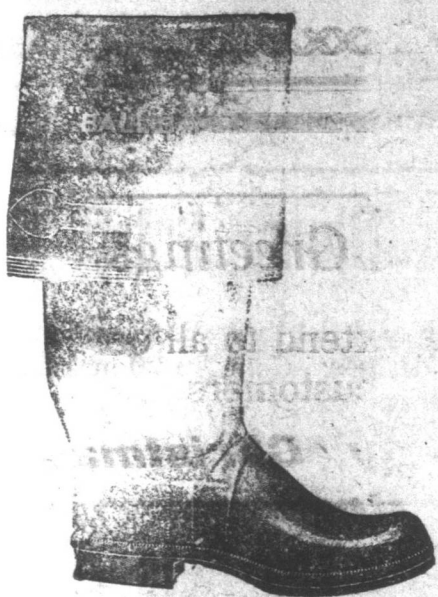


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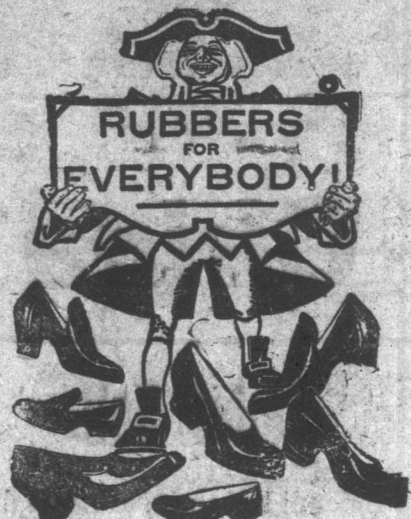
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# F. SMALLWOOD : The Home of Good Rubbers

## 218 and 220 Water Street

### Kidnapped Girl as Chinese Goddess!

LONDON BEAUTY WORSHIPPED BY YELLOW MEN IN DOCK. LAND OPTIM HAUNT.

Unsolved Mysteries of Life.

Who can say how many are the unsolved mysteries of life connected with the brown and yellow man who swarm around the great docks of the country? In some cities they have mapped out for themselves their own territory as it were—Pitt Street, a Liverpool, where the yellow man, warm, and the Cathedral-road, Cardiff, where a veritable Chinatown has sprung up. These colonies reflect their own characteristics; they are in the midst of the white people but not "of" them. When, as often happens, the white women form all-layers with the coloured men strange happenings result, requiring the pen of the realist to depict.

Some time ago a beautiful English girl was missed from her home in London. Eventually she was traced to Limehouse, and found in the house of an old Chinaman. Her mind was a perfect blank. She had been dressed in gorgeous Chinese garments and had tended in fact, had been worshipped as a sort of goddess. But how she came there she could not say. No action could be taken against the yellow man, for he stuck to the story that the girl had walked into his place exhausted and hungry, and he had cared for her. What mystery story lay beyond all this is not likely ever to be revealed.

The "Flower Land" by dockside is adjacent with a small "Flower Land" entirely its own. It defies description, but once again is not likely to be forgotten.

### A "Mixed Grill."

London's docks have a well-known "Flower Land." It is a triangular scrap of territory, stretching from the pier of Limehouse Church to the West India Dock, bordered by Japhet's-road. It is a sort of a "mixed grill" of races. There are men of every color, shade, race, and creed. Along the path of the narrow streets which crisscross the district, broad, big, blond Scandinavians rub shoulders with scanty-clothed Lascars, Malays, and swarthy Kanakas from the South Pacific; while almond-eyed Orientals loiter in the doorways of the closely-shuttered, foul-smelling shops.

By day a feeble attempt is maintained to display some outward semblance of commercial activity, but a glance into the heavily-curtained, dark-chambered, places of business will not disclose any marked signs of industry. For the most part the clients of these dingy dives are asleep, and lost to the world, until the craving to smoke the delectable poppy-juice galvanizes their racked limbs into movement and darkness has made it safe to venture abroad, and so avoid any undesirable attention.

### Streets of Mystery.

As one turns from the busy main thoroughfare which links East London with the West, even the atmosphere seems to change. Penetrate further, and the scene of strangeness becomes more and more insistent and gripping. Weirdly-warped Asiatic scurvy along, and fez and turban predominate.

### A Sickly Odour.

Across the road stands the Stranger's Home for Lascars, Africans, and South Sea Islanders. A motley group of dark-skinned natives of the East block the steps leading to the entrance, chattering incessantly. One, a little pale beneath his tawny color, supports himself with a crutch and is apparently unbending himself of a tale of misfortune. From the arched windows of the area of the building, a smell of spice and rice ascends, clogging the air with its sickly odour.

On each side of the road ship chandlers' shops hawk their wares. Gaudily-colored handkerchiefs, vicious looking knives, and a miscellaneous variety of articles are displayed in the windows, while fluttering in the breeze and suspended from every nook and cranny of the shop fronts are glistening, sou'westers, thigh boots, and blue dyed "dungarees" suits.

### Mysterious Night.

As day gives place to night the highways and byways of the district become more animated. Black, brown, yellow and white pass in procession, but it is the yellow faces which are more frequently encountered.

Occasionally, a young English girl arm in arm with a Chinaman, pauses to look in a shop window or enter a restaurant where chop suey and noodles can be consumed at a modest price.

Sometimes it is a coal-black face with thick coarse lips that looks smugly down into the eyes of the girl.

Venture into Limehouse Causeway and Chinatown proper is reached. True, the varying fortunes of dockland have caused the yellow residents to spread their tentacles over to

High Street, Poplar, and even further afield; but the main sphere of the Celestials' clutch is still centred in the Causeway. All the doors are open, but in most cases the rooms fronting the street are bare and poorly furnished. In one a young Chinaman sprawls on a bench behind the door. In his hand he holds a book printed in colored characters, and he is singing in a high-pitched, queerly intoned voice. A pungent, heavy aroma mingles with the smell of cooking. Others squat on the floor and listen. Sounds of footsteps can be heard overhead, for the carpetless floors make the slightest sound audible to those beneath.

### The Opium Smoker.

One glance is sufficient for a Chinaman to take the measure of a stranger. Either he is inquisitive or he seeks a supply of opium, or, as the men from the Orient know it, "hop." If he is a smoker of the treacherous juice of the poppy his face will disclose the fact. A bluish pallor will mark his countenance and his cheek bones will show signs of elongation.

If there is any opium to be had he will be given a small quantity in a little mustard tin for which he must pay an extortionate price. If the intruder is simply actuated by a desire to see what lies beyond the shuttered window his reception will not err on the side of cordiality. Let him linger unbidden, and a knife will whiz through the air hurled by an unseen hand.

### The Dope Agents.

In these days of opium famine the tempters of the densities of the Causeway are inclined to sharpness. Very little crude opium finds its way

to East London owing to the vigilance of the police, but occasionally precious parcels are brought by hand from Liverpool and Cardiff.

This knowledge is soon circulated amongst the victims of the habit, and within an hour the supply is exhausted.

Once in a while a coolie from a liner succeeds in smuggling a small package out of the docks, and is richly rewarded for his skill in outwitting the authorities, but such successes are rarer than the drug dealers of the Causeway desire. Consequently, elaborate plans are needed to ensure regular consignments.

To minimize risks of loss a one-pound tin will be split up into four or five separate portions, and entrusted to different messengers, so that capture will not involve complete loss of the valuable drug.

### An Evil Den.

The older dealers have sought pastures new. Heavy fines and deportations thinned their ranks, and latterly the risks have proved greater than the gains. One of the last of the older school to give up the trade was old man Chance. His shop in the Causeway was known to opium smokers throughout the world. Discreet clients were permitted to indulge in a game of "fantan" of wood fortune by playing Chinese Lottery. Now the grey-haired Cantonese with the talon-like fingers has returned to the land of his fathers, and left the hazards of a doomed trade to younger and more wary compatriots, who combine crime and commerce with a facility that makes it difficult for them to be detected.

In the hands of the dock police are

many letters, written in strange tongues, which, when translated, resolve themselves into appeals for news of some lascar of Oriental who has failed to return after reaching London. When inquiries are possible, the results are invariably the same. The man was last seen in Limehouse Causeway—and there the matter ends. Strange tales are told of Chinatown in the East-end of London—and for that matter of any Asiatic colony in our midst—Liverpool Weekly Post.

### Skyscrapers Garage for London

ONLY ROOM FOR TWO—HOISTED TO TOP OF TOWER.

A skyscraper garage has been invented by Mr. W. Richardson, a mining engineer, of Southampton, whose novel underground garden garage was recently described in The Daily Mirror.

Mr. Richardson told The Daily Mirror that his system of garaging cars is the only practical way of overcoming the great difficulties presented by cities where ground may be valued at anything up to £1 a square inch.

The new garage consists of a steel tower of any convenient height, divided vertically into two shafts of equal dimensions.

Each shaft would be of a superficial area sufficient to accommodate a large car, and the total area required for a complete "tower garage" would be about 10ft. by 30ft.

Thus, on a piece of ground capable of accommodating only two cars in the ordinary way, it is possible to garage eighteen or twenty cars, the capacity being limited only by height.

**Moving Platforms.**

Gearing is installed in each shaft, both at top and bottom, to rotate a system of endless chains, which themselves support a number of moving platforms on which the cars stand.

By means of an electric motor and mechanism of special design, all platforms in one shaft may be raised or lowered independently.

In operation there will always be a vacant platform in each shaft—at the top in one shaft and at the bottom of the other. This is necessary in order that a car can be traversed from one shaft to the other to facilitate packing and unpacking of the vehicles.

A car garaged on one of the top platforms can be placed on the road in two minutes, whilst others, according to their position in the garage, can be withdrawn in a few minutes.

A chain of these garages, each accommodating about twenty cars and situated in the City and West End,

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Custard Powder, package . . . . . 15c.  
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Large Oranges, dozen . . . . . 50c.  
Table Apples, dozen . . . . . 50c.  
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Raspberry and Strawberry Jam, glass . . . . . 35c.  
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