NEED ANY MULTIPHONE STOCK?

REPLY TO MANLY M. GILLAM AND F. JAMES SELLEY

Why You'd Better Get It Cheaper—Relics, a Clique of Stockholders Plot Betterment, Have Employed an Army of Crooks—Gillam, Fine, in Bad Company.

There is no more juicy intellectual proposition than stock in the Multiphone Operating Company of 116 Broadway when viewed from the standpoint of the dividends already paid and the dividends that are cheerfully promised for all time to come. For months a great quantity of advertising space has been bought up to tell about the 1 per cent. dividends that have been paid every month since last October, when the golden variety of investor first began to have the multiphone advertisements served with his breakfast food.

Persons who have bought a lot of stock on the strength of those dividends, the happy ads and the effective line of talk that is handed out to all inquirers at the company's office are no doubt satisfied that at last a Wall Street [illegible] who will lead the children of the savings banks away from the stingy Egyptians that give them only 4 per cent. and who will show them a 12 per cent. fountain gushing out of the rock down on lower Broadway.

From the frequent ads the happy stockholders and the prospective investors can gain very little idea of who is responsible for the showers of blessings that have already been falling on the elect and for the regular deluge that is promised for the future. For that reason, and also in order to give credit to whom credit is due, all who are sufficiently interested are invited to hear about Edwin J. Selley, sometimes called E. James Selley, president of the Multiphone Operating Company, the mainspring of the whole grand works.

They may then be interested to hear about Mr. Selley's business associate of several years standing, Manly M. Gillam. It wouldn't be polite either to overlook the recently acquired head of the publicity end of the multiphone business, Henry G. Pagani, author of those ads which are sending honest folk scurrying to the bank for the wherewithal to invest before the stock is jacked up another peg.

For persons who have been too busy for the last year making both ends meet to bother about places to invest their surplus a few words of explanation of the Multiphone proposition are in order. In the first place, a multiphone is a nickel in the slot music box which has a tune capacity of twenty-four and stands when full grown at a height of six feet. Commuters who use the Jersey Central have doubtless seen one or more of them on their way to work, while others who have the drink habit in a small way may have run across it in various sections of Manhattan and Brooklyn and even over in Jersey.

The multiphone was first heard of as far back as 1904, when the Multiphone Company was incorporated, with Edwin J. Selley, William H. Pritchard and Allison A. Pratt as directors, and Selley and Pritchard president and secretary, respectively. The capitalization was only $1,000, but the company's charter allowed it to go about as far as it liked in the way of putting multiphones on the market.

In May, 1906, the Multiphone Operating Company was incorporated, with about the same powers as the original company, and with the same officers, with the addition of Isaac Thorman treasurer. The capital stock of the second company was $100,000, each share having a par value of $100.

At a stockholders' meeting last December, at which Manly M. Gillam presided, it was decided to boost the capital stock up to $1,000,000 and make the par value of each share $10, thus putting the stock within reach of us all. At the marked down price the stock went like hot cakes, and the directors soon decided that a further hike up to $2,000,000 would be about right. There isn't a great amount of information forced upon the public as to what happened at the "stockholders' meetings" when the capitalization was boosted beyond the fact that the company makes affidavit that Mr. Gillam presided. At that time Mr. Gillam was doing all the advertising for the Multiphone proposition, and was doubtless glad to preside.

Not even the prospectus itself can tell the inquirer about the grand plan about which the Multiphone Operating Company is built so well as Henry G. Pagani, head of the department of publicity.

There are two distinct companies, as you already know. First, there is the Multiphone Company, of which the stockholder has nothing to do. The Multiphone Company makes multiphones at $250 to $300 apiece, according to the cabinet, and sells them to the Multiphone Operating Company. No one else can buy them at any price. Out of the proceeds from the sale of the machines the company pays all the office expenses.

All the money received from the sale of the stock goes to buy more multiphones, so it can readily be seen that the higher the capitalization and the greater the amount of stock that is sold the greater will be the dividends on account of the greatly increased number of multiphones put out. Our only trouble now is to turn out the machines fast enough to take up all the money subscribed for stock. We have a lot of money idle in the bank now, because we haven't enough machines.

Mr. Pagani says that the Multiphone stock is better than railroads and real estate, because the rolling stock and the roadbed of railroads must be frequently repaired and sometimes renewed altogether. It is better than savings banks, because you don't know where the banks are putting your money, and for all you know they may be putting it where you wouldn't want it to go yourself if you knew about it.

The statement is made constantly in advertisements and in the side talks by Mr. Pagani, Mr. Selley and others connected with the company that all the dividends have been paid from the earnings. Mr. Pagani points to the fact that each machine is earning $10 a week as proof of his statement that the 1 per cent. dividends can easily be paid and have been since last October, when the first was declared.

A humble seeker for information, who had his doubts about the dividends being paid from earnings, asked Mr. Pagani if he would be willing to show by the company's books what the monthly dividends have been up to the present time, what the monthly earnings were upon which the dividends were based and also how many machines were in operation during that period and where they were.

"We will gladly tell you all you want to know," said Mr. Pagani. "We wouldn't give you a list of all the locations of the machines, because we think we have the best location list obtainable and naturally want to keep it to ourselves. I'll tell you where some of the machines are and let you see what they are earning."

Mr. Pagani then brought out a book which gave what were said to be the receipts from the machines in operation. It was easily seen that while some of the machines were earning $15 for a time after they were first operated the earnings fell off gradually until finally the average wouldn't have reached $10. The recent advertisements of the company have reduced the claim of weekly earnings to $10. According to the book of earnings most of the machines were placed in saloons, although a very few were in ferries and railway stations. Some of the latter weren't earning all that might be expected of them, either.

"It will be a pleasure to give you the figures on the dividends and the earnings which you have asked for," continued Mr. Pagani. "We want you to be perfectly satisfied that everything is on the level. I'll speak to Mr. Pritchard, our secretary, who is the only man able to supply the figures, and I am sure you can have them in a day or so."

Mr. Pagani made this kind offer ten days ago. Since that time no less than half a dozen requests have been made for the figures, and each time Mr. Pagani and Mr. Pritchard haven't been feeling well and weren't equal to the task of getting out the figures. It involved a considerable amount of work, Mr. Pagani said.

As regard to how Mr. Selley gave the matter his attention was not effective enough, according to Mr. Pagani, Mr. Selley is so busy with the factory that he hasn't far bothered with the office details.

According to the most recent advertisement, Multiphone stock is going up from $9.50 a share to $10 some time this month and will keep right on until goodness only knows where it will stop. While the company has been selling for $9.50 for a few weeks, it hasn't been difficult to get stock a little cheaper. In fact several brokers have been crowing themselves up about how they could buy and sell Multiphone stock.

It appears that the Multiphone company itself has had a good deal to do with at least a couple of these cut rate offers. One man who declared that he had a few thousand shares to sell below the company's price said that until a few weeks ago the company was throwing quite a bit of business his way. It was the custom, said this broker, for the Multiphone office to call him up every once in a while and say that they had just sent one of their stockholders over with a bunch of stock that the stockholder was tired of in spite of the regular dividends. The broker would then buy the cheap stock and sell it for what he could get.

One of the brokerage houses that has been advertising to buy and sell Multiphone stock is Catlin & Powell of 25 Wall street. The other day a man called up Catlin & Powell's office and asked what the stock was being bought and sold for. Some one in the office answered that the buying price was $9.50 and the selling price $9.50. This was after the Multiphone company had begun to sell for $9.50.

Both Mr. Pagani and Mr. Selley were asked what Catlin & Powell's handling the stock at cut prices meant. Mr. Pagani said that the brokerage firm was buying up all the loose stock it could find and turning it over to him. He said he was getting it for $9 and was willing to pay that price for any amount of it.

"Don't you understand what it means?" said Mr. Selley in surprise when he was asked about it. "Catlin & Powell are doing it for me. I am having them protect the market. I find that it is better business to pick up all the loose shares of stock that I can find than to run the risk of having it sold below market price to some one else.

Whether Catlin & Powell are acting for Mr. Selley or for Mr. Pagani, or for anybody else in the Multiphone concern, the fact remains that any one who really wants to get some Multiphone stock can do better than to buy it at the Multiphone office.

Up to the time he launched the Multiphone Operating Company Mr. Selley was known chiefly as a professional advertising promoter who made a business of getting out souvenirs, programmes, &c., for labor organizations. In connection with this business Mr. Selley had a plumbing trade paper, which took a bit of his time.

Through running the plumbers' paper, apparently, Mr. Selley made the acquaintance of Diamond Phil Weinseimer, now in Sing Sing. For several years previous to Diamond Phil's conviction of extortion Mr. Selley was interested with him in the Industrial Federation of America, which was formed to attract the dollars of laboring men to the building of an industrial city on the swamps of Jamaica Bay. Mr. Weinseimer was secretary of the industrial federation and Mr. Selley was one of the directors. Manly M. Gillam was also a director.

When the industrial federation petered out with about $50,000 of the savings of laboring men gone to the bad it was declared in court that Selley had spent $15,000 of the industrial federation's money for stock of the Tirrill Gas Machine Lighting Company of Newark, the amount representing 100,000 shares of stock. When Selley reported to the federation that he had bought only 50,000 shares the secretary and general manager of the gas machine company accused him of keeping 50,000 shares for himself. Selley then sought to oust the secretary, but the proceedings he brought were set aside.

A report submitted to the court at that time showed that of the 50,000 shares the federation got 5,296 stood in the name of Philip Weinseimer and 15,550 in the name of James King. James King is declared to be James D. W. King, head of the "New York Bureau of Information," who has been sending out a favorable report on Selley of late.

When Weinseimer was tried on a charge of extorting $3,700 from a plumbing contractor for calling off a strike Weinseimer said he first met the contractor through Selley, who introduced him as "Mr. Kahn." Selley was taken to the District Attorney's office at the time, but it was decided that there was no case against him.

After Weinseimer went to jail Selley went ahead getting out a souvenir book for the Knights of Labor, under an arrangement he had with Weinseimer. George Martin, a Knights of Labor leader, had Selley arrested for collecting money without authority. The case was patched up, and Selley and Martin later went into business together.

At various times Selley has had the following labor crooks and grafters in his employ: Richard Cooney, alias "Red" Cooney; Jim Fay, alias "Big Nose" Fay; George Martin, alias "English George"; James Donnelley, alias "The Consequential Mick"; Johnny Mack, alias "The Life Saver"; James Lindsay, alias "Sunny Jim," and George Mackey, alias "Little George."

These men have all served prison sentences for holding up merchants and others, sometimes in the name of Selley's various enterprises and sometimes on their own hook. Mr. Selley also employed George M. Lynch, a grafter who has secured money by using the name of THE SUN. Selley once had Lynch arrested for failing to turn over $150 he had collected, but Lynch got off on a suspended sentence.

Manly M. Gillam, who presided at the Multiphone "stockholders' meeting" last December, had been in many schemes which offered a substantial profit which would add to the income as advertising manager of the *Herald*. He was listed as a director of a fizzle called the International Dash and Fender Company, of which the financial agent and incorporator was J. Franklin Everhardt. A fraud order was issued against Everhardt here and he went to England. He was sent to jail there eighteen months ago for selling bogus stock.

Mr. Gillam was also a director of the National Barrel and Package Company, of which J. Hardy Kugler was fiscal agent. Kugler has been in many swindling schemes. Mr Gillam was the originator of the Women's Domestic Guild, which went out of business some time ago. Mr. Gillam was reputed to have made as much as $400 a month out of it. The Guild was supposed to be an ideal employment agency, where servants might have the benefit of parlors, reading rooms, &c. The servants soon discovered that after the guild got their fee it didn't have much use for them.

Henry G. Pagani, head of the Multiphone's publicity department, is well known in Boston, where he once ran an advertising agency. Pagani once induced a Vermont author to part with $15,000 to advertise a book which wasn't any good in the first place. Persons who know Pagani well in Boston say that his friends hold his notes amounting to $15,000, which he got them to indorse. He even got a police official to indorse a note under circumstances which didn't give the official any chance to compel him to make good.

DEAD IN CHICAGO RIVER.

Woman Friend of Mrs. Bessie Hollister Murdered or a Suicide.

CHICAGO, Oct. 10.—Miss Jennie L. Stevens, 40 years old, of 3921 Langley avenue, formerly organist in the Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church and intimate friend of Mrs. Bessie Hollister, the victim of Richard G. Ivens, was found dead in the north branch of the Chicago River at North Halsted street to-day. Some of the police think she drowned herself. Others are convinced that she was killed by a man who attacked her before throwing her body into the river.

The case in many of its features is similar to that of Mrs. Hollister. It is declared that the victim was slightly demented by worry over the death of Mrs. Hollister. Miss Stevens's jewelry and money were not taken.

"HIP! HIP! HOORAY" HARMLESS

JOE WEBER'S NEW SHOW IS ONLY MODERATELY ENTERTAINING.

The Vanities Repeat Many Everything but a Pulsating Pun to Her Hat and to Worth Going Miles to See, Since—The Play a Rah Rah Drama Set to Your Music.

Vanities Burlesque is back "in our midst." In light of this event the news that Joe Weber and his company are back, too, and appeared last night in a rah rah burlesque called "Hip! Hip! Hooray!" at the music hall gave to congratulation.

Miss Burslem has never been properly appreciated before. Her alleged "voice" has doubt her greatness. Did she not give an imitation of herself singing "The Chang Song" that was almost like? And who but a genius could assume that? Did she not pronounce "athletic" in four syllables? And did she not wear a hat that was conspicuous for its size?

Now, any woman who can wear a hat that is conspicuous this fall is surely entitled to greatness. Miss Burslem's hat, owing to the well known restrictions of space behind the scenes at Weber's, is stored uptown and brought to the theatre each evening in a dray. Two gardeners are constantly employed to keep it watered and weeded, and to pick the young lilies when they get too thick. Miss Burslem did some other imitations under it last night besides the one of herself. Some of them could almost be recognized without a diagram.

But Miss Burslem didn't swim across the dazzled vision of the audience until the second act, so one had time to ascertain that the play (which was written by Edgar Smith, as usual, and furnished with music by Gus Edwards, whoever he is) was all about some dear college boys at "Doolittle University," who captured soubrettes and sat on the "old fence" and sang and boxed and rowed, and about the efforts of *Julius Grienbacker* (Joe Weber) and *Michael Schultz* (Dick Bernard) to sell them a new breakfast food called "excited oats."

It may be said at once that the college atmosphere of the play was quite as lifelike as is "Brown of Harvard", also that Dick Bernard was an excellent foil to Mr. Weber. But Mr. Smith has not done so well by the company as in former years, and most of the fooling went a bit flat. There were some old time quips, such as Weber's remark that his wife was fifty, but he'd like to change her for two twenty-fives. They were, however, exceptions. Some busy days will have to be spent over the book before it is up to the mark. The company, too, with the exception of Howard Estabrook, calls for little comment. There's nothing new to be said, for instance, about William Gould or Miss Amelia Stone!

Miss Bessie Clayton, who sprained her leg at the rehearsal Wednesday, pluckily went through all her dances until the last, but in the final dance she broke down, limped forward to stop the orchestra and explained tearfully to the audience why she could not finish. Until then no one had guessed that she was suffering, and her pluck was rewarded by an ovation.

News of Plays and Players.

Van Rensselaer Wheeler has been engaged by Henry W. Savage for the American production of the English comic opera "Tom Jones." Mr. Wheeler will create the name part in the American production. He is now appearing in "The Girl Rangers" in Philadelphia.

Lew Fields has accepted a new play by Glen MacDonough satirizing life upon one of the mammoth modern ocean steamships.

TRAILING A TELEGRAPH TRUST.

Arguments Heard on Jackson's Application to Sue Western Union and Postal.

Justice McCall of the Supreme Court heard arguments yesterday on the application of Attorney-General Jackson for permission to begin suit against the Western Union and Postal Telegraph companies for the annulment of their charters on the ground that they entered into an agreement on February last by which they maintained a monopoly as to rates, &c., in restraint of trade. Deputy Attorney-General William A. DeFord appeared for the people, Rush Taggart represented the Western Union company and W. W. Cooke the Postal company.

Mr. De Ford said that a joint tariff in restraint of trade was established by the companies and that they raised the rates on April 1 last for the transmission of messages within this State to a much higher figure, the increase by both companies being identical. They made agreement, he said, to establish offices in various places in common under an agreement by which there was a division of receipts and profits.

Affidavits were submitted from George C. Boldt, proprietor of the Waldorf-Astoria; George W. Sweeny, proprietor of the Hotel Victoria, and James B. Regan, proprietor of the Knickerbocker Hotel, to show that the companies rented offices in common.

The lawyers for the companies made a general denial of the charge of creating a monopoly. Rates had been raised, he said, but it was on account of the increased cost of material and other causes. The companies had no agreement to maintain the increased rates.

Decision was reserved.

Corn Starch as a Food

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the Government's famous food expert, says, "For the sustenance of physical exertion there is nothing better than starch." Corn starch is a food for everyone, strong and weak, old and young. It contains an ideal proportion of the requisite nourishing elements. The purest and by far the best is

DURYEAS' Corn Starch

It is much more than dessert; it occupies a prominent place as a *food* product and should form a large part of everyday cooking. Learn how to prepare delicious and substantial dishes to suit the tastes of all your family by consulting our

Book of Recipes and Cooking Suggestions

which we will send free. Also gives scores of helpful hints and suggestions how to make cooking and baking better by the use of Duryeas' Corn Starch. All grocers, pound packages—10c.

NATIONAL STARCH COMPANY, New York.

Nine highest awards

AMERICAN HOSIERY

Men, Women, Children

13-YEAR-OLD BOY RACED AUTO

AT TWENTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR IN FASHIONABLE CENTRAL PARK.

He Shot Round Fine, Said He—Then He Faced His Captor, a Bicycle Policeman, in Children's Court, Where Into Speed Ventures Are Not Supposed to Go.

The youngest violator of the automobile speed law taken in by the police is Chester Korn, the thirteen-year-old son of Leslie Korn, an architect of 291 Park avenue. The lad was arraigned yesterday before Justice Zeller in the Children's Court charged with running an automobile at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and when asked what he had to say about it he just opened up and said he thought it bully to pass everything in sight.

Chester started for school yesterday morning in his father's touring car. A block away from the house he prevailed upon the chauffeur to take the rear seat and let him run the machine. The youngster can handle a car, and although his nose was on a level with the steering wheel he shot ahead and went tearing down Park avenue at full tilt. The avenue was congested with vehicles at the time, but when the boy didn't have a clear road he stood up and manipulated the brake levers, the horn and the steering wheel like a cup race driver.

Chester turned into Central Park and with a clear road ahead of him he let her spin. Bicycle Policeman Madden of the park squad saw the automobile whizzing past with the youngster handling the wheel, and he made after him. He had to ride at top speed before he overhauled the machine at the Fifty-ninth street entrance.

"You're under arrest," said Madden when he got his wind.

"All right," Chester replied cheerfully. "Hop in and we'll drive to the station house."

The youthful prisoner was taken to the Arsenal and then the boy started for the Children's Court. Madden wanted to have the chauffeur take the wheel, but Chester wouldn't have it.

"I'm running this machine," he said; "you've pinched me for speeding and I'm still on the job."

Madden consented to the boy steering the machine and he followed along on his bicycle. On the way down Third avenue Chester let her out again and Madden had to do some tall riding to keep up with his prisoner.

"If you don't slow up there, kid, I'll make two charges against you," Madden yelled.

"Come on and be a sport and let's see how fast you can ride," Chester replied, going faster.

"Imitation of Chief Croker going to a fire," Chester shouted above the puffing and sputtering of the automobile. With one hand on the steering wheel and the other constantly squeezing the horn Chester let everybody know that there was something doing. He screeched with delight and pedestrians took to cover.

When the machine halted in front of the Children's Court, at Third avenue and Eleventh street, Madden wiped the perspiration from his brow. He was nearly all in when he made out the complaint, and he told Chester that he would like to have him get the limit.

"This is my first offence," Chester replied, "and I guess I'll get off easy."

He wore a linen duster, a cap and a pair of goggles.

"Violation of the speed limit," said Madden when he arraigned Chester.

"This isn't the proper place," said Justice Zeller; "this is the Children's Court."

"Well, here's the prisoner," said Madden, who had to boost Chester up so that the Court could get a look at him. Chester conceded that he might have been going twenty-five miles or more, but he said he couldn't help it.

Justice Zeller lectured him, found him guilty and then suspended sentence.

"Come on, cop, and I'll race you back!" said the boy when he hopped into the machine.

AMORY'S LIBEL SUIT ON AGAIN.

The Man Vreeland Attacked Has Been Working for the Public Service Board.

The second trial of the libel suit brought by William N. Amory against Herbert H. Vreeland was begun yesterday before Justice Amend and a jury. The last trial, a year ago, resulted in a disagreement. Amory wants $50,000 damages because Vreeland referred to him, for publication, as a notorious character, engaged in manipulating a bear raid on Metropolitan stock by traducing the management of the corporation. Amory had Vreeland arrested for criminal libel, but the case was thrown out of court.

Col. Franklin Bartlett appeared yesterday for Mr. Vreeland, and the selection of jurymen was made only after due investigation as to their acquaintance with the recent exposures in the Public Service Commission's investigation.

Amory himself was the only witness of the day. He repeated, to a large extent, his testimony at the previous trial and on the criminal proceedings, to the effect that he believed the books and accounts of the Metropolitan had been juggled with so as to defraud the stockholders. Amory said that he had been working for the last two months getting up facts and figures for the Public Service Commissioners.

Amory denied under cross-examination that he had been party to a scheme to bear Metropolitan, though, he said, he had informed some friends of a good opportunity to sell the stock. He denied that he had ever done anything further than recommend James R. Keene, Talbot J. Taylor and J. Coleman Drayton, all bitter enemies of the Whitney faction, to demand an investigation of the accounts of the company.

"I never began any attacks against the Metropolitan," said Amory. "I did begin an investigation at Mr. Jerome's request in 1901, and since then I have tried to convince the public that my statements concerning the management of the company were absolutely true and fair."

He admitted that he had received from Taylor and Drayton enough to cover the expenses of public accountants but denied that he had taken any payment himself, save about $3,000 to cover his personal expenses in the investigation. Jerome had paid him nothing for his work.

The trial will go on to-day.

BLOODHOUNDS AFTER ROBBERS.

Safeblowers in Hanna, I. T., Steal Away With $8,000 of Settlers' Money.

DALLAS, Tex., Oct. 10.—The bank at Hanna, I. T., was blown up with a charge of nitro-glycerine and $2,000 in currency secured by robbers at 3 o'clock this morning. Hanna is a small town on the Fort Smith and Western Railroad in the Choctaw nation.

The bank was opened a short time ago and was a depository for settlers in that section. Officers throughout the Choctaw nation were telephoned to and asked to send bloodhounds as the robbers escaped and left no clue.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

John G. Milburn, chief counsel for the Standard Oil Company in the inquiry being held before Referee Pierce in the Post Office Building, admitted to the reporters the other day that the introduction as evidence of sheets of figures three feet square left him all at sea. Then he told a story to illustrate his weakness in matters of figuring.

"I once had to prosecute a man accused of juggling the accounts of a firm and embezzling a large amount of money through false entries in the company's books. I had several sheets of figures from his ledgers before me and I noticed that in many instances identical sums appeared both on the credit and debit sides of the account. I immediately hit upon this as evidence of criminality and in ringing tones asked the prisoner to explain why those figures were duplicated. The prisoner answered by saying that that was the way he kept books.

"After that I went at him hammer and tongs, pointing out each case where figures were duplicated, and I thought that I was making out a great case when a lawyer associated with me in the prosecution happened to come in late and he caught me hurling condemnations at the defendant on the strength of those figures. He hurried to my side and whispered frantically in my ear.

"Shut up, you galoot, said he, that's all right. It's double entry."

An architect who had planned and superintended the building of a West Side residence turned over the completed house to its owner last week. The architect had been in nowise hampered in the expenditure of money, yet his customer, being a good business man, gave his personal attention to the details of the cost.

"What does this mean?" he asked, on a final inspection of the bills. "Three hundred dollars to a quartet of trained musicians. How can anybody have given a concert already in my house when no one is living there?"

"They were testing the acoustics of the rooms," the architect explained. "Every room in your house has been submitted to that test. There will be plenty of music there later on, and I certainly wouldn't want to finish the house without being sure that the sounding properties were satisfactory. In these days every private house or hotel that amounts to anything is put through the acoustic test before it leaves the architect's hands."

The issuing of summonses forms a large part of the business of Essex Market court. Some are of a very ludicrous character. A woman appeared before Magistrate Kernochan to ask for a summons for her husband on the charge of abandonment.

"Judge, I want a summons for my husband. He been avay from me a long time. I write him two, three, many times, and ask him to come back, and he no answer. Give me a summons, Judge."

"Well, where is your husband? Can you reach him with a summons?"

"Oh, yes, Judge. He told me to write him here." And the woman handed over a piece of paper on which was written "Pennsylvania State Prison."

Though they are now no longer new, yet still among the most novel of the myriads of post cards are those put forth by the New York Zoological Society on which are pictured the denizens of the cages and enclosures of the Zoological Park in The Bronx and of the tanks and pools in the Aquarium at the Battery. One looks for buildings and bridges and mountains and monuments and street scenes and that sort of thing on post cards, though scarcely for pictures of lions and tigers and deer and wolves and snakes and birds and of angelfish and queen triggerfish and large mouthed blackbass and seahorses and spotted morays and quillback and crappie, and so on; but such post cards are produced in great variety to find buyers in considerable numbers, the proceeds of their sale going toward the maintenance of the institutions in which they are sold.

A tailor who was obliged to move was looking for a desirable location for his store.

"I want a place," he said to the agent, "that is sandwiched in between two well lighted stores. I find that I can cut down my expenses for lighting considerably if my store has other brightly lighted shops for neighbors. Where I was before there was a saloon on one side of me and a restaurant on the other side. The proprietors of both places kept their premises so brilliantly illuminated that I profited by their reflected glory and kept my store front aglow by burning only half as many lights as I should have had to burn if there had been dark houses on both sides."

An insurance broker got a request a few days ago for an immediate call upon one of his wealthy women customers.

"I've had a fire," she explained, "and I wan't you to make my claim at once. It is very imperative and is embarrassing to me until it is settled. You see my false teeth—such a beautiful set—they cost me $25—I laid them on the dining table. My servant girl, so careless, she picked up some papers, my teeth among them, and tossed all into the fire. And such lovely teeth, and I'd had them so long they just had become set to my palate perfectly and were worth to me twice what they cost, so I think you ought to get me $50 for them."

The claim is in the company's list of "not allowed" and the broker is "a horrid old thing."

Here is a significant contribution to the general discussion on the attitude of the non-churchgoing public.

A few weeks ago a member of a West Side church bought up twenty-five choice sittings in his church and offered them, through the pastor, to persons not connected with the church who would agree to occupy the seats regularly. Up to this time only nine of these sittings have been accepted; the other sixteen have been declined with thanks, each of them more than once. The public spirited parishioner and the pastor attribute this indifference to an inherent dislike on the part of possible churchgoers to profit by anything that savors in the least of charity. Personal pride and faith in the church as an institution forbid their putting any other construction upon the lack of interest.

A New Yorker, recently returned from England, where he saw much of the tinsel and tin armor pageantry by which various anniversaries have been celebrated at Oxford and elsewhere, tells this:

A Roman in costume approached a fellow tinned character and asked:

"Are you Appius Claudius?"

"No," responded the other dejectedly. "I'm not as 'appy as Claudius; I'm as un-'appy as 'ell!"

Mr. Inlander was taken out to the warship in the river in a launch which bore an official who must be saluted. The launch had just reached the ship's side when the first gun of the salute was fired, and Mr. Inlander, startled, glanced up and saw the saluting gun not far above him.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, "it's a lucky thing for us that it isn't high tide."

"Not that I wanted one," said the old time citizen, "but just to see if I could find it, not having seen or thought of one for years, I went into several stores where if anywhere the article would be in stock and asked if they had any bootjacks. At more than one place the young persons who clerked did not know what a bootjack was, and at the places where this one time necessary article among a man's toilet accessories was known they said they had not kept any for so long that they had forgotten when it was, and declared that my call for one was the first on the record of more than one clerk in the store.

"The bootjack that served a purpose the opposite of that of the shoehorn of to-day and was just as common has evidently passed to the curio class along with the top boots whose heels it held so snugly in its jaws what time we used to tug and tug to get them off."

Flannel Waists At McCutcheon's

Attention is invited to a number of new and very attractive models in McCutcheon Waists, all of which have been made in our own work-rooms from our own original designs.

A feature of the new models is the absence of all surplus material below the waist line—insuring perfect fit and comfort. Made in the following materials:

Scotch Flannel, 3.50. Vicella Flannel, 4.50.
Saxony Flannel, 7.50 and 8.50.

In addition to the Flannel Waists, we show a very attractive line in Butchers' Linen at 1.00, Scotch Madras, 4.00, 4.50 and 5.00, as well as a very select assortment of Silk, Lingerie and Lace Waists for dress occasions.

James McCutcheon & Co.,
5th Avenue & 34th Street. Opposite Waldorf-Astoria

Every Good Thing Costs Effort

It has taken the labor and experience of a third of a century to bring the

Remington Typewriter

to its present state of incomparable excellence

The Buyer Gets the Benefit

Remington Typewriter Company
New York and Everywhere

HURT WHEN AUTO HITS A TREE.

Real Estate Agent's Car Smashed in Avoiding a Nurse and Baby Carriage.

Michael L. McLaughlin, a real estate operator of 82 Pierrepont street, Brooklyn, was seriously injured by being thrown from his automobile at the Park Plaza and Coney Island avenue yesterday afternoon.

Mr. McLaughlin had three prospective buyers with him. They were going to look at some suburban property. The machine was in charge of Arthur Gilbert. As the auto was swinging around from the Park Plaza into the avenue Nora Shea, a nurse, of 622 Twentieth street attempted to cross the street with a baby carriage. Gilbert saw that there would be a collision unless he acted quickly, so he changed his course. In doing so the automobile crashed against a tree and the five were thrown out.

Mr. McLaughlin was picked up unconscious, but his companions escaped without a scratch. He was placed in another automobile and taken to his home, where his family physician attended him. Both his kneecaps were fractured and he suffered from shock.

The automobile was smashed and the damage is estimated at $2,500.

HIS FOREHEAD CRUSHED IN.

Engineer of Railroad Contractors Attacked On the Street in Middletown, N. Y.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Oct. 10.—Edward Hart, an engineer employed by Clement & Co., railroad contractors, who are building the new Erie and Jersey railroad near this city, was attacked on Depot street, in the centre of the city, at 8 o'clock to-night by a stranger, and probably fatally injured. The stranger hit Hart with a blunt instrument and crashed in his forehead. Hart was taken to the hospital in a critical condition.

The stranger, whose name is said to be Dempsey, was arrested an hour later in a North street saloon. It was said that Dempsey came to Middletown to-day to see Hart and that the two had several altercations. No one learned what the trouble was between the two men. They were walking quietly down the street when Dempsey suddenly turned on Hart and struck him a terrible blow. The street was crowded and many people saw the assault.

AFTER THE "BRAIN BROKERS."

Application Made to Have the Hapgood Company's License Revoked.

An application was filed yesterday with Commissioner of Licenses Bogart for the revoking of the license of the Hapgood Company, "brain brokers," of 309 Broadway. It was filed by the law firm of Hirschberg, McClay & Dallin of 154 Nassau street, in behalf of J. L. Crawford, late of St. Johns, Newfoundland.

Crawford's petition asserts that "Hapgoods" runs an employment agency and that in charging $5 in advance for a year's subscription to a magazine containing "help wanted" advertisements in addition to 5 per cent. of the salary of their clients the concern is exacting illegal fees. Crawford has secured the support of many other dissatisfied clients in his action.

Commissioner Bogart will set a date later for a hearing.

Breakfast Monotony

—the same old chops, or bacon and eggs, and biscuit, for breakfast—may be avoided. Try

Fruit (preferably cooked),
Four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts with cream or milk,
Eggs, one or two poached or soft-boiled,
Cup of Postum Food Coffee with cream and sugar,
Toast, one or two slices nice and crisp.

This will give you an ideal combination of the three principal food elements proteids, carbohydrates and fats—in the most easily digestible form.

And it means a wide awake individual with energy and a clear head to make a stir in the world; it replaces that dull, sluggish feeling which so often follows the too-much-meat-and-biscuit breakfast.

The man who has work to do can't afford to be overloaded with the kind of food that requires undue effort on the part of his digestive organs for a time and leaves him with a "gone feeling" just about the time of day when he needs his best mental and physical powers.

Grape-Nuts food affords real strength of mind and body with little effort (or waste force) in getting it converted in the system into energy and staying-power—the power to act and to endure.

"There's a Reason" for

Grape-Nuts