

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. In other words, people familiar wherever 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 at second-class rates.

NO OTHER PAPER

In Washington receives as wide or as intelligent a patronage among country people as

THE Suburban Citizen.

It enters more suburban homes every week than any other Washington paper, hence its columns afford the most effective way to reach the thrifty people of the suburbs. For advertising rates, address

The Suburban Citizen,
 WASHINGTON, D. C.

Now that cooler weather is in sight the different associations should get together for the fall campaign.

If your section is left out by the Commissioners in making up their annual estimates don't blame us for not calling your attention to the fact that the time is at hand for making your wants known.

It is estimated that the farms of Kansas will this year yield over \$100 for every man, woman and child in that State.

If they have no flirtations in China, what dull holidays they must have!

These fatal bicycle accidents seem to be always accompanied by a great deal of recklessness.

If Nikola Tesla could only find somebody who would actually do the things he announces from time to time as feasible he would rank high as an inventor.

With the universal use of electric light instead of oil, gas and candles, an English statistician calculates that the United Kingdom would have 40,000 less deaths annually.

The Mexican census, recently completed, shows a total population of 12,491,573, over two-thirds of whom are illiterate. Over eighty per cent. of the population is of mixed or Indian blood.

War is the great modern teacher of geography, remarks the Montreal Gazette. Two years ago we learned all about the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico. Then followed a thorough course in South Africa. China is apparently next upon the list.

The Omaha World-Herald approves a course of culinary instruction in Eastern vacation schools, and remarks: "Young women who are forced by present economic conditions in wages to earn their own livelihood could not prepare themselves for a more useful womanly calling than that of a thorough housekeeper and cook."

English is henceforth the official court language in Hawaii, Judge Humphreys, of Honolulu, recently ruled out as inadequate a court notice printed in a Portuguese paper, and promulgated a rule that thereafter all proceedings of any and every kind whatsoever, and all advertisements, notices, etc., should be in the English language.

FRIENDS.

We who have lived so many days and have so many uneventful days to live, The pity of it, that we dare not give, Out of them all, just one, when I and you Might meet as comrades meet with clasp of hand
 And much to tell and to remember, and Much to be glad and sorry for—we two.
 Shall we choose summer for our day to dawn—
 A day of sun and little winds that fleet Through woodland ways like touch of dryad's feet?
 Shall we go wandering the paths we knew, Aimless as transient children, with the gay Glad talk that suits a stolen holiday, Idlest of happy vagabonds—we two?
 Or shall our day come when the winter snow
 Slips at the pane and blurs the land from sight,
 And all the hearth is glorious with light That dances on old prints and tankards blue,
 And all the books we cherish ever-well Shall lie beside us while we sit and tell Old rhymes, old tales, and plan and dream —we two?

We who must live so many empty days, Let us have one that we can claim our own—
 A day that shall be made for us alone, Nay, friend, it is our very friendship's due, Our right divine to feel anew the free Exquisite joy of camaraderie That binds the very hearts of us—we two.—Theodosia Garrison, in Harper's Bazar.

A Woman's Wisdom

LANDOR was at his desk, which was near the open window. The window looked down on the ponderous, overwhelming traffic of South Water street. The grinding of huge wheels, the crashing of machinery, the clatter of hoof beats, the rattle of harness, the jarring of merchandise, the hoarse voices of porters and drivers, all rose in one mighty, mingled roar—a veritable bellow of commercial prosperity.
 Landor did not notice the turmoil. He had become accustomed to it many months ago. He was absorbed—but not in his work. The minute hand had crawled quite around the dial of the big clock in the corner since he had formed a figure on the ledger lying open before him. But he had been writing. His gaze dropped to the page upon his desk. As he scanned the verse he had written, his eyes took on the mingled dreaminess and sparkle one sees only in the orbs of a poet.
 He drew from his desk a little glove, pearl covered and perfumed. There was inspiration in the sight, the scent, the touch of it. He laid it gently back, seized his pen, and began on another stanza.

A brown hand reached over his shoulder. A couple of letters fell on the open ledger. One—the one in the firm, characteristic feminine hand he had come to know—he tore open with fingers that were clumsy through haste. Two—four closely written pages! Her notes to him heretofore had been of almost telegraphic brevity. He plunged into the first page—had all but read it through, indeed, before he paused—jerked back his head as though he had received a shock.

The letter had not been intended for him! But it was of him. There was his name—his name in the writing of the woman he loved—to whom he had not dared to speak unless in sweet, wild verses which she never beheld. He had read so far unwittingly; he must now read the rest. After what he had ignorantly learned he must now learn more. It meant life and all that life held for him—the words which were traced on the next page—life and love, or bitter and enduring disappointment!

"My Dear Friend—When you asked me lately if Landor Aldrich should do me the honor to ask me to be his wife—would I marry him—I gave you no reply. I will tell you now. I fear your opinion should be lightly formed. I dread lest you think me guilty of a vulgar caprice—I will be quite frank. I think he does care for me. And I—"
 There the page ended.

The dreaminess was gone from his eyes now. There was a red light in them. He dug his nails into his palms until the fierce pressure pained.

He turned the page. He read on.
 "—well; I've never worn my heart on my sleeve, Eloise. I can't do it now. But you may draw from my silence what inference you will."
 "Mr. Aldrich!" He looked up. He was trembling like a leaf. "About that special shipment to the Philippines, sir—"
 "Yes—no! I don't know. Ask the elevator boy!" he muttered, not comprehending, and again bent over the fatal page. The man shrugged his shoulders, walked away. Landor read on: "You spoke of his charming personality—his rare gifts of mind and spirit. Who should appreciate these more than I, who have known him so well? That one of such social standing, appearance and hereditary wealth should have singled me out from among many girls who admire him, has flattered me, indeed. But should he say the words every woman wants to hear once from a man, I must answer—No."

There was a muffled cry. The letter was crumpled in fierce fingers. Then he lifted his bowed head, smoothed out the page and read on:
 "This, my friend, is why. He is not proving himself. He is an idler—a dreamer. With every avenue of success stretching broad and fair before him, he is content to pass hours occupying a purely nominal position in his father's office. He leads the cotton-wool well—none better. In all matters of dilettantism his taste is cultured and fine. And he writes the

most musical verses one can imagine. One must admire as well as love the man one marries. How can one admire the individual who saunters through life as though a charity fair? His degrees entitle him to a university professorship. His father's various interests in many places call for his personal supervision. There is so much to do before he may confidently ask a woman to give to him herself—life, body and soul. But I wish—oh, how I wish—"
 Aldrich put the letter in his pocket. He groped for his hat and gloves and went out into the fresh spring afternoon. Then he remembered the unfinished poem. He returned—made it with the glove and other little treasures into a packet, which he put in his breast pocket. Half an hour later he stood in the luxuriously appointed room of a great city bank. A meeting of the directors had just ended. His father was leaving.

"What's up, Landor? You look queer."
 "I'm all right, sir. I want a word with you, though. Now will do as well as any time. Whom were you thinking of sending down to establish the branch of our house at Manila?"
 "I did think of Peterson, but I'm afraid he has signed with the other people?"
 "Will you trust me to go, father?"
 "You!" The elder man's haggard face lighted up—then fell. "You're not capable of the task, my boy. It's a tremendous one."
 Landor smiled with pale lips—but the smile was winning. "You should have more confidence in my father's son," he protested, gently.

The words warmed the old man's heart like wine. His eyes blinked up at his boy. "By George!" he cried. "I believe you've got it in you! I've had doubts of you. Let that pass. You shall go, with full and absolute authority."
 And there was a new elasticity in the gait of the commercial magnate as he took his son's arm and went down to his carriage.

The following day a note came to Landor—a formal, demure little note: "Dear Mr. Aldrich—I find I failed to send you yesterday my line of thanks for those violets. Will you take the belated gratitude now? There was a mistake somewhere. Always sincerely yours,
 "Katherine Clermont."

But the news that he was to assume control of his father's business in the Philippines had been made public in the newspapers before he saw her again. Then it was to say goodbye. The hand she gave him was cold as ice—but she looked up at him with steady, unflinching hazel eyes.
 "You are really going, then? It was no newspaper canard? How we shall miss you!"
 "I hope you will. May I write to you, Katherine?" He had never called her Katherine till now.

"Yes, indeed. But I'm a laggard correspondent. Good-by."
 There has not been since the opening up of the islands an affair which so interested the business men of Chicago and other cities as did the success of the great branch house of the Aldrichs in Manila.

"A boy of twenty-seven at the head!" the wise ones commented. It seems impossible that he should have shown such acumen—such ability. By the time he returned for a brief vacation, more than a year later, the business was booming. But the man who came back was not the boy who had gone away. He showed the strain of concentration, deprivation, hard, conscientious work. Katherine Clermont met him for the first time after his return at a great social function. She was all in a rippling gown that swirled his black waves about her feet with popples garlanding her beautiful shoulders. The room went round when she caught sight of him. How changed, but—
 "Katherine! Come away! How good you were to write—though so seldom!"
 "Do you know you are almost a hero?" she cried, quizzically. "All the old men are talking about the way you worked—and the results. I am proud I know you!"
 He had been ill and lonely, and often depressed! Now the gates of heaven stood open.

"You know why I have come back?" he whispered. "To think that if it were not for a letter I chanced to read, I might be mooning over verses in an office still—a letter it was not intended I should read—"
 Her white lips lifted. "How do you know it was not intended for you to read?" Then she laughed softly and long. He wondered why.—Buffalo Enquirer.

Proposed Celebration.
 A national celebration of the 200th anniversary of the starting of a newspaper in America will take place in 1904, owing to the suggestion of Mayor Nichols in an address before the State Editorial Association at Wilkesbarre, Penn. The association appointed a committee to confer with the associations of other States, and if possible bring it about. In the course of his address Mayor Nichols said:
 John Campbell is the real founder of journalism in the United States. "The Boston News Letter" was born April 24, 1704, and existed until 1770. During the first sixteen years of this period it was the only newspaper printed in the colonies. Fourteen years prior to Campbell's venture Benjamin Harris issued one copy of "Public Occurrences," which was immediately suppressed by members of the King's official family because of a distasteful paragraph. The beginning of American journalism is truly an event that ought to be commemorated and its author deserves a conspicuous place in American history.

SNAILS' TEETH.

They Run About 30,000 to the Snail, But 4000 or So Are Used at One Time.
 "It is a fortunate thing for man and the rest of the animal kingdom," said the naturalist, "that no large wild animal has a mouth constructed with the devouring apparatus built on the plan of the insignificant-looking snail's mouth, for that animal could out-devour anything that lives. The snail itself is such an entirely unpleasant, not to say loathsome, creature to handle that few amateur naturalists care to bother with it, but by neglecting the snail they miss studying one of the most interesting objects that come under their observation."
 "Any one who has noticed a snail feeding on a leaf must have wondered how such a soft, flabby, slimy animal can make such a sharp and clean-cut incision in the leaf, leaving an edge as smooth and straight as if it had been cut with a knife. That is due to the peculiar and formidable mouth he has. The snail eats with his tongue and the roof of his mouth. The tongue is a ribbon which the snail keeps in a coil in his mouth. This tongue is in reality a hand saw, with the teeth on the surface instead of on the edge. The teeth are so small that as many as 30,000 of them have been found on one snail's tongue. They are exceedingly sharp and only a few of them are used at a time—not exactly only a few of them, but a few of them comparatively, for the snail will probably have 4000 or 5000 of them in use at once. He does this by means of his coiled tongue. He can uncoil as much as he chooses, and the uncoiled part he brings into service. The roof of his mouth is as hard as bone. He grasps the leaf between his tongue and that hard substance, and, rasping away with his tongue, saws through the toughest leaf with ease, always leaving the edge smooth and straight.
 "By use the teeth wear off or become dulled. When the snail finds that this tool is becoming blunted he uncoils another section and works that out until he has come to the end of the coil. Then he coils the tongue up again and is ready to start in new, for while he has been using the latter portions of the ribbon the teeth have grown in again in the idle portions—the saw has been filed and reset, so to speak—and while he is using them the teeth in the back part of the coil are renewed. So I think I am right in saying that if any large beast of prey was fitted up with such a devouring apparatus as the snail has it would go hard with the rest of the animal kingdom."—Chicago Tribune.

Dogs on English Highways.
 Many dog owners seem to be unaware that they are responsible for the proper behavior of their pets in public places. It is of the commonest occurrence for some cur to dash into the roadway, to bark and snap at a passing tramp or cyclist, without any attempt being made by the animal's owner to call it to order. Only in very rare instances, either, does it receive punishment, even of the slightest kind when it returns from the foray. The natural result is, of course, that it feels encouraged to repeat its misconduct, and the evil habit becomes so ingrained as to be incurable. It is only charitable to assume that the complacency with which the owners regard these performances is the product of ignorance. In their eyes, the outbreak is nothing worse than a lively demonstration of harmless playfulness. Ladies are especially apt to take that view; they cannot believe that the frolicsomeness of their canine companions may imperil human life. That is the case, nevertheless; only a few days ago a farmer was killed near Bedford through the horse he was driving taking fright at an aggressive dog and upsetting the trap. Even pedestrians are sometimes assailed by objectionable curs; while many a cyclist has come to grief in his endeavor to keep clear of a bounding, snapping dog. It is the owner who is mostly to blame; the propensity can easily be eradicated by swift and sharp chastisement at every repetition of the offense.—London Globe.

Steamers to Run on the Dead Sea.
 "The Dead Sea, which for thousands of years has been a forsaken solitude in the midst of a desert, on whose waves no rudder has been seen for centuries," says United States Consul Winter, at Annapolis, in a letter to the State Department, "is to have a line of motor boats in the future. Owing to the continued increase in traffic and the influx of tourists, a shorter route is to be found between Jerusalem and Kerek, the ancient capital of the Land of Moab. The first steamer, built at one of the Hamburg docks, is about 100 feet long, and already has begun the voyage to Palestine. An order has been given for the building of a second steamer. The one already built and on the way is named the Prodomos (that is, forerunner), and will carry thirty-four persons, together with freight of all kinds. The promoters of this new enterprise are the inmates of a Greek cloister in Jerusalem. The management of the line is entirely in German hands. The trade of Kerek with the desert is to-day of considerable importance. It is the main town of any commercial standing east of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Its population consists of about 1800 Christians and 6000 Moslems. The merchants of Hebron are among the chief frequenters of the markets of Kerek."

The Valnest People.
 A French explorer has discovered on the west coast of Africa what he regards as the valnest people on earth. They are the Pahnoms, a warlike tribe, whose main employment is the adornment of their persons, chiefly by means of tattooing. Great ingenuity is also exhibited in dressing their hair.

Railroads.
CHESAPEAKE BEACH RAILWAY.
 Schedule of excursion trains effective Sunday, June 3, 1900.
 Leave District line depot for Chesapeake Beach 10.00, 11.00 a. m. and 2.00, 5.00, 6.00 p. m. daily.
 Leave Chesapeake Beach 12.00, noon, and 2.25, 3.30, 8.00, 10.00 p. m. daily.
 Take Columbia line electric cars and allow yourself 35 minutes to reach depot. Fifty cents for round trip. Children half fare.
 Parlor car tickets on sale for all excursion trains at District line and Chesapeake Beach stations at an additional charge of only 15 cents extra each way.
 Otto Mears, A. H. Lewis, Pres. and Gen. Mgr. Gen. Pas. Agt.

UNITED STATES COLLEGE OF VETERINARY SURGEONS.
 822 O Street N. W., Washington, D. C.
 SESSION BEGINS OCTOBER 1st.
 For prospectus and full information, address C. BARNWELL ROBINSON, V. S. DEAN.

You'll find everything on the SQUARE at the
Triangle House
 ...H. J. SENAY, Proprietor...
 The Triangle House is situated at the corner of Maryland Avenue, 15th Street, H Street, Benning Road, Florida Avenue and Bladensburg Road. In fact,
ALL ROADS LEAD TO THE Triangle House.
 Cars on the Columbia line stop at most in front of the door and transfer tickets either way are good for 15 minutes, to enable passengers to get refreshments and a free lunch at Senay's well stocked bar.
THE COOLEST GLASS OF BEER IN THE CITY.

DIAMOND PLEASURE CLUB HOUSE.

FAIRMOUNT HEIGHTS, NEAR CHESAPEAKE JUNCTION, MD.
 J. C. GODFREY, Proprietor.
 A quiet, orderly place for well-behaved people. Refreshments of all kinds at city prices.
 I am thankful for past patronage, but now I am prepared to serve my patrons in a satisfactory manner.

C. E. TRAVERS... J. E. BELT.
THE WHITE HOUSE RESTAURANT AND SALOON.
 1427 H Street and 1422 Maryland Avenue N. E., WASHINGTON, D. C.
 Melrose Whiskey a Specialty. Fine Grades of Union Cigars. Private Dining Rooms for Ladies.
 ... TRAVERS & BELT, Props.

THE LATEST STYLE TEAMS FOR HIRE.
 SPECIAL RATES FOR DRUMMERS.
 Delivery Wagons to be had at any time at
SINSHEIMER LIVERY CO.
 REAR 615 E STREET N. W.
 —Formerly Rex Stable.—

EASTERN BRANCH COTTAGE,
 JOHN FRAAS, Proprietor.
 BENNING BRIDGE, . . . D. C.
 All Brands of Liquors and the Finest Cigars and Beer.
 Boats for hire for gunning or pleasure parties

High View Hotel---
 L. T. BRIDWELL, Proprietor,
 Chesapeake Beach, - - Maryland.
 A first class resort serving the only 50c. meal on the Beach. 20 splendid rooms, 3 ladies' dining rooms, all overlooking the bay. The highest point of any Board by the week \$5.00 up.
 Pabst Milwaukee Beer on draught.
 L. T. BRIDWELL, Chesapeake Beach, Md.
 Only Union House on the Beach.

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.

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.
RUDOLPH THIELE,
 Dealer in **Brewers' Grains.**
 I contract for the entire output of Brewers' Grains at the National Capitol Brewery, and can supply dairymen and others on short notice. These grains are pure Barley and contain neither hops nor any other deleterious substance. They make an excellent and cheap article of feed for cattle, horses or hogs.
 I am at the Brewery daily from 9 to 12 o'clock a. m.