

ANSWERS to QUESTIONS

by Frederic J. Haskin

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Q. When an egg is boiled, does any water enter the egg by passing thru the shell and membrane? M. P.
A. If a fresh egg is boiled it loses weight slightly but if it is allowed to remain in the water for some time (several hours) it gains weight. From this it seems reasonable to conclude that water does not pass into the egg during boiling but if the boiled egg is allowed to remain for several hours in the water a certain amount will pass to the inside of the egg.

Q. Why is glass cut under water? H. K.
A. Because the vibration is less than in the air and the glass is therefore less liable to crack.

Q. What is the most durable street pavement? G. H. F.
A. Granite blocks.

Q. Who was America's first great humorist? S. W.
A. Benjamin Franklin was unquestionably America's first great humorist.

Q. What are the five largest cities in California? P. V.
A. Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, San Diego, and Long Beach.

Q. How many tints or shades can be derived from the three primary colors? E. G.
A. About 2,000,000.

Q. Why does the ostrich seek to conceal itself by burying its head in the sand? W. Y.
A. The ostrich's proverbial foolishness in hiding its head in the sand and thinking it is thereby concealed is one of the myths that has been discredited by modern science. The ostrich is a very alert bird and, except for its habit of running in a circle, could rarely be caught.

Q. What does Pactolus mean? F. F.
A. Of or pertaining to Pactolus; hence, golden. Pactolus was a river in Lydia, the golden sands of which were believed to have been the source of the wealth of Croesus.

Q. How was the first line put across the Niagara gorge to start

the first suspension bridge? W. S. T.
A. Theodore G. Hulet, who supervised the construction of the first suspension bridge across Niagara, relates that a premium of \$10 was offered to the first boy who should successfully fly over the gorge his kite string and fasten its end to a tree on either side. A boy named Homan Washli, a resident of Lincoln, Nebraska, was successful. The following day a stronger line was drawn over by the kite string and then a rope of sufficient strength to haul over the iron cable. By means of this rope the iron cable was carried across and its ends secured to the solid rock. It crossed the gorge five miles above Lewiston.

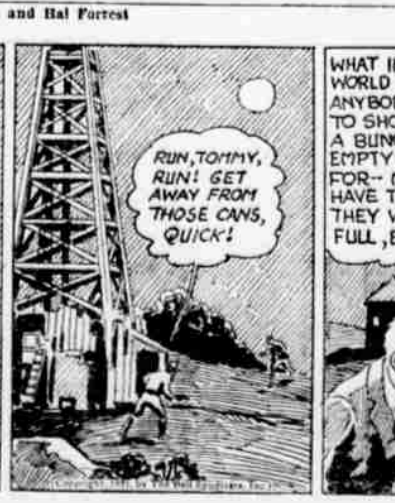
Q. Is there such a thing as a green rose which has not been artificially dyed? B. A. G.
A. A type of green rose known as Verdiflora originated in Baltimore about 1850, and was mentioned by the National Rose society in 1914. The petals are small, pointed, set thickly, and of the same color as the foliage of the rose, a dark pea green. The flower is of medium size and double, and is of vigorous growth. It may be considered more as a botanical freak than as a separate variety.

Q. Why is a clock used for advertising purposes always set at twenty minutes after eight? C. B.
A. This position of the hands of a clock is selected for the reason that it furnishes the greatest facility to meet the requirements for painting the longer name above the hands and the shorter word below. The minute hand has been varied in position from 17 to 25 minutes after eight.

Q. Is it true that there is only one high tide and one low tide in the Gulf of Mexico each day? H. A. D.
A. This is correct. The diurnal inequality has become exaggerated to such an extent as practically to extinguish the semi-diurnal tide in the inner parts of the gulf, giving high and low water only once daily. Normally there are two high and two low tides every 24 hours, but there are numerous variations in tidal phenomena in various parts of the world.

Q. What is meant by ultima Thule? G. L.
A. This was the ancient name for land north of Britain, which was the most northern land known; hence, any distant region.

Q. Do more deaths occur at night or in the daytime? B. D.
A. A comprehensive survey has not been made, but the examination of a few hospital records points to the conclusion that more deaths occur during the night.



SUNSET PASS

by Zane Grey

Chapter 20
EGYPT DISAPPEARS
Ash Preston was crooked. No doubt of that!
Perhaps the father was too, and some of the brothers. But Mrs. Preston was innocent of it; so were Alice, and the younger brothers. They bore this burden alone. That was the secret of her sad eyes and lips. That was the power Ash Preston had over her—love for him and fear. It did no longer seem unnatural. That was why no cowboy ever got a fair chance to win Thiry Preston's friendship.
Rock knew the worst. He had become a part of it. The Prestons were new, comparatively, to this wild range. He knew western men, their uncanny power to suspect and search out and find among them the cattlemen who transgressed the unwritten law. All cattle-raiders stole from one another. But there was a distinction with a difference.
Gage Preston was getting rich—a little bit at a time for a rancher on an ordinary scale. How? Rock answered the query in many ways, but only one way seemed legitimate. The Prestons sold cattle on the hoof, the same as other ranchers. None but rustlers ever sold cattle that did not belong to them. And certainly Preston could not be a rustler. It was inconceivable that Ash Preston could be a rustler, either, at least without his father's knowing. But Rock scouted the rustler idea.
The Prestons had become butchers of cattle on a considerable scale. Did any one outside themselves know just how many steers they butchered? What a pertinent question here! Rock was certain that he would find out that no outsiders knew how many head of stock they killed. And here was the gist of the matter.
Some of the Prestons, with Ash at the head, and the father either in with them or unable to prevent it, were killing cattle not their own, burning or hiding the skins, and selling the beef at near and distant points.
"Good Lord!" muttered Rock under his breath. "I've hit it plum center—The damn folk, think they can hide that long. . . . Gage Preston ought to have more sense. He struck me queer, though. But it's that rat-bastard son who's got this outfit buffaloed. No wonder poor Thiry has sad eyes. . . . Well, by heaven, I'll stay at Sunset Pass!"
A hell awakened Rock from late slumbers. The sun was up, and as he propped over his blanket covering he saw the grass shine gold under the cedar. He had overslept, which was not a remarkable fact, considering how long it had taken him to get to sleep. In the sober light of day the task before him seemed tremendous. He had to prove his suspicions, which had not yet been proved, and if they were well founded, then he must somehow stop the illicit pro-

ceedings before the Prestons were overwhelmed by catastrophe. No new thing for Rock was it to appear a light-hearted, careless cowboy when underneath this guise he was hard and cautious, keen as a blade. The Prestons, excepting Ash, would be easy to deceive. Briskly he strode toward the double cabin, conscious of heart-beating anticipation, and when he thumped upon the porch Alice Preston came out of the kitchen, carrying plates and cup, which she set upon the table.
Mrs. Preston looked out of the kitchen and greeted Rock with pleasant smile and words.
"Are the boys up, too?" she asked as he fell upon the bun and eggs and hot biscuits.
"Land's sake! They're up an' gone long ago," she replied. "They were sure funny. Tom said: 'Let him sleep, m. The longer the better.' . . . An' Al said: 'Don't wake the new boss, m. He don't never let no one wake him. Ash is here, so let him get some more.' . . . An' Harry said: 'Ain't Thiry up yet, either? Reckon settin' up in the moonlight is had for some folks.'"
"It sure is, Mrs. Preston," laughed Rock. "I'm sorry, though, if I'm to blame."
"Oh, Thiry was up hours ago," Alice informed them. "Gage pa and the boys ride away. I know she had a run-in with Ash, because she had been cryin'."
"That's too bad," said Rock, bending over his plate and eating fast. He had seen the mother's face change very slightly, almost imperceptibly. Ash Preston was a thorn in the flesh of this wholesome family.
Rock made short work of his breakfast, and glad somehow that he had not encountered Thiry, he hurried down toward the corral.
At the barnyard Rock found Al Preston leading in some horses; and one of his brothers was jacking up a hind wheel of the green wagon.
"Morning, boss. Hope you're not sick," drawled Al.
"Boss, I was plumb dead. I'll sure let you punish me for bein' lazy!"
The other boy nodded at Rock.
"Are you, Tom or Harry?" asked Rock, suddenly reminded of the twins.
"I'm Harry."
"All right, Harry, I'll know you tomorrow or bust. Where's Tom?"
"He left us to grease the wagon and went off after a horse for you."
"For my white horse, Egypt?" asked Rock.
"No—I'm sorry to say," returned Harry, haltingly, as if he had had news.
"Did Egypt jump the pasture fence?"
"No, Ash saddled him and rode off on him."
Rock sat down suddenly, stifling the yell that leaped to his lips.
(To Be Continued)