

## THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, - D. C.

There is no reason to suppose that any new microbe of disease has been introduced into the world since civilization began.

In Massachusetts free libraries are maintained by means of the dog tax, every town but seven in the State being so equipped.

The transitoriness of human pomp and circumstance is well illustrated by the fact that on the day of the formal opening of the exposition in Paris, a contract was signed for the razing and dismantling of the buildings in which the exposition is held.

Prince Alexis Dolgoroukoff is in this country investigating the standing of American capitalists for the Russian Government. If he is limiting his researches to a consideration of the tax lists he will find that American capitalists are generally a very poor lot.

"Corporations have no souls" is a much older expression than most people imagine. It originated with Sir Edward Coke, who, in the sixteenth century, was considered one of the best legal writers of the age. He says in one of his treatises: "Corporations cannot commit trespass, nor be outlawed, nor excommunicated, for they have no souls."

Mothers and teachers who have lamented an abnormal tendency of children to nibble chalk from the blackboard may set their minds at rest. A scientist assures us that not only is this taste legitimate, but that it is to be commended when the chalk is used in small quantities. Chalk contains lime and sulphur, necessary for building up the skeleton of the body. A pinch of chalk dust once or twice a day is said to be an efficient aid to weak digestion. As the dust is tasteless and odorless, it can be taken in water or food without injury.

A statute of New Jersey makes it illegal to sell lottery tickets in the State, no matter where the home office of the lottery company may be. This is the statute: "If any person shall give, barter, sell, or otherwise dispose of, any ticket or tickets, or any share or interest in any ticket or tickets in any lottery, whether erected, set up, opened, or made in this State or elsewhere, or the chance or chances of any such ticket or tickets, he shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be punished by fine, not exceeding one hundred dollars, or imprisonment at hard labor, not exceeding one year, or both."

The Philadelphia Public Ledger, speaking of the Australian federation scheme, says: "The Australians, who have founded on the basis of a convict colony which was neglected and spared for years by the mother country a great, enlightened Commonwealth, seem to offer another illustration of the Anglo-Saxon capacity for self-government. They are now forming a new system of government, which will help solve some of the problems of rule by the people applied to the great domain and large population, as in the United States."

In making his choice of a career no boy should be misled by the cry that the professions and higher walks are "overcrowded." It is a melancholy but indisputable fact that the lower walks of industry are immeasurably worse than overcrowded, remarks a writer in the New York World. The sound advice to be given to a boy is this: Measure your capacities carefully without fear or favor, find out what you can do best in a world that insists upon capacity as the measure of reward, and then equip yourself for that particular work as thoroughly as you can. The rest will take care of itself.

Our forefathers were wont to draw the line rather sharply between the professions and the trades. The professional man, it was thought, labored chiefly for the pure love of his calling; the tradesman, for what it brought him. To-day there is a gradual breaking down of the wall that once separated the man with the trained intellect from the man with the trained hand, and the ethical distinction between the professions and the crafts is now so finely drawn that it can be no longer honestly maintained that their representatives are not equally alive to the pecuniary rewards of their daily labors, reflects the Scientific American.

## FEEDIN' THE STOCK.

Fear the chorus in that tie-up, runch, ger-runch, and runch and runch! There's a row of honest critters! Does me good to hear 'em munch. When the barn is gettin' dusky and the sun's behind the drifts, Touchin' last the gable window where the dancin' hay-dust sits, When the coxin' in the tie-up kind o' hints it's five o'clock, Wal, I've got a job that suits me—that's the chore of feedin' stock.

We've got patches down to our house—honest patches, though, and neat, But we'd rather have the patches than to skin on what we eat. Lots of work, and grub to back ye—that's a mighty wholesome creed, Critters fast, sir, that's my motto—give the critters all they need, And the way we do to our house, marm and me take what is left, And—wal, we ain't goin' hungry, as you'll notice by our belt, Hang the man that's calculatin' when he measures out his hay, Groanin' ev'ry time he pitches ary forkful out the "bay," Hang the man who feeds out ruff-scuff, wood and wire from the swale, 'Cause he wants to press his herd grass; send his clover off for sale.

Oh, the dim old barn seems homelike, with its overhanging mows, With its warm and battened tie-up, full of well-fed sheep and cows, Then I shot the door behind me, drop the bar and drive the pin, And, with Zeil a-waggin' after, lug the foamin' milk pails in.

That's the style of things to our house—marm and me don't pull up Until ev'ry critter's eatin', from the cattle down to pup, Then the biscuits and the spare-rib and plum preserve taste good, For we're feedin' marm and mother, that we're eatin' 'bout's we should, Like or not, s'r, after supper, mother sews another patch, And she says the duds look trampy, 'cause she ain't got goods to match, Fust of all, though, comes the meal bins and the bay mows; after those, If there's any extr'y dollars, wal, we'll see about some clothes, But to-night, why, bless ye, mother, pull the rug across the door, Warmth and food and peace and comfort—let's not pestor God for more.

—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.



## A BUNCH OF KEYS.

By William H. Brooks.



In the first place, no young woman of sound mind sits in a freight elevator at midnight attired in a dinner gown as a mere pastime. Add to this the fact that the painfully new and unyielding ropes by which the lift was propelled were being pulled upon lustily by the clerk from the neighboring drug store—awakened from a sound sleep for the purpose—and it will readily be seen that something unusual had happened in the Carton family.

At that moment when the drug clerk was pulling Mollie with infinite pains toward the fifth floor, rear, of the apartment building in which the Cartons had the pleasure of residing Mrs. Carton sat wringing her hands and calling upon heaven to save her child upon the front stairs. To be exact, it was upon the first step of the fourth flight of stairs she sat. Which should make it evident to everybody that she was conducting her lamentation just outside her own door. She sat outside not from choice, but because she couldn't help herself.

In short, she was locked out. And so was Mollie.

So was the drug clerk for that matter, but the fifth apartment in the "Brunhilda," not being his abiding place, he did not take it to heart as Mrs. Carton did. Having known the Cartons for only twenty minutes, his interest in the matter was as yet quasi-professional.

But perhaps it would be better to begin at the beginning.

Be it known, then, that Mrs. Carton and her daughter had been giving a little dinner that evening. The guests had stopped on rather late, and the janitor, after the manner of his kind, having put the lights out early, Mollie stepped into the hall to light the gas that her friends might find their way down the winding stairs in comfort. Mrs. Carton followed her, and together they sped the parting diners. While they were thus engrossed the door—their own treacherous front door—impelled by a slight draft, or by what somebody has called the total depravity of inanimate things, clicked sharply shut. They both turned quickly, but it was too late. The latch had done its worst.

Their maid had departed immediately after serving to a ball, intending to spend the night with her sister. Mr. Carton was out of town on a business trip. So there was no hope of success from within.

It was obviously impossible to go to a hotel attired in their evening frocks. Besides, they had no money. They knew no one in the building. Their friends all lived at a distance. Their guests were already beyond reach. Mrs. Carton entertained a mental vision of a night spent upon the street, or, at best, in a drafty hallway. She sank down upon the stairs overcome. She also wept.

But Mollie was young, and youth is ever resourceful. Also, she had a keen sense of humor. Although she didn't dare let her mother know it, she was amused. At all events, the situation savored of adventure, and an opportunity for adventure is not to be lightly disregarded, even if it does involve a little discomfort. She patted her mother's shoulder soothingly.

"There, there. Don't cry, dear. The janitor is sure to have a skeleton key. I'll run down and get it."

Janitor's shawl about her, Mollie went forth to wake the landlord.

Notwithstanding his rent-collecting habit, the landlord seemed to share the janitor's views on the subject of sleep. He hadn't a duplicate key, he informed her, after at last he had been awakened and appeared at an upper window. He seemed to Mollie to gloat over the fact. He intimated that his business was renting apartments, not running other people's domestic affairs.

"But can't you suggest something?" Mollie cried, desperately. "We must get in, you know."

He suggested the drug clerk on the corner, who had a big bunch of keys, might be able to open the door, and then he shut the window.

The drug clerk was asleep, too, and hard to arouse, but at last opened the door wide. Upon perceiving a young woman, however, he shut it again quickly that his disheveled condition might not be too apparent, leaving, however, a crack wide enough for conversational purposes.

"Give me your prescription," he said, extending a hand through the aperture. "I'll turn up the light as soon as I get in the back room and you can come in and sit down."

It was harder than she thought it would be to explain her errand. Mollie's tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of her mouth. She experienced difficulty in breathing.

"I—it isn't a prescription," she gasped.

"O!" said the clerk.

It was all he said, but it sounded like more to Mollie. She knew it meant more.

"I—that is, we—my mother and I, you know—are in great trouble—"

"Of course, I understand," said the drug clerk, instant sympathy in his tone.

"What does he understand?" thought Mollie wildly.

"Don't you know your physician's telephone number?" he went on. "I'll call him up right away."

"It isn't illness. It really isn't anything in your line of business. We are just locked out."

Mollie blurted it out at last. She heaved a little sigh of relief and hurried on.

"Our landlord said you had a big bunch of keys and were very clever about—about such things. And I hoped you'd help us, so I ventured to wake you. It really is a serious matter, or I wouldn't have dreamed of disturbing you."

There was a tremble in her voice that convinced the drug clerk. It was the same tremble that won the landlord. Moreover, she was young and he was young. And he did happen to possess a good temper.

"I ought not to leave the store," he said. "Trouble for me if I get caught. Is it near?"

"Just around the corner," Mollie hastened to assure him.

"Wait a minute, then, until I get dressed, and I'll come with you."

It seemed a long time before he emerged, jingling his bunch of keys, but he really made a hasty toilet. Together they repaired to Mollie's flat, and the clerk tried his best to unlock the door, but failed. Then Mollie suggested the freight elevator.

"You know there is a sliding door in our kitchen where we take the groceries and things off the elevator, Mary never locks it. I have to do that every night the last thing. So it is sure to be open. And it is quite a large door, I'm sure I—"

Then she turned to the drug clerk deprecatingly.

"I'm afraid I'm heavy and the ropes are stiff. But do you suppose you could pull me up on the elevator?"

The janitor's wife's shawl had slipped off by this time, and Mollie looked so pretty that it would have taken a far more seasoned youth than the drug clerk to withstand her, especially when she pleaded.

"I'm sure I can," he answered valiantly. "It's a good plan."

But Mrs. Carton refused to see in it anything but her daughter's doom.

"You'll be killed," she sobbed, "And then what will your father say?"

Mollie and the clerk descended to the basement, which, of course, was dark, but fortunately the drug clerk had a match. They found the elevator after a short search. It wasn't a large elevator, but Mollie squeezed

herself in and sat like a quarter-opened jackknife, her head bumping the top of the elevator and her elbows resting on her knees. It wasn't comfortable. As the machine reached the first floor a voice startled them both. It seemed to come from above them.

"Miss Carton," it said, "your door is open. Mrs. Carton would like you to come upstairs."

"What?" exclaimed Mollie and the drug clerk in the same breath.

"How did it happen?"

But the voice vouchsafed no explanation.

It was an easy matter to drop the elevator the few feet it had ascended. Mollie scrambled out. She and the drug clerk ran upstairs. Mrs. Carton met them at their door beaming. A tall, athletic-looking fellow stood beside her.

"My dear," she said, "let me present Mr. Mocre, who has so kindly, I might say bravely, helped us out of our dilemma."

"But how?" demanded Mollie, heedless of conventions. "How in the world did he do it?"

"Very simple, I assure you, Miss Carton," said the deliverer.

"O, my dear, he ran a most fearful risk!" exclaimed her mother.

"I happened to be one of the bachelors that keep house just across the hall from you," continued the deliverer. "I came home late and found Mrs. Carton sitting outside our door in deepest distress. I naturally asked if I could be of service. And then—"

"And then, Mollie," interrupted Mrs. Carton, "he went into his kitchen and opened his door in the elevator shaft just opposite to ours, pried ours open with an umbrella and swung across that awful chasm right into our kitchen. Wasn't that splendid?"

Mrs. Carton stopped, out of breath. Jack Moore laughed.

"For a man with a Yale field day or two back of him it was nothing at all," he said.

But Mollie looked impressed.

The drug clerk saw it and knew that his brief moment was past. It had been exciting while it lasted. Miss Carton was charming. He had never come so near to a girl of her class before. But he was glad he knew enough to realize that it was over.

Mrs. Carton and Mollie both begged him to come in and have some supper. Mollie even said she'd do something on the chaffing-dish for him. But he declined. He said he had to get back to the store.

As he bathed his smarting hands with hamamelis in the safe haven of the prescription room he indulged in a few bitter thoughts. He remembered how pretty Miss Carton was. Moore thought so, too. He knew by the way he looked at her. At this moment the Yale man was probably consuming the rabbit that he, the drug clerk, had really earned.

The ache where his hands were scraped by the ropes seemed to grow worse.

"It's a deucedly unequal world," he decided.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

## ELECTRICITY IN STEEL WORKS.

Replacing Steam Power in the Large Carnegie Plants.

The Carnegie Steel Company has decided to make a complete change in the motive-power system that operates its thirty-inch mill of the Homestead Steel works. Electricity is to take the place of steam in the operations of the shifting tables at the rolls. This will take considerable time, as it means the replacing this portion of the plant with entirely new machinery. The only machinery in the plant which will be operated by steam will be the big roll engine, and if it is practicable this engine will be operated by electricity later. An engine similar in construction to that intended for the forty-inch mill will replace the one now in use. The cost of the engine will be \$65,000. The total expenditure for improvements to this mill is estimated at about \$200,000.

The introduction of electricity as the motive power for the shifting tables is an innovation at this plant. It is on these tables that all the big pieces of steel, such as angles, flat beams, etc., are carried to and from the rolls and shifted into the position required in rolling them into the proper shapes. It will require a considerable voltage to operate the heavy machinery, and a special electric plant will be erected in connection with the mill. The cost of this plant will be in addition to the \$200,000 mentioned as the sum necessary for the improvement of the motive power. William Bailey, chief engineer of the works, said that the changing of the motive power and introduction of new machinery for that purpose would require considerable time, and it would be four months at least before this plant would be ready to start under the new order of things.—New York Post.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

A good intention clothes itself with power.—Emerson.

Doubt whom you will, but never doubt yourself.—Bovee.

Discreet followers and servants help much to reputation.—Bacon.

The more we study the more we discover our ignorance.—Shelley.

That which we acquire with most difficulty we retain the longest.—Colton.

Mischief lurks in the beginning; a good beginning is half the task.—Euripides.

The wise and the active conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them.—Rowe.

There is no friendship, no love, like that of parent for child.—H. W. Beecher.

What we know is very little, but what we are ignorant of is immense.—Laplace.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many.—Emerson.

Brevity is the best recommendation of speech, when in a Senator or an orator.—Cicero.

It is easy to look down on others, to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.—Peterborough.

To persevere is one's duty and be silent is the best answer to calumny.—George Washington.

True dignity is never gained by place, and never lost when honors are withdrawn.—Messinger.

Nothing is so indicative of deepest culture as a tender consideration of the ignorant.—Emerson.

The more we do the more we can do; the more busy we are the more leisure we have.—Hazlitt.

Avarice sheds a blasting influence over the fairest and sweetest of mankind.—George Washington.

Be not too brief in conversation lest you be not understood, nor too diffuse lest you be troublesome.—Protogoras.

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions. He is neither hot nor timid.—Chesterfield.

A Luminous Sea Crab.

One of the marine curiosities recently fished from the bottom of the Indian Ocean by a dredging vessel in the employ of the Calcutta Society of Natural History was a mammoth sea crab which continually emitted a bright white light, similar to that seen in the spasmodic flashes of phosphorescent luminosity kindled by our common glow worms. The oddity was captured in the daytime and placed in a large tank, nothing peculiar except its immense size being noticeable in the broad glare of the tropical sun. At night, however, when all was pitchy darkness, the crab surprised the naturalists by lighting up the tank so that all the other sea creatures, great and small could be plainly seen.

Specs For Tabby.

As the Dioptric and Ophthalmometric Review is the organ of the British Optical Association, the following incident narrated in its pages may have scientific importance. A well-known lady who possesses a pet Maltese cat found recently that the cat's eyesight began to fail, so she took him to an oculist. By means of a picture of a mouse the oculist soon learned what was the matter, and was able to fit the cat with glasses. The lenses were set in gold frames, especially made, and now the cat's eyesight is as good as ever.—London News.

His One Fear.

The undaunted Corporal Calthness, so conspicuously daring in a "pinch" at the battle of Waterloo, was asked if he did not fear they should lose the day. "No, no," said he; "I knew we would not do that. My only fear was that we should all be killed before we had time to win it."

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