

The Evening World

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All Ready for the Cup Race.

By Maurice Ketten.

Fifty American Soldiers of Fortune

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 2.—VASCO DE BALBOA.

"THIS cask, Excellency," faltered the boatswain of Don Martin Enrileo's emigrant ship, bound from Hispaniola, West Indies, to reinforce Spain's new colony of San Sebastian—"this great cask that was left on deck has a strange look. No man remembers seeing it placed there before we weighed anchor."

"Roll it here and stave in the head," commanded Enrileo, the little lawyer-politician in charge of the cruise.

The order was obeyed. One blow of the carpenter's axe knocked in the top of the hoghead and the next moment the assembled crew recoiled in amazement. For, out of the shattered barrel and onto the deck sprang a man in full armor and with drawn sword.

"Excellency," he observed coolly, to the open-mouthed Enrileo, "I have taken the liberty to join your expedition uninvited. Here I am, and I cast in my fate with that of the colony you go to aid. I am Vasco Nunez de Balboa, a hidalgo of Spain, reduced in circumstances and a seeker of new fields of action."

There were many on board who, at a glance, had recognized the dashing cavalier and who knew his history. Scion of a noble Spanish house, Balboa had fallen on hard times at home, and in 1501, had sailed to the West Indies when only twenty-five. But Hispaniola was at that time swarming with newly discovered adventures, drawn thither by Columbus's discoveries. The Eldorado bubble had been pricked and there was scant store of other gold or fame to be found near at hand. Balboa had fallen deep in debt and after some years' hearing of the Enrileo project, had taken this easy method of running away from his creditors.

Enrileo was for throwing the adventurous stowaway overboard. But Balboa had many friends on the ship and the plan did not meet with approval. So the newcomer was performed as a member of the expedition. On the vessel's arrival at San Sebastian, however, a heap of ruins was all that could be found of the colony Enrileo had come to reinforce. The settlers had been massacred or had fled, and their village was sacked and burned by Indians. There were a dozen opinions as to what the newly arrived emigrants next should do. Then it was that Balboa calmly stepped forward and, unasked, assumed command.

"We will push on to Darien," he announced. And they did. There they settled and built a town. Balboa declared himself leader; deposed Enrileo and packed him off to Hispaniola. The new commander ruled with equity and to avert a repetition of the San Sebastian massacre, made friends with the surrounding savage tribes. From these natives he heard rumors of a mighty ocean lying far to westward, beyond the jungles and the almost inaccessible mountain walls.

Enrileo, on reaching Hispaniola, scurried back to Spain at full speed and lodged charges of mutiny and murder against his supplanter. In consequence, the King at once sentenced Balboa to death and commanded him to come to Spain to receive his just punishment. Balboa, in dire perplexity, cast about for means of escape. Then he hit on a plan. If he could send or carry home to Spain news of an important discovery it might soften His Majesty's wrath. Accordingly, with a band of picked men he started at once west, in search of that rumored "Westward Ocean." Cutting their way through jungles, swimming swift rivers, plunging through trackless undergrowth, skirting perilous narrows, the little army of ninety-five men came at length to the steep western mountains and began an endless ascent.

Near the summit of the last and highest range, early one morning in 1513, Balboa bade his followers halt and he himself went on alone; that his might be the first eyes to view the mysterious sea that lay beyond. To the tallest crag he climbed, then looked downward. Below him lay and stretched the limitless sunlit waters of the Pacific. He fell on his knees in awe-struck prayer, and thus his men, coming up, found him. The first to reach the spot, after Balboa, was his lieutenant, Francisco Pizarro, of whom we shall hear more.

The following day the party descended to the shore, where Balboa waded waist deep into the water, and with drawn sword formally claimed possession of the ocean in the name of the King of Spain. "From now until the day of Judgment," then, rejoicing at having found a means of pacifying the royal anger, he went back to Darien and at once despatched to the King a full report of his discovery. But, crossing his messengers on the way, came Don Pedro Arias with an army, sent by His Majesty to take the Governorship of Darien and to send Balboa forcibly back to Spain. The discoverer was arrested and thrown into prison. Before he could be deported an order came from Spain releasing him, congratulating him on his wonderful achievement and ennobling him with the rank of Admiral. This vindicated Balboa set forth once more for the Pacific, his party carrying, piecemeal, the material for two large boats, which were put together on reaching the shore. In these vessels Balboa explored the Pacific for hundreds of miles, discovering many of the pearl islands and securing much treasure.

But Arias, new Governor of Darien, jealous of his rival's popularity and attainments, trumped up a charge of high treason against him in his absence. Balboa, returning to Darien in triumph from his second expedition to the Pacific, was seized, forced to undergo a mockery of a trial and, without being permitted to await definite orders from Spain, was beheaded. With his last breath the luckless discoverer protested his innocence.

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Discovery of the Pacific.

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Sayings of Mrs. Solomon.

(Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.) Translated by Helen Rowland.

I CHARGE thee, my Daughter, when love beginneth question not any man how it will end; for it is only in the beginning of things that a man is interested, even in the cream of the jug, the bubble of the champagne, the meat on the peach, and the first kiss of a woman.

Therefore, he windeth the alarm clock and setteth it for the finish of whatever he contemplateth, from a morning nap to love's young dream. Thus only he getteth out of a flirtation before he getteth too far in. Mark ye his wisdom!

When he beginneth to break his engagements. When he shorteneth his calls. When he observeth not that thou firteth with others. When he loseth the drift of conversation.

When he yawneth at half-past nine and taketh out his watch. Then, ah, then, the alarm clock soundeth and loveth ringeth off! Yet what mattereth the end? Is not the end of the cream but skimmed milk and the end of a cigar a butt, and the end of a peach a stone, and the end of champagne dregs, and the end of love a quarrel—or a two-by-four flat and a mother-in-law? Ah, which of these would ye choose? Yet a woman aimed anything from love to an argument as a terrier to an old shoe. She stoppeth her ears; she heedeth not the signs. Yes, believe, my Daughter, a man goeth into a love affair as he goeth into a game of billiards. When the game is won he loseth interest—and seeketh new game. For love is as a feast, which the wise enjoyeth while it lasteth and regretteth not when it is over, nor bothereth about the bill. Selah!

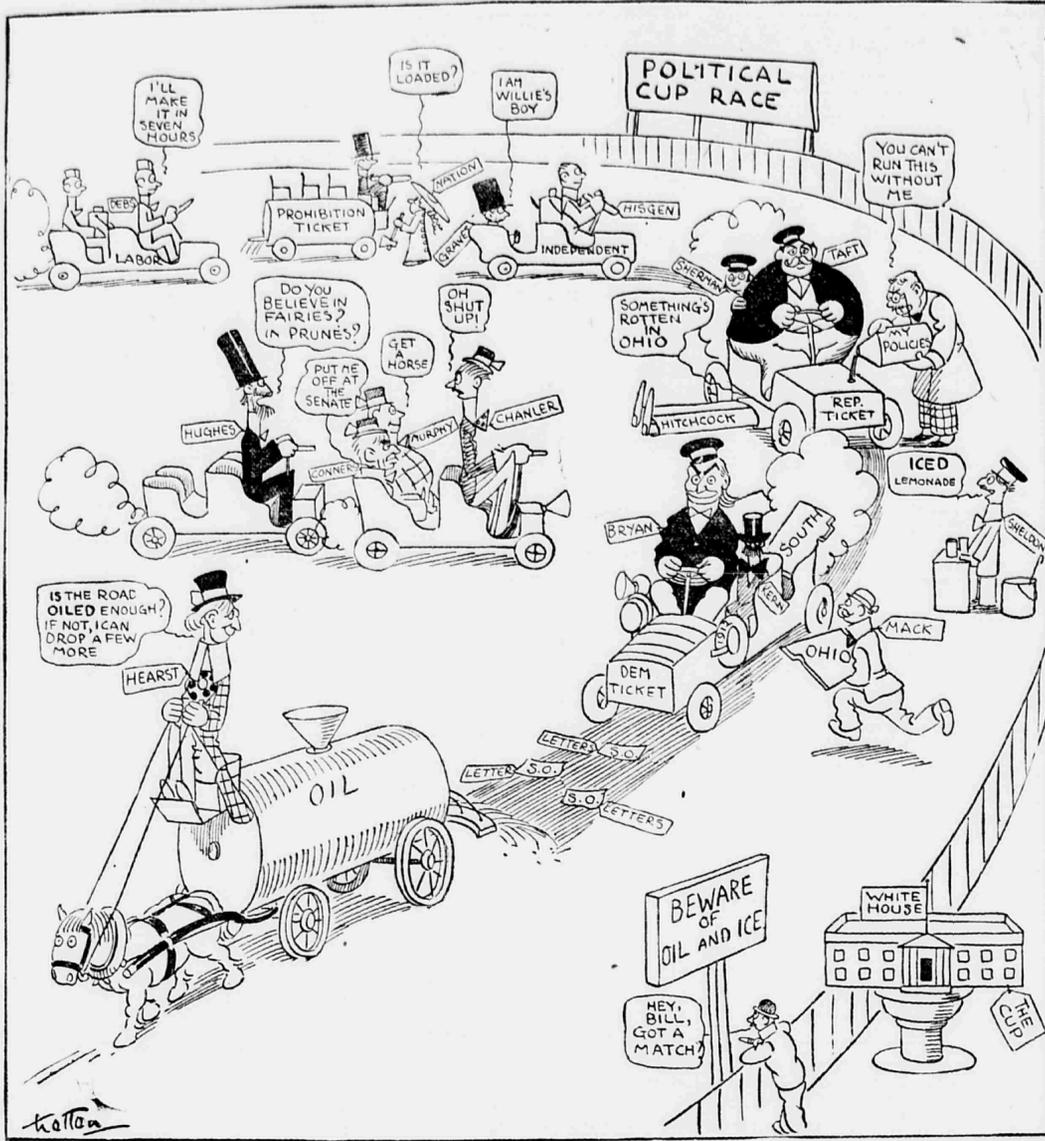
First Cousin to an Oyster Stew.

By Miles Bradford.

SENATOR KEAN, of New Jersey, is the inventor of a delicious method of cooking oysters, and although it is impossible to designate it as a "stew," it is unquestionably entitled to be regarded as the stew's first cousin. To produce this dish the cook should select a dozen medium-sized oysters for each person at the board. These should then be placed between the folds of a napkin, that they may have a chance to become very dry. In the mean time put some cream in the chafing dish—a teaspoonful of cream to each dozen oysters is about the proper proportion—and when it has commenced to boil put the oysters into it and let them remain until the edges begin to curl. They should then be taken from the cream, to be served upon a well-heated napkin, the quantity of seasoning being left to the taste of the individuals who are to enjoy the delectation.—The Bohemian.

Electric Lighting by Windmill.

ON the Danish Island of Sjælland there is an electric lighting system which is driven by a windmill. The wheel is 46 feet in diameter and is supported by a tower 45 feet high. The area of the blades exposed to the wind is 340 square feet, and with a wind blowing at the rate of 22 feet a second the mill will give 84 horse-power.



AN IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT.

The Democratic campaign now closing might easily have been made more Democratic, but it has been a great improvement upon several that have preceded it. False and novel ideas have been subordinated or wholly ignored, and the time-tested principles of the party have been more and more in evidence. The result is seen in the fact that for the first time in twelve years the party is fairly harmonious and is assailed by no formidable bolting element.

There are elementary differences between true Democracy and Roosevelt Republicanism, and if they had been emphasized more strongly the campaign would have been even more invigorating to the Democratic party. That there is wonderful vitality in the organization has been proved over and over again, but it is to be remembered that life has appeared only as principle has been adhered to. Democracy against plutocracy, equal rights against privilege and favoritism, economy against extravagance, just taxation against discriminating taxation, the truths of the Declaration of Independence against all the imperialism involved in the Philippine adventure, peace at home and abroad against the war spirit and the war expense, and, finally, even-handed justice for great offenders as well as small against a one-sided system which only blusters at the iniquitous rich while smiting the iniquitous poor with a mailed hand—all these characterize what should be an irrepressible conflict between true Democrats and the political regime that is now in power.

OPPORTUNITY FOR A GOVERNOR.

Mr. Chanler's amended objections to the Public Service Commissions rest upon the fact that they are appointed by the Governor, whereas, in his opinion, they should be elected by the people. This is an exceedingly fine point to be made by a man who hopes to be Governor and who in that capacity would be in a position to name Commissioners exactly to his taste. When we send armies into the field or fleets across the seas their commanders are designated by appointment. The people have a fight with the public service corporations on hand, and they need for champions of their cause men of capability and experience, who might not always be secured by popular selection.

In any case, a man fit to be Governor and having a reasonable amount of confidence in himself ought to welcome the opportunity which these commissions afford to render the State a distinguished service. There will be plenty of time later on to experiment with the law. What is needed now is action on the main issue, and as to this there is nothing in Mr. Chanler's attitude that gives any promise.

THAT JAPANESE UMPIRE.

In Tokio every American tar had a Japanese sailor as an escort; the Emperor demolished precedent by dining with his guests; thousands of school children sang American patriotic hymns in English; great parties of seamen "fraternized" and otherwise whooped it up, and something notable in the line of hospitality happened every minute, but let it be remembered that at baseball the Japanese, with a native umpire, beat the Americans in a game of fifteen innings. As to this affair it is said that the decisions of the umpire caused much merriment on the part of the visitors, and we all know what that means. Probably the Americans had to put out five or ten men every inning. Umpiring, like some other things, can be so bad as to be funny. Besides, our men were on a cruise in the interest of peace, and it would hardly have been proper under the circumstances for them to have whipped the umpire.

WHITE HOUSE HEROICS.

That is a heroic passage in the President's letter to Senator Knox in which he says: "I will do everything in my power for the wageworkers of the country except to do what is wrong; I will do wrong for no man." Here is incorruptibility itself, tried and true, self-confident and self-appreciative. Having in mind the memorable occasion on which one Edward H. Harriman, a pretty smart man himself, was handed a gold brick in Washington, how are we to explain Mr. Roosevelt's conduct on that occasion? Under the Oyster Bay code of morals is it right to wrong a man like Harriman?

TWO MILES A MINUTE.

The young New Yorker who has spent a fortune in perfecting an automobile that will run two miles a minute naturally feels that he has accomplished something worth while, but his labors have only just begun. What he will have to do now is to find a highway somewhere on which he can use his machine without going to the penitentiary. Some things can be done as well as others, as Sam Patch used to say, but there are things that are hardly worth doing at all.

Mr. Jarr Apologizes for Forest Fires and Autumn Weather, but Mrs. Jarr Thinks He Doesn't Mean It and Turns on the Water.

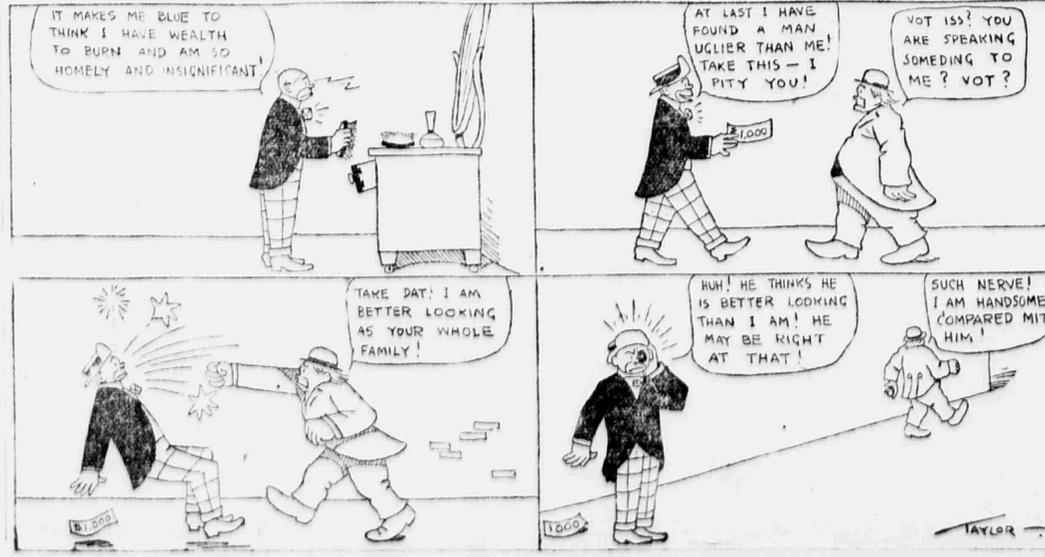
By Roy L. McCardell.



"WELL, it sure is lovely weather!" said Mr. Jarr, briskly. "Makes a man feel that life's worth livin'!" As we are always kicking when the weather is bad, I think we should appreciate the beautiful days like these when we do have them!" "Yes," said Mrs. Jarr, "but the papers say we need rain; the forests are so dry that they are burning like tinder. Thousands are being ruined, farms and towns burned and people losing their lives—how can you enjoy dry weather when it means things like that?" "This was a facer for Mr. Jarr, but he said he couldn't help the forest fires. He was sorry to hear of it, but didn't see where his enjoying the autumn weather made any difference. His not enjoying it wouldn't stop the conflagrations. "Oh, that's always the way with you!" said Mrs. Jarr. "You only think of yourself and your enjoyment. Men are all selfish, anyway!" "Well, a little rain wouldn't hurt," admitted Mr. Jarr. "In fact, we need a good deal of rain—a steady downpour for a week would fill the depleted reservoirs, start up mills that have shut down on account of low water and be a blessing generally." "I know why you say that," said Mrs. Jarr. "You had heard Mr. Jarr once say he'd like to see a good boxing bout. 'No, if you haven't got the common decency to behave yourself I am not going to encourage you by giving you an excuse to be drinking and carousing and staying out all night.' I suppose you'd like to go around telling people 'my wife is away having a good time, and so I'll have a good time, too.' " "And it's just like you to taunt me about going somewhere," she continued, "when there's no place to go to, when I have no clothes to go anywhere and when I haven't the money if I had the clothes." "Gracious!" said Mr. Jarr. "You certainly are in a fine state of mind!" "Who wouldn't be?" retorted Mrs. Jarr. "When a man comes home growling about the weather, and if his wife says a word he tells her to pack up and get out, that he's tired of seeing her around, and he'd like her to be out of the way, so he could have his fling!" "I never said such a thing!" replied Mr. Jarr, indignantly. "But you thought it!" said Mrs. Jarr. "It was in your mind, I could see that! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, when you can see that I am feeling depressed and that I am not well. You should consider me for me! But that's all the thanks I get for trying to be cheerful!" "I didn't mean it, honest, I didn't mean it!" said Mr. Jarr. "But he had to say he was sorry, too, and then Mrs. Jarr cried a little and told him never to come home and begin quarreling with her. She had had too much of it and couldn't stand it any more."

The Million Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor



Letters From the People.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I was born in this country, but my father is not a citizen. Am I entitled to a vote, without citizen papers? F. M. Nov. 10 to Jan. 1.

To the Editor of The Evening World: When does the rabbit shooting season in New Jersey open and end? B. H. The Edgewater "Ruin."

To the Editor of The Evening World: Captain's inquiry is answered by informing him that the "ruin" he refers to in Edgewater is the foundation when on stood the Park Hotel, which, after being unoccupied for a long time, was removed by a building wrecker and the material sold. The foundation was left intact because it wouldn't have paid to tear it down. I have photos of the building as it showed in 1885, taken both from the river and the cliffs above; also the other pleasure resort buildings that existed there at that time—the "Octagon" and the "Bluff Grove Cottage," &c. Coytesville, N. J. J. C. P.

At Any Large Bookstore.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Having read that a certain publishing house is publishing a certain book, where can I buy or order such a book? J. O'DONNELL.