

Airship Building Abandoned In England, Factory is Closed

London.—Whatever the outcome of the inquiry into the disaster to the giant airship R-101, Britain will not build any more airships for a long time to come.

The Howden airship station where the Airships Guarantee Company built the R-100, a visitor to Canada in August, is closing down at the end of

November. Sir Dennistoun Burney, head of the company, explained the station was closing because the company had no orders for building and he had no idea when, if ever, it would be re-opened.

The R-100 is at present laid up and proposed alterations and enlargements have been indefinitely postponed.

Plot and Counter-Plot

He Wanted to Help Her—and This Was the Only Way.

By Margaret Munro

Derek Peterson tore up the fourth sheet of paper and stared moodily out of the window. To-day the idea for which he was groping would not come, and all he had to show for two hours of concentrated thought was the torn fragments in his wastepaper-basket.

It was exasperating. The editor of the "Majestic Magazine" had asked him for a sentimental story. The price would be good. And here he was, looking out from his third floor back room across a vista of Chelsea chimneys, trying in vain to get inspiration from the smoke.

What made it worse was that he was feeling romantic. And the romance had begun at that very window. For exactly opposite—less than fifteen yards away—was another window. And behind that window there lived a girl. He had first noticed her two months before—a slim, golden-haired child, trying sausages over a gas-ring. At twelve o'clock on a weekday morning. There can be only one explanation when a business girl living in one back room does such a thing at such an hour—she must be unemployed.

That fact had aroused his interest. It seemed so unfair that a slip of girl like that should have to elbow and push her way through the crowds of other luckless ones in search of a job. He had watched. The following week he saw her again, but the meal was bread and cheese that time. A fortnight later she still pattered round her room when she might have been working if Fortune had been kinder.

One morning Peterson sat near to her in the little restaurant round the corner that sold a three-course lunch for 35c. He saw that her eyes were blue as the skies he wrote about in his stories. And he hoped that even that modest meal meant that the tide of ill-luck had changed. But apparently not. She still seemed to live half that day in the little room opposite his window—reading the newspapers, or, more likely, looking through the advertisement columns in search of a job.

He would have spoken to her, but there was a proud tilt to her chin that warned him against such a course. If times were hard, that chin seemed to be saying, the world shall never know. Perhaps because he was a weaver of stories, with a vivid imagination, Derek Peterson found the occupant of the third floor back at No. 17, Nevens Crescent—he had checked the number of the house by counting the backs from the beginning of the road—occupying more of his thoughts than he had ever given to a girl before.

When he first noticed this he tried to forget her, but those two blue eyes and the slim figure in the neat costume (probably her only one) as he had first seen her at close quarters in the restaurant kept coming between him and the paper on which he wrote. He gazed across the backyards again. Perhaps there was a plot in that fact. If he could invent a really convincing excuse for calling on her, he could weave a story round it and solve the burning problem of his life at one and the same time.

He began to write, hoping that the plot would unfold. But before many lines had been set down on paper he had stopped and was staring out of the window again. For something was happening in the third floor back of No. 17, Nevens Crescent.

The girl had come in, perhaps to cook her lunch. She had her hat and coat on. With her was a man who seemed to tower over her fragile prettiness like some ogre. And the man was threatening her. He was walking up and down the room—two steps in each direction. And every time he turned he would stop and rave at her. Peterson could not hear anything that was said, of course, but he could see his gestures. He saw, too, the proud, quiet restraint of the girl in the face of this attack.

She stood her ground—she answered back. Finally, she opened the door, sent the man off, and immediately disappeared from Peterson's view, with the exception of one white hand that hung limply just in his line of vision. From which he judged she had flung herself on the bed and was crying, or past caring.

For one wild moment he thought of dashing round to comfort her—to tell her that he loved her. It was all so clear. She had come to the end of her resources and had got into debt. The big man who bullied her was a debt collector. It mattered nothing to him that the girl hadn't a friend in the world.

Peterson checked the impulse in time. He knew without being told that she was too proud to accept the help of a strange man. He must de-

vised some indirect means of helping her.

If only—And at that moment the plot came. The first two chapters showed a girl's unequal struggle in an overcrowded city. The disappearance—penny by penny—of her pathetically small savings, as she trudged the streets looking for work. Until the black day when her landlord said "Get out!" Then came the scene he had just witnessed. The boyling man—the proud courage of the girl in the fact of this new blow. Her belief, even in that black hour, that her luck would change.

At that point the plot entered the realm of fiction. Across the road, overlooking her window, lived temporarily a film producer who was looking for "life." Tired of studio puppets, he had "disappeared" into London's millions to discover heart-throbs.

The beauty of the girl—her courage in the face of despair—made him crazy with delight. Here was the new star for which he was looking—the new Greta Garbo. Superb, dignified beauty. The sort that would walk to the guillotine with head held high. He raced round, interviewed the girl, and she signed a contract there and then which meant an end to pinching and scraping.

The plot was a winner. Peterson knew instinctively that, with the feeling he would put into it, it would be one of the stories of his life. Then he came to earth. How did that help the girl? For something must be done, and quickly. It wouldn't be fair to make money out of her misfortune and leave her to starve. It wouldn't do to lose the inspiration of that sad little golden-haired figure. In fact, if he lost her he felt he would never write a story again.

Why not send her, anonymously, the money that he would receive for the story? The idea appealed to him. He had drawn some money from the bank that morning. He put a sheet of paper in his typewriter and wrote "To repay you." That was all. It might have come from anyone. She would have no qualms about keeping the money if she felt that someone whom she or even her family had benefited had chosen that method of repaying generosity.

He placed \$50 and the slip of paper in an envelope, and took it round to No. 17 in the next street. The landlady, who opened the door, seemed a motherly soul—hardly the sort to throw a lonely girl out. But you never can tell.

"Will you please give this to the young lady in your third floor back? It's a message from a friend of hers," he said.

It was dark when he returned to his room. To-morrow he would write the story, and to-night she could sleep free from immediate worries. It had all fitted in very well.

He glanced out of the window. Her room was in darkness. Probably she was out—celebrating her good fortune. He wondered when and how he would get to know her.

At nine-thirty next morning his landlady informed him that Miss Patricia Snell wished to see him.

"Send her up," he said, thinking it was someone with proofs. A minute later she came into the room with a defiant air and uplifted chin.

He had guessed she was the sort of girl who always went straight to the point. She was.

"You sent me \$50 yesterday afternoon, Mr.—er—"

"Peterson," he said, wishing a trap-door could open and remove him bodily from the gaze of those eyes.

"Mr. Peterson, may I ask why I was chosen as the object of your charity? I was not aware that you owed me any money."

He capitulated without an effort. It was hopeless to do otherwise.

"No, Miss Snell," he answered. "But—well, from this room I can see your room. And after yesterday morning—you know what I mean—I badly wanted to help you. We are neighbors, you know. It seemed such hard luck after all your efforts. And I couldn't think of any other way of helping you."

"That's all. I didn't mean any harm—really I didn't."

"I suppose not," said Miss Snell. Her voice was different, softer. And was it imagination that the eyes were looking at him more kindly? "But what do you mean by 'all my efforts'?"

"To get work," Peterson said, unhappily conscious of eavesdropping. "You see, during week days there are only the two of us in the two rooms. I write. You don't seem to do anything at home—forgive me, but I cannot help noticing that you are often in your room over there—so it was obvious that you were unemployed. And you really earned that money, because seeing you about inspired me to write a story. So do please keep it. I promise not to worry you again."

Seeing that you are a writer," she said. "It is strange it never occurred to you that I might be an actress."

Feed in England



During his recent visit to England, Henry Ford visited Premier Ramsay MacDonald at 10 Downing St. He is seen with Alastair MacDonald, prime minister's son, after his interview in London.

Peterson felt himself growing red: he began to realize that he was an outside in fools. Yet it had all seemed so clear. But she did not spare him.

"It was father you saw in my room. He's a real dear, but terribly old-fashioned. He objects to my going on the stage. He objects to my living alone in London—even though Mrs. Prosser, my landlady, is an old cook of ours. And when Mrs. Prosser wrote, telling him that I was cooking my own lunches, he came up in a towering rage. I had to promise to go home for the week-end to get rid of him."

Peterson laughed grimly. He had made a pretty fool of himself, and with the one girl who mattered. Talk about imagination!

"My plot seems to have been a bit out all round," he said at last, not daring to look up.

"On the contrary, I think your plot was rather sweet and very sympathetic," she answered, placing \$50 on the table. "And, as usually happens, the plot that counts is the one taken from real life."

A soft, white hand stole across his for an instant and was gone again. "I wanted to find out why you did it," she said, and her voice now was musical and soft. "Now I know I think it was perfectly wonderful of you. So wonderful that I'd like my father to thank you—if only to let him see how nicely I'm looked after when I'm alone in London. Then he won't insist on my leaving the stage any more."

Her father didn't. But Derek did—just six months later. And, strange to relate, Patricia did not tilt her proud little chin and refuse. On the contrary, she said "if you wish" very sweetly, and kissed him again.

Which was all in the plot—Answers.

An Old Canadian Industry

Canada's eel fishery is an old industry. Early explorers made reference to the importance of the eel fishery carried on by the Indians.

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Coste is Decorated In Legion of Honor

Paris—Deudonne Coste and Maurice Bellonte, home from their trans-Atlantic flying adventure, came in triumph to Paris November 1st where, in spite of bursts of rain, wind and occasional thunderclaps, thousands lined the streets to shout themselves hoarse in welcome.

The fliers went to Elysee Palace, where President Doumergue, Premier Tardieu and other members of the Government tendered official greetings. The President decorated them with their recently granted promotions in the Legion of Honor. A vast crowd milled about Elysee Palace.

Paris—The French Government announced that desiring to associate Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, for his epochal trans-Atlantic flight, with the triumphal return of Deudonne Coste and Maurice Bellonte, it has promulgated a decree promoting Lindbergh to the grade of Commander in the Legion of Honor.

Nelson Column Grown Over 14 Feet in 90 Years

London—The Nelson column in Trafalgar Square has "grown" 14 feet 4 inches in the 90 years it has been erected.

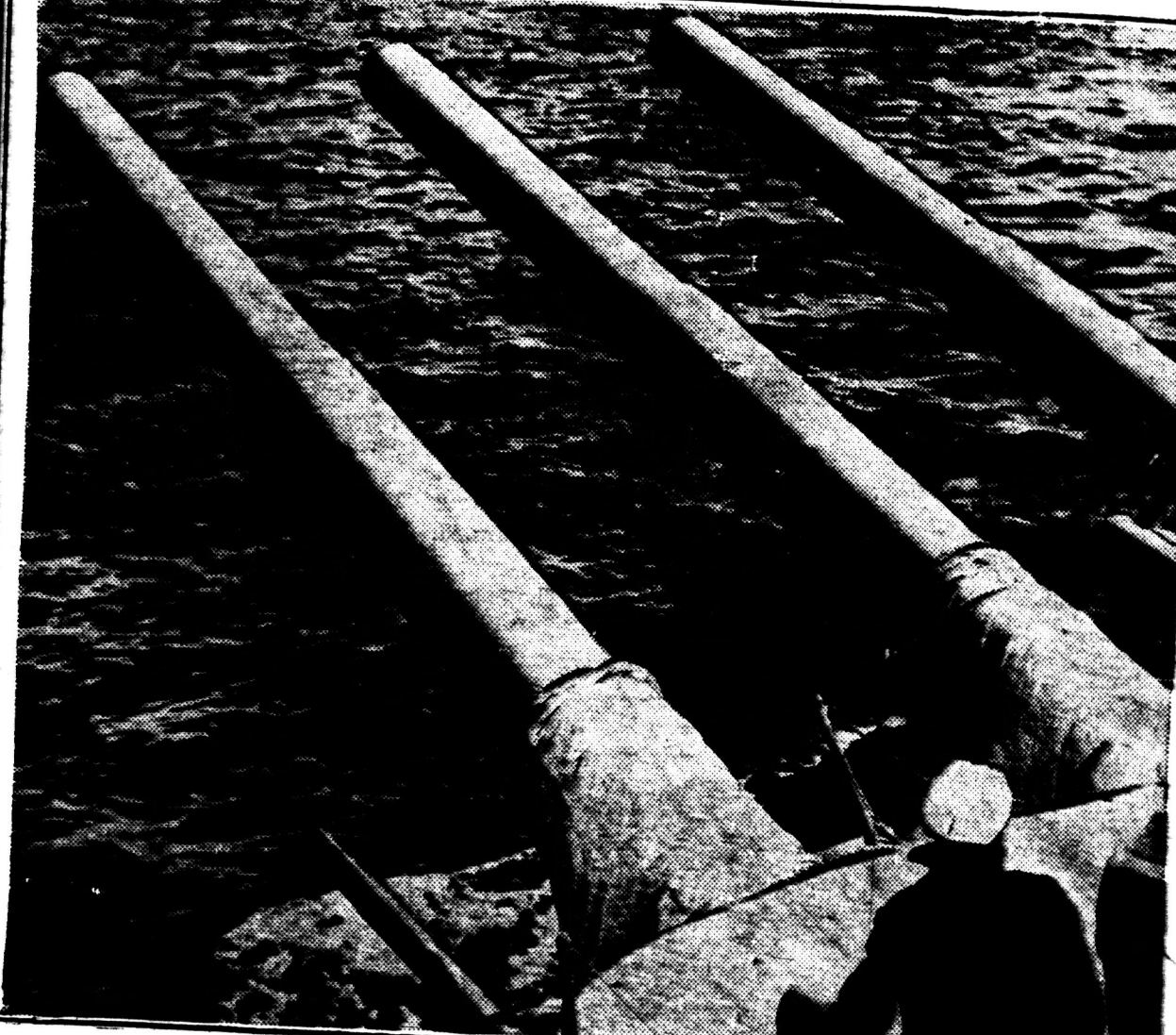
This discovery was made by a steeplejack named Larkin who compared its height with the official records in the office of works.

No official explanation has been forthcoming. Meanwhile the Government has ordered scientific measurements to be taken to find out what is wrong with the famous London landmark.

Bush Blooms Three Times

Canon City, Colo.—A snowball bush, blooming for the third time this year, was discovered on the grounds of the Southern Colorado Power Company plant here. Even a second blooming of a snowball bush is considered unusual by horticulturists.

Russia's Big Guns



Long-range guns on one of Red Russia's sea dogs of war, seen during recent manoeuvres, presumably in the Baltic, which is said to be causing feeling of uneasiness throughout Europe.

Rural Buyers Want Canadian Goods

Imported Products Being Replaced, Department Official Says

Canadian goods are replacing imported products in the average town and village store in Ontario as a result of rural residents demanding home grown and manufactured products, G. A. Putnam, of the Ontario department of agriculture, and advisor and counsellor to the Women's Institutes, stated recently in an interview.

"Stocks in country and town stores have taken on a new aspect," said Mr. Putnam. "The Canadian article is replacing the imported, particularly in those sections where there are branches of the Women's Institute. Country women have a downright way of doing things when they pass resolutions and they support them with action. Women's Institutes have passed resolutions commending Canadian products to the community and merchants and clerks are learning a lot of things about Canada and her products."

"Merchants are studying geography and brands," continued Mr. Putnam. "They are finding out that their customers who tell them their preferences are not only sentimentally patriotic but shrewdly wise. Behind the label is quality and value."

Hen Beats World Record

Vancouver—Hen No. 6, a British Columbia White Leghorn, the property of William Whiting of Port Kells, passed the world's record recently for production when it laid its 353rd egg in as many days. This hen comes from the famous University of British Columbia stock, and was bred by Whiting.

Many a true word is spoken when two women quarrel.

France Holds Gold In Veritable Fort

Paris Has Largest Stock of Yellow Metal in Europe

Paris—Entrenched in casements stronger than the Verdun forts, locked up in a frame of steel, water and rock, lies buried deep in the middle of Paris the gold bullion of France. It is the largest stock of yellow metal in Europe. In the latest weekly report France's total gold was figured at \$1,939,000,000. But almost every day brings to the vaults of the Bank of France new barrels loaded with gold, and this total doubtless exceeds \$2,000,000,000.

It would be no exaggeration to say that the Bank of France keeps its golds in a fortress. Bombs thrown on Paris from an airplane would never pass through the armour which protects the cellars, and in case of a revolution 1,000 men, soldiers and bank employees would be in a position to stand an underground siege of at least a month. Every danger which might threaten the stock of gold has been foreseen and avoided by the engineers who some years ago built the vaults. They are buried under ninety-six feet of compact rock.

Underneath and around them flows the tamed stream of the subterranean river of the Grande Battelle, which the engineers found on that spot when they began to dig. They decided to use it as a means of defense against possible undermining of the cellars. The water has been drained in an intricate system of canals that surrounds the waterproof walls.

The access to the vaults reminds of the defense organization of a fort. The doors of steel and cement weigh eight tons each, and a mere twist of a handle is sufficient to block them with an additional weight of twelve tons. There is a turret A and a turret B, a well with a winding staircase and lifts and long corridors built on the principle which had been adopted during the war for the digging of trenches. Even if a shell could penetrate through the roof of rock, it would be stopped from exploding on a large surface by the thick steel walls that form the angles of the passages.

Officials of the bank who show the vaults, give the turrets and doors the military name of "first and second lines of defense."

If a riot should occur in Paris tomorrow, the Bank of France would be in a position to go immediately on a state of siege and resist any attacks of the rioters for several weeks. In less than a half-hour all the clerks and managers would be down in the vaults, where desks and chairs stand ready for them. Sixty airships, whose outer ends are dispersed and hidden so carefully that it would be unlikely for the besiegers to discover them, would supply fresh air. Electrical heating machines, installed in the cellars and entirely independent of the heating apparatus of the upper buildings, would keep the temperature at a pleasant degree. In a half-minute the dynamo of the vaults would produce enough energy to supply light, heat and air.

Provisions Received Daily

The feeding of the defenders of the vaults, in case of emergency has been fully provided for. The kitchens are ready to cook at any moment enough food for at least 1,000 persons and stocks of provisions are renewed every day. There are down in the cellars cupboards filled with plates, dishes, forks, knives and spoons. Huge saucapans, and caldrons worked by electrical power await the soup and stew. Not the tiniest detail has been omitted.

Hunting Ducks

Give me a gun and some old marsh,
And the whistle of wild ducks' wings,
When the roar of my shotgun wakes the morn,
And a hundred flying things,
The mud hens patter across the pond,
And the teal come whizzing in,
And the greenhead jumps from the grass beyond,
And the hunters all begin.

With a pop, pop here, and a bang,
Bang there,
The opening season's sign,
And the next duck comes from we know not where,
Across the gray sky-line.

And we judge the speed and the proper lead,
As only a hunter can,
There's honor, too, and a comradeship
Among the hunter clan,
There's a swapping yarns and a friendly tip,
And a meeting of man to man.

So give me a gun and some old marsh,
And the whistle of wild ducks' wings,
When the roar of my shotgun wakes the morn,
And a hundred flying things.
—S. W. Dixon.

Canadian Newspaper Output Nearly Twice That of U.S.

Canadian production of newspaper in 1929 totalled 2,729,000 tons, or nearly twice the amount produced by the Dominion's nearest competitor, the United States.

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