

# POOR DOCUMENT M C 2035

THE EVENING TIMES STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B. TUESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1923

## The Evening Times-Star

ST. JOHN, N. B., AUGUST 28, 1923

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### WHAT'S THE RUSH?

A few Canadian newspapers are borrowing trouble over the question: Is Canada a nation? The Canadian public is not, and is not likely to be, very much concerned over the matter, not seeing that it is of more than academic interest, though some of the publicists take it rather seriously. The Manitoba Free Press thinks we should "assert our nationhood," though to what end is not made precisely clear, and the Montreal Herald, in reply, asks if Canada has, or claims, the power to declare war apart from Great Britain. Answering itself in the negative, it decides that this country is not a nation in the sense asserted by the militant Winnipeg newspaper. The arguments do not get us much further ahead than we were when Mr. Kipling, celebrating the introduction of the British preference, wrote of Canada:

A nation spoke to a Nation.  
A Queen sent word to a Throne;  
Daughter am I in my mother's house  
But mistress in my own.

Since then the thought about a more intimate and directly responsible relation in regard to foreign policy, or war policy, and both in Great Britain and the Dominions there have been many outspoken declarations as to the equality of the self-governing peoples constituting the Empire. But there has been no vital change in Imperial relations. Such a change could be secured, no doubt, by any of the Dominions which insisted upon something new, say the power to declare war of itself, but none is likely to seek that doubtful right, or would know just what to do with it if it were granted. Australia on occasion develops a strong streak of independence, and South Africa is at times disposed to over-emphasize its self-reliance to placate old biter sentiment, but in the way of rights more than it now has has never been specified.

Defence and economic relations are the two big questions, and there is much talk about both. At the Imperial Conference in October both subjects will be up for discussion rather than settlement. There is little likelihood that any of the countries represented, beginning with Britain, will be found eager to relinquish its fiscal independence, though measures looking to the reduction of Imperial trade barriers are debated and perhaps agreed upon subject to ratification by the parliaments of the Old Country and the Empire. Defence is a more controversial subject, though it should not be for it is vital to all. But defence will not be discussed in an atmosphere of threatened independence or separation. It is well recognized that the men at the Conference whatever they may agree upon in principle, can act only subject to their home parliaments, but each country concerned is bound to recognize that the defence of the Empire can be guaranteed only by growing common co-operation and action unless the burden is to be distributed unevenly and unjustly, and so to distribute it is to invite dissatisfaction rather than unity.

Neither the ultra-imperialists nor the ultra-autonomists will run away with the Conference, and it is likely to run its course without even trying to define to what extent each of the self-governing Dominions is a nation. Each is a British nation within the Empire, but none is a nation except in that relation. Those who agitate for closer definitions, or for a more rigid imperial structure, are men in a hurry. The Empire's growth is healthy, if it will not be improved by men in a hurry over the pace of constitutional development.

### AN INTERESTING DIARY.

Some new light on the ex-Kaiser comes to hand with the discovery of a diary kept by an officer who was for some years—critical years, too—personal aide-de-camp to Wilhelm. Subsequently this officer, General Count Dohna-Schodden, became German military attaché in Russia, where he incurred the attention of the Czar's secret service men. They somehow secured a copy of his diary and the revolutionists found it in the records of the old regime. Extracts published in a Russian newspaper were reprinted lately by the London Morning Post, and these contain detailed accounts of many conversations between the Kaiser and the aide. These show that by 1908 Wilhelm was working himself into a state of morose excitement. In that year he rushed a cruiser to Algeiras and began to pose as a friend and defender of the Moslems. He suspected and hated Britain, and stormed against Italy. He told the aide-de-camp he was confident that no nation would attack Germany, but in case some country did so he told what he would do, in these words:

"I will let loose such a world war that it will shake the whole universe. I will raise the whole of Islam against England. And the Sultan has already promised me his support. England may succeed in destroying our fleet, but she will bleed from thousands of

wounds. King Edward will then learn that it is not so easy to plunge Germany into a war."

That was early in 1908. Later the Kaiser began to speak of his country as isolated, ringed about by actual or possible enemies. Austria, he thought, was the only friend, adding "and that is not saying much." He was still muttering about England, saying that against her anything was justified. He was willing to make the Yellow peril real if he could, asserting that he was already seeking an understanding with the Chinese and the Moslems, "as they may help me against the English."

He was by that time reaching the mood in which he afterwards declared that no international agreements should be made without his consent. His suspicions in Italy's case were justified in the end. That Italy was not to be made the tool of German ambition was the tool of German ambition. After the Algeiras Conference, when he saw that Italy, "whose little King is behaving abominably towards me," would side with Britain and France, he expressed his opinion of the Italian ruler.

"This agreement has been concluded behind my back by our friend the King of Italy, and I will never forgive him for it. I have decided not to go again to Italy for the time being. I do not wish to go as a guest and accept the hospitality of this swine."

He did not wait to be attacked. He was for years looking for an excuse to "let loose such a world war that it will shake the whole universe." The excuse did not come. In the end he manufactured a pretext for the war he had long had in mind. Germany had not been insulted or injured. It had not even been threatened, yet this man was ready, and eager, to involve the whole world in bloodshed and ruin. He had about him men of his own habit of thought, but if he had bloodthirsty advisers and a horde of militarists eager for war and conquest there was none of them whose mind was blacker than his own and certainly none whose responsibility or whose guilt is so great.

Mr. Asquith's recently published articles on the origin of the war contain a calm but deadly analysis of the Kaiser's character. The diary of the German aide-de-camp supplies confirmation—though none is needed—of the well established view that from even before the Morocco incident the mind of the German autocrat was bent upon more blood upon the beating down of more blood to appease his own bloodlust and ambition and to make the Prussian supreme. And the world is still paying. Even now it is impossible to measure the price, or even to comprehend it fully.

### TWO PICTURES.

"Physically and spiritually we are already condemned to death," says the writer of a letter from Petrograd telling the outside world what the mad Russian system has done for the mad and the mad. The drainage system and water supply have fallen into disrepair, adding greatly to the general misery, and while the government has devoted some money to their restoration the amount is but a fraction of what is really required. The buildings collapse, but no one heeds. "Nothing of the sensational is left for us," says the Petrograd writer; "we have gone through fire and water, and nothing in heaven or on earth can astonish us any more."

The Soviet, in its desperation over revenue, has invented a new rent tax which is paid by everybody except Soviet officials, who make up a large part of the population. Those who live in the same houses with such officials have to pay their own rent tax, but that of the office-holders as well, though only the latter have any regular income. Like all other revenue that income is raised by grinding those who cannot protect themselves. There is escape for those with money enough to pay bribes, but they are now few. As to house rent, the law gives every private citizen a right to a little less than ten square yards of living space, if he can find it and pay for it; if he is found to be using more than that the police build strangers upon him and protest is not only useless but dangerous. People who were formerly prosperous or comfortable are dead, in exile, or existing in semi-starvation as if the country were in the hands of a merciless foreign enemy.

The condition of most of the children is so awful beyond description. The letter says they wander about the city "in their tens of thousands," to be compared only to the homeless dogs prowling through the streets of Stambul, constantly killed off by hunger and disease only to have their ranks recruited constantly as more and more parents abandon their offspring to the common fate.

Sir Donald Mann, who recently reached London after an extended trip in Russia, says nothing of the misery in Petrograd or elsewhere. He says Russia has harvested a fair wheat crop, and that all classes in the country, "from the government down," are working very hard and are "very anxious to make good." As to the condition of the people, he merely recalls that while every country lost much in the war, Russia had seven years of war and during half of that time there was civil war. It does not follow from what he says that the Petrograd picture is overdrawn, though it may not be true of the country as a whole. Sir Donald sees no prospect of a change from the present form of government. He was greatly impressed by the agricultural resources of the country, indeed he thinks it possible that Russia may be "the first European country engaged in the great war to make a real recovery." He formed the conclusion that the Russian people were really setting their house in order. He traveled 2,600 miles by rail, and both the condition of the railways and the extent of the crops struck him very favorably. Of these things he is, of course, a sound practical judge. If he is right a general recovery in Russia, which is a matter of prime importance to the world at large, may be nearer than we are generally thought possible. The amount of work he saw in progress is at least a most encouraging sign.

### ANYHOW THE MERIT OF FRANKNESS MUST BE CONCEDED ONE DUBLIN VOTER.

A London Times correspondent found many citizens reluctant to say for which side they had voted, but one was discovered who was outspoken. He voted for the Republicans. "I'm an undertaker," he explained, "and they do the most good for my trade." They do that.

The first general election since the Irish Free State was established is described in this morning's despatches as the quietest and most peaceful that Ireland has ever seen. That in itself is the best news that has come out of Ireland for many a day.

Belgium, in its reply to Britain, agrees with France on the chief points at issue, but the note is calmer in tone than the French communication. Evidently Belgium still hopes for an agreement by the Allies. And the British and French Premiers are soon to talk quietly together.

There "must" be a settlement and coal "must" be mined says Governor Pinchot. Here is a mandate. A very short time now will tell how much there is behind it.

In Waterloo on election day four bands, two government and two Republican, all played at once. The Red did not all play the same tune. It's too early for that yet.

About the biggest turn out of motor cars St. John has seen was that of last night in the vicinity of the Regent. The lure of the square circle is strong.

### BLISS CARMAN'S TRIBUTE TO HARDING.

(Vancouver Province)  
Dip low, Old Glory, now;  
The world is doing well,  
A starled nation in its grief  
Stands with uncovered head.

Drop the Red Ensign, too,  
In sign we understand,  
And to our brothers in their loss  
Stretch forth a brother's hand.

How shall we better praise  
This unassuming man?  
Than in the world's lament: "Here  
He died  
A great American."

Simple, sincere and just,  
Let the wide tribute run,  
In token of the faith he kept—  
"Servant of God, well done!"

Born of our common stock,  
Bred in our common ways,  
He held no thought of self  
All his laborious days.

He held no thought of self  
On whom our load was laid,  
Dut faced the burden and the fight,  
Ungrudging, unafraid.

To the last ounce of strength  
He gave, he loved; when more was asked  
He spent the last reserve.

We shall not be ashamed  
To let the quick tears start  
For one who loved so well, with such  
A manliness of heart.

Then bear him to his rest,  
Our neighbor and our friend,  
Life that is loaned for the world's work  
Is God's own in the end.

—Bliss Carman.  
Haines Falls, N. Y., August 10, 1923.

### IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Not Forgotten.  
First Woman—Has your husband quit golf?  
Second Woman—Yes, but he still retains the language when he changes a tire.—Houston Post.

Helpful.  
"Senator, what has helped you most in your career?"  
"I don't understand."  
"Well, time makes the lightning and it also makes whitewash, as you know."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Motorphrased.  
"He has a great faculty for putting the cart before the horse."  
"Oh, I wouldn't say that; say he has a habit of trying to make the wheels run the motor."—Automobile Magazine.

The Irish of it.  
It was during the dry spell, and a shower having come up, Dr. Blank remarked to his gardener: "This rain will do a lot of good, Patrick."  
"It will, that's sure," returned Pat. "Shure an hour of it now will do more good in five minutes than a month of it would do in a week at any other time."—Boston Transcript.

## TO SHOW CANADIAN FRUIT IN ENGLAND

The Imperial Fruit Show, which is to be held in Manchester, England, at the end of October and the early days of November, has special significance for Canada this year. The British apple crop will be light, while Canada will have a fine lot of fruit to dispose of. Canadian fruit is to be well represented at this exhibition, not only in the competitive overseas section, but the Fruit Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture will make a special display of the various Canadian products. Fruit inspectors of the department, it is reported, by the Fruit Commissioner, are present looking over commercial orchards in the different parts of Canada with a view to locating the sources of the samples that are to be displayed. The branch will have an imposing booth which will contain pictorial and other representations of the Canadian fruit industry. From the standpoint of the overseas apple grower, Canada is given special consideration by the board of judges will contain a Canadian representative who will be nominated by the Fruit Commissioner. The members of the board consist of three men, one each from Great Britain and Canada, and a neutral judge.

Several classes and entry blanks or any further information in regard to the Imperial Fruit Show may be had upon application to the Fruit Commissioner, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

## AN ELECTRICAL UTOPIA.

(N. Y. Tribune)  
Ideal states of society have been portrayed since the age of Plato, and even today, when the world is being remade by many voices and from many quarters that civilization is in danger, the hopeful Utopian is still being heard. For centuries these forecasts have been built mainly on social and political possibilities; you will find plenty of such material in the Utopias of More, Bacon, Campanella, and others. Samuel Butler and Edward Bellamy, in recent years did our marvels of discovery, and the first real beginning in the exploitation of that field is rightly credited to H. G. Wells. But it has been left to a specialist to indicate just what particular science is going to make humanity over and push social conditions far along the road toward perfection.

Who could perform that task better than our new "electrical wizard," Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz? And what department of science could be better adapted to the up-to-date Utopian than that which deals with dynamos and currents, with volts and amperes and which calls for from the vast deep for electric traction, projects the human voice along wires for thousands of miles, and for our radio messages harnesses the very ether itself? It is from the vast reservoirs of energy in the world, and the electric elements that physicists are now looking for the potencies which are to throw gas, oil and coal into the discard. It is this same underworld of power that Dr. Steinmetz largely relies for the magic wand which will give way to the industrial and political revolutions. With the help of electricity and its coming developments and clues to live in, and such an easing up of economic problems as will make it possible to bring in the "four-hour day" for labor. Co-operative effort would then have the right of way again, and the world would give way to enthusiasm and wholehearted collective endeavor.

No one does it better than Dr. Steinmetz's far-faring imagination that there, in his connecting up by means of electricity, the various elements of the solar system. It is his belief that the United States gone into this project, and the world might be able to harness the power of the sun, and he leaves further speculation to the literary Utopians, some of whom are already telling us that it is only a step from wireless interplanetary communication to the "ether-plane" of electricity. Why not look forward to a day when the ether will be as full of ships as our ocean is, when we shall be able to inter-world congresses, and when a "league of planets" will be an existence to curb the caprices of tempest, weather and climate? Dr. Steinmetz's Utopia is to come in a hundred years, and while we are waiting for 2023 there will be doing enough to arrange for so widening out "the parliament of man, the federation of worlds" that it will take in "everybody," even the belligerents who, in the Wells novel, came over to fight us from the planet of Mars.

## CHARACTER IN FICTION.

(Toronto Globe)  
It is remarked by The Ottawa Citizen that modern fiction is notable for the almost total absence of popular characters. If they have been created, they are not widely known. There is the Pickwick, no Sam Weller, no Cap'n Cuttle, no Pecksniff, no Danie Dimmont, no Jennie Deans, no Becky Sharp. Such characters in the old days became personal friends—or persons to be disliked—for tens of thousands of readers, and the same is true of many of the figures on Shakespeare's stage. The modern additions to the gallery are few. Sherlock Holmes may be described as one, but he hardly takes rank with the early figures. There are others, perhaps, who deserve to be brought into the family, but they have not been received into the household, and their names are not household words. The moving pictures have brought forth popular favorites like Charlie Chaplin, but there interest is divided between the actor and the character he portrays.

Some modern writers make no attempt to create characters, but depend for interest upon plot and incident. Others are concerned with problems, and these might be expected to be associated with character, as they are in the case of Hamlet. But no Hamlet emerges. The problem seems to be too big for the character; he does not appear, even if he is the central figure in the tragedy; and the problem story usually has the fatal defect of being dry as well as dreary.

Several of the telephones of the New Brunswick Telephone Co. Ltd. in West St. John were out of commission for a time yesterday. F. J. Nisbet, local manager, said last evening that the trouble had been rectified and the service was back to normal.

## BELGIANS HONOR WOMAN MARTYR, SLAIN IN WAR

Unveiling of Bronze Statue to Gabrielle Petit at Fete.

Brussels, Aug. 28.—The fires of patriotism kindled in Belgium by the World War have been extinguished. Her national fete day saw the people throughout the country and in the provinces engaged in stirring demonstrations that had not been equalled since the days of 1830, when she won her independence.

One of the moving features of this year's celebration was the unveiling of a bronze statue in Brussels in memory of Gabrielle Petit of Molenbeek, considered a national heroine in Belgium today. Fired with patriotism in those days, when the nation was invaded, Gabrielle Petit offered her services to the army as a spy. She was sent to various missions to gather information and, returning to Brussels, it was her task to circulate the information gained by writing it on silk paper and rolling it into the shape of cigarettes. Pins and corsets are said to enter her fingers.

At the end of her fourth report she added: "I write with the thumb and little finger. The three in between are amputated. They may have to amputate the middle finger."

On February 3, 1916, she was caught by Von Bissing's men and arrested. Before going with her captors she tore from the front of her dress a brooch containing a picture of King Albert and said, simply: "I do not wish my name to come into the presence of the Kommandantur."

She was sentenced to be shot on April 1, and until that time was held a prisoner at Saint-Gilles. Her cell, No. 37, remains as she left it, and two small Belgian flags mark the door. On the wall hang her chapel and the bronze crucifix, on which she engraved the words: "I am a Belgian. I am a mother. I am a woman. I am a martyr." Her prayer book, covered with black cloth, is there on the table, and a photograph of her as the Belgians knew her—a blue-eyed, golden-haired girl of twenty-three.

No one knows what went on the mind of Gabrielle Petit during those endless, lonely hours on the crucifix and some words printed with a pale crayon on the wall of her cell, and she left her cell on the day of her execution. "It is from the brave that obscure martyrs of liberty are made."

## Execution of Heroine.

April 1 was a clear spring day. Gabrielle Petit received the sacrament and then, guarded by four soldiers, she followed the chaplain out of her cell. She refused the hands that they offered to tie over her eyes, and, standing there with the small body of soldiers already lined up to fire, she still had strength left to cry, "Vive la Belgique!"

At the recent unveiling of the statue the Queen of Belgium stood with her school children of Brussels sang national anthems, and an address was made by M. Jose Hennebicq, president of the League of Patriots. The bronze figure on its large quadrangular base seemed to tower over the crowd and was as if it were a living personality. It was as if the brave Belgian girl were standing there again, and the executioners, filled with noble dignity and indomitable courage. On each side of the base of the statue, in a bronze plate with the inscription, "I will show them that a Belgian woman knows how to die." With dead erect and hands clinched, the figure is a supreme expression of protest and eagerness. She stands there a remarkable specimen of feminine devotion, symbolic of all the mothers and wives and sweethearts who suffered silently during those trying days.

In addition to the celebrations on July 21, demonstrations continued throughout the next week. On the 28th, and in a third of the Revolution of the World War and a collection of relics that tell the whole tragic story of a General Leman, defender of Liege.

## THINGS ARE LOOKING UP.

(Manitoba Free Press)  
At the present time conditions in Canada are gradually but steadily improving. Our international trade is the greatest in our history; the same is true of the national revenue; Canada's credit in the money markets of the world never stood higher than today, and there is in Western Canada at the present time the prospect of an excellent wheat crop. There is no excuse for pessimism nor for disparaging Canada as compared with any other country. But there is abundant ground for steady, reasoning confidence in the future—particularly if we do not leave Providence to do everything.

FOLE'S STONE CROCKS  
Keep the Butter Sweet  
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

Made by Canadian Workmen of Canadian Clays With Canadian Coal.

## SEEK SUSPECTED PARK FIRE BUGS

Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 27.—Police today are seeking three men believed to have started the \$100,000 fire at Sea Breeze Amusement Park late last night. The men, it is said, were ejected from the park on several occasions for disorderly conduct. According to the police they were seen loitering about the spot shortly before the blaze was discovered. Virtually the entire park is in ruins. All the principal amusements and concessionaire stands were destroyed before firemen from Rochester arrived and succeeded in keeping the flames from other buildings.

## The Mystery of Headaches

One friend will tell you to take a pill and a rest, another, something else. The general idea being to just lull it to sleep with a pain-easer.

How few ever suggest getting at the root of the trouble. The first cause of nine headaches in ten, doctors will tell you, is some "kink" in the eye-sight.

Special Glasses stop forever nine headaches in ten. Many, who see well, wear Glasses for just that reason.

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Optometrist  
Offices—Paradise Bldg.

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## PAYS \$75,000 FOR HAPPY THOUGHTS

Simms Obtains Juvenile Filly for Highest Price on American Turf.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Aug. 28.—The most sensational sale of the 1923 race meeting at Saratoga Springs was completed when E. F. Simms paid \$75,000 for the two-year-old brown filly, Happy Thoughts, by Sir Alaric Gypsy Love, the property of the Long Ridge Stable of Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Thwaites.

The filly won two remarkable overnight races here, but had no stake engagements. She has been the subject of much speculation, being considered by many as the greatest juvenile of the year. It was reported after her second winning race that her owner had refused an offer of \$100,000 for her.

This morning the filly was brought out for trial and her time was recorded by the early morning clockers as follows: 0.11, 0.22, 0.34, 0.47. After the trial the sale was completed.

This is the highest price ever paid for a two-year-old filly in the history of the American turf, although colts have brought higher prices.

It was announced that James E. Madden had bought the six-year-old chestnut horse Captain Alcock, by Imp Ogden-Mallard, for \$8,000. The horse was sold by the Quincey Stable last night at the final sale of the year here for \$7,500, the buyer being C. F. Hill, acting as agent. Captain Alcock is a well-known winner, his victories, among others, being the Suburban Handicap, the Brookdale Handicap, the Bowtie Handicap and the Pimlico Cup.

## Do It Electrically

Prepare breakfast with an electric percolator, toaster and grill. Clean from attic to cellar with an electric cleaner.

Wash with an electric washing machine. Iron with an electric iron and ironer.

Serve luncheon from an electric chafing dish.

Sew with an electrically driven sewing machine.

Cook the evening meal with an electric range.

Wash dishes with an electric wash tub.

Light your whole house with electricity.

"Electrically at your service."

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