

Organs in Houses

In the home of many wealthy New Yorkers there are not alone pianos which have cost fortunes to construct and decorate, but also organs with electric attachments so that they can be played from any part of the house. The large pipes are richly decorated and are painted often by well known artists. The development in church organs also has been marked. The largest one in this country, and perhaps the most expensive one, is in the A. T. Stewart Memorial Church, at Garden City, L. I.

William C. Whitney has an enormous organ which was built especially for him in California, and was set in the wall, while the house was being built. The Vanderbilt home also has an instrument with electrical attachment, so that it can be played from any one of several rooms of the big mansion at Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street. Electricity has been the real force which has made the organ again popular. One can now invite the minister to the house and conduct a complete religious service there, the organ being furnished with electrical attachments similar to those which have been placed on the piano and which make it possible for almost any one to operate the instrument.

If one be so disposed he can lie in bed and play the organ. The keys are placed before him with one row for the left hand and another for the right, which is an invention also new to the industry. The keyboard is attached to the organ wherever the latter may be situated in the house. But the organs which are in the homes of the very rich compare little in size and in expense with those that are placed in churches all over the world. These, too, have electrical attachments, and the work of the organist is greatly reduced.

A Speculation in Apples

"Don't talk to me about the down-trodden Dagoes," said a policeman who was on Christian street, where the pushcart peddlers abound.

"I rescued one of the half a dozen times from being run down by wagons, and finally warned him that he would have his pushcart wrecked if he were not more careful.

"Si gooda," the Dago replied, showing his teeth and grinning.

"I believe you want to be run down," I exclaimed.

"Si," replied the Dago. "Me hava four dolla da apples. Biga da wagon smasha da pushcart. Da boys geta da apples. Da man he pays me da ten dolla."

"And the Dago rubbed his hands in enjoyment of the anticipated profit."

A Tailor Outwitted

A rather unprincipled and audacious young Lothario had been frequently pressed by letter for the payment of a long standing account. Having paid no heed to the many missives, the tailor decided to call upon his debtor to exercise the art of oral persuasion.

"Could you let me have a payment on account of the interest?" implored the creditor.

"No, it's against my principle to pay interest on my bills," was the brazen retort.

"Well, will you pay something on account of the principle, then?" continued the hopeless one.

"No, it's against my interest to pay the principal, too," was the rejoinder.

The Shortest Month



1. Ethel got an amethyst. And Edith got a pearl; Flowers are such short-lived things To send to any girl.

2. Mabel got a box of gloves. Cologne got Marguerite. Genevieve a hoop of gold To bind her wrist petite.

3. Beulah got a turquoise pin. And Gertrude got a book. To while away a summer's day In some sequestered nook.

4. And all these presents meant a bill Of most prodigious size; In fact, it caused my hair to stand When first it met my eyes.

5. Well, February's always called The shortest month—oh! gee! I guess that's pretty nearly right—I'm very short, so use. —Jean C. Havez.

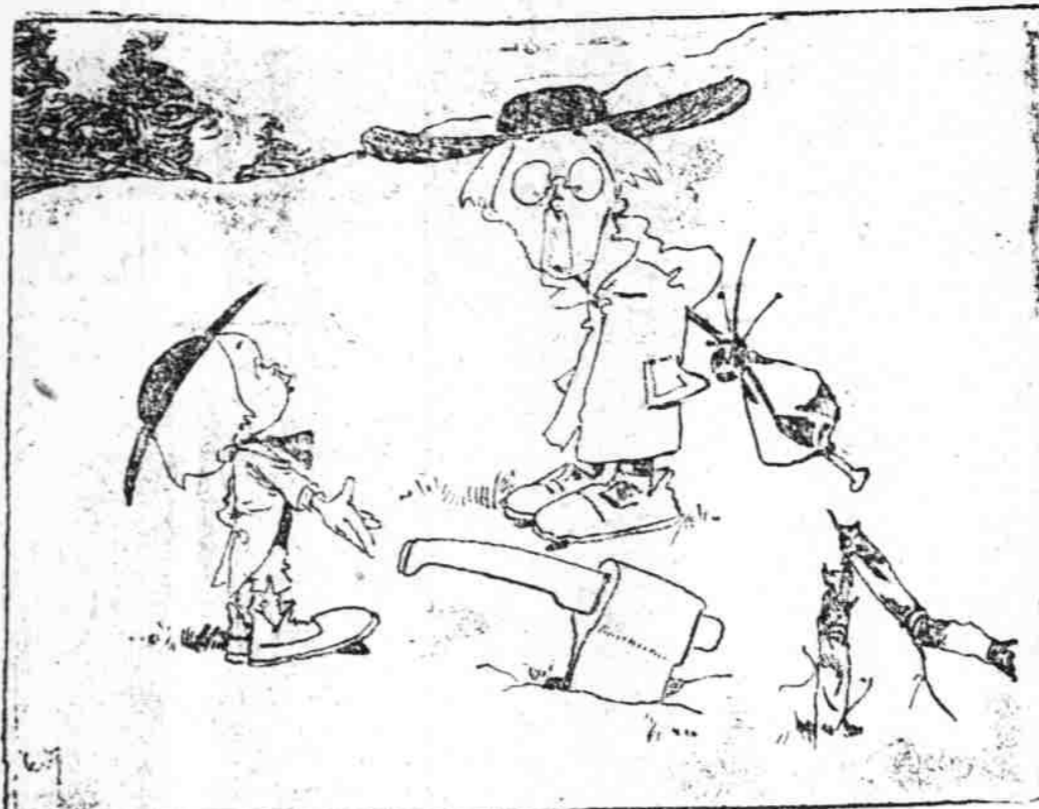


"Augustus fell through the ice yesterday." "Then the ice can't bear him, either."



"How do you like this theatre?" "Beet drinks ever, downstairs."

WHAT WE MIGHT HAVE EXPECTED HAD GEORGE COME FROM THESE PLACES.



From Philadelphia—Prithee, good father, the spirit did move me to lay down yonder tree. Thee knowest I cannot lie. I did it with yonder implement.



From New York—Soit'ny I done it wid de axe. Wot's de use in gittin' hot under de collar about it?



From Boston—I humbly awak your pardon, my reverend father. I knowledge frankly that I am the cause of the recumbent position of the ling. You are perfectly aware that it is impossible for me to prevent, accomplished it with my diminutive hatchet.



From Washington—George—I propose an amendment to the water rise to a point of explanation. The gentleman has a right to know that the chopping with my little hatchet.



Edward—I think the saloons ought to be opened on election day. Ethel—Why? Edward—Then we could poll a full vote.



"A man and his wife are one." "Then, if he kills his wife the law 'n't touch him." "Ticr' so?" "It's a case of suicide."



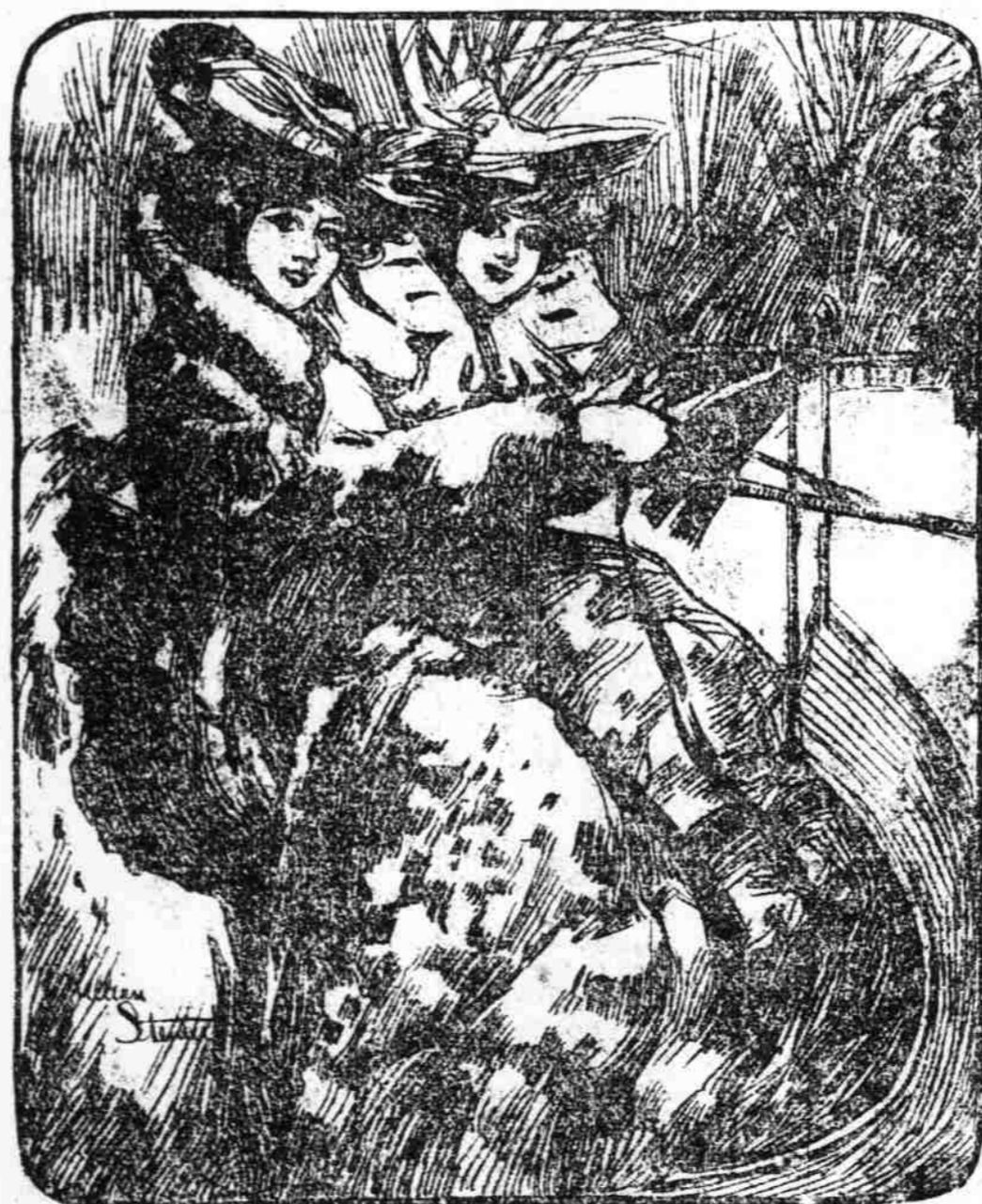
"Why do they call him 'Judge'?" "He once acted in that capacity in a horse show."



Market Report: "Below Par."



Lawyer—The pedestrian has the law on his side. Injured Man—Yes; and the automobilist on his back.



"I understand that Lord Inthecole is heavily in debt." "Yes; I hear he is capitalized at three million dollars."



"They've founded the 'Soap Trust'." "Well, it won't hurt us."