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JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION.

In a fortnight the Jamestown Exposition will open. Since the Philadelphia Centennial, in 1876, none of the expositions has been more readily accessible to the people of New York than this.

This exposition is in celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the first permanent settlement of English-speaking people on the American continent, made at Jamestown, Va., in the spring of 1607.

English had come to Virginia, but the Indians and sickness killed them all, and there was no permanent settlement until more than twenty years after Sir Walter Raleigh's first charter.



Norfolk is the city adjacent to the exposition grounds. Across the bay are Fortresses Monroe and Hampton. A few miles up the river is Williamsburg, the old capital of Virginia, and further up, at the head of tide-water navigation, is Richmond.

A trip to the exposition will be inexpensive and everybody who can get away for a long or short vacation this summer should go.

REAL ESTATE GRAFT.

SELLING property to the city is a common way to get a higher price than its market value. The scandals which have been disclosed are only a small fraction of the robberies perpetrated upon the taxpayers in the acquisition of sites for public buildings and small parks.

At the Prospect Park Plaza, in Brooklyn, there is a row of flats which are not paying well. The neighborhood has developed more with private houses and clubs than apartments of this nature.

Therefore the city is asked to buy this property and build thereon a Police Headquarters for Brooklyn. The site is two miles from the borough offices and the courts.

The argument in favor is that some Brooklyn politicians would make money by the sale of the property. In such matters Brooklyn politicians are non-partisan.



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Letters from the People.

More About Slow Expresses. To the Editor of The Evening World: I took a subway express uptown at 7 P. M. from the Bridge. The rush hour was over. Yet we didn't get to Seventy-second street till about 7:50.

Spring Post Gets Busy. To the Editor of The Evening World: When the kindly spring weather got all settled down for keeps...

Advice to Unlucky Youth. To the Editor of The Evening World: "Shipping Clerk" writes that fellow clerks call him "Rightward" and obstruct him because he won't drink, smoke or gamble.

companionable, and if you select the right company you will need very little money to enjoy yourself. I speak from experience.

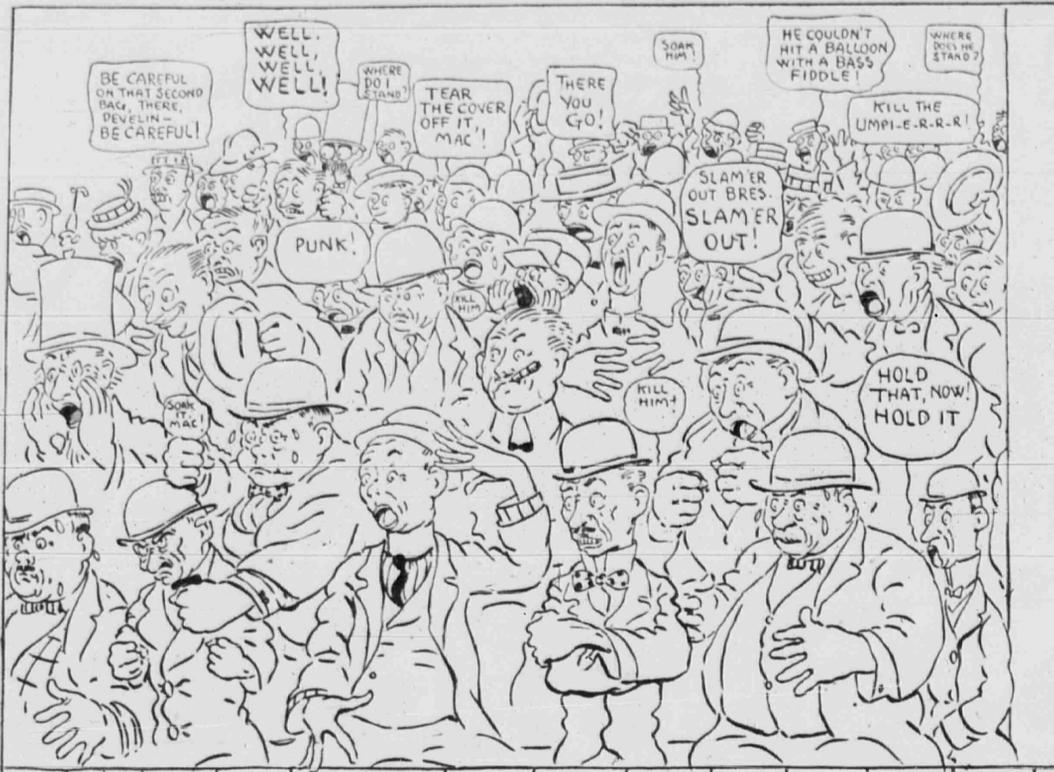
Noisy Bowling Alleys. To the Editor of The Evening World: "Good work is done by the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and I wonder if there is a society for prevention of cruelty to women and children."

Police Pluck. To the Editor of The Evening World: Lots of people think a policeman puts his beat on Easy street and liven him up by a rainbow, always appearing when the storm's over.

Will Life Be One GRAND PIC-NIC For the Hen and the Roos-ter? I NEVER SEE SUCH DARNED LAZY CRITTERS WITH NEW FANGLED NOTIONS. I'LL HATCH 'EM OUT IN THE INCUBATOR.

"Dementia Americana."

By Maurice Ketten.



A Word of Cheer for "the Silent Girl."

By Helen Oldfield.

THERE are few negative virtues which conduce more to the comfort of the possessor and those associated with him or her than a talent for holding one's tongue. To know when to speak, and equally well when to be silent, is no small part of the necessary equipment for life.

True, "a word fitly spoken is good," and we may sometimes repent our silence; but such repentance is rare when compared to the frequency with which we array ourselves in mental sackcloth and ashes because of incautious speeches, words which we would gladly recall at almost any cost.

The Cheerful Primer.

By C. W. Kahles.



See the ROOS-TER. See the HEN.



The Hen and the Roos-ter are HOT SPORTS.



Will Life Be One GRAND PIC-NIC For the Hen and the Roos-ter?



NIX-EY! The Hen and the Roos-ter Will Now Have to SCRATCH For a LIV-ING.

SIXTY HEROES WHO MADE HISTORY

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 35—JAMES WOLFE, the Hero Who Conquered Canada. ENGLAND'S kings had no easy time during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to hold their thrones. One was beheaded, another deposed, and against others a horde of plots and rebellions were directed.

Young James was sent for by Scottish adherents, France backing the project. He was beaten and his uprising came to nothing. Then his son Charles (or, to give him his full name, Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir) landed in Scotland, raised the Highland clans and marched into England.

At Culloden a boy of nineteen, James Wolfe by name, served as captain in King George's army, and did such brilliant work that he was publicly thanked on the field of battle by the commander-in-chief. Young Wolfe was the son of one of the Duke of Marlborough's bravest officers, and at thirteen had followed his father to war.

The English colonists, from Maine to Virginia, protested against the increase of French settlements, and begged the British Government for aid in averting the threatened danger.

In the army thus sent was James Wolfe. He had recently been made a general and took part in the six-months' siege of Louisbourg. It was chiefly due to him that the town was at last captured.

He attacked and was driven back with great loss. Quebec lay on high ground, with approaches that could not be broken through. The only spot left unwatched was the side fronting on the cliffs known as the Heights of Abraham, to the north of St. Lawrence.

Up this path at 1 o'clock on the morning of Sept. 13, 1759, he led 5,000 men. Daylight found them safely lined up on the plateau before the city.

Montcalm, commander of Quebec, gave battle to the invaders at once, but Wolfe impetuously attacked the larger advancing French army, first with volleys and then with bayonet charge.

Montcalm was killed in the same battle. Quebec surrendered and France's hold on Canada was forever broken.

Notes to Wife.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

If you do not like your wife—write a note. Pin it on the yellow spread that she left upon your bed. She'll act better when it's read—write a note.

If the cooking doesn't suit—write a note. If each biscuit and each bun seems to weigh at least a ton. Tell her, "Load them in a gun"—write a note.

If the wife's hair grows gray—write a note. Tell her "Color it some way"—write a note. If her looks no longer please, just invite a little whores that will sting like fifty bees—write a note.

When you've had a falling out—write a note. Ask your wish to harshly flout—write a note. Pin it where her friends will see when they come around to tea. Oh, how happy she will be—write a note.

When at last you shuffle off—write a note. Just before your last faint cough—write a note. Where your friends may all inquire—forward mail when you expire, and she'll drop it in the fire—drop that note.

Pointed Paragraphs.

PROBABLY the most unnatural of mothers is the incubator. Even the dignified man would rather bend a little than go broke. Distant relatives seldom attend the funeral of a man who dies poor. It is far easier to say you just as you please than it is to do it.

Amphibious Natives. MAJOR POWELL-COTTON has found a strange people in Africa. They spend their whole time on the water of Lake Albert Edward. Their houses are all built on floating platforms, anchored to long poles.