

ANSWERS to QUESTIONS

By Frederic J. Haskin

Have we had the pleasure of serving you through our Washington Information Bureau? Can't we be of some help to you in your problem? Our business is to furnish you with authoritative information, and we invite you to ask any question of fact in which you are interested. Send your inquiry to the Capital Journal Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C., and not to the Capital Journal at Salem, Ore.

Q. In Contract Bridge, may a player ask which player has played each card to a trick? C. G.

A. In Auction of Contract Bridge, any player (except dummy) may, before a trick is turned and quitted, demand that the cards so far played be indicated by their respective players.

Q. Can Stone Mountain be seen from the down town hotels of Atlanta? J. H. S.

A. On a clear day it can be seen from any hotel that is high enough to overlook the city.

Q. What state in the Union is the most populated? W. K. F.

A. New York leads with a population in 1930 of 12,588,966. Over half the population lives in New York City.

Q. When was regular stagecoach travel established between New York and Philadelphia? M. T.

A. Not until 1766 was there a regular line of stagecoaches between New York and Philadelphia. The journey was then made in three days; but ten years later a new stage, called the "flying machine," was started, and it made the trip in two days.

Q. What is the difference between Circassian walnut and English walnut? F. E. S.

A. Botanically, Circassian walnut is the same as the so-called English walnut, the latter name being used almost exclusively by those who grow the tree for its nuts, while the former name is the one generally applied by manufacturers and other consumers of the wood. It is a hard, very beautiful wood.

Q. Please give some particulars in regard to the fair held at Nizhni-Novgorod in 1923. H. G.

A. The annual fair held at Nizhni-Novgorod is an important and spectacular feature of Soviet internal trade and trade with the eastern neighbors. The trade turnover at the fair held in September, 1923, was \$14,500,000, of which \$17,730,000

represented trade with the eastern regions. In all 2050 business organizations participated in the fair, including 380 foreign firms. Foreign firms represented at the fair included 263 from Persia, 82 from western China, 20 from Afghanistan, 9 from Turkey, 3 from Iraq, 2 from Mongolia. Attendance at the fair was about 200,000 persons.

Q. How can Benjamin Franklin's philosophy be defined? F. T.

A. Reduced to a few words, it seems to have been embodied in the two terms, common sense, and good natured optimism.

Q. Are tuna fish found anywhere except on the Pacific Coast? S. M.

A. The tunny is any of several oceanic fishes of the mackerel family, especially the great or common tunny of all warm seas. On the Atlantic coast of America it is called horse mackerel; on the Pacific coast it is called tuna.

Q. How long is the Apian Way? M. McV.

A. Three hundred sixty-six miles. The distance from Rome to Capua is 132 miles; from Capua to Beneventum, 32 miles; and from Beneventum 202 miles.

Q. What money standard was adopted when the United States was formed? G. E. D.

A. In 1789, silver was adopted and defined. In 1792, two units were adopted, silver and gold with the ratio of 15 to 1.

Q. Why are nails designated for size as 6-penny nails or 8-penny nails? A. H. D.

A. They have become arbitrary as standards of size. The expression originated in the 15th century, when the terms designated the price of nails per hundred.

Q. When is Indian Day? C. A. D.

A. In some states September 25th is celebrated as Indian Day in honor of the Indians.

Q. What is the meaning of perjuries? G. A.

A. In the plural it means districts adjacent or lying near—outskirts. In the singular in English history it referred to the land on the edge of a crown forest, especially if once part of the forest, later returned to its private owners.

Q. What country is called the Cockpit of Europe? M. M.

A. Belgium. It has been the site of more European battles than any other country.

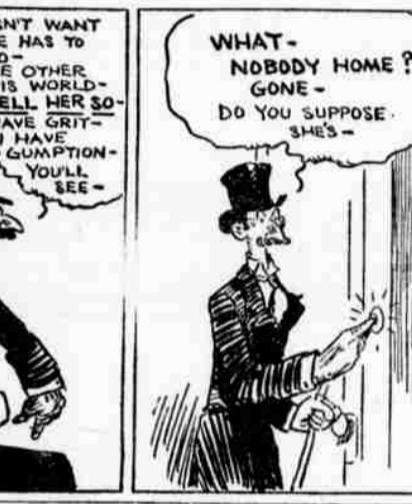
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



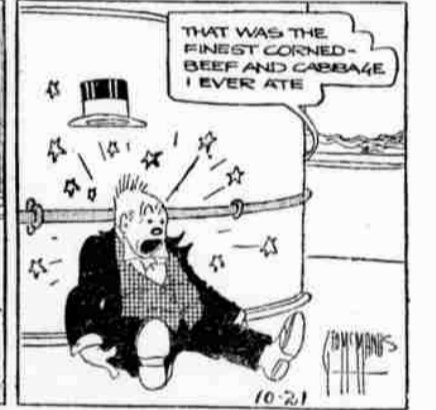
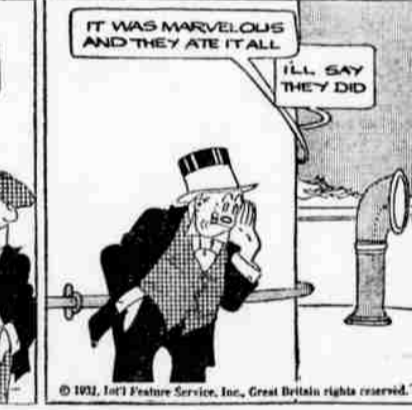
REG'LAR FELLERS



THE GUMPS



BRINGING UP FATHER



MUTT AND JEFF



TAILSPIN TOMMY



LADY with a PAST

BY HARRIET HENRY

Chapter 8
ON THE STAIRS

"What else is there?" Venice said. "Mother's always showing me how you can never amount to anything without popularity."

Drake gave her a long, grave look. "There was penetration in his stare. He was trying to make out why any one with apparent intelligence should yearn for the empty laurels of purely social recognition. A question of bringing-up of course. Something that had been tattooed into her with a slow, insidious eye.

"He's stuck with me, Venice suddenly thought. He's been sorry for me and is being kind. I shouldn't have said that people rarely bother with me at parties. She got slowly to her feet.

"You've been nice," she said, proffering a hand.

He took it and held it a moment. Noticing that along, firm clasp of hers he gave her another quick ob-servant glance.

"But where are you going?"

"To powder my nose."

"Oh, that's all right," he re-leased her hand and watched her an instant as she went up the stairs. Then he crossed the hall to the living room.

Venice heard some one cry, "Hi, Drake."

She went slowly into Lola's room and sat down on the bed. She rubbed the hand that he had held and looked at it as though she expected it to appear changed. He was the nicest person that she had ever met. He was so kind and natural and easy to talk to. Had he been sorry for her or had he really liked her? Undoubtedly he had been sorry for her. She had asked for it, telling him right away like that that no one was ever nice to her at parties. She would not go back into the living room and watch him busy with other girls. She'd sneak away and tele-phone Lola in the morning to say what a lovely party it had been. How many times she'd told that lie in the last few years. A wry smile caught her lips with the specula-tion as to whether this would be counted against her in the here-after. Or did God appreciate and discount such little social niceties?

Walking up Park Avenue to 80th street she took deep breaths of the clear air. It was like clean water after a muddy draught. Ann Durys and her dubious past. Popu-larity the reward. Great limousi-ness sped by, appearing omnipot-ent until a red or green light turned them into obedient servants of the city's laws.

Venice saw Drake Farrelly's clear hazel eyes and wavy hair like carved teakwood. It was dull hair, not shiny. She heard his laugh and felt again the pressure of his hand. How she would have cherished his really liking her. She longed for his approbation, earnestly desiring his friendship.

Sitting opposite her mother at dinner, smooth candles shining on silver that had only escaped Sher-mans' mercy this week because of being hidden in a cellar. Venice suddenly drew the curtains and

background to which she belonged. "I have such a headache," said Mrs. Muir. "I haven't felt really well all day."

"I'm sorry, mother," Venice's tone was a trifle empty. Her moth-er continually complained of this small ill or that, trifles that other people wouldn't bother to mention. An ordinary filling at the dentist's became a painful operation in her recounting, a common cold, a real-ly worry congestion in the chest.

Venice watched her mother eat a hearty dinner.

Three days later something hap-pened that lifted Venice from her monotonous round, made her feel a human being, an individual with private affairs of her own. It was only a telephone call but it gave her a sudden warmth and some-thing to which to look forward.

She was sitting at her spinnet desk, weebegonically nibbling at the end of a pencil and trying in vain to work out the second chapter of her book. It wouldn't unfold.

The telephone jangled. She went to the bedside table.

"Hello, may I speak to Miss Muir, please?"

"This is Miss Muir."

"Hello, Venice." "I'm Drake Farrelly."

"Oh!" And she couldn't think of another thing to say. Her heart suddenly quickened.

"Where did you disappear to the other day? Did you lose yourself thinking upstairs?"

"Oh no. I went home."

"Why?"

"I - my head ached."

"No, it didn't," she heard his in-fectious laugh. "May I come to see you tonight?"

Her eye excitement rose and dropped in almost the same heart-beat.

"I am sorry, Drake. I'm going to the Mannings' for dinner."

Why couldn't she have shown how disappointed she was? Or at least make her refusal humorous and light?

"Damn," said Drake.

"But there're other nights," she forced herself to laugh quickly.

"Not for some weeks. Hence my blasphemy. I'm going away on business tomorrow."

Venice wanted to say damn too but she only managed, "But you'll call me up as soon as you get back, won't you?"

"Of course I will. And don't you let that inferiority complex of yours grow in the meantime. Some day it'll make a little mouse of you."

"I haven't got an inferiority com-plex."

"Yes, you have, Venice Muir." Suddenly she was at ease with him. She laughed.

"That's the first subject for de-bate when you return. The lion and the mouse. Goodbye, Drake."

She sat looking at the telephone. I wonder how long he'll be gone. All day her mind played about this unexpected conversation, she back-ed forward to the passing of the intervening weeks. Something new to anticipate. Not since her dis-tant days had she had anything to eagerly anticipate.

(To Be Continued)