

THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Journal devoted to the Interests of the Residents of the Suburbs of Washington.

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Its Contributors are Business Men, Business Women, Scientists, Plain People, Travelers, Poets, etc. In other words, people familiar with the life of the suburbs, who tell their stories in a way that will interest our suburban friends.

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Now that spring is coming on let all our suburban friends clean up the rubbish about their places so they will look tidy. A dirty town filled with dirty yards is not very attractive to prospective purchasers.

Chicken consumption is reported prevalent in Iowa. So it is elsewhere when the supply and price conform with the appetite and pocket.

The innate goodness of human nature is shown by the uprising of thousands of persons who wish to prevent Andrew Carnegie from dying rich and disgraced.

The American bids offered to deliver bridge material for Africa for less money and in less time than the British bids. It will soon be in order to make a mild boast to the effect that the sun never sets on the scene of American commercial activity.

A Missouri man has invented a self-feeding furnace. Now, if he can only devise some means of furnishing the coal with which to feed the furnace, without cost to the owner, he will have achieved a reputation through the dim vistas of time, even into eternity.

Another martyr to science. One of the doctors investigating the causes of yellow fever allowed himself to be bitten by an infected mosquito, and paid for it with his life. In view of such occurrences as this it cannot be held that medical men experiment only on their patients.

It is computed that at the end of the nineteenth century the whole number of newspapers, magazines and other periodical publications in the United States was 20,806, having a combined circulation each issue of nearly 52,000,000 copies. Less than 600 of the 20,806, however, are credited with eighty-five per cent. of the entire circulation. The 2163 dailies issue nearly 10,000,000 copies a day; the tri-weekly papers are gradually disappearing, and the semi-weeklies now number only 434. There are 14,734 weeklies, more than twice as many as there were thirty years ago, and these have a circulation of 19,000,000. There are 278 semi-monthlies with a circulation of 1,000,000 copies, and 2827 monthlies with a circulation of 20,000,000. Of quarterlies there are 179, issuing about 500,000 copies; also two semi-quarterlies and sixty-seven bi-monthlies. Less than twenty-five dailies and less than thirty weeklies and not far from fifty monthlies have over 100,000 circulation.

SUICIDES OF CHILDREN

LARGE NUMBER OF VICTIMS FURNISHED BY THE CITIES.

Pitiful Case of a Little New York Girl Who Was Weary With the Burdens of Premature Womanhood—A Lack of Endurance and Fortitude.

One instance after another of self-inflicted death of children have caused a slowly increasing interest to trace the cause and find a remedy, and at last awakened a sense of duty concerning the incredible state of mind and morals which these young suicides demonstrate as existing in our day and generation, writes a correspondent of the New York Post.

There is something so at variance with human nature, as well as so abhorrent to all sane thought, in the willingness of a child to kill itself, that the natural impulse of the hearer is to disbelieve the fact. The almost irresistible desire to make some effort to remove the conditions which move such tender creatures to destroy themselves, might have better hope of good result, had records been kept and the subject been approached more scientifically, with data, parentage, race and all the testamentary statistics which could help theory and suggest remedies. Unfortunately none of these have been retained.

Cities unquestionably provide the larger number of these victims, but in the majority of instances noted the circumstances have not been those of either extreme want or misery. Many of the cases which have been reported have been pupils of the public schools, and there has been a questioning thought in this connection: "Could the schools help?" The idea is not that the schools are in fault, but that their large congregations of children, coming out of sordid unlighted homes, might afford the most vital opportunity to plant new ideas of what it means to live and die and what should bind a child to its home.

Perhaps the instance which finally forced the writer to make this appeal was this:

A child, a little girl, one of those pathetic creatures whom we know as "Little Mothers," was, at eleven years of age, quite creditably heading the household of her widowed father. There were three younger children; they are reported as having been clean and watched over with that extraordinary combination of vigilance and good sense which is common to these premature guardians of their brothers and sisters. She is not spoken of as morbid or abnormal in any way. She appeared to be bearing her burden after the wonderful manner of her kind. One day she asked her father if he would please come home early; "by 3 o'clock," she said.

Three o'clock was impossible to him, but he came as soon as he could, and when the door opened to his hand, there lay the "Little Mother" dead upon the floor. The bit of paper left for him said in purport—unfortunately the words are not preserved—"I cannot bear the responsibility of caring for the children. I cannot bear to go on any longer, so I am going to kill myself."

She was tired of living, weary with the burdens of premature womanhood, and unquestionably poisoned in thought and judgment by reading, so easily accessible, of how tired men and women took their implausible ways out of this world. It would be impossible to express the vivid clearness of the picture left upon the mind by the brief paragraph printed in the melody of the day's "news." Poor little tired girl, lying dead in her clean print gown; brave enough to kill herself, and wholly ignorant of the majesty of life or the enormity of death.

Her innocence, her good record of duty done, her stricken father, all have kept her apart from the rest; from the girl who threw her life away because she could not go to a party; or her who drowned herself because she had been properly reproved; or the lad who hanged himself in his father's barn apparently in a spirit of retaliation to some wound to his pride.

We hear of frightful endings to the lives of young men and women of at least American birth, if not of American parentage, but there is almost invariably an attendant revelation of the breaking of the moral law which has rendered the conditions of life abnormal. With these this appeal has no direct connection, though they primarily have been educated where influences could have been brought to bear on mind and conscience and heart, which would have gone before, and closed the gates against evil passion and disgrace.

There seems to exist a fundamental lack of endurance and fortitude; desire, however trivial, must be gratified or the young spirit rebels to the extent of taking itself out of the atmosphere of discipline. Out of certainly ten cases which have been noted—to be conservative in the absence of data, we will say within a year—with the exception of the "little mother," the causes were the merest trifles affecting comparatively comfortable lives. The main reasons have been anger at a sharp reproof, or the denial of a coveted pleasure. There were two schoolgirls in a rural district who agreed to drown themselves together for no cause. Terror overcame them when death approached, and the stronger strove to rescue her companion, but failed, and when rescued was on the verge of final collapse herself.

The girl in whom I was most interested had only money enough to carry her to her bourn, and was devoid of other resources and without experience. Yet she went without hesitation, after skillfully managing to abstract a few garments from her home, and regardless of father or mother, or any tie of love or duty.

The mother was nearly crazed with

grief and apprehension, and the family, all hard-working people, expended \$1000 of their savings in their heart-breaking search, before a clever detective discovered her in a Boston street coming from work.

Her only—and to her own mind entirely sufficient—apology was: "I could not stand being laughed at." She was wholly devoid of all realization of obligation to her home and entirely oblivious regarding the relations of parent and child.

Endurance is an unknown duty to these children's undisciplined minds. "I can't stand it," or "I will have it," are the imperative rulers of their lives. Only to-day a little boy of six in an "east side" tenement told his mother that he would not live at home if she required of him some small domestic service. "I'll quit yer and take care of meself," he said, and the defiance was so fearless and positive that the poor mother trembled with fear—a small boy is so easily lost in a great city—and her heart ached with dread of what he would threaten when his curly pate would reach to her shoulder.

Our quick-eyed, quick-eared children, who read with eager haste the newspapers so easily obtained, know well who are greatest and best among our men and women. Might there not be hope of lasting benefit from the words of eloquent and tactful people? Could not the authorities who so wisely provide profitable and instructive lectures on art, history and science, free to the people of every district in our city, find a way to break into the class routine of the schools, and try what could be done to build up character and open the eyes of the children? From time to time might not magnetic, earnest men make the attempt to tell them what it means to be responsible for life?

Sheepskin Waistcoats.

It may be that the coachman sitting tranquilly on the box, apparently comfortable, though the wintry blasts do blow, has got on a garment more or less worn at this season by men much outdoors. These men include coachmen, truckmen, motormen and others. The garment is a sheepskin waistcoat.

This is a waistcoat made of sheepskin with the wool on, and worn with the woolly side in. The skin is tanned to a tan color. The waistcoat is cut high in front and is provided with pockets. It is worn sometimes in place of a coat that would otherwise be used, or perhaps with a lighter weight coat than the wearer would put on without it. The overcoat is, of course, worn over all, as usual.

Some sheepskin waistcoats are made to button together at the front as any waistcoat would. Others are made to fasten together in front with straps and buckles.

There's a high degree of warmth in a sheepskin waistcoat, but the price is not very high. They cost about \$2.50.—New York Sun.

The Laureate Holds On.

I have read carefully most of the tributes in the press to the late Queen. I have also read the ode by Mr. Alfred Austin. On the whole, I think the pressmen have done more justice to the occasion than the poet. There is a good deal of poetry in the prose, and still more prose in the poetry; and of the two the former seems the less out of place. By the way, is the office of Poet Laureate one of those of which the tenancy has been confirmed by royal proclamation? Many had hoped, with me, that the demise of the crown might involve the demise of the laurel wreath. But the appearance of the official elegiac seems to nip this hope in the bud, and deepens the national gloom.—Labouchere, in London Truth.

The End of the Zoar Community.

The very last act completing the dissolution of the Society of Communists at the historical village of Zoar, Ohio, which disintegration was begun over two years ago, was completed when the last surveying and apportionments were made. Not only the buildings in Zoar, but also the 7000 acres of land, have been apportioned. The valuation of the properties received by each member averages about \$5000. For the first time since the arrival, almost a century ago, of John Baumbler, the Zoarite leader, and his band of German followers, the community is now governed like other towns. A mayor and councilmen have been elected and have already entered upon their new duties.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Perfect Lady.

It was on a cable car, and two young women were talking at a lively rate. One of them said: "I never had a more pleasant evening. I liked Mrs. Blank so much. Indeed, I enjoyed her company very much. She is a perfect lady, and knows what is due to her. She never took the trouble, like others, to set out a table with a lot of stuff on it, but she just had a tray and glasses and a pitcher, and the gentlemen of the company took the pitcher in turn and had it filled. Oh, she is a perfect lady and knows what is her due. When I have a home of my own I am going to do just the same. I like to see people know what is due to them."—New York Herald.

Cow Worship in Africa.

Two short marches brought us to a long pool of still water. Here we found another branch of the Magois, who called themselves Katua. To my surprise I discovered these people to be cow worshippers and to indulge in certain rites which were supposed to be peculiar to the Hindoo religion. The origin of this cow worship is presumably the same with the Katua as with the Hindoo, traceable to the great dependence placed upon the animal for sustenance. The Katua eat the cow, but all their people turn out when the beast is killed and go through much ceremony. They would not sell a single cow.—Geographic Journal.



HOUSEHOLD HINTS:

Heat Cures Burns.

The pain caused by a burn can be allayed by the simple process of burning again. If a person has the misfortune to burn the hand or the finger, the pain can be entirely stopped by holding the injured member as near as possible to the fire for a minute or two.

Have a Glue-Pot.

There are a great many times when a glue-pot in the house is a well-spring of pleasure, and is an economical investment, especially when of the kind here described: Buy at a tin shop one small tin can, costing five cents and a large one costing about ten cents, in which the smaller can be set; five or six cents' worth of glue will mend a great many broken articles or will fasten things that have become unglued. Put the glue in the small cup with a little water; put boiling water in the larger and set the glue-cup in it; in a few minutes the glue will melt and be ready for use.

Decorating Bed-Rooms.

Some of the seven-cent flowered muslins are most charming when ruffled for curtains and covers, or when trimmed with a white cotton ball fringe. With ordinary denim and dotted muslin, or even with cheese-cloth, any bedroom may be made charming. There are many chintzes that cost only fifteen or sixteen cents a yard. The printed Indian cottons are interesting, and the cretonnes, armures, serims, cotton damasks and taffetas all lend themselves with delightful results to the decoration of bedrooms. There is an infinite variety from which to make a selection, but it is never to be forgotten that however pretty the paper, a large flower has no place in a small room. Figured and flowered curtains also have no place in one hung with flowered or figured paper. Heavy curtains ought not to be lighter in tones than the walls. With an occasional portiere the case alters, and again with certain Venetian silks taking up some one tone in the room.

Burlaps make an excellent wall covering for small rooms, especially when a wall is likely to be rubbed by any one making the bed. It can be wiped off with ammonia and water and picture nails can be driven into it and pulled out without leaving a mark.—Harper's Bazar.

Piano Drapery.

The piano, unless treated decoratively, is a still article of furniture. As standing the back to the wall deadens its tones, music lovers are inclined to reverse the instrument and place the back toward the centre of the room. As that is unsightly, some drapery is needed, which should be rich and heavy. A good way is to cover the back with a broad, double box-pleating of silk, drape over the top and one side a hanging of the same colored plush. Should silk alone be used it should be richly embroidered. A musical score and musical instruments artistically grouped would be very effective. The embroidery should be in monotone. If the piano is placed diagonally across one corner the stiffness is relieved by standing behind it a handsome screen, preferably one of dark, rich coloring and matching or contrasting with the wood of the instrument. A black background with mixed figures in gold embroidery, Japanese in motive, is decorative. A rich, dark corner cabinet is also suitable, or a tall pedestal holding a bust or a statue. Other things will suggest themselves.—Good House-keeping.



HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Hamburg Steak Baked—Rub deep cooking dish with onion, line with thinly sliced bacon, sprinkle with one saltspoonful of pepper, season two pounds of raw Hamburg steak with one minced onion, one teaspoonful each of sage, thyme, parsley and celery, one teaspoonful of salt; pack into dish, cover with thin slices of bacon. Bake forty minutes.

Delicious Apple Salad—Take half a dozen rather tart apples, peeled and sliced, and add a Spanish pepper, chopped fine. Place in your salad bowl the tender leaves of a large head of lettuce and upon that the apple slices sprinkled with the chopped pepper. Over all pour a dressing composed of six tablespoonfuls of olive oil, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and a little salt. Serve with cold meats.

Oyster Macaroni—Break half a pound of macaroni in small pieces, cook in plenty of salted boiling water until tender; drain and arrange in a deep pan the macaroni and one pint of oysters in alternate layers. To one cup of rich milk thicken with one tablespoonful of flour add the oyster liquor, one tablespoonful of salt and one saltspoonful of pepper; pour over the macaroni and oyster and bake one-half hour in a hot oven. Serve with tomato catsup.

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Respectfully Yours, JAMES C. GODFREY.

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