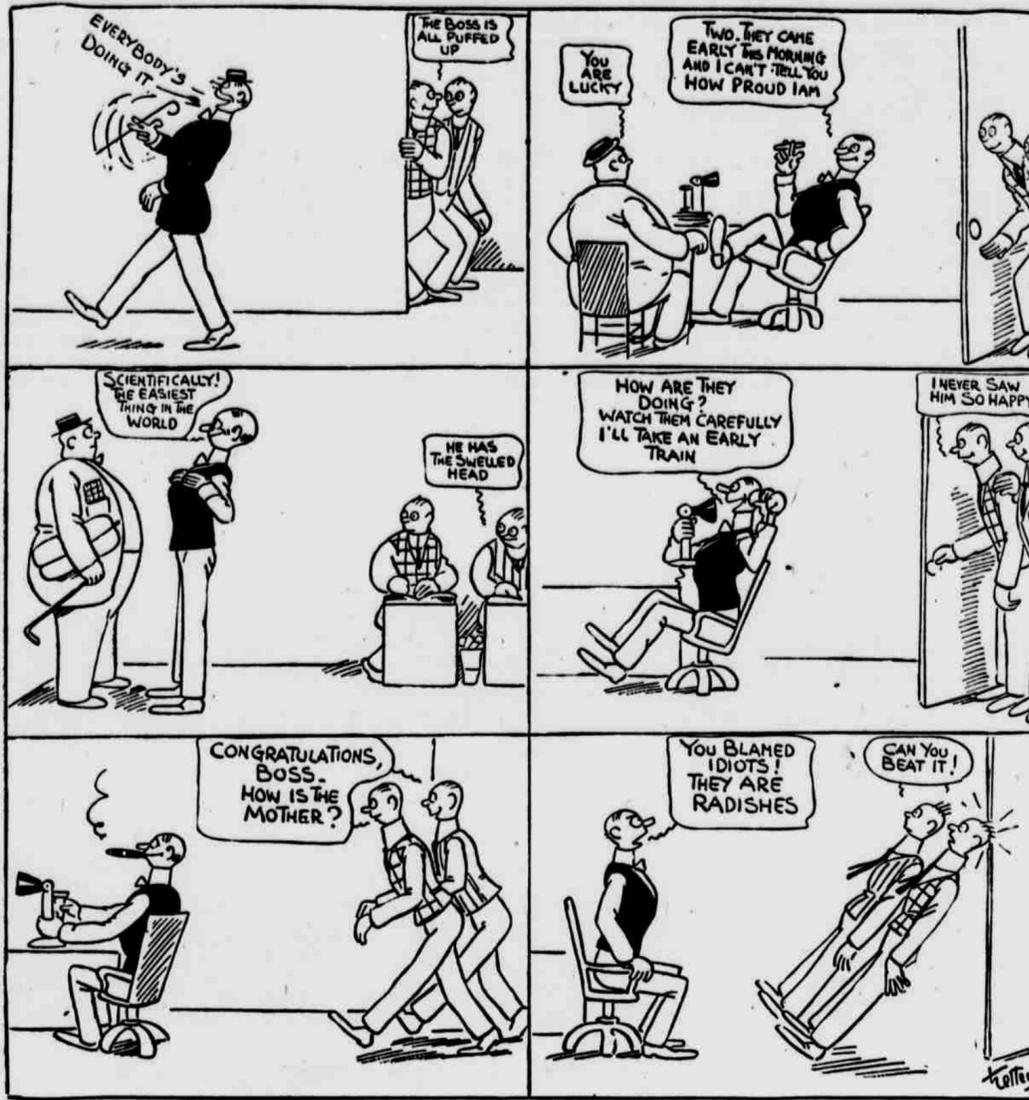


The World

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Can You Beat It? By Maurice Ketten



Sayings of MRS SOLOMON- BEING THE CONFESSIONS OF THE HUNDRETH WIFE TRANSLATED BY HELEN ROWLAND.

GIVE me, my Daughter, unto the Litaney of the Summer Girl, which she chantereth continuously, morning and night: Oh, Lord, deliver me from the deadliness of the Summer Resort...

How to Add Ten Years to Your Life By J. A. Husik, M. D.

IT IS a noted fact that those persons who are singers by profession rarely develop pulmonary tuberculosis or consumption of the lungs. It is like opening all the windows and doors of a house to let the air come in plentifully and freely...

The Day's Good Stories

Asked a Favor. MIKE CUNNINGHAM, a Chicago character, got a job as valet at one of the Chicago vaudeville theatres. In his first week it fell to him to do a policeman's uniform...

MENDING BAD WAYS.

AS GOOD a piece of news as this city has had for many a day is Borough President McAneny's assurance that Canal street west of Broadway will be repaved with the Liverpool type of close fitting small granite blocks set in lasting foundation.

HELP FOR THE HARD HIT.

THE Russian woman who left a fortune of \$1,125,000 to be devoted to helping bankrupt business men and their destitute daughters was not as crazy as her relatives would like to prove her.

FRANCE is perturbed because the number of her young men entering the military schools is falling off rapidly while the number of those training for the stage is going up by leaps and bounds.

Cos Cob Nature Notes

THIS is the time of year when the turtle crawls out of the mud and roasts upon some convenient log to sun himself. If it is shining, the turtle is one of our best behaved native citizens.

The Jarr Family By Roy L. Cardell

MRS. JARR, being a married lady, had helped other women who were hunting for husbands—Mrs. Jarr's friends may remember the names of a few she helped in these hunts—out this was the first time she ever had assisted in hunting a husband after the fact.

Domestic Dialogues. By Alma Woodward

Mr. B. (too intent to feel the stab)—All women wear silk stockings nowadays, don't they Mary? Mr. B. (optimistically)—Why, I think it's much better since they put fans in all the cars.

The Jarrs Go on a Hermit Hunt. Ever Try It? It's Grand Sport.

grumbled Mrs. Jarr. "I know we are going to all this trouble for nothing. He knows you have work and can support him, doesn't he?"

Reassuring.

Mr. B. (with decision)—Because I feel like walking. JOHN, take your eyes off that woman IMMEDIATELY! Mr. B. (slowly)—You're mistaken, my dear. That ribbon's not pink—it's a very delicate pinkish lavender.

