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**FOOLISH WASTE.**

**I**NSTEAD of a silver trowel, Mayor McClellan should use to-day a gold trowel studded with diamonds, rubies, sapphires and the other most precious stones. The digging on the Esopus scheme would then be more appropriately begun. The municipal excursion to Cold Spring this morning formally inaugurates the most expensive and foolish enterprise to which the public funds of any city were ever committed.

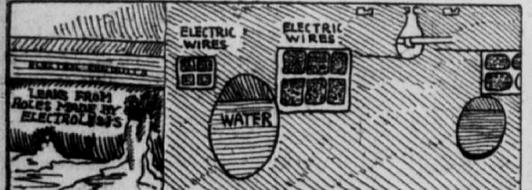
The present supply of water to the people of New York is inadequate, not because there is not bountiful rain, not because there is not abundant water available, but simply and solely through municipal folly and mismanagement.

Instead of correcting past mistakes and remedying present evils, it is proposed to squander a vast sum collected from the taxpayers of New York in a manner which will neither afford present relief nor meet future requirements.

The minimum estimate of the cost of the Esopus scheme is \$161,000,000. The engineers estimate that it will cost over \$200,000,000. (This is fifty dollars apiece to be paid by every man, woman and child in New York. Over \$250 is to be taken from every family to make a storage reservoir of the Esopus Creek, that a boy can wade with a pair of rubber boots without getting his feet wet. Then a huge tunnel, larger than the subway, is to be built a hundred miles long from this reservoir in the Catskills under the Hudson to New York City.)

This much money would build a hundred miles of subways and more. For it costs less to build a subway than a water-tight tunnel of this size, built to resist great pressure. The interest on these Esopus bonds will cost more than to operate a complete system of municipal subways free of charge.

If water bonds can be sold, why not subway bonds?



Forty per cent. of the water which now comes to New York City wastes through leaky mains. The water pipes are iron. The electricity which escapes from the trolleys and the underground electric wires corrodes these pipes and eats holes in the iron the way moths eat holes in woolen clothes.

Therefore the pipes leak and the water goes to waste. Also there goes to waste over the Croton dam in the seasons of heavy rains in the spring and fall as much water as flows through the Croton aqueduct. The city already owns the watersheds. It needs only larger storage dams and an aqueduct a few miles long to utilize this waste.

As for Brooklyn, the driven wells, with the new system of pumping, could supply all the water which Greater New York requires. An underground river flows under Long Island to the ocean whose course the geologists have mapped and which needs only to be tapped.

Less than a quarter of the money the lowest estimate of the Esopus scheme calls for would double the supply from the Croton watershed and would quadruple the supply from the underground sources on Long Island.

Obviously the remedy for leakage is to make the traction trolley and the Consolidated Gas Company, which own the electric wires, put in new pipes, properly insulated. But that would cost them several millions of dollars.

The more municipal bonds issued for other purposes the more difficult it will be to sell subway bonds and the more remote will be lower fares and better transit accommodations.

What a pity it is that the city's resources are thus to be squandered to help out New York's two great monopolies!

**Pointed Paragraphs.**

**L**OTS of people manage to keep the truth pretty busy with its struggles to rise.  
It is just as well to look out for the man who is always looking out for himself.  
When they enter a theatre women should check their hats and men their shirts.  
There are times when the still, small voice of conscience seems to come from the big end of the megaphone.  
It doesn't take a man long to find out how different married life is from what he thought it was going to be.  
Experience is a great teacher, but by the time it hands a man his diploma, he is too old to make much use of his knowledge.  
A maid thinks she is necessary to a man's happiness, a widow thinks a man is necessary to her happiness, and a man—well, no matter what he thinks.—Chicago News.

**Queer Statistics.**

**T**HE side of the Mediterranean on the Algerian coast never exceeds three and a half inches.  
Food valued at \$2.15 is brought into Great Britain every minute of the day and night.  
Greece is said to be the poorest country of Europe. Her total wealth amounts to \$1,000,000,000, or about half that of Switzerland.  
A paper published in France devoted to viticulture estimates the world's wine crop at \$175,000,000, 10 per cent. of which is made in Europe.  
The American sweet tooth during the past year consumed \$600,000,000 pounds of sugar valued at \$200,000,000. This is seventy-six pounds per year for every resident.  
What is said to be the record cooling operation is claimed to be that made a short time ago when 214 tons were put on board the Carmania in seven hours and fifty minutes.  
A modern incandescent lighthouse lantern with a three and one-half-foot burner gives 250 candle-power and uses no more oil than the old six-inch wick burner which gave only 75 candle-power.

**Hash.**

By Maurice Ketten



**GERTRUDE BARNUM**

**Talks to Girls**

**The Girl Who Likes the Weather.**



**G**RUMBLING about weather makes a common bond of sympathy among girls. An ill wind blows up fellow-feeling under their picture hats; damp weather quickens the undertone of compassion; "ouch this" rattling March waves, and a rainy Easter washes away all caste.

The other Sunday, after morning service, three girls were grumbling as they sorted umbrellas and gathered up their petticoats.

"I say," said Mary, "I feel like a rubber plant. I haven't had my rain coat off for three months."

"I shouldn't think you'd mind the rain," said Lillie; "your hair curls naturally."

"Fity we ain't fish," said Anne, "to swim up for breath. Work all week and stink at home all Sundays!"

Just then Mollie spoke up. "All weather looks good to me," she said. "It never keeps me in."

As I paddled along with Mollie through the wet streets she explained her feelings about weather. She did not believe it was arranged for the express purpose of thwarting human plans. She guessed if it were not for weather there would not be any crops, and "all sorts of germs would get us" and she wound up by relating an experience of hers, one week-end in March. While visiting a friend in the country at that time she first began to get acquainted with what is called bad weather.

It seems that she and her friend had planned a long country walk for Saturday; but all Friday night it stormed, and in the morning the household seemed completely snowed in. Directly after breakfast the country girl suggested that they go for their walk.

"Walk?" Mollie cried. "The snow is up to our knees!"

"Only in the drifts," said the other. "That's nothing."

So they put on rubber boots, let out the four dogs and through the snow-blowing weather all amply broke the paths along the country road to the woods. It was glorious! Planning and wading about, toasting snow over each other and the puppies, just as one plays with the white caps of the surf, "far better than going in swimming," Mollie thought. And ever since that day a snowstorm suggests to her feathery toes, fringed hedges and billowy, white country roads. Yet it had not been so for that Sunday she might never have gotten over her dread of a blizzard, she said.

The truth is, when we come to analyze it, we will find that with most women submission to the weather is largely a matter of clothes. Mary cuts her friend's wedding if it snows, for only a rare girl would risk her one party dress for friendship's sake. Lillie foregoes the opera rather than put her cloak in jeopardy. What is art compared to a new tan coat?

Girls should dress suitably for and get acquainted with all kinds of days. Weather is like people: one meets it intelligently and cordially, it reveals its unnumbered charms and virtues. Even the North Pole, you know, has charms for some. Getting acquainted with man and nature robe us of all sorts of superstitions; that rough weather is unlovely or dangerous is a mere hallucination. The beauty of changing seasons is one of the great gifts which can be "had for the asking," yet we ungratefully ignore it, grumbling on and, missing this free joy of life, cramp and narrow our lives indoors.

Mollie is an outdoor girl. She has cultivated a taste for all sorts and conditions of weather. In a thunder-storm she hurries to the park, where the birds are fluttering to cover, and heavy-leaved trees creak and tumble and swirl under racing black clouds and pelting, diamond raindrops. When Sunday is misty she takes a ferry trip to Staten Island and watches the massive, towering city fade like a dream, and phantom ships drift out through the Narrows on a silver-embossed sea. She cultivates sunshine and shadow, sparkling winter, veiled spring and garlanded summer. She has learned to know and love the infinite variety of the seasons and to say at last: "All weather looks good to me."

**THE RAPID TRANSIT'S PRIMER.** BY DEXTER W. HASKIN

**No. 7—Accident Record of Greater New York.**

	1905.	1906.
PERSONS KILLED.....	227	261
DAMAGES PAID OUT.....	\$2,008,009	\$2,302,184
LEGAL EXPENSES IN CONNECTION WITH DAMAGES.....	1,005,828	1,159,894
TOTAL COST OF ACCIDENTS.....	\$3,103,901	\$3,460,118

**I**t is possible that these accident figures are correct? They are taken from the companies' own returns. But how can there be such fatalities and losses, and such an alarming increase?

A large part is due to criminal negligence and sheer neglect? Are the companies wholly at fault? Is not the public careless, too? Yes, the public is careless, but the companies must take most of the blame. Is there not a large amount of fraud in collecting damages? Do not juries award unfair amounts?

There certainly is fraud and there are excessive damages. But the public feels it has a right to get even with the companies. If the latter treated the public decently they would be much better off. Avoiding liability and jury fixing only make things worse.

How could the companies treat the public better? They could perfectly well. They should furnish sufficient seats at every hour of the day, as is done in Europe. They should have cleaner and more comfortable cars, require their employees to be polite, put adequate signs on the greatest ventilation, power brakes and fenders that will work, stop reckless running, have the streets called out, reduce the fares and other things that are so conspicuously lacking.

Where are all these things done, and what effect is shown on the cost of accidents?

Berlin has one of the largest and best managed street railway systems in the world. The cost of accidents there in proportion to the traffic was only one-tenth that of New York. Hamburg has a still more remarkable record. Accidents there cost the company less than ten per cent. what they cost in New York, in proportion to the traffic. The actual cost in Hamburg was only \$1,600 for one recent year.

What city kills the fewest people? In proportion again to the traffic, Liverpool has a splendid record. In the last two years only four people have been killed each year, which is only one-eighth of the rate for New York. Liverpool has been greatly helped by its remarkable fender, which has made it impossible for the cars to run over anybody.

**The Wife Who Preferred Her Job.** By Nixola Greecley-Smith.

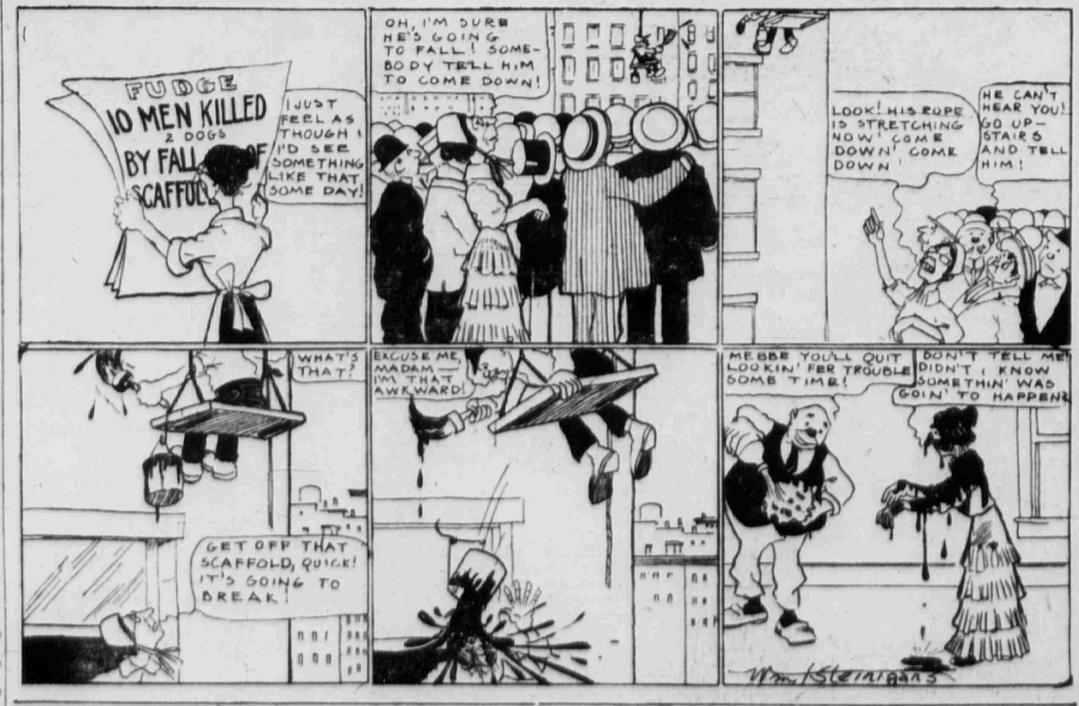
**A**FTER twenty-four hours of wedded bliss, Mrs. Agnes Ansett, who won her husband by answering a matrimonial advertisement, decided that she preferred the week job she had given up to marry him and went back to it, leaving the surprised husband to bring suit to have the marriage annulled. Only the other day Prof. Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Massachusetts School of Technology, declared that women are showing an increasing tendency to prefer a good job to an indifferent husband. And this latest instance of feminine fastidiousness seems to bear him out.

Though there is an increasing tendency among elderly persons to discuss the relative merits and results of the European marriage of convenience and the American marriage of feeling, the whole tendency of our times is to make mutual love more and more the only sane motive for matrimony. And the self-supporting woman is entirely responsible for this justification of romance by economics. For as a business proposition, it is not tenable that a woman should give up, say \$25 a week of her own, to marry a man making about the same or even a larger salary out of which she would certainly not have \$25 to dispose of as her own. Not until sentiment steps in and the love of the \$25 a week man becomes the one inestimable treasure for which she would sacrifice \$25,000,000, if she had it, does a marriage so lacking in brilliancy appeal to her. The marriages of successful business or professional women are nearly all love matches.

Women have always been sentimental. But formerly, when marriage was the only recognized and respected means of livelihood, women very often sacrificed their personal feelings to establish themselves or their families by an advantageous union. And they did so with the noblest though most mistaken notions of self-sacrifice. Now, however, when a woman has equal chances of wage earning with men, the only motive for mercenary marriages is simple laziness and lack of self-respect. The trials of a loveless marriage are far greater to a woman than those of the most arduous profession involves, and women are more and more realizing that matrimony for a home they could create by their own efforts is not only an error of taste but of judgment.

The wife who went back to her \$25 a week job is right. She should never have left it. And any woman making a good salary who contemplates marriage for any other reason than because she earnestly and sincerely loves had far better stick to her independence and leave matrimony alone.

**Calamity Jane** By W. J. Steinigans



**PROOF OF INTEGRITY.** Jones—I'm sure that Wilson is a very honest man. Brown—How do you know that? Jones—Because he always carries such a very shabby umbrella.—Weekly Telegraph.

**THE USUAL CHANGE.** "Do you know our climate is changing?" "No," answered the displeased citizen. "But there is no misadventure in that. It always manages to change from bad to worse."—Washington Star.

**WHAT HE LIKED.** "You admire that musician?" "Very much," answered Mr. Rich. "For his composition or for his performance?" "Neither. For his nerve in charging in a crowd."—Scribner's Weekly.

**MORE CHANCES THAN HERE.** The audience at the theatre at Nassau decides the fate of debutantes on the stage by vote. The candidates usually appear in three different places before it is decided whether they may continue or must retire.

**Letters from the People.**

**Sunday Baseball.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I am greatly interested in this matter of playing ball on Sunday, having two boys, aged fifteen and seventeen. Many of the men who are opposed to playing baseball on Sunday have no doubt spent their boyhood days at college, where they had plenty of time and space on week days for ball playing. But what about the poor boy who works from Monday morning until Saturday night? He has not had the opportunity of going to college; therefore he cannot have such recreation. I would a thousand times rather have my boy playing ball than to see him going in and out of a saloon or billiard room, as I see young men doing Sunday after Sunday.  
R. H.

**Black and White.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The question was asked, "Are white and black colors?" The answer was "No." Please explain what they are.  
JAMES HAMILTON.  
Port Jervis, N. Y.

**Black is absence of color.** White is a blending of all colors.  
Credulity to Animals.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I read of the stoning to death, after a two hours' hunt by railroad men, of a little gray squirrel which had escaped from Central Park. This seems to me an illustration of the spirit of cruelty toward innocent animals which humans people deplore. The act was worthy of a schoolboy. In the name of sport those who call themselves gamekeepers hunt to death thousands of the furred and feathered tribes, learned scientists perform the tortures of the Inquisition upon innocent dogs and cats and other helpless creatures, and the meat industry is responsible for untold suffering in transportation of live stock caused by neglect and indifference. Man was not given "dominion over the beasts of the field" without incurring a moral responsibility which his intelligence and his helplessness evade.  
Mrs. B. SHELDON, Scarsdale, N. Y.

**Boys in the Street.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What method, readers, can be employed to abate the following nuisance? The boys of our urban neighborhood keep up an unceasing shouting, playing ball, etc., causing danger to pedestrians and horses, on the street. These boys are from twelve to fifteen years of age. They give no heed to the residents who have requested them to move to a more suitable place for their games. The only place where they had conversation can be had is in our back rooms. Who can find a good playground for boys?  
N. A. WATSON.

**In The World Almanac.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Where can I find how pounds and ounces compare with kilograms, etc., according to the American weights?  
A. G. S.