

# WHAT DID YOU SEE TODAY?

## SPECIAL ADDED PRIZE—A FORD TOURING CAR.

For the best story printed on this page this week The Evening World will give a FORD TOURING CAR.

## WEEKLY PRIZES

Capital prizes for best stories of week distributed among daily prize winners as follows: SPECIAL PRIZE—A Ford Touring Car; Other Prizes: FIRST, \$100; SECOND, \$50; THIRD, \$25; FOURTH, \$10.

## EVENING WORLD PAGE OF BRIGHT, UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS REPORTED BY EVENING WORLD READERS

To make this news feature even more entertaining and interesting Special Prizes are to be awarded Daily and Weekly. One Dollar is paid for every item printed; the prizes are in addition. Send them to "What Did You See?" Editor, Evening World, Post Office Box 185, City Hall Station. WRITE ABOUT HAPPENINGS IN YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD.

TELL YOUR STORY, IF POSSIBLE, IN NOT MORE THAN 125 WORDS. STATE WHERE THE THING WRITTEN ABOUT TOOK PLACE. WRITE YOUR OWN NAME AND ADDRESS CAREFULLY AND IN FULL. CHECKS ARE MAILED DAILY.

For the best stories each day: FIRST PRIZE, \$25; SECOND PRIZE, \$10; THIRD PRIZE, \$5. TEN PRIZES OF \$2 each for ten next best stories.

### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

If you witness a serious accident, the outbreak of what threatens to be a BIG fire, or know of any other BIG news story, telephone Bookman 4008 and call for the CITY EDITOR of The Evening World. Liberal awards for first big news. BE SURE OF YOUR FACTS.

### BRONX.

#### MEET UNCLE GEORGE.

Standing up, as usual, I rode home to-night on a Bronx express in the subway. At 42d Street I spied an empty seat and another man and I made a dash for it. I won the race, which doesn't happen often, and with a smile sat down to stretch my legs. The man I had beaten to it appeared to be angry. Said I pushed him out of the way. Acted as if he wanted to fight and it was some time before he quieted down. When we both got off at the same station, 174th Street, I began to feel nervous. I took the other side of the street. I reached home and was telling my wife about the incident when the bell rang. Mrs. S. went to the door. "Well, Uncle George!" she exclaimed, and in walked the guy I had beaten to a seat in the subway.—Louis Salmon, No. 1932 Crotona Parkway, Bronx.



Illustration of a man and a woman in a domestic setting.

### OUT OF TOWN.

#### A FAT POCKETBOOK.

I saw a dishonest man on his way to a bank disbursement—and was glad. Sitting at my window, I saw some little girls making play money from paper and stuffing it into an old pocketbook. The oldest took the pocketbook and started down the street with her three companions to "do some shopping." Accidentally the purse was dropped and they continued on their way. A man, walking some distance behind the children, saw the pocketbook, picked it up, stuck it in his pocket and, after looking at it because it looked so out of place there among the towering buildings, in front of the Equitable Building, the car nearly upset when one of its wheels slipped into the third rail of the trolley tracks. Then he proceeded on his way and was soon lost to sight.—C. H. R., No. 42 Irving Street, East Orange, N. J.



Illustration of a man and a woman in a domestic setting.

#### BACK TO TOWN.

We were stopped to-day at Carleer and Central Avenues, Rockaway, by the traffic policeman. Then we saw the cause of our delay. A taxi was in front of us. On its left side was tied a velocipede. On the right side of it was tied a baby carriage. The driver was fastening a bundle there, but he was made first to pull to one side. Then, as we passed, I saw inside a child's bed, and a man, a boy and a baby as passengers.—Mrs. E. W. Pruden, No. 47 Grand Avenue, Baldwin, L. I.

#### JOY WATER.

My mother, a large, stately woman, my uncle, a very small little gentleman, and I entered a Third Avenue surface car and I saw a jovial man sitting in the corner seat, who appeared to have been dallying with forbidden waters. He had something to say about almost every other passenger and I noticed that while he was silent regarding us, he appeared to be studying us critically. We heard from him on our way out. As my mother passed him he arose, bowed politely and said, "Good night, Queen!" My own farewell was, "Good night, Princess!" and as Uncle followed along, carrying a rather large parcel, the jingled gentleman said, "Good night, little trundle-bed man!" We could hear the laughter when the car was a third of a block away.—E. A. Sammis, Sound Beach, Conn.



Illustration of a man and a woman in a domestic setting.

#### IF YOU HAVE A PHONOGRAPH.

I saw the man next door buy over his rose bushes. He hailed me and held out a hand showing a palm filled with large thorns. He laughed at the puzzled expression on my face and told me these rose bush thorns were the best phonograph needles he had ever used, for it brought out not only a clear tone but produced a mellowness not obtainable with a steel needle.—Eugenia Wyckoff, No. 55 Lake Drive, Mountain Lakes, N. J.

#### LOW AND VULGAR FISH.

On our way for a day's fishing we stopped at a grocery store and asked for a can of salmon, to be used as bait. When we reached the fishing grounds and opened the can preparatory to baiting up we found to our chagrin that we had a can of baked beans. The fish were not from Boston and didn't care for the beans.—Mrs. C. L. Miller, No. 261 Madison Avenue, Port Chester, N. Y.

#### AIN'T WE GOT FUN?

Hearing choruses of glee from our yard I looked out of the kitchen window in fear that my two-year-old son might have invented some sort of mischief. He had. The house is being painted and a large can of paint stands in the yard. I was just in time to see him drop three tiny, newly arrived kittens dropped into the can. The child looked on delightedly as I rescued the dripping kittens.—Mrs. J. Stewart, No. 32 Margaret Street, Bayonne, N. J.

#### OH!

Some small boys reaped quite a harvest of pennies yesterday by examining a dead copperhead snake in front of the Post Office. They had placed the reptile in a box with a glass top, and many visitors to the Post Office were attracted by the sight.—Dorothy Weygant, 1 Cent Ave., Hightstown, N. J.

#### A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

I saw a farmer on the Compound Road sitting with a gun in his hand waiting for a weasel which had been visiting his chicken run. Presently a Peckskill motorist came along, jammed his brakes in stopping, the car, threw up his hands and exclaimed: "Arrest me, officer, if you must; but I swear I was not going faster than twenty-five miles an hour!"—Hazel Nickerson, No. 1012 Howard Street, Peckskill, N. Y.

#### RAMBLED RIGHT ALONG.

At a sharp turn in the State road leaving Amagansett for Montauk, I saw a Ford car go into the ditch and turn turtle, its wheels continued spinning, giving the impression of a turtle wading in the sea. The two men occupants crawled unhurt from beneath the car, pulled it back on the road, righted it, and continued their trip as though nothing had happened.—E. T. Amagansett, L. I.

#### DAHLIAS.

I visited the magnificent exhibition of dahlias, an annual event looked forward to by flower lovers, in Bronx Park Botanical Gardens. The display is superb; each class represented by many beautiful specimens. There are decoratively dahlias, cactus dahlias and hybrid cactus dahlias. The most beautiful of all in my opinion, are to be found among the peony class. Go up and see the Uncle Sam.—L. R. R., Decatur Avenue, Bronx.

#### PICTURES.

There is a photographer's studio on St. Ann's Avenue, where accident and lawsuit photographs are taken. A sign over the entrance says, "Any Picture, Any Time, Any Place." Some of the pictures on display are very interesting. One is of the "Only Charley Chaplin Cat in the World," a cat with a peculiar mousethroat. There is the photograph of the oldest house in the Bronx, "said to be 250 years old." There are photographs of people with broken fingers, boys severely hurt by automobiles, a man injured by falling on the ice on her way to school. On picture shows a horse lying in the street, "lamed and maimed" by a Westchester car and an injured baby in a baby carriage. A slip of paper pasted on each photograph gives some information about it.—Dora Albert, No. 621 East 125th Street, Bronx.

#### RICHMOND.

#### CHUMS.

An old man seated in a child's express wagon attracted my attention as I was driving on Manor Road, West Brighton. The equipage was being pushed by a boy about six years of age, while the old man steered with the wagon tongue. Neither appeared to sense anything unusual about the arrangement and both evidently were enjoying themselves immensely.—Ann Wrigley, No. 295 Arbutus Avenue, Huguenot Park.

#### A FRIEND IN NEED.

Two strong friends strained and tugged this morning vainly trying to pull a heavy load of lumber up the hill near the Tottenville Ferry. The driver did his best to encourage the team and the horses were very willing, but they could not have reached the top but for the Samaritan-like action of the driver of a big auto truck. He stopped his machine, hitched a rope to the wagon, stepped on the gas, and in a jiffy the grade was made.—Mrs. W. Ryno, No. 79 Bentley Street, Tottenville.

#### MANHATTAN.

#### SPRING BOTTOM PANTS.

In the subway last night I saw a caker enter with a fapper. The pair evidently were bound for a dance of some kind in the Hunt's Point section. He had what appeared to be a new brown suit with a coat rather long and cut half way up the back, and a pair of trousers with a spring bottom. It was the same old spring bottom that was worn in the latter seventies and perhaps in the first of the eighties. I hadn't seen a pair of these in forty years before. I was wondering if they had made the cycle and were coming in again?—Joseph Bonomi, No. 210 West 84th Street.

#### SIGEL.

Two sisters who said they were school teachers from Pittsburgh questioned me concerning various buildings and points of interest as we rode uptown on a Riverside bus. As I like to be obliging I did my best. As we approached the equestrian statue of General Sigel at 107th Street one of the ladies asked me for whom it was erected. I told her, "Oh, Sigel of Sigel-Cooper, I suppose." The other sister, who I call "Sigel," spelled differently.—Ann V. Clark, No. 618 West 126th Street.

#### WHY THEY CALL THEM DECKS.

During my travel to and from business each day I have noticed that countless ducks on a large lake near Secaucus, N. J., appear to drink and eat from the approaching train. Every noise of its head under water as the train draws near, keeping it there until we have passed the lake.—Richard A. Jeason, No. 55 Wall Street.

#### STOP PAYING RENT.

Young women accused to be the best customers of a man I saw on 23d Street selling toy houses, painted in colors on the cardboard that could be folded into house shapes. The salesman was calling out "Get a house next for a quarter."—W. C. Trueman, No. 422 West 20th Street.

### MANHATTAN

#### ONE OF OUR PRINCIPAL CLIENTS.

This morning I was called into my chief's office to take dictation from one of the firm's principal clients. Taking the nearest chair I quickly discovered that I was sitting on a hat. I pushed the hat back without saying a word and later, from time to time, succeeded in straightening it out. I was ashamed to tell what had happened. \* \* \* I returned to my desk in the outer office and in a few minutes saw Mr. B. leave the private office with his hat in his hand. He had not noticed! But I've been trembling all day over the possible consequences of his discovery of my clumsiness. The hat is a soft hat. When I got through "straightening it out" it resembled a "Western," not a single dent in it.—Louise E. Braun, No. 3590 Park Avenue.

#### A LONE MAN.

In the house where I live rooms a young man who beats the laundry every day. Each night before he retires he hangs out the window some article he has washed. Last night he hung out a shirt and a pair of socks. To night it was a suit of underwear and some handkerchiefs. He uses his window all as an ironing board and he winds an electric iron like an expert. H. W. Harwood, No. 366 West 58th Street.

#### "SO NATURAL!"

It was 5:15 o'clock in the afternoon and the traffic at Cortlandt Street and Broadway was heavy, but that didn't matter much to the traffic cop when a pretty girl stepped up to him and began whispering him some snapshots. The bluecoat looked at them long; long when he got good and ready he blew the whistle, but he never took his eyes off the pictures. The girl was pretty, and if the pictures were likenesses of her, his time to me seemed well spent. Miss K. Luddy, No. 23 Manhattan Avenue.

#### NO. 300.

I deliver mail in the Italian section of Manhattan, taking in Mulberry, Mott and Elizabeth Streets and a section of the Bowery. On each of these streets I find that the houses numbered 300 are still in possession of the same although all about them live other nationalities, particularly Italian. No. 300 Mott Street is a five-story house full of Irish tenants; an Irish family named Taylor lives at No. 300 Elizabeth Street; the Defendant Hotel, owned and occupied by Irish, is at No. 300 Bowery, and No. 300 Mulberry Street is the old "Ladies' Head" saloon, held by the Irish.—Hugh J. Crowley, 56th Street.

#### REDUCED.

As I walked through 53d Street to-day on my way to call upon a friend, I saw a group of little children playing "store" on the stoop of a dwelling-house. They were conducting what struck me as a most unusual business, nothing less than the sale of babies. The head of the establishment was a lady of about six. After she had transacted considerable business with her regular customers I stepped up and offered to buy an exceptionally pretty little blonde. "I'm awfully sorry," she said, "but this one is sold. I've got one here, though, that you can have cheap; 'cause she's cross-eyed."—Mrs. W. Kipling, No. 220 West 53d Street.



Illustration of a man and a woman in a domestic setting.

#### LIFE IS A BATTLE.

Two boys, one ten and the other fourteen years, were arguing heatedly on 31st Street, near 10th Avenue, last evening. A considerable crowd surrounded them. As I waited the opening of hostilities a man, dressed as a laborer, climbed his way through the crowd, seized the smaller boy and demanded what it was all about. The little fellow whispered that the larger one wanted to hit him. Dad pushed him forward with the injunction: "Gwan in and fight. Get in and lick him, or I'll fix you when you get home." Thus it was that although palpably afraid, the kid called in and worsted the bully, whom he was soon pursuing up the street. As the victor returned with swelling chest, his father said to the grinning spectators that his boy would have to fight his own battles some day and might as well start now.—George F. Cappe, No. 134 West 99th Street.

#### A LITTLE MORE SUGAR, PLEASE?

At William and Duane Streets a horse hitched to a delivery wagon stands for several hours every day. He has a habit of stretching his head toward every child he sees, and children strange to the neighborhood run in terror. But the children who live thereabouts strike his head and muzzle, and when they get him sugar, for that is what he begs for when he puts forth his head, patrons of nearby lunchrooms give their horse sugar originally, letting children feed it to him, and thus created in him a desire which he thinks only children can gratify.—Frances A. Ford, No. 437 West 34th Street.

#### BIG BILL ON THIS HERE, NOW, PROHIBITION.

Over at Coney Island yesterday I saw Big Bill on Paddy Shea's cat, and Big Bill told me that Prohibition has wrecked the game. He has been a night watchman there for thirty-five years and says the crowds now are more disorderly and more difficult to handle than formerly, and, which is important to the Island, do not spend as much money.—Hazel Keefer, No. 233 East 13th Street.

#### IT SPREADS.

A visit to Morningside Heights, in the neighborhood of Columbia University, disclosed to me that it has almost as many strange names for its little places to eat as has far-famed Greenwich Village. The restaurants, less obscure perhaps than the Village places, are quite as popular. Some of the names I noted between Broadway and Amsterdam Avenue and between 115th and 120th Streets were: The Riverside, The Cozy, The Blackie, Mrs. Casey's, the Mescalote, Varsity, The Flying Flame, The Aurora, The Spinning Wheel, The Soda Box.—Jess Miller, No. 1 East 118th Street.

#### CO-OPERATIVE BUYING.

In Orchard Street I saw how some people save the high cost of living. In a butcher shop I saw three women buy different parts of one chicken. Bread is sold by the loaf, half loaf or in three cent portions. Two owners of tea, two or three cents worth of milk, or a half pound of sugar can be purchased. Some women carry teacups or glass-ware to the store, as containers for cracked eggs which are sold cheap.—James J. Barnes, No. 338 East 53d Street.

#### TOUGH.

On 96th Street, between Second and Third Avenues, to-day I saw a group of toughs filling a paper bag with water. The bag filled, they lit trooped over to a coal man's cellar. One of them called out, "Hey, Joe!" A man put his head out of the coal man's cellar. One of the boys threw the water filled bag. Plop, it sounded as if it hit "Joe" squarely on the crown. Wiping the water from his eyes, infuriated, "Joe" clambered to the sidewalk, but there was not a boy in sight.—F. J. O'Donnell, No. 722 Columbus Avenue.

#### MONEY TALKS.

I saw in The Evening World the \$1,000 wage of the "Five-Hour Orator" that he can outtalk anybody. Now I see myself challenging him. I have "argued" "dahlia" and "baked" at Coney Island and on for fifteen years, and often have talked fourteen and sixteen hours at a stretch without missing a single puff of my cigar. Further, as to his refraining, haven't I done a glass of water in fifteen years.—Clive Hart, the Ballyhoo Boy, No. 221 East 69th Street.

#### ONE IN A THOUSAND.

When I returned from luncheon to-day I found the following note signed "J-R"—"On the desk of the librarian: 'I am the boy that came in every day last week to study for the examination last Friday. I passed with a 100 per cent. over the minimum mark, thanks to your library and yourself.'—Emma K. Vols, Huntington Free Library, West Chester.

#### READY FOR WINTER.

Walking along Third Avenue to-day in the neighborhood of 166th Street I saw a big shipment of sleds being delivered to one of the stores.—M. Szoloksy, No. 1121 Tinton Avenue, Bronx.

#### TWO SIDES OF THE STORY.

This morning I saw the children of the neighborhood, most of them with sad faces, going off to school. Their mothers are around telling each other about the lower part of the school has reopened.—Mrs. Helen Bako, No. 637 East 129th Street, Bronx.

#### NEIGHBORLY.

Being a little late this morning I thought I would take a street car to Third Avenue "L." Street cars run none too frequently, so I started to run all the way to Tremont Avenue. I was stuck in a block from my goal, and I saw the car coming. I put on more speed, but it was no use—the car passed on. \* \* \* The motorman happened to glance in my direction and "Hi!" do you suppose I happened? The car stopped! He waited for me. This in the Big Town. In the year Nineteen Hundred and Twenty to Twenty—Miss J. Furst, No. 816 East 178th Street, Bronx.

#### MANHATTAN.

#### BUSINESS MAN ON THE BOWERY.

My nickname is Izzy and when a small bootblack on the Bowery, near Canal Street, hazed me with "Shine, Izzy?" I asked how he knew my name. He said he told me if I would take a shine, I would get a nickel. I said: "When a man comes along and I think he's a 'Talian' I says 'Shine, Tony?' or 'Shine, Joe.' If I think he's a Irish guy I calls him 'Bill' or 'Mike.' When a Russian or a Pole comes along I holler out 'Shine, Stanley?' or 'Shine, Peter?' When a Jew comes I say 'Izzy, shine.' Once in a while I guess it's wrong, but many times I'm right. I gave the bright boy two nickels—one for the shine and the other for his pleasure.—Isadore Rothman, No. 233 Madison Street.

#### HOLD-UP MEN HELD UP.

Droping yelling on Fifteenth Street, between Fifth and six Avenue, I grabbed me to a window while I was at work to-day, and I saw a crowd overtake and beat up two hold-up men who, I learned later, had just stuck up a postmaster in a building opposite. The men were streaking it toward an automobile they had left waiting at the curb with its motor running, when the crowd overtook them. It was impossible for the thugs to get into the car, for they were only about two jumps ahead of their pursuers. The crowd, which was made up of the approaching train. Every one of the crowd overtook the men a short distance up the street and tripped them up. Then they got what was coming to them.—Arthur Halbram, No. 565 West 44th Street.

#### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

On West 99th Street yesterday a young woman walked ahead of me with a stamped, addressed envelope sticking to the seat of her dress. Several children called attention to her resemblance to a "Big Red Post" package. Overtaking the young woman, I removed the letter for her. She thanked me and explained that she sat on some letters to make the trip across.—Anna Soff, No. 39 West 99th Street.

### BROOKLYN.

#### IN REVIEW.

From the elevated station at Eighth Street, Coney Island, I got a glimpse of the grandeur of the sea and the ships that steam upon it. I saw three large passenger steamers, eight freight boats and five tugs. Some mighty dreadnaughts pass in review for me up Amersbach Channel while I waited for a train.—William C. Kraus, No. 490 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn.

#### ON THE ROLL.

In a register of the College of the City of New York to-day I saw under the heading of students in the evening session the name: "Mudgal, Huchesa, hawar Guruseldeshawar."—J. H. Levinson, No. 136 Cork Street, Brooklyn.

#### BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD.

To-day in a local paper I read a column headed "Eighteen Years Ago This Week," and in it was a paragraph which was printed in September, 1904, which reads: "Much concern caused in Bay Ridge because of the announcement by local dealers that the retail price of the best anthracite coal had been advanced to \$10.00 per ton."—E. J. Coghlan, No. 423 47th Street, Brooklyn.

#### THE FAMILY.

Walking up Jefferson Avenue in Brooklyn I saw a woman just ahead of me with a little girl. The child was carrying a big doll. At the corner of Wilson Avenue, the little one ran to a man who was waiting. "Daddy! Daddy!" she cried. The man threw his arms around her, lifted her high in the air and kissed her again and again. When he lowered and released her, she ran back and kissed the woman. Then she rejoined her father and they went away together, hand in hand. The woman burst into tears. When I offered my sympathy she told me that under a court order she is permitted to have her little daughter six months out of the year and the time was up to-day.—Florence Boyd, No. 87 Norman Avenue, Brooklyn.

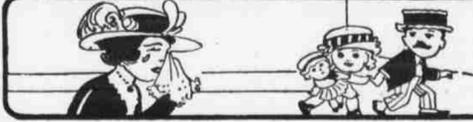


Illustration of a man and a woman in a domestic setting.

#### AND THEY TURNED TO RUBBER.

Returning from a store to-day I heard a small boy singing at the top of his lungs to the tune of "London Bridge is falling down," this refrain: "All the monkeys look at me, look at me, look at me, all the monkeys look at me, ha-ha-ha-ha." Of course, as every other passerby looked at him, and then we laughed at the neat way he had turned the laugh on us.—M. Swain, No. 595 Park Place, Brooklyn.

#### FIRST DAY.

On Monday morning I saw crowds of happy children, spick and span, talking a mile a minute in their excitement over returning to school. When the first day was carried back to the days when we, too, were like them.—Mrs. R. Lindgren, No. 7211 5th Ave.

#### MOTHERHOOD.

I saw in the home of a girl friend whom I had not previously visited since she was married, a sight which has been etched in my mind. The mother was the world began—but which is always new. In her arms was a bundle warmly wrapped in a pretty pink blanket, from which peeped the tiny face of the prettiest girl baby I ever saw. No artist ever painted a more beautiful picture than that pale maid. The face of my friend, who is young, that she might easily be mistaken for a school girl, wore an enchanting expression of motherly love as she tenderly nestled the babe against her breast. Others may have seen more charming things, but certainly none has seen anything more beautiful.—W. A. Fritch, No. 401 Smith Street, Brooklyn.

#### READY FOR INSPECTION.

Two boys were fighting to-day as I was passing Public School No. 15, at South Third and Kent Streets, and I noticed that each boy carried a small, callow, necktie. This, I was informed, was to avoid carrying home evidences of the battle on their clothing and thus escape parental punishment. When the school opens over the boys put on their things and looked as innocent as Sunday school pupils.—Albert J. Heller, No. 285 Central Avenue, Brooklyn.

#### "WE ALL HAS OUR TROUBLES."

I am a salesman employed by a large Western packing house, and just at present have to plug hard for every order. On my route to-day I passed the public school at Berry and South Third Streets, just as the pupils were being let out for the noonday recess. I had just been turned down on a nice order, felt a bit down in the mouth and was thinking how unfair the world can be at times when, at the sight of all these happy faces, my thoughts took a rosier hue and I thought how nice it would be if I could change places with one of these merry, care-free boys. \* \* \* One lad, in particular, impressed me. He was about twelve years old, neatly dressed and looked very much like the immortal Perod. "Well, son," I said to him, "how does it feel to be back to school?" He gave me a sort of reproachful look and said, "ROTTER!" \* \* \* I hustled along to my next customer, convinced that the trials and tribulations of this life are not endured by "adults only."—L. C. Stanchfield, No. 775 St. John's Place, Brooklyn.

#### QUEEN.

#### NOT SO FAST!

Two young men started to scramble through a window of a Tottenville, Staten Island, train yesterday, intent upon getting off before other passengers were allowed to disembark. One managed to get in; but a conductor nabbed the other just as he thrust his head and one leg through the window. The young man was forced to climb back into the car and leave in an orderly manner. If he was as embarrassed as he looked he had learned his lesson.—Mrs. A. H. Gluckman, No. 218 Steiny Avenue, Astoria.

#### PATIENCE ON A ROCK.

A lad who approached me on the Hammels Pier at 3:30 o'clock last evening and proudly displayed three small fish, weighing about three ounces each. He informed me the fishing had been very good to-day, as usually he did not get so many. He was taking his catch home to his smaller brother and sister, who are fond of fish, and was sure his father would give him two cents for being so good. He had been fishing, I learned, since 10 o'clock in the morning. Job must have willed that small boy good fortune.—Mrs. Alvin H. Stein, No. 342 Bayside Place, Rockaway Beach.

#### INTO THE OCEAN TO GET OUT OF THE RAIN.

At Rockaway while the rain was coming down in torrents I saw two girls in bathing suits making for the beach. They were walking along under a big umbrella.—Helen Muller, No. 211 South 31st Street, Freshkills, L. I.

### Yesterday's Special Prizes

First Prize, \$25  
MRS. L. COHEN, No. 1724 East 17th Street, Brooklyn.

Second Prize, \$10  
ANNA CORBETT, No. 194 Tenth Avenue.

Third Prize, \$5  
RICHARD HAGGERTY, No. 317 East 19th Street.

Ten Prizes of \$2 Each  
LOUIS V. FUCCI, No. 229 East 117th Street.  
MARY ACTON, No. 482 Fourth Avenue, Room 655.  
I. WALOWITZ, No. 221 East 121st Street.  
ALVINA BERTZ, No. 95 0th Avenue, Grant City, E. I.  
G. B. HEIBERT, No. 1207 Franklin Avenue, Bronx.  
ELIZABETH W. SLAPPE, No. 99 Union Avenue, Jamaica, L. I.  
T. R. Glen Coys, L. I.  
MRS. F. J. STACK, Box 785, Tenafly, N. J.  
JOSIEPH J. BELSKY, No. 311 St. Nicholas Ave., Brooklyn.  
JOSEPH H. BELSKY, No. 135 Heyward Street, Brooklyn.

Read to-day's stories. Pick the ones you think are best. Winners will be announced in this evening's Night Pictorial (Green Sheet) edition and in other editions to-morrow.