

ANSWERS to QUESTIONS

Frederic J. Haskin

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Q. Are there many women pilots in Great Britain? C. R.
A. It is estimated that about 20 per cent of licensed pilots are women and the number is rapidly increasing.

Q. In what historic building in Kentucky is there a self-supporting circular stone stairway? T. S. H.
A. In the Old State Capitol at Frankfort, built in 1829.

Q. Is cotton or burlap more durable for cotton-picking sacks and sheels? W. D.
A. A cotton-picking sack made of cotton lasts 3.6 times as long as a sack made of burlap, and a picking sheet made of cotton is 1.8 times as durable as one made of burlap, according to estimates by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, U. S. Department of Agriculture, based upon cotton farmers' reports.

Q. Who first made dried milk? T. S.
A. Dried or powdered milk was first made by Grinwade in England in 1855.

Q. Is the Cathedral of Moscow which was destroyed, to be rebuilt? E. W.
A. It will be replaced by the Palace of the Grand Plan, commemorating completion of the Five-Year Plan.

Q. Who are the two men from Maine who went to New York to help get rid of the gangsters? W. C.
A. Alvin Deming and Fred York of Flagstaff, Me.

Q. How did the builders get girders to the roof to build the tower that supports the Lindbergh Beacon on the Palmolive Building?
A. A small derrick was knocked down and taken up in an elevator. It was put together and used to haul up parts of a larger derrick which in turn raised a third.

Q. What was William Burke's name originally? W. K.
A. Burkowski.

Q. Who obtained the first patent on a plant under the new law? T. C.
A. It was granted in August to Henry F. Rosenberg of New Brunswick, N. J., for a new variety of ever-blooming rose.

Q. Who won the Harper's prize for the best novel and who were the judges? P. C.
A. Robert Reynolds' "Brothers in the West" won the ten thousand dollar award. The judges were Bliss Perry, Ellen Glasgow and Carl Van Doren.

Q. What is the meaning of the expression "To eat humble pie"? H. M. R.
A. It means to cedge down from a position you have assumed; to be obliged to take a lower place. "Humble" here is a pun on umble, the umbles being the heart, liver, and entrails of the deer, the huntman's perquisites. When the lord and his household dined, the venison pastry was served on the dais, but the umbles were made into a pie for the huntman and his fellows, who took the lower seats.

Q. Are many American workers going to Russia? A. G.
A. By the end of 1931 more than 6000 workers will have found jobs in Soviet Russia. They are being sent under one and two year contracts through the Amtorg Trading Corporation of New York City. The workers going over are mostly skilled miners, machinists, railroad workers, bricklayers, carpenters and so on. These will supplement more than 1000 American engineers, who for several years have been engaged there.

Q. What is the title of present day dramatic artists in China? L. T.
A. They are called Pupils of the Pear Garden.

Q. How is the brain fed? C. K.
A. It has, by far, the best blood supply of any organ in the body. The gray matter that we think with is especially rich in blood vessels and the continual stream of fresh, rich blood around the masses of nerve cells in it brings to the cells the food they need.

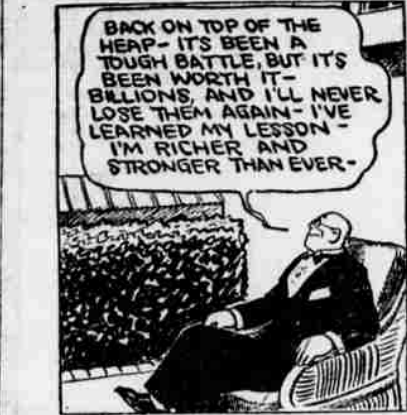
Q. Is it safe to use a zinc top on containers for canned food? M. R.
A. The zinc top should not be used, because fruits and vegetables which contain acids are unfit to eat after contact with the zinc.

Q. Why do plants need water? E. B.
A. The body of a living plant is mostly water, just as other living things are. Water is being evaporated all the time from the leaves and new water to replace this has to be absorbed out of the soil by the root hairs.

Q. What is the school population? C. L. B.
A. The total American school population is approximately 31,000,000.

Q. What city is called the "Littsburgh of the West"? A. R.
A. Pueblo, Colorado.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



REG'LAR FELLERS



THE GUMPS



BRINGING UP FATHER



MUTT AND JEFF



TAILSPIN TOMMY



SAM

Chapter 23
A FIGHTER AND A GHOST
 Sam smiled in spite of himself. "I can't believe that it's quite so bad as all that. You can undoubtedly find something just as good as Fourth's invention to put your money in."
 "You don't understand," Eugenie shook her head vehemently. "I'd rather have lost every cent than have let this happen."
 "What do you mean?"
 "What I mean is simple enough. Mr. Aldersa isn't in the book business any more. Not only that, but he has plenty of money." Eugenie looked up, and Sam was horrified to see that her eyes were filled with tears. "It's the end, I won't be seeing Mr. Aldersa any more."
 "Nonsense!" Sam spoke sharply in an attempt to stiffen her reasonable and unwelcome urge of pity. The widow leaned forward with sudden earnestness. "Miss Sherrill, you and I are both sensible people, aren't we?"
 "Why yes, I suppose we are."
 "Very well. Being sensible people, we both know what we know. We know, for instance, that I am terribly in love with Mr. Aldersa."
 Sam gasped. "We do?" she inquired.
 "Yes," Eugenie nodded. "We not only know that, but we also know that Mr. Aldersa isn't even slightly interested in me."
 "Mrs. Frye!"
 "I have no wild ideas about myself," the widow continued calmly. "I know exactly what I am. I'm cheap, and I don't wear good clothes, and my voice is bad. I can't even talk the same kind of English he talks."
 "Please don't talk like that."
 "Why not? It's the truth. Do you mind if I put the cards on the table? I'd like to tell you about myself—if you can stand it." Sam murmured: "I'd be glad to hear." The widow had suddenly become an intensely interesting figure.
 "Well," Eugenie began briskly. "In the first place, you must know that never in my life has anybody given me anything. Do you understand?"
 "I'm afraid I don't."
 "Of course you don't." The widow smiled. "You'll see soon enough when I tell you a little bit about my life."
 "To begin with, I was the youngest one of six kids. My father worked around the docks and he didn't exactly make a lot of money. He wasn't so keen about living eight in three rooms."
 "That's understandable enough," Sam nodded gravely.
 "Is it?" the widow inquired. "I'm not so sure. The rest of them were satisfied enough. I wanted something better. I was different. The widow had forgotten Sam altogether. She was staring back through the years at those crowded rooms in some dingy tenement.
 "Yes," Eugenie went on. "I was different, but I didn't know it. All I knew was that I loved to stand outside theaters watching the nice people going in. I'd look at the women and tell myself that some day I'd have clothes like theirs."
 She smiled at Sam.
 "I've always known what I wanted and I've always fought for it. I fought for Jim Frye. I fought myself from that tenement to where I am now, and I began to think that I hadn't done so badly."
 "Badly?" Sam was genuinely moved. "You've done wonders!" Sam said.
 "Have I?" Eugenie shrugged. "I'll admit that I'd just about decided my fighting days were over. Then, one day, Mr. Aldersa came to my house to sell me a set of books and I knew in five minutes that I hadn't even begun. I knew right then and there that I wanted him."
 "Really?" Sam almost smiled. "I didn't know that Fourth was so—"
 "I know. It sounds foolish somehow, and it's hard to explain. Maybe it was his voice or the things he talked about. Maybe it was just him. Anyway, there it was. I had to think, so I stalled him out about the books and told him to come back a day later. He went away, and I told myself that I was in for another fight."
 "Really?" Sam repeated weakly.
 "Yes, I said to myself, 'Eugenie Frye, there's no use for thinking romantic nonsense about this business, because a man like him won't fall in love with you. What have you got that you can fight with?' Money was the answer. I had a lot of money and Mr. Aldersa didn't have much or he wouldn't be selling books. Maybe I could persuade him to put up with me for the sake of my money. Then I could begin to try to make him like me a little bit."
 Sam was so dazzled by this amazingly frank recital that she was able only to murmur a feeble: "I see."
 Eugenie nodded. "Well, I bought books from him, and I lent him money. I tried to put in his head what was in my head." She sighed. "I think I was a ceiling—and then, all of a sudden he stopped coming to see me. You tell me that he has made money. That is a blow, because if he's made money he'll never give me another thought. He's taken away the only thing I had to fight with." She turned suddenly and stared intently at Sam. "Do you see why I've been acting like such an idiot since you told me about that invention thing?"
 "I think so," Sam nodded slowly.
 "I'm terribly sorry."
 "Don't be sorry for me." The widow sat up very straight, a grim determined figure. "I'm not sorry together. She was staring back

A BIG DIFFERENCE

SPARE MY BLUSHES

MUTT LOSES A MILLION DOLLAR BET

BETTY LOSES BY A RIP