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NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.
 112 West 24th St., New York
 Mail Orders Only. No Agents or Branches. Est. 1876.

Getting Into America

Continued from First Page

English, with an occasional lapse into his beloved Yiddish, what Congress is and what it does.

"Now, tell me," said the teacher, when Isaac had ended, all breathless, "why we have a Congress and why it can do all these things?"

"Because we are free and have no Czar over us."

"Free? What do you mean by that? You can't do as you please; you have to obey the laws, don't you?"

"Yes; we obey the laws, but we make the laws, and so we are free."

"Is that right?"

"Yes; we do not have to do what a Czar says."

"But, how about the policeman?"

"He is made by the people. The people make the laws. We are the people, and we are free."

At a labor camp school for Italians great interest was recently developed in the discussion of citizenship. Here are some of the written reasons given for desiring citizenship, and conceptions of citizenship:

"Because I mean to live here."

"I want to make friends of good men."

"I want to take part in public affairs."

"I will not live in this country like stranger, but I want stay here just the same of American people."

"I want honor the laws because I love it."

"To love the people like themselves and never oppress them."

Not without fault of grammar in places, but with the true ring, nevertheless.

To protect immigrants newly landed and give them their first lessons in Americanism is big and important work, yet these are only two lines of activity of the immigrant societies. Employment bureaus are maintained by many. The Baron de Hirsch Fund and several other organizations endeavor to induce the immigrants they deal with to settle in the less crowded portions of the country by pointing out to them the special advantages to be enjoyed there. There are lodging houses for men, homes for women and children, hospitals for both sexes, bureaus of information and advice, fatherly, business and legal. Money is sent through the societies to relatives waiting to sail for America. Cases of detained immigrants are investigated, and frequently appeals are taken to Washington that secure the release of the detained.

Orphan children are cared for. The father of two children died in Italy; the mother sailed for America with them; she drowned herself in mid-ocean; the children would have been sent back had not an Italian society found homes for them. Recently the Baron de Hirsch Fund people secured homes for about forty children made orphans by Russian massacres and brought here to escape a fate like that of their parents. The immigration authorities were not going to let the children land. At this juncture the Baron de Hirsch Fund guaranteed that they would not become public charges, and they were admitted.

Uncle Sam has great faith in the immigrant societies. He and they work together right along for the good of the immigrants. And incidentally, because they take such good care of an ever-increasing number of new arrivals, Uncle Sam and Father Knickerbocker find their migration materially lessened from time to time.

FADS AND FANCIES.

It would be difficult to state which little maid will be the happiest on Christmas morning, the one who receives her dolly already dressed, or the one who has the enjoyment of planning and making her dolly's clothes to suit her own ideas and taste.



Both methods have much to commend them. The dressing of the doll is a part of the Christmas pleasure of preparation, and it is a pleasure that may be divided up among any number of relatives and friends, one contributing dolly's frock, another her underwear, another her shoes, another her coat of furs, and so on all through the range of her dainty wardrobe.

On the other hand, the cutting out and making of dolls' clothes often awakens an interest in sewing which proves valuable to a girl in after life. Most little girls take great pride in making pretty clothes for their dolls, and this joy in achievements of value to themselves and others. Paper patterns for doll clothes are of prime importance just now, for the young lady's attire must be smart, or she would feel old-fashioned, and her little mistress made unhappy thereby.

No. 1578. This stunning outfit for a lady doll consists of a shirtwaist with stylish three-quarter sleeves and Peter Pan cuffs and collar, a five-gored ripple skirt, and a three-quarter length coat for outdoor wear. This entire set is included in Pattern No. 1578, and is cut in sizes for dolls from fourteen to twenty-four inches high, measuring from crown to sole. Price 10 cents.



No. 1608. An extremely dressy outfit, consisting of a beautiful little Sur-Jay dress with full gathered skirt, elbow sleeves, and star-pointed bertha collar, and a real Red Riding Hood cloak that will cover and protect all of dolly's finery when she goes out. The hood of the cloak may be worn over the head or falling over the cloak, as preferred. The dress may be made up in organdie, mull, batiste, china silk, or other soft material, and trimmed with lace and insertion as pictured, or with flowered ribbon. The set is cut in sizes for dolls from fourteen to twenty-four inches high, measuring from crown to sole. Price 10 cents.



No. 1710. This baby doll's set consists of a pretty little dress, a petticoat with comfortable little underwaist, a long cloak with deep cape, for her dressy outings, and a charming little sack for wear in the house on chilly days. This set is made only in one size for dolls sixteen inches high from crown to sole. Price 10 cents.

To secure these patterns promptly, send correct number and size of pattern wanted, together with ten cents for each pattern desired. Address all communications to FASHION CORRESPONDENT, Room 307, 290 Broadway, New York City.

Heaven and Vesuvius.

Prof. Matteucci, Superintendent of the Vesuvius observatory, was dining with some Americans at the Royal hotel in Naples. The dining-room fronted the sea. The waves crashed against the massive embankment of stone and showery of white spray rose high in the sunlight air.

"This is heavenly. But what is it like in your observatory when Vesuvius is active?" some one asked.

"It is not like heaven," said Prof. Matteucci. "It reminds me of a story about a Neapolitan widow whose husband had been dead some years. One night she was persuaded to go to a spiritualist's seance, and there the spirit of her dead husband appeared and spoke with her.

"My dear Agostino," said the widow to the shade, "are you happy now?"

"I am very happy," Agostino answered.

"Happier than you were on earth with me?" asked the widow.

"Yes," replied the shade. "I am far, far happier now than I was on earth with you."

"The widow was silent a moment; then she said:

"Tell me, Agostino, what is it like in heaven?"

"Heaven?" said Agostino. "I never said that I am in heaven."

Sea of Galilee invaded by a Modern Steamer.

The Lake of Genesareth, in Palestine, called also the Sea of Galilee and the Sea of Tiberias, famed for the miracles Christ performed there, has just been profaned by the appearance of a modern steamer, which will take passengers to the little villages on its shores.

A Corner in Cats

By Will S. Gidley. (Copyrighted.)

The one hundred thousand inhabitants, more or less, of the bustling Western city which we shall immortalize as Boomopolis, woke up one morning to find staring them in the face from every dead wall and billboard within the city limits, and from the want columns of the half dozen local dailies the following cabalistic sentence in the biggest and blackest job type:

**CATS!
 CATS!
 CASH FOR CATS!**

No signature, no address, nothing to indicate who wanted the felines nor where they were to be delivered and the cash collected. Simply the tantalizing and indefinite announcement above quoted.

The public curiosity was aroused at once, and for several days thereafter the weather, politics, society gossip, the Schley-Sampson controversy, our duty in the Philippines, the question as to the identity of the party who struck the late William Peterson, all were relegated to the background by something of far more vital and immediate importance—the burning question as to who was responsible for the cat advertisement, and whether it would turn out to be a bona fide business proposition or only the work of some practical and irresponsible joker of the vicinity.

If the advertisement was a joke, it was certainly an expensive one, and the point of the intended criticism was so effectively concealed that no one, except perhaps the joker himself, was able to guess what it was.

But then the question arose, if the advertiser meant business and was really anxious to acquire a stock of cats in exchange for cash, why had he neglected to give his name and the location of his office?

Inquiries made at the offices of the various journals in which the announcement had been printed failed to elicit any information regarding the person or persons who had procured its insertion.

The advertisement in question had been received, paid for and published in the regular order of business, said the newspaper managers curiously, but the name of the advertiser concerned himself chiefly at present. If he wished his name and whereabouts to become public property, he would doubtless use his own methods and choose his own time for making them known.

The parties who had printed and distributed the posters were equally non-committal. And so, right on the threshold of the investigation, the curiosity mongers were foiled. For one whole week they fumed and fretted, wearing out their stock of gray matter in vain surmises regarding the authorship and hidden meaning of the anonymous advertisements. Then, just as the public curiosity began to show signs of flagging, fresh fuel was added to the flames by the following announcement, which appeared just as mysteriously as its predecessor, one morning, in the newspaper advertising columns and scattered far and wide on billboards and blank walls throughout the city and suburbs:

**CASH! CASH!
 CASH FOR CATS!!**

N. B.—Don't drown your cats or give them away. Wait for the cash!

The puzzle was still as far from a solution as ever. The joke—if joke it was—was evidently a serial, "to be continued in our next."

There are very few people, however, who admire that sort of humor, and the anonymous instigator of the cat "ads" and posters was called some decidedly uncomplimentary names during the next few days after the second series of his aggravating announcements appeared.

Some set him down as a pestiferous crank, others as a harmless idiot with more money than brains, and wondered why his friends didn't have him placed in some reliable asylum, while still others sized him up as a shrewd, wideawake schemer, with some skillfully laid money-making plot under way which would be developed in due time.

Perhaps, some said, his plan was to boom the circulation of the papers in which his peculiar "ads" appeared. Others argued that the advertiser was probably a wealthy victim of insomnia, caused by backyard prowlers, and he was shrewdly endeavoring to spread abroad the idea that cats were valuable, so that people would keep them at home nights and allow him to get some sleep. For two weeks the public was kept guessing, and then the cat was let out of the bag at last! The notices already quoted appeared once more in advertising columns and on trees, fences and buildings—everywhere that the law allowed, and in some places that it didn't—with an important addition.

"The 'ad' in its completed form read as follows:

**CATS! CATS!!!
 CASH FOR CATS!!!!**

50 cents each paid for cats delivered to our place of business in the old skating rink building, Main and Franklin streets, Boomopolis. Office hours, 7:30 A. M. to 3:30 P. M.

Bring on your cats! The more the merrier! "Cash for Cats" is our trade-mark and motto, and we are absolutely the only firm on earth that is doing business on that basis. Don't forget that we pay cash on delivery.

Cats! Cats! Cash for Cats!
ORIENTAL CAT COMPANY
 (Limited).

John O. Hubbs, President.
 P. Jackson Tubbs, Secretary and Treasurer.

One of the first of the citizens of Boomopolis to call at the old rink building (with a half-starved feline under his arm) to ascertain if the good news could be true that cats and half dollars were interchangeable commodities was Stumpy Jones, and he came flying back almost out of breath and reported to "de gang" as follows:

"Yep! 'Tain't no fairy story, fellers! Dev're buyin' de cats, all right, an' here's de check to prove it! Dev've got de bull plaugy rink covered with big signs sayin' to bring on yer cats an' git de rocks. Bet yer boots I'll do it, too, fast

bustling weeks for the Oriental Cat Company and its officers and hired assistants. Boomopolis and the country round about had been pumped dry of cats. You couldn't have found another one of the animals with a fine-toothed comb—not a solitary cat. All had been swept into the remorseless maw of the Oriental Cat Company (Limited).

Some days passed without any move being made on the part of the Cat Company, and then just as they had begun talking of getting the animals ready for shipment a plague of rats suddenly broke out in Boomopolis. Nobody seemed to know where they all came from, but they were there as thick as beaus around a pretty girl, or mosquitoes in a Jersey swamp. And they were about the fiercest and hungriest rodents that ever pestered a community at that.

Nothing, apparently, was safe from their attacks. They invaded cellars, stores, warehouses, public buildings, private buildings, the mansions of the poor, and the tenements of the poor; every place, in fact, where they could find anything worth eating or worth destroying.

In the midst of the inundation the people suddenly thought themselves of cats. Cats were what was needed, and they were needed at once.

But where were they to be had, unless perchance the Oriental Cat Company (Limited) could be induced to sacrifice their stock after taking such trouble to get it together?

It seemed almost providential that the rat epidemic happened to break out while the cats were yet within reach, in the shape of a cat would do. All he insisted on was that the cat must be alive. He drew the line at dead ones.

When questioned as to what they were going to do with so many cats, the affable president and the equally obliging secretary and treasurer of the company replied that they expected to find a market for them in China, hence the title Oriental Cat Company. In certain sections of the Flowery Kingdom felines were very scarce and would command high prices—especially if they were good moussers and rat catchers. An active, able-bodied cat would almost bring its weight in silver in some parts of China, and as millions of people there required the cats the market was practically unlimited.

The Oriental Cat Company (Limited), had organized for the purpose of supplying that market and they proposed doing so.

Three weeks rolled by—three busy,

4% A MONTH	24 TIMES	4% A MONTH
	AS MUCH AS GOVERNMENT BONDS PAY	
Paid on the First of Each Month		

AS SAFE AS REAL ESTATE AND VASTLY MORE PROFITABLE

You do not wait a year for a crop—the 4 per cent a month COMES EVERY MONTH. It comes from earnings. It comes under normal, natural conditions. It will keep on coming. There are no dull seasons. There are no times of depression.

So long as human nature remains as now, so long as men and women delight in harmonies and admire the beautiful, so long as music continues to have charm, just so long will there be an insistent demand for the exquisite melodies and the masterful measures of

THE MULTIPHONE

and just so long will the steady inflow of profits continue. The success and permanence of this company is based on civilization itself—on the home, on the family, on daintiness, polish and progress, on the inspiration and uplift that MUSIC gives.

THE BETTER ONE UNDERSTANDS THE FACTS THE MORE CERTAIN IS HE TO BUY.

If you are a close figurer.—Here is an opportunity to offset our statement.

If you are wise in business ways.—We need you in the company.

If you are quick to nose out a fraud.—Investigate in your own way.

If you dare trust your own eyes.—Send in your subscription right away.

If you have friends you'd rather trust.—Send them to investigate for you.

The Multiphone is to-day the greatest and grandest monument of simplified music producing mechanical contrivances. Nothing ever made can come anywhere near approaching its magnificence, either in simplified mechanical structure, beauty of design or apparent costliness of delineation. It is at once a superb production of the mechanic's skill, the artisan's patience, the sculptor's chisel and the designer's hand, reflecting the intention of the maker, orders for the best possible without regard to expense. The design is of the harpsichord of the Elizabethan period. Standing over six feet in height, and three feet wide, the front and sides are of French beveled plate glass, exposing the mechanism to full view. A large Magazine wheel carries twenty-four phonographic records, anyone of which may be reproduced at the will of the operator. A nickel starts it. The power is derived from a spring motor. One winding is sufficient to reproduce eighteen records. The public does the winding, so there is no expense for power.

ITS FIELD.

is practically unlimited. Wherever people may gather or pass is the natural location for a Multiphone. In railroad stations, in ferry houses, in hotels or restaurants, in theatre lobbies, on steamships, in stores it serves the double purpose of pleasing the eye and delighting the ear.

EARNING CAPACITY.

A little over a year ago, a handful of men, realizing after mathematical research that if such an instrument could be made the returns would be enormous, started out to make it. A very crude model was the result of the first undertaking, which was placed in various sections of Greater New York as a test, the results showed

One Hundred Forty-five per cent. a Year.

These figures tempted the present managers of the company to embark upon the making of numbers of Multiphones to be operated in the same profitable way for its stockholders.

OVER \$50,000

has been spent in perfecting the Multiphone that is making it experimenting with parts and simplifying the whole. Not one dollar of this have they charged to the Company.

COST OF THE MULTIPHONE

Multiphones cost \$250 to \$300 each, according to the cabinet desired to meet the requirements of the varied locations, if in mahogany the former price, if in bronze the latter.

IS IT SECURE?

We answer it is, absolutely, positively and certain. You again ask: Won't the novelty wear off? We answer this by stating that music is as old as the universe, and each instrument is supplied with twenty-four new records weekly. Demand for this music may be measured by the fact that a company, only one of many, is 1,100,000 records behind the requirements of the public's orders. Again you may query: Won't the mechanism wear out? To this we say yes, but not soon, probably fifty years or so will see some parts worn, which are easily replaced.

We want all who read to know there are no "ifs," no "buts," and there will be none. As emphatic as we are able to state it, we want everyone to believe this investment is thoroughly bona-fide, and up-to-date new fashioned in that it gives each investor his true share of the earnings, old fashioned in that it honors implies.

\$100 invested in our stock is equal to \$1000 in a savings bank. A man having \$1000 worth of our stock in his possession is as well off as another having \$10,000 in a savings bank. He gets as much in dividends from us in one year as the other gets from the savings bank in twelve years. This stock pays as much in one year as a government bond pays in twenty-four years, the

\$25 buys 20 shares, par value \$200, which will pay dividends of \$1 a month.	\$100, " " " " " \$400, " " " " " \$2 " "
\$50 " 40 " " " " \$800, " " " " " \$4 " "	\$100 " 80 " " " " \$1600, " " " " " \$8 " "
\$100 " 80 " " " " \$3200, " " " " " \$16 " "	\$200 " 160 " " " " \$6400, " " " " " \$32 " "
\$200 " 400 " " " " \$12800, " " " " " \$64 " "	\$400 " 800 " " " " \$25600, " " " " " \$128 " "
\$1000 " 800 " " " " \$16000, " " " " " \$160 " "	

Checks, money orders or drafts should be made out to

Multiphone Operating Co.
 Telephone, 4109 Cortlandt. Telegram Building, 23 Park Row, New York City
 Next door to Herald Downtown Branch.

President, EDWIN J. SELLEY. Secretary, WILLIAM H. PRITCHARD.
 Vice President, PETER J. COLLINS. Treasurer, ISAAC THORMAN.
 Bankers—Oriental Bank, 181 Broadway, N. Y. Counselors—Bushby & Berkeley, 230 Broadway, N. Y.
PROSPECTUS FREE ON APPLICATION. SEND POSTAL FOR PARTICULARS.

as I capture one of 'em. Cats at fifty cents apiece beats sellin' papers or black-in' boots all hollow."

From that time on Stumpy devoted his waking moments chiefly to the cat industry, deriving quite a revenue therefrom, as did many other future business men and capitalists of Boomopolis. In less than a fortnight every vagrant feline within the city limits had been rounded up and turned into cash at the receiving department of the Oriental Cat Company, in the sprawling edifice which formerly did duty as a skating rink.

And the cats that came in were not all vagrants, either. Many a servant girl was not above adding a casual dollar or so to her income by disposing of the family pets, or pests, as she considered them, which were continually snooting into things or lying around under her feet. Householders, too, in many instances brought in their own cats or the neighbor's, just as it chanced to happen, and furtively exchanged them for current coin of the realm. Men drove in from the suburbs and nearby villages with whole wagon loads of cats, crated up and ready for delivery at fifty cents a head.

In fact, for two weeks it simply rained cats around that old-time skating rink, now the headquarters of the Oriental Cat Company (Limited). All they had to do was to hand in their four-legged, furr-clad voucher and the money was promptly forthcoming. And the cashier of the Oriental Cat Company (Limited) was not at all particular, either. Anything in the shape of a cat would do. All he insisted on was that the cat must be alive. He drew the line at dead ones.

When questioned as to what they were going to do with so many cats, the affable president and the equally obliging secretary and treasurer of the company replied that they expected to find a market for them in China, hence the title Oriental Cat Company. In certain sections of the Flowery Kingdom felines were very scarce and would command high prices—especially if they were good moussers and rat catchers. An active, able-bodied cat would almost bring its weight in silver in some parts of China, and as millions of people there required the cats the market was practically unlimited.

The Oriental Cat Company (Limited), had organized for the purpose of supplying that market and they proposed doing so.

Three weeks rolled by—three busy,

the present emergency. Got that sign, Mr. Tubbs? All right; hang 'er out." And the sign in question was promptly swung to the breeze:

FOR SALE.

Choice Cats.....\$10
 Common Cats..... 5

Precisely one week later Messrs. Hubbs & Tubbs, the obliging officials of the Oriental Cat Company (Limited), closed up their now carefree and deserted place of business in the old rink at the corner of Main and Franklin streets, Boomopolis, and bade farewell forever to that growing western city, taking their departure via the night express for the East.

Snuggly ensconced in a quiet corner of the smoker, the erstwhile president of the Oriental Cat Company (Limited)—now gone out of business—bit off the end of a fifteen-cent cigar, handed its mate to his companion and, after lighting up, said between puffs:

"Didn't forget (puff) anything in your hurry to-night, did you, Tubbs?"

"Guess not," was the laconic reply.

"Got the satchel with the (puff) collateral in it all right, have you?"

"Betcher life! Shan't lose my grip on that."

"Tear up the freight bill from Chicago for the two cars of (puff) live stock in crates? They may (puff) smell a rat' if you didn't."

"Did better than that. Burned it."

"That's good (puff). Er—I (puff)—I've just been thinking that we've made pretty (puff) fair day's wages for the past two months, eh?"

"Well, yes, frankly admitted the worthy Mr. Tubbs, with a knowing wink. "I have seen the time that I've worked for less."

This seems to be the proper place to drop the curtain, but before doing so we cannot refrain from recording the wittily expressed opinion of Michael O'Shaughnessy, ex-employee of the Oriental Cat Company, in regard to its founders.

"Well, byes," he remarked calmly, "Oi don't want to say anything' against me old employers—they always used me well an' Oi got me pay, all right—but bechune you an' me an' the lamppost them two lads, Hubbs an' Tubbs, wuz jest about the slickest pair that ever kem down the pike. Mighty lucky thing for Boomopolis 'twasn't beef critters on the hoof or elephants they cornered' stid of cats."