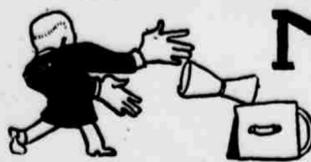


The World.

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ONE BILL WELL STILLED.



MAYOR GAYNOR'S second swat at the legislative scheme to build the new courthouse on what is left of City Hall Park ought to give the Stilwell bill its final quietus.

The fact was never more ominously evident than it is to-day that eternal vigilance is the price we must pay for the preservation of our city breathing spaces, especially those which, like the already sadly diminished City Hall Park, are life-saving oases in the crowded centres where any real estate deal is a matter of millions.

Take Washington Square, for example. Periodically the embattled citizens in that locality have to make a united stand and fire the shot of vehement protest heard 'round the world of politics and graft.

Within a year past the town has risen practically en masse against the tentative proposition of the National Academy of Design to erect a new Fine Arts Building in Central Park.

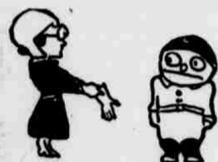
And yet, see what happens:

The Maine memorial monument is to be placed at the Eighth avenue and Fifty-ninth street entrance to Central Park, where the Columbus monument already occupies quite as much space as can reasonably be sacrificed to adornment.

Nor is that all. The Aldermen have passed an appropriation of \$85,000 to pay for a central fire-alarm station, to be built on the site of the old park stables, on one of the transverse roads.

At this rate, it may not be long before the answer to the query, When is a park not a park? will be: When it is in Manhattan.

FLIGHTS FOR WOMEN.



A WOMAN AVIATOR, Miss Harriet Quimby, having successfully negotiated the aerial figure eights, altitude flights and landing tests prescribed by the Aero Club at Mineola, has received the official license as a sky pilot.

tests prescribed by the Aero Club at Mineola, has received the official license as a sky pilot. She is the first of her sex in America to bring down this winged honor.

Skipper Quimby says she is now "going in for everything in aviation that the men have done—altitude, speed, endurance and the rest."

All this mastery of the aeroplane was won in thirty-three lessons—practical, not by correspondence. Withal, flying seems to come easier than voting.

Cos Cob Nature Notes

OUR naturalist neighbor, Ernest Thompson Seton, appears, according to the public prints, to be trying to get his little dog Skookum in ahead of Mayor Gaynor's New York's little dog Spot.

OUR citizens noted with interest the other day that William J. Smith had peeked out from under the bed to see what was going on politically.

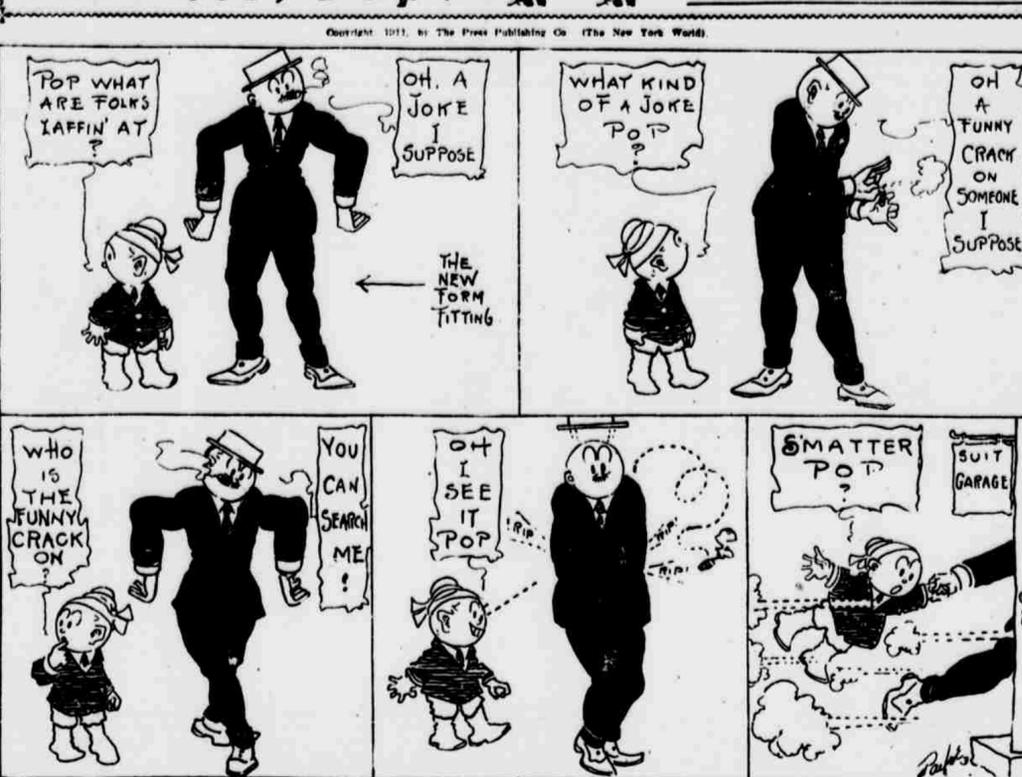
THE rain doesn't seem to wet anything any more when it condenses to fall.

THE stanch sand scow Phoenix No. 29 represents commerce on our shores, this week bringing material to enlarge the power-house, from which Mr. Mellen expects to run everything his railroad has except the Legislature.

THE trumpet vines are in blossom. This is the latest plant to leave out in the spring, but it makes amends in strength and beauty.

MANLY Ladder and Hose No. 1 is having its annual fair to pay the \$2,500 it owes on its engine. If people who have fire would only have some water around the boys could put them in a jiffy. They can't.

S' Matter, Pop? By C. M. Payne



Cupid's Dead Letter Office By Nixola Greeley-Smith

Illustrated by Eleanor Schorer

OTHER, DEAREST: You remember that long, beautiful talk we had that first day I came home from school, when you said you hoped I would never be afraid to tell you anything I thought or felt or wanted, and that when the one supreme experience of life came to me I must make you my confidante and friend, and not think of you as an unympathetic old Gorzon?



I have just read that sentence over, and I got the giggles, for it sounds exactly as if I had fallen in love with the soda clerk. But he's an actor, mother. Not a leading man yet, though he expects to be next year.

Mr. Jarr Hears the Plot of a Domestic Comedy Called "Taming of the Shrew" (Harlem Version)

By Roy L. McCardell.

GUS, the popular and genial (sometimes) proprietor of the cafe on the corner, came over and sat down at the table with Mr. Jarr and the snee daahing bachelor, Jack Silver.

The Hedgeville Editor By John L. Hobbler

E F a girl don't think it is something away our wife's second husband will weep because we are gone.

Sayings of MRS. SOLOMON

Being the Confessions of the Seven Handreth Wife. Translated By Helen Rowland.

PERFECT husband, who can find one? For his price is far above steel stock. The heart of his wife rejoiceth in him, and he shall have no lack of encouragement.

Notes That Crossed In the Mail

From Ethel Jones to Her Friend May Smith. DEAREST MAY: I have the greatest piece of news for you!

A Set of Rules That "Made" a Beauty Shop

HERE is a set of rules that made the fortune of a famous beauty shop. Do not keep your customer waiting in the anteroom until he is entitled to check by number.

Old-New Inventions.

ONE of the leading manufacturers of automobiles in the West, who has kept in close touch with past, as well as present, history of the business, notes the interesting fact that six expired patents presented the same principle as that employed to-day in the automobile and in the flying machine.