

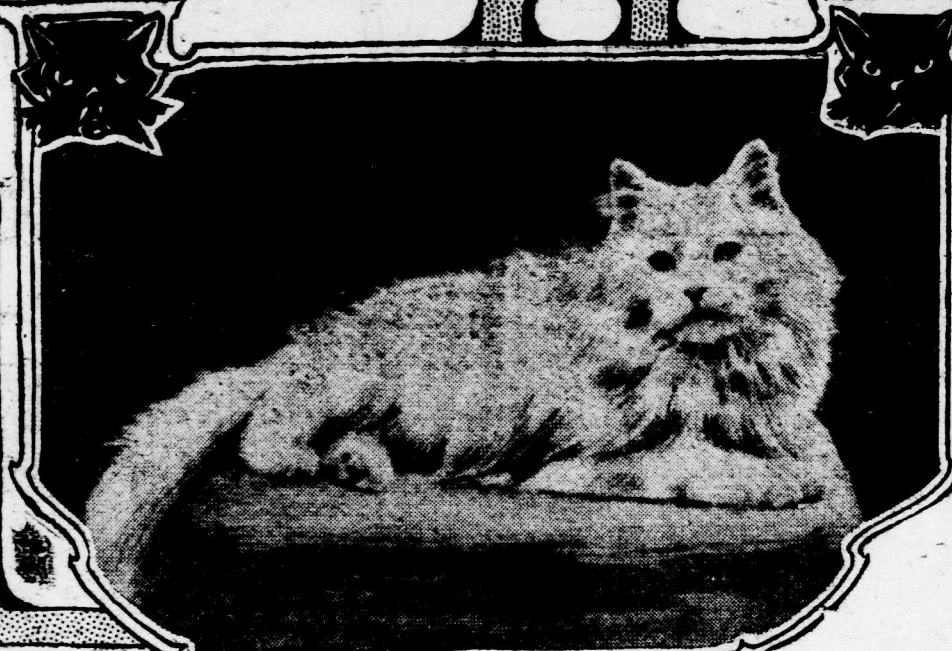
# \$100,000 Worth of Aristocratic Cats on this Cat Farm.

Each with its own Boudoir



"Purita" one year old. Valued at \$500.

"Purity" Winner of 47 Prizes - Valued at \$2000.



the first novice, New York Cat Show in 1895; the first open and silver cup at Rochester, N. Y., in 1905, and numerous others. One of the kittens of Puritana, a daughter of Purity, sold recently for \$205.

Omar died after catching cold, but another cat of even more value was procured, and is known as Omar II. It is valued at \$1500, and is of the silver variety of chinchilla. It has captured three challenge cups already and is not more than 2 years old.

Miss Pollard believes that there is money to be made in cats. In telling about her success she said: "The best way to start is to purchase a kitten 10 to 14 weeks old, as the price at that age will not be more than \$200. If care is taken in providing a suitable mate, with advantageous blood lines, points and color, the best results will ensue. The first lots of kittens will bring anywhere from \$500 to \$1000, which will more than pay for the investment and leave a profit."

When one is not limited to expense a good queen a year old should be procured. She will cost between \$75 and \$150. I have one queen whose progeny has netted me over \$1000, and she is still in her prime. The demand is for the best cats. Those who are looking for bargain sales will get only what they pay for, with a big premium for the experience."

It is a most engaging business, very profitable and with plenty of room for beginners to make a success, if they start right. With inferior stock, the breeding of long-haired Persian cats is an impossibility. With good stock, fine Persian cats can be raised, and it is for these that there is a demand. Raising cats is like rearing children. One must understand the cat thoroughly, and it is a most interesting study. Because there is a demand for high-class cats the prices are kept up, and the finer the specimens the higher the price."

## A FAD OF ROYALTY.

Breeding of long-haired cats in England is one of the fads of royalty. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein has a catery at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Park, which is headed by Puck III, a chinchilla. Puck has been entered by Princess Victoria in the National Cat Show of England. The Duchess of Bedford has a catery at this association and is also an enthusiast in raising the animals.

Some of the importations which Miss Pollard has on her farm include rare cats from Persia, England and some from China. Among the earliest of the importations was a cat from Tibet which had a split nose. This animal has since been sold at a price which is considered a record-breaker in the cat market. It was purchased by Lady McLaren, of Kensington Park, London, Eng., for \$2,300.

## FACTS ABOUT THE MAKING OF UMBRELLAS

Up to a few years ago, according to the American Inventor, only seven patents on umbrellas, it is said, had been issued in the United States in a century.

Fifteen million umbrellas are made every year. Of late this popular protector has been developing rapidly. One may pick up a cheap umbrella now, press a button, and have it spread itself automatically. Some umbrellas are made to fold up so that they may be stowed in a valise. Others lock with a key. There are large ones that spread their shelter over eight or nine feet of territory.

As a general thing, umbrella factories are simply places where the parts are assembled. Ribs and stems are produced in factories making a specialty of such work. In cutting the cloth for the covering, about seventy-five thicknesses are laid upon a "splitting" table, presided over by skilled workmen. The split pieces are then taken to the goods. These pieces are then sewed together by machinery.

Covers and frames now being ready the next step is to put them together. In the average umbrella the cover is fastened to the frame in twenty-one places. After that the

# BUILDING A CHURCH AS YOU WOULD A BUSINESS



The Rev. James W. Cool

Should not a church advertise its wares, not merely through a few lines in the "Religious Notes" of a newspaper, but freely, aggressively and actively upon street corners and billboards, as a theatre manager advertises his attractions, or a chewing gum manufacturer his goods?

These questions are answered, seemingly, by the success of the Rev. James W. Cool, pastor of the Bedford Park Church, of New York city. Not only does Mr. Cool advertise his church and its attractions upon billboards and street corners, but he sets up the type and prints circulars himself, and sees that they are distributed; he edits and puts into type

It seems strange that, in this progressive period of the world's history, a minister who uses legitimate methods for bringing people to the church of Jesus Christ should attract special attention.

In one of his first public utterances Jesus said: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" thereby telling those wise old elders that the establishment of the kingdom of heaven on earth was as much a business as the traffic in merchandise.

This is an age of advertising; the business house that succeeds must advertise, must let people know that it has something that will be of benefit to the public.

If this is true in business, and if the establishment of the great purpose of Jesus Christ in bringing to pass that consummation so devoutly to be wished—"the universal brotherhood of man"—is good for humanity, why can't a sign be put up on a busy street telling people that the pastor of a certain church has something that will help them to have better homes; to be happier in their homes and in their work, and at last reach a place where sorrow and sighing will be banished forever?

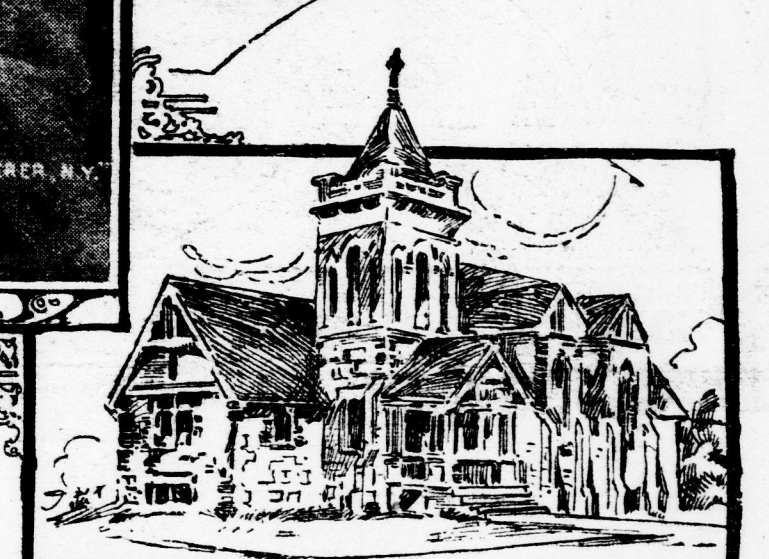
I advertise on bulletin boards because I think I have something that will do the people good, and I want them to know it.

Yes, I work with my hands, and they sometimes get pretty dirty, because, you know, I am my own printer's devil; and it's rather a dirty job to clean the rollers of a printing press.

When I was a boy going to school out West, my father, a minister, wanted me to learn something besides that taught in schools and colleges; so every summer, when vacation time came around, he put me to work.

I used to think it was mean of him to make me work while other boys were playing ball and camping out; but, oh, how thankful I am to-day that I did learn to work with my hands.

One summer he secured a position for me in a lumber mill, where I had to feed a planing machine. I went to work at 5 in the morning, and worked till 5 in the evening. When vacation time was over, I went back



The Bedford Park Congregational Church

Then, another summer, he put me in a printing office as the "devil," and I kept at that during vacation times until I had worked up to a "case"; that is, I was given a type case, and became a typesetter.

Now I have a printing press of my own, and the church saves money. We have more printing than churches of this size usually have, and the money saved is put into gymnasium apparatus for the young people.

Of course, some of the good people used to think I ought not to do such things, that it was not becoming a minister. They are the people that make hypocrites of ministers; they would have them go round with a white peckle and a sanctimonious air, as though there was an unseen halo around their saintly heads; when, in reality, ministers have all the temptations that other men have.

In 1894 I came to New York to enter a law school. I did not know a single human being in the State. I was a lonesome, homesick Western boy.

My father, being a minister, would write to me every few days, asking me if I had attended any churches or if I had identified myself with a church.

In order to answer him in the affirmative, I visited a number of churches; of course, going first to the churches having the biggest name. I would listen to good music and hear scholarly sermons, but no one ever noticed me. Sometimes I would have to wait at the back of the church until all the pew-holders had a chance to occupy their seats before I was given a seat; then I felt like an intruder.

Then I settled on a church where the people were a little more kind to me. There I attended for about a month, going every Sunday. One of the ushers used to nod when I came in, and sometimes shook hands with me and said, "Good morning."

Finally, I mustered up courage enough to wait after the service one Sunday and ask this usher if I might speak to the minister. He looked at me rather peculiarly and said he would see.

After about ten minutes the minister came down the aisle, with his hands folded behind him—he never offered to shake hands—and said: "Well, what can I do for you?" The manner in which he said it made me, a green Western boy, wish that I could be swallowed up by the floor.

I told him who I was; that my father was a minister and wanted me to become identified with some church, and that I had decided I would like to place my letter with his church. He said to me: "Give me your address, young man, and I will look you up."

I gave him my address and withdrew. For all I know, he may still be looking me up; I never heard from him or the church again, and never went inside that church afterward.

Catskills. I made up my mind that no boy or girl would ever enter the door of my church without a real, hearty welcome and invitation to return, and I have kept that promise for five years.

So much for that end of the story. The second reason why I believe in institutional work and advertising is this:

After I had been pastor of this church for a few months and had a chance to study its conditions, I found that one of the principal necessities in having some good, reputable business men manage its business interest, men who had made a success of their own business.

## SOLICITED AID.

I approached several men living in the community, explaining the situation to them and asking them to come and help me put the church on a good business basis.

One of these, who is well known in the business world, having a splendid business on Fifth avenue, said to me: "I had too much church when I was a boy; my father made me go to church, and to Sunday school, sit through a long sermon, and jehus two of them during the day, and I made up my mind that, when I grew older, I would make up by staying home on Sunday."

"But," I said to him, "suppose the church that you attend, when a boy had been attractive, suppose it had just the things you were interested in? Suppose it had a basketball club attached to its Sunday school; suppose it had a basketball team and a football team, and suppose the Sunday school had stereoscopic pictures once in a while and a gymnasium attached to it, would you then say you had too much Sunday school?"

He saw the point, and agreed to join me in making our church and Sunday school interesting and to help me Jesus Christ lifted up, not by a goody-goody, anaemic, well-meaning but impracticable set of officers, but by thorough, practical men who know how to make religion, as well as business, attractive. This we have accomplished.

We have basketball teams, and all sorts of gymnastic exercises. You may move around in this community, and ask the boys and girls who attend this church whether they have "too much church" and hear what they say. When they grow up to manhood and womanhood, they will love the church and remember it as one of the factors in their early training.

We do not lose sight of the real object of the Christian Church; we have our eyes fixed on that Great Ideal; we have His principles in mind all the time; we preach the old-fashioned gospel of salvation without any of the new-fangled frills. We all believe: In essentials, unity; in non-

When wealthy persons are willing to pay \$1000 or more for a pet cat there would seem to be money in raising them for market.

There is, at least Miss Ava L. Pollard, of West End, Elizabeth, N. J., is making her cat farm pay a handsome profit.

It is one of the few genuine cat farms in this country. Indeed, there are few in the world where such aristocratic, high-priced felines are born and bred.

The cats upon Miss Pollard's farm are valued altogether at nearly \$100,000. Reports of the last census shows that the average man in America possesses worldly goods worth \$1,233.86. Miss Pollard has cats upon which she places a higher valuation than the wealth of the average man.

For one cat she recently refused \$1100, stating that she would not part with it for \$2000. Another was sold not long since to Lady McLaren, of London, for \$2000.

Some time ago an eminent jurist of New Jersey, in determining a case before him, arrived at the conclusion that a baby was worth in cash to its parents, aside from any sentimental valuation, exactly the sum of \$1.

One advantage Miss Pollard has found in her new industry is that the business is not controlled by a trust. Indeed, she is a little trust unto herself.

What is more, many of her best customers, who come from all parts of the country, are wives and daughters of men who are ranked among trust magnates.

They are rich, and what do they care for a mere \$1000 bill when they can exchange it for a cat—all white and fuzzy, with two blue eyes, or one blue and one yellow eye—with a string of blue ribbons attesting its aristocratic lineage and cat show triumphs?

The other day a wealthy woman and her daughter travelled all the way from Chicago to Miss Pollard's to buy a kitten. They select-

But this was only a kitten. Soft-eyed, princely Omar II is valued by his mistress at \$1500; for Purity, winner of forty-seven prizes and half a dozen silver cups, Miss Pollard says she would refuse \$2000.

At present there are nearly three-score cats of high degree at the West End farm, which includes about three acres. They are cared for as tenderly as though they were children of a royal household.

In the centre of the "farm" stands the handsome villa of the owner, surrounded by well-kept lawns and willow woods. A pretty little stream sparkles and splashes its way through the place.

During good weather and in the summer the inmates of the Omar Catery, as Miss Pollard calls her cats, are permitted to run about the fields, which are surrounded by a high fence of matted wire.

Wire screens also divide the place into separate fields, or nurseries, something like those of a chicken farm, in order to keep different companies of cats to themselves.

At night after a day in the fields the cats are groomed, bathed and placed in their luxurious cages to remain until the next morning.

During the winter they receive much more care. Housed in a long building in the rear of the owner's villa, each cat has its own private apartment.

While some are confined to their special boudoirs, others are allowed the privileges of a "promenade" running through the home.

When a cat catches cold the doctor is summoned at once, and the invalid receives the most careful attention. The air in the room must be tempered to suit the individual cats, their food is measured scrupulously, and in the winter they are thoroughly massaged every day.

The breeding of aristocratic cats in this country is comparatively new as an industry. There are only one or two such farms in America. It had its origin in England.

Queen Victor was a lover of cats and had a catery to which she gave considerable of her attention. Queen Wilhelmina, of the Netherlands, is also a lover of the animals, and some of the treasures now at the Omar Catery trace their lineage back to the first cats in this Queen's

about six years ago. The first purchase was a little black male kitten with white markings on the face and feet. Its parents were immigrants to this country, and had been reared by a sister of William Paversham, the actor, coming here from England.

## EXPENSIVE PURCHASES.

A year later Sylvia was purchased. She was a shaded silver cat, very highly bred. The profit from the sale of kittens led to the purchase of Omar, a chinchilla cat with a pedigree of considerable length and depth of blue.

This was said to be the highest-priced cat of its time, its value being \$800. It was a son of St. Anthony and Springfield Puff, with a lineage which could be traced back six whole cat generations.

Miss Pollard then began to import cats in larger numbers. She brought to this country "Daphne," "Lorraine of the Gables" and another of the silver variety. These importations were not successful. All but one failed to become acclimated and died.

Since then Miss Pollard has been devoting her energies to rearing white cats only.

A rich woman in England owned what was said to be the finest white cat in the world. It was valued at \$800. Miss Pollard cabled to England, offering \$1000, and secured the prize.

This cat, Purity, has won forty-seven prizes and half a dozen silver cups. In all shows held so far she has carried off the laurels for being the best white cat shown. Each of her kittens bring from \$100 to \$200.

When asked by a wealthy man what she would accept for Purity, Miss Pollard replied: "I would not take \$2000. She cannot be bought." At one time \$1100 was offered, but Miss Pollard refused.

At Rochester, N. Y., Purity captured two firsts and fifty-five specials; at New York, she was first in the open class, and at the Atlantic City Cat Show she captured the gold medal for being the best cat on exhibition. She has won four challenge cups and 105 specials.

Purity has been scored 100 points on many occasions, and that indicates a perfect cat in all points, including color, size, form, size and shape of head, eyes, whether blue or yellow, or one of each color, and texture of fur.