

ANSWERS to QUESTIONS

by Frederic J. Haskin

Q. What is the insignia of the Quartermaster Corps of the Army and what does it mean? R.L.
A. The insignia is a sword and key crossed on a wheel surmounted by a spread eagle. The significance of the insignia is as follows: The wheel represents transportation; the key, store and supply keeper; the sword, military supplies; the eagle, the national emblem.

Q. How does the \$20 gold piece compare with a silver dollar in size? D.S.
A. The \$20 gold piece weighs 516 grains. It is 1.35 inches in diameter. The silver dollar weighs 412.50 grains and is 1 1/8 inches in diameter.

Q. What is the largest score ever made in a football game? C.E.
A. The largest of which we find record was that made at King College, Bristol, Virginia, which was 236 against Lenora's 6, in 1922.

Q. To what country do the Galapagos Islands belong? D.S.
A. To the Republic of Ecuador. Officially these form the Colon Archipelago. There are 15 larger and about 40 smaller islands. They lie about 580 miles west of the coast of

South America, and have a total land area of about 2870 square miles. The largest island is Isabella, covering approximately 1650 square miles.

Q. What is a red letter day? B.F.
A. Formerly red letter days were those so indicated in the calendar or days in the Book of Common Prayer, and some prayer books are still printed in this style. In general usage the term has come to mean especially fortunate or auspicious days in a person's life, or days to be remembered because of some important event or benefit.

Q. How old is Walter Winchell, the columnist? N.H.
A. Walter Winchell was born April 7, 1897, in New York City.

Q. Who delivered the oath of office to George Washington when he was inaugurated as president the first time? J.A.R.
A. He was inaugurated the first time on the porch in front of the Senate Chamber in New York on Thursday, April 30th, 1789. Robert W. Livingston, chancellor of the state of New York, administered the oath.

SUNSET PASS by Zane Grey

Chapter 39
ASH GIVES WARNING
"What!" ejaculated Dunne, hoarsely, his face turning yellow.

"Can't you hear? ... Any man who thinks me a rustler has got to back it with his gun."
"Rock, I—I—we—throwin' guns wasn't in my orders."
"Dunne, you don't fit on this range," replied Rock, in bitter scorn. "Keep out of my way hereafter. Then he turned to the other riders. "Reckon you're not willin' parties to this raw deal Dunne gave me. Any self-respectin' cowboy, if he calls another a rustler, knows it's true and is ready to fight. ... Tell Heblitt exactly what happened here. If you don't I'll hold it against you. Tell him rotten gossip on the range isn't proof of an outfit's guilt."

"All right, Rock, we'll shore give Heblitt the straight of this," replied the riders, who had been silent.

The four mounted men rode away, and Dunne made haste to get astride and follow. Rock called after him:

"Dunne, I reckon all the Prestons—Ash in particular—will take your insult to me home to themselves."

The three young Prestons with Rock certainly took it so. Through the whole affair they had been pale, set-faced, silent.

"Looks bad to me, boys," said Harry, gloomily. "Clears up some queer remarks I heard in town."

"Let's rustle home," Rock agreed, whereupon they bent united efforts to breaking camp.

On the third day following, early in the afternoon, Rock and his cowboys left the herd of steers in the meadowland below Slagle's ranch, and rode on home.

The labor of the past few weeks had been so strenuous that Rock scarcely realized the lapse of time. What had happened at Sunset Pass during the interim?

By the time he had shaved and changed his clothes, there came rapid footfalls, followed by a thump on his cabin door.

"Who is it?" he called, for he had taken the precaution to lock the door.

"Preston. Open up," came the peremptory reply.

Rock slid back the bar, whereupon Preston stamped in, with Ash close behind him.

"Howdy, boss!" said Rock, cheerfully, and nodded to Ash.

"At busted in with a wild story," broke out Preston, waving a greeting. "Rock was the last loco, or he was exaggeratin' a little run-in you had with one of Heblitt's outfit."

"Boss, Al told the truth, and put it mild at that," replied Rock, and turned to the girl before the mirror. In the glass he saw Preston's eyes roll and fix with terrible accusation upon his son. "Sit down, both of you," went on Rock, and presently faced them again. Ash was coolly rolling a cigarette, his face a mask. Preston had been drinking of late, but appeared sober, and now, though grim and angry, met Rock's glance steadily.

returned Preston, perturbed. "Ash, did you savvy that?"

"Shore, but I ain't awful impressed."

"Reckon this hynr deal wouldn't be particular bad for me if it wasn't for our butcherin' business," Preston remarked, as if thoughtfully to himself. Rock, however, divined that was a calculating speech.

"You hit it, Gage. There's the rub. My hunch is you must quit the butcherin'," said Rock, deliberately, his eye on Ash. He anticipated that individual's reaction.

"I will, by thunder!" replied the rancher, wheeling instinctively to face his son.

Ash rose out of the cloud of smoke. At that moment, for Trueman Rock, nothing in the world could have been so desirable as to smash that face. Ash took no notice of his father's decision. He slipped his cigarette butt almost at Rock.

"I'm butcherin' tomorrow, Mister Rock," he asserted.

"Butcher and be darned!" retorted Rock, absolutely mimicking the other's tone.

"You're gettin' too thick out here," said Ash, backing to the door, which he opened. "I told you once to clear out. This is the second time. There won't never be no third."

"See here, Ash, I'm not tryin' to run your affairs. I was just givin' my angle. As for clearin' out—well, I'll consider that. Reckon I don't want to make trouble between you and your folks."

Ash backed out the door, his wonderful blue eyes like fire under ice, then he stalked off the porch toward his cabin.

"Gage, that bull-headed son of yours will be the ruin of you," said Rock, turning to the rancher.

"Lord! don't I know it!" groaned Preston from under his huge hands. Up he sprang, to lift clenched fists, and broke into an ungovernable rage that both astonished and mystified Rock. The paroxysm subsided, and he grew composed, but if there was not actual hate in the set glare of his deep gray eyes, then Rock erred in his belief.

"Boss, some way or other you must persuade Ash to give up the butcherin', at least for a while. Make him think so. Anythin' to gain time."

"Rock, why don't you persuade him?" queried Preston, significantly.

"Me!" ejaculated Rock, shot through with an impression he hoped was false. He did not betray that he had grasped Preston's dark hint.

"Thiry an' I have kept him layin' off since you left. I reckon we'd better try the same again."

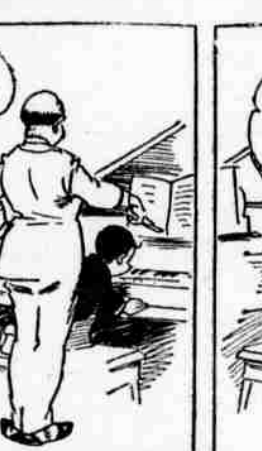
"Yes, try whatever worked. But don't oppose him, Preston."

"Wal, I guess not. I'll let him cool off a bit, an' tackle him after supper."

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



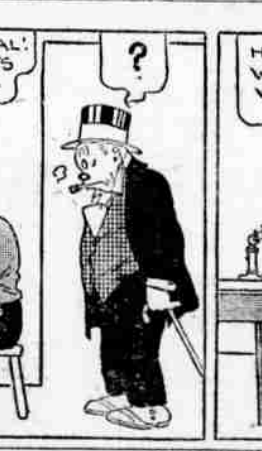
REG'AR FELLERS



THE GUMPS



BRINGING UP FATHER



MUTT AND JEFF



TAILSPIN TOMMY



AMBASSADOR MUTT STIRS UP ANOTHER WAR



GRABBE'S IN THE BAG!

