

WEST END MOVIES

Heiress Mistakes Auto-Bandit for Her Lover.

Her Lover Mistakes the Heiress for Her Maid

But the weird mystery of the elusive crook is solved, when the ardor of a woman-hater is aroused by the girl who posed as a dairymaid.

SEE

ANITA KING

in

"MISTAKEN IDENTITY"

The Romance of an Honest thief Who Stole a Girl's Heart.

Thursday Night 8.30

Colomb'a Steamship Co.

THE S. S. "MARTINIQUE"

sailed from New York on Thursday evening, and is due here on or about the 16th inst., proceeding to Windward Islands.

ROBT. L. MERWIN & Co. Inc.,
Agents.

THE NATIVE BRASS BAND

played the following program on the Wharf on Sunday night August 12 in honor of the late PRESIDENT HARDING:—

"Dead March in Saul"

"We shall Sleep But Not Forever"

"The Holy City"

"Blest Be The Tie That Binds"

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"Webster's Funeral March"

"Shall We Meet Beyond The River"

"The Vacant Chair"

"Nearer My God To Thee"

"Taps"

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

LOCAL

This paper is advised that the Despatching Secretary received a radiogram from the Governor yesterday to the effect that His Excellency's visit has been unavoidably postponed through derangement of the machinery of the "Grebe" on which he was to sail for St. Croix today. It is expected that the trip will be made tomorrow, Wednesday.

The s. s. "Martinique" sailed from New York on Thursday evening, having 41 tons of cargo for Christiansted, and 14 tons for Frederiksted.

A very enjoyable time was spent at the Christiansted Theatre last night

where the first instalment of the beautiful film "The Holy Bible" was screened.

The Capitol In Mourning

August 8

Washington: Under the vast dome of the Capitol, with low spoken prayer and the tender words of hymns, Warren G. Harding was given into God's keeping, at noon today, by the men of high place in the nation; who had served with him, the short years of his leadership for the glory of the flag that was his winding sheet, as simple in its dignity and its high faith in the Goodness of God, aid the men whose passing it marked. The religious ceremony only lasted twenty minutes, then under the ceaseless vigil of motionless sentries, who stood at the corners of the pier, the great doors were opened for the waiting thousands outside to pass slowly by the casket on which the sorrow of the nation and the world poured out to lay. Through the brief service, a slender womanly figure sat erect and motionless, beside the casket on its high post of honor in deepest black and with heavy veil, hiding her features, Mrs. Harding faced her public ordeal of sorrow with stoic courage, never a break in the firm spirit that has borne her up through the tragic days, was visible to the pitying eyes that dwelt upon her. When the last word had been said, she walked slowly out through the senate corridor, her hand barely touching the arm of Secretary Christian, her slender figure straight with no hint of the crushed heart within. And for the first time since he died, with her eyes upon him far away in San Francisco, the casket was left by this strong, loving, loyal wife and widow, to the keeping of the nation for the little hours until she claims it again to be brought back to Marion and its long rest. A swelling tide of honors bore Warren G. Harding today,—back over the road by which he came triumphant to the presidency two crowded years ago. For him the urge of a nation is ended, the compelling call of duty stilled in death. The tens of thousands of his silent countrymen, grouped along the way he passed, in such state as only the great dead of the nation may know and beyond the brief hour of the ceremony of sorrow, there await for him rest eternal on the soil that gave him birth. Down the wide avenue he was carried, with marching legions tramping ahead to lay him under the dome of the Capitol, with Pershing riding ahead. The marching thousands of the escorts led the way, the steel of their bayonets glittering above them. Soldiers, sailors and marines and citizen soldiers all were there, and behind them were the new President, still, bowed in grief that his high office came at such a cost. Came also two men who before him had held that office, one stricken like himself and so crippled

in illness that he might not give himself as he would to the sorrowful duty of the day. Behind these in endless array marched the great body of American citizens and the men who keep the wheels of a great government moving. In the huge silent building, military bands interspersed the column, playing old hymns that stir and comfort. Tonight the body was started for Marion, Ohio, where it will arrive tomorrow morning for burial Friday.—*St. Thomas Times, August 11th.*

THE SUGAR INDUSTRY IN ST. CROIX, VIRGIN ISLANDS

Since 1920 St. Croix has suffered from a persistent drought. This drought has been so bad that a large acreage of cane had died out completely, and the production in consequence of this in the year 1922-23 has been only about 1,500 tons of sugar cane, and not the average production of approximately 6,000 tons. St. Croix is the only one of the Virgin Islands producing sugar. The factories on the island are as follows:

Av. Cap. in Tons
Cane per 24 Hrs.

Name	Proprietor
Bethlehem	West Indian Sugar Factory, St. Croix, V. I. 700
La Grange	La Grange Sugar Factory Inc., Frederiksted, St. Croix, V. I. 300
Central Factory	St. Croix Sugar Factory, Inc., Christiansted, St. Croix, V. I. 200

A peculiar relation exists in the sugar industry of this island. The output of the island is small, yet it is the only United States territory upon which an export tax has been placed on sugar by Congress. The amount of this tax is \$8.00 per short ton of sugar (according to a temporary act of Congress of March 3, 1917). This act has not yet been changed, and with the dry weather experienced in the past three years the burdens of the export tax have been very heavily felt by the sugar planters and manufacturers of this island. We feel that it is an unjust and un-American tax and feel this keenly since Congress has extended the Federal Income Tax to this island. The Virgin Islands have no representative in Washington, the government of the Islands being in the hands of naval officers who have not been very sympathetic with the sugar industry of the island.—*The Louisiana Planter and Sugar Manufacturer.*