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Here Are a Few.

By Maurice Ketten.

Fifty American Soldiers of Fortune

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 47—WILLIAM WALKER

THIS is the story of a "professional revolutionist," known to his admirers as "the gray eyed man of destiny." He was William Walker, of Tennessee—king of filibusters. One historian says of him: "He was as brave a man as ever lived, and wasted his life trying to achieve what was impossible!"

Walker was the son of a Nashville (Tenn.) banker. But he was not content to follow in his father's steps. In fact he did not know what he wanted to do. The spirit of unrest was in his blood. He left college in 1833 when he was only fourteen and entered a law school; then traveled for years in Europe, taking a course in medicine and studying literature. Coming home, he tried his hand at practicing law; did not like it; and took up newspaper work. Drifting from place to place he at last became editor of the San Francisco Herald. But nothing he attempted gave him the excitement he craved.

In 1853 Walker's chance came. The Apache Indians had a way of raiding Southern California, then escaping safely into Mexico. To stop this practice Walker proposed to form a little colony on the Sonora frontier of Mexico. With 170 men and three large cannon he slipped unnoticed out of the port of San Francisco and landed at La Paz, in Lower California. There, annexing Sonora, he declared the region a republic with himself as its president. For a time it looked as though his daring plot would succeed. But an overwhelmingly large force of Mexicans was massed against him; many of his followers deserted; and food and money ran short. So, fleeing before the troops of Mexico, Walker escaped into California and surrendered to the United States Government authorities at San Diego.

He was placed on trial for violating neutrality laws. But public sentiment was with him and he was soon set free. The moment he was released Walker looked about for new fields of adventure. His choice settled on the republic of Nicaragua. That country was then in the throes of civil war. The leader of the revolutionary party sought Walker's aid. Walker made no secret of the fact that he was going to Nicaragua. He took along fifty-six recruits he had collected in Tennessee. He doctored the law by declaring he and his men were merely going to Nicaragua to colonize a tract of land that had been granted them. Landing in the little republic on June 16, 1855, he was reinforced by 100 native revolutionists. Without wasting a day, Walker launched his handful of volunteers against the governmental troops. In the first fight he was defeated with a loss of eighteen men. But he went back at once to the attack. With 170 revolutionists he beat the government army, 500 strong, at La Virgen; then laid siege to the city of Granada and forced it to surrender. Having accomplished this feat, Walker had himself declared the republic's commander-in-chief and its Secretary of State. This was but the first step. The second was quick to follow.

Gen. Corral, leader of the opposition, threatened to be a stumbling block in the American's path. Walker accused Corral of treachery, presided over his court martial and had him shot. New recruits from the United States, learning of the revolution's success, kept pouring into Walker's camp. Costa Rica resented the adventurer's presence in Nicaragua and declared war on him. Walker was beaten in the first battle, but won the second, and brought the war to an end. No one was left to dispute his mastery of Nicaragua. So he had himself elected President of the republic and persuaded the United States to recognize his envoys. The Tennessee soldier of fortune had reached the pinnacle of success. His fall was soon to come, and was brought on by his own folly and greed.

In September, 1858, Walker proclaimed slavery throughout Nicaragua. Slavery had long ago been abolished there, and by causing its return the new President made many enemies. This was one cause of his downfall. The other was his demand for money from various United States commercial firms doing business in Nicaragua. When, in the case of a large steamship company, this demand was refused, Walker revoked the company's charter and confiscated its property. The company's agents proceeded to stir up the people against Walker. The surrounding countries, who hated and feared him, joined in inciting the revolt. Soon a strong insurrection was afoot. Walker fought hard to retain his power, but was beaten in battle after battle. Finally he burned Granada to prevent the city's capture by the enemy, and on May 1, 1857, fled to a United States warship for refuge.

He was carried to New Orleans and there was put under bonds to keep the peace. But in November of the same year he went again to Nicaragua with 132 men to win back his presidency. Commodore Paulding, of the United States Navy, forced him to surrender and carried him a prisoner to Washington, D. C. There he was freed, and promptly set out on still another expedition for Nicaragua. He was caught at the mouth of the Mississippi and made to give up the plot.

Two years later, in June, 1860, Walker went with a small body of men to Honduras to start a revolution there. He captured Truxillo and issued a proclamation against the Government. This time Great Britain took a hand in the game. The captain of the British warship Icarus made him surrender and turned him over to the Honduras authorities for punishment. A hasty court martial sentenced Walker to death (even as he had sentenced Corral), and on Sept. 12, 1860—in his thirty-sixth year—he was shot.

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Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.

Translated by Helen Rowland.



VERILY, verily, my Daughter, there are many ways of disciplining a wife and there are many wife-beaters disguised as gentlemen. For a hod-carrier aimeth his fist at his wife's pompadour; but a gentleman aimeth his SARCASM at her vanity.

Yea, a hod-carrier bringeth home a club with which to punish his disobedient spouse; but a gentleman goeth OUT unto his club and bangeth the door behind him.

A coal-heaver leaveth the bruises of his hob-nailed boot upon her shoulders; but a gentleman leaveth merely the bruises of veiled sneers upon her sensibilities.

A coal-heaver sweareth boldly at the woman he "adoreth"; but a gentleman raiseth his eyebrows at her jokes and shruggeth his shoulders at her tears.

A man in overall smothereth the furniture when he hath a growth; but a man in a dress suit smothereth nothing but his wife's illusions.

A brute goeth up in the air when he lieth not the flavor of the cabbage and the pork is overdone; but a gentleman goeth out for a drink when the quail is burnt and the charrousee displaced him.

Verily, verily, I say unto thee, it is bad form for a man to compliment his wife in public—even in the presence of other women—but it is good policy.

It is bad form for him to address her by pretty nicknames, but it is excellent wisdom.

It is bad form for him to devote himself unto her at omelette and dinners—but it is fine art.

Yea, an APPARENTLY devoted husband is a great joy, and all women shall admire him, saying: "Is he not a jewel? But lo! WHAT doth he see in HER? Verily, she is LUCKY, but he could have done much BETTER—for he is such a PERFECT GENTLEMAN." Bleah!

The Day's Good Stories

Qualifications. A WIDE RANGE. EDITOR—Have you ever done any work on a newspaper? Applicant for Position—Yes, sir; for nearly six months I contributed to a column in our home paper under the head of "For the Uplift of the Rank." "Well, honey," replied Aunt Anne, "it ain't worth a cent; I generally wear nines; but anyway, I've got on 'em twice, an' de good Lawd knows dey h'as me!"—Everybody's Magazine.

THE HUSBAND'S FRIEND.



EVERY criminal court should have a probation officer like Mrs. McCauley, of the Harlem Police Court. If more like her could be found they should be attached to the parts of the Supreme Court which have divorce cases, to the Department of Charities, which looks after deserted families, and to the semi-public charitable organizations, many of whose problems arise from household troubles.

Mrs. McCauley has opposite views to Mrs. Gilman's expression that "a woman is man's horse," or to the woman suffragists, whose remedy for domestic troubles is to give the wives more rights and the husbands more duties.

In Mrs. McCauley the husband has a friend. She thinks that in return for working all day and supporting the family the husband is entitled to some consideration. When he comes home his wife should be cheerful and his house clean. His socks should be mended and the buttons sewed on his shirts without his having to complain about it. He should get what he wants to eat at the hours that he wants to eat at provided he gives his wife enough to pay for it.

And there should be no nagging. Doing these things would solve many domestic problems. Did any one ever know a suffragette who had a husband whose socks she darned, whose shirts she mended and whose food she cooked?



Of the thousands of cases in the divorce courts how many of the women did their own housework or did it well, never nagged, and made their own bread and their husbands' coffee?

Man is by nature a more primitive animal than woman. In general all men may be divided into two classes. One kind fight, and the other kind quit.

But while men are so simple and, from an intuitive woman's point of view, so easy to handle if she will only take the trouble, every woman is different. The more experience man has the more he will realize that, besides every woman being different from every other woman, every woman is different to-day from what she was yesterday and from what she will be to-morrow.

The home is what the wife makes it. Children are what their mother brings them up to be. When a man strays from his family with some other woman there is usually one of two reasons. Either his wife does not make it attractive for him at home, or the other woman makes it more comfortable for him somewhere else.

As for Mrs. McCauley, regardless of whether women are allowed to vote or not, she should be made a police magistrate and have the cases of deserted wives and ill-fed husbands brought before her. Surely a husband's court is no less necessary than a children's court.



Mr. Jarr's Walk to the Subway With the Grass Widow Has Not Yet Caused Any Upheaval in the Jarr Home

By Roy L. McCardell.

MRS. KITTINGLY had sent down seats from the theatre. Mr. Jarr was present when Mrs. Kittingly's maid brought them. He feared showing any undue emotion, but Mrs. Jarr was all effusive gratitude. "Tell Mrs. Kittingly she is a perfect dear!" said Mrs. Jarr to the maid. "I wonder who she's fooling now?" said Mrs. Jarr when the door closed. "Now, don't talk like that!" said Mrs. Jarr, sharply. "I have never seen anything in her conduct to justify anybody's sneers, and if a lot of people who talk about her were only half as kind I would take their criticisms in better part."

The family had lost all and were to be turned from their handsome and aristocratic home, denoted on the stage by a great deal of gold paint on the furniture and red plush borders. The old butler entered, cast down by the news, and stood waiting the commands of his fair young mistress. "She is going to tell him that she must leave this place and cannot afford to pay the old butler sixty a month to butle any longer," whispered Mr. Jarr. "Sssh!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Whereupon he will say: 'Let me serve you in poverty as I have in wealth, Excellency, and as for wages, I have saved a thousand crowns in your service. Take those, my gracious mistress.'" "What makes you say that?" whispered Mrs. Jarr. "Did you see the play?" "No, but I can tell it by the way his hands tremble," said Mr. Jarr. "And sure enough the aged servant made the proposition that he would not only work for nothing but would return his back wages. This is always done by stage servants."

Letters from the People

A Galaxy of Jawbreakers. To the Editor of The Evening World: A reader mentioned "Incomprehensibility" as one of the longest words in the English language. If any of your readers really want to know the longest words in the English language I think they are as follows, all being of the hyphenless order: "Palaeontological," "transubstantiationists," "electrophoresis," "stomatodendrocapularis" (twenty-three letters each), "metaphysicochemical," "pseudomonocytidionous," "honorablefidelity," "undistinguishableness," "anticonstitutionalist," "disproportionableness," "photochromolithograph," "cryptocrystallization" and "electrodynamometrical" (twenty-one letters each).

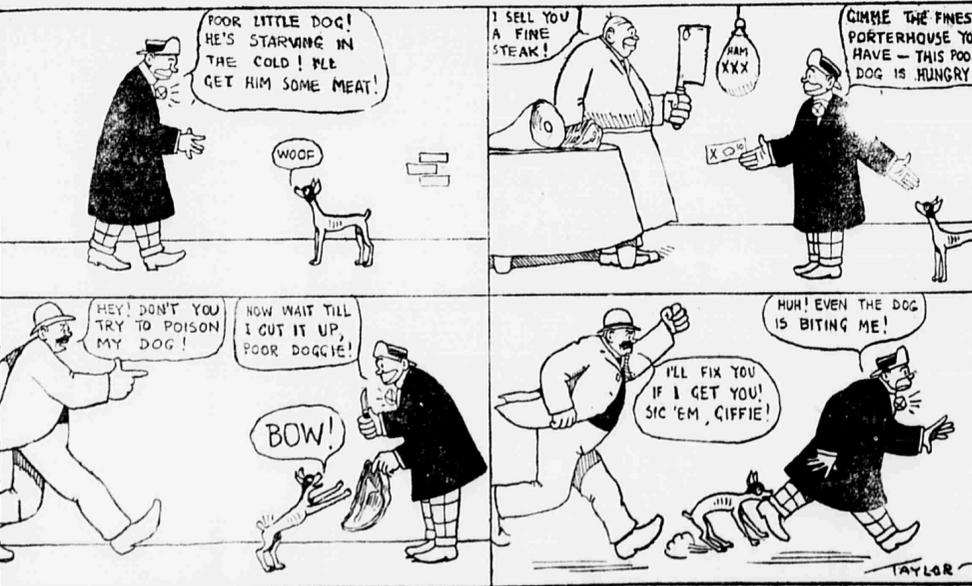
MAURICE INESFIELD. Subway Happenings. To the Editor of The Evening World: Some mornings I board the subway express at Seventy-second street (after standing long in line before the one ticket window where I think there should be three). I find no trouble in getting a seat. Other mornings at exactly the same time the train is so jammed I can't get into the car. Now who can explain this?

A Lathered Martyrdom. To the Editor of The Evening World: The martyrs of old had a cinch. Of course, they were thrown to the lions and all that. But they weren't forced to endure the daily martyrdom of shaving.

To Librarian of Congress. To the Editor of The Evening World: Where can I apply for a copyright? M. H. T.

The Million Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor



EDITOR—Have you ever done any work on a newspaper? Applicant for Position—Yes, sir; for nearly six months I contributed to a column in our home paper under the head of "For the Uplift of the Rank." "Well, honey," replied Aunt Anne, "it ain't worth a cent; I generally wear nines; but anyway, I've got on 'em twice, an' de good Lawd knows dey h'as me!"—Everybody's Magazine.