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ROWDIES IN RESERVED SEATS.

HOW MUCH insult privilege goes with a baseball ticket?

Let the "fans" who are growling because "Ty" Cobb climbed into the grand stand and punched a man for using language the fellow would never have dared to use in the open answer that question. The man thought his seat in the audience protected him.

It is all very well to say that the baseball player should have controlled himself, that he had no business to take the law into his own hands. Certain kinds of foul-mouthed abuse can be answered only as Cobb answered it. To make the lesson a moderate one is beyond human nature. If the man in the crowd used half the words that creditable witnesses say he did it was a queer sort of audience that didn't kick him out of the stand.

What are the rights of public performers, anyhow? Are they to be obliged to listen to any sort of low invective and filth that a muddy minded spectator may choose to fling at them? Hissing and chaff, disapproval loud and plain—yes. But how about coarse abuse and vile invective? Would such things be tolerated for an instant in any theatre?

And what about the rights of the other spectators? Are decent men, women and children at a public sport to be forced to listen to the offensive gutter gibes of toughs who have no regard for their surroundings? It is a notorious fact that baseball games in this city are ceasing to be safe or decent places for women or children because of the language that is shrieked across the field by excited men onlookers.

It is high time this sort of thing came to an end.

If "Ty" Cobb has succeeded in drawing public attention to this growing evil he has done a good thing for clean minded lovers of a great sport. The baseball magnates who are so gravely and ponderously upholding their own dignity and authority would do better to take the hint and enforce common decency and order among the public that go to their games.

TRY "SPARROW COPS" AGAIN.

THAT WAS a good idea of Mayor Gaynor's to take a Sunday trip through the parks unannounced and all by himself. The Chief Executive of a great city going about the people's playgrounds of a Sunday afternoon, seeing how the crowds amuse themselves, watching small boys play baseball and letting little girls show him how to sail boats, is a far from unpleasant picture.

It is to be hoped the Mayor's keen eye noted much besides the crowds themselves—particularly in Central Park. He is reported to have declared himself "delighted with the way the people were enjoying the parks."

What we are apt to forget is the fact that the "enjoyment" of a New York crowd in the open air too often proves like a march of Attila and his Huns. Grass and flowers bloom no more where their feet have trod.

A great park can only be maintained by the sacrifice of some liberty and the suppression of all lawlessness. Fine lawns are not made in one year, nor in five. We must remember we have not the century woven turf of English parks. If we wish to develop a fine park we must protect it in the making.

Why not restore the old "sparrow cops?" The Park Board is said unanimously to favor their revival. The regular police can never do as much for the Park as specially trained guards who have the trees and shrubs as their immediate interest and care, and who are under the control of and directly responsible to the Park Board.

Give the beautiful old Park every chance for a banner year.

Cos Cob Nature Notes

THE lilacs are in bloom, but their delicate fragrance cannot be smelled because of the louder presence of the odor from the oil with which the roads have been anointed to keep the dust down, though J. Pluvius has made this unnecessary of late. This is the way everything goes. If a thing is done to abate one nuisance it produces another. Some of our citizens cannot smell either the oil or the lilacs, being afflicted with a cold in the head owing to the considerable dampness present during the merry month of May.

THE bench is still absent from our depot platform. Some say Mr. Mellen is too busy buying the State of Vermont to see about it. Others think that if we wait until the new depot is built at New Haven he will send one of the old benches down from there. This will be some years hence, and it seems a long time to stand up in the morning. We heard one man remark that he saw in a paper that Mr. Mellen didn't care a cuss about us commuters anyway, and if we are not careful he will never pay any attention to us again. We think this must refer to New York commuters, who are mussy and all the time wanting their money back. He cannot mean us Connecticut ones, who are nice and tame and take everything that is coming to us, thankful it is no more.

IF any one has a mosquito they want killed see Fred Lyon!

THE elm tree b etle and the little green inch worm are with us again, and people who do not spray their elm and apple trees with arsenate of lime will lose them, to say nothing of spoiling the landscape. Some of our citizens think these trees ought to take care of themselves, which is not so easy as it looks, a tree being stationary while the bugs, worms, &c., can travel around and bite anything they feel like. Of course, if trees had wings or legs life would be more complicated than it is, which is quite sufficient now.

BECAUSE a Port Chester dog came over to Greenwich and did some biting last winter all our honest dogs have to wear muzzles, while the outlaws do as they please as of yore. A muzzle is a most uncomfortable thing, as besides cramping a dog's bites it rubs his nose sore. How would humans like to have their faces encased in a wire frame unless they were going to play baseball, and even then it is not pleasant, although more agreeable than being biffed by a ball.

THE hens are setting better now, and the chicken outlook is improved. Chickens are very important factors in trade and commerce and need close looking after. This is why we mention it if anything seems to be going wrong with them.

ONE of our Connecticut florists announces something new in posies called "The Suffragette, Large Flowering Cosmos," and goes on to say that the "Suffragette Cosmos will bloom from late July until frost." This is something like our suffragettes, who bloom through the summer but wilter in the frost which gets here about election day!

JUDGE BRUSH has planted his garden and has surrounded it with a new wire fence, through which the chickens peer enviously, being barred from the easy scratching and the green growing sass.

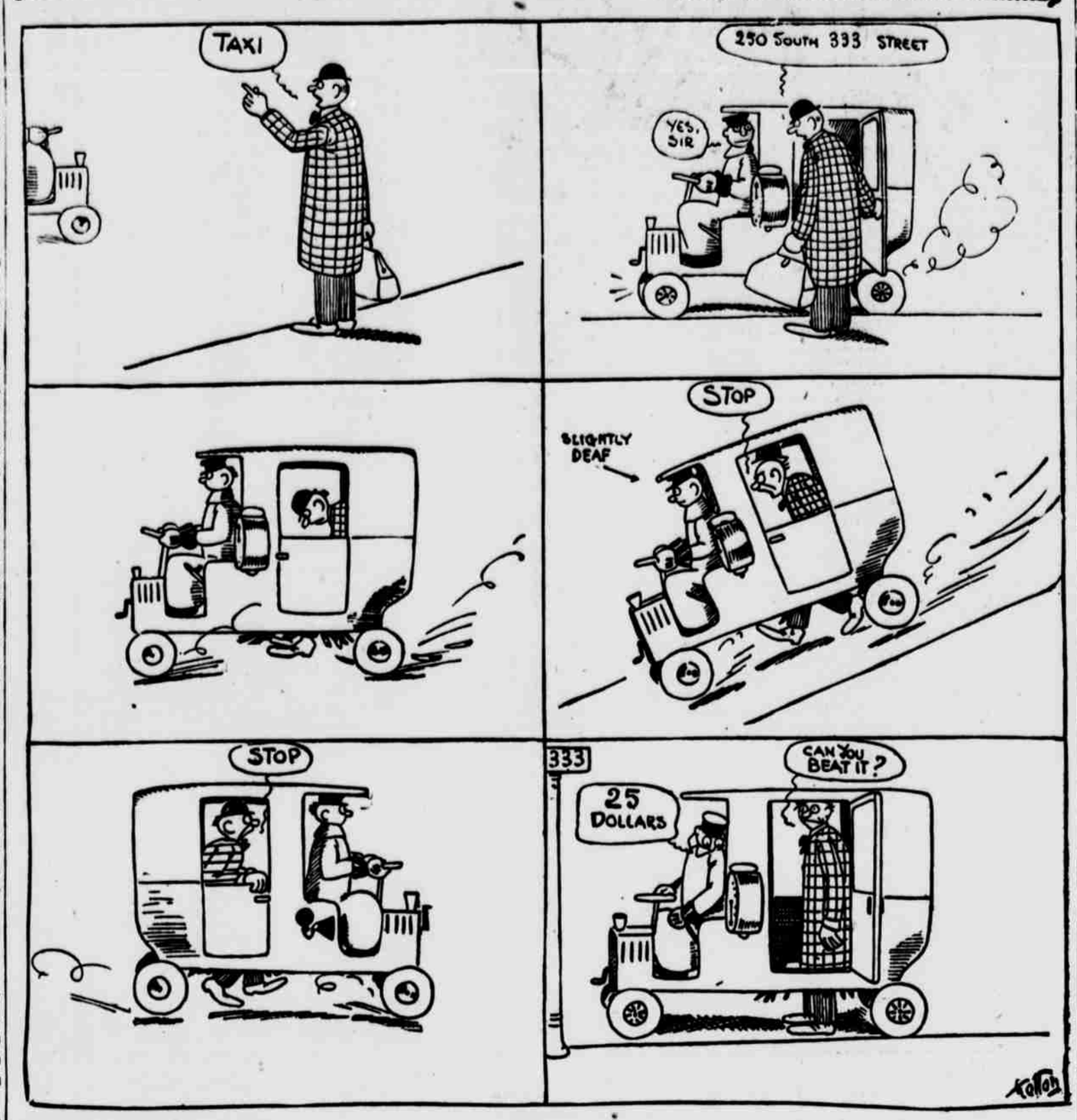
THERE'S A REASON.

Curate—Didn't I assure you that a cow is only dangerous when it has lost its calf?

She—That's why I was frightened. I could not see a calf anywhere.—Sketch.

Can You Beat It?

(Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).) By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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Mr. Jarr Hears Vacuum Is Useful For Breaking Into Good Society

"I WISH we had electric lights in this house," said Mrs. Jarr.

"That's the trouble with these old-fashioned flats. Oh, dear, I wish we could move into one of those fine modern apartments, with hall boys and all modern conveniences!"

"Yes, and it would be nice to have a fine place in the country, with a six-cylinder automobile and a motor boat and all that sort of thing," replied Mr. Jarr. "But the trouble is we can't afford it."

"Well, I wish we could afford to live in nice apartments, not so grand as Clara Mudridge-Smith lives in, but nice ones like some I saw up at One Hundred and Forty-fifth street, only that's too far uptown, and I'd rather live here in these old flats than way up there, although it is nice, because I simply cannot ride in the subway!" said Mrs. Jarr.

"Is it nice up there because you can't ride in the subway, or why?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, don't pick a person up about every little thing!" snapped Mrs. Jarr. "You know what I mean. I am tired of being poor and having to worry and scrape and just keep abreast or a little behind one's debts! Surely you don't begrudge me my little wish that we lived in nicer apartments?"

"Indeed I do not!" replied Mr. Jarr. "I not only do not begrudge you the wish, but I hope it comes true—all your wishes. If you are not satisfied here because we haven't got electric lights we can move."

"Oh, it isn't the electric lights. In fact, I like gas better," explained Mrs. Jarr. "Mrs. Stryver says her electric light bills are terrible, but then electricity is so nice to run a vacuum cleaner with.

"The latest fad is vacuum cleaner parties, then?" inquired Mr. Jarr.

"Well, when one has a new electric vacuum cleaner one invites one's friends to see it," said Mrs. Jarr. "And they are not so very dear. Mrs. Stryver has a beautiful one, guaranteed ten years, and it is not at all heavy, and it only cost $75. Clara Mudridge-Smith's cost more and it has pumps in it. I think that one would be better to have in our house, if we had electricity, because it is always getting out of order and our Willie could learn to be a regular inventive genius fixing it."

"A vacuum cleaner would be fine for Willie, I've no doubt," remarked Mr. Jarr, dryly.

"And out in Chicago people's lives have been saved by vacuum cleaners when they tried to commit suicide with gas," resumed Mrs. Jarr. "They use the vacuum cleaners to pump air into the lungs of the asphyxiated people. Suppose some time the gas would be turned on by mistake and we were all asphyxiated? One of us could regain consciousness and get up and use the vacuum cleaner on the rest of us and save all our lives!"

"It would be a grand idea," said Mr. Jarr. "Maybe if we have luck we can get a life-saving vacuum cleaner. Just at present we have all we can do to avoid vacuums by paying our bills at the butcher and grocer and baker."

"Well, if only we had electricity in the house I could have the vacuum cleaner companies send up all their machines in turn on trial," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Don't you remember, that's the way Clara Mudridge-Smith used to get all her automobile rides before she married her rich old husband? Now she twits him because some of the machines she used to ride in as a 'demonstration' dead beat were better than the imported cars her husband has."

"Well, I hope you will enjoy yourself at the vacuum cleaner party you are going to," said Mr. Jarr, as he slid for the door.

"Oh, I'm going to two. After we see Mrs. Stryver's machine at work we are going over to see Clara Mudridge-Smith's. But she cheats."

"Cheats?" echoed Mr. Jarr.

"Yes," said Mrs. Jarr. "So it will look as though her vacuum cleaner is the best one, she has the hallboy bring a lot of ashes and dirt from the cellar and hide it under the rugs. Then the dust bag of her vacuum cleaner always has twice as much as Mrs. Stryver's. But it is by just such little triumphs one gets on in society!"

"Society seems to be out for the dust with vacuum cleaners," said Mr. Jarr, and went his way to work.

Love Songs of a Bachelor

By Helen Rowland

HELEN ROWLAND

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The Bacheloraiyat.

A DAINTY, rose-decked table, set for two,
A jug of ale, a chafing-dish—and you,
Beside me, cutting cheese and making toast—
Well, that's not paradise, but it will do!

Some for the gilded restaurants, and some
Sigh for Bohemia. But who would roam,
With just the right girl, and right recipe,
For making love and rarebits, right at home!

Her Polly-tics.

POLLY'S talking politics;
That's her latest caper.
All her views are sweetly culled
From the evening paper.
What a lot of things she'd fix
If she were in politics!

Polly is a "Roosevelt man;"
Loves to talk "Sound Money,"
"Referendum" and "Recall"—
Mercy! It is funny!
"Trusts and things!" SHE'D foil their tricks
If she were in politics!

Polly's bought a Suffrage hat,
Just to match her gloves.
Polly wears a Roosevelt belt
That she fairly "loves."
Polly makes her wardrobe mix
Cutely with her politics.

Polly thinks that I'm depraved—
Really almost wicked;
That the country would be SAVED
Should I vote HER ticket.
She can give me fearful licks
When she's talking politics.

But I know a little way
Neatly to escape her,
To the BARGAIN sheet I point—
Polly grabs the paper—
Then from tea-time until six,
Farewell Polly's Polly-tics!

Up to Date.

"I understand they have almost no May Queens in Central Park this spring."

"No? They probably try to adjust themselves to the weather by posing as mermaids."

How to Provide For Old Age.

By Miles M. Dawson.

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The problem of making financial provision for old age is yearly more pressing. Nearly every government is grappling with it. It is a theme that vitally concerns every one.

Miles M. Dawson, who made a thorough investigation of the Old Age Pension systems throughout Europe for the Sage Foundation, and who is a recognized authority on the subject, has written a series of articles for The Evening World in which he sets forth simply and interestingly the Old Age Pension question and explains how it may most readily be solved.

I. The Need for Old Age Provision in the United States.

THE amount of old age dependency in the United States is not accurately known by anybody and few have any conception of it. No book upon the subject had been published until a few days ago, when "Old Age Dependency in the United States," by Lee W. Squier, was published.

Mr. Squier has made an estimate of the number of dependent persons, sixty-five years and over, in the United States, basing his calculations upon an investigation of the number in Massachusetts made by a "Commission on Old Age Pensions, Annuities and Insurance to the General Court of Massachusetts," in 1910. That commission found 177,000 persons in the State sixty-five years of age and over, of whom 135,788 were classed as "non-dependent," leaving 41,212 dependent. These were taken care of as follows:

In correctional institutions	558
In insane asylums and hospitals	1,961
In almshouses	3,480
In benevolent homes	2,698
By public outdoor relief	3,705
By private outdoor relief	2,212
By United States pensions	27,280

No estimate was made of the cost of caring for those who were in correctional institutions and in insane asylums and hospitals; but, excluding these, it was estimated that $6,130,406.60 was paid out in relieving about 39,000 of the dependent old.

Mr. Squier has computed the dependent population in the United States, at age sixty-five and over, using the commission's statement as a basis, to be as follows:

In correctional institutions	15,180
In insane asylums	53,544
In almshouses	95,128
In benevolent homes	71,024
By public outdoor relief	83,996
By private outdoor relief	63,112
By United States and military pensions	744,189

This gives a total of 1,125,173, which total is perhaps short of the mark, even though the distribution by classes is not so likely to be even approximately correct.

Mr. Squier's estimate of the cost, this estimate also being based upon the Massachusetts computations, is $175,699,963.41 per annum, these figures being for the year 1909.

The average income of the non-dependent over the age of sixty-five, as found by the Massachusetts commission, was as follows:

For single males $7.82 per week, with an average expenditure of $6.26, 36.1 per cent. of the income being derived from savings, 36.1 per cent. from contributions from relatives and 15.5 per cent. from pensions.

For single females $4.50 per week income, with average expenditure of $4.28, 44 per cent. of the income being from savings, 57 per cent. from contributions of relatives, and 9.4 per cent. from pensions.

Married couples, average weekly income $11.70, with average weekly expenditure of $9.22, of which income 55.3 per cent. was derived from savings, 29 per cent. from contributions of relatives and 19.5 per cent. from pensions.

Families, meaning married couples with children or grandchildren, average weekly income $13.24, average expenditure $12.00 and of the income 58.7 per cent. derived from savings, 12.4 per cent. from contributions of relatives and 32.3 per cent. from pensions.

It is therefore seen both that the average income of the aged who are classed as non-dependent is very small and that almost or quite half of it is contributed by relatives or in the form of pensions.

The dependent old in Massachusetts were found to be about thirty-two persons per 1,000 of the population. This is perhaps not higher than the average for the entire country and may be considerably lower. In Great Britain the average is 172 per 1,000 of the population.

The United States Government is already supporting a very large proportion of the dependent old by pensions, the same being paid as military or naval pensions for the service of the person himself, or of her husband if a widow, in the civil war or the Spanish war. The number of these pensioners was in 1911 961,687, and no less than $153,092,086 was paid in pensions during the year. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1910, the number of pensioners had fallen to 921,083 but the rates of the pension had been so increased that the aggregate of the payments was $159,947,056.06 during the previous year.

According to the report of the Commissioner of Labor, the trade unions have been paying in the neighborhood of $900,000 a year for permanent disability and superannuation benefits, which have gone toward relieving these conditions; but this amounts, of course, to a very small part of it.

There are pension systems in a number of industrial and transportation companies, but the amount of relief as compared with the total number of the indigent aged is very small.

Others have placed the estimates of the number of those over the age of sixty who are wholly or partly dependent at 2,500,000 or more.

Mr. Squier in his admirable book calls attention to the fact that according to the mortality tables one-half of those who are living at age twenty would still be surviving at age sixty-five, and by means of his investigations he arrived at the conclusion that of those who survive no less than 40 per cent. will be without means of support.

This means not less than 20 per cent. of the entire adult population and certainly indicates that we have need to consider means of making proper provision for the dependent old in this country without further delay.

(To Be Continued.)

Domestic Dialogues.

By Alma Woodward

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THE ARISING.

Scene—The bedroom of Green's flat.
Characters—Mr. and Mrs. Green.

Mrs. G. (opening her eyes)—My goodness! It's 8 o'clock and that alarm never went off. Henry! Henry! Wake up—wake up! It's awful late!

Mr. G. (still in dreamland)—Quit your shovin'! I paid my fare same as you. An' I'll land one on your map if you don't can that pushin'!

Mrs. G. (more strenuously)—Henry, you'll be terribly late—it's 8 o'clock already and you know how long it takes you to shave and everything!

Mr. G. (opening his eyes a tiny bit)—Wha' did you say?

Mrs. G. (violently)—Henry, you don't understand—it's 8 o'clock, EIGHT O'CLOCK—and you'll be late. The alarm didn't go off!

Mr. G. (sublimely indifferent and sleepy)—See? 'Nother thing you're tryin' to tie on me! I couldn't help it, if it didn't go off—complain to the maker, m'dear—Complain to the maker! I know abs'lutely nothin' 'bout 'larm clocks!

Mrs. G. (pulling open his eyelids with her thumb and finger)—Say, listen, Henry, do you want to lose your job? If you stay in bed much longer you'll lose your job. I know you will. You're a half hour late already.

Mr. G. (wrathfully)—Take your hands off my face! You got awful sharp nails. Jus' like a cat—jus' like a tiger cat!

Mrs. G. (trying to soothe him)—Well, come then, get up and everything'll be all right.

Mr. G (yawning and stretching)—I'll get up—I'll get up! Only don't hurry me—I don't like to be hurried in the morning. Ain't it funny how rotten this bed feels at night and how grand it feels in the morning?

Mrs. G.—You don't go to bed early enough—that's what the matter. Oh, Henry, you look as though you're going to sleep again—Henry, PLEASE don't go to sleep again!

Mr. G. (unintelligibly)—Do y' know I hate my name? I just HATE my name, an' somehow 'r'other it always sounds more unpleasant in the morning! Say, who invented sleep?

Mrs. G. (in disgust)—Oh, very well! If you want to lose your job, it's none of MY funeral.

(A deep, resonant, nasal roll pierces the atmosphere. Mrs. Green, in anger, rises and rips all the covers from the recumbent one.)

Mr. G. (getting up on one elbow, with one eye open)—Now, see? Just for that I'll NEVER get up!

(He flops down in bed again and pulls the covers up over his head. Mrs. Green begins to whimper softly.)

Mr. G. (fiendishly)—Keep it up m'dear—it sounds like the sighing of the soft wind through the pines—Nothin' like it to put a feller to—to sleep.

Mrs. G. (suddenly emits a joyful little squeal)—Oh, Henry! Henry, dear!

Mr. G. (awake, sits erect)—What? What's the matter?

Mrs. G. (giggling)—Why, Henry, it's SUNDAY morning—that's the reason we didn't set the alarm last night! Isn't that funny, Henry?

Mr. G. (between set teeth)—Oh, yes, that funny as—it's funny all right! I'm wide awake now and two minutes ago I had the grandest sleep-jag on me that ever a man had!

Mrs. G. (settling down comfortably under the blankets)—Well, now we don't have to get up after all. You can rest, even though you can't sleep.

Mr. G. (coldly)—Not on your life! Now that you've made it a point to get me up we'll have breakfast, madam, even though it IS Sunday morning. So trot along and get busy with the flapjacks!

Mrs. G. (miserably, as she slips on her slippers and kimono)—I'll never be persistent again as long as I live—never! You can lose all the jobs in New York as far as I'm concerned—we can be dispossessed for all I care—we——

Mr. G. (blandly)—Are you sure there's enough maple syrup for the cakes, darling? You know how I love maple syrup!

Mrs. G.—Oh, shut up!