

A Romance of Love and War

Begins in To-Day's EVENING WORLD

BOTH SIDES OF THE SHIELD

BY MAJOR ARCHIBALD W. BUTT
Military Aide to President Taft and One of the Heroes of the Titanic



Weather—Fair and Cooler To-Night.

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FINAL EDITION.

The



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PRICE ONE CENT.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1912.

22 PAGES

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KING GEORGE IN SUBMARINE UNDERWATER 10 MINUTES; SAYS HE WAS DELIGHTED

British Ruler Suddenly Resolved to Take a Plunge at Weymouth.

OFFICERS ANXIOUS.

Was Accompanied on the Dive by Several Members of His Staff.

LONDON, May 8.—It was learned today that England's naval officers had been anxious to see the king in a submarine.

During the King's second day as active commander of the fleet he expressed the desire to take a plunge in a submarine. Submarine D was the vessel chosen and the King, with several officers of his staff, boarded the boat. Closed for its important trip, the boat slowly sank beneath the water, and for ten minutes England's officers and sailors watched the tip of the periscope as the little vessel scurried round beneath the water.

When the King lifted from the submarine he said he was delighted with the trip. The submarine is of the latest type and carries a disappearing gun.

The Premier Arthur Balfour descended with Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, in the submarine. The Duke of Marlborough, who was also in Churchill's party, declined the invitation to accompany him, saying laughingly that he preferred to hear what Mr. Balfour had to say about it.

Balfour and Churchill, clothed in stokers' overalls, descended through the manhole, which was closed, and at once the boat dropped out of sight. A complete tour of the harbor, occupying twenty minutes, was made before the periscope appeared again on the top of the water.

Mr. Balfour warmly thanked the officers and men for his pleasant experience, but said afterward that submarine is less attractive than aeroplaning.

The officers remark that they never saw any one take his first submarine trip more coolly than Mr. Balfour. They had to explain the entire mechanism to him with great detail.

W. K. VANDERBIT JR. SUED.

Greecy Says He Ores \$642, but Millionaire Disputes It.

William K. Vanderbilt Jr. says he didn't get 'em, didn't even and doesn't owe for 'em. He refers to \$642 worth of groceries which Albert Klentz, Fourth avenue grocer, declares he supplied to the millionaire about 15 years ago.

Klentz has filed suit against his rich customer in the City Court, alleging that between April 22, 1907, and Sept. 4, 1907, he supplied edibles to the total value of \$688, which went to stock the cook's galley of the private yacht Tarantula. He says \$65 was paid on account, and the amount sued for is the balance due, which Mr. Vanderbilt has neglected to pay.

Mr. Vanderbilt, through his attorneys, Anderson & Anderson, today filed an answer which is a general denial.

Taft Back at Capital.

But It Is Only for a Twenty-four Hour Stop.

WASHINGTON, May 9.—President Taft arrived in Washington this afternoon for a 24-hour stay. Tomorrow evening he will start for Princeton, N. J.

BATTLESHIP UTAH MISSES "HOODOO" IN NEW DRYDOCK

Twenty Lives Lost and 400 Men Injured in Erecting Giant Basin.

TWO BUILDERS QUIT. Brooklyn Navy-Yard Experts Now Breathing Deep Sigh of Relief.

The first battleship entered the "hoodoo drydock" in the Brooklyn Navy Yard today since its completion after a long record of disasters. The dreadnought Utah ran the gauntlet of bad luck near noon and took chances which made old sailors' hair stand on end. But the Utah got away with it. The big basin of concrete, which has killed twenty men and wrecked two construction companies' contracts played no tricks with Uncle Sam's fighting machine.

Nodded gently in through the 120-foot entrance to the drydock by the careful navy tugs, then warped to a secure position, the Utah was ready to have the water pumped away from her fat sides and lay her injured starboard quarter plates open to the eyes of the repair crew. For once the hoodoo did not prevail and every body was happy.

Drydock No. 4, the big concrete basin is formally called on the records of the Navy Yard since the yard officials cannot take cognizance of the sinister reputation the new acquisition has built up for itself. But among the machine shops and on the gundecks of the various ships of war tethered in the yard it is nothing but the "hoodoo drydock."

Here is the record of perversity which has brought its unenviable reputation to No. 4.

Contract in 1905 appropriated \$1,000,000 for the construction of a drydock at the Brooklyn Navy Yard which would be large enough to accommodate the largest battleship likely to be constructed in the next quarter century at least. The contract for its construction was let to the George H. Spearin & Co. engineering firm, and work began. Difficulties were encountered immediately. For it was discovered that there was no solid bottom to receive the piles that were driven down. No sooner would one be driven down than the next would dislodge it and it would come bobbing to the surface.

Then the toll of death commenced to be paid. There were damage suits against the construction company. Its contract was annulled and the Williams Engineering Company undertook the work.

More failures followed, more men were killed by accidents incidental to the solving of a difficult engineering problem, time dragged on and the drydock was not finished when the contract limit expired. Then a third company, Holbrook, Cabot & Rollins, undertook the work that was still unfinished. P. B. Harris, an engineer of the navy, solved the difficulties presented by the shifting sand bottom. He designed a caisson base for the drydock similar to the caissons driven in the foundations of skyscrapers. One hundred and two caissons were driven to a ninety foot depth in the outline the drydock was to assume and all of these caissons were incased in a steel and concrete binding wall, five feet thick.

With this base the drydock progressed to completion. But its total cost was \$2,000,000 instead of the original \$1,000,000. Unexplained by Congress, twenty lives were lost and 400 men were injured. It stands now the largest naval drydock in the country, 128 feet long, 32 feet deep and 120 feet wide. With the Utah locked snugly inside there are still 200 feet of dock space to spare.

Utah, First Battleship Entering "Hoodoo" Drydock, Which Cost Twenty Lives and Ruined Builders.



GIRL BURGLAR HELD AFTER BEING LET GO BEFORE

Attractive Miss Denny Also Admits She Victimized Brooklyn Doctors.

FEARING COP'S AX GENTLE GAMBLERS OPEN THEIR DOORS

Old Hesper Crowd Rounded Up in Assault on Club at No. 64 E. Fourth Street.

Again the strong-arm squad, this time from Inspector Cahill's staff, hit the gamblers a wallop this afternoon and the root at No. 64 East Fourth street not many blocks away from the scene of yesterday's raid, was the one chosen for assault. "Beansy" Rosenthal, Harry Vallen and John Kennedy, all old members of the Hesper Club, were arrested and two other proprietors of the club could not be found.

Sergeants Dunn and McGee led the dozen raiders, their objective being an innocent looking second floor front of an old building with a loft above devoted to manufacturing. On Monday the place had opened as a gambling resort and Tuesday the Inspector's men got the tip.

When the raiders began to hammer on the "ice box" door which barred their entrance from the street a muffled voice shouted from behind: "Cheese it—cheese it! Don't start busting the furniture, and we'll let you all in right away!"

LET MANY BROWN WHEN DUFF-GORDON WOULDN'T RETURN

Titanic Sailor Says Sir Cosmo and Wife Thought It Dangerous to Go Back.

LONDON, May 9.—The escape of Sir Cosmo and Lady Duff-Gordon from the Titanic in lifeboat No. 1, which was less than half filled, was inquired into searching this afternoon by the British Wreck Commission.

Charles Hendrickson, a fireman of the Titanic and one of the crew in the boat in question, on being asked why he did not return to the scene of the disaster to try and rescue some of those in the water who were crying for help, said he suggested that the boat should return, but Sir Cosmo objected on the ground that it would be dangerous.

Witness said Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon gave each member of the crew of the boat £5 (25), but he insisted on arrangement to that effect had been made and the first he heard of a reward was after the lifeboat reached the Carpathia.

Hendrickson had previously testified that his boat, which could hold thirty-four persons, contained only twelve, made up of seven members of the crew and two women and three men passengers. One of the women, witness said, was Lady Duff-Gordon, but he did not know the other. Asked if it was Mrs. Astor, he said he did not know.

The objection of Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon to going back to the scene of the Titanic's sinking was that it would be dangerous, as the boat might be swamped. Hendrickson agreed with Sir Cosmo that it would be dangerous, but said they might have returned, as with so many men in the boat they should have been able to keep those in the water from swamping her.

MISS RIDD OF BRONX, WHO HOLDS CHAMPIONSHIP, ASLEEP ON A FREIGHT.

Miss Ridd of Bronx, Who Holds Championship, Asleep on a Freight.

Mildred Ridd, the holder of the long-distance championship for running away from home up in the Bronx, is at it again. Her papa received a telegram from Knox, Ind., today, telling him that Mildred, whose name is Mrs. Vincent J. Mearns since she married a chauffeur with whom she ran away once, had been found in a box car in that town.

Papa Ridd, who has left his home at No. 159 Morris avenue no less than four times to find runaway Mildred, is thinking about going out to Indiana to bring his daughter home once more. But the fact is that this running away business is getting on Papa Ridd's nerves and he believes that since Mildred has a husband—or did have—there should be some activity displayed by him.

The Indiana dispatch from the police said that when they found a rather pretty, well dressed young miss of eighteen in their fair city she told a story of having entered a vacant box car at South Whitley, Ind., to take a nap and that when she awoke the car was in motion and she did not know where she was bound. She got out at the first opportunity, which happened to be Knox.

The box car wif had explained that she ran away from her husband in New York because he did not love her any more and had got as far as Chicago on the money she had. When that was gone she had started to walk to New York, via Valparaiso, Ind., and then had the unexpected lift when her rolling bedroom carried her out of South Whitley.

Mildred Ridd first began running away when she was sixteen. On May 5, 1910, she disappeared from her home after a teacher had poured water down her neck at school. She started for

AIRSHIP NEAR CRASH WHEN DARING AVIATORS CALL ON BATTLESHIP

Robert J. Collier and Walter Brookins About to Descend When Engine Stops and Craft Threatens to Turn Over.

OFFICERS AND SAILORS AWED BY NEAR-TRAGEDY

Head of Aero Club Had Cruised From Seabright to Invite Naval Men to Banquet.

Five hundred feet above the decks of the armored cruiser Washington, which is anchored off the foot of West Ninety-fifth street, in the North River, Robert J. Collier, President of the Aero Club of America, and Walter Brookins narrowly missed a tragic fall today when the engine of the hydro-aeroplane they had flown from Seabright, N. J., went dead and they were compelled to volve precipitately to the surface of the river.

NATIONAL LEAGUE. AT ST. LOUIS. GIANTS—0 2 ST. LOUIS—0 0

AT PITTSBURGH. BROOKLYN—1 0 0 PITTSBURGH—0 1 1

OLDEST WOMAN IN JERSEY DIES AT 104 YEARS OF AGE.

Mrs. Winifred Farrell died this afternoon at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. P. J. Haegerty, No. 164 Burnett street, East Orange, N. J., at the age of 104 years and five months. She is believed to have been the oldest person in New Jersey and perhaps in this part of the country. Able from the infirmities of age, Mrs. Farrell never experienced a day's illness until three weeks ago. Then she collapsed.

Last December Mrs. Farrell held a birthday party, which was attended by all her relatives and descendants who could get to East Orange for the festivities of age. Her rule of life was to eat plenty of good wholesome food and refuse to worry.

A "SWAT THE FLY" WEEK.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 9.—Dr. Eugene H. Porter, State Commissioner of Health, in a statement today urges all municipalities throughout the State to inaugurate a "spring campaign for clean-up week," when all citizens should clean their cellars and yards of the accumulation of rubbish and refuse that has gathered during the winter. "If this scheme is fully carried out," said Dr. Porter, "it will lessen the breeding places not only of the fly, but of all the insects which are pests in an anti-fly movement."

Drenched by heavy rain and chilled by soaking mist they had traversed a zig-zag course right from the Collier country home at Wickham, near Sea Bright, with the object in view of delivering an invitation to Rear-Admiral Osterhaus and his staff to attend this afternoon's banquet at the Aero Club.

It was one of the most daring flights ever attempted in this vicinity when you take into consideration the weather, the type of flying machine and the fact that it carried two passengers. The run through the downpour and fog was accomplished at high speed, but just as the goal was reached the engine broke down and the frail craft volve into a stricken bird.

AIR PILOT INTENDED TO GIVE EXHIBITION. It was Brookins' plan to circle the cruiser several times for the benefit of the hundreds of men and officers on her decks and then soar down to the white-capped surface of the river and give the seaworthiness of the hydro-aeroplane by running alongside the Washington and permitting Mr. Collier to step out and deliver his invitation.

The young air pilot steered well over toward the Palisades before he made the turn and shot toward the warship. He was flying about 500 feet high and maintained this height as he crossed the river and completed one circuit in the air. Beneath them the two aviators could see the upturned face of the entire ship's company of the cruiser, and the swarm of jacksies and officers could hear every throb of the engine's pulse until it suddenly stopped.

The moment the engine stopped it gave a lurch and reared on the point of turning turtle. Brookins could be seen working frantically with the levers that control the planes and rudder and at the same time striving to coax the engine back to life. Mr. Collier was also working desperately to do his share in preventing the machine from toppling over.

SKIPPER OF YACHT HAD BOAT READY TO RESCUE.

There were several breathless moments aboard the Washington as every eye was strained aloft in gaze upon the perilous gyrations of the aircraft. During one hundred feet of the descent it looked as if the machine had become unmanageable. But at last Brookins and his passenger mastered the planes and shot south at a long sweeping angle beyond the stern of the cruiser. The considerably heavier-than-air machine struck the water with a splash that enveloped the two birdmen in a shower of spray. They were not fifty feet away from the yacht Florence, owned by John C. Eaton, the Canadian millionaire. The skipper of the Florence had also been watching the coming down of the aeroplane and he had a boat

(Continued on Second Page.)