

# THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

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There is some talk about Maj. Ross retiring from the Board of Commissioners and in case he does we should like to see him succeeded by Thos. W. Smith, an East Washington man of decided prominence and business ability second to none in the entire district.

Experience teaches that great success may be made up of trifles, but the man who trifles can never achieve great success.

An automobile has ascended Pike's Peak, 11,000 feet high, and descended in safety, which establishes its practicability as a hill climber.

It seems as if soon the only way a man could go deer shooting in safety from the bullets of embryo hunters would be to strap antlers to his head and crawl on all fours in the underbrush.

Predictions have been made from many sources that the winter will be severe. The Sioux Indians see signs of a hard season in the fact that the buffalo grass produced a heavy crop of seeds the past summer—a sure sign, the Redskins say, of a severe winter and deep snow.

Dr. F. Larroque reports to the French Academy of Sciences that his studies of the action of sounds upon the human ears prove that the auditory apparatus of each ear operates independently of the other. This appears to have a bearing upon the question whether loss of hearing by one ear expels an injurious effect upon its mate.

Two opinions regarding bicycling and inebrity come from London and Louisville, Ky. An authority at the English capital maintains that a drunken man cannot ride a bicycle at all, while a Kentucky authority says that a drunken man can ride a bicycle better than any one else. It is probable that the two authorities use entirely different brands of goods.

Those who were at one time convinced that intercollegiate football would have to be abolished have found it necessary to revise their opinion in view of the uncommon activity on the gridiron this fall. It is fair to say, however, that several modifications of the game and the cultivation of generous and friendly feelings have justified the general complaints of a few years ago.

### THE LESSON OF SORROW.

This is the tale of what Sorrow did—  
Did a King of old—  
For a King who lived as a King may live,  
In a palace ablaze with gold.  
"Now, I have Joy and Life," said he,  
"And all things in their scope,  
Ho! Tell me, men of wisdom great,  
What need have I of Hope?"

"What need have I of Hope?" cried he.  
"Of Hope for future things?  
Have I not all that gold can give—  
That gold can give to Kings?"  
The wise men reasoned with the King  
In voices sage and dim,  
But naught could show, and none could tell  
Why Hope should come to him.

Yet Sorrow came, in her sombre garb,  
All habited in woe,  
She taught the King a mighty truth,  
That all men come to know.  
She taught the King a lesson sore—  
A lesson grave and grand—  
For smiling Hope, with gentle clasp,  
Held Sorrow by the hand.

This the tale of what Sorrow did—  
Did for the King of old—  
The King who lived as a King may live—  
All panopied in gold.  
"Ah, men of wisdom!" cried the King,  
"Your teachings were in vain,  
For I have learned when Sorrow comes,  
Then Hope comes in her train."  
—Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.

## BILLY MASON'S "FOOLISHNESS."

By E. E. Rexford.

BILLY MASON, from the time he first saw a telegraph instrument in operation, thought he would like to be a telegraph operator, and he asked his father to buy him the necessary outfit, so that he might learn the business at home.

"All foolishness," answered Mr. Mason. "You'd get tired of it in less than a week. Better go in for something that you'd get some good out of."

"I wouldn't get tired of it," asserted Billy. "I promise you that if you'll buy me an outfit I'll stick to it till I get so I can send messages just like a real operator does."

But Mr. Mason couldn't be coaxed into gratifying the boy's "whim," as he called it.

"I would just be throwing money away," he said. "Can't afford it."

That settled the matter, so far as Mr. Mason was concerned. But Billy did not give up his plan.

When the new railroad came to Brownsville of course a telegraph line came with it, and Billy lost no time making the acquaintance of the operator, who was a pleasant, good-natured fellow, and quite willing to show Billy how to use the instrument.

In less than a week from the time he began to practice on the operator's "sender" he had learned the alphabet, and it was not long before he could begin to pick up short and easy words as they came to the operator over the line.

"You'd learn the business in no time if you had a chance," the operator said. "You ought to have an instrument at home. If you had, we'd string a wire between your place and the station, and we could practice a good deal, at odd spells."

"I wish it could be done," said Billy with a sigh. "I'll try father once more."

Accordingly, he made another attempt that night, but as unsuccessfully as before.

"I tell you it's all foolishness," said Mr. Mason. "I wish you'd stop tending me about it. I won't give you a cent to throw away in that way."

Billy concluded he would say no more to his father about it, but he determined to learn telegraphy for all that.

One day the operator at the station told him that he had found where a second-hand outfit could be bought for a song, almost.

"If you'll buy that, I'll furnish the wire," he said. "Then we'll have a line of our own, and we'll ask no favors of the main line."

Billy determined that such a chance as this should not be lost, and he went to work that day to earn the money with which to buy the outfit. He ran on errands. He did all kinds of odd jobs that would bring in a penny. By-and-by, seeing how intent he was on the purchase of the instrument, his mother felt sorry for him and gave him enough money to make up the price of it, when added to what he had earned.

And Billy bought the outfit.

"I shouldn't think you'd encourage the boy in his foolishness," said Mr. Mason to his wife, when he found out how Billy had bought the instrument.

"Maybe there isn't as much foolishness in it as you think for," she said. "I believe it'll be the means of making a telegraph operator of the boy. If he doesn't it amuses him, and keeps him at home, and out of mischief, and that's worth a good deal."

A happier boy than Billy Mason was when the wire was strung and the line was ready for use it would be hard to find.

It was not long before he was able to "take" the messages the stationman sent him over their line, and in a little while he became quite proficient at "sending." They talked back and forth between the farm and station, and Billy began to feel quite like a full-fledged operator when he was able to "call up" the man at the other end of the line, and ask him a question whose meaning did not have to be guessed at.

One day Mr. Mason announced his intention to take the family and go over to his sister's, at Three Lakes, on a visit.

"We'll go Saturday and come back Monday," he said. "But I guess you'll have to stay at home, Billy—to see to things. It wouldn't do to shut up the house and leave it alone."

"All right," said Billy, rather pleased at the prospect of being left in charge of the place. He had never been alone all night, and the experience would be a novel one for him. He rather liked the idea of the responsibility it would put upon him to be left "to see to things" the same as if he were a

man.

Mr. Mason and the family started off on Saturday afternoon, on the long-

plan, often-delayed visit, and Billy was left to look out for himself, which he felt quite able to do.

The night closed in, dark and threatening storm. The wind blew fiercely about the house, and made a roaring sound in the chimney of the fireplace. Billy did not feel at all frightened at being alone, but he could not help feeling lonesome.

He went up to his room about eight o'clock and concluded he would go to bed.

"I wonder if Stewart is in the office still?" he thought. I'll call him, and see."

He went to the instrument, and made his "call."

Click, click, click, came back the answer presently.

"Didn't know but that you'd gone home," telegraphed Billy.

"Easy making out my monthly report," came back the answer. "Shall not be able to get away very early to-night. Good-night."

"Good-night," responded Billy, and then he went to bed.

He dropped off to sleep almost immediately. But he awoke just as the old clock downstairs was striking ten.

As the sound of the clock died away, he became conscious of another sound—a sound like that of a step in the room below—a slow, careful step, as of some one who did not care to make noise enough to warn others of his presence.

"I wonder if some one is down stairs, or am I imagining it?" thought Billy. He sat up in bed and listened.

"I do hear steps," he decided. "Who's down stairs I'd like to know? None of our folks—they wouldn't be tip-toeing round like that. It must be a burglar or a tramp."

Billy's room was over the sitting room. There was a register in the floor immediately in front of his bed. When this was open, light would shine through from the window below. As he sat there, he heard a sound like the careful opening of a door, and then he saw a glimmer of light through the opening in the register plate. He leaned out of bed, and peered down into the room below. Presently a man passed under the register. He could see enough of him to tell that it was a man, and that was all. He listened. Pretty soon he heard a sound like that of bureau drawers being opened.

"It was a burglar," decided Billy.

"He'll get away with father's box that he keeps his money in, as sure's the world!"

Suddenly an idea came to Billy. It was not very late yet. The clock had just struck ten. It was possible that Stewart was still at the station, at work on his report for the month. If he could only call him up!

"I'll try it," decided Billy.

He took a quilt from the bed and dropped it lightly over the register.

"That'll keep the sound of the instrument from getting down to the man," he thought.

Then he got out of bed noiselessly and tiptoed across to the table on which the instrument stood.

His hand shook as he touched the key of the sender, so fearful was he that Stewart would have left the office. He sent the "call," and waited almost breathlessly for a reply.

Presently, click, click, click, went the machine, and Stewart had answered him.

"A burglar here," he said to the station agent over the wire. "Send men, quick. No time to lose. Hurry!"

"All right," came back the reply.

The village was about half a mile away from the Mason farm. Billy calculated that it would take at least fifteen minutes to get men together and get them there. But that time the burglar might be gone. But they would be so close on his track that they might be able to run him down.

He listened again.

The man was still at the bureau, it seemed. He was evidently rummaging through all the drawers of it.

"Very likely he knows there is no one in the house but me," thought Billy, "and he feels safe in taking his time for it. I suppose he'll take all mother's trinkets, as well as father's money, if there happens to be any in the box."

Evidently the man felt perfectly safe in taking his time for it, for he showed no disposition to hurry.

Billy crept over to the front window, raised the sash softly, and listened.

"I'm sure I hear some one down the road," he said. He listened again. "I do hear them," he chuckled. They're almost here. Ah, ha! Mr. Burglar, I wonder what you'll think when they burst in on you? I rather guess you'll wish you'd gone about your business a little sooner."

By this time Billy could distinguish the forms of several men at the gate. He threw up the sash, and leaned out of the window.

"Go 'round to the kitchen door," he cried. "There's where he must have got in. He's in the pantry now."

The man in the pantry heard him, as well as the men at the gate, and Billy heard him scurrying across the kitchen floor and out at the kitchen door.

But he was too late to make his escape. The men from the village came around the house just as he made a bolt for the garden fence, and two or three shots were fired at him. One of them took effect, and with a groan and some terrible oaths, he fell among Mrs. Mason's petunias and hollyhocks.

Five minutes later they had the thief securely bound, hand and foot, by Mrs. Mason's clothesline. The shot had struck him in the leg and quite disabled him, but the party from the village had no intention of letting him get away, and, being unused to dealing with burglars and that class of not-to-be-depended-on persons, and feeling rather insecure as long as he had the use of hands and feet, they determined to be on the safe side.

"I'll bet he don't get them knots loose very easy," declared the man who did the tying. "I guess there ain't much danger o' his gittin' away."

The tin box in which Mr. Mason kept his valuables was found in the flower bed, where the man had dropped it, when the pistol ball struck him. Some articles of old-fashioned jewelry and trinkets of some little value were found in his pockets and turned over to Billy. Then they took him to the village with them, and he was lodged in jail for safe keeping.

You may be quite sure that Mr. and Mrs. Mason were greatly excited when they found out what had happened.

"Why, I had over two hundred dollars in that box!" cried Mr. Mason. "I've been saving it up to make a payment on the wood lot with, next week. I don't know what I'd have done if the man had got off with it."

"Now, what do you think of my 'foolishness?'" cried Billy. "If it hadn't been for our telegraph you'd have lost your money, as sure as you live."

"I wouldn't wonder if you are right about that," answered Mr. Mason.

Billy's father went to town the next week, and when he came back he had something for Billy.

"It's brand new," he said, as Billy unwrapped the box, eager to see the contents of it. "Nothing second-hand about that, my son."

"Oh, my gracious!" cried Billy, his eyes almost as big as dollars with surprise and delight, as the last paper fell off, disclosing a telegraph outfit, bright with enamel and gilt ornamentation. "Isn't it a daisy? I say, father, you couldn't have brought me anything I'd rather have had than this. It's a good deal nicer than the one the operator has down at the station."

"Glad you like it," said his father. "You've earned it. I hope all your foolishness will turn out as this one has."

The thief never came to trial in Brownsville. It was discovered that he was an old offender, who was wanted in several other places for serious misdemeanors, and he was turned over to the proper authorities, and I believe he is still in State's prison. Perhaps, had it not been for Billy Mason's "foolishness," he might still be at large.—Ledger Monthly.

Sent to a Dame's School.

So many great men have been credited with extraordinary precocity in youth that it is refreshing to hear of a great man who was only an average boy. Such a man is Lord Kitchener. He showed no peculiar cleverness, and, what is more surprising, in view of his present tireless activity, he was inclined to be lazy.

His father, Colonel Kitchener, who died within the last ten years, was a strict disciplinarian. The story goes that on one occasion, when his son Herbert was at a public school, and was working for a certain examination, it was reported to the colonel that he was idling.

The report did not please Colonel Kitchener, and he told the future conqueror of the Mahdi that unless he succeeded in passing that examination there would be no more public school for him for the present, for he would be taken away and sent to walk in the solemn procession of pupils of a dame's school. If he failed there he should be apprenticed to a hatter.

In spite of these threats young Kitchener failed, and thereupon dropped out of his place in the public school, and was seen in the ranks that walked through the streets, two and two, escorted by the good lady of whom his father had spoken. When he again went in for his examination he passed. Possibly the world has lost a good hatter by his success, but it gained a better general.—Youth's Companion.

Remedy For Insect Bites

It is said that insect bites should be touched with a point of a toothpick dipped in a fluid made by dissolving two teaspoonfuls of bicarbonate of soda and two teaspoonfuls of common salt in a quarter of a pint of water.

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