

HOW TO KEEP COOL---TAKE A TIP FROM CITY'S KIDDIES



STREET SHOWER BATHS



COOL AS A CUCUMBER



BATHING IN CITY'S PUBLIC BATHS

cluded the missing man's fondness for eggs. Constantly he would be seen walking along the street sucking a raw egg. In the neighborhood saloons he would drink whiskey and suck eggs at the same time, telling the bartenders that he made three meals a day on whiskey and eggs, and kept himself in splendid trim such a diet as that might account for strange psycho-pathic tendencies such as may have existed in the monster who slew Julia Connors.

EGGSHELL CLUE BELIEVED TO BE VALUABLE.

These facts taken together and bundled into a whole have convinced the host of detectives working on the case that the eggshell clue is a valuable one and should be investigated thoroughly. The eggshells that were found in the flat to which the murderer lured his little victim were free from dust and had evidently come from there very recently. When shown to the delicate-sensory owner downstairs he could not tell whether or not they had been purchased from his shop. He did not recall selling any eggs to the missing man for at least three weeks.

During a period of several months he had sold the man dozens of eggs and had watched him bore one end of them with a bodkin and then suck them. Now and then the man would carry away several eggs in his pockets.

It is possible that the murderer in the vacant two-room flat on the third floor of No. 303 Third avenue, the unknown assassin thrice ran the gambit of detection in passing seven doors in that building. He also committed the actual crime in a flat in the interior of which was within range of thirty-one windows in neighboring apartments and where he placed the wooden box containing the body of the still living child in the vacant lot adjoining the scene of the murder, a watchful eye in any one of as many as forty-seven windows could have seen him at his dastardly work in the gray dawn of early Sunday.

No. 303 Third avenue, a house which has followed the history of this case known, is a four-story building, the south-east corner of the three in the murder block, which faces Third avenue. Little Julia's home was in the center of the block below, which is solidly built up, and she was last seen by her step-mother at 5:30 P. M. Saturday morning of Third avenue into One Hundred and Seventy-second street. Windows were up that night in the majority of the flats around the vacant, crime-stained one. They ought to have been good mediums of sound.

Entering the flat house where the crime was committed, one has to pass the doorway of Julia Weinberg's deli, the entrance to the left, or Morris Isaac's butcher shop on the right. This counts as the first door the criminal must have passed fearfully into as he crept past either with the Connors girl by the hand, under a promise to take her to her father possibly, or alone to await her coming, she having been arrested there by some one. Both stores were full of customers.

RAN GANTLET OF ELEVEN DOORS THREE TIMES.

Going through the door of the flat house the assassin passed four doors on the ground floor, two on each side. Hot night tenants took their baby carriages in the hall. There are three steps up in the hall before the climb to the second floor begins.

At the head of the first flight of stairs there are four more doors, two opening into the flat of Moses Stern, owner of the building, and two doors opening into the flat of Mr. and Mrs. George Poulos. At the top of the second flight of stairs are two doors on the south side of the building, entrances to the flat of Mr. and Mrs. B. Olinhouse. These made the eighth door of peril to the assassin. The next door was the entrance of the front parlor hall into the vacant flat where Julia Connors was slain, directly over the Stern flat, and on the north side of the building.

The risk of detection by the sudden opening of a door was renewed by the murderer when he went out to get the baby carriage which he placed in the child's room after she had been frightfully stabbed. For the third time he again passed all these doors, and then walked the length of the cellar to its rear, where at the foot of the dumbwaiter shaft he is believed to have lifted out the box with his human cargo, then to stagger with it up the rear stairs into the backyard and thence through the gate in the fence which separates the built up from the vacant portion of the block. Eleven doors passed three times, and not one to open upon this evildoer.

"My husband and I were up until 1 o'clock Sunday morning, and we never heard nor saw any one come out or count up one floor from our window," said Mrs. William Ferguson of No. 370 Third avenue.

"Had I only known what was going on I could have struck down little Julia's assailant with a walking stick from the window of my room," said Henry Alexander, occupant of the south third-story flat at No. 370. "My father-in-law, Samuel Schwartz, his wife, and his two children, Mary and Phillip, as well as my own wife, Frances, our daughter, Helen, and myself, were about the flat all evening within arm's length of the murderer, and not one of us even dreamed of what was happening so near. We sleep in the front of the flat, and all had retired at midnight."

WHY OVEREXERT YOURSELF THESE HOT SUMMER DAYS?

Sweetening New York does not have to brave the rays of a scorching summer's sun in its search for cool places to live, restful spots to spend a vacation, shady summer cottages for rent, steady or extra helpers for the home or business place, etc.

3,558 WORLD ADS. YESTERDAY— 825 More Than the Herald, Times, Sun, Tribune and Press Combined.

With The Morning World, the Greatest Opportunity Guides, at Hand, One's Home or Office Wants May Be Filled by Telephone or Mail.

Save Time by Letting World Ads. Work for You To-day.

WHICH MAY ACCOUNT FOR OUR FAILURE TO HEAR ANYTHING.

NEIGHBORS UP TILL MIDNIGHT HEARD NOTHING.

If any neighboring tenant had vantage over another in location to view the vacant flat, Charles Rosella, a paper hanger, living on the top floor of No. 370 Third avenue, enjoyed that position. He said: "My wife and I retired at 12:30 o'clock Sunday morning. Several times during the evening I recall going to the kitchen sink and washing my hands directly alongside of the window from which is visible practically the whole of the rear of that terrible flat. It is my recollection that the windows were open then the same as now, and for the life of me I cannot understand why I heard no cries."

Eight families living in No. 340 West One Hundred and Seventy-third street were questioned as to what use they had made of their opportunity to view what was going on in the vacant flat through the rear kitchen windows. Mrs. I. Lifschitz, living on the top floor, said that about 2:30 o'clock Sunday morning she heard a dog bark. Mrs. Anna Elronymus, janitress, and owner of the dog living in the basement of the same building, was awakened also by the dog. Neither woman walked to their side windows and looked into the backyard of No. 303 Third avenue, where the child's assassin was doubtless reconnoitering for an avenue of escape.

Not a sound was heard by the families of J. Strutovitz, H. Rathlow, T. Schwartz, Joseph Stogel, F. Rah, J. Hannan and I. Lebovitz, all sleeping in No. 360.

HAVE POLICE BEEN MISLED BY A "PLANT"?

How the criminal was able to operate the dumbwaiter, a creaking and groaning affair, is most puzzling to the police. Five families practically slept with their ears to the shaft and not one heard its noise. In the early part of Saturday night there were a number of delivery boys and their assistants climbing the stairs to avoid meeting these uncertain comings and goings.

"That he was successful shows one of two things: Either the criminal is the most diabolically clever murderer in the annals of crime, or the police have gone all wrong on this case and have been victimized by a plant of rare cunning—the murder of Julia Connors having taken place outside of the vacant flat at No. 303 Third avenue in a spot not yet discovered."

The police have made eight arrests up to-day, but none of them has been productive of any results. They are following every clue, however little confidence they have in it, and it is hinted here that important information that is likely to bring about another arrest at any minute.

Among the scores of city detectives and amateur sleuths who are trying to track down the Bronx murderer are Miss Farrington, who is twenty, and May Connors noticed a shabby, stout, dwarfish man acting in a suspicious manner. The Connors girl had seen him before loitering about the park and said Miss Farrington. The latter said she would follow the man, while the girl ran home to tell her father. Miss Farrington followed the suspect to Vandover and Third avenues, where he ascended the elevated stairs on one side and came down on the other. Then he went to Cronka Park and threw himself on the grass. Miss Farrington pointed him out to Sergt. Quilly and Policeman Gibson, who began to question him.

MAY HAVE BEEN STABBED OUTSIDE THE FLAT.

A large crowd of people and the word was passed around that the murderer had been caught. About this time Edward Connors, the murdered girl's father, came running up, angry and excited, and made a lunge for the prisoner. He was restrained by the police and some of his friends. The man was taken to the Batonga avenue station and held in the cell until this morning, and only looking for a place to sleep. He was held for further questioning.

MOTHER IS GONE; BABE DYING

Unless Mrs. Mercedes Returns, Infant Daughter Will Die.

Two days ago Mrs. Louise Mercier left her home at No. 63 Bleeker street, Brooklyn, following a quarrel with her husband, George. To-day her eighteen-month-old daughter, Emily, is critically ill, and will probably die unless the mother returns.

"I have hunted for my sister-in-law all over Brooklyn," said Fred Mercier, a brother of George, to-day. "The baby has not touched any food since her mother went away and the doctors say she won't live unless her mother comes back."

Mrs. Mercier is thirty-two years old. She has been married five years. When she left her home she was wearing a going shopping, but took her clothing with her.

LIGHT RAIN BRINGS RELIEF FROM HEAT; WARM TO-MORROW.

Forecasters, However, Does Not Believe Friday Will Equal To-day's Heat.

Bleated relief—for a time at least—streaked heat-mad New York a little after 2 o'clock this afternoon, when one of the long prophesied thunder storms out of Jersey came swinging over the river and spilled .15 of an inch over parched roofs and heads. To be sure, that wasn't much, but sufficient to make the temperature tumble from 93 at 2 o'clock to 78 within twenty minutes. It stood at the latter figure at 2:30 o'clock, and there was a strong possibility that another storm would keep it there for a while.

The thundershower which swooped down out of the west was preceded by the customary cloud of Jersey dust, and when it hit lower Manhattan everything went—hats and papers and everything else that was not tied down. Then the rain came—a drizzle at first and then a sudden a great plump of rain in drops as big as dollars. The downpour continued for about half an hour and then let down into the drizzle again.

All of this time there was the fine, stinging wind which cooled and the freshness that comes with a summer rain. People thanked the Weather Bureau for its little gift, not knowing that the Weather Bureau wagged its head and opined that this little rain did not necessarily mean the end of the torrid spell.

The dead reported up to 11:30 o'clock were: Vincent Tomley, three months old, died at his home, No. 313 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn.

Elizabeth Leroy, seventy-four, of No. 278 Tenth avenue, Brooklyn, died at her home.

Michael Tindrick, forty-five, a laborer, of No. 83 West Forty-second street, died at his work at Forty-eighth street and North River.

One man, who is unidentified, and who now lies in Flower Hospital at the point of death as the result of heat prostration, dropped in the Fifty-fifth street station of the subway early in the morning and was taken to the hospital unconscious. He is about fifty-eight or sixty years of age, medium weight and dressed in a gray mixed suit.

Jacobs Rosenberg, nineteen years old, a laborer whose home is at No. 19 Suffolk street, became suddenly insane as the result of the heat while at work on the docks at Forty-second street and North River. The man appeared to have a fit and when he recovered from this seizure he began to attack his companions who had crowded about him. He was removed to Bellevue in a straightjacket.

When old Dr. Searr, up in the cooler zones of the Weather Bureau, some thirty stories above the street, took a squint at the thermometer at 8 o'clock this morning he whistled softly; the quicksilver was only at the 78 mark; yesterday it had been two degrees higher at the same hour. But the humidity had hoisted itself one peg over yesterday at 8 o'clock; it stood at 77.

To sweetening folks down in the steaming streets one degree of humidity is equivalent in the discomfort produced to about three degrees' rise in temperature.

"Generally fair, with tendency to cooler to-night and Friday," was the best promise Dr. Searr could give out. "In this vicinity temperatures will hardly touch 90 degrees this afternoon and Friday will probably show a further tendency to cooler. Some cloudiness will prevail, and scattered light thunder showers are probable late this afternoon or tonight.

People with handkerchiefs tucked in their collars are sceptical about the comfort those "scattered thunder showers" might bring after the flimmer of early late night. All that did was to give the humidity a boost.

Just to tantalize New Yorkers the Weather Bureau jokers handed out a schedule of temperatures all over the United States, with the accent on San Francisco and Helena, Mont. Rejoice those spots were about the coolest in

NORTHERN COURSE TAKEN BY CEDRIC ON SAILING TO-DAY.

With Big Passenger List White Star Steamer Resumes Old Route.

Among the passengers sailing on the Cedric to-day were E. A. Hodgson and T. F. Fox, who are on their way to attend the International Convention of Deaf Mutes, to be held in Paris next month. They will also visit many of the deaf mute institutions of Europe and make a careful study of the methods in use for the education of the deaf.

Mr. Hodgson is the editor of the Deaf Mute Journal, while Mr. Fox, also a mute, is associated with him in work for the improvement of the condition of the deaf. Mr. Hodgson goes as the official representative at the convention of the New York Institution for the Deaf, and both delegates will return to this country early in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald de Koven, who were booked to sail on the Olympic last week, finally got away to-day on the Cedric. They will travel over Europe, and expect to return to New York early in the autumn.

John Lee, former Vice-President of the International Mercantile Marine, was also a passenger, expecting to be away for the greater part of the summer on business and pleasure combined.

Mrs. William C. McCoy and Miss Helen McCoy, wife and daughter of the managing editor of the New York Evening Sun, went over for the summer.

Every berth but one in the first cabin of the Cedric was taken when the ship got away and Capt. J. O. Carter, R. N. R., told his officers that he would now take the northern course, shorter between this port and Liverpool by some three hundred miles than the course to the southwest. This is the first time since the loss of the Titanic that any White Star ship has gone over the course upon which the giant was lost.

Government reports from vessels in the ice region show that no ice is now there and all danger for the season is over.

Others going over on the Cedric were E. J. Allen and the Misses Allen, Dr. and Mrs. Charles R. Collins and Miss Collins, Frank Denton, K. C. J. D. Foray, Mrs. Harry Garnett, Miss Antoinette Levesque, William H. Ingham and Miss Ingham, Capt. and Mrs. N. S. Jarvis, Mrs. Louis R. LeMoine, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Pickle and Miss Minnie Pickle and Dr. Arthur W. Yale.

RINGTON DAVIS SHOOTS HIMSELF IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, July 11.—Rington Davis of Easton, Md., fifty-four years old, shot himself Tuesday in the Old Ship Hotel at Brighton, where he had been staying with his valet since June 4.

At the coroner's inquest the valet said Mr. Davis had severe headaches following an attack of influenza, but never threatened to take his life. On going to his room the valet found Mr. Davis lying on the sofa covered with a dressing gown. On removing the gown the valet discovered that Mr. Davis was dead, with a bullet wound in his head, the right hand being still clasped in the right hand.

The jury returned a verdict of suicide. The valet was cabled to Easton for identification of the body.

the country—62. But Flagstaff, Ariz., topped them both with a showing of 64. Yet they say nothing good comes out of Arizona.

William Christ, a youth whose home is in Maspeith, L. I., became crazed by the heat to-day, while waiting in the pen of the Brooklyn Special Sessions Court to be arraigned on a charge of assault in the third degree. The boy's insanity manifested itself in a singular way, the idea flashing upon him that it was his duty to bathe his fellow prisoners.

Having announced his intention, he stripped off all his clothing, turned on the water faucet and proceeded to splash water over his five fellow prisoners. Court attendants rushed in and forced the man to dress again. He was no sooner left alone, though, than he stripped off all his clothing a second time and strove to squeeze himself through the bars of a window. He was hauled out with difficulty and sent to the Kings County Hospital for observation.

LAND FROM BARGES AS RATS ARE KILLED TO PREVENT PLAGUE.

Passengers Taken Off Ships Infested by Rodents Exposed to Infection.

Thousands of rats, supposed to have been exposed to the bubonic plague that is prevalent in many of the West Indian and South American ports, were either smothered or drowned to-day, when more than one thousand pounds of sulphur was burned in the holds of the steamships Saratoga, of the Ward line, in from Havana and West Indian ports, and the Caracas, of the Red D line, in from San Juan and Venezuelan ports, after they had been quarantined and then allowed to go up the bay to the Statue of Liberty, where they were forced to anchor and host the yellow flag of the quarantine.

There were valuable cargoes on both vessels, while the Saratoga brought up ninety-three first class cabin passengers and the Caracas came in with seventy-five.

After thorough investigation by the quarantine officials at the entrance to the harbor, the passengers were given permission to land from barges, which were provided by the Ward and Red D lines upon the arrival of the vessels at the Statens. The Saratoga's passengers were brought to shore at the East River pier of the line, while those from the Caracas were taken to the landing place in Brooklyn.

Many of the rats that infested the ships were caught and sent to the quarantine station on Staten Island, where they will be examined by the health and reports made regarding their condition and the likelihood of their having been inoculated with the plague.

AMERICANS SCORE 16 POINTS OUT OF A POSSIBLE 18 TO-DAY.

(Continued from First Page.)

shot-putting event attracted much attention. Ralph Rose was in better form to-day than McDonald, in Rose's three throws with the right hand he did 15 metres 11 centimetres (49 feet 6 1/2 inches) twice, and in his third attempt, he accomplished 15 metres 23 centimetres (49 feet 11 1/2 inches). McDonald was unable to do better than 14 metres 24 centimetres (46 feet 5 1/2 inches) and 14 metres 22 centimetres (45 feet 11 1/2 inches) in his first two puts, and in his third trial, only 11 metres 34 centimetres (38 feet 10 inches).

Nicklander of Finland and a small Turkish athlete were most noted among the other contestants. The Turk looked like a child in size beside the Americans. He was soon out of the competition, but the Finn, with a put of 14 metres 30 centimetres (48 feet 11 1/2 inches), was left with Rose and McDonald.

In the second round, using the left hand, Rose put 12 metres 41 centimetres (40 feet 10 inches), McDonald 12 metres 45 centimetres (40 feet 9 3/4 inches), and Nicklander 12 metres 42 centimetres (40 feet 8 1/2 inches).

Miss Fanny Durack of Australia, who has been a consistent British put winner, won the first heat of the semi-final 100-metre swim for women, in 1 minute 29.5 seconds. Miss Daisy Curran of England was second, Miss Walshe of Australia won the second heat, with Miss Annie Spiers of

England second; the time was 27:15 seconds. No Americans qualified in the preliminary heats for the 400-metre swim, free style, for men. Most of the places went to Englishmen and Australians. The 1000-metre race went to-day to Goulding of Canada. His victory was a foregone conclusion. Kaiser, the only American who qualified, fell in a faint in the tenth lap and had to be carried from the track. E. J. Webb of England finished second, F. Altman of Italy, third. The time was 46 minutes 23.4 seconds, which is four seconds faster than the previous Olympic record.

The American entrants for the Marathon, which will be run next Sunday, stopped active training to-day and will take only nominal exercise until the time for the start of the big race arrives. The chances of the Americans are declared by the experts to be very poor and the British experts assert none of them will show in the first twelve miles. However, none of these same experts gave Johnny Hayes a chance in the London Marathon, which he won, so the American experts are not trying.

According to the experts, Cookery, of Canada, and Wide, of Sweden, seem to have the best chances to win the race.

In a Receptive Mood. (From the Cincinnati Enquirer.) "Well," mused Floukey Freddie, as he stretched himself and left his park bench, "I haven't had a drink to-day, but my hat's in the ring."

\$1,900,000 TO ROOSEVELT 1904 FUND, BUT NOT A DOLLAR FROM TRUSTS.

(Continued From First Page.)

He said he was not connected with any big business we were glad to get it. However, in turning it over, he remarked that he hoped that he might be considered some time for a diplomatic post, and in that event that he would have the good will of the chairman of the committee. I told him that he had probably been misinformed as to how those things were done, and while I did not want him to misunderstand, that we could not accept the contribution.

"Some believe all a Chairman does is to raise money," said Mr. Cortelyou. "It is not. He has other business." He said he knew of some contributions around \$10,000. Several of them, he said, were from women, whom he believed contributed because of long interest in the party or through sentimental reasons. So far as he knew they were not interested in trusts.

He estimated between 70 and 800 persons were authorized to collect money. He said that contribution books were distributed and many anonymous contributions were made "just as to charitable, religious or social organizations." TELLS HOW THE MONEY WAS EXPENDED.

Mr. Cortelyou gave as the most important sums expended from the fund of \$1,900,000 the following: To the State committee, \$750,000 to \$1,000,000 for literary productions, over \$500,000; speakers' bureaus at the New York and Chicago headquarters, \$17,000; lithographs, \$100,000; expenses of the general headquarters in New York and Chicago, \$150,000.

At the close of his examination Mr. Cortelyou said he desired to take full responsibility for the campaign contributions. He denied that he had been selected as chairman because he had been Secretary of commerce and Labor and was in a position to force corporations to contribute.

"At that time the bureau of corporations had just been organized," said Mr. Cortelyou, "and I knew no more about the affairs of corporations than any other citizen who read the current literature of the day."

The Nervous Senator. (From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.) The Negotiator—As you were saying, Senator, this bill— The Senator (nervously)—Hush. The Negotiator—What do you hear? The Senator—That's strange sound. There it is again! Listen! The Negotiator—That's the clock. The Senator—Do you think so? It sounded to me like the hoarse breathing of a hidden dictograph. Go on!

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A TERRIBLE SIGHT WITH BLISTERS

Rubbed Face Until It Bled. Thought She Was Disfigured for Life. In Two Months Cuticura Soap and Ointment Completely Cured Her.

105 Railroad Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.— "The trouble began a few days after the baby was born—that was March 16, 1911. Her cheek first became all red, then little blisters would form; when you put your hand on the side of her face, it was like fire. She would cry and rub it with her little hand, and rubbed it until it would bleed. I thought she was disfigured for life. It was a terrible sight. I thought it was a birth mark, it looked so bad.

"We had tried other salves from the drug stores, but it did not show any signs of healing. So I sent for a sample of Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap. I washed her face with the Cuticura Soap and then used the Cuticura Ointment, and in three days she showed relief, and in two months Cuticura Soap and Ointment had completely cured her. Now she has a most beautiful skin." (Signed) H. Hayes, Nov. 20, 1911.

For red, rough, chapped and bleeding hands, itching, burning palms, and painful finger-ends, a one-night Cuticura treatment works wonders. Soak hands, on retiring, in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment, and wear old, loose gloves during the night. Cuticura Soap (25c.) and Cuticura Ointment (50c.) are sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

For Tanned-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

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It gives the shine that won't come off. For office or home—automobile bodies—all finished surfaces.

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Get a trial can. At hardware, furniture, and department stores everywhere. Standard Oil Company of New York

1/3 off Regular Prices Clothing For Ladies and Gentlemen ON OUR EASY Credit Plan

No Deposit Just \$1 a Week Pay One Lenox Clothing Co.

2274 3d Ave. 7 w 14th St. OPEN TILL 11 P. M. SATURDAY 10 P. M.

Petermann's ROACH FOOD

Entire roaches and water bugs from their breeding places and kills them. Made extra strong.

Petermann's Discovery the powerful destroyer of Bugs and their eggs. A sure preventive. Petermann's Ant Food—Kills ants and fleas. Petermann's Moth Food (Odorless), kills moths.

READERS OF THE WORLD

Going out of town for the summer may have the World sent to them, and address changed as often as desired. Morning World, 12c per week. Evening World, 6c per week. Sunday World, 3c per Sunday. Send your remittance to the Cashier.

NEW YORK