their roads the conductors give all orders to the chief cantonniers, examine their work and report on their conduct and make written reports to the engineers twice each month. They keep the accounts of their divisions and report on petitions or new projects. They are obliged to do all their traveling on foot, examine into the smallest details and give the necessary explanations and directions to the cantonniers.

The canton of the chief cantonnier must be the best kept of the brigade, in order to show his superiority over the other men. These men are nominated by the perfect of the department according to certain conditions: They must be between twenty-one and forty years old; suffer from no infirmity that interferes with daily labor; have previous experience in work shops appertaining to their work or have worked on the roads in some capacity; possess a certificate of good conduct and be able to read and write.

The cantonniers must remain on the roads from sunrise to sundown in winter, and from 5 a. m. to 7 p. m. in summer. They are allowed to build shelters or have movable shelters in which they can seek refuge during storms, but they cannot absent themselves from the roads. Each one has an account book and a register and keeps a daily account of his work and the time occupied in each task. At the end of each month the conductor recapitulates the account and sends it to the engineer.

In this way the roads are never without the most careful attention, and expensive and annoying repairs are rendered unnecessary.

### Benefits of Co-Operation.

What farmers can do by co-operation in the matter of road making is interestingly told by a Michigan correspondent of the Orange Judd Farmer. It is a sandy country where the correspondent lives, and the roads were generally poor throughout the year. The town was poor also, and refused to improve the highways. Then the farmers decided to help themselves. About five years ago twenty-five of them came together and offered to haul marl one day free if the township would allow them to take the marl from its bed. The township was willing, and about twenty men volunteered to shovel and level the marl, and so the first half mile was laid. That road proved such a success that the next year another half mile was put down. This marl, packed down so hard and made such excellent bed for gravel that the farmers donated \$225 and labor for about one-quarter mile of gravel. This being put on in what was always a wet place, it was spread about eight inches thick. Next year \$250 was collected and about one-half mile was put down, spreading this only about four inches. This year only \$100 was collected, but a quarter-mile strip was put down, finishing the mile started five years before. Besides this about a half-mile of marl was put down ready for gravel next fall. This action of the farmers stirred up the townspeople at large, and now the town has offered to raise \$600 for gravel if the farmers will furnish the labor to spread it. That they will do willingly.

### A Strong Contrast.

The latest statistics show that the United States has over 200,000 miles of railroad and less than 20,000 miles of good wagon roads.

## HEROES IN POLITICS

SHERMAN THE ONLY WARRIOR TO RESIST.

Taylor Also Preferred Private Life to the White House, But Yielded—Some Conspicuous Successes and Failures.

The solitary, brilliant exception to the popular heroes of this country, one who would not accept the nomination for the presidency, was Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman. Repeatedly he was urged to be a candidate and earnestly besought "to save our party" by becoming a standard bearer; but no arguments that were presented, no inducements that could be made, influenced his decision. His reply to all such proposals was that he was not a politician; that he could not become one; did not want the place, and, finally, when his patience was exhausted with the importunities of those who assured him that he would be elected if he would run, he roared out his last emphatic, "No, let me hear no more of it. I will not accept the office."

Every other American over whose head has been suspended this temptation has succumbed and welcomed the opportunity to be the recipient of this greatest of civic honors. If there be an exception Gen. Taylor would represent, in a measure, that exception. He objected and then protested that he did not want the office, but finally permitted himself to become a candidate and was elected to fill the office. His candidacy was not furthered by himself in any way. When urged by a delegation of visiting statesmen to visit the north for electioneering purposes his reply was:

"I would not go across you ferry to influence the public choice or to secure my election. I have never aspired to the presidency; if the people elect me of their own free choice my humble services are at their disposal. If they elect some other candidate I shall not be in the slightest degree mortified."

Taylor deplored the necessity that compelled him to resign his commission in the army, and his election did not compensate him for the severance of ties that bound him to his comrades in arms, and the life he loved. Mrs. Taylor had shared with her husband his frontier life, and had for a quarter of a century practically lived in a tent, his happy comrade and caretaker. She used all her influence to prevent a consideration of the proposition made to her husband, and when he had reached the conclusion that he should accept the call of his countrymen, she sadly pointed out to him that his acquired habits as an army officer would not permit him to live under the restraints of life in Washington, and she repeatedly expressed the fear that if elected his life would be shortened by reason of the new responsibilities put upon him. When Taylor's untimely death occurred a year and four months after his election, there were sincere mourners among those who had known of Mrs. Taylor's opposition "to the plot," as she had termed it, to take her husband from the army and nominate him for the place which had, in a sense, cost him his life.

Jackson was the first military man after Washington's time, who became president by reason of his services in the field. He was a volunteer soldier, whose great success in arms had made him a hero in the west and southwest, and whose nomination was due to this fact. It was a political issue that persuaded him to go into politics.

Gen. William Henry Harrison was the next military hero who reached the presidency by way of the battlefield. His unfitness for the office was such that one month of worry and responsibility in it killed him.

Gen. Grant's military reputation carried him into the white house, and no more eloquent judgment has been passed upon his fitness for the place of chief magistrate, or his success in performing its duties, than the place assigned him in history. There he is ranked as one of the greatest generals of modern times, and the statement made regarding his presidency is usually the simple announcement that he was twice elected to fill the office. His fame rests on his achievements as a soldier. No distinctly military man can hope to add laurels to his crown by becoming president of the United States. The truth that they do not is attested by the history of every soldier who has held the position.

Military men who have been candidates, and been defeated as such, have injured their military prestige without gaining anything in the popular estimation. Among these defeated presidential candidates have been Gen. Winfield Scott, Gen. George B. McClellan, Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock. All these men bitterly regretted having run for the office, an office for which not one of them had the training or the temperament to fill with distinction.

The naval branch of the national military service was not represented in the list of presidential candidates until Admiral Dewey offered himself as such.

### Strawberries on Trees.

At last M. Ballet, the great French specialist, has been enabled to grow strawberries on plants of a decidedly tree-like nature. The method is simplicity itself. The runners are trained up vertically and tied to a stake, in the same way that a pot tomato plant is, and then the lateral buds are pinched out. Result—a strawberry tree on a small scale.—London Leader.