

Reporter Tiller Discovers That

Frank Metcalf Is Gone, Too, and He Is President of Big Association of Citizens.

By THEODORE TILLER. HERE is so much patriotism at large around Brightwood Park that nothing save etiquette prevents the using of small American flags for table napkins. By patriotism, I do not mean that everybody is hunting for a scrap with the Japanese, nor even that they are all veterans of some of our most cherished wars. The real dose is that they are voting patriots—tollers for Uncle Sam who obtained a week's absence to go home to vote a few days ago with about the same complacency that they would order a shave.

We had a terrible time finding anybody at home in Brightwood Park. Spitting a nice, juicy residence, we descended gratefully upon it and found the door bell. Nearly every time we were met by Mrs. Brightwood Parker. "Is Mr. Brightwood Parker at home?" in our most suave tones.

GOES HOME TO VOTE. "No, he's gone home to vote. I don't think he wants any books or enlarged pictures, anyway. Of course, all of them didn't stagger us with that latter remark, (if they had this could never have been written), but they certainly did stagger us almost everywhere we went by calling the roll and finding some of the leading citizens missing.

As I understand, after considerable talk with Postmaster Thomas, whenever a President is elected, the coat tails of about every Brightwood Parker who holds a Government job. It makes no difference whether he lives across the line in Maryland or in Seattle or San Antonio, he's going home to vote. If this nation ever falls by the wayside, it won't be because the fellows out at Brightwood Park didn't try to hold it together. Heaven knows they've traveled almost as many miles voting as William Jennings B. has in trying to get votes, which is speed-lawing some.

Naturally, confronted with such a list of absentees, it behoved us to get very chummy with all the men folk who had stayed at home. I found the natives most happy and contented, as a whole, excepting in a few minor details, which I shall enumerate with great care and precision.

WANT PAVEMENTS. They would like to get Jefferson street and Illinois avenue paved right away. I presume the Commissioners know about this. If they don't, it's because they're dead. Illinois avenue, I found, hadn't overlaid a bet in giving the folks all kind of scenery.

It's a constant question between the valleys and the hills as to "whose move next." Numerous little gullies, cute little things, break the monotony as you meander along. These are real handy for carrying off the water in rainy weather. Occasionally, we come to a sand bed, which would be handy if there was a glass factory near.

Jefferson street crosses the avenue and wouldn't mind being paved itself. It looks very much like they say Pennsylvania avenue did on that memorable occasion when President Jefferson rode up to the White House on a horse which had four legs, a mane, and a tail.

Another thing the folks worry over considerable is extending Longfellow street across Fourteenth. This has been demanded, but hasn't been done yet, but I learned that hope springs just as eternally out that way as voting patriotism.

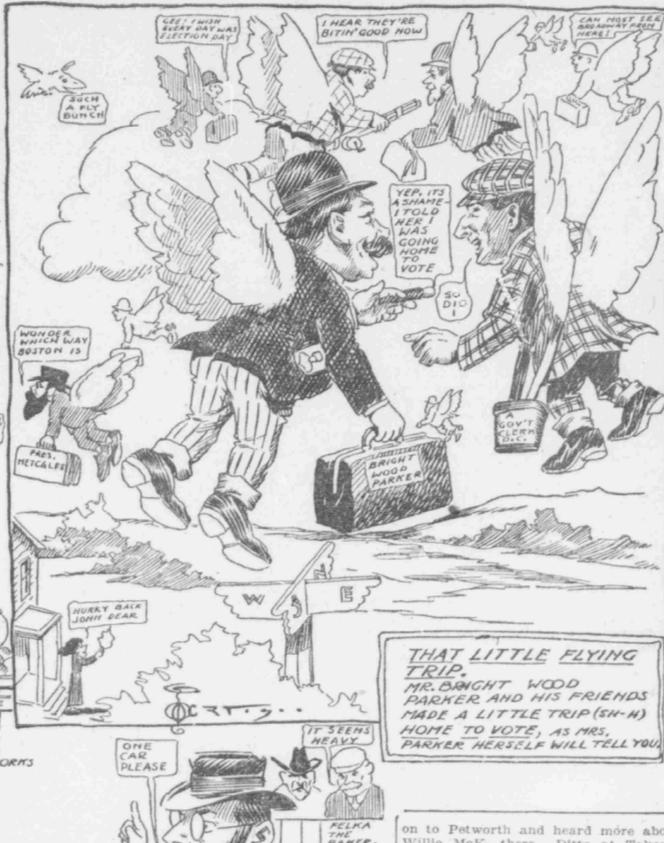
I tried to scrape up a relationship between Longfellow street and the poet who used to come when he was called by that name, but a matter-of-fact Parker set me right. It seems that most any old name with three syllables will suffice for a street in the Park. Here's the way it works; evidently somebody lay awake nights figuring it all out: Down around Petworth the street names begin with words of two syllables, A to Z, inclusive, namely: Randolph, Upshaw, Webster, Varnum, and anything else lying around loose. Having exhausted street names of two syllables we ride into Brightwood Park, confronted with something like this: Allison, Gallatin, Hamilton, Ingraham, Jefferson, Kennedy, Longfellow, Madison.

See how nicely they are arranged? All three syllables and in alphabetical order too. It's easy, when you get used to it, and although not a single person in Brightwood takes a thing, all a conductor would have to do to straighten out any night wanderer would be to whisper: "Two or three syllables, pard, and what letter?"

JUST AS EASY. Even if a man couldn't pronounce the name, it's easy to see he'd be put off at the right place. Can you beat it? Move out, all you who don't belong to the White Ribbon Recruits.

Speaking of conductors, I am moved to tears by a little piece I read in the paper the other day, which spells that cherished institution may soon pass away out on the Brightwood line. It seems that the street car management, after bearing in more or less tense silence for some years the kicks of Petworth, Brightwood Park, Brightwood proper, and Takoma Park, has finally decided on a through service. The natives chuckled, commuter like,

BRIGHTWOOD Is the Home of PATRIOTS Who Are Ready to VOTE And Artist Curtis Presents a few Snapshots



until they read the postscript to the order. "Pay-as-you-enter-cars," will be the password. Thus we see the passing of our old friend, the conductor, and the vanquishment of his nemesis who would take his spite out on corporations in general by forgetting to pay when he of the outstretched hand came around. Ah, these days of reform. After awhile it will be impossible to roll a baby carriage along unless it has a headlight, a license number, and operates under the block system.

MISSED METCALF. How we regretted missing Frank J. Metcalf, president of the citizens' association, who had gone somewhere up in Massachusetts to exercise the right of suffrage.

"You'll know him by the satchel he carries," said one of his friends soon after we anchored in the Park, said sternly not knowing of Mr. Metcalf's friend regard for duty as a voter. Deprieved of hearing his voice recite the lils and blessings of Brightwood Park, and having no phonographic record of his association speeches handy, we did the next best thing and borrowed a photograph. After which we wondered how a man with Mr. Metcalf's whisker crop could vote against a fellow like Kern.

Other leading lights in the association were missing, in fact it seemed that none of the officers were on the list, with the exception of Raymond E. Cook, treasurer. So far as we could ascertain, there wasn't any wild scramble on to pay Mr. Cook money, so we presume he doesn't regard himself as overworked.

Homer Smith, vice-president, and E. J. Ayres, secretary, were both among the missing. Mr. Smith is said to have taken an upper berth and hid himself all the way out to Iowa. [Surely virtue like this will be rewarded with a 10 per cent increase.]

Mr. Ayres had to go to New Jersey to vote. Beyond the fact that he saves the country in New Jersey, nothing can be said against Secretary Ayres, and you can't really blame a man for being a native of the State, for evidently he doesn't like it out himself.

ALL GO AT ONCE. I asked the populace if it wasn't a rather dangerous practice to allow all the association officers to leave home at once. The populace didn't seem worried and I noted there seemed to be a kind of feeling of security in the knowledge that Willie McK. Clayton was at home, and likely to stay there now, inasmuch as Bryan is defeated. We had previously heard of Mr. Clayton, silver-tongued Democratic orator, at Brightwood proper, that suburb claiming him for its own. Later, we went

on to Petworth and heard more about Willie McK. there. Ditto at Takoma Park, it appearing that Mr. Clayton, with true civic pride, had scattered himself all along the Brightwood line in order to argue the better for improved street car service.

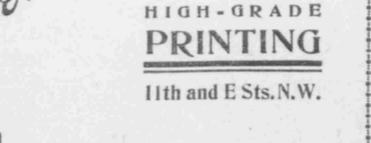
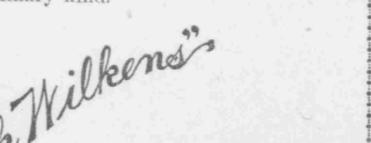
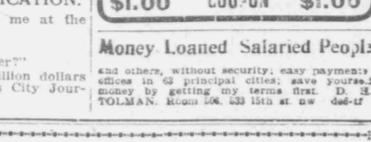
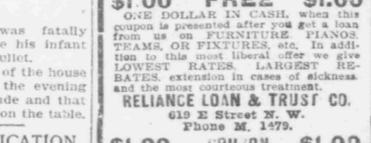
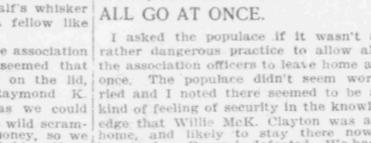
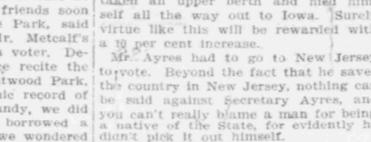
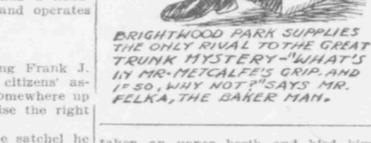
"Willie McK. belongs to Brightwood Park," said Mr. P. M. at the latter place. "He helps out these other places, but he's really a member of our association and belongs here. It's a mistake if others have claimed him."

Inasmuch as the P. M. handles the mail, his word ought to be conclusive, and I have transferred the silver-tongued one to E. P. Discouraging further on the case of Postmaster Thomas, "plain William," he assured me: I learn that Mr. Thomas handled postage stamps for two or three years and could never make any profit on them, so he added a side line, reading like this: "Coal, wood, feed and grain."

NO MAIL—WOOD DO? Now whenever a Parker comes in Mr. Thomas says, gently like: "What is it, Bill; a letter or a ton of coal? Coal? Thank you, Bill; call again. Letter? There ain't none. You come mighty often for mail, anyway, don't you?" Some of the citizens said they didn't know how the place would get along without Thomas. He prevents it from freezing to death in winter and keeps the ice bag to its throbbing temples all summer.

J. R. Freeman is a migratory resident of the Park, distributing himself on the installment plan, as it were. Mr. Freeman sells flowers downtown, resides on Georgetown Heights and maintains a cherished Brightwood Park institution in his greenhouses. He's awfully busy arranging for the annual flower show, to be held this week, so I nipped up his life's history.

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the Thomas coal when we came to his residence. Feeling that an explanation was necessary for such labor, Mr. Reed rubbed a lame knee and said work helped his rheumatism. Asked us if we'd ever tried it. Told him we hadn't tried the rheumatism, but if 'twas any worse than the work we'd been steered up against he could have both jobs. He wore an Eva Tanguy "I don't care," expression. Mr. Reed has a cigar store downtown, and it really worried one to see a capitalist pushing a ton of coal over the landscape in a wheelbarrow.

WORK WORKS. William F. Work, called "Works" for short by the boys, is the town druggist. He was busy when we dropped in and asked for something soft, and just at that very moment another prescription came.

"You'll have to wait awhile, Miss," said "Works." Then sighing like: "Two ahead of you and one of them twenty-four capsules." The little Miss decided she would wait, which I thought a most wise decision, inasmuch as there wasn't another drug store in some empty blocks. Then to take the druggist's mind off his business worries, the artist spoke up: "Are there any other popular bachelors out there besides yourself?"

"Huh," said the doc. "Been married five years myself. Don't believe there's a bachelor in the place." The Brightwood Park "Works" has recently joined the Macabees, Brightwood Park Tent, No. 5, Commander E. W. Smoots, chief initiator.

Let us hasten to the bustling personage of Howard S. Omohundro, who commutes back and forth between his downtown fashion emporium and a B. cottage. Whenever the boys want to stand off Omohundro for a suit of clothes, he's "Oh, you Omo." He's in favor of the Citizens' Association, of which he is a member, passing resolu-

tions calling for the patronizing of home industries. Moral: Obvious. ONLY ONE LIKE IT. Mr. Omohundro, asked to interpret and dissect his name, said it was brought over by a Scotch-Irish gentleman many years ago, the only one to land in this country. Therefore, he assured us, if we found an Omohundro anywhere from Bangor, Me., to El Paso, we might go back and sleep soundly, content that he was a relative of his.

Jake Kimball, who votes in Cleveland; A. W. Decker, who does it here; Edward Kirjan, ditto; J. E. Morton, who dabbles with a Minnesota voting machine; P. P. Brown, of Cleveland; W. F. Walmeth, of Pennsylvania, and C. F. Dunge, of New York, were among those for whom I cried out loudly, and who were off doing what the suffragettes want to do.

I heard of others, but didn't want to advertise the place as being entirely without male inhabitants, so I choked off the informant, who seemed jealous because he'd been born in the District, and had never had a chance to vote for anything except whether the crowd would take mint juleps or beer.

TILLER DISCOURAGED. I grew real discouraged about here, and just asked for the names of a few who were still coming down to a home breaker. They said J. C. Ergood, who has a grocery business in Washington, was a real happy commuter, as was A. M. Condra, former president of the Citizens' Association, who had recently laid down the arduous position.

The inner man of Brightwood Park depends upon A. W. Felka, grocer and town leader, and J. G. Osborn, brother of C. L., who also feeds people a few blocks further up Georgia avenue, alias Brightwood avenue. If these two fellows haven't got it in stock, of course, you can come into the city and find it—maybe, but not much.

I found a lingering suspicion that the people here had been treated right in changing the name of Georgia avenue, of which I had previously received an inkling at Petworth. It's real hard to have a nice, homelike name in the family for a number of years, and then have some Senator get up and decide his State needs other honors than his representing it, wherefore he demands a street. That's what happened to Brightwood avenue, and those commuters who have grown to cherish it.

Much property out that way I was told is owned by George White, whose family wasn't averse to buying up a little land occasionally in former years. Consequently, the descendants thank a thoughtful ancestry and derive great joy in collecting rent.

DAVIS IS EX-MILLER. I close with the case of James Davis, ex-miller, who says he had to quit making flour thirty years ago because the asthma wouldn't let him alone. Mr. Davis is the park's oldest citizen, being a mere eighty-one years. He used to be a familiar figure about Georgetown before his retirement. We found him trying to correct a smoky parlor grate, indicating that even old folk have their troubles.

Mr. Davis talked to us after he had sufficiently punished the refractory fireplace. Although he hated to discourage those who hungered for himself, candor compelled Mr. Davis to say that we were liable to have to put up with these little domestic inconveniences till we got right one.

At me, this, indeed, be a hard word. Come go commuting with us some afternoon if you doubt it, Percival, dear.

RAPID TRANSIT DATA COMES FROM EUROPE

State Department Gets Information for Street Car Company.

The District Electric Railway Commission received yesterday, through the State Department, a large amount of data relating to the operation of street cars in European countries. This information was sent by various United States consuls in response to a request made of the State Department. It comes from many cities in England, Germany, France, Ireland, and Scotland.

It will be carefully considered by the commission, except such of it as relates to the prevention of overcrowding of street cars. This is a matter to which the commission will devote considerable time in the future.

Special Committee. Interstate Commerce Commissioners Lane and Clark have been appointed a special committee to represent the commission in dealing with the District Electric Railway Commission relative to the operation of street cars in the District of Columbia. All recommendations of the latter commission, in future, concerning the operation of such operation will be made through this special committee, representing the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Recent developments in local street railway affairs have been exceedingly gratifying to the fraction board. One of the pleasing things was the decision of the Washington Railway and Electric Company to run through cars to Brightwood.

A SUCCESSFUL DENTIST is one who treats his patients right at all times, knows his profession thoroughly, and is reasonable. RED CROSS DENTAL OFFICE, 829 Penn. Ave. N. W.

THREE KILLED IN RAID ON AN ALLEGED TIGER

Birmingham Officers in Pistol Duel With Occupants of House Said to Be a "Blind Tiger"—Baby Is a Victim.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Nov. 7.—Special Detective William M. Little, attached to the Law and Order League of Birmingham; a Mr. Womack, and a small child of J. W. Harris were instantly killed, and J. W. Harris, father of the infant, was fatally injured as the result of a fusillade of shots which were fired in the raiding of an alleged "blind tiger" at Third avenue and Eighth street early tonight.

Detective Little, accompanied by Patrolman Jones, had gone to the suspected place, which is a private residence, with the intention of going through it with a search warrant. Little knocked at the door and when Womack, who rented the property, opened it and saw the officer, it is said, he began firing. The officer returned the fire and both were killed. Harris, who owned the house, heard Patrolman Jones coming from the front and it is alleged he also began shooting. Harris was fatally hurt and at the same time his infant suffered death by a stray bullet.

It is said that the inmates of the house were just sitting down to the evening meal when the raid was made and that several bottles of beer were on the table.

MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION. "The hell is to meet me at the dock." "Well, duke?" "But how shall I know her?" "Write her to have a million dollars in her left hand."—Kansas City Journal.

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Take Your Time When you start out to get a loan don't be so afraid you don't get it as to take the first proposition offered you. Many people save money by taking time to see us before closing a deal. Why should you do that? We don't expect your business unless we can do better by you than the others can. If unable to call a letter or phone you bring full information. AMERICAN LOAN CO. 1326 New York Ave. N. W. Phone Main 2012. (Second floor, front).

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