

ANSWERS to QUESTIONS

Frederic J. Haskin

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Q. How many feature films are produced in the United States each year? G. M.
A. About 600. From 2500 to 3000 short plays are also made annually.

Q. What colors do little children prefer? P. A. T.
A. Babies are usually first attracted by yellow. Red supercedes yellow at the age of three, with green second. At the age of five, blue seems to be the favorite color.

Q. How old and how tall is Little Jack Little? P. T.
A. Little Jack Little was born in London in 1900. He stands but 5 feet 4 inches and weighs 130 pounds.

Q. Did President Washington always wear a wig? K. M. L.
A. He never wore a wig. He wore his own hair long and powdered.

Q. When was the income tax amendment to the United States Constitution adopted? S. D. C.
A. The sixteenth amendment, providing for a federal income tax, was proclaimed by the Secretary of State on February 25, 1913, having been ratified by 38 of the 48 states.

Q. What is a good rule to follow in stud poker as to whether to stay in the pot and draw cards? J. H.
A. Conservative players say that one should not draw unless his card is at least as high as any exposed of the other players, or unless he has a pair. Like most rules for playing winning poker, however, this rule is more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Q. Where in the sky are the planets, Neptune and Uranus, during December? G. R.
A. Neptune is a morning star in central Leo. Uranus is an evening star in southern Pegasus.

Q. Please tell something of Vergil's parentage. W. K.
A. The poet's parents were obscure and humble. One story describes his father as a hired assistant of a certain Magus, a viator or official courier of the magistrates. By his industry he gained the favor of his master, who gave him his daughter, Julia Polla, in marriage. To increase his income he applied himself to the culture of bees. Vergil in his Georgics dwells on bee culture.

Q. What are the 15, 20, 25 and 35-cent special delivery stamps for? M. O. H.
A. The 10-cent special delivery is the basic stamp for first class mail and is used upon articles up to two pounds in weight. The 20-cent special delivery stamp is used on articles weighing two pounds and not exceeding ten pounds. There is also a 25-cent special delivery stamp for articles over ten pounds. The spe-

BOY CRAZY

by GRACE PERKINS

Chapter 18
"CALL AN AMBULANCE"
An arm stole around Papa Ross' shoulder. A vivid, living arm, and a voice sharp with fear called into his ear.

"Dad—what's happened?"
He uncovered his face slowly and gazed down at Goody. Gradually his distorted features quieted.
"You'd better call an ambulance," he said tonelessly. "I've hurt him. I—thank God, I didn't have a gun."
"Dad—dad!"

They both stiffened as the sounds behind the closed door of the billiard room reached their ears. Instinctively they moved aside as the knob was grasped and a voice spoke a short, hardened command.

The door swung open, and Hickey stood purple to the collar around his neck. Dobson, obedient, but panting, was growling at their feet. Barely did Hickey glance at them. Turned, with a mountainous dignity and marched to a ladder back chair where slumped a bridegroom of less than two rounds of the clock. Carefully Hickey picked up his son. And marched, silent and with supreme dignity, past the two in the corridor.

"Is he badly hurt?" called Papa Ross sharply.
At the foot of the staircase Hickey turned.

"Shall I—shall we call an ambulance?" put in Goody humbly.
Hickey's arm sagged from the sheer weight of his muscular burden. One fleeting glimpse of the boy's bleeding face, eyes closed in grateful unconsciousness, struck the vision of the two who stood half covering in the light of the billiard room.

"I will take care of my son," said Hickey with labored breath. "You take care of your daughter!"
Tightly he gathered his burden, and spoke to the dog at his heels.

Goody and Papa Ross watched the procession up the broad staircase. Heard the voices in the upper hall. Heard the slam of the front door. Heard the sound of Hickey's car. And then—heard no more.

The following day, Mr. Ross did not go to his office. He himself unlocked Hope's door in the morning, and once more marshaled the cook in and out with a breakfast tray of food. The room was empty save for the hungry kitten cuddled in the tattered bedspread that had been tossed on the floor. From behind Hickey's bathroom door came sounds of a running shower, gasps and sobs of a grateful shock in the bride's pliant treble.

When Hope, wrapped in a hand crocheted bathrobe of orange, green, and lavender aliken threads, swung open her bathroom door and gazed about, her bright blue eyes lighted on the breakfast tray set in the sunshine so that the painted cherries and peaches and grapes stood out on the gay yellow china like living fruit. Her nose crinkled, and her small bare foot tapped thoughtfully. A particularly rasping meow from Sassy made up her mind.

Kitten in her lap, Hope sat down and fed it cream and bits of parsley from her omelette. Disdainfully she tasted her orange juice, and wondered why a single taste should drain the glass. Merely for curiosity's sake she lifted the cover

from one dish and closed her eyes faintly at the sight of hot bran muffins, and two pats of fresh sweet butter. The tang of coffee teased her.

She and Sassy scraped the tray clean between them, and once more Hope lifted tray and dishes and flung them out her window into the rocky brook below, on the theory that nobody could really tell whether or not she had eaten!

Slowly and thoughtfully she dressed. Quite carefully she explained the dire necessity of peculiar proceedings to Sassy, begging the cat not to worry and to please put up with a few hardships just for an hour or so.

Then with infinite patience, she knotted together her sheets, and vigorously pushing her bed over to the window, fastened one end of her rope to the bedpost. The long end she tossed out the window.

Next Sassy was tenderly packed in a tiny overnight bag, padded with boudoir pillows to protect his pedigreed bones.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



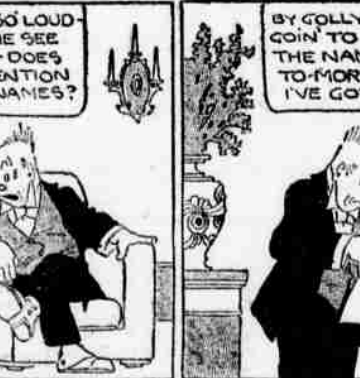
REGULAR FELLERS



THE GUMPS



BRINGING UP FATHER



MUTT AND JEFF



TAILSPIN TOMMY



CAUSE FOR ALARM

FISH FOOD

HELP!

THE END OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP

MAY BE A CLUE TO THE FATE OF "LADY Q"