And the hilltop gardens yield this fragrant tea.

"SALADA" TEA

516

'Fresh from the gardens'

Holds British Want Channel Tunnel

Informal Poll in Commons is Reported to Show a Big Favorable Majority

BRIDGE ALSO DISCUSSED

Chief Difficulty is to Persuade English Militarists Invasion From Air is Possible

London.—An informal poll of the members of the House of Commons by Sir William Bull was said today to have shown that an overwhelming majority of the members favored the often suggested project for an English Channel tunnel.

When Parliament reassembles on Tuesday, Ernest Thurtle, a Labor member, will ask Premier Baldwin when the question can be formally discussed in Parliament.

An even more fascinating proposal than the 60-year-old tunnel scheme, now under discussion in England, is that for a twenty-one-mile channel bridge. From it travellers who have suffered the tortures of channel seasickness would be able to laugh at the churning waters.

A channel bridge scheme was outlined forty years ago. Competent engineers claim such a structure is feasible and that the structural difficulties would only be a little greater than those incurred in throwing great spans across the Hudson River at New York. The channel at its narrowest point is comparatively shallow. If St. Paul's Cathedral were set down in the middle of the channel a considerable part of the dome would be left sticking above the waves.

Strategists Oppose Schemes

But British military strategists, arguing for national security, have violently opposed the tunnel and the bridge projects through all the decades of discussion.

The question to be decided is whether the World War altered England's island isolation. Those who favor the tunnel say this country is directly open to attack from the air, to seige by submarine and possibly to invasion by air. If they can convince the military strategists of this, the tunnel project will at last enter the field of practical politics.

Political rather than engineering difficulties have always blocked the channel tunnel. On two occasions the House of Commons voted in favor of the proposal and work was actually started from the English side, but Britain's Committee on Imperial Defense influenced the Government against the project.

So the channel subsoil remains unpierced, while the world's biggest and roughest ferries—as the Dover-Calais, Folkestone-Boulogne and New Haven-Dieppe crossing are called—continue with their daily plague of sea-sickness. Transport difficulties with costly delay and sometimes damage of goods is a further toll exacted by ferrying freight between Britain and the Continent.

A channel tunnel would save an hour and a half on the trip from London to Paris. The channel from Dover to Calais is twenty-one miles wide and steamships now take about an hour and a quarter on the passage. In stormy Winters such as the present one, the crossings take longer and on some days are suspended altogether.

Cost Put at $150,000,000

From Calais a dozen international trains start for points as far away as Constantinople, Italy and Germany. If the tunnel were constructed travellers could enter their railway compartments in London and, with only a change of trains where railway gauges changes, as on the Russia lines, ride to destinations in three continents.

Unhampered by political problems the Spanish Government has started work on a Gibraltar Straits tunnel linking Spain with Morocco. Torreon de las Penas, four miles from Tarifa, has been selected as the site for the Spanish entrance. The Moroccan exit will be chosen next month. The Gibraltar tunnel will cost about 250 million dollars.

Boring can be started on the Anglo-French tunnel as soon as the British Government removes its objections. France never has opposed the project, for with traditional enemies just across long frontiers, an undersea tube which could easily be blocked or even destroyed in case of war, presents no terrors.

Commercial companies exist both in England and in France to carry out the tunnel scheme, the cost of which is estimated at $150,000,000. English railways do not oppose the plan, as immense continental traffic would result, and at the same time the railways would save the expense of maintaining a fleet of channel steamers.

ISSUE No. 5—'29

FLATTERING LINES

Its extreme snug hipline that contrasts smartly with all-around slight blousing of bodice, softened by loose-hanging panel, attached at right shoulder and low-placed circular flounce of skirt are important style details in simple daytime dress of silk crepe. Style No. 383 is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38,40 and 42 inches bust, and takes only 3½ yards of 40-inch material with ⅜ yard of 27-inch material for lining for panel at shoulder. Crepe satin, canton-faille crepe, sheer printed and plain velvet, wool crepe, georgette crepe and crepella exceptionally smart and becoming fabrics for its development. Pattern price 20c in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

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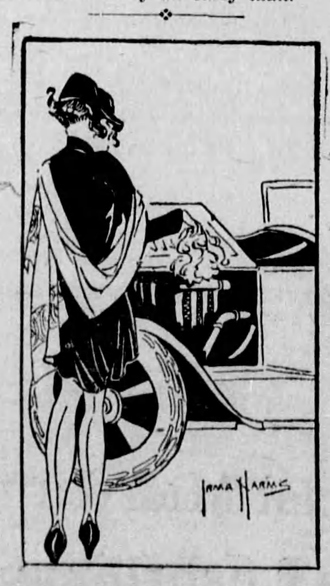

"When a girl thinks the trouble is in the belt, she naturally tries to locate the waste first."

I have always believed that most large fortunes are made by men of mediocre ability who tumbled into a lucky opportunity and could not help but get rich, and in most cases others given the same chance would have done far better with it. Do not be fooled into believing that because a man is rich he is necessarily smart. There is ample proof to the contrary. —Julius Rosenwald.

Doctor (to plumber whose nerves are out of order): "The best thing for you to do is to forget yourself." Plumber: "Well, I've forgotten a few things in me time, doctor, but, lummel if that ain't a bit of a teaser!"

Minard's Liniment for Grippe and Flu.

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Clare Jewett, in love with the Rev. Daniel Gilchrist, marries Jerry Goodkind for his money. Daniel is dismissed from the fashionable Church of the Nativity in New York because of his radical sermons. Gilchrist is sent to the coal mines by Goodkind senior and wires that a big strike is settled.

A delegation of strikers comes north to interview the president and directors. Daniel gives the magnates 24 hours in which to sign an agreement which Gilchrist had made tentatively with the miners. Daniel establishes "Overcoat Hall," a refuge for the unemployed and maintains apartments with baths for poor people.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"What are you reading?" he asked.

"Something about 'Better Babies.'"

"Are you going into the baby business," the man asked, smiling. "No, I was a hansom driver. Hacks—man and boy—40 years. Then taxis come in—and I went out."

"What'd you do then?" the visitor was inquisitive.

"Took to drink," said Grubby blandly.

"Yeh, then drink went out," observed Mack.

"What's your job?" It was Brubby's turn to question.

"Well, I was in the movies," Mack replied. "That is, I was going to be but the fellow that was going to put up the money, his mother didn't die after all. Before that, I sold bricks—books, too. And life insurance. Never had any luck. Who wrote that, 'Luck is work.'"

Mr. Gilchrist."

"Well, it isn't. I've worked at 50 things and look at me. I figure the world owes me a living, and here I am waiting for a bite of grub and an overcoat. Is it true this guy'll give you an overcoat?"

"He will if he's got one. You just come and help yourself, and talk things over. Coffee and sandwiches every night—and supper and sermons on Wednesdays."

"Preachin'," said Mack, rising. "I'll come back tomorrow."

Grubby was reassuring him when Mary Margaret entered. She was a mere wisp, gliding on crutches, 15, pathetically pretty. She found cups and saucers on a shelf and busied herself with them.

"Don't he try to reform you?" queried Mack of Grubby skeptically. He hadn't noticed the girl.

'Naw," said Grubby. "The way he talks you'd think you was as good as him. He says he's going to start me up in the taxi business."

"What's the catch? There must be some graft in it somewhere."

"If you ask me, I think the poor gent's got a few nuts in his nosebag." Grubby described a circle over his head with his hand. "A little bit batty. That's what I say."

"And that's what you got no right to say, Grubby." Mary Margaret reproached the two with a look. "He's been good to you, ain't he?"

"That's why we think he's nutty," said Grubby. "What's he do it for?"

"'Cause he love you," said the girl, simply.

"What for?" asked Grubby uncomprehendingly.

"God knows!" mocked Mary Margaret. She hobbled to the table and began to set it. "It's after 7 now," she sighed, "and the meeting half an hour away and he ain't had a bite to eat since morning." She paused. "He went to see a man who killed himself." Mack laughed. She looked at him curiously. "I mean—tried to. It was in the papers and he read it and says: 'I want to talk to that man.'"

She was still looking at Mack and now she recalled his words.

"Graft," she said witheringly. "Why he didn't even have rent money yesterday and he was despirited. He ain't had money to get himself a pair of shoes, and nobody helps him, or comes near him, but you bums that roast him behind his back."

The door opened and George F. Goodkind looked in rather curiously.

"I didn't roast him. I just said he was crazy." Grubby dismissed the subject, then looked at the intruder.

"Mr. Gilchrist?" Goodkind asked, stepping in.

"He'll be here any minute," answered Mary Margaret. "Won't you come in?"

Goodkind walked to the table. Grubby buried himself in his magazine and Mack walked toward the platform. Goodkind sat down, but with an air that indicated he didn't want to.

"Take a magazine," the girl said. "I got to make the coffee." She turned to Grubby. "You can come and carry it up in about 15 minutes," she said. She looked toward the shelf in time to see Mack filching a loaf of sugar. "Graft," she muttered. "You ought to know." And she hobbled off, singing.

"Think she'll tell him?" Mack queried of Grubby.

"Naw," wheezed Grubby, "Anyway, he don't care. He says we're all brothers in God," Mack made a grimace. "Yeh—" continued Grubby, "that's what he told Jimmy Curran—brothers in God—and Jimmy just up from pinchin' a guys pants. Jimmy says he's clean loco. Guess what he's got in the back yard."

"What?"

"Tennis. And handball games for kids. And, in the other two houses, he's got flats, with bathtubs, and the rents ain't what they ask now for stallin' a horse. Why wouldn't I say he was crazy? Everybody says so but Mary Margaret."

The subject of the conversation entered on the heels of the scoffing. Apparently he had not heard. He rubbed his hands from the cold. He wasn't warmly dressed—in fact, he looked a bit threadbare.

"Hello, Grubby," he greeted, hanging his coat on an old rack over an umbrella that almost fell as the framework swayed. "You're early—and you've brought a friend with you." He advanced and shook Mack's hand. "You're welcome." Now he recognized his other visitor. "Well, Mr. Goodkind. You're welcome, too. Have you come down to look us over?"

"I've come down on personal business," said Goodkind abruptly.

"Oh, yes," said Daniel. He turned to Grubby. "There's a box of books in the hall, Grubby. How would you and your friend like to—"

Grubby squirmed a bit.

"I've got to help with the coffee," he said.

"I see," said Daniel. He turned to Mack. "And you?"

Mack made no move to help, but advanced smiling.

"I just wanted to speak to you a minute."

"All right, after the meeting," said Gilchrist.

"I wanted to ask you—" put in Mack, still smiling.

"After the meeting," said Gilchrist with emphasis. He turned to Goodkind. "Won't you sit down?"

Mack scowled at Daniel's back.

"Thanks!" he muttered scornfully and slouched toward the door. He paused as he reached it and looked enviously at Gilchrist's overcoat hanging on the rack. He looked back, ratlike. Then, stealthily, he reached for it, caught the arm of it and pulled it toward him.

"Nobody helps him but you bums that roast him behind his back

Daniel and Goodkind were concerned with each other, not Mack.

"I'm glad you dropped in tonight," Daniel said. "Because I've been intending to call on you. But there's so much to do here—"

A clatter interrupted him. The coat had come loose from the hook, but with it had come the shaky umbrella and it crashed to the floor with considerable racket.

Daniel turned to look into the sheepish eyes of a thief.

There was neither anger nor vengeance in his face—there was a smile.

CHAPTER XVI.

GOODKIND THREATENS.

Gilchrist surveyed the thief for a moment in silence. There wasn't even reproach in his eyes. His calm, his look of kindliness, totally disarmed the man. He dropped the coat in surrender, waiting for denunciation, brutality, arrest, he knew not what? Gilchrist made no move toward him.

"I thought you'd gone," Daniel said at last.

The thief had fled utterly—but the man was still there.

"No—I—I—wanted—" he faltered.

"You wanted my coat," said Gilchrist calmly.

Mack smiled at the simple explanation. He was relieved and somehow he felt very warm.

"Yes— that's—that's what I wanted to ask you," he said.

"I'm so glad you said so," said Gilchrist without a trace of irony. Mack looked up, surprised. "Because," went on Daniel, "if you hadn't, and I hadn't understood, you might have been tempted to take it without asking—and then you'd have been so sorry and ashamed." Mack wanted to lower his head, but he couldn't. The other's eyes held him. "A man couldn't come into another man's house, and be welcomed, and then take the other man's coat, without losing his self-respect—could he?" Mack only stared. "And of course, if we're going to pull ourselves together and get out of a hole, we must keep our self-respect."

"I wouldn't steal—," started Mack apologetically.

"You couldn't," said Daniel complacently. He stooped and picked it up. "It's your coat. You asked for it, and I gave it to you. When you've worn it into a good job—come back and help me give another to someone who needs it as you do." He held up the coat for Mack to don.

"I will," said the man, pushing an arm through a sleeve, still bewildered beyond words.

"Of course you will," said Gilchrist, slapping him on the back. "Good night."

Mack hesitated. Gilchrist had turned back to Goodkind. Mack looked at him as though he had been convinced of his madness. Then shrugging his shoulders, he strode out.

The slam of the door touched a spark to the silent Goodkind.

"Well, I'll be damned," he exploded. Gilchrist laughed. He won't come back," Goodkind continued half angry. "Not one in ten would come back."

"All right," said Daniel genially. "That coat cost $20. If one in ten does come back, we've made a man for $200. Isn't it worth the price?"

"Maybe," said Godkind, without conviction, "if a man's got the price. Have you?"

(To be continued.)

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"Here's To—"

"Here's to more of 'I will' and less of 'I can't'; more of 'I'll help myself' and less of 'Please help me'; more of 'Nothing is good enough which can be better' and less of 'What is good enough for my grandfather is good enough for me.'

"Here's to the making of 1929 as great a year of progress as happy, earnest effort and hard work can make it.

"And here's to the throwing over our shoulders all pessimism and downheartedness and filling their places with good cheer and enthusiasm."

—Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge, in the Sunday Dispatch.

Use Minard's Liniment for the Flu.

We are told that Egyptian cigarettes need not come from Egypt, and we long ago learned that all the Swiss cheese did not come from Switzerland. More recently large numbers in Volsteadia have discovered to their sorrow that all the "Scotch" whisky does not come from Scotland.—Boston Transcript.

"The folding motor car is coming," says a writer. The collapsible pedestrians, of course, no novelty.

Says Body Is Found Of Solomon's Wife

Cairo Paper Reports Discovery of Mummy in Perusalem of King's Favorite

Scroll Relates Sacrifice

Cairo—The Cairo newspaper Mokattam publishes a remarkable story reporting the discovery in Jerusalem of the mummy of King Solomon's favorite wife. The body is said to have been found in the course of excavations on the Mount of the Temple in an underground chamber filled with wonderful objects, the most marvelous being a gold coffin in which the mummy lay wrapped in richest coverings set with precious stones.

Buried with the body, it is said, was a parchment scroll in Hebrew, said to have been written by Solomon, extolling the virtues of "my favorite wife, Moti Maris of Memphis, who sacrificed herself for husband and king. In recognition of my deep love for her, and my boundless appreciation of her loyalty and self-sacrifice, I with my own hands have placed on her forehead my magnificent crown, presented to me by my people on the twenty-fifth anniversary of my accession."

The scroll is said to recount how three months previously Amerto, the woman's father, came from Egypt, "his hands laden with valuable gifts but his heart full of malice," and in an endeavor to seize the country on behalf of Pharaoh of Egypt ordered his daughter to poison Solomon's wine. It reads:

"When Moti poured the wine into the cups I noticed Amerto did not extend his hand, nevertheless, I unsuspectingly raised by cup to my lips. Thereupon Moti, who was standing by my side, snatched the cup and drank the wine herself."

She died in Solomon's arms, but the scroll does not relate what happened to Amerto.

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