

A Blend of Distinctive Quality

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Famous Architect Envisions London Of 2000 A.D.

Alfred C. Bossom, M.P., Sees London Remade But Still In Lead

London—We all hope London in the year 2000 will still be the city best worth living in, was the opinion of Alfred C. Bossom in an interview with the London Daily Mail. He continued:

Paris for pleasure; New York for rush; Rome for romance, but London is solved the problem of living with the greatest success. But London is changing.

Modern invention, commercial competition, human relationships will cause one-sixth, if not a quarter, of London to be remade. New ideas on transportation, housing, hospitalization, fresh air, and open spaces, and all the so-called progresses are converging their irresistible forces; remodeling is inevitable.

How vitally we need a London plan cannot be over-emphasized. Sir Christopher Wren made the first, and since then amateurs and professionals have continuously attempted solutions of this ever-growing problem.

A plan for London must be more than just city planning. While devising possibilities of free passage in all directions, it must scrupulously preserve almost all of our historic buildings, charming vistas, homely places, and individual characteristics which have given to London its personal flavor.

The Thames caused London, and any plan must give the river first consideration. Will any excuse suffice if, when Father Time announces the arrival of another century, there has not been built a complete embankment for pleasure and passage on both the north and south of the river for its full length as it meanders through the city?

Unfortunately, till now the Thames has formed an obstruction to the equal development of the city on either of its banks. Motor cars have made passage over the river more desirable than ever. But we find land south of the Thames is worth 10s to 20s a foot, while on the north £100 a foot is the value, due to the absence of abundant accessibility from one side to the other.

Hence the cost of running London is ill apportioned. If equal development had formerly taken place a lower common rate charge would have produced the needed revenue to the benefit of every one.

For instance, practically every structure in the segment formed by the river and above a line joining the southern ends of Lambeth and London Bridges shrieks for rebuilding, but this cannot materialize until several more motor-carrying arteries span or pierce below the Thames.

Part of the answer to this, while retaining historic Waterloo Bridge, and that quickly. By driving a free flow of prosperity-providing traffic into the heart of this largely worn-out, very congested area, much of our city would blossom with new buildings, offices, factories, providing work, creating a new wealth and benefiting everyone.

Paris faced this problem years ago. She now has a bridge spanning the Seine about every 600 yards; ours are nearer 1,200 yards apart. Her bridges average one-third wider again than ours; values on either side of their river are similar; ours would be if we had made the appropriate and long overdue viaducts for travel.

A great many thoroughfares must be "unkinked"; our pavements will have to be cut away and footpaths pushed inside the present building frontages, as now at the corner of Piccadilly and Regent street, while the regular pavements will be on suspended platforms projected over the traffic at the first floor levels with bridges over roads at congested crossings.

Our railway termini will they continue as at present? I doubt it! Surely all our great trunk lines will become carriers almost exclusively of heavy freight and excursion crowds, and all will connect with an encircling line outside London proper. This

outer circle will connect to a spoke every point of the city within easy reach without the annoyance of having huge railway termini at unusual places without any regard to each other.

Long before the express trains are banished from the heart of the city, their great dirty glass canopies of stations will have been replaced by complete buildings. With electrification 25 feet will be ample height for any depot, and up from its ceiling to the limit allowed by the London Building Act will be filled with profit-making offices, hotels, flats, or garages and topped with air taxi parks, from which our children and our grand children will fly to air-dromes situated in a green belt that will surround the metropolis, and from which high-speed airplanes will take them about the world at speeds comparable to those of today's commercial aviators.

This wide green strip will prevent London's uncontrolled growth from Brighton to Bedford. We may envisage as being a certainty before the year 2000 wide arterial roads striking from the hinterlands right through the city to the river bridges, a circular railway at which all our electrically equipped main line railways will terminate, and a series of air-dromes surrounding the city to care for the high-speed travellers.

This speeding up and codifying of transportation will be reflected in the simplification or rather the flattening of our buildings, but the height will not be indefinitely increased; 150 feet from the pavement will most likely be the maximum we shall ever be allowed. Being latitudinally level with Labrador, and in a country warmed, almost at times steam heated, by the Gulf Stream, frequent fogs, whether sootladen or otherwise, will always be our lot.

High winds will not come to blow this damp blanket from us, and the sun can never reach a height enabling its rays to pierce and purify the air in the man-made canyons that would occur if we allowed skyscrapers in London.

Further, a maximum and largely uniform height to all buildings will add much to the safety of air passage over the city. Air taxi landings will not have to be undertaken only on a five-to-one gamble of hitting the roof of a towering tenement or falling foul of an adjacent factory chimney.

Surely in those days we shall have given up the fouling of our life-providing atmosphere with soft coal smoke from every possible heat maker. Our coal will literally be shipped in by wire; it will be transformed into electric energy at the pit mouth, cables, distributed everywhere to do our heating, cooking, lighting, unaccompanied by the present soot-dropping influences.

Today's bugbear, the servant problem, will have almost passed in 70 years; inventors and housewives will have devised so many gadgets that, except for the infant, invalid, or very aged, all will easily be able to care for their regular needs themselves. With smoke's dirty influence removed, roads hard-surfaced, and common sense in costume and diet, self-provision will form a simple exercise rather than a trying boredom.

We shall then be living largely in electrically-equipped flats, directed from switchboards, and fed from semi-public restaurants.

The millennium will not have been reached. London, I am sure we hope, will still be largely the same dear old London we all love, but some of the knots will have been untangled, though life possibly will be a little more strenuous, due to added speed, which may then seem natural to those who never enjoyed the "Naughty Nineties," before the internal combustion engine exploded our repose and forced the world into a new pace of existence.

Charm may be hard to find, but human sympathy will be widely extended! A higher level of useful education may exist, though quite likely accompanied by a lower standard of individuality than at any time since the world became what is now assumed to be civilized.

Paris, I am sure we hope, will still be largely the same dear old London we all love, but some of the knots will have been untangled, though life possibly will be a little more strenuous, due to added speed, which may then seem natural to those who never enjoyed the "Naughty Nineties," before the internal combustion engine exploded our repose and forced the world into a new pace of existence.

Charm may be hard to find, but human sympathy will be widely extended! A higher level of useful education may exist, though quite likely accompanied by a lower standard of individuality than at any time since the world became what is now assumed to be civilized.

Paris, I am sure we hope, will still be largely the same dear old London we all love, but some of the knots will have been untangled, though life possibly will be a little more strenuous, due to added speed, which may then seem natural to those who never enjoyed the "Naughty Nineties," before the internal combustion engine exploded our repose and forced the world into a new pace of existence.

Sonnet For April

About first flowers there is such eagerness,
Such unrestrained delight for days that hold
Tiptoeing dawns and noons so bravely gold,
If night winds daunt them they will not confess
Who rise in glad abandon to express
By every upbust-petal they unfold
Eternal newness in a world grown old
And faith too sure to compromise on less.

All roses learn of June the art that lies
In leisured blend of sunlight with the dews
Warm dusk bestows, till beauty is complete,
But youth—and April—who would have them wise
Or earth insist on reason lest she lose
Her swaying daffodil—her Jane-ing feet.

Molly Anderson Haley, in "The Window Cleaner and Other Poems."

Murder at Bridge

By ANNE AUSTIN.

SYNOPSIS.

Special Investigator Dundee believes that Juanita Selim and Dexter Sprague were both murdered because they were partners in a blackmail scheme, while the police believe that they were killed to avenge "Swallow-tail Sammy" Savelli, who is supposed to have betrayed. The case is strongest against Flora Milles. Dundee, however, is sure that the husband of some scandal-mongering girl killed Nita in the season of 1915, and that Tracy Miles killed Sprague to protect his wife from a charge of murder. He learns that Flora rushed Dundee into marriage in New York, where the women involved attended a party where Nita was director of the Easter play, and learns that Flora left school and became a chorus girl in 1915. There were rumors that he had been living with an actor. Her parents brought her back and the story was hushed up. He learns that Serena Hart, Forsythe girl and successful stage star, recommended Nita for the job. She tells him that she met Nita in the season of 1915, and that Nita was married and deserted before the show was over.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"No, I never met Nita's husband," Serena Hart replied. "As a matter of fact, she told me extraordinarily little about him, and did not discuss her marriage with the other girls of the chorus at all. I got the impression that Mr. Selim—Mat, she called him—wanted it kept secret for a while, but I don't know why. This was early in 1918, as I've told you, though I have no way of fixing even the approximate date, and New York was full of soldiers. I remember I jumped to the conclusion that Nita had succumbed to a war romance, but I don't think she said anything to confirm my suspicion."

"When did she tell you of her marriage—that is, when—in relation to the date of the wedding itself?" Dundee asked.

"The very day she was married," Serena Hart answered.

"This dress?" Dundee asked, and handed her the photograph of dead Nita in the royal blue-velvet dress she had kept for twelve years.

"Yes," and Serena Hart shuddered. "Her hair was dressed like that, too, although she had been wearing it in long curls. She whispered to me that she had been married that day, that she was terribly happy, very much in love, and that her husband had asked her to dress her hair in the French roll, a favorite hair-dress with him. Between numbers she whispered to me again, telling me that her husband was 'so different,'—totally unlike any man she had met on Broadway, poor child. . . For she was a child still—only 20, but she had been in the show business since she was a motherless, fatherless little drifter of 16. . ."

"No, she did not tell me how old he was, where he came from, his business, or what he looked like. As the weeks passed she became more and more silent and reserved. Then came a day when she did not show up for the performance at all. The next night she told me that her husband had left her, after a quarrel, and had not returned. It seems that she had innocently told him how she had vamped Benny Steinfeld, the big revue producer, into giving her a 'spot' in his summer show, and that her 'Mat' had flown into a rage, accusing her of having been untrue to him. She never mentioned his desertion to me again, but—"

"Yes?" Dundee prompted.

"I'm afraid I rather forgot poor Nita after 'Teasing Tilly' closed. After a year of stock I got my chance in a legitimate show on Broadway, and one day I met her on the street. I asked her if she and her husband were reconciled. She said no, that she had never seen him again. Then, in a burst of confidence, she told me that she had hired a private detective to investigate him in his home town. The detective had reported that no such person as Matthew Selim had ever lived there, so far as he could find out. After that I rather lost sight of Nita, our paths being so very divergent."

"And you never saw her again?" Dundee asked, disappointed.

"Oh, yes, two or three times—at openings, or on the street, but we never held any significant conversation." Serena Hart answered, reaching for her hat. "Oh, yes! I was about to forget! I had quite a shock in connection with Nita. One afternoon I bought The New York Evening Star, and on the first page I saw a picture of Nita, beneath a headline which said, 'Famous Model Commits Suicide.'"

"What!" Dundee exclaimed, astounded.

"Oh, it wasn't Nita Leigh," Serena Hart reassured him. "There was a correction the next day. You see, an artist's model named Anita Lee had committed suicide, and as The Star explained it the next day, the similarity of both the first name and the last had caused the error in the photograph."

"When did the mistake occur?" Dundee asked, in great excitement.

"Let me think!" Serena Hart frowned. "Hullabaloo" opened in—yes, about the first of May, 1922. . . Just a little more than eight years ago."

Dundee reached for his own hat, in a fever to be gone, but to his surprise the actress stopped him, a faint color in her pale cheeks.

"So you met Roger Crain?" Dundee asked.

"Oh, yes. . . a charming man, with even more personality than his daughter," the actress answered carelessly, so carelessly that Dundee had a sudden hunch.

"Have you seen Mr. Crain recently?" H. inserted his family and fled Hamilton in rather unsavory circumstances."

"What do you mean?" Miss Hart asked sharply.

"Oh, there was nothing actually criminal, I suppose, but he is believed to have withheld some securities which would have helped satisfy his creditors, when bankruptcy was imminent," Dundee explained. "Have you seen him since then—January, that was, I believe?"

"January?" Miss Hart appeared to need time for reflection. "Oh, yes! He sent in his card on the first night of my show that opened in January. It was a flop—lasted only five weeks. . . We chatted for the Forsythe girls who are now in Hamilton, most of whom I went to school with or have met at the Easter plays."

"Do you know where Mr. Crain is now?" Dundee asked. "I have a message for him from Penny, which I should like to reach him."

"I haven't the least idea where he is living or what he is doing now," Miss Hart shrugged. "Of course, if he should come to see me backstage after 'Temptation' opens—What is the message from Penny?"

"That her mother wants him to come home," Dundee answered. "And I am sure Penny wants him back, too."

Half an hour later Bonnie Dundee, in the file room of The New York Evening Star, was in possession of the bound volume of the newspaper for the month of May, 1922. Under the caption, on the front page of the issue of May 3, which Serena Hart had quoted so accurately, was a picture of a young, laughing Nita Leigh, her curls bobbed short, a rose between her gleaming teeth. And in the issue of May 4 appeared two pictures side by side—exotic, straight-haired, slant-eyed Anita Lee, who had found life so insupportable that she had ended it, and the same photograph of living, vital Nita Leigh.

"When he returned the files he asked the girl in charge a question: 'Does this copyright line beneath this picture mean that the picture was syndicated?'"

"The girl bent her head to see. 'Copyright by Metropolitan Picture Service,' she read aloud. 'Yes, that's what it means. But the picture syndicate was discontinued about five years ago.'"

"Are their files available?" Dundee asked.

"If they are, I don't know anything about it," the girl told him.

"It doesn't matter," Dundee assured her, and asked for a sheet of blank paper, on which he quickly composed the following telegram, addressed to Penny Crain:

"Please search files all three Hamilton papers week of May fourth to seventh, nineteen twenty-two, for story and pictures on suicide Anita Lee, artist's model. Say nothing to anyone, not even Sanders, if he is back. Wire result to Hotel."

In his hotel, while impatiently waiting an answer from Penny, he passed the time by scanning all the New York papers of Thursday and Friday, on the chance of meeting with significant revelations concerning the private life of Dexter Sprague or Juanita Leigh Selim, united in death, by the press, at least. There was much space devoted to the theory involving the two New-Yorkers with the murder of the racketeer and gambler, "Swallow-tail Sammy" Savelli, but only two pieces of information held Dundee's interest.

The first was a reminder to the public that certain theatrical columns of Sunday, Feb. 9, had carried the rumor of Dexter Sprague's engagement to Dolly Martin, popular "baby" star of Altamont Pictures, and that the papers of Tuesday, Feb. 11, had carried Sprague's own denial of the engagement.

"So that is why Nita tried to commit suicide on Feb. 9—and her attempted suicide, with its tragic consequences for Lydia Carr, is probably the reason Dexter Sprague gave up his picture star," Dundee mused. "Did Nita let him persuade her to go into the blackmail business, in order to hold his wandering, mercenary affections?"

The second bit of information which the papers supplied him was gleaned by Dundee himself, from a new summary of Nita Leigh's last year of life as chorus girl, specialty dancer, "double in pictures," and director of the Easter play at Forsythe-on-the-Hudson.

So They Say —

"I don't believe that any young generation of any period, or class, or race, will ever go to the dogs."—Vicki Baum.

"Except in the case of official ceremony, I pay very little attention to etiquette."—King Carol.

"The lowest unemployed man in America today is better fed, better clothed and better housed than the highest paid manual laborer in Russia."—Will Darrac.

"We cannot afford to drift. We must plan our way out."—Edward A. Philps.

"I think depressions began when they were building the pyramids in Egypt and we've been having them ever since."—Carric Chapman Catt.

"Culture is the first fruit of education."—Patrick Chapman Hayes.

"I never say anything and if I did say anything it wouldn't be at all important."—J. P. Morgan.

"Too many are trying to see how far down they can go into hell and not be badly burnt."—Harry Emerson Fosdick.

"Excessive taxation is the basis for a large part of our troubles to-day."—Alfred E. Smith.

"I believe in hope. I don't know that I believe much in principles, in politics."—Rudyard Kipling.

"By simply letting things alone the American people can have all the adversity they could possibly desire."—Nicholas Murray Butler.

"One generation always has a contempt for the one immediately preceding it."—John Masefield.

"This era should be the era of paradise on earth. Mankind has never had the possibilities of happiness that it has now."—Harry Elmer Barnes.

"World recovery will not be brought about by running away from problems."—Bainbridge Colby.

"My philosophy is to enjoy all good things on this earth. Don't miss anything, but be moderate in every respect; then you will live long and be happy."—Dr. Adolph Lorenz.

"Share something with the other fellow—that is the greatest religion you can have."—Harvey Firestone.

"The real artist cannot be discouraged."—Mischka Elman.

"That's something you'll never find, a man who understands things."—Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

"Human nature is now, as it always has been, mainly good."—Ignace Paderewski.

"The fundamentals in the theatre never change. You have only to adapt them to modern times."—Daniel Frohman.

"I do think Uncle Sam oughtn't to be confused with Santa Claus."—Ruth Bryan Owen.

"A man and woman will be happy if they want to make each other happy."—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.



Buy chewing tobacco the same way you do farm implements . . . get the best you can for the money. There's longer lasting, richer flavour in Club Chewing Tobacco.

Two Viking Swords Found Near Dublin

Also Ancient Battle Axe Discovered During Road Construction

Dublin, Irish Free State.—To the National Museum's collection of Viking weapons now will be added some swords discovered in Viking graves at Sandbridge, in the suburbs of Dublin. Construction of a new road led to the discoveries. In one grave was found a sword and in the other a sword, battle-axe head and spear.

The single sword came from a disturbed grave as indicated by the condition of the iron. The quillon, or crossbar, shows fine moldings in hollows which probably were inlaid with rich metal.

The undisturbed grave revealed a warrior's complete outfit. The sword is richly done with traces of silver engraving on the quillon. The spear head is unusually long and the ax very heavy.

It was the discovery of a Viking sword in the crannog of Ballinderry, Westmeath, four years ago which was responsible for a new chapter in Irish history in the Viking period.

It also resulted in the systematic excavation of the whole crannog by a Harvard archaeological expedition. Out of that quest came two valuable acquisitions for the National Museum—a gaming board of yew and a bronze lamp of ecclesiastical origin.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.—Bacon.

Novel Ingredients Are Used by Artist

London.—Jean Varda, French artist, uses everything but the kitchen stove in creating his "pictures."

They are made of painted cement, wire, glass, bootlace eyelets, slabs of stone and beads from old cemetery wreaths. Nails, pieces of lace and artificial flowers are also among his ingredients which are fixed to wood foundations.

Varda is said by some critics to be an instinctive artist with a good taste in color.

If You Can't Nurse Baby Yourself . . . Try Eagle Brand!

Countless thousands of healthy, happy babies have been reared on Eagle Brand during the last seventy-five years. You will find our little booklet, "Baby's Welfare," full of valuable hints on baby care. Write for it. Use coupon below.

The Borden Co., Limited, Yards House, Toronto, Gentlemen: Please send me free copy of booklet, "Baby's Welfare."
Name _____
Address _____
Eagle Brand CONDENSED MILK

EDWARDSBURG CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

A pure, wholesome, and economical table Syrup. Children love its delicious flavor.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL

HEADACHE Here's Quick Relief!

Aspirin brings you immediate relief. It acts before you can feel any effect at all from the slower forms of relief.

Do not hesitate to take Aspirin tablets because of this speed. Their quick action is due to the fact they dissolve immediately. They are perfectly safe. They do not depress the heart.

That's the beauty of a remedy like Aspirin. Anyone can take it, as often as there is any need of its comfort. In sufficient quantity to get complete relief. You could take Aspirin every day in the year without ill effects.

When you want relief from headaches, colds, neuralgia, or neuritis, periodic pains, etc., stick to Aspirin. You know what it will do, and you know what you are taking.

The new reduced price on bottles of 100 tablets leaves no reason for experimenting with any substitute for relieving pain. Insist on Aspirin.

ASPIRIN has SPEED!

TRADE-MARK REG.

Mrs. J. F. T., Montreal.

I can't sleep?

Act at once! There's no rest for a body clogged by waste matter. You need Eno's every morning.

TAKE ENO'S FRUIT SALT

ISSUE No. 12—33