

# WHAT DID YOU SEE TO-DAY?

## "A FORD A DAY."

Special Additional Daily Prize for Contributors 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 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 Beekman 4000 and ask for the CITY EDITOR of The Evening World. Liberal awards for first big news. BE SURE OF YOUR FACTS.

**MANHATTAN**  
**A DELIGHTFUL VISIT.**  
A lady brought her little girl of eight to my office to-day, and naturally the child was very nervous and began crying. After having one tooth filled she ran out into the reception room, still sobbing and ready to go home immediately.

As she reached the door her mother asked her what she was going to say to the "nice, kind doctor," and, with tears running down her cheeks, the child made a curtsey and said:

"Please, I've had-a ve-ry plea-sant ti-me!"—W. A. Horner, D. D. S., No. 38 West 33d Street.



**THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.**  
Two donkeys, led by a boy, were crossing Fifth Avenue, at 57th Street, on Saturday, when a girl stopped one of the animals on the flank with her handbag. The donkey started to back, dragging its fellow, and, despite the protests of the boy, they backed up on the sidewalk, from which they refused to bud until a big traffic cop walked toward them. They gave him one look, then suddenly became docile and obedient. No summons for them.—T. C. Murphy, Jr., No. 495 West 61st Street.

**"WATCH THE DOORS!"**  
The megaphone announcer in a B. R. subway express car had called "In-lon Square" this afternoon when I saw a passenger look around for a guard and, finding none, asked the megaphone whether the train would stop at Canal Street. Receiving no response, he yelled his question at the inanimate announcer. Still getting no answer, he was attacking it with his cane when laughing strap-hangers save him the information he sought and explain that the megaphone is worked in several cars by one man.—Harry J. Schwartzfarb, No. 249 Stanton Street.

**UPPER AND LOWER.**  
Coming downtown on a Sixth Avenue "L" train this morning I saw a double-decker bed in a room of a building in the Eighties. Are we coming to such things to render possible the payment of large rentals for small apartments? It reminds one of the stowage of a ship.—M. Smith, No. 100 West 54th Street.

**TWO THINGS AT A TIME.**  
When I returned from school Wednesday afternoon I went to my bedroom to listen to my radio and there I found my sister sewing on the machine while through the radio she was listening to her ears, she listened to music while I listened to the air.—Bill Patterson, No. 251 West 49th Street.

**MR. WHITE.**  
On the signboard of a Maiden Lane building to-day I saw a man's name printed as "G. A. White." A man in the building informed me George W. White's name was so often confused with other George Whites in the same locality that he adopted this novel method of avoiding future confusion. The "Six feet four inches" used in place of a Christian name was suggested by his helmsman.—F. G. Chapman, No. 55 John Street.

**EATS.**  
The good old prices are returning. On Manhattan Avenue, Greenpoint, to-day I saw a store whose windows were placarded with signs reading: "10-10-cent a pound meat store. Only meats of quality sold. Water for grand opening."—J. H. Hilsley, No. 56 Morning-side Avenue.

**RETURN-CARDS.**  
To-day I met some little girls from my house on their way to mail some birthday cards to another little girl. I asked them where they got such pretty cards, and they said the girl to whom they were sending them had given them to the children.

**A PALMABLE HIT.**  
A capacity audience last night greeted the performance of an amateur performance of "The Folly of Divorce," given by members of my lodge, Modern Woodmen of America, at the usual entertainments at Club Camp, Lenox Avenue and 125th Street. In the midst of the most dramatic scene the voice of the Grand Master's little child piped out so every one could hear: "Oh, Daddy, you look so funny!"—Leo White, No. 102 West 125th Street.

**BABY'S FIRST BATH.**  
I was reading on my piazza at Blue Point, L. I., when I heard a succession of clear, sharp bird notes. There is a big square bird bath under a shady spruce tree close at hand. Ferns grow around the bath, and I had placed half a dozen beautiful abalone shells in the moss, thinking that they would be better for the small birds when robins, flickers, bluejays and other such bathers monopolize the larger pool.

Watching the branches from which the cries came, I saw a young catbird, recently graduated from a nest in my Dorothy Perkins rose vine, hopping down from branch to branch, screaming as he came. Then, perched on the mossy edge of the pool, he eyed the sunflicked water, joyously anxious for a bath. As he tested its depth, however, he drew back like a scared kiddie at the beach. Then his bright eyes espied my shells and, screaming with delight, he jumped into the one nearest him. From this he entered the second. He had reached the third shell when a gray shadow flashed through the branches and I saw the birdlet's father perched on the arm of my rustic seat with a bright crimson raspberry, last of the summer's yield, in his beak. Father called and called, but the baby bird splashed on regardless until the third shell was empty. Then he hurried to his parent, quickly swallowed the berry and flashed back for a fourth shell bath, screaming with delight as before. He gained courage and, leaving the shells, finished his experience in the big pool. Then he sought a sunny branch and shook the glistening drops from his gray-and-black feathers, while a devoted parent returned again and again with more good things to satisfy a seashore appetite.—Maud B. Booth, No. 34 West 25th Street.

**MISSING—TWO BOYS.**  
I saw two boys touch a match last evening to a little stream of gas line that had run from the leaking tank of a taxi which was parked in front of a saloon near Fordham Road. The flames ran like lightning fifty feet to the car, and in an instant the taxi was ablaze. Firemen came and had the fire out, but when the police looked for the boys they had disappeared.—Trend Sunden, No. 237 East 194th Street.

**HOW WILLIAMSBURG HEARD THE NEWS.**  
Just before the World's Series games started I was almost crushed to a jelly while investigating the cause for the gathering of a large crowd in front of a store on Williamsburg Bridge Plaza. Then I saw that an enterprising shopkeeper was just putting the finishing touches on a home-made scoreboard to show the progress of the games.—Blanche Levy, No. 912 302 Street, Bronx.

**THE MAN IN THE BLACK BAG.**  
To-day, during the noon hour, while crossing the Willis Avenue Bridge, I noticed a crowd collected on the Manhattan side near the river, and, being curious, I crossed the roadway to see what was going on. On the dock which projects into the Harlem River at about 127th Street I saw a smaller gathering of men, women and boys surrounding a man who was being placed in a black cloth bag in which his son was completely inclosed. The bag then was drawn to the water's edge, and at a signal it was tossed into the river. It seemed to be only a matter of seconds before a man's head and shoulders came to the surface, the black bag and a lot of small chains in his left hand. Then he swam as best he could and was pulled out on reaching the dock. Then I saw, a short distance away at the stern of the Cohocton, a movie operator who had been taking it all in with his camera. This explained the daring of the man in the black bag. The crowd dispersed, looking for another thriller.—H. A. Merrick, No. 447 East 136th Street, Bronx.

**TIPPED.**  
There was a lively crap game going on among some of the students of the Merchants and Bankers School this noon. The players were watching the cub's roll, and were snapping their fingers and calling for their numbers to come out, when a lookout they had posted at the head of the alley sang that a warning, and instantly the game broke up and the boys, as if by magic, appeared as unshorn lambs, mingled with the other students. Two detectives, notified of the game by an apartment house dweller, went to the place and they ran into the alley and found no game.—W. A. Sweeney, No. 60 West 107th Street.

**"WHO WANTS TO BE BOTHERED WITH AN OLD PAIR."**  
A big elephant at the Central Park Zoo yesterday afternoon, could not drink fast enough from a bucket of water that was fed by a hose, so he lifted the nozzle from the pail, placed it in his mouth, and let the water run down his throat. In a few minutes the water rushed from his mouth. He was full and running over. With a satisfied grunt, he dropped the hose and resumed his feeding.—Meta Isenachmid, No. 154 East 47th Street.

**IN FRONT OF JIMMY KELLY'S.**  
A large crowd of boys in front of Jimmy Kelly's restaurant seemed much pleased Sunday night when Jack Dempsey stepped from the place a moment or two to smile at them and shake hands with most of them and say "All right!" when some one said he wanted to see Dempsey fight Willis next.—Raip DeMar-tine, No. 22 King Street.

**FUN.**  
In Central Park, near the 81st Street entrance, on Sunday afternoon I saw a young father starting his four-year-old son off on his kiddie-car as the boy rode down a small hill. After several such rides, the father stood on the back of the tiny car and rode down the hill with the lad, to the latter's great delight.—Miss Mildred Haupt, No. 204 West 89th Street.

**APPREHENSION.**  
The portion of Scripture ordered to be read on Sunday when I conducted services at St. Stephen's Church, Warwick, N. Y., begins: "Beware of false prophets who come to you in the clothing of sheep, but inwardly they are ravening wolves." I preached, instead, on "Travel" and after the service a wag of the congregation said to me: "Father, why didn't you preach on the Gospel of to-day? You are one of those false prophets who come to us in sheep's clothing but inwardly are wolves!" That surely was one on me.—Rev. Terence F. McNulty, No. 276 West 151st Street.

**ABSOLUTELY N. G. WITHOUT SALT.**  
At Throggs Neck I saw a girl of ten pulling a child's wagon filled with grass. When I asked her what she was going to do with it she replied, "My mamma doesn't feel very well, so I'm going to cook it for dinner and I won't forget the salt as she does."—Mrs. Anna Novins, No. 857 East 118th Street, Bronx.

**QUEENS.**  
**THERE'S A VEST THERE SOMEWHERE.**  
Twenty-five of us were fishing yesterday in Ambrose Channel near the Lightship. We had caught some whiting, when one of the party cried excitedly for someone to fetch the gaff. He pulled up a pair of trousers. Then another who yelled for the gaff hauled in a rusty wash boiler in which was a blackfish. An old coat, in which were a lot of crabs, ended the day's freak catch.—Robert Webster, No. 2545 112th Street, Richmond Hill.

**IF YOU DON'T SEE WHAT YOU WANT, ASK FOR IT.**  
At Bridge Plaza, Long Island City, a number of boys were halting drivers of trucks and other vehicles yesterday asking for a "kitch," but as the drivers didn't know in which direction the boys wanted to go, few of them stopped. One enterprising lad printed "Astoria" on a piece of cardboard, held it up as a private car came along and the car halted at once, the owner shouting, "All for Astoria hop in."—Margaret C. Keeler, No. 298 Ninth Avenue, Long Island City.

**THE DUEL.**  
Attracted to my office window by shouting from the courtyard of No. 27 William Street, I saw two young men settling some argument in the old primitive manner. Each time a fist found its mark spectators from every window overlooking the scene testified to their interest by cheering the combatants. The spectators went grinning back to their work when the fight ended.—D. H. Gross, No. 1024 Boston Road, Bronx.

**SPORTSMANSHIP.**  
A convalescent American doughboy sat beside me watching the motor-paced cycle races at the New York Velodrome. He applauded the American, French and Belgian riders, and then astonished every one near him by rising to his feet when Alphand, the German rider, was seen straining every effort to make up some lost ground. "Atta boy, Fritz! Show 'em the fightin' spirit!" he yelled the doughboy.—A. C. C. Bronx.

**OUT OF TOWN.**  
Such Service!  
When the 11 o'clock train for New York pulled in to-day I saw the conductor helping two old ladies to alight, no small task for the reason that they had an unbelievable amount of luggage consisting mostly of small parcels. When everything was on the platform one of the women looked about in bewilderment and asked, "Conductor, is this Jamaica?" "No, madam," he replied, "this is Babylon." "My stars!" she exclaimed, "I'll have to get right back on again. We wanted Jamaica. Help us on again, please." \* \* \* He helped them on again, poor man, and they scolded all the way to Jamaica. "Shouldn't you think he would call the stations so a body could tell what he was saying?" I heard one of them say. They have a very poor opinion of railroading.—Mrs. D. E. Reilly, Oak Street, Babylon, L. I.

**WHY?**  
During the noon hour yesterday, at Stony Brook, I saw a hen start across the road in front of Bayler's lumber yard. A swiftly moving car struck her, and it seemed that she must have gone to the happy hunting ground. But she stood up when the car had passed, ruffled what feathers she had left, and resumed her parade just in time to be hit by another car. That took off some more feathers, but Mrs. Hen finally got to the other side of the road.—Richard Ruggles, Flowerfield, L. I.

**TWO STOPS AT MAPLEWOOD.**  
On a D. L. and W. train last night I saw a conductor stop beside four girls whose tickets were for Maplewood and demand why they had not got off at the last station, saying he had called out the name clearly enough. One of the girls retorted: "But the last station was Millburn; I saw the name on the sign when we stopped." The conductor, scarlet, apologized, and at the next stop he called "Maplewood" for the second time—this time correctly. Herbert C. Aber, No. 29 Fabyan Place, Newark, N. J.

**CERTAINLY NOT.**  
What I saw to-day was myself, the mother of eleven children, taking nine of them and walking three miles to the Barnegat Opera House to see the movie, "Over the Hill." I looked at my brood thoughtfully after I had seen the picture, wondering if any one of them would want me to go over the hill to the poor house when I got old, and—I don't think any of them would.—Mrs. Nettie Chadwick, Barnegat, N. J.

**PUT IT IN THE ACT.**  
To-day I saw seated between a father and mother in the audience at a vaudeville show a four-year-old boy. He performed on the stage sang a song in which he wanted the audience to sound the last word, "Finnegan." He sang the chorus and stopped for the audience to shout the name, but no one uttered a word except the child. He screamed "Finnegan," and then, seeing that he did it alone, he buried his face in his mother's arms. The house roared with delight.—Clifford Hovel, No. 75 Mead Avenue, Port Chester, N. Y.

**MYSTERY OF THE DISAPPEARING WOMAN.**  
I visited the Cathedral the other afternoon and found it practically empty of people. I sat in a pew on the extreme left. Presently a young woman came in and walked hastily down the centre aisle. She had hardly reached the front pew when suddenly she disappeared as if swallowed by a hole in the floor. In a few minutes I was astonished to see the same thing happen in the same place to another woman. I went over to investigate and found both of them kneeling in the aisle repeating a tip in the carpet.—William V. Jones, No. 2531 Perry Avenue, Bronx.

**RICHMOND.**  
**"SIR!"**  
I saw a sign to-day in a vacant store on New Dorp Avenue, reading: "Furnished Room To-day. Two boys altered it to read: 'Room For Sale To-day.' Presently a man came along and went into the store. I followed and heard him ask the lady sitting in charge for a quart. She did not know what he was talking about and he took her to see the sign. She became so angry she threatened to call the police. The sign was removed.—Lila A. Conley, No. 135 Beach Street, New Dorp, S. I.

**"THIS IS AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE."**  
An acquaintance of mine took me driving in his car. On a hill near Huguenot we saw a Ford sedan lying on its side. Just as we were about to pass we saw a man's head protrude from the window. We rushed to him and, lo! it was the face of a friend of mine whom I had not seen for years! I followed and heard him ask the lady sitting in charge for a quart. She did not know what he was talking about and he took her to see the sign. She became so angry she threatened to call the police. The sign was removed.—Lila A. Conley, No. 135 Beach Street, New Dorp, S. I.

**NO RENT AND NO PAYROLL.**  
In one of the newly developed bungalow sections of Jamaica yesterday I saw a small sedan car standing in front of a dwelling. One door was open, and from it swung a number of coat hangers upon which were draped dresses, and other articles of women's apparel. The chauffeur-owner-salesman was selling from samples, and I was informed he had worked up a nice trade in the vicinity. It makes his deliveries and collections on Saturdays.—Mrs. Maud Shipper, No. 204 Logan Street, Brooklyn.

**CANNED.**  
Yesterday while fishing off the Beech-lod Lightship one man in our party caught a fish which had a tin belt. This fish evidently had swum into a can with both ends knocked out and could not extricate himself from it. He had grown and the can formed a belt about his middle.—Harry J. Porter, No. 39 Bush Avenue, Marine's Harbor, S. I.

**BROOKLYN.**  
**YOUNG FELLOW RECEIVES A KICK.**  
Some girl friends and I were resting in Bedford Park and chatting together of this, that and the other, when a frail looking old gentleman came to the next bench. He carried a cane and had a newspaper with him. When he was about to sit down he discovered that the bench was out of order and he narrowly escaped a bad fall. Up to this point we had not paid much attention to him, but immediately he began a little confidential talk to us. He shook the stick and waved the paper. "The caretaker of this park," he said, "ought to be compelled to see that all these benches are in good condition. I'm only sixty-four years old, and I can take care of myself, but dash it all, suppose some old man should come along and try to sit on that bench, some fellow of ninety or so, why, gosh, he might break a leg or hurt himself some way!" We did not say much, and after a while the "young fellow" found a healthy bench and read all about the Giants and Yanks.—Catherine Carroll, No. 1190 Bergen Street, Brooklyn.

**FIRST VICTIM.**  
Sunday afternoon, at the Polo Grounds, I saw a fan walk toward the first base line and go through the motions of an umpire. A special policeman tried unsuccessfully to remove him from the playing field. The man then went to the pitcher's box and the players crowded about him while, to their great amusement, he related a story. Fifteen thousand fans were laughing and cheering. Umpire Hugh Jennings persuaded the man to leave the field, escorting him to a bar, where he renewed his speech on "inside" baseball. But it wasn't long until his condition became such that attendants had to escort him from the grounds.—Chester Peabody, No. 93 Dahill Road, Brooklyn.

**WITH NEVER A THOUGHT.**  
On Flatbush Avenue to-day I saw a group of boys playing leap frog over the foundations in the burial plot of the Dutch Reformed Church, at Flatbush and Church Avenues.—Fred C. Mahoney Jr., No. 927 East 25th Street, Brooklyn.

**THE LAUNCHING OF THE HOUSE.**  
Quite a crowd of us had waited all day Sunday at City Island to witness the launching of a house boat. The owner had worked on it in his spare time for four years, living in it during a large part of the time. It was being pulled out by a launch when an incoming tide lifted one of the supports. The skids slipped and the boat fell over an embankment with a terrible crash. No one was hurt. No damages were done to the boat. Even the soup on the kitchen stove remained in the pot.—Mrs. E. M. Mathews, No. 1048 E. 95th Street, Brooklyn.

**HE SAYS HE GUESSES OIL IS GOOD ENOUGH.**  
On 42d Street to-day I saw a window exhibit which portrays a room in a farmer's home. It is equipped with an "Arco" heating system and a radio set, and has the appearance of a modern home. Yet, the source of the lights is an old-fashioned kerosene lamp. I saw a chance there for the electrical experts next door to "sell" this farmer a lighting outfit.—Jacob L. Deitz, No. 425 Newport Avenue, Brooklyn.

**WHERE THE GRAND CENTRAL FALLS DOWN.**  
This afternoon I dropped into the Grand Central Station waiting room to rest a few minutes, and alongside of me was seated a regular waiting room passenger who proved to be ripe with criticism. He opened up conversation with me by complaining that it was extremely difficult to read his newspaper there because of the poor lighting. He also complained that the seats were stiff and uncomfortable. He often finds, he said, that the air is a bit stuffy. I felt like reminding him that the Hotel Commodore, right next door, has a very pleasing lobby, but instead, I asked him how he likes the Pennsylvania Station. He replied that he seldom gets over there on account of its being so far from the house where he rooms.—Joseph E. Mahoney, No. 13 Brevort Place, Brooklyn.

**"BABY" IN PRISON.**  
This morning, as I opened the outer door of my office, which is in a building formerly used as a brewery, and in whose courtyard children played for years, a little girl came tearfully to me and said: "Please, I left my baby in the hall last night and you locked her in." I was shocked at the idea of having locked a little child up overnight, and hurried to find the baby. There she was, apparently fast asleep in a corner of the hall. "Baby" was a doll, as large as a three-year-old child.—Benjamin Saltzman, No. 216 Throop Avenue, Brooklyn.

**HOW THEY DO THINGS IN SYRACUSE.**  
We were delegates to the Syracuse convention and were waiting for a car to take us from the arena on Salina Street, when a man in a dark suit and a woman stopped at the curb. She smiled, smilingly, to her windshield, on which was a sign reading: "Women Democrats, where may we take you?" We asked to be driven to the St. Cloud Hotel. The next day she called, took us to luncheon at her home and then drove us to the city.—Margaret V. Shipper, No. 21 East 86th Street, Brooklyn.

**AND THEN MOTHER, LIKE A PLASH OF LIGHTNING.**  
My little seven-year-old nephew was sailing his boat in the bathtub to-day when he suddenly called to me and said: "Look at the storm coming!" I went to see and found him letting the bath spray rain over the boat.—Mrs. Julia Mayer, No. 356 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn.

**THE PUNISHMENT FITS THE CRIME.**  
Last night at 10:30 o'clock I saw three little boys about ten years of age turning the spotlight of an automobile parked on 72d Street, near Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, on the windows of nearby houses. The policeman on beat caught sight of them, captured two and turning them over his knees gave them a sound spanking. Both boys began yelling, "Mama!" with all their might, and the cop remarked with a little heat: "If your mothers were wise you boys would have been in bed long ago!" Then he shoed them home.—Richard D. Kelleher, No. 406 Ovington Avenue, Brooklyn.

**PAY NO MONEY! SEND NO MONEY!**  
There is no charge of any kind for taking part in The Evening World's "What Did You See To-day?" competition. Send no money with your letters. Pay no money to any one under any circumstances. PERSONAL calls are made on Ford winners ONLY. If your contribution is adjudged worthy of the automobile the reporter who calls upon you will carry Evening World credentials. Ask to see them. In case of doubt, telephone to the City Editor of The Evening World.

Every effort is made to print the more meritorious contributions. Write on matters likely to be of general interest. "Locate" the incident. Tell WHERE the thing happened. And "keep on trying!"

# "A FORD A DAY" GIVEN AWAY FREE FOR FOUR WEEKS—SPECIAL PRIZE

**Yesterday's Special Prizes**

**Ford Car**  
MRS. CATHERINE W. KRITZER, No. 1081 Union Avenue, Bronx.

(Winners of Ford Prize please report immediately to City Editor, Evening World, for identification.)

**First Cash Prize, \$25**  
MRS. EDWARD T. KELLY, No. 121 West 61st Street.

**Second Cash Prize, \$10**  
ELIZABETH B. BUCKNAM, No. 672 Putnam Avenue, Bronx.

**Third Cash Prize, \$5**  
MRS. SCOTT, No. 23 Gordon Street, Palmer Heights, Yonkers.

**Ten Cash Prizes of \$2 Each**  
ANNA M. ABERNATHY, No. 51 Himrod Street, Brooklyn.  
MRS. FLORENCE GIRAUD, No. 24 New Street, Lynbrook, L. I.  
MRS. J. GEORGE, No. 150 Lenox Avenue.  
MRS. J. RECHMAN, No. 483 East 146th Street, Bronx.  
LORETTA HADLEY, No. 9213 Cruger Avenue, Williamsbridge, Bronx.  
HARRY MENDLOWITZ, No. 734 East 180th Street, Bronx.  
CHARLES E. OLSEN, No. 37 Bargett Avenue, Port Richmond, S. I.  
ORAM FARRAND, No. 22 Hurlichs Place, Bloomfield, N. J.  
JOHN F. MUSTLER, No. 12 West Park Avenue, Corona.  
CHARLOTTE MILLS, No. 316 Beach 59th Street, Edgewater.

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 on Monday.