

WHAT DID YOU SEE TO-DAY? EVERY READER A REPORTER.

(Continued From Third Page.)

It had to yawn.—Loretta Miller, No. 82A Cooper Street, Brooklyn.

AT THE BILE POINT CARNAVAL. I saw Mother and Father and two children climb on a carousel at the carnival. They selected a pair of "horas" close together, each parent holding one child. The music started but the carousel didn't. Finally the man in charge asked the lady if she wouldn't please take one of the horses on the other side of the carousel. She proved to be an obliging, good natured person and we all had our ride.—Eleanor Schaefer, Blue Point, L. I.

GOOD SCOTTS. Several Boy Scouts, honeysuckle band from camp, entered the last car of a Broadway subway train at the Dyckman Street station. When they had distributed their packs along the seats one of the youngsters produced a violin and played some of the current "hits" while the other boys exhibited the latest steps. There were not many other passengers in the car, but we all felt that we were getting fifty cents' worth for our nickel.—Bernard J. Birns, No. 822 Crescent Street, Long Island City.

"MY EYE!" SAYS HE. My thumb handed the conductor what he thought was a transfer slip and edged her way up in the car. "Hey, there," he called after her. "I don't want this, please a transfer slip? You opened her purse again, found the right piece of paper and carried it back to him. He returned to her a slip of paper upon which she had copied a few lines of a poem beginning, "Your eyes are like the stars above."—O. Bode, No. 12 21st Street, West New York, N. J.

WHY HE CAME TO NEW YORK. I saw a man who has just come to New York to live. He tried to live in Chicago, but after having been held up three times and beaten nearly to death by thugs the prospect of a quiet, peaceful existence on the shores of Lake Michigan no longer appealed to him.—B. A. Bogota, N. J.

FLOATING DOWN THE POMPTON. While I was sitting on the porch an hour ago I saw a man and a woman come floating down the Pompton River seated on an inner tube. The man was smoking. The woman held a parasol.—Evelyn Newman, Riveredge Road, Mountain View, N. J.

LIFE AT CAMP ALDORCHA. We were out riding on the North Road today, with our instructor, when we came to a spot where they storm had bent a young tree over the road in such a manner that our path was blocked. Colonel, the instructor's horse, sprang forward, grasped the little tree in its teeth and held it aside until the rest of us had passed.—Allen Caldwell, Green Pond, N. J.

AT YOUR SERVICE. On the outskirts of a celebrated and exclusive summer resort, five hours from New York City, we saw a 30-foot wayside announcement: "No Speed Limit! Drive as Fast as You Like! Bring the Car to Honorable Garage for Repairs."—E. H. Hand, Stapleton, S. I.

STOP! I saw a young speed demon whizzing his car through Whitley Avenue in the early evening at a mile a minute. A traffic whistle was heard. He jammed on all his brakes, apparently expecting to be handed a summons, but to his great joy all he received was the "pat" from the kids who own the whistle. I waited and saw two other scorchers get the same scare.—May E. Moore, 36 Young Street, New Haven, Conn.

THE KID SEES A FIGHT. At an amateur boxing tournament over in Long Island City I saw a one hundredth degree fan holding down a rinside seat with a boy about three years old on his knee. Daddy had one arm around the lit-

tle fellow's neck, and every time the boxer exchanged punches he would get an excited that he'd nearly choke the kid.—John F. Kelly, No. 4 Fifth Street, Woodside, L. I.

HE NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT. I was on a West Albany Street car this morning, bound for the railroad shops where usually several thousand men are employed. One of the passengers near me had lunch-box with him. "What's the big idea?" asked one of his mates. "Why the grub? We strike at 10 o'clock." "Where d'ye get that grub?" demanded the proprietor of the food. "Can't I eat before 10?"—Robert M. Smith, No. 372 Delaware Avenue, Albany.

THE FLAPPERS AND THE LADY. Three girls of the high school age and type came into the trolley car and turned one of the seats over in order that they might sit face to face. A large, red-haired woman with a great big hat approached and before they could seat themselves threw the seat over again with a thud. "Thought you were smart, didn't you?" she said. "You saw me coming. That's the way with you flappers. You come first and anybody else fits at all. Well, you got the wrong customer when you picked me for a hick." She sat down. The third girl took a seat immediately back of her two pals. Not one of them let a yin out of her. The big woman, with her back to them, addressed the entire car on the subject of "The Girl of To-Day" and "What's Eating Her." They didn't let on they knew she was within 1,000 miles. When she left the car there was a slip of paper pinned to the back of her dress. On it was printed: "Miss Mei! I'm Sterilized."—O. Hall, No. 303 Fort Field Avenue, Yonkers.

CLEVER MR. ANTONIO. Crossing Willis Avenue Bridge in the early hours of the morning a stream of auto trucks, horse drawn vehicles and pushcarts, honking horns and from the market with fruits and vegetables. The drivers have only to work their wheels or guide their horses, but the pushcart man must guide and at the same time carry his own "power." This morning I saw one pushcart man, more alert than his fellows, who had tied his cart to the motor truck's immediately ahead of him. He sat at the back of the truck. What became of Tony and the pushcart when the motor truck put on speed I cannot imagine, but when I saw him he was the happiest looking gent north of 123th Street.—Wm. Casimir, Jr., No. 4 Faudling Street, White Plains.

CHIEF OF POLICE HEALY. We drove for 15 miles through the most violent down-pour of the recent rainy spell and entered the City of Manchester, N. H. The place was as dry as the Sahara! Not a drop of rain had fallen. Yet we were not outside the city limits more than 3 minutes, on our way north to Concord, when we found ourselves in the thick of what appeared to be the same storm. I suppose there is some explanation for the phenomenon but I confess it is quite beyond my powers.—Mrs. L. E. Cass, Box 243, Schenectady.

PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL. I saw Freddie playing in his back yard. He walked up to the bird house, removed the top and talked to the birds. Five minutes later I asked the little chap what the talk was about. "Private," he said.—W. G. Watson, 9 Linden Avenue, Oostburg.

WATER WITCH. Off the pier this evening I saw a lone fisherman catch a flounder and an eel off the one line at the same minute, though of course with different hooks.—Mrs. Kate Walsh, Lyndhurst Cottage, Water Witch, N. J.

YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD AS BE OUT OF STYLE. I was crossing a White Plains street

this morning, on my way to work, when the tooting of an auto horn caused me to jump to a stop. I stepped back to the curb to let a large limousine pass and saw the carriage collector go by in state, a motor horn attached to his horse-drawn wagon.—Lillian Kammer, 4 Paulding Street, White Plains.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME. At Lake Hopewell, I saw a middle-aged man carrying a "whale" of a fish and proudly hold it up for friends. He said he had just caught it and would keep it for a while. My fish was back among the old folks in the lake.—G. C. Landings, N. J.

BOAT GOES TO THE ASSISTANCE OF DROWNING FORD. On my way from Manhattan to Passaic by a private downpour, I saw a Ford stuck in the middle of the highway with the water up over the hood. A young man with a hat was taking the motor out of the car to a place of safety. Madeline Sauter, No. 27 Monticello Avenue, Jersey City.

NEAR CATASTROPHE IN PASSAIC. Directly ahead of us, as we drove very slowly through one of the streets of Passaic today, was a Ford. Suddenly we saw a kitten run under the car and in her fright dart toward one wheel and then another. In an effort to escape, finally she stood stock still and the Ford went along about its usual speed. The kitten was compelled to come suddenly to a stop. Miss Kitty slowly, gratefully, promptly walked to the other side of the road. H. M. Giles, No. 37 Westcott Street, East Orange, N. J.

INDIAN GIVER. I saw a man with all the outward appearance of a gentleman dining with two young women in a Paterson restaurant. He proved to be a rather loud person. His conversation liberally sprinkled with the word "tip" on the table. The young women headed for the street. He turned to the rack for his own hat. Then, as he hurried to catch up with the ladies, he took the tip from the table and put it in his pocket. Mrs. L. Anderson, No. 136 Hamilton Avenue, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

JUST AS YOUNG AS HE USED TO BE. On a vacant lot near Lyons Avenue in Newark I saw a white haired man who must be all of seventy, "skinning the cat" on an improvised horizontal bar while five or six delighted youngsters looked on and applauded. "Do it again, grand!" they yelled, and "Now show me how to do it!"—Marion Wnekoff, No. 55 Shephard Avenue, Newark, N. J.

SHIRT! NO, SIR-REE! At Madison Avenue and 24th Street this morning I saw a little chap of maybe seven start to run across the avenue to Madison Square Park. He was in semi-dress. His outfit consisted of tattered overalls. No shoes, no stockings, no hat, no shirt, only the overalls. "Hey, kid," called one of two men standing on the corner. "Whatcha want?" demanded the urchin.

The Mustard NACCO Prepared 10¢ Adds flavor to cheese, meat, fish, salads and soups.

walking up to him. "Take this," said the man, handing the boy a dime. "You got a shirt." "Thanks," said the boy. "Two cents!"—W. W. Papp, born 192 Jerusalem Street, Belleville, N. J.

THE OBLIGING GROCER. While I was at the grocer's a man came in and asked the grocer if he would break a 50c bill for him. The grocer, the most obliging fellow on earth, raked up all the small change he could find and complied with the request. On my way home I saw the man coming out of another grocer's with his arms loaded with purchases.—R. Rock Road, Glen Rock, N. J.

IF YOU WIN, YOU LOSE. I stood before the show window of a sporting goods house in the Bowery where a name guessing contest is on. The window is filled with pictures. Two boys of about 10, contestants both stood beside me. "See that number 168?" said one of the boys. "That's Henry Leonard." "G'wan," said the other. "That ain't Benny Leonard." "It ain't," the other fellow yelled. "I betcha a slim in the nose it's Benny Leonard!"—Ben Labadie, 151 East 112th Street.

THE LADY. Walking through 160th Street this morning my attention was drawn to a group of seven or eight little children who were crying "the lady!" "the lady!" as a woman approached. She carried a parcel. The children crowded around her. She had a pleasant word for each of them. She opened the bag and emptied it. "This is for you," she would say, and then to the next child "This is for you," and so on until there was no more candy.—Eldelma Camus, 150 West 163d Street.

THE CAT AND THE SPARROW. At Riverside Drive and 136th Street I saw a cat creep into the street and spring at a sparrow. I saw the cat disappear over the side of the road. H. M. Giles, No. 37 Westcott Street.

NORTH BEACH. On several of the "L" stations I had seen advertisements advising that if I wanted a day's outing I should go to North Beach. I went. I had to transfer three times. The only sign of business I could see was afforded by two gentlemen who talked together in the language of their native land. There was a dance hall but no sign of dancing. I stuck around for an hour and almost

on a 234 Street crosstown car. They sprang to their feet when a white-haired old lady came on board. She protested, "You boys keep your seats," she said. "You've been working all day, and working hard; I've only been giddling around." But they wouldn't sit down. She took a seat finally, but she appeared to put about it. The big fellows looked happy.—Frank Haradin, No. 1333 First Avenue.

GENTLEMEN THREE. Three longshoremen sat side by side

on a 234 Street crosstown car. They sprang to their feet when a white-haired old lady came on board. She protested, "You boys keep your seats," she said. "You've been working all day, and working hard; I've only been giddling around." But they wouldn't sit down. She took a seat finally, but she appeared to put about it. The big fellows looked happy.—Frank Haradin, No. 1333 First Avenue.

JUST the initials A. F. G., sometimes quite small, on the box, basket or tissue wrap, but always big in significance. It means that any fruit or vegetable so marked has passed our critical inspection. Hundreds of varieties of fruit and vegetables carry this approval mark. A. F. G. is not a brand—it is added to many brands, and produce so marked will always be found dependable in quality. Look for the initials A. F. G. on the crates, hampers and baskets of all the produce you buy. AMERICAN FRUIT GROWERS INC. Distributors New York Sales Office, Washington & Duane Sts.

A. F. G. A Sign of Good Produce. Illustration of a basket of produce and a sign with the letters A.F.G.

Had Your Iron Today? SUN-MAID SEEDLESS RAISINS. Illustration of a box of raisins, a glass of milk, and a glass of raisins.

Work Brains—Not Digestion

HERE'S an ideal hot-weather luncheon! Two packages luscious Little Sun-Maid Raisins—one cool glass of milk. Big men don't need more. 290 calories of energizing nutriment in the little raisins. Pure fruit sugar, practically predigested so it acts almost immediately, yet doesn't tax digestion and thus heat the blood. There's fatigue-resisting food-iron also in this lunch. Vital men eat like this and resist the weather. Don't work their digestion because they want to work their brains. Try it for a few days and you'll feel better.

Little Sun-Maids Between-Meal Raisins 5c Everywhere —in Little Red Package

Borden's CHOCOLATE MALTED MILK. THE BORDEN COMPANY Borden Building New York. Illustration of a can of Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk.

Tak-hom-a Biscuit The Sunshine Soda Cracker. Illustration of a box of Tak-hom-a Biscuits and several biscuits.

REAL ESTATE ADS. FOR The Sunday World Real Estate Section MUST BE IN THE WORLD OFFICE BEFORE FRIDAY. Circulation Over 600,000

Time to stop eating heavy food! Kellogg's CORN FLAKES wonderful for the whole family. Nature rebels against heavy foods in warm weather. Much illness in summer is caused by overtaxing the stomach. Change your diet—and keep snappy in mind and muscle! Kellogg's Corn Flakes with cold milk and fresh fruit are wonderful for the hot days—for breakfast, for lunch, for supper or for "snacks." Eat generously of Kellogg's because they digest without taxing the stomach and supply all the nourishment the body needs. For children, for the workers and for the aged there is no more delicious, sustaining food than Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Realize what they mean to health! Inset upon Kellogg's Corn Flakes in the RED and GREEN package bearing the signature of W. E. Kellogg, originator of Corn Flakes. None are genuine without it! Also makers of KELLOGG'S KRUMBLIES and KELLOGG'S BRAN, cooked and crumbled.