

MRS. THAW SAYS SHE WILL NOT TESTIFY

New York, July 8—Evelyn Nesbit Thaw came to New York yesterday and bought a hat.

She didn't testify in the trial of her husband. She said she never intended to testify. She added that she didn't care to see him returned to the "Hell hole of a Matteawan" from which he escaped nearly three years ago. She started back for her camp in the Adirondacks at half past nine o'clock last night, with a certificate of ill health in her pocket and the color of health in her cheeks.

There were no detectives at the railroad station to restrain her. There was no representative of the attorney general's office with the body attachment which the authorities had said would be issued if she declined to go on the witness stand and retell the story of the murder of Stanford White and her relations with Thaw, who now, for the seventh time since the tragedy on Madison Square Roof Garden nine years ago, is facing a court tribunal.

She made no effort to hide herself during her thirteen hours' stay in the city. She had a conference with Frank K. Cook, deputy attorney general, in charge of the case, and Dr. Austin Flint, chief alienist for the state. She saw her personal physi-

cian in Harlem and obtained from him a certificate stating that she is not physically able to undergo the ordeal of examination in a court room. She looked well enough. She acted quite as vivacious as she did when she was hailed as one of the beauties along Broadway.

She gave no detailed explanation of her flying visit to the city at the critical period of her husband's fight for release from Matteawan, at a time when the state authorities were apparently uncertain whether they could get her to testify. She declared that she had come here merely to get a certificate of ill health from her own physician, so that the attorneys for the state would be fully satisfied that, regardless of how she appeared in health, she should not be subjected to the ordeal of cross examination.

STOP FURTHER ORDERS FOR SHELLS AT PR SENT

Ottawa, July 9—The shells committee of the militia department has issued a statement explaining to manufacturers that for the present no further orders can be placed in Canada for shells.

The reason is that there is now a surplus of 1,000,000 shells in Canada awaiting the brass cartridge case and its component parts. The

production of these has been speeded up, and it is hoped that it will shortly overtake the shell production thus enabling further orders to be placed for the shell.

At the outset of shell production in Canada it was confined purely to brass cartridge cases, which are known as fixed ammunition, including the brass cartridge case, the cordite primer and fuse.

The speeding up of British shell production has left only a market for fixed ammunition, and consequently the only orders which can now be placed in Canada are for the production of the component parts of the cartridge case, and the supply of material for these parts.

The statement is issued by the shells committee in reply to numerous letters received from manufacturers complaining because they are receiving no more orders for the cartridge cases.

DIRT CHEAP.

Two-thirds of Jones's makeup is curiosity; the other third wit. A short time ago he met his neighbor proudly displaying a valuable horse. "That is a fine horse you have there, Brown," he exclaimed, cordially. "How much did you give for him?"

"I gave my note," was the crisp rejoinder. "Well, you got him cheap," said Jones.

SIR RICHARD McBRIDE AND THE SUBMARINES

British-Columbia's Dashing Young Knight Before the Royal Commission--Bought the Submarines on Patriotic Grounds

(Special Correspondence.)

Ottawa, July 12—A breezy interlude last week was Sir Richard McBride's evidence before the royal commission on war scandals. It was bounded on the north by Powell, the stool pigeon, and on the south by Garland, the grafter—Garland, is the name, but garlic is more like the smell—and it fitted in neatly.

Everybody agreed that Sir Richard was in good form. He followed the usual course of statesmen charged with breaking any of the commandments and denied everything. He did it handsomely, too, talking rapidly to prevent the truth from curdling. His evidence reminded the hearers of the old recipe for making chicken soup without any chicken—it was largely remarkable for what was omitted.

THOSE SUBMARINES.

However, it was plain enough that Sir Richard was himself again. Although he was not charged with offering his kingdom of British Columbia for a horse, he was volunteering an explanation of why he spent \$1,150,000 of the people of Canada's money for two bargain-counter submarines that wanted to sink when they were supposed to swim and wanted to swim when they were supposed to sink. According to all reports, they were the devils' own submarines, those two—always wanting to do the wrong thing.

Sir Richard, it will be remembered, purchased these submarines on his own responsibility and then sent the bill to Ottawa. The bill seems to have been as badly behaved as the submarines, for the first rough draft of it was for \$1,050,000, which was subsequently changed on receipt of telegrams, to \$1,150,000. Second thoughts were \$100,000 more expensive. The same ill luck which pursued the submarines and the bill for them, beset the cheque which settled for them. It got split on the way to British Columbia and the final destination of one fragment has never been definitely traced to this day.

ON PATRIOTIC GROUNDS.

Sir Richard did not touch on these matters, probably because he was not asked the questions which led up to them. There is no reason to believe that he would have been any less candid in his answers on this subject. He put the purchase of the two submarines for defenceless British Columbia (with two German warships supposedly in the offing) on the highest patriotic grounds, which was the right and proper thing to do. Nobody expected a statesman of his parts to do less. On certain matters of detail Sir Richard was not quite so convincing. It takes more than a blithe air and a bonny smile to wrestle with figures and Sir Richard is no mathematician as the present condition of British Columbia government finances pretty well proves. Sir Richard said that in a period of great nervous tension, "he could not hesitate about the price"—and that is true enough. He didn't hesitate long enough to query Ottawa—he bought the submarines first and sent the bill afterwards to be ratified by order-in-council. What's more he paid \$1,150,000 for them with out blinking on the simple assurance of an English navy officer that he couldn't have them built in England for less than \$600,000 each. Sir Richard could not afford to hesitate. He was so anxious to save that approximate difference of \$550,000 between the Seattle price and the Tyneside price that he closed at once. It is true that the Chilian government was only going to pay \$750,000 for the pair and had refused to come across with the money, not because it did not have the coin, but because the submarines had the colic, but that is neither here nor there. A bargain's a bargain and must be snapped up when you can get it. A bargain is very much like a gift horse—you mustn't look it in the mouth. Sir Richard didn't and never will. Take it or leave it—that's Sir Richard's policy and see where British Columbia is now.

SIR DICK WAS PEEVED.

Considering the beautiful window-dressing he did at Ottawa, it is hard to understand why Sir Richard should have been so peevish when subsequently interviewed by The Globe in Toronto. It couldn't have been the submarines which he had explained to his own satisfaction—brushing them aside, so to speak, just like that. It must have been local conditions in British Columbia which caused him to speak of political opponents as "liars" and talk of

suing if they didn't shut up. The change undergone by this debonair and gallant young knight between Ottawa and Toronto can only be explained by the fact that Toronto is two hundred and fifty miles nearer home than the other place.

Sir Richard talked like a man who feels that the rapids are near and the daylight is past; like one who was coming to his own and expected his own to receive him not, like a prime minister, in fact, who was apprehensive that his old side-kick, Attorney General Bowser, would be waiting for him with a club. It was a strange, savage way for a successful young statesman to talk, especially when approaching his home country, and the province which has enjoyed the blessings of his promissory-note-hand-it-out-to-the-railways government for the last ten years. One would almost think that he wasn't sure of his welcome. There may be something in that, too. Sir Richard is not in the first flush of triumph. His flush is a bootstap now and British Columbia is called for a show-down. Consequently Sir Richard has been restless of late. Like Sir George Foster, who found no rest for the soles of his feet until he lighted in North Toronto, and the Honorable Bob Rogers who is looking for a soft spot in Carleton county, Sir Richard is casting about for a new place to perch. Like Noah's dove, though perhaps more spotted, he is making inquiry where he will land after the deluge. For the last three or four years, Sir Richard has been as agile as a moving picture, skipping all over Canada and the mother country in search of permanent lodgings. He is toying just now with the idea of being agent general for British Columbia in England. Not a bad idea at that.

TOYING HIS LONG SUIT.

Toying is one of the best things Sir Richard does. He toys as long as events or men will let him. About four years ago, when British Columbia began to notice that toying was his long suit, he toyed with the idea of the Conservative leadership for the Dominion of Canada. But Leader Borden and a general election put a stop to that. Since then he has toyed ever and anon, especially when British Columbia got peevish, with the idea of a cabinet portfolio at Ottawa. But toying was as far as he got. Like the man who was kicked downstairs three times he came to the conclusion that they didn't want him in there.

The general opinion seems to be that Sir Richard has gone as far as a head of hair will carry him and that from now on his progress will be backwards.

H. F. GADSBY.

SOCIETY EVENT AT WOODSTOCK

(Woodstock Sentinel.)

Mrs. C. K. Howard gave a very pleasant tea on Wednesday afternoon in honor of her guest, Miss N. B. Williamson of Fredericton. The rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers, the color scheme being pink and green. The young ladies who assisted in serving were the Misses Alice Boyer, Grace Jones, Helen McKibbin and Marguerite Merriman. Mrs. McKibbin poured tea and Miss Gretchen McKibbin attended the door. The invited guests were Mrs. A. E. Connell, Mrs. W. P. Jones, Mrs. Geo. Gabel, Mrs. O. Dalling, Mrs. F. H. J. Dibblee, Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. J. Stewart, Mrs. Harry Smith, Mrs. MacPhail, Mrs. Storm, Mrs. W. Drysdale, Mrs. A. H. McLean, Mrs. Parlee, Mrs. Ingraham, Mrs. Allan Smith, Mrs. J. Fowler, Mrs. A. MacGibbon, Mrs. F. McLean, Mrs. J. Graham, Mrs. H. Currie, Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. C. Bull, Mrs. C. D. Jordan, Mrs. Daman, Mrs. Boyer, Mrs. Arch. Connell, Mrs. Hubert Seely, Mrs. W. B. Belyea, Mrs. N. D. Griffith, Mrs. I. B. Merriman, Mrs. R. H. MacLardy, Mrs. George Balmain, Mrs. W. Balmain, Miss MacRoberts, Miss Anna Griffith, Miss McLean, Miss Bessie Griffith, Miss Colwell.

The broker has no use for a man after he is broke.

Sometimes there isn't a whole lot of difference between a good fellow and a bad husband.

When some people get so flustered they don't know which way to turn, they turn back.

WIDE SPREAD PLOTS BEHIND HOLT CRIMES

New York, July 10—The placing of bombs on board two steamships that left this port on Saturday loaded with war munitions for the Allies led to the discovery yesterday that Frank Holt, who killed himself in the Mineola jail, was probably one of a band of conspirators who have been aiding Germany by wrecking ammunition factories and powder plants in this country.

That this conspiracy was widespread was indicated when Secret Service men learned that the shooting of Mr. J. P. Morgan by Holt was incidental to the plot to prevent Allies from obtaining war munitions from this country.

Holt had been supplied with much more money than a college professor could save and he must have had accomplices in the shipment of large quantities of high explosives and in the manufacture of bombs, according to the Secret Service men.

Late wireless messages from the Saxonia, of the Cunard line, and the Philadelphia of the American line, upon which Holt wrote to his wife that bombs had been shipped, stated that no explosives had been found.

Holt's body was identified at Mineola yesterday by three men from Cambridge, Mass., as that of Professor Erich Muenster a teacher of German at Harvard, who had from here in 1906 when it was found his wife had been killed by poison.

In the room Holt had occupied at Ithaca, while a professor of German at Cornell University, letters were found showing that he was a strong German sympathizer while the men from Cambridge who identified the body, said he had been born in Germany and continually talked of the ambitions of Germany.

Scores of detectives were searching New York and Long Island last night for missing dynamite. Much of the dynamite which is known to have purchased was not found. To his wife he wrote that some of this was on board steamships that had steamed Saturday.

Holt's method in obtaining large stores of dynamite showed that any one can purchase dynamite and all other materials for bomb making.

FINANCIERS INCREASE THEIR BODY GUARDS

(New York Herald.)

Since the attack on Mr. Morgan the number of guards in many of the large banking institutions in Wall street has been doubled and the body guards of those men who for years have thought they require such attention have been increased and "strengthened." The private detective agencies which supply this kind of labor are doing a big business.

Another outcome of the attempt to kill Mr. Morgan is likely to be the closing of the financial district to the host of itinerant preachers, socialist lecturers, vendors of patent medicines and quack doctors who thrive on the sale of literature purporting to be aimed at the White Slave trade.

For the last few years the corner of Broad and Wall streets, opposite the Morgan offices and just outside the main entrance to the New York Stock Exchange, has been a mecca for that class of thrifty persons. Having obtained a permit from the proper city authorities they pitch their stands in that particular section of the financial district in the hours that most of the employees in the large offices there are at liberty for luncheon.

The Socialists, as a rule, are especially noisy and many of them have taken the Money Trust as their text, and have illustrated their lectures by indicating the Morgan offices as the head of the so-called trust. For years they have been smiled at and tolerated but the attack on Mr. Morgan has changed the attitude of the important men in the street toward them.

The first thing that will be done, it was said, is to appeal to the mayor to prevent the issuance of any more permits. In fact, the financiers will endeavor to re-establish one of the old-fashioned dead lines somewhere near that drawn by the police under Inspector Byrnes, below which no lecturer or preacher or anything but the gospel should be permitted.

The danger in which financiers stood as an outcome of some of the teachings of these down town lecturers was drawn suddenly to their attention apparently about the same time the bomb was placed in St. Patrick's Cathedral. From that date it was noticed strange faces, which later were identified as those of private detectives, were seen around many of the banks. Others were seen following well known men who have been under public criticism and very clearly acting as guards.

About this time also the gallery of the New York Stock Exchange was closed. It has never since been reopened.

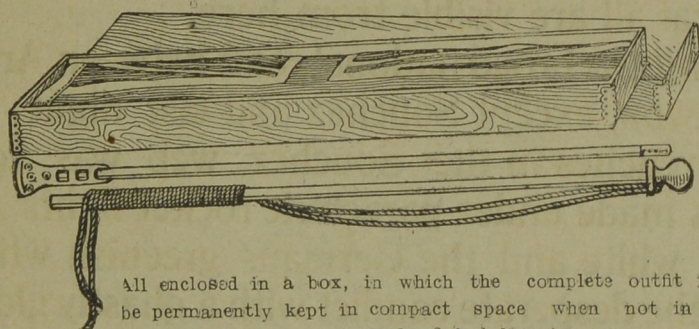
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