

ORGAN GRINDER RICH

FAMOUS "MONKEY JOHN," DIES AND LEAVES FORTUNE

John Zignego, Energetic Italian, in His Years of Wandering Across American Continent Amasses Great Wealth.

St. Paul, Minn.—An estate valued at more than \$30,000, resulting from the wanderings of an energetic Italian across the American continent with a hand organ and a monkey, is in the Hennepin county probate court, to be divided between charity and well-to-do relatives, according to a will deposited with the court many years ago for safe keeping.

The property is that of John Zignego, who died November 19 at 2304 Fourteenth avenue, at the home of Joseph Zignego, a nephew. The dead man was known to thousands of people only as "Monkey John." He talked little of himself, and few knew that he was in better than easy circumstances.

Two aged sisters, who live in a small Italian village, will get the bulk of the estate. These sisters have always refused to leave their native home. The Minneapolis nephew and his two daughters are also remembered in the will.

For 40 years Zignego carried his estate with him. Many years ago he settled in Red Wing, where he has a brother. From Red Wing, with his organ and monkey he used to start his travels through the northwest.

About twelve years ago his health began to fail and he took up his residence with his Minneapolis nephew. He gave up the management of his own affairs in 1904, and the will previously made was turned over to the court for safe keeping.

WOMAN HAS ELOPING HABIT

Married a Millionaire, Then an Englishman, Next an Actor and Now a Judge's Son.

Los Angeles, Cal.—The grip of the eloping habit has overcome Mrs. Mace Greenleaf of this city for the fourth time in her brief but eventful career. She declares she should not be blamed for her erratic conduct any more than a cocaine fiend, for she simply cannot escape any man she thinks she will "love forever" and she goes with him. Mace Greenleaf has asked the police to find his wife, a beautiful and wealthy woman, daughter of the late Gen. Phineas Banning, who owned the lovely Catalina Islands off this coast. Greenleaf says he thinks his wife has eloped with the son of a federal judge, a young man who moves in the best society, and belongs to the best clubs.

Perhaps the actor's fears are based on the knowledge that his wife is swayed by the romantic impulses. She fell in love with him when he was acting Romeo. Again and again she saw Romeo express his passion to Juliet in the balcony.

Elizabeth Banning's first elopement was with Col. John L. Bradbury, a millionaire, who owns the Menas del Tago, at Rosario, Mex. Their combined income was \$200,000 a year, and they seemed very happy for a while, gathering around them all who, like themselves, sought to enjoy life to the fullest. She met an Englishman named Ward. She ran away with him. He killed himself. Then came Greenleaf.

300 FEET OF WOOD IN COFFIN

Casket Made for Colorado Giant Seven Feet Long and Weighs 400 Pounds.

Denver, Col.—What is probably the largest casket ever built in Colorado was constructed by a casket company in this city for the remains of Edward Smith, a stationary engineer, who died in St. Mary's hospital, Pueblo, as the result of a boiler explosion. The casket is seven feet long, three and one-half feet wide and three feet deep. It weighs 400 pounds, and besides its great size, is the strongest casket ever turned out by the local company.

More than 300 feet of lumber entered into the construction of this huge casket and outside box, and in order to get it out of the workshop it was necessary to remove part of a partition.

Smith was six feet two inches tall, and weighed 330 pounds. He was employed by the Utah Construction company at their camp, 20 miles south of Pueblo. Though badly scalded as a result of the explosion, he was able to walk to the train from the camp and also to the hospital after arriving in Pueblo.

Howls Haunt Dog Catcher.

Macon, Ga.—Mike Crawford, impounding officer, is haunted by the cries of dogs he has killed until he cannot sleep and he has notified Mayor Moore that he will resign. He has killed 512 dogs during the past year, and he says that as soon as he drops off to sleep he can hear the agonized yelps of the dying dogs.

WENT TO THE RIGHT PLACE

Clergyman Was There With Wise Advice When Distressed Individual Called.

"Sir," he said, as he stalked into the clergyman's study, "you are the man who tied the knot, I believe?" "I beg your pardon?" said the clergyman, looking up from his sermon. "You performed the marriage ceremony for me, didn't you?" "Yes, certainly, Mr. Billings. What may I ask?"

"Then you know what the rights of a husband are?"

"Why, yes, in a general way."

"And the rights of a wife?"

"Of course."

"Well, now, sir," said the caller, drawing a chair up to the clergyman's desk and taking a seat, "has a wife a license to torture her husband?"

"Certainly not."

"If she makes his life miserable he has redress, of course?"

"Yes; but I should advise—"

"Never mind your advice now. We'll come to that later. My wife complains that I don't shave often enough."

"Oh, that's a small matter."

"Is it, sir? Is it? Just wait! I told her that that was my affair, and then she taught the children to cry when I kissed them, so that she could say that my rough chin hurt them."

"That hardly showed a Christian."

"Wait a minute! Yesterday morning I found them playing with the cylinder of a broken music-box. You know how that seems to the touch?"

"Certainly."

"Well, she'd taught them to call it 'Papa's chin.'"

"Really, sir, I must admit—"

"Wait till I'm finished. Today one of them got up on my knee, passed his hand over my chin, and called it 'Papa's music box.' Now, sir, I ask of you as a Christian man, and as the man who tied the knot, what shall I do?"

"Get shaved," replied the clergyman, softly, as he returned to his work.—Tit-Bits.

The Downtrodden Cat.

It seems that a lot of people will not be satisfied until the poor, downtrodden cat is finally wiped off of the face of the earth. Things are not going so well for her—or him—as in the good old Egyptian days, when the cat was considered a sacred animal, to be pampered and petted and cajoled and protected from ill-usage of any sort whatsoever. These were glorious days for the cat, but they have gone, it seems, never to return, and everybody is now throwing bricks where they once threw bouquets. Dr. A. K. Fisher of the biological survey of the department of agriculture of New York is the latest scientific gentleman to kick at the cat, and if one-half he says, about cats in general is true then there is no hope for the cat tribe. For surely people will not much longer harbor an animal that is not only worthless, but extremely dangerous.

Delicately Expressed.

Eliza Jane met her mistress just before Christmas with the ominous announcement:

"Mistress, I've gotter leave yer."

"Why, 'Liza, what's the matter? Aren't you satisfied with your place?"

"Yessum. I'se satisfied a'right. 'Tain't dat, mum."

"Well, is it that you want more wages?"

"Naw'm, 'tain't dat, neither."

"Are you sick?"

"Naw'm, I ain't sick, but I'll tell you a fac'. You ricollec' you let me git off to a funeral 'bout a mont' back? Well'm, Chris'mis morn, I'se gwine to marry de corpse's husband."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

His Unfortunate Client.

An Arkansas lawyer was pleading for a client who was on trial for stealing a mule.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "this poor, unfortunate man is sorely beset here. Everything seems against him; but, gentlemen of the jury, if you, in your wisdom, see fit to eliminate the law and the facts, my poor, unfortunate client has a chance."

—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Looking on the Dark Side.

Wellesley girls are not given to flattering themselves, as is illustrated by this expression of opinion in an editorial in the Wellesley News: "We are a vast lump of unassimilated, indigestible stodginess without common aim or common ambition." The editor must have been having too many pickles with her luncheon the day she wrote it.

Giving Himself Away.

Mrs. Galey awoke, took one glance at the clock, grabbed her husband by the shoulder and shook him vigorously.

"Wake up, George!" she cried; "it's just 7:40!"

"Seven dollars and forty cents!" said Galey, half asleep. "Gee, old man, it's cooly to go to sleep in a taxicab, isn't it?"

GOOD IDEA OF PHENOMENON

Workingman Explains in Characteristic Way His Definition of an Extraordinary Occurrence.

A workman, endeavoring to explain to one of his mates what a phenomenon was, made the following attempt:

"It's like this. Suppose you were to go out into the country and see a field of thistles growing."

"Yes," assented his friend.

"Well, that would not be a phenomenon!"

"No, that's quite clear," agreed the old man.

"But suppose you were to see a lark singing away up in the sky."

"Yes."

"Well, that would not be a phenomenon!"

"No, that also seems clear."

"But imagine there is a bull in the field."

"Yes," his friend could imagine that.

"Even that would not be a phenomenon."

"No."

"But now, Bill, look here. Suppose you saw that bull sitting on them thistles whistling like a lark—well, that would be a phenomenon!"

OBJECTIONABLE IN EITHER CASE.



Grace—Why did she break the engagement?

Myrtle—He told her that she was the only girl he had ever kissed.

Grace—What of it?

Myrtle—Why, she naturally reasoned that he was either untruthful or absurdly foolish, and he was hardly worth having in either case.

She Declared.

Mrs. Myles—When she arrived from Europe Miss Fussanfeather failed to declare some of the new clothes she brought over with her.

Mrs. Styles—And did the customs inspectors discover anything?

"Oh, yes."

"And what did she say?"

"She merely said, 'Oh, I declare!'"

—Yonkers Statesman.

The Silver Lining.

"Oh, John!" exclaimed Mrs. Shortcash, who was reading a letter, "our son has been expelled from college. Isn't it awful?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Shortcash. "Perhaps I can pull through without making an assignment now."

In Olden Days.

Xerxes was in merry mood. "You have an extraordinary name," remarked the friend, "but what is in a name, anyway?"

"Well," laughed the ancient man, "there are a couple of X's in my name, and they come in handy these days."

And then Xerxes went out and bought himself an overcoat.

Caution.

"What makes you keep singing when you go into the woods?" said one hunter. "Don't you know it will frighten the deer?"

"Perhaps," replied the other. "But it will also help to prevent my being mistaken for one."—Washington Star.

Autos and Mules High.

Church—Increase in the number of automobiles in New York is not bringing down the price of horses. The average price for a horse is \$119 and mules cost \$14 more.

Gotham—The more things balk the higher they come.—Yonkers Statesman.

Working Backward.

"Political campaign calculations," remarked Professor Tallbrow, "are a distinct branch of mathematics."

"How so?" was asked.

"You begin with the answer, then work backward for the purpose of evolving a problem to demonstrate it," explained the professor.

He Knew Her.

"Better give up that young man, daughter. You aren't really interested in him."

"But, papa, I have decided to marry him."

"Yes; but you haven't changed your mind two or three times."

MODES of the MOMENT



BOTH shops and private makers are presenting frocks for party and dance wear for young girls that are sometimes as cheap as they are charming. Indeed, since the smart prejudice is for the simpler thing, a little gown that may cost half the price of a more elaborate one is often far the prettier of the two.

Nothing can exceed the appropriateness of pure white for young persons and so, as ever, the majority of the gala costumes for misses and small girls are of this original sort, though where all white is thought unbecomingly colored ribbons will set it off bewitchingly. With the tinted things, the color is of the palest, the faintest azure, wild-rose pink, corn-silk yellow and new-leaf green providing the tones so radiant against fresh young cheeks. These colors, which are displayed in all the thin tissues of the season, and in silk, satin and chiffon-velvet, will be set off with effective lace, this forming yokes, undersleeves and skirt bands of various sorts. Dark fur, too, in the narrowest bands will be used with the smartest effect upon a delicately tinted gauze and velvet, this touch creating a very Parisian look. The fur is brown or black, and skunk is the skin generally used.

Upon the sheer white textiles, mull, swiss, veiling, marquisette, etc. Dresden ribbon is an effective and not too expensive garniture, and in the most lovely patterns and tints this may be set into the gown material (in the bodice and skirt) and veiled over with the dress goods. Hand work is ever present in the more exquisite of the wash materials, hemstitching, drawn threads, herringbone and needle run tucks giving a demure and childish look to such textures as mull, handkerchief linen, and fine lawn.

The preferred model for all girls up to sixteen is a one-piece gown, and though for the bigger maids this is sometimes separated at the waist line for convenience in making, the design still affects a one-piece look. All bodices fasten at the back, and a thin, high stock and Dutch neck are equally smart. The most effective sleeve is three-quarter or elbow length, but economical mothers buy extra little undersleeves so as to make the short-sleeved gown useful for other than merely gala evening occasions. The skirts in thin materials are invariably gathered or tucked at the top, but if there is a flaring flounce at the bottom it is bound to be topped by the narrow band used everywhere for skimping the effect—that is, for misses, for the skirts of a small girl may flare straight from the waist.

The pictures displayed give some little frocks for girls from six up to sixteen, though maids of eighteen may very well wear the older styles. The mother who makes her children's clothes will find the simple designs very convenient for home sewing. Three frocks in very pretty models show here the sort of things that are needed by young girls who are called upon to have some species of gala costume and cannot afford extravagance. The dress at the left of the picture is of white linen lawn, over a blue lawn slip. Two sorts of lace are used, one showing a sort of embroidery

ery on lawn and the other Valenciennes. This last is employed for the stock and lower sleeve bands. A folded girdle of pale blue louisine silk is a charming finish to this dainty frock which is set off by a long neck chain and lock of imitation turquoise.

The middle dress of novelty voile is wild-rose pink, with garnishings of cream lace and black fur. Shirring over cords is used effectively for part of the yoke, and for the belt, hip bands and sleeve gatherings, and the dark note of the fur is repeated in a girdle of black panne velvet. The dress is hung over a white silk slip.

The pretty girl with the long-stemmed rose, wears a frock in exactly the same color—American Beauty red. With this lovely material is combined a beaded trimming—on chiffon—in a matching color, and the crush belt of panne and the silk underslip are also in the same rich tone. The kimono top of the bodice, which is divided from the bottom by a wide band of the beaded trimming, is a novel feature, and though the skirt band may seem a little tight it is necessary for a skirt of this much-gathered sort.

As the petticoat plays a very important part in all party toilets, it must be considered here. For all gowns in thin materials care must be taken to have the lines of the underskirt match those of the outer one. A plain princess slip can go under a frock of any cut, but one showing a flounce marking above or below the line of the flounce on the outside skirt is ruin to a smart effect. Lawn in white or color, made up plainly, or with a little inexpensive lace, is quite good enough for a modest frock, and for the finer ones, unless the silk is to show through the dress material, a dainty petticoat in fine lingerie materials is to be preferred to one of silk. Any dress with the hobble skirt band requires a petticoat of the skimpiest sort, so that for a girl of fourteen or fifteen three yards and a half, or four yards of soft silk will make this.

Every feminine creature needs personal ornaments to make a good appearance in dress-up clothes. These things include every trifle from a made hair band to a slipper buckle.

The made hair bands consist of a bandeau of velvet, or ribbon, fastening closely about the head with a hook and eye. As the face needs it, there may be a bow on top of the head, a rosette at either side or—for the older girls—a little ornamentation of small roses or metal slides.

A girl under seventeen does not wear pearl beads unless they are in a single stand. After this age a close string of small pearls is permissible, and this looks as pretty on a lace day waist as around the bare throat. The white and pink coral chains for these older girls, as well as the newest gold ones, are very long.

A bangle bracelet of plain gold is a direct beautifier of any bare arm whether it is thin or plump, and with the short sleeves now worn a bracelet may be called a necessity.

A pretty rosette, buckle, or bow for dainty dancing slippers shortens the apparent length of the foot; certain ones even make the foot seem more narrow, and all the little slipper fixings are very smart and much worn.