

WHAT DID YOU SEE TO-DAY?

"A FORD A DAY."

Special Additional Prize Daily for Contributions to This Page for Four Weeks.
OPEN TO ALL READERS.
Name of Winner in To-Night's Pictorial Edition.

WEEKLY PRIZES.

Regular CAPITAL PRIZES for the Best Stories of the Week to be Distributed Among
DAILY Prize Winners Other Than Those to Whom the Ford Cars are Awarded: **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: **SPECIAL PRIZE, A FORD CAR A DAY FOR FOUR WEEKS; FIRST CASH PRIZE, \$25; SECOND CASH PRIZE, \$10; THIRD CASH PRIZE, \$5. TEN PRIZES OF \$2 each for next best stories.**

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 Beckman 4000 and ask for the CITY EDITOR of The Evening World. Liberal awards for first big news. BE SURE OF YOUR FACTS.

MANHATTAN

THE INTERNATIONAL.
On Fifth Avenue at 54th Street today I observed two Chinese fellows. Quite naturally, I stared at them. Unnaturally, I thought, they stared at me. Then, to my surprise, they approached me and started speaking in their native tongue. But they spoke so quickly I couldn't respond, and, realizing their mistake, they backed away. I have been mistaken for an Italian, a Spaniard, a South American. One present told me that at times I look like a Japanese, but this was the first time in my life that I have seen a Chinese willing to acknowledge me as one of his own.—Abraham Stromberg, No. 270 West Washington Avenue.

AN ACCOMMODATING MOTORMAN.
For years I have bought my newspapers from a woman who has a stand in Lower Manhattan. We have become quite friendly, and I have admired her in many ways. Often during the day I have noticed her stand being taken care of by stray sandwich men, who, however, kept a sharp watch on sales and seemed happy to be serving there. I questioned the owner of the stand to-day how she came to trust her husband to these fellows. She assured me they were all perfectly honest and, further, sold more papers than she. She brought them a bit of lunch for their trouble. It seemed to me that she felt that to trust these men and to show them they were trusted helped them, and there is no doubt this sort of treatment does more for an individual than any welfare society could ever do.—H. Haach, No. 23 Duane Street.

BLIND MAN'S CLOTHES APRÈS.
On my way into the subway station at Lexington Avenue and 43d Street I saw a blind peddler trying to light a cigarette. In doing so the whole box of matches flamed up, setting his coat afire, but kind-hearted persons immediately rushed to his rescue and put out the flames.—M. Conroy, No. 157 East 97th Street.

BREW MUSIC NOW.
While passing Ruppert's brewery at Third Avenue and 25d Street, I saw ten men with musical instruments standing near a side entrance. This puzzled me and I approached the gathering. Imagine my surprise when I recognized one of the musicians as an old friend.

I invited me to go up with the others in the brewery elevator and we got off at the fourth floor. Here I found a fully equipped band room, with several musicians already tuning up. Two minutes later, a fifteen-piece brass band was playing some dandy march music.

The band meets once a week. Only brewery workers are members.—Edward H. Dreschnack, No. 1663 Third Avenue.

THE MERRY MOVERS.
At the corner of Riverside and West 84th Street, as the bus on which I was riding stopped, I saw a trio of husky furniture movers in aprons and overalls gathered around a player piano which they had just unloaded from a large van. One of the trio had put on a roll and was providing music for passersby. Just as we started on, one of the movers brought an ashcan, upon which the man who was playing the piano seated himself. It was very amusing, but when the new tenant gets his bill, based on payment-by-the-hour, I don't suppose he'll laugh very loudly.—Henry M. Carr, No. 523 West 121st Street.

A SCRAP OF PAPER.
In 11th Street between Third and Fourth Avenues to-day I saw several men running down the pavement looking at the sky. They stopped and looked upward. I asked one what the trouble was. "There is the trouble," he answered, pointing heavenward. I saw only a speck of paper floating above the roofs. "I see only a piece of paper," I said. "Paper?" he asked. "Darn it, can't you see it's my check for \$13.50? The wind just blew it from my hand!"—Richard J. Burchell, No. 694 East 11th Street.

WANTS TO BE CHAMPION.
This morning at Broadway and Ninth Street I saw a boy about thirteen years of age throw a package of cigarettes and some matches in the street. I asked him why he did that, and he told me that he wanted to become light-weight champion of the world, but had forgotten that when he bought the cigarettes.—John Mitchell, New York.

THEY WOULDN'T DECEIVE HER.
On the 93d Street elevated platform I saw a woman register indignation at what she termed an unfair scale on the same platform, which agreed with the first. Stepping dejectedly from the scale, she drew a cake of chocolate from her pocket, looking longingly at it a moment, then with a sigh of resignation it dropped it into a rubbish receptacle.—Freda Borchard, No. 215 West 93d Street.

THROUGH THE NETTING.
On the clay tennis courts which keep Grant's Tomb company, I saw four Japanese playing doubles. Their flannels were creased faultlessly, their shirts immaculately stylish, their feet scurried about in the last word in sports oxfords.

Their tennis was good, each rally crisp with clean hit strokes. Occasionally they called the score in staccato voices—"Love, fifteen, thirty-four, deuce"—with English flawless. Their faces were eager, stent, happy with superabundant life.

Outside the high back net, in the street, stood a Japanese Oriental was dressed in American clothes, but they were his sisters, was wistful as, roughed and powdered in imitation of her countrymen at play, as, through the wire netting.—Ethel M. Allen, Whittier.

THE LETTER READ.
I saw the signature of the faded paper and saw the signature of the poet, John G. Whittier. The letter was dated June 17, 1899, and was found in some papers of my father. It was written while he was in Alaska. The stationery was marked "Oak Knoll, Danvers, Massachusetts."

I read: "I write a line to thank you for the specimen of the curious work of the Alaska Indians, and for the courtesy to my cousins while in the country, and wonderfully interesting country, which I am glad is now a part of the Union. I am truly thy friend, John G. Whittier."—Mary B. Brady, No. 141 East 44th Street.

NEAR OF US CAN DO NO MORE.
The bandstand in Borden Park I saw an aged man in worn and tattered clothing studiously studying the first cabin prospectus of a transatlantic steamer.—Richard Meyers, No. 44 Broad Street.

THE TAME SEAGULL.
This morning on my way to school I noticed my neighbor, Mrs. Bahr, was followed by a bird which waddled like a duck but did not look like one. She told me it was a seagull which she had found in her back yard, where it had fallen after being shot by some unknown marksman. She bound its leg, which had been broken, and nursed it back to health. It had become so tame it followed her around like a puppy.—I. Bernstein, No. 150 Westvelt Avenue, New Brighton, S. I.

THE NEW GOLF BALL.
I had just received a new brand of golf ball from the firm with which I am employed and went to the Fox Hills course to try it. The first hole was a water hazard and since I didn't wish to take a chance on losing my new ball I drove an old one. It went into the water. I congratulated myself on my foresight and put my new ball into play on the second tee. The instant it landed in the fairway a dog on the course took it in his mouth and ran away.—Maureen E. O'Connor, No. 37 Hamilton Street, Stapleton, S. I.

BRONX

HOW THEY KEEP THEIR SPOONS.
To-day I ate a meal at the Magnet Lunch, a restaurant between First and Second Avenues, on 18th Street, Brooklyn. On each knife, fork and spoon I saw engraved the words: "Stolen From Magnet Lunch." The manager told me this was an effective way to stop "souvainr hunters."—Harry Mendlovitz, No. 724 East 180th Street, Bronx.

THE THURTY BEGGAR.
I gave a beggar a dime Saturday at Third Avenue and 148th Street when he asked me to stop him the price of a cup of coffee and then I followed him to see if he entered a lunchroom. He did not. Instead he went into the Dollar Savings Bank at 147th Street. Gee! Wasn't I sore.—Irving L. Cohen, No. 860 East 161st St., Bronx.

HIS MOTHER'S RING.
A boy of eight accosted me in front of the Arady Theatre, No. 257 Ralph Avenue, Brooklyn, and asked me to give him a dime for a 14-karat wedding ring. He said he had found it. After much questioning he admitted he had taken it from his mother's bureau drawer. I sent him home to his mother. Maybe he will eat his meals off the mantelpiece for a few days.—Sidney Rothchild, No. 1238 Grand Concourse, Bronx.

GREETING THE OLD FOLKS.
Standing near the tunnel leading from the Diachergo Room on Ellis Island one day recently, I saw an elderly couple who were emerging from the tunnel greeted by a young couple who exhibited transports of joy, throwing their arms about them and dancing in their rapture. When the ferry boat pulled in to take immigrants to Manhattan the young man carried his mother in his arms and carried her aboard, saying again and again: "God is with us!"—Louis Jacobs, No. 893 East 184th Street, Bronx.

A PEDIER'S RING.
I was buying some grapes from a pedicler at Canal Street and the Bowery, and as I gave him a dime, I wondered how owners of pediclers existed of these small purchases. Then as he handed me back 3 cents in change I saw that he wore a ring with three diamonds.—Miss E. Umlauf, No. 720 East 180th Street.

THE MYSTERIOUS BAG.
Among the persons who alighted from an "L" train at the Brooklyn Bridge to-day was a woman carrying a baby and a man who walked behind her carrying an old-fashioned lady's handbag. The train guard, evidently thinking the man had picked up the bag in the car, tried to stop him. He called another guard. They threatened to call a policeman when the man refused to give up the bag. A crowd gathered. "Open the bag, Charlie," cried the woman, and she showed them what is in it. "Charlie opened it with a grin, displaying some soiled baby clothes. The crowd guffawed, the guards melted away and the couple went on, with the man carrying the baby."—Mrs. L. Henkin, No. 667 Southern Boulevard, Bronx.

REAL LOGIC.
Two little boys sold candy and chewing gum on the platform of the Woodside station of the Long Island Railroad. One is eight, and has been a merchant there for a year, and the other twelve. The latter has been selling gum only since the summer and I noticed that they were not friendly rivals. To-day, however, I saw them in amicable conversation and the little fellow grinningly told me: "Well, you see, I was losing business because that kid was taking some of my good customers from me, so I thought I'd beat it into partnership with him. Now we work faster and I don't have to lose any time watching him instead of selling my candy."—Alvin B. Stein, No. 342 Bayville Place, Rockaway Beach, L. I.

REMEMBERED WHEN HE WAS A KID.
While watching a boy trying unsuccessfully to fly a kite to-day on Jackson Street, between Kingsland and Morgan Avenues, Greenpoint, I saw a man walk into the field and say something to the kid. The man then went to an automobile, in which sat an elderly lady and a young couple, got a rag and went back to the boy. There were several strips from the rag and fastened them to the kite, whereupon it flew without wobbly motions. The boy was delighted and took a chance on his car and the man walked back to his car and his family as if well satisfied with himself that he still retained his youthful knack of kite-flying.—Albert Gilmor, No. 33 Hamilton Road, Hamilton Beach, L. I.

REAL CHEERFULNESS.
Each day during my after-lunch stroll through Washington Street near the Battery I see a youngster in his head paralyzed that he can only turn his head slightly from side to side. But he invariably greets each passer-by with a "Hello!" and a broad, friendly smile. His greeting warms and inspires every one who get it.—Arthur L. Every, No. 850 86th Street, Woodhaven.

THE MISSING PURSE.
A young woman emerged from a telephone booth in a drug store on Court Street and a man immediately entered the booth and searched the man, to whose surrender the purse was found attached.—Max Vilinski, No. 659 Warwick Street, Brooklyn.

WHY NOT?
Riding up Park Avenue on the New York Central Railroad on a rainy day, I saw a woman leaning out of the window and an instant later she had it and holding an umbrella over her head.—Henry Eitinger, No. 121 Van Buren Street, Brooklyn.

PAYING PAGES.
One of a number of schoolboys on a Bergen Street car paid no attention to the conductor when he repeatedly called: "Paying please!" and a woman sitting by the youth delivered him a lecture upon which, after which he paid his fare. Presently the conductor, who had heard the lecture, said: "Madam, my job is not to pay for you, but to see that you pay. You got on at 45th Avenue and it was you I was after." The woman could not get her wits, mumbling something about "forgetting."—Arthur Gast, No. 1551 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

THE OFFICE MIRROR.
In an office I visited to-day was a large mirror in front of which was this sign: "Don't Park Here"—Anna Gillen, No. 40 Morningside Avenue, Yonkers.

WANTED A FOOT WARMER.
It was chilly this morning when Jimmie, my handsome cat, was lapping up his warm milk for breakfast. The milk warmed his insides, but apparently he had cold feet, for, instead of eating the piece of warm toast I had also provided for his breakfast, he lay down facing it and rested his forepaws on it. He maintained that position as long as the toast was warm.—G. M. Green, Katonah, N. Y.

SOME FUR PIECE.
An elderly lady in the Post Office yesterday was wearing a beautiful monkey fur piece. As the lady and I passed one another at the delivery window the fur piece sat up on her shoulder and looked at me. It was a good-sized monkey!—Arlington Bell, Yonkers, N. Y.

THE PRETTY GIRLS' STRATEGY.
I saw a pretty girl make a masher look foolish in the Hudson Tube this morning. The girl, well-dressed and very attractive, entered the car with a much older woman, who was plainly very weary. Not a man offered either one a seat.

Presently I noticed a male passenger trying to flirt with the pretty girl. She smiled sweetly, whereupon he arose, tipped his hat and offered her his seat. She turned to the tired looking woman, motioned her to take the vacant place and then turned to the masher. "Thank you very much," she said. He turned pink and moved into the next car.—Adolph Lindo, No. 321 Davies Street, Arlington, N. J.

NO DISCORD IN THIS FAMILY.
I saw a couple on Glen Street to-day miss the street car which made connections with the train. No taxi was in sight. The husband carried a baby and a heavy suitcase, the wife carried an armful of flowers and a basket. "I'm sorry, dear," said the wife, "that I stopped to change to my henna hat." "Don't mind, darling. I was slow shaving," he replied. No recriminations, no fault-finding—only understanding and sympathy and forgiveness—blue birds of happiness.—O. P. H., No. 25 Continental Place, Glen Cove, L. I.

THE BUSY CHURCH MEMBERS.
In Springdale, a suburb, last night I saw electric lights on the roof of the Methodist Chapel. Then I saw six men busily nailing shingles on the roof while others passed bundles of shingles up to them. Later I learned they were all members of the congregation who were giving their time in the church's service.—Roy Waters, No. 835 Atlantic Street, Stamford, Conn.

HUSBAND VS. WIFE.
At an auction sale at East Northport to-day I saw a man and a woman bid against one another for an aluminum trinkette which was started at a quarter and progressed up to \$1.30 before the woman gave up hope of securing the coveted article and it was knocked down to the man. As he went forward to secure it, the woman exclaimed in a tone of disgust: "Oh, it's you!" and every one realized that a husband and wife had been competing, and a roar of laughter greeted the couple.—Mrs. J. Rosenthal, Northport, Long Island.

BROOKLYN

HE RESCUED THE CAT, BUT—
At Nassau and Humboldt Streets I saw a cat marooned on the highest cross-tree of a telegraph pole, while its owner, an elderly woman, stood at the base, almost in tears, listening to its calls for assistance.

The bootblack at the corner volunteered to rescue the feline, and climbed the pole; but when he tried to grasp gassy he was rewarded with a vicious scratch. After receiving two or three more digs, he finally got a firm hold around the cat's neck and brought it down. As he reached the ground, its mistress tore it from his bleeding hands, and snapped: "What do you mean—choking the poor thing!"—Thomas J. Nolan, No. 144 Guernsey Street, Brooklyn.

HEAL FRIEND.
I was called away during lunch yesterday to visit a sick friend and necessarily left the dishes unwashed. I returned two hours later, unlocked the door and went to the kitchen to wash the dishes; to my surprise I found all the dishes washed and the kitchen spotless. It was a delightful mystery, and it was not until dinner time that I heard it explained. My small son had come home from school and let himself in through a window. A few minutes later he opened the door for a friend of mine, who, seeing the dishes unwashed, had done them for me and gone home. Mrs. S. Feldman, No. 622 Dumont Avenue, Brooklyn.

THE BLIND WHITTIER.
Outside the gate of a little old house at the edge of Queens County to-day I saw a white-haired man whittling dolls from a piece of soft wood. An expensive touring car stopped and its driver, a man, inquired of the whittler the way to Jamaica. The old man, without rising, pointed. The motorist, without a "thank you," as if resenting the apparent discourtesy, drove on. Then a little girl emerged from the house, and taking the whittler by the arm, led him within. He was blind.—Jeanette F. Butcher, No. 1668 Greene Avenue, Brooklyn.

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THEY STILL DO IT!
In the window of a voting station on Fifth Avenue, near 80th Street, Brooklyn, which is ordinarily a store, I saw to-day the sign: "All Parties Vote Here." Immediately under it were painted the words: "Wholesale and Retail."—W. F. Cahill, No. 473 81st Street, Brooklyn.

SIGN POINTS STRANGE WAY.
Yesterday, standing beside the Sub-Treasury Building, I saw a "one-way street" sign pointing upward toward the blue sky, and wondered if it was not really intended as an announcement describing Wall Street operations.—Samuel Longman, No. 297 Jackson Avenue, Long Island City.

A WELCOME GIFT.
To-day at Broadway and 24th Street I saw a poorly dressed man picking up a cigarette and cigar butts. Then I saw a man in an expensive automobile order his chauffeur to stop. The driver alighted, approached the man, picked up the cigarette and cigar butts, and handed him a package of expensive cigarettes and the price of a square meal.—Anna Oeffmann, Grandview Avenue, Springfield.

SAVING THE PUP.
On Steubenville Avenue to-day I saw a pup run and stand on the tracks while a car approached. The car was almost on him and I expected him to be crushed to death when, suddenly, with a screech of brakes, the motorman brought the car to a stop within a foot of the pup. He jumped down, picked him up in his arms and carried him to a little girl who ran out into the street crying.—James Hogan, No. 307 Steubenville Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y.

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OUT OF TOWN

WHO WAS TO BLAME?
At Red Bank this morning two women who were talking earnestly and whose arms were full of bundles alighted from the train on which I rode. As the train started both women began screaming and making frenzied gestures. The conductor pulled the emergency cord. The women rushed into the car and pounced upon a baby peacefully sleeping on a seat. "I thought you had her," one woman said to the other, who seemed equally certain it was the first speaker who had been derelict in duty. They left the train debating the point.—M. Elberg, Alenhurst, N. J. (Box 555).

A JUNK MAN AND HIS SON.
Early this morning the junk man's wagon turned into our lane. "Clinkity, clinkity, clink," went his bell as he approached. I had old papers galore and as he sorted them he talked. "Don't worry," he cautioned me. "My wife worries and she gets trouble of the heart. I got no education; my father was poor—but my boy (oh, the ring in his voice as he lay the word) he goes for college. Not this horse and wagon for him. I don't want him near it, but he helps me when I get home. He is a good boy." He drove away, and now I know what he sees as he drives along—his son—a good boy—"clinkity, clinkity, clink."—Ella Griffith Copeland, Alpine, N. J.

IDLE MEN.
I saw to-day a sight that seemed to contradict the idea that the leisure class is made up of women. In Bryant Park I saw most of the occupants of benches were men—indeed, there were 24 men and only 12 women, two of whom had babies; but most of them may have been unable to find employment.—Mrs. L. E. Cass, Schenectady, N. Y.

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SAVING THE PUP.
On Steubenville Avenue to-day I saw a pup run and stand on the tracks while a car approached. The car was almost on him and I expected him to be crushed to death when, suddenly, with a screech of brakes, the motorman brought the car to a stop within a foot of the pup. He jumped down, picked him up in his arms and carried him to a little girl who ran out into the street crying.—James Hogan, No. 307 Steubenville Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y.

THE TAME SEAGULL.
This morning on my way to school I noticed my neighbor, Mrs. Bahr, was followed by a bird which waddled like a duck but did not look like one. She told me it was a seagull which she had found in her back yard, where it had fallen after being shot by some unknown marksman. She bound its leg, which had been broken, and nursed it back to health. It had become so tame it followed her around like a puppy.—I. Bernstein, No. 150 Westvelt Avenue, New Brighton, S. I.

THE NEW GOLF BALL.
I had just received a new brand of golf ball from the firm with which I am employed and went to the Fox Hills course to try it. The first hole was a water hazard and since I didn't wish to take a chance on losing my new ball I drove an old one. It went into the water. I congratulated myself on my foresight and put my new ball into play on the second tee. The instant it landed in the fairway a dog on the course took it in his mouth and ran away.—Maureen E. O'Connor, No. 37 Hamilton Street, Stapleton, S. I.

THE MISSING PURSE.
A young woman emerged from a telephone booth in a drug store on Court Street and a man immediately entered the booth and searched the man, to whose surrender the purse was found attached.—Max Vilinski, No. 659 Warwick Street, Brooklyn.

WHY NOT?
Riding up Park Avenue on the New York Central Railroad on a rainy day, I saw a woman leaning out of the window and an instant later she had it and holding an umbrella over her head.—Henry Eitinger, No. 121 Van Buren Street, Brooklyn.

PAYING PAGES.
One of a number of schoolboys on a Bergen Street car paid no attention to the conductor when he repeatedly called: "Paying please!" and a woman sitting by the youth delivered him a lecture upon which, after which he paid his fare. Presently the conductor, who had heard the lecture, said: "Madam, my job is not to pay for you, but to see that you pay. You got on at 45th Avenue and it was you I was after." The woman could not get her wits, mumbling something about "forgetting."—Arthur Gast, No. 1551 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

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