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The Centennial celebration was a very nice affair and reflected great credit on its promoters.

A Brooklyn woman who was charged with horsewhipping her husband admitted the truth of the accusation in court, and added: "I only did what any woman would do." Does this explain the meek air of some Brooklyn husbands?

Scarcely a day passes during the hunting season that the news reports do not tell of one or more persons shot for game by careless hunters, but seldom or never is there any mention that the gunners have been arrested. Is it not time to make an example of some of these people, by way of teaching others to exercise a little prudence?

It seems fair to assume, from recent reports of wild animal experts, that the giraffe will before long be known only in nursery books and dusty records of science, for he seems to be rapidly approaching extinction. Once this animal was abundant in South Africa, but he has been pursued by hunters until he is now very rarely met with.

Lord Pauncefoot in refurbishing and decorating the interior of the British Embassy, at Washington, pays American upholstery and decorative wall-papers the compliment of using them in preference to those of British manufacture. He is reported as saying that the American goods are better in quality and cost less than British goods of a similar kind. He thinks there is no doubt that in this line of manufactures the United States leads the world. This is indeed a remarkable compliment to be paid by the Ambassador of one great industrial nation to the manufacturing genius of another.

Miss Alice French—Octave Thanet—at a recent meeting of the club women at Lincoln, Neb., sounded the praises of the "modern man," claiming that he is generally unappreciated. Miss French believes that the modern man is doing his unobtrusive best in every walk of life, and that the modern woman is doing hers. That she is a good wife, a good mother, a good friend and neighbor. Again, that "the modern man" is under fire from his own familiar friends; he is attacked by extremists on both sides, and yet, harassed, worried, goaded, he doggedly fights on with a jest instead of a groan, and never suspects that he is either a hero or a martyr.

CHINA'S CREATION MYTH

WORLD MODELED BY A MYSTERIOUS BEING OUT OF CHAOS.

The Manner in Which the Sages of the Flowery Land Have Struggled With the Problems Which Perplex Human Brains—Some Fascinating Speculations

China as a country, and the Chinese as a people, have always seemed so entirely separate and distinct from all the other nations of the globe, that to search out the manner in which the sages of the Flowery Land have struggled with the problems which perplex human beings, no matter what their race, has something of fascination.

The creation of the world, for instance—what hosts of scientists and philosophers in the comparatively recent civilization of Europe have directed their energies toward unraveling that mystery! And the sages of the ancient Chinese Empire, though of a race the most impassive and incurious of all mankind, they, too, have been unable to resist speculation upon the same topic. European and Asiatic alike yearn to know the source of all things.

Perhaps it is incorrect to say that speculation is indulged in by the latter. Chinese are nothing if not didactic. With infinite labor and pains they arrive at a conclusion and then they lay down the conclusion as a principle. Hence, the historian Yangtze, taking refuge in this native stolidity, observes:

"Who knows the affairs of remote antiquity, since no authentic records have come down to us? He who examines these stories will find it difficult to believe them, and careful scrutiny will convince him that they are without foundation. In the primeval ages no records were kept. Why, then, since the ancient books that described those times were burnt by Tsin, should we misrepresent those remote ages, and satisfy ourselves with vague fables? However, as everything except heaven and earth must have had a cause, it is clear that they have always existed, and that cause produced all sorts of men and beings, and endowed them with their various qualities. But it must have been man who, in the beginning, produced all things on earth, and who may, therefore, be viewed as lord, and from whom rulers derive their dignities."

This practical explanation was probably more pleasing to the writer than to anyone else. It was felt, perhaps, to be in some points inadequate. At all events, numerous other Chinese scribes have endeavored to account for the creation in a more elaborate manner. Possibly holding ceremonial of all kinds in characteristically high regards, they felt that something more of state ought to attend the entrance of a world upon existence. We read, therefore:

"Heaven was formless, an utter chaos; the whole mass was nothing but confusion. Order was first produced in the upper ether, and out of it the universe came forth; the universe produced air, and air the Milky Way. When the principal Yang had been diluted it formed the heavens; the heavy and thick parts coagulated and formed the earth. The refined particles united very soon; but the union of the thick and heavy went on slowly. Therefore, the heavens came into existence first and the earth afterward. The warm effluence of Yang being condensed produced fire; and then the finest parts of fire formed the sun. The cold exhalations of the Yin being likewise condensed produced water; and the finest parts of the watery substance formed the moon. By the influence of the sun and moon came the stars. This heaven was adorned with sun, moon and stars; the earth also received rain, rivers and dust."

Even this theory seemed incomplete. It may have satisfied the sages, whose minds had fed on wisdom so long that they required no more substantial diet than the abstract; but the common people, we are told, yearned for the concrete. They wanted to personify the principles of creation, that they might have an opportunity to lavish the worshipful and reverential spirit with which, as people, they are so imbued. May it not be also that the unimaginative character of the Chinese mind requires the tangible in research as a religion. They could not create the Olympus of the graceful Greek genius; their sentiments found apt expressions in kneeling to a hideous joss.

So was evolved from the Chinese mind the idea of a first being who arose mysteriously out of chaos, and whose was the wondrous task of modelling a world. This being, Pwanku, is represented in uncouth sketches in the very act of wielding chisel and mallet upon huge granite masses which float in space. Where he has succeeded in breaking down rocks can be seen the sun, moon and planets; and near by are discernible the grotesque creatures assigned to be the only companions of his toils—the dragon, phoenix and tortoise. Sometimes to these is added the unicorn.

All these are "held to be, with himself, the divine types and progenitors of the animal creation."

The great Pwanku continued his labors through a trifling 18,000 years, and then died in order to complete them. As he progressed, his stature increased six feet every day, and when dead "his head became mountains, his breath wind and clouds, his voice thunder. His limbs were changed into four poles, his veins into rivers, his sinews into undulations of the earth's surface, and his flesh into fields. His beard was turned into stars, his skin and hair into herbs and trees, and his teeth, bones and marrow into metals, rocks and precious stones. His dropping sweat increased to rain, and the

insects which stuck to his body were transformed into people."

What an unpleasant idea, the last mentioned!

Should some skeptic like the Chinese sage first quoted inquire how these facts concerning creation were first arrived at, the simple explanation is that Pwanku inscribed upon the shell of the tortoise, his companion, a full account of the matter for the information of all generations.

The story goes on that Pwanku was succeeded by three sovereigns, grotesque and monstrous as himself, named the Celestial, Terrestrial and Human. The philosophy, religion and politics of China give evidence of belief in a trinity of powers, of which these three rulers are no doubt the impersonations. During another 18,000 years their reign continued, men learned to eat and drink, became acquainted with sleep, and were instructed in the art of government. Next came two monarchs, called Yuchau, or "having a nest," and Sui-jin, or "match-man." The latter of these deities brought down fire from heaven in order that mortals might be able to cook.

The period known to the Chinese as the "highest antiquity" is stated in their annals to be 2852 B. C. It is interesting in this connection to follow Dr. William Hales's researches. He claims, in his work on the "Analysis of Chronology," the creation to have been 5411 years before the Advent and the Deluge 3155 years before it; and in his opinion the beginning of Chinese ancient history was 303 years after the deluge, forty-seven before the death of Noah, and 300 years previous to the confusion of tongues.

The late S. Wells Williams, LL. D., formerly Professor of Chinese Language and Literature in Yale College, ventures in one of his valuable works the supposition or speculation that Noah, regarding himself as sole monarch of the earth, divided it among his descendants before his death; and that some of the "house and lineage of Shem found their way across the defiles and steppes of Central Asia to the fertile plains of China before the end of the third diluvian century."—Beatrice Clayton, in Philadelphia Ledger.

An Emblem of Immortality.

The Egyptian emblem of immortality was the scarab, or sacred beetle. This interesting little creature is found throughout Egypt, as well as in a few other countries. It is black in color, and about one inch in length. One of its habits is to burrow its way down into the mud of the Nile and disappear for a time. After the inundation has subsided, however, it comes forth again to the surface of the ground, the first of all living creatures seen emerging from the black soil.

Astonished beholders in ancient times believed this to be a case of death, burial and resurrection, and, seizing the suggested thought, made it a symbol for themselves. It is not difficult to understand, therefore, why this insect came to be looked upon as sacred. Models of it were made in great profusion. The material used was chiefly stone. Many of these representations are small, not larger than the insect itself. Others of them are about the size of the closed hand or fist. In the British Museum there is one of basalt about six feet long, five feet wide and three feet high. From Egypt these stone models or representations of the sacred beetle were conveyed by traders and merchants to all parts of the ancient civilized world.—Answers.

An American Product.

Edward C. Simmons, president of the biggest hardware house in the world, said some time ago that the cheapest article that had ever come to his notice is a ten-cent pocket-knife. It is single-bladed, with a wood handle, all handsomely finished, and of a quality of steel that will take a razor edge, and at ten cents brings a profit to the manufacturer, the jobber and the retailer. I think I can beat that knife with an egg-beater, one of the geared kind now so popular. It consists of twelve separate and distinct parts, joined together in a single mechanism which appears to be stanch and durable. Four of the parts are of cast iron and the rest are of bright malleable metal. Price—five cents to the consumer, after the manufacturer, jobber and retailer have cleared their profit. This indispensable kitchen tool is branded—"Made in U. S. A."—Victor Smith, in New York Press.

Would Not Keep Her Back.

Saddler Sime was a droll character, and yet of a type by no means scarce in the rural districts of the north of Scotland, says the Dundee Journal. One morning when a neighbor entered his shop he was greeted with the following:

"Man, Jeemie, I had an awfu' dream last night. I thoct I saw my wife fleen' awa' up to heaven with a great big pair o' wengs."

"Ay, man, an' did ye no try to pu' her back?"

"Na, na! I juist clappit my hands an' cried: 'Shoo, shoo! I was feart she wad never hae anither chance o' gettin' sae near in.'"

Japan's National Flower.

From the flowery land of Japan there is a wrinkle to be learned about the keeping of what might be called their national flower.

The chrysanthemum is with us in profusion now, and will be during the next three months. So let us take the advice of our little Jap friends as to the keeping of the cut flowers.

Light a piece of wood (not a match, because of the sulphur in it), and with it burn the stalks. Flowers thus treated will last fresh for several weeks—no small consideration when the beautiful blossoms are dear.—Philadelphia Record.

TROUBLES OF THE POOR,

Food and Clothes Are Possible, But Rent Worries Them.

"If you own the roof over your head, you don't know what real trouble is," said the factory hand. "Of course folk have got to eat, and they've got to have clothes to wear, but it isn't the thought of that that's always hanging over their heads, making them work themselves to death when they've got work, and fret themselves to death when they haven't. Every now and then we see something in the papers how easy it is for a poor widow (or worse than widow) to feed herself and a family of children of twenty-five cents a day, and if the woman has good judgment and understands marketing such stories are not so far wide of the mark. Oatmeal and potatoes are cheap, and there's odds and ends of meat and bones that may be had for next to nothing that will make good soup.

"As for clothes, all poor folk who try to keep themselves looking decently know how far contrivance will go in making them hold out. Skirts may be turned inside out or dyed when they are faded or spotted, and there's a lot of wear in the second-hand shoes that the cobblers sell cheaply. Of course, we'd all rather eat the best steaks and wear silk and velvet, but it is not having to do without them that keeps folk awake at night. It is the rent. That goes steadily on, no matter whether you've got work or whether you are lying around idle, and it is a happy day for a tenant when the landlord can be talked into bringing down the rent by a dollar.

Not that all landlords are hard-hearted, as some folk seem to think. Landlords are just like all other men, some being better and some worse. Now, there's a poor woman who works in the same place with me, a widow with two children, and she lives in one of the toughest neighborhoods in the city. Well, last fall when that woman was too sick to go out to work, she got \$18 behindhand with her rent, and found out afterward that the man whose business it was to collect it had been paying it out of his own pocket right straight along. The house belonged to a family in which there were some minors, and so all expenses and revenues had to be accounted for to the family lawyer, and that was why the eldest son, who collected the rents in person, could not remit the widow's \$6 a month, as his father might have done, but all the same he wasn't going to see her turned out on the street, knowing her to be a good tenant. Of course, she began to pay the money back as soon as she got to work again, but it was a great help, his advancing it, for if it hadn't been for that she would have had to part with her sewing machine, which she had just finished paying for on the installment plan. As long as she can hold on to that machine there is no great danger of her starving, unless she is too sick to hold her head up. There is a benevolent society that, when she is laid off from the shop on account of work being slack, gives her four wrappers a week to make at 50 cents apiece and pays for them in provisions."—New York Times.

A Frank of the Great Storm.

W. R. Householder, one of the employees of the House of Representatives, tells an interesting experience of his son, a corporal in Battery O, First Artillery, and the Galveston flood. "My son," said Mr. Householder, "was stationed at Fort San Jacinto when the storm broke, and we at first feared that he was among the twenty-eight soldiers drowned at the time. We did not hear from him for three or four days, and when we got a card saying he was all right, but had lost everything he possessed. He had kept his clothing, letters and money in his locker, and it had been swept away. A short time after the disaster I received a letter from a Mr. Webb, of Lamarque, Texas, saying that a locker had been found there bearing my name and containing articles that evidently belonged to my son. I ordered the locker sent here to me. We found everything intact, although the clothing had been damaged by the water. The locker had been carried over fifteen miles by water and left that far inland from Galveston. My son had a close shave, and nearly lost his own life. He had a number of close shaves while serving in the Philippines as a sergeant of the Twenty-third Infantry. He was in half a dozen battles in the Philippines, but his experience at Galveston will linger with him longer, he says, than any he ever had in the army."—Washington Star.

Just What She Deserved.

In the railway carriage sat a well-dressed young lady tenderly holding a very small poodle.

"Madame," said the guard, "I am very sorry, but you can't have your dog in this compartment."

"I shall hold him in my lap all the way," she replied, "and he will disturb no one."

"That makes no difference," said the guard; "I couldn't even allow my own dog here. Dogs must ride in the luggage van. I'll fasten him all right for you."

"Don't you touch my dog, sir!" said the young lady. "I will trust him to no one!" And with an indignant air she marched to the luggage van, tied up her dog, and returned.

About fifty miles farther on, when the guard came along again, she asked him, "Will you tell me if my dog is all right?"

"I am very sorry," said the guard politely, "but you tied him to a port mantee, and he was put out with it at the last station."—Tit-Bits.

Of course there are other whiskies, but there is but one

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