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Advance Copy. By Maurice Ketten.

Fifty American Soldiers of Fortune

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 8—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN—courtier, dandy, soldier of fortune—received from Queen Elizabeth in 1584 a decidedly remarkable charter that empowered him to seize and colonize "any remote, heathen and barbarous land not actually possessed by any Christian prince or people."

As North America was the most "remote, heathen and barbarous land" within his reach, the holder of the charter—Master Walter Raleigh—turned his attention to colonizing a part unknown to that country.

Raleigh was a strange man. Fearless in fight, he was yet a flattering, time-serving courtier. A lover of riches and splendor, he could nevertheless endure privations and live on a crust. Selfish and ambitious, he still yearned to form colonies in far lands for the future glory of England.

Raleigh was unlike most of the Queen's favorites. He did not care to stay at court to gather what crumbs of patronage he could. Instead, he begged leave to form colonies in America. Up to that time nearly every one who had gone to the New World was a seeker for gold or fame.

Raleigh was the first adventurer who sought to plant permanent colonies in what is now the United States. Two of his ships went early in 1585 to America, cruising along the Atlantic coast and bringing back enthusiastic accounts of the country. The tract thus explored was named Virginia in honor of Elizabeth, England's "Virgin Queen."

Raleigh fitted out a new expedition of seven ships, which started for Virginia in 1585. A colony was established at Roanoke Island—the first to be founded between Canada and Cuba. But the settlers grew discouraged because they could not pick up gold everywhere, and because they must hack homes out of trackless forests.

Raleigh brought to England from Virginia the first potatoes ever seen in Europe. These he planted in a field on his Irish estate. It was Ireland's earliest potato crop. Tobacco—potatoes—these were the only visible fruits of a series of disastrous voyages that had cost many lives and \$200,000 in money!

But Raleigh was not yet done with the Western Hemisphere. After joining in England a war against Spain and leading an exploring party up the Orinoco River he gradually lost favor with Elizabeth. The Queen died in 1603. Her successor, James I., had Raleigh thrown into prison on a charge of treason. There he languished for twelve years. At the end of that time he succeeded in persuading King James of the existence of a gold mine somewhere on the Orinoco.

Whether such a mine existed or if Raleigh invented it as a ruse to gain his freedom, cannot be known. But James sent him to South America to look for the treasure, warning him, however, to avoid all trouble with the Spaniards there. For England was by that time at peace with Spain.

Raleigh went to the Orinoco. There, while he was ill in bed, a party of his men (with or without his consent) attacked a Spanish town, killing many of its inhabitants. In the fight Raleigh's young son lost his life. The gold mine could not be found. The sailors mutinied, the voyage was a total failure and Raleigh was obliged to go back in disgrace to England. There he was imprisoned for the attack on the Spanish town. The old treason charge against him was revived, and, in October, 1618, he was beheaded.

Missing numbers of this series will be supplied upon application to Circulation Department, Evening World, upon receipt of one-cent stamp for each number.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon. (Being the Confessions of the Seven hundredth Wife.)

Translated by Helen Rowland.

Neither judge a man by the size of his tip to the waiter, nor by the size of his nose.

And because a man weareth a passionate vest and silk hat, yet it need not follow that he payeth his board bill regularly. For a twenty-dollar-a-week clerk giveth taxicabs with a blouse air, yet a trust magnate giveth these gently, but firmly to a street car.

Verily, a man regardeth thine acceptance of his roses before marriage as a favor, but he looketh upon thy milliner's bills after marriage as GRACE! Yes, a sweetheart is an object of conquest, but a wife is an object of charity.

Neither judge a man's morals by the temperance upon he weareth until thou has searched his pockets to see whether there be not a bit of gin hidden therein. And when thou discoverest that a man drinketh not, and smoketh not, and firrteth not, restrain thine admiration until thou hast found out what WORSHIP he doeth in place of these.

I charge thee, my daughter, tremble not when thou art introduced to a college professor lest he ask thee the square root of the hypotenuse; rather wilt thou ask thee to eat a plum-pudding, yet a football favorite will quote the verses from Keats and a poet will brag of his muscle. For every man seeketh to appear that which he is not.

And he who remaineth up until midnight to talk to thee may not be willing to arise at 6 o'clock to work for thee. Therefore compliment a learned man upon his dancing, a preacher upon his pokes, a fat man upon his grace and a fool upon his understanding. Tell a bank president that he should have been a detective—even as Sherlock Holmes—and he will marvel how thou discoveredst his acuteness. Yet tell any man that he shouldst have been an actor and he will exalt thy judgment. For no man liveth who thinketh not that he was cut out for a maine fool. Selah!

The Earliest Punctuation.

PUNCTUATION by means of stops and points, so as to indicate the meaning of sentences and assist the reader to a proper enunciation, is ascribed originally to Aristophanes, a grammarian of Alexandria, Egypt, who lived in the third century, B. C. Whatever his system may have been, it was subsequently neglected and forgotten, but was reintroduced by Charlemagne, the various stops and symbols being designed by Warnefried and Aleuin.

THE DAY'S GOOD STORIES.

Explained Away.

THE diner dropped his fork with a clatter. "Ugh! Ough! Phew!" he cried. "Yes, sir?" inquired the oily waiter. "This stuff—what do you call it?" demanded the diner. "Sir, I think," replied the waiter, examining it closely. "Yes, it is steak, sir. I'll swear to it now!" "But the smell!" roared the diner. "Smell it! Judge for yourself! It must be veal!"

The waiter shook his head, and then bent over confidentially. "Yes, sir," answered the attorney. "On condition," continued Enpeck, "that she marries within a year." "But why that condition?" asked the man of law. "Because," answered the meek and lowly testator, "I want somebody to be sorry that I died."—The-Site.

His Revenge.

THE lawyer was drawing up Enpeck's will. "I hereby bequeath all my property to my wife," dictated Enpeck. "Got that down?" "Yes," answered the attorney. "On condition," continued Enpeck, "that she marries within a year." "But why that condition?" asked the man of law. "Because," answered the meek and lowly testator, "I want somebody to be sorry that I died."—The-Site.

WHAT OF THE BANANA SKINS?

Moved by the fact that every week brings 120,000 to 180,000 bunches of bananas to New York, a curious-minded citizen arises to ask what becomes of the skins. It is a question that throbs. As the city turns with one mind to ponder this new issue, lesser problems may fly to such woods and unpopulated streets as still remain before the advance of urban civilization.

Why has New York's budget of \$145,000,000 of this year become a matter of \$156,000,000 next year? Why was Kissena Park? Why is the Ashokan Dam? How after a while shall we really get the police out of politics and politics out of the police? What is the straightest, quickest solution of the part-time school situation? When will the possession of a public franchise for street-railway operation carry a guarantee of the best public service?

These are questions for the dull and the hopeless. They promote no joy of the world, fire no intellect of the passing citizen, move no imagination to city-serving flight. Away with issues that breathe triviality even as the "Boys" crave office! What becomes of the banana skins?

Down in the banana belt the fruit serves many purposes. It is eaten as it grows. It is ground into flour. Its peel and pulp yield vinegar, wine and beer. From fruit and plant comes material for soap, for a species of dye, for use in clarifying and refining sugar, for the manufacture of paper, cloth and other things of daily use.

But the banana came into its climactic phase of utility only when in a glowing moment it inspired a New York mind with a vivid, pressing query of the hour: What becomes of the skins?

PRUNES AND THE NAVY.

In 1904 the peanut crop was light, but there was a visible supply of 15,000,000,000 prunes. The crops have no connection. The facts are recalled as being of present interest because of the announcement of a brand-new variety of prunes for the navy.

This item of reform in ships' rations is almost as important in its way as a report of progress in target-shooting. On a long voyage prunes are like a message from home. It is not with the sailor afloat as with the landlubber ashore, who has within easy reach oranges, apples, grapes and each other fruit in its season. So navy prunes must be good or even better.

Prunes are "any variety of plum which can be successfully cured without removing the pit." They are not, as jesting parographers and some agents of supply have assumed, "any old plum." Before 1886 the United States got nearly all its prunes from France and the Danubian provinces. There were also some from Turkey and Spain. Now we can turn to California, where by the count there are in Santa Clara County alone nearly four millions of trees bearing the right kind of plums and whence the output of 1906 was 110,000,000 pounds. Every year in the Santa Clara Valley is celebrated in April the "Prune Bloom Festival."

The development of the domestic prune industry is, as may be seen by the dates, almost exactly coincident with the building up of the greater navy.

THE "SPURT" AS A RACING PERIL.

By ways that are technical and by means of records, including those of the recent Olympic races, Prof. A. E. Kennelly deduces in the Popular Science Monthly a law of fatigue. The principle is applicable not only to foot-racing but to rowing, swimming and other exercises for speed.

Studying distances and records with reference to the point and time at which runners are "run out," the writer finds that "the time of exhaustion is inversely as the ninth power of the speed within the limits of racing speed." Which is to say that increase of speed within racing limits brings down a runner's time of endurance very rapidly. So—

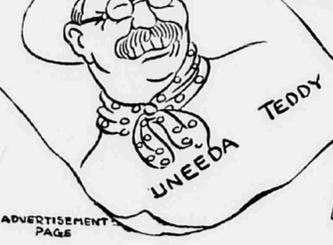
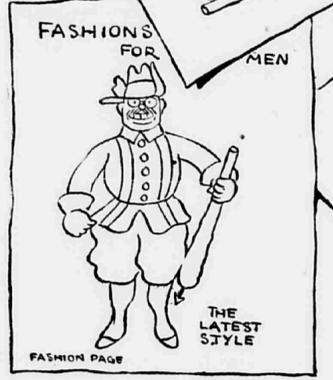
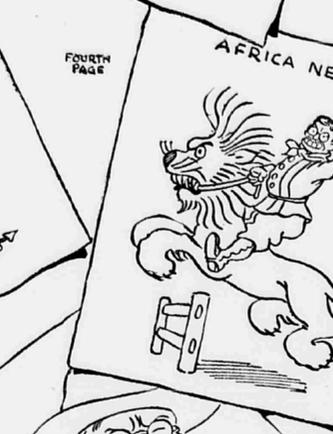
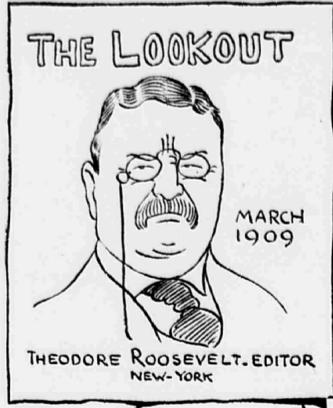
It would seem that in order to make his best time he must keep to a uniform pace, at least to a first approximation. It is evident that on the last lap he will put forth all his remaining effort, and spent if he can, because he should arrive at the goal run out if he has done his utmost. If, however, he is able to spurt to a marked extent on his last lap he has held too much energy in reserve, which he consumes unduly rapidly at the higher speed. According to the logic here set forth, he should have been able to reach the goal more quickly by a slight uniform increase in speed over the whole course.

Prof. Kennelly suggests an apparatus of running wire by means of which racers may be paced by a little flag so set as to do the distance at even speed in record time. Spectators would see then not only the actual runners in competition, but the "ghost" of the best man who ever took the event. Besides, the racers would be able to school themselves to the best distribution of their energy.

This idea should interest a generation of sportsmen to whom "the record" has become so important as almost to overshadow the laurel.

Letters From the People.

The Suffragette Color. To the Editor of The Evening World: A correspondent asks about the origin of the word "Suffragette." Would some kind reader tell me why the suffragettes chose yellow as their party color? Is it because they would rather be "lemons" than "peaches"? ANNA SMITH.



When Women's Costume Is the Theme, How Helpless Husbands Are! The Wisest Ones Look Pained, but Foot the Bill—Like Mr. Jarr

By Roy L. McCardell.

"THAT'S the kind of a hat I want to get!" said Mrs. Jarr, clutching her husband by the arm and pointing to a woman passing with what seemed to be a burden on her mind.

The first man to take note and make remark when a woman looks shabby or sloopy. "I do not!" said Mr. Jarr. "Oh, not when I look shabby, for I will say I never look sloopy!" retorted Mrs. Jarr.

The Million Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor



Illustration of a man and a woman in a domestic setting, part of the comic strip.