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A BUSINESS POINTER.

Several Washington merchants are afraid to invite the trade of suburban people for fear it might offend some of their city customers who don't consider it "the proper thing" to be seen in a store with country people. They want the cash of country people when the same can be secured without any outward sign of a desire to reach out for it. One of the largest hardware firms in the city recently refused to advertise in the columns of the CITIZEN and gave the following reason: "We're not out after suburban business for the reason that we consider the trade of the people of Virginia and Maryland not particularly desirable." Gustave Hartig, the hardware man of 509 and 511 H Street, N. E., is of a different opinion. He wants the trade of country people and he is getting it. When you deal with him you are dealing with a square business man and a friend. Dec. 10-14

Wanted.

The City Mission of Washington, D. C., is in need of cast off clothing and other articles helpful to the poor and suffering. Careful distribution to worthy applicants, regardless of creed or color, insured. Please address, THE CITY MISSIONARY, 118 Florida Ave., N. W.

Our First Folding-Bed.

"No invention of modern times so filled the proverbial long-felt want as did the folding-bed." These were the words of Robert C. Gill, the head of the model rooms in the Patent Office—a genius who carries in his head the most minute details of all the several hundred thousand models that are intrusted to his care.

The particular model to which he referred was the crudest form of a collapsible bedstead ever devised. But the crude bed, cut in sections and hinged so that it might fold into convenient form, contained the germ of an idea, and to that we owe the useful and handsome cabinet folding-bed of to-day.

The inventor of the folding-bed was one James A. Johnston, a Westerner, to whom letters patent No. 17,981 were granted on May 12, 1857. No provision was made in the bed for the storing of the mattress, pillows and bedclothes, as is common in the folding-bed of to-day.

Also unlike the modern contrivance, which when folded resembles a bureau, chiffonier, or other similar piece of furniture, the folding-bed patented by Johnston made no pretense of looking like anything other than just what it was.

A company manufactured the Johnston patent, and it had quite a vogue in its day. Little by little improvements were made on the bed, and within the past score of years the piece of furniture we know to-day has evolved, and there are several hundreds of varieties of them patented.—Washington Post.

What Your Voice Looks Like.

To take a picture of your voice it is only necessary to tie a sheet of thin, strong paper over the wide end of a tin trumpet. Hold it with the sheet of paper upward, take a thin pinch of fine sand and place it in the center of the paper, hold the trumpet vertically above your face and sing a note into the lower end. Do not blow, but sing the note. Lower the trumpet carefully and look at the sand.

You will find that the vibrations of your voice have scattered the pinch of sand into a beautiful sound picture.

Every note in the musical scale will produce a different picture, so you may produce a great variety of them. Some of these pictures look like panthers, roses and other flowers; some look like snakes and others like flying birds—in fact, there is no limit to the variation.

If you wish to see the pictures while they are being made you may employ an old bell shaped ear trumpet, or you may use your trumpet with a short piece of rubber tubing on the mouthpiece.—Answers.

Washington City should include all the territory and people within the lines of the District of Columbia.

THE FALL OF KIPLING

FURIOUS CRITICISM OF ROBERT BUCHANAN.

The Famous Novelist Says That Nearly Everything That the Ex-Reporter Writes Is Tainted with a Low Moral Tone.

Robert Buchanan, whose fierce attack on Rudyard Kipling in the Contemporary Review is the literary sensation of the day, has always been noted for plain words whenever he comes out as a critic. Kipling, he asserts, has seldom uttered "anything that does not suggest moral baseness." The uncrowned laureate, says Mr. Buchanan, takes his inspiration from the street tough and sings "the coarse and soulless patriotism of the hour." The object of true imperialism is "to free man, not to enslave him." Mr. Buchanan some years ago turned literary London inside out by a ferocious criticism of Rossetti and Swin-



ROBERT BUCHANAN.

burne, making life enemies of these two poets. Kipling's robust derogator has written poetry himself, but he is better known for his dramas and his novels. His criticisms are forceful and earnest and are characterized by a directness calculated to impress the reader deeply, if not prejudice him. An incidental effect of his acumen seems to be discomfiture for the author criticised, and very often the suppression of the literature commented upon.

Wonders of the Ocean Bed.

The mysteries of the deep seas are coming to light. Scientists have measured the mountains of the ocean bed and their lead lines have penetrated into valleys so deep that the sun's rays are lost miles above their bottom. Some of these are more than 30,000 feet below the surface. If the highest mountain in the world were set at the bottom its summit would be nearly half a mile under water. In these valleys there are no plants, weeds or vegetation of any kind, because such forms of life need light, and at these depths there is total darkness. But animal life flourishes and some of the animals are of gigantic size. The geography of the

THE DUKE DE CASTAGNETA.



Duc Gaetan Caracciola de Castagneta is considered the most desirable matrimonial catch of the year in Washington. The duke has just celebrated his twenty-first birthday. He is as handsome as a picture, charming, amiable, and rich beyond the dreams of avarice. What more could the most designing of match-making mothers demand? Indeed, if one may judge

sea, "oceanography," it is called, began with the laying of ocean cables. The Pacific ocean, like the Pacific slope, is the great mountainous region of the water world; there are 24 vast valleys concealed beneath it. It is estimated that 92 per cent of the sea floor has a temperature lower than 40 degrees Fahrenheit. The temperature of the floor of the Indian ocean is under 35 degrees. A similar temperature occurs over a large part of the South Atlantic and certain parts of the Pacific, but at the bottom of the North Atlantic basin, and over a large portion of the Pacific, the temperature is higher than 35 degrees.

A FACTORY GIRL.

Became the Wife of a Noted General and Governor of Massachusetts.

From a work-girl in a factory to the wife of the governor of Massachusetts is rather a long journey to travel, a journey that is rarely undertaken, but such is the life story of a remarkable woman of Waltham, Mass., a woman who recently celebrated her 80th birthday. She is Mrs. Banks, widow of the late Gen. N. P. Banks, former governor of Massachusetts. Gen. Banks began life as a bobbin boy in a cotton factory and rose from that humble position to be chief executive of the commonwealth, a major general of United States volunteers and speaker of the national house of representatives. His beautiful wife left school at 12 years of age and became a factory girl. But her grace, her beauty, her intelligence, fitted her to become the first lady in Massachusetts, the honored guest of Emperor Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugenie and the envied partner of the Prince of Wales when he opened the grand ball given in his honor on the occasion of his visit to Boston in 1861. Mrs. Banks is still beautiful in spite of her 80 years. Her once raven black hair has changed to silver, but her eyes are still bright and her skin retains its ivory whiteness. Her fine voice is firm and smooth and her heart is as young as ever. After the war Gen. Banks was returned to congress, and Mrs. Banks became a gracious figure in Washington society. Her noble presence and brilliant conversational powers made her a center of admiration wherever she appeared. Subsequently she spent several years in Europe perfecting the education of her children. Among the many noted people she met while there she recalls most pleasantly her visit to the Empress Eugenie, who was about her own age, and at that time in the zenith of her power and beauty. Both the emperor and empress were exceedingly gracious to her, and the emperor talked long and earnestly with Gen. Banks in regard to American affairs. Mrs. Banks has three children living, one of whom is Maud Banks, the actress.

Few Patents Are Remunerative.

Probably not more than 1 per cent of the patents taken out ever pay, says a patent attorney. It is the patents upon simple articles in which the largest amounts of money are made. One reason is that it does not cost much to get them out, and another is that they do not attract attention until the inventor has covered the field and thus prevented some fellow slipping in and stealing the fruits of his discovery. Probably not more than 1 per cent of the patents taken out ever amount to anything.

REV. DR. R. S. STORRS

THE NOTABLE DIVINE QUILTS THE PULPIT.

Between Himself and His Fiftteen They Served One Hundred and Fifteen Years as Pastors in the Ministry—Contemporary with Henry Ward Beecher.

Rev. Dr. Richard Salter Storrs, pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, has resigned after 53 years spent in its service. The church was organized only a short time before Dr. Storrs was made pastor and he never had an assistant. When he took a vacation, which was seldom, his pulpit was supplied by neighboring rectors. The church is a large and fashionable one and Dr. Storrs was a fine pulpit speaker. His father, also Richard Salter Storrs, was pastor of the Congregational Church in Braintree, Mass., 62 years, so that the combined pastorate of father and son was 115 years.

Dr. Storrs is 78 years old and was



REV. DR. R. S. STORRS.

born in Braintree. He graduated from Amherst college in 1839, taught for a time in Morris academy and began to study law with Rufus Choate. He finally gave this up to enter the ministry. He took the course at Andover Theological seminary and was ordained in 1845. The next year he began his long pastorate in Brooklyn. Failing health led to his resignation. For thirty years he divided with Henry Ward Beecher the honors of theological eloquence in Brooklyn. Harvard university, Princeton university and Union college have conferred on him the title of doctor of laws, and Columbia university that of doctor of philosophy.

Tigers Alarmed At Sight of Man.

A cheerful place is Sorapongje in India. The rainfall there often is as great in one afternoon in the rainy season as it is in New York state in a whole year, and tigers and leopards are as plentiful as dogs are on New York's east side. On account of the tremendous dampness the cattle have to be driven to the top of the hills, so that they shall not get their feet too wet, and the tigers and leopards climb to these high altitudes also, because they are imbued with the kindly desire to save those cattle from pneumonia and other ills by eating them carefully and with due enjoyment. As there are no forests on the hills, the tigers prowling about all night in the open, lying concealed during the day in the limestone caves, the coal pits and between the crevices of the rocks. The residents come upon them in all manner of odd nooks and corners so unexpectedly that the beasts are as much alarmed as themselves, and usually scamper off in one direction, their disturbers flying in the opposite one. No one stirs out at night time without a powerful lantern or torch, for, as a rule, wild beasts will not come near a light, though this rule does not hold good in all cases.

Country Inns Will Be Popular.

A girl who is making a venture in the right direction is one who proposes opening an old-fashioned country inn in a popular mountain district. "I am sure," she says, "that the automobile will create a demand for such places. People will begin to travel as they used to do in the days of the stage coach, and, of course, they will need places at which to stop for the night. They will not care about going to regular hotels, even if such places were to be found in the country. So I am going to make my place as much as possible like the inns we read about in old novels and run across once in a great while when traveling in England. I am going to have old-fashioned high bedsteads, with dimity valances, etc., but I'm going to be sure that they are comfortable, even if I have to put in wire springs; and my floors will be sanded and rush covered, and the chimneys will have great open fireplaces in which there will be big, roaring fires. May my word for it, the automobile will open a new field for women—real, womanly women, who know how to raise poultry, keep a good table and an immaculate house."

They Belong to Col. Hay.

A gushing Englishwoman, who prides herself upon her literary tastes, said to Bret Harte at an aristocratic country house at which both were guests: "My dear Mr. Harte, I am so delighted to meet you! I have read everything you ever wrote, but of all your dialect verse there is none that compares with your Little Breaches." "I quite agree with you, madam," said Mr. Harte, "but you have put the little breaches on the wrong man."

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Advertisement for The Burdick sewing machine, featuring an illustration of the machine and text describing its features and price.

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Advertisement for Dr. McMaster's Stock Farm, located in Bladensburg, MD. Specializes in lameness treatment and boarding horses. Telephone 675-3. City Office and Infirmary, 1712 12th St. N. W.

Advertisement for Sinsheimer Livery Co., offering the latest style teams for hire and special rates for drummers. Delivery wagons available at any time. Rear 615 E Street N. W. Formerly Rex Stable.

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