MEMBERS OF THE TWO JURIES THAT TRIED THAW FOR KILLING STANFORD WHITE.
Doing together and forming an organization.

MISS MARY CAMPBELL ABOUT TO SMASH BOTTLE ON BOW OF A WAR VESSEL.

LAUNCHING PARTY FOR THE NEW JESUS.

MISS PAULINE MORTON, Daughter of ex-Secretary Morton, sponsor for a warship.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FORMATION OF SOCIETIES ABOUND UP-TO-DATE LINES.
That man and woman are essentially social animals who catch at any excuse for gathering in any sort of an organization where they may out and talk with others of their kind was proved by a recent dnger at the Broadway Central Hotel of the members of the two juries which tried Harry K. Thaw for murder.

A society of Naval Sponsors is the latest word organization. This is intended to com- prise in its membership neither the gray dogs of war nor the incident adventurers of a larger navy, but all the bright apple and lonely dandies who because papa was Governor or for some other equally count reason have been re- served to shutter bottles of champagne on the masts of warships plunging into the blue deep. A fool does not disqualify for membership in this gloriously patriotic society, which, it is pre- dicted by some, will surpass the Daughters of the Revolution in certain respects. To be de- sired from a Naval Sponsor will be accounted equal some day to two-thousand of a coat of arms, and members will ask one another, "What sort of a bit did your great-grandmother make?"
The society will be organized at Washington this month, it is expected. Among the eligible are Mrs. W. D. Kinney, who named the New Jersey, Miss Pauline Morton, Miss Mary Campbell, Miss Lorna Pillinck, Miss Hazel Malcolm, Miss Alice Wells, Miss Evelyn Walsh, Miss Alene Keith Fauster, Mrs. Colm C. Campbell, Miss Mae M. McEwen, Mrs. Frederic R. Cooper, Mrs. Elenor P. Gallaudin, Miss Myra O'Brien and Miss Stella Tate.

Now that the rage for odd societies has re- ceived the new impetus, there are said to be possibilities for starting popular societies of Receivers of More Bulbs, the Analogized Novelists Who Haven't Sold 100,000 Copies, the Lawren Association of Richardsonians, the Optimism Sons of Unemployed Stock Brokers, the Association of Disgusted Diaphanos, the Friendly Organization of Di- scarded Couples and the Foreign Parts Society of Abandoned Cuckolds.

The Thaw jurors met, no doubt, partly to get their revenge for remaining silent so long in the jury box while everybody else talked and called them the bulwarks of American justice, and they had to keep dumb in a peculiar dinner atmosphere, but they were moved also by the larger social impulse to eat and talk, and the opportunity for "The Association of Thaw Ju- ries, First and Second," became an accomplished fact. An odd line of toast was prepared for the dinner, it is said, including "His Honor," "The Attorney-General," "Getting Cramped," "What I Was Thinking About," "Future of the Prisoner," "Future of Ce Jaures.

It is suggested that restless time within the next thirty years might extinguish this new and promising society of murder jurors, but a national association would keep the thing going indefinitely. The sentiment of the organization might also be kept alive by the formation of the Society of the Sons and Daughters of the Thaw Jurors, First and Second.

If there were not sufficient members for a bona fide murder jury's society, the promoters could fall back on an army of murder case spectators, who were rejected. An additional source of supply would be the ordinary crimi- nal jurors, preference being given to those who tried the most serious crimes in the Penal Code and theme depending to petty larceny jurors, or even the good men and true of the crook's speck. A bit of sentiment could be added to a dinner of a criminal jury by sending a telegram of sympathy to Ringling or some other re- cent. The average and reply would be something like this:

"Sorry we had to do it.
"Thanks. Rutgers cannot join you to-night.
"Escaped the worst,"

A USEFUL BUSYBOY.

Tells Philadelphians Who Is at The Front Door.

If you were to ask the average person what a busybody is the reply would probably be "one who doesn't mind his or her own business." Such a definition would be laugh at in Phi- delphia. A "busybody" in Philadelphia is an imaginative object which reveals animate ob- jects. Nowhere in the country are busybodies employed so extensively as in the Quaker City. They are to be found on almost every house, at least on every house of any pretensions. Unless you have lived in Philadelphia the explanation would not prove satisfactory, however. A busybody is composed of three pieces of minor set at three different angles so that the light reflected from either one of the two angles is reflected into the face of the third or opposing angle. The three glasses are arranged on a piece of tin rod so that one is fastened to the lid of the window in the sec- ond story of the building that any person on the second floor of the building can, by looking into the topmost piece of glass, see what is going on in the street below or who what may be passing up and down the street without op- ening the window to look out. The mirrors take the place of the bar windows.

The primary object in setting up a busybody is to see who is at the front door, or who may be approaching from either side of the building to the door. The topmost piece of glass is tilted so that it will show the front door.

One piece of glass is set at an angle to add a reflection of all that is going on at the right side of the street and another to reflect the approach to the left.

In Philadelphia, where ninety-nine out of every one hundred buildings are built out to the sidewalk, and all houses are built in a line, busybodies become great time savers for housekeep- ers. If undesirable callers come to the first floor the busybody gives timely notice of their approach, and the person sought need not sit at home. By keeping an eye on the busybody the woman at her sewing can detect the other half of the moment he comes within range of the mirror, and plenty of time is given for prompting.

The busybody is driven on a house which has its front covered with a perch or which sits back from the street.

BARTON HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD.
The baron is being sued by the Milk Dealers' Union in Paris on the ground that under the pretext of a work of philanthropy, he was carrying on illegal competition. The traders people are obliged to take out trade patents and pay taxes, which Baron Henri de Roth- child, has evaded. Baron Henri de Roth- child, president of the National Union of Milk Producers, started in the most populous districts a philanthropic scheme, the free supply of pure milk to poor people. When the institution became known a large number of people of position bought the milk, and the baron now has sixty-nine pure milk deposits in Paris. Judgment has been post- poned.

BARON HENRI DE ROTHSCILD.

THE CROSS EXAMINATION.
"Have you ever been bankrupt?" asked the counsel.
"I have not.
"Now, be careful," admonished the lawyer with re- markable insight. "Did you ever sell your agent?"
"Yes.
"Ah, I thought we should get at the root of the matter," observed counsel, with an unpleasant smile. "What did this expression of payment occur?"
"When I had paid all I owed," was the reply of the plaintif. "Laudon Quilliam