

# Fresh Fragrance of Blossoms

## "SALADA" GREEN TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

### SO THIS IS MARRIAGE

A Christmas Story of Two Women—Film Star and Housewife—But "Sisters Under Their Skin."  
By LACE DENNIS

The Motel Regency was bright and excited; lively with chatter, laughter, decorations, music, dancing, and hurrying feet; for it was Christmas Eve. Indeed, in that brilliant and expensive hotel by the English Channel there were only two silent women.

One of them was Christina Rain, who had just arrived in England from Hollywood, and had taken refuge here. She had left her young husband in America, and there was talk of a divorce, though she was giving no interviews to anyone.

She had been in a glitter of rage and tears all the way from Hollywood. She was beautiful, famous, and rich; but she had still enough of the natural girl in her to hide in a suite of rooms in the Hotel Regency, to cry in peace all through Christmas.

So she lay now, brooding, in her bed, though it was twenty minutes past eleven in the evening, on Christmas Eve. Her maid, in the next room, persistently refused to give any information to any journalist.

The other silent woman was really on, not in, the Hotel Regency. She was on the fire escape, shuddering with cold and nervousness. She was clutching the cold iron rail of the escape, which was wet and slippery from the driving rain; but, as it helped to hide her from the world below, she was thankful for the storm.

She was nearly forty, a comfortable, cheerful woman; but now, with chattering teeth, she was driving herself, inch by inch, up the fire-escape which clung, rocking in the wind, to the sheer cliff of bricks which was the north wall of the hotel.

Some of the windows which she passed were lighted and warm, some were blank and cold. But no one looked out of any of them for they were bathroom windows.

She came at last to the window for which she had been climbing. It was moist with scented steam, and open an inch at the top. It was Christina Rain's bathroom window.

Christina sat up in bed suddenly when she heard the bathroom window open. She sprang out on the floor and hurried into the bathroom, a revolver in her hand. Through the abruptly opened door she saw no burglar, but Agnes Harriet, in a fawn mackintosh and a wet, shapeless velvet hat, clampering anxiously in through the window, with a very white face.

Christina Rain, who was a vigorous and forceful young woman, stepped quickly forward.

"Please don't! If you touch me I shall fall. Let me get in quietly. I'm terrified of heights."

Christina Rain stood still and stared. She was too interested to be enraged.

"Can you beat that?" she said. Agnes Barrett scrambled in to safety and shut the window behind her. Christina looked her over, and saw a middle-aged, pleasant woman, dowdy, scared, but resolute.

"Is it an old English custom?" Christina asked dryly.

"I'm sorry. I did try to get to you in some more conventional way, but your maid wouldn't let anyone in."

"My maid knows her job, or she wouldn't be my maid. Why did you want to see me?"

"I want you," Agnes said, fumbling in the sudden pocket of her mackintosh. "To give me an interview, please, for the English papers." She pulled out a notebook and a pencil, and Christina saw that her hands were roughened from housework, and that they trembled, not altogether with cold.

"There's a fire in my bedroom," Christina said abruptly, "and I think you're going to give me an interview first. You've got me curious."

She unlocked the bathroom window and followed Agnes Barrett to the fire in her bedroom.

"Sit down," Christina said, nodding to an armchair; and laid the neat revolver she had been carrying on the table beside her bed. Agnes was not fazed.

"You can put away that notebook," Christina said. "It's your turn to do the talking."

"But I'm not interesting, Miss Rain; I'm just an ordinary woman who's had to do a rather unusual and unpleasant thing because—because she had to. But you're interesting thousands of people in England and America, and if you'd just tell me whether you've really left your husband, and why—"

"Wait a minute. Maybe I will, maybe I won't. First of all, I want to know just why an ordinary woman, who's terrified of heights, had to come in through my bathroom window on a night like this. 'Smoke?' Well, I do." So she sat down opposite Agnes, and stretched out two lovely feet to the fire. "Go on! Christmas Eve's just the night for stories, and I'm sick of my own company."

Agnes Barrett looked at the famous young woman. She was inhumanly beautiful, her nails were like pink crystals, her pyjamas were a miracle in satin; but, after all, she was human; for her large blue eyes were red-rimmed. She had been crying recently.

"My dear," Agnes said impulsively, "I'm very sorry. I don't think I could have burst in like this if I'd known you really cared for him. Why don't you make it up?"

Christina said coldly: "I'm not giving any interviews—yet. You tell me. Go on."

"There's so little to tell. My husband's a journalist, a free lance. Not attached to any particular paper, you know. At the moment we're very much up against it, and if we could, it would make all the difference. So—"

"Wait a minute! Why didn't he come himself?"

"He's a broken leg. You see, Miss Rain, you'd call it a car, you'd call it a joke; but it's a car to us, and we need one for our work. Dan—My husband—was driving down to get a story at Brighton three weeks ago, and he was run into by a lorry. The car was smashed and Dan's leg was broken."

"It's been difficult for us since then. We're used to trouble in patches, and good times in patches, but just now Dan's worrying. He hates to be helpless, and we've lost our car. It looked like being our worst Christmas since we've been married until I heard that you'd arrived at this hotel, that dozens of journalists were trying to interview you unsuccessfully. I thought, if I could persuade you to talk to me—"

If you'd give me an exclusive interview, we could sell it to the newspapers and there'd be magazine stories and American rights—"

"Yes, I know. What I want to know—and what you haven't told me yet—is how you got the nerve to climb up that fire-escape in a howl of wind and rain. You're tight, you're shy. You are scared of high places—you were grey and green when you came through that window. But, all the same, you came."

"Don't you know why?" Agnes Barrett said gently. "No, I suppose not. After all, you've only been married a few months, haven't you? When you're married for sixteen years you'll understand. You love your husband, don't you?"

"Yes," Christina admitted.

"Well, multiply that love by sixteen, once for every year we've been married. Deepen it by troubles shared together, and made into good jokes instead of miseries. Add sweetness to it by remembering that in sixteen years we've never let each other down. Then add a touch of spice by remembering one or two good, snoring, hair-tearing quarrels that ended—rather nicely—"

Add all these things up, and then remember that though the world's full of pretty young women, and I'm middle-aged and dowdy, it's me he loves."

"And the answer?" Christina said slowly.

"The answers marriage. Also why I came up the fire-escape in a cold sweat."

It was quiet in the firelit, comfortable room. There was music downstairs, and a gale of wind and rain outside, but in this room there was a warm silence.

"You're telling me that marriage really means all that, after sixteen years?"

"All that, and more."

There was another pause. Agnes Barrett opened her notebook and looked anxiously across at Christina, but that young woman was looking into the fire. Presently she got up, went to the window, opened it, and looked down the dark cliff of brick wall. The wind brought in raindrops, cold and clean, and a faint chiming of bells.

Christina shut the window and came back to the fire.

"You'll give me an interview?" Agnes persisted.

"Oh, sure! Yes. In a minute." She lifted the telephone receiver and put through a call to America—and Agnes saw why they called her America's Loveliest Woman.

"You'll call me when you're through?" Fine," Christina turned to Agnes Barrett. "Your interview," she said.

"You can tell the whole world I'm going back to him. Wait. Give me that notebook and I'll write it for you. This is a good story and I want it done the way it should be done."

She sat down at the writing-table by the window and wrote furiously. When the story was written, she unlocked a drawer, took out her cheque-book, and wrote a cheque.

She put the story and the cheque into an envelope, and added a new studio photograph of herself for luck.

"Make it the best Christmas in sixteen years," Christina said. "And go home by the lift. It's safer."

"May I kiss you?" Agnes asked shyly.

"Why not? It's happened to me before."

But it was not the famous and beautiful film star whom Agnes Barrett kissed; it was a lovely, impatient girl whose shining eyes were watching the telephone. London "Answers."

### Don't Grow Old

Don't grow old and dull in spirit. The best recipe for keeping young is to keep your interest as keen and alert at fifty, sixty, seventy and to the end of your life, as it is possible to keep it. Do not let life grow monotonous and narrow—there are world-wide interests for us all. Do not let your range of emotions grow less and less, until you can neither be interested in, nor sympathetic with, nor sensitive to, the joys and sorrows of others. Keenness, zeal, enthusiasm—these are the yeast of life.

## Murder at Bridge

By ANNE AUSTIN.

### SYNOPSIS.

Juanita Selim is murdered at bridge. Possible suspects include Lydia Carr, the maid; John C. Drake, Judge Marshall, Nita's landlord, to whom she paid no rent, and owner of the gun and silencer with which she was shot; Polly Beak and Clive Hammond; Flora Miles, in Nita's closet at the time of the murder; reading a note she thought to be from her husband, Tracy; Janet Raymond; Ralph Hammond, who was engaged to Nita, but found out that Dexter Sprague, who wrote the note, was Nita's lover, and probably Nita's partner in crime.

### CHAPTER XXX.

It was exactly 12 o'clock when Lydia Carr, accompanied by Detective Collins of the homicide squad carrying a small suitcase, arrived at the district attorney's office.

"I kept my eye on her every minute of the time, to see that there wasn't no shenanigans," Collins informed Dundee and Sanderson importantly, callous to the fact that the maid could hear him. "But I let her rig along everything she said she needed to lay the body out in. . . Was that right?"

"Right!" agreed the district attorney, as Dundee opened the suitcase upon Sanderson's desk.

The royal blue velvet dress lay on top. Perhaps the beautiful little dancer had intended all these years that it should be her shroud. . .

"Oh, it's lovely!" Penny Crain cried. "It looks like a French model."

"It's a copy of a French model," Lydia answered.

"So it is," Dundee agreed, and took out his penknife to snip the threads which fastened the label to the frock.

"Pierre Model. Copied by Simonson—New York City," he read aloud, and slipped the little square of satin into the envelope containing the murdered woman's will, for temporary safe-keeping.

"Well, Penny, I'm glad you like the dress, for I'm going to ask you to do the mannikin stunt in it as soon as Carraway arrives with his camera."

Penny turned very pale, but she said nothing in protest, and Dundee continued to unpack the suitcase. His masculine hands looked clumsy as he handled the costume slip and miniature "dancing set"—brassiere and "step-ins"—all matching, of finest flesh-colored chiffon and fine lace. His fingers splayed in contact with the switch of long, silky black curls. . .

"She bought all them after we came to Hamilton," Lydia offered in her harsh, flat voice, pointing to the undergarments. Then black moire pumps and then French stockings are brand new, too. . . Hundred-gauge silk them stockings are, and never on her feet—"

"Ready for me?" Carraway had appeared in the doorway, carrying his biggest camera and tripod.

"Yes, Carraway. . . Just the dress, Penny. . . I want full-length front, back and side views of Miss Crain wearing this dress, Carraway. . . Flashlights of course. Better take the pictures in Miss Crain's office," Dundee directed. "You stay here, Lydia. I want to talk with you while that job is being done."

"Yes, sir," Lydia answered, and accepted without thanks the chair he offered.

"I suppose you have read the 'Hamilton Morning News' today, Lydia?" Dundee began, when the door had closed upon Penny and Carraway.

"I have!"

"May I have that paper, chief?"

"Thanks! Now, Lydia, I want you to read again the paragraphs that are headed 'New York, May 25,' and tell us if the facts are correct."

Lydia accepted the paper and her single eye scanned the following lines obediently:

"New York, May 25.

"Mrs. Juanita Leigh Selim, who was murdered Saturday afternoon in Hamilton, . . . was known along Broadway as Nita Leigh, chorus girl and specialty dancer. Her last known address in New York was No. . . West 54th street, where she had a three-room apartment. According to the superintendent, E. J. Black, Miss Leigh, as he knew her, lived there alone except for her maid, Lydia Carr, and entertained few visitors."

"Irving Wein, publicity director for Altamont Pictures, when interviewed by a reporter in his rooms at the Cadillac Hotel late today, said that Nita Leigh had been used for 'bits' and as a dancing 'double' for stars in a number of recent pictures, including 'Night of Life' and 'Boy, Howdy!' Both of which have dancing sequences. Musical comedy programs for the last year carry her name only once, in the list of 'Ladies of the Ensemble' of the revue 'What of It?'"

"Miss Eloise Pendleton, head mistress of Forsythe-on-the-Hudson, mentioned in the dispatch from Hamilton, confirms the report that Mrs. Selim, as she was known there, twice directed the annual Easter musical comedy presented by that fashionable school for young ladies, but could add nothing of interest to the facts given above, beyond ascertaining that Mrs. Selim had proved to be an unusually competent and popular director of their amateur theatricals."

"Yes, that's correct, as far as it goes," Lydia commented, resentment in her harsh voice as she returned the paper to Dundee.

"Have you anything to add?" Dundee caught her up quickly.

"No, sir!" Lydia shook her head, her lips in a grim line. Then resentment burst through. "They don't have to talk like she was a back number on Broadway, just because she was tired of the stage and going in for movies!"

District Attorney Sanderson took her in hand then, pelting her with questions about Nita's New York "gentlemen friends," but he made no more headway than Dundee.

"We know that Nita Selim was afraid of someone!" Sanderson began again, angrily. "Who was it—somebody she'd know in New York, or somebody in Hamilton?"

"I don't know!" Lydia told him flatly.

"But you do know she was living in fear of her life, don't you?" Dundee interposed.

"I well, yes, I suppose she was," Lydia admitted reluctantly. "But I thought she was just afraid to live out there in that lonesome house away off at the end of nowhere."

"Was she afraid of Dexter Sprague?" Sanderson shot at her.

"World she has asked him to stay if she'd been afraid of him!" Lydia demanded scornfully. "And would she have asked him to rig up a bell from her bedroom to mine, if it was him she was afraid of?"

"A bell?" Dundee echoed.

"Yes, sir. It has a contraption under the rug, right beside her bed, so she could step on it and it would ring in my room, which was underneath Nita's room. . . Mr. Sprague bought the wire and stuff, bored a hole through her bedroom floor, and fixed it all himself."

"Did anyone know Nita had taken this precaution to protect herself?" Dundee asked.

"Miss Lois, because one day not long ago she stepped on it accidentally when she was in Nita's room. The bell buzzed in my room and I came up to answer it and Nita explained it to Miss Lois."

So that was why no attempt had been made to murder Nita while she slept! Dundee told himself. For of course it was more than probable that Lois Dunlap had innocently spread the news of Nita's nervousness and her ingenious method to summon help.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" All finished, Carraway? Fine! I'd like to see the prints as soon as possible, and now I'd like you to go over to the morgue with Lydia, and wait there until she has the body dress and hair done. I'll leave the posing to you, but I want a full-length picture as well as a head portrait."

As Lydia was returning the funeral clothes to the suitcase, Dundee asked: "Lydia, did you know, before I questioned you at the Miles home yesterday, that Sprague had returned for that bag he had left in the bedroom upstairs?"

He scuffed cheek flushed livid, but she answered with defiant honesty: "Yes, I did! He spoke to me through my basement window just before you came running down to talk to me. He asked me to go up and get the bag and set it outside the kitchen door for him. I said I wouldn't do it; it was too risky."

"Then you were pretending to be asleep when I entered your room?"

"Yes, I was! But I had been asleep before Mr. Sprague called me. While you was hammering at me about Nita burning my face I heard Mr. Sprague open the kitchen door. He had a key Nita had given him. . . You left the door to the basement stairs open, and my door, too, so I heard him."

"Did you hear him come down?"

"Yes, I did! There's a board on the back stairs that squeaks, and I heard it plain, while you was still at the hammer and tongs," Lydia answered.

"He was in the house not more than two minutes all told, then I went upstairs to show you the presents I'd give to Nita after she burnt me."

"Why didn't you tell me, Lydia? Why did you protect Sprague? I know you don't like him," Dundee puzzled.

"I wasn't thinking about him; I was thinking about Nita. I didn't want any scandal on her."

"Are you prepared to swear Sprague had time to do nothing but go up to the bedroom and get his bag?"

"I am!"

When Lydia and Carraway had left together Dundee rose and addressed the district attorney:

"I'm going out to the Selim house now, to look for that secret hiding place where Roger Crain kept his securities, and which Judge Marshall evidently displayed to Nita, as one of

## Desert Yields Gold Secret

### Australians Strike Reef Lost By Lassetter Years Ago, Untold Wealth.

Adelaide—Rich gold discoveries reported from the desert heart of Australia have given rise to the belief that the mysterious Lassetter's Reef, the Aladdin's Cave of Australia, has been found again.

Around Lassetter's Reef centres a story of adventure, heroism and tragedy.

It was more than 30 years ago that young Harry Lassetter lost himself "somewhere out there" in the Australian wilds, and stumbled upon a reef with "yellow stuff in it as thick as plum in a pudding." He gathered a small canvas bag of specimens and set out along the trail back to civilization.

Lassetter lost himself in the desert wilds and an Afghan camel driver found him raving with thirst and clutching his precious bag.

Nursed back to health by a surveyor named Harding, Lassetter did not dare face the desert again for several years, but, after years of hesitation, he set out again with Harding to discover his Bonanza, but in vain.

PROSPECTING BY AIR.

For years more Lassetter nursed his secret, and then set out, again in search of the lost lode at the head of a well-equipped expedition including a six-wheeled motor lorry and an aeroplane.

Bad luck still dogged the quest, the aeroplane crashing and the pilot being seriously injured. The ground party plodded on but no trace could be found of the lost reef.

When the expedition decided to turn back, Lassetter persisted in pressing on with one companion and a camel train, saying: "If I don't find the reef I won't come back." Pushing on into the wilderness where "we" was scarce and hostile aborigines roamed, the prospector one day struck familiar landmarks.

He sent his companion back to the settlement of Alice Springs with the news and pressed on alone. He found his reef, pegged out a claim, photographed it and gathered specimens. Then his two camels bolted, and Lassetter was left alone in the wilds without food or water.

LEFT TO DIE BY NATURE.

Realizing that his only hope lay in the truculent, hostile blackfellows of the region, Lassetter forced his company upon them at the risk of immediate death. For weeks he lived with a tribe of savage aborigines, but then they left him to die in the desert.

His last hours of agony were related in messages which were found buried beneath the ashes of his campfires.

Fired by his story many expeditions have since sought Lassetter's Lost Lode, many men risking their lives to answer the lure of the magnet of gold.

Now it is thought to have been found at The Granites, 400 miles north-west of Alice Springs. The gold rush has started and already two large expeditions are racing from Melbourne and Brisbane to stake claims, while a further Melbourne expedition is being organized to race to the new gold field.

Man Vs. Animals

Man does not show up very well, compared with the animals, in a hunger test.

True, he will live for ten or twelve days without food or water, and, if he takes water, for weeks; but some of the animals can do much better.

Says Professor Hartkopf, in the Kolnische Zeitung:

"Animals that seem to succumb to a fast with surprising promptness must be considered in comparison with others whose records are quite different."

"If the average songbird be deprived absolutely of food, it will succumb, as a rule, in a couple of days."

"Many other small animals, like squirrels, survive longer than the fourth day of a fast."

"However, the winter sleep of the hedgehog, and his fast, will last from three to four months, while a variety of woodchuck fasts for more than four months without any kind of nourishment whatever."

"Beasts of prey, including birds, in the vicissitudes to which they are liable where the food supply is concerned, show a wonderful capacity to adjust themselves to unfavorable circumstances and readily endure fasts for two weeks and longer."

"All these records are surpassed by those of fishes, turtles, salamanders, snakes, and the like."

"The Rhenish salmon, during the long period of some nine months, which it spends for spawning purposes in fresh water, takes no nourishment whatever."

"Astounding as this record may seem, it is surpassed by that of many reptiles, which fast for a whole year when compelled by circumstances, and emerge in fairly good condition from the experience."

"Man, under the somewhat enervating influence of civilization, has undoubtedly lost much of its physical endurance. By comparison with the inferior organisms, he emerges only moderately well from this form of competition."

Donald—"Go easy. This hill's not too safe." Doris (driving)—"Can't slow down—the brakes are not working." "You don't mean to say—"

"Oh, don't get panicky, the hooter's all right."

"If you can't do more work I shall have to get another maid." "Yes, I could do with an assistant."

## Bank of Montreal Annual Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Bank of Montreal was marked by very interesting and forceful addresses by Sir Charles Gordon, President, as well as by W. A. Bog, Joint General Manager with Jackson Dods.

Sir Charles Gordon, in his address to shareholders, pointed out that there is no need for a central bank in Canada. For all practical purposes such an agency already existed under the Finance Act, which for eighteen years had admirably performed its purpose. Furthermore a monopoly of the note issues by the Government would not increase by a single dollar the amount of currency in the hands of the public unless the notes were irredeemable and recklessly emitted.

Sir Charles also registered very strong opposition to any proposed plan that would bring about currency inflation.

"If there is one fact in finance more firmly fixed than another," he said, "it is the certainty that the un-restricted issue of paper currency culminates in disaster. I may point out, moreover, that we in Canada do not suffer from inadequate credit or inadequate currency. Trade has contracted in volume and value to a degree where much less currency and credit are required for it to conduct. Our banks welcome borrowers to whom they can safely lend, and as trustees of depositors from whom their loaning resources are derived, banks ought not to lend on any other condition."

Mr. Bog, in looking towards the future, declared that hope might reasonably be entertained of brighter days from now on. He said: "We have experienced a great contraction in our export trade, we have sustained substantial rebursts in the form of lightened tariffs against our products, we have seen our dollar go to a heavy discount in the United States. A year with all this we have maintained as high a level of general well-being as any other country, and we are among the few nations of the world promptly meeting every obligation, including war obligations. These considerations should strengthen our confidence in our country and its future."

## What's Wrong Puzzle



Answer to Last Week's Puzzle. Boy has cap on. Vase too small at bottom to stand up.

Word "Cat" misspelled. Stem of apple at wrong end in the sketch above board.

Additional, subtraction and division problems wrong. Part of boys hair dark, the other part light. Word "Ocean" misspelled.

Word "America" misspelled. Apple on desk shaped like pumpkin. Words "N. America" on wrong country.

Boy has half bow tie and half long. Teacher has only four fingers. There are no handles on desk drawers.

Teacher has pocket in back of sweater. Teachers do not use nails for hair-pins.

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