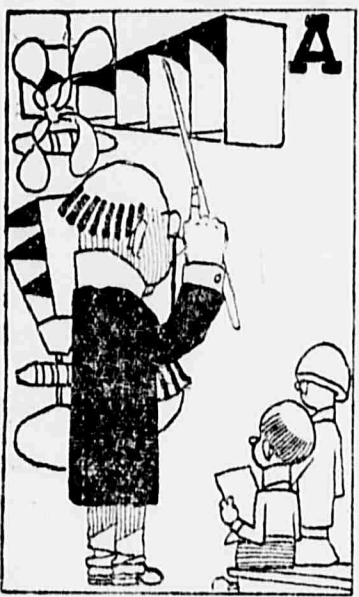


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FLYING AND FIGHTING.



At the session of the American Institute of Engineers a paper was read on the success of air flying. Engineer Granger said of the Wright brothers' flying machines: "They pass over or around given points scores of times with the accuracy of a man driving a docile horse."

Then Mr. Granger suggested that in the next great war flying machines would be an important factor.

It would seem that in the expenditure of \$133,000,000 for more navy and refusing an appropriation of even half a million dollars for flying machines Congress is making a big mistake.

With flying machines the biggest ship of war would be almost useless.

If a foreign fleet were to come to New York, a flying machine by sailing around in the air and dropping bombs on the decks would soon end that naval battle.

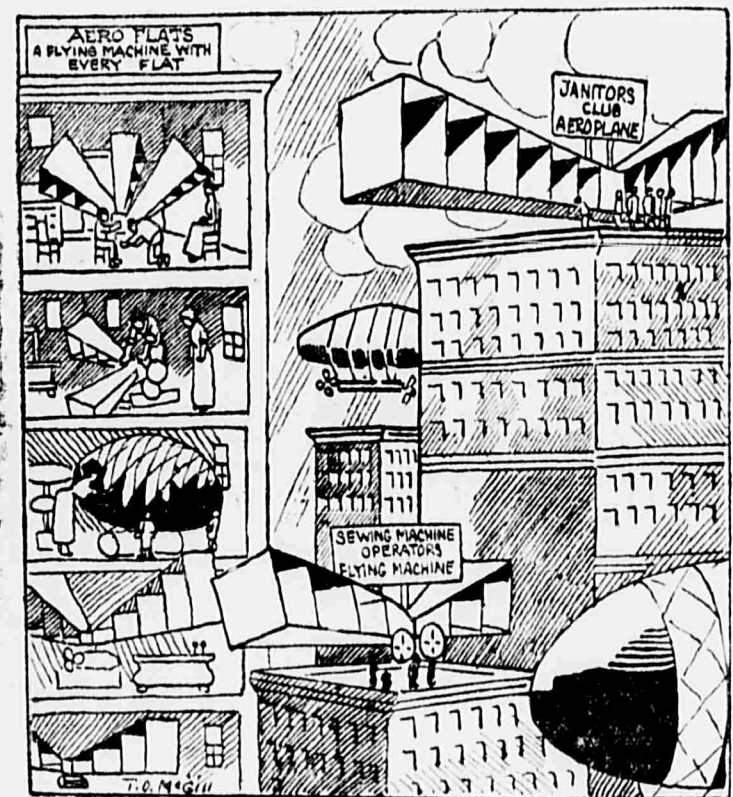
Without navies hostile armies could not be landed on this continent. A ten-pound bomb will sink the biggest warship.

One airship or flying ship could carry enough bombs to sink the whole British, German, Japanese or any other navy.

To land a hostile army flying machines would be of little value because their weight-carrying capacity is so small. It would take 50,000 flying machines to carry the army of the United States. Half a million flying machines would not carry the armies which either Russia or Japan put in Manchuria in the recent Asiatic war.

What is the use of spending \$5,000,000 on a battleship which a \$5 bomb could put out of business when a \$50,000 flying machine could drop the bomb?

In these times, when so many families need more food, clothing and money to pay rent, what wicked folly it is for the United States to collect \$20 a year from every workingman for bellicose preparations when one cent a head applied to developing flying machines would insure the United States against any hostile invasion.



Let us have flying machines and peace. Why should a country any more than an individual be going around with a chip on its shoulder?

Whom do the United States want to fight or who wants to fight the United States? Japan cannot finance a war, and without money modern war is impossible. For England to make war on the United States would cut off its food supply. France would lose one of its best customers. Germany would be put at the mercy of a French revenge. Russia would have no means of moving its armies.

If the United States were to spend for peace and prosperity a tithe of the sums squandered for imaginary war, floods could be prevented in inland rivers, swamps could be drained and deserts made to blossom. Besides which the people who pay the taxes would have more money to spend on themselves.

Letters From the People

A Subway Grievance.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Having read the letter signed "Subway Guard," I would like to say myself that employees' hours in the subway seems to me altogether too long. Some of the married men make extra trips to make a good week's pay. A dollar and eighty cents a day is not very much to keep a wife and family, pay house rent and buy uniform, &c. Now, is it any wonder that the travelling public is always complaining about the rough treatment received in the subway? Some of the guards don't seem to mind how soon they get marching orders. Passengers will be treated more properly when the guards and conductors are treated better.

ANOTHER GUARD.
No.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Does the Vice-President live at the White House during his term of office?
F. B.

A Business Suggestion.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Referring to "A. B.'s" inquiry regarding the use of the word "company" for the business of an individual, I wish to offer my opinion in this matter. An individual, by establishing a business under a name, as mentioned above, will

mislead creditors into thinking that there are at least two persons liable for claims due to them, when as a matter of fact there is only one person. Furthermore, I believe a statute of this State provides that a person who transacts business, using the name as partner of one not interested with him as partner, or using the designation "and company," when no actual partner or partners are represented, is guilty of a misdemeanor. There are one or two exceptions to this rule.

H. E.

A Mile Long.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Noticing some of the long words cited by correspondents, I would like to have you print what I consider the longest word in existence. It has them all beat a mile. The word is "Smiles." There is a "mile" between the first and last letters.

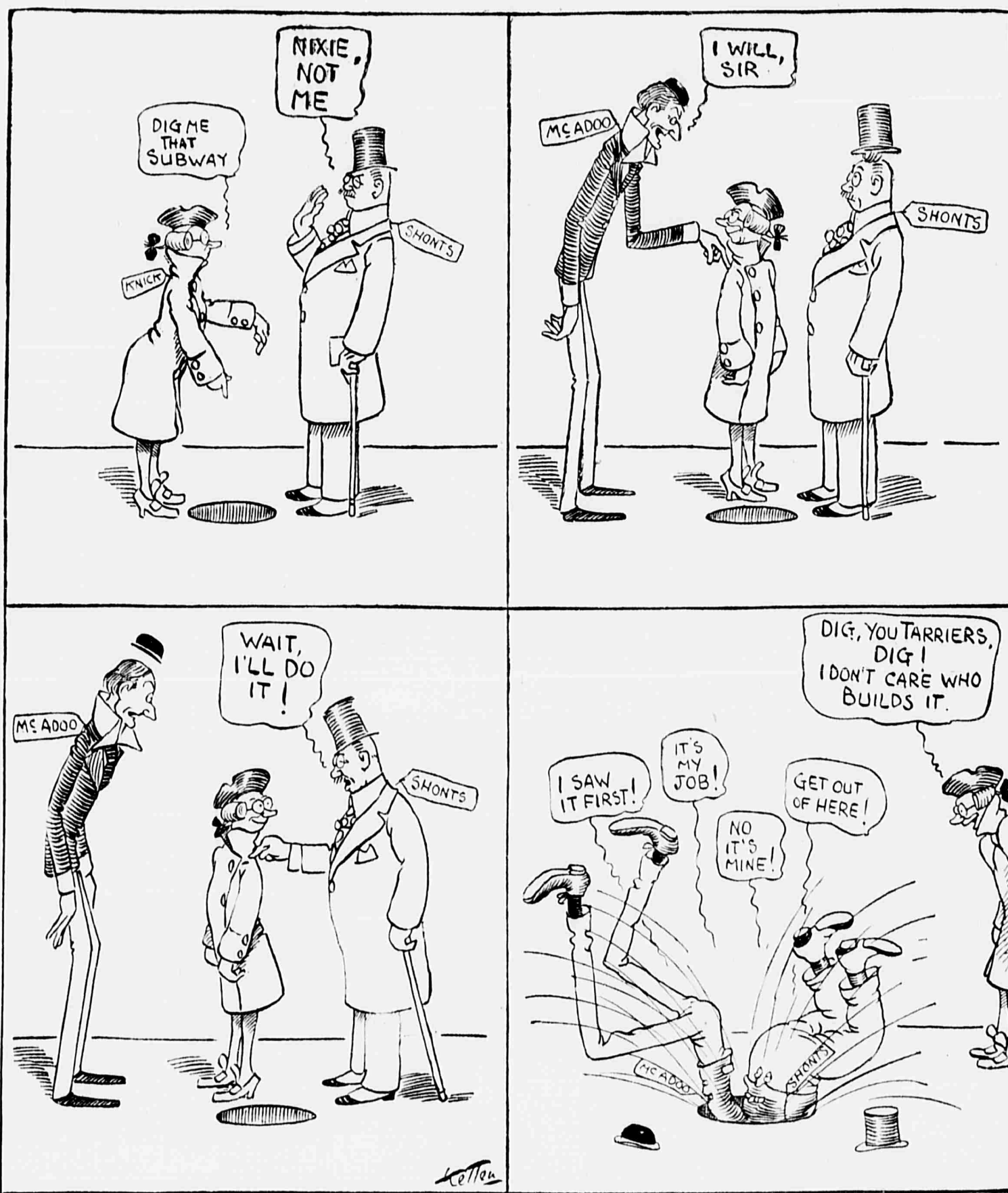
F. T. S.

"First American President."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Which President of the United States was the first American born?
GEORGE KOEPEL,
1011 Park, L. I.

All the Presidents of the United States were born in America. John Tyler was the first President born after the United States became a free nation.

And He Changes His Mind.

By Maurice Ketten.



A Study in Feminine Snobbery in the Jarr Circles, But There's Nothing Like It in the Line-Up at Gus's Bar.

By Roy L. McCardell.



"Did you tell Tony, the bootblack, that you'd get dem clothes of little Gussie, your brother's boy in Hoboken, vat he is too big for, and he could have his life get them for her kids?" laboriously asked Gus as he was about to descend from his living room above his liquor store for the business of the day.

"I seen Tony's woman the other day and told her we should bring them over the first time we went by Hoboken," answered Lena, Gus's wife.

"She's a nice woman, that Tony's wife," said Gus. "Tony tells me that in the old country she has nice people and a good education. Vos she up here to see you?"

"Yes, and I thought she was never going away," said Gus's wife. "And just as she had gone Mrs. Muller came to ask me if I won't give some chances on a marble clock what is being raffled for at her church fair, and pretty near almost she catches that Tony's wife here. I wouldn't want her to see that. Maybe she thinks I go associating with her!"

Over in Muller's grocery store about this time Mrs. Muller, at the cashier's desk, was going over Mrs. Rangle's bill. "I don't like to ask a customer," explained Mrs. Muller, "but this clock what is at my table at the church fair is so beautiful! All marble and gold with two gold statues of actors with swords, all painted with gold, to stand by it and the chances is 50 cents. Maybe you'd like to come up to the fair?"

"I'd be glad to," said Mrs. Rangle. "I can get off any evening this week, but Mrs. Jarr and I have so many social engagements, you know. But I'll take a chance at the clock. Just charge it to me."

Mrs. Rangle, woman like, would take a chance if she could charge it.

"Gus's wife, over on the corner, is crazy for the clock," said Mrs. Muller. She seems a nice woman, but you know I ain't going to go around with her, and she's got a nerve. She thinks she's as good as anybody!"

"The independence of some people!" said Mrs. Rangle, calling on Mrs. Jarr a little later.

"My grocer's wife wanting to take me to her church fair! She's a good soul, of course, but really!" concluded Mrs. Rangle. This sounds indefinite, but Mrs. Rangle did not mean it so.

Later when Mrs. Jarr called on Mrs. Stryver she excused herself for being late.

"I had just started to put on my things to go out when Mrs. Rangle called," she said. "I had to treat her nice, of course. My husband knows Mrs. Rangle's employer, I believe, and spoke in his behalf when he was to be discharged for drinking and I have always taken rather an interest in the family ever since. She's a well, but Mrs. Rangle isn't exactly of the caste or Vere de Vere."

Mrs. Stryver didn't know what the caste of Vere de Vere was, she thought Mrs. Jarr was talking about a society drama, but she adjusted her diamond earring and murmured, "Very true; but of course I don't know her."

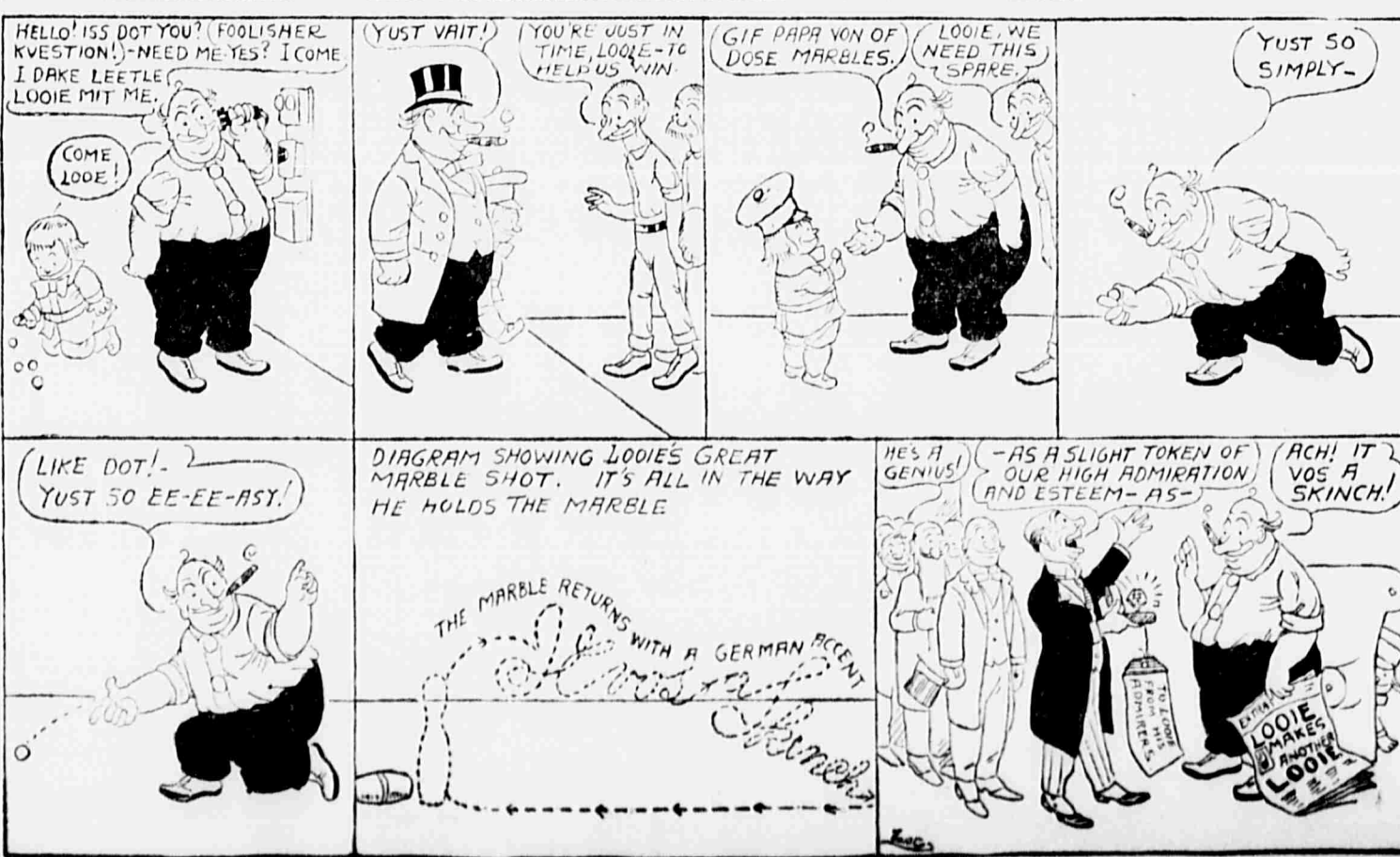
"I think we'll have to give off this street," said Mrs. Stryver to her husband. "It's the only way to get rid of people. I think we've made a big mistake in taking up those Jarrs."

"No, they ain't got no money," said Mr. Stryver, and to Mr. Stryver that meant everything. "Furthermore, that Jeller Jarr don't seem to have no respect for people that has got money. When I go down on the subway with him and talk to him I always feel like he is kidding me."

"And the superior airs of his wife is laughable," said Mrs. Stryver; "she goes around telling people what a friend of mine she is! She has been of service to me, I'll admit, but if we take that house on Riverside Drive she'll be the first one I'll cut!"

They went into Gus's, where Mr. Rangle, Muller the grocer, Gus and Tony the bootblack were throwing dice. Mr. Jarr and Mr. Stryver soon joined them, laughing and joking in good fellowship. Meanwhile, from their various windows their good wives looked on occasionally and bowed condescendingly down the line. Mrs. Stryver to Mrs. Jarr, Mrs. Jarr to Mrs. Rangle and so on down to Gus's wife and to the bootblack's bride in the basement. Women know nothing of democracy. But women do not go to saloons wherein all men are equal before the bar.

Looie, the Bowler Watch Him Roll! He's a Wonder! By Ferd G. Long



Fifty Historical Mysteries

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 5—THE "LOST CITY" OF GOLDEN SEVILLE.

A BEAUTIFUL city, variously known as "Sevilla d'Oro" and "Sevilla Nueva" ("Golden Seville" and "New Seville"), was the pride of the West Indies 400 years ago. It stood on the curve of what is still known as Seville Bay, in the Island of Jamaica. This island was discovered by Columbus on May 3, 1494. By 1509, as records show, Sevilla d'Oro was a large city. It was already denounced by the plous as "The Babylon of the New World."

Here sprang up like mushrooms all the wealth, splendor, vice and gaiety the Western Hemisphere could offer. Adventurers laden with gold, pirates, down-at-heel gallants, even the aristocracy of old Spain—all flocked to the spot and reared out of the trackless wilderness a veritable wonder city. Well was it named the "Golden" Seville. Old archives of Jamaica refer to it as "a magnificent place, boasting much luxury." The English historian, Bryan Edwards, foremost authority on the West Indies, wrote that "it contained a palace, a monastery, a cathedral, a theatre and a pavement a mile long." It was thus probably America's first paved city and the first to have a theatre. Unlike earlier settlements like San Domingo, &c., the Golden Seville was on an island whose native Indians (the Arawaks) were not only peaceful and kindly inclined toward the Spaniards, but at first willingly worked as slaves on the plantations.

Thus the building of the city was made easy. Seville d'Oro ran westward to what is now the town of St. Ann's Bay. There, to the west, were its "slums," the "Santa Gloria" district, resort of sailors, haunt of pirates, refuge of lawbreakers.

This "mushroom" city and the whole island were governed by Don Juan Esquivel, a wise man, who kept lawlessness in check and took pride in making Sevilla d'Oro the beauty and wonder of the Western Hemisphere. Having built a municipality whose white marble and granite buildings shamed the makeshift Spanish settlements elsewhere in the New World, and whose population was already immense, Esquivel sailed away on a diplomatic and exploring expedition to distant parts of the Spanish Main. His deputy, Don Francisco de Garay, was left to act as Governor in Esquivel's absence. De Garay was a rough soldier of fortune, who had served under Columbus, and who had risen from the ranks by sheer brute courage. Finding himself the temporary ruler of so great and rich a city as Sevilla d'Oro, the soldier of fortune began to play the aristocrat. He redoubled the former splendor of the palace, scourged the friendly Indians, worked them nearly to death and wrung their scanty wealth from them by threats and torture. Vice and corruption stalked rampant and doubtful "deals" were made with the Santa Gloria pirates. Rumors were rife that the Indians plotted the overthrow of their Spanish persecutors. Also that the pirates were discussing a plan to swoop down upon the Golden City and to wrench from it the masses of hoarded wealth in palace and villa. So much is known from reports carried by passing ships. The rest is mystery.

One May morning, Don Juan Esquivel, returning from his expedition, sailed into the harbor of Sevilla d'Oro. He had been long away, but he had had very recent tidings of his beloved city's welfare. So he was amazed to see no flag of welcome waving from the palace to greet his return, no salutes from the fort's guns, no eager crowds lining the shores. Nearer and nearer he came. Not only was there no greeting and no answer to his cannon's salute, but there was not a human being in sight.

Esquivel landed and entered the city. He and his bewildered followers sought in vain for any sign of life in the streets and mansions which a few days earlier had been teeming with busy people. Not even a dog or cat remained.

The city of Sevilla d'Oro was absolutely deserted.

The Governor remembered the vague threats of Indian uprisings and of pirate raids, yet he could find no trace of bloodshed, of struggle, nor of flight. Had the Indians or pirates surprised the city there could scarce have failed to be some trace of their presence. Some one must have been slain or a few doors and windows smashed in. But, it is said, there was nothing of the sort. The mystery of the

abandonment of Sevilla d'Oro remains unsolved to this day. Says Bryan Edwards:

"It was either raided by Corsairs, invaded by Arawak Indians or infected by a swarm of red ants from the forest."

The last suggestion is, perhaps, the most probable. The red (soldier) ants of the tropic "bush" still swarm into planters' houses, causing great devastation. An innumerable army of these fierce, hungry insects may have caused the inhabitants of the lost city to fly for their lives before the stinging pest or may even have devoured them. This explanation would partly account for the absence of all organic matter and for the undisturbed appearance of the city upon Esquivel's return.

The horror and mystery of it all prevented the repopulating of Sevilla d'Oro. The ruins of the monastery, the overgrown foundations of huge stone houses and a few half-buried slabs of the mile-long pavement are all that remain to-day of the "New World Babylon."

Missing numbers of this series may be obtained by sending one cent stamp, for each number required, to Circulation Department, Evening World.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.

Translated

By Helen Rowland.



I CHARGE thee, my Daughter, seek not to break a man's heart; for it is like unto family pride, or a steel pin, which MAY BE BENT, but CANNOT BE BROKEN! Yea, it is made of India rubber which reboundeth easily after the worst shocks.

EVERY man she hath loved occupieth a cozy corner. She lingereth tenderly round the grave of a dead love; but a man forgetteth a shoreful of dirt thereon and proceedeth to dig a NEW ONE. And his heart is a perfect CEMETERY! A woman keepeth a bundle of old love letters tied in faded ribbons, but a man cleaneth his pipe cheerfully with the stem of the rose which the girl before the last hath worn in her hair.

A woman remembereth the dress she hath worn and the song she hath sung for each particular man, but a man forgetteth the scent of violet sachets when the odor of heliotrope is in his nostrils.

Yea, after six months, when he cometh upon an old glove or a lock of hair at the bottom of his trunk he casteth it gingerly into the fire, muttering indignantly, "Now, who the devil put THAT thing there?"

A woman recollecteth each pet name which she hath been called and she alloweth no TWO men to label her alike, but unto a man EVERY woman becometh in turn "Gertie," or "Kiddie," even "Baby."

Lo, he is as one that playeth with skulls and sporteth with the bones of his ancestors for he holdeth nothing sacred. He eraseth one face from the tablet of memory by drawing another across it and changeth his object of thought as readily as he changeth his clothes or his political opinions.

For a woman's love is a slow flame which smouldereth always, but a man's love is like unto a skyrocket, which spluttereth out and cannot be re-kindled.

Verily, his past is always QUITE past, and his dead loves are so dead that he recognizeth not their corpses. And there is NOTHING which BORETH him worse than the thought of the girl before the last. Selah!

The Day's Good Stories

Misunderstood Sympathy.

PAT MORRISON, at a banquet of insurance men, said of a rival company:

"They had our sympathy in their bad luck, but they took our sympathy in their part. It was like the widow who called on us the other day."

"This widow called to collect a small policy due her on her husband's death. Our clerk as he counted out the money said sympathetically:

"I am very sorry to hear of your sad misfortune, ma'am."

"Well, that's just like you men!"

Time Consuming.

"WHY are you always contending for shorter hours?" asked the capitalist.

"Because," answered the workman, "so many statesmen are looking for my vote that I want more time to read the speeches!"—Washington Star.