

The World

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER. Published Daily Except Sunday by The Press Publishing Company, No. 59 to 63 Park Row, New York.

THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION and its work have never come so close to the ken of the average citizen as in the proposed reduction of express rates.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has worked hard over these express charges. It has had to examine the 600,000,000 rates in the complicated all-traffic-will-bear schedules maintained by the companies to date.

The Commission expects the new rates to put the farmer in more direct communication with the city household, cut out the middleman and so reduce the cost of living.

A great and complete Parcels Post system in the United States is now bound to come and to come quickly. The express companies know it. And because they know it their arrogance is giving way.

WORSE THAN GAMBLING.

GAMBLING graft is ripe for summer scandal. A gambling house keeper has charged a police lieutenant with "standing in" on the running of the place for 20 per cent. of the profits.

Gambling is a vice Far worse than any amount of gambling, however, is a state of things where privilege and protection are bought from public servants whom the people pay and trust to carry out the laws.

PITY the poor little European dancer who fled from home to this country without being able to suppress the dreadful story that a king kissed her, which, of course, will keep "most everybody" round here from going to see her dance!

FINE thoughtfulness and public spirit in those Maryland prisoners who, on breaking out of jail, left a reassuring note to the effect that they were convinced honesty is the best policy and were leaving solely in order to lead better lives!

Cos Cob Nature Notes

THE editor of the Greenwich News has been sounding public opinion at Horeneck which consists of Judge Bureau and Johnny Maher, and finds it unanimous in favor of the plan to build a brick highway from Byram River to Hartford, and with a branch to New London, Jim promises to get busy at Hartford when the new Legislature meets next winter and put it through.

JUDGE BRUNSI's corn is all tumbled out and has on it with which J. E. S. Poucher had some to eat from his garden a week ago and kindly gave the neighbors a mess.

THE three Selectmen to whom nobody pays any attention when they put up signs forbidding the dumping of rubbish under penalty that they will do something to the dumper, which they never do, are Crawford, Adams and Johnson. We mention them because they are so seldom heard of that perhaps a little publicity will encourage them slightly to wake up.

THE funniest bug in our midst now is what the boys call a tree-hopper. It is shaped like a duck, but nowhere near so large, and if a man could jump as far in proportion to his size it would be easy to hop from here over to Oyster Bay and surprise the Colonel.

MR. MELLEN is erecting another smokestack at the power house, making three where there used to be only one to shed soft coal smoke over the landscape and spoil all the white paint in the vicinity. While it is a proud thing to feel that Cos Cob will

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

A series of 12 comic panels showing a man's frustrating search for a fishing spot. He asks for a nice place to fish, is told to go to Sucker Lake, but no train on Saturday. He goes to Sucker Lake, but it's full of flies. He goes to Catfish Lake, but every berth is taken. He goes to Sardine Lake, but it's wonderful. He goes to Eel River, but no direct line. He goes to the Eel River, but it's the finest place on the map. He goes to the Eel River, but it's the finest place on the map.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl. BY HELEN ROWLAND

THE first time a man lies to his wife he is surprised to discover how easy it is to do it. After that, he is surprised to find out how hard it is not to do it. Some husbands prove as disappointing as "best sellers." You wonder how and why you ever got them. A man recovers from his remorse for a deflection so much sooner than a woman recovers from her indignation that by the time she is healed he is tired of being good and is ready to sin again.

How to Provide For Old Age. By Miles M. Dawson.

THE first act granting old age pensions as a right and not merely as charity was passed in Denmark in April, 1891. Since that time, similar laws have been adopted in Australia, New Zealand, France and Great Britain, the British act in July, 1908. In Denmark, the aggregate amount annually disbursed in pensions is something over \$2,000,000 and the number of pensioners about 80,000. The pensions average about \$41 a year per person. Under the law, every citizen over the age of sixty, whose income does not exceed a certain small sum, is entitled. The money is contributed, half by the commune and half by the State.

The Jarr Family Mrs. Jarr Has a Cheering Chat, in Which Mr. Jarr Refuses to Join.

and black is dreadfully hot to wear," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "The Daggerys are so particular, and if you didn't come in full black with a heavy veil I suppose they wouldn't forgive you." "No, they wouldn't," said Mrs. Rangle. "So I think it's best to send flowers and regrets and say afterward when you meet any of the Daggerys that you were just so prostrated you couldn't bear to intrude upon their grief."

Domestic Dialogues. By Alma Woodward

AND IT WORKED! (Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co., The New York World.) Mrs. G. (sighing)—Why, Henry, what brings you home so early? Mr. G. (throwing his clothes to the four winds)—I gotta go out! Mrs. G. (rising indignantly)—Out? In his night underwear? Mr. G. (staring at her)—No, in my night underwear. Mrs. G. (picking up the debris)—That's what I said! Now, don't you go out get excited! I'll tell you all about it while I'm dressing. Mrs. G. (startled)—Dress—sing? Mr. G.—Get my dinner coat out and a plated white shirt. Gee! I'm in a hurry! Mrs. G. (breathless)—Dinner coat? Dress shirt? Mrs. G. (furious)—Don't stand there repeating things after me like a blooming parrot! Mrs. G. (mezzo forte)—But Henry, it's so hot for— Mr. G.—Don't I know it's hot? But I gotta go, any way. Mrs. G.—? Mr. G.—Oh, some buyer from a town that's behind a tree out in Southern Indiana has come on with his whole darned family. He's Fletcher's customer, and Fletcher was going to do the usual stunt for the yaps—dinner, roof garden and supper afterward, but he was out eating a couple of dozen shore dinners last night and the booze he drowned 'em in didn't work right, so he's got tomatoes poisoning to-day, and I gotta take that bunch of Hoosiers over the circuit! Mrs. G. (teasing her hands rapturously)—Oh, Henry, isn't that grand? Dinner AND a roof garden AND supper! And it doesn't cost you a cent, does it? Mr. G.—They ought to pay me for it. Think o' being tied to a group of Indiana products for six hours when the thermometer's at ninety-three and the humidity is a million and two! Say, go

Letters From the People

May 21, 1912. Monday. To the Editor of The Evening World: When was Brooklyn Bridge opened to the public? On what day of the week did Sep-tember 1, 1901, fall?

"What makes the tide run out?" "I guess it caught a glimpse of some of the new bathing suits."