

ANSWERS to QUESTIONS

By Frederic J. Haskin

Q. Can the ordinary person tell that an uncut stone is a diamond?
J. D.

A. It is almost impossible for a person not familiar with uncut gems to recognize a diamond.

Q. What kind of tobacco is grown in western Florida? K.C.

A. The tobacco-growing section of western Florida produces profitably a shade leaf grown from Cuban and Sumatran seed which is in great demand in cigar manufacturing.

Q. Who was Plutus? G.E.

A. In mythology he was the god of riches, who was blinded by Zeus that he might give without discrimination.

Q. How large is the Imperial Valley? W.B.H.

A. It is a large section of country in the middle of Imperial county, California. It is about 400,000 acres in extent.

Q. Who built the first paper mill in this country? B.C.B.

A. The early printers of colonial America imported their paper from Europe, chiefly from the Continent. The first paper mill was built in 1690 at Germantown, Pa., resulting from the combination of the needs of the

Philadelphia printer, William Bradford, and the arrival of an ambitious German papermaker, William Rittenhouse.

Q. How many cars can be hauled in a train under the Arizona train limit law? D.D.

A. The Arizona railroad commission says that the maximum number of cars is seventy exclusive of caboose, and fourteen in a passenger car in passenger trains.

Q. What relation to each other are the kings of Norway and Denmark? N.T.

A. They are brothers, sons of King Frederick VII. of Denmark.

Q. How much money have the Jews spent in the rehabilitation of Palestine? A.W.L.

A. The Palestine Foundation Fund in seven years, 1921-28 spent 3,510,721 pounds for the up-building of Palestine. Of this amount more than 55 percent was contributed by Jews in the United States. The amount spent on education was 642,642 pounds; promotion of immigration, 343,229 pounds; public works, 484,796 pounds; public health, 225,295 pounds; agricultural colonization 1,081,332 pounds.

LADY with a PAST

BY HARRIET HENRY

Chapter 35
BRICKS AND STRAWS

A half hour ago Venice would have refused. Now she wanted to repay him for that old hurt. He didn't even realize when he had wounded, this unheeding, dazzling young man.

"I don't know," she murmured.

"How long will it take you to know?" Roland Wainwright asked.

"How can I tell, Rollo?" With an easy smile he raised his eyes to his face. Her curiosity to read his expression overcame her shyness. He was thinking, went her mind, that a girl whose mother was a Virginia Lee is not to be scorned, that I have plenty of money and that it could be rather nice to capture a girl who had refused to marry a Marquis.

"Give me a little time," she said and brought a vivid smile to play across her face. "I'm not really being cruel, she thought. He doesn't honestly love me. He doesn't actually know what it is to really love. I do so want to hurt his pride the way he once hurt mine.

His hands dropped from her shoulders. He patted one of her cheeks with a touch that was gentle but quite superficial.

"Just a little time, darling," he smiled. He was sure of her. She smiled too.

He left soon after this.

"You'll go to the Charity ball with me," he said as they stood by the front door. It was a statement, not a question.

"That would be lovely," returned Venice. Every one would see them together at the Charity ball. After that she would definitely dismiss him.

Lying awake she rebelled at the rapidity of social success. It's smothering me, she thought. I'll stagnate. I must do something. I'll take extension courses at Columbia. I'll write for a booklet tomorrow.

She watched the air through the open window stirring the pinned back curtains. Pale, unhappy wreaths, rising and falling. Restive and captured. Like a soul struggling in the night. Their movement synchronized with her breathing. She dropped asleep.

The telephone call that interrupted Venice at luncheon the next day drove all thoughts of Columbia courses from her mind. There was the noisy jangle and Nora put down on the serving table the plate of omelette she was passing to answer the insistent ring.

"Mr. Farrelly, Miss Venice."

"Who?" asked Venice, wondering if she had heard aright.

"Mr. Farrelly."

Venice dropped her napkin on the floor in her excited hurry.

"Hello, Drake!"

"Hello, Venice. I'm afraid I took you from your lunch."

"Who wouldn't prefer a dashing young man to an omelette!"

"Right. An omelette is only so many eggs. A young man is all sorts of unknown ingredients." She heard his quick infectious laugh. "Would you dine with me tonight, Venice?"

"I'd love to."

"Excellent. I'll stop for you at seven."

"I'll have my face washed and shined."

"And I'll wear a cabbage in my buttonhole."

Returning to the dining room Venice's heart was doing funny things and she was tremendously excited. What should she wear? That black dress with the lace collar and cuffs, or the pale grey? Grey did very well with her copper hair. She decided on the grey. It had a coat to match with tremendous fox collar and a more pill box of a hat that perched on one side of her head.

It was a long day. Twice she thought the clock had stopped. Sitting in front of the open fire awaiting his arrival she impatiently lit a cigarette. She rarely smoked but did not stop to wonder why she did now. A moment later she tossed it into the flames and rose to straighten a picture here, a vase there, pounce a pillow, change the line of the window shades. Then she hurried back into her bedroom to survey herself in the glass. "I think I'll put on the black after all." She started slipping out of the grey when she remembered that she had worn black that day in the park, so she hastily hooked her cuffs again.

"Mr. Farrelly, Miss Venice."

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



REAR FELLERS



THE GUMPS



BRINGING UP FATHER



MUTT AND JEFF



TAILSPIN TOMMY

