

TWO ODD SOCIETIES WHICH BEAR ELOQUENT TESTIMONY TO THE INTENSE GREGARIOUSNESS OF MOST MEN AND WOMEN. Hardly had the Thaw jurors astonished New York by forming a social organization than announcement was made that the women who have baptized American warships would do likewise.



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



MRS. KINNEY SMASHING BOTTLE ON BOW OF THE NEW JERSEY.



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



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



LAUNCHING PARTY FOR THE NEW JERSEY. Mrs. W. D. Kinney (at left), who baptized the vessel, is eligible for membership in the Society of Naval Sponsors.

FAD FOR ORGANIZING.

Suggestions for Formation of Societies Along Up-to-Date Lines.

That man and woman are essentially sociable and will catch at any excuse for foregathering in any sort of an organization where they may eat and talk with others of their kind was proved by a recent dinner 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 next newest organization. This is intended to comprise in its membership neither the gray dogs of war nor the insistent advocates of a larger navy, but all the bright sylphs and lovely damsels who because papa was Governor or for some other equally cogent reason have been selected to shatter bottles of champagne on the noses of warships plunging into the briny deep. A fizzle does not disqualify for membership in this gloriously patriotic society, which, it is predicted by some, will surpass the Daughters of the Revolution in certain respects. To be descended from a Naval Sponsor will be accounted equal some day to two-thirds of a coat of arms, and members will ask one another, "What sort of a hit did your great-grandmother make?" The society will be organized at Washington this month, it is expected. Among the eligibles are Mrs. W. D. Kinney, who named the New Jersey; Miss Pauline Morton, Miss Mary Campbell, Miss Lorna Pinnock, Miss Hazel McLean, Miss Alice Wells, Miss Evelyn Walsh, Miss Annie Keith Frazier, Mrs. Colin P. Campbell, Miss Mae McEpey, Mrs. Frederic R. Coudert, Mrs. Edson F. Gallaudet, Miss Myra O'Brien and Miss Stella Tate.

Now that the rage for odd societies has received the new impulse, there are said to be possibilities for starting popular societies of Receivers of Morse Banks, the Amalgamated Novelists Who Haven't Sold 100,000 Copies, the Lawson Association of Disheartened Quitters, the Optimistic Sons of Unemployed Stock-Brokers, the Association of Disgusted Diabolo

Amateurs, the Friendly Organization of Divorced Couples and the Foreign Parts Society of Absconding Cashiers.

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 perpetual dinner atmosphere; but they were moved also by the larger social impulse to eat and talk, and the opportunity for "The Association of Thaw Jurors, First and Second," became an accomplished fact. An odd line of toasts was prepared for the dinner, it is said, including "His Honor," "The Alienists," "Getting Cramped," "What I Was Thinking About," "Future of the Prisoner," "Future of Us Jurors."

It is suggested that relentless time within the next thirty years might exterminate 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 jurors' society, the promoters could fall back on an army of murder case talesmen who were rejected. An additional source of supply would be the ordinary criminal jurors, preference being given to those who tried the most serious crimes in the Penal Code and thence descending to petty larceny jurors, or even the good men and true of the crowner's quest. A bit of sentiment could be added to a dinner of a criminal jury by sending a telegram of sympathy to Sing Sing or some other retreat. The message and reply would be something like this:

"Sorry we had to do it."
"Thanks. Regret cannot join you to-night."

ESCAPED THE WORST.

The man with the gun (boastfully and cynically)—I have been engaged to at least a dozen girls.

Miss Sweet Girl (looking annoyed)—And always been unlucky in love, eh?

He—Oh, I don't know. I've never married any of them. What?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A USEFUL BUSYBODY.

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 does not mind his or her own business." Such a definition would be laughed at in Philadelphia. A "busybody" in Philadelphia is an inanimate object which reveals animate objects. 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 such an explanation would not prove satisfactory, however. A busybody is composed of three



BARON HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD.

The baron is being sued by the Milk Dealers' Union in Paris on the ground that, under the pretence of a work of philanthropy, he was carrying on illegal competition. The trades people are obliged to take out trade patents and pay taxes, which the baron, as a philanthropist, has escaped. Baron Henri de Rothschild, who is a doctor of medicine, started in the most populous districts a philanthropic dairy for 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-eight pure milk depots in Paris. Judgment has been postponed. —The Bystander.

pieces of mirror set at three different angles, so that the light reflected from either one of the two angles is reflected into the glass set at the third or opposing angle. The three glasses are arranged on a piece of iron rod so bent and fastened to the lintel of the window in the second 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 or what may be passing up and down the street without opening the window to look out. The mirrors take the place of bay 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 doorstep. One piece of glass is set at an angle to catch 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 houses are built out to the sidewalk, and all houses are built in a line, busybodies become great time savers for housekeepers. If undesirable callers come to the front door the busybody gives timely notice of their approach, and the person sought need not be at home. By keeping an eye on the busybody the woman at her sewing can detect the caller the moment he comes within range of the mirrors, and plenty of time is given for prinking.

The busybody is useless on a house which has its front covered with a porch or which sets back from the street.

DURING THE CROSS-EXAMINATION.

"Have you ever been bankrupt?" asked the counsel.

"I have not."

"Now, be careful," admonished the lawyer, with raised finger. "Did you ever stop payment?"

"Yes."

"Ah, I thought we should get at the truth," observed counsel, with an unpleasant smile.

"When did this suspension of payment occur?"

"When I had paid all I owed," was the naive reply of the plaintiff.—London Opinion