

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

by Frederic J. Haskin

Q. How many bull rings are there in Spain? How long does a bull fight last? D. W.

A. There are about 250 bull rings in Spain. About 1500 bulls and 6500 horses are killed each year in the bull fights. Six fights usually form the program for one attendance.

Q. Do the rules of Auction or Contract give a player the right to demand a new deal if he has neither an Ace nor a face card? M. O. M.

A. Under a chapter called Abstridities, Milton C. Work writes at length about this notion. He says that there has never been a rule in Whist, Bridge or Auction which makes such a provision. Contract, the newest form of the game does not have such a rule.

Q. What is considered the coldest part of the country the year 'round? F. B. D.

A. The Weather Bureau says that it cannot state the exact locations of the coldest points in the United States, but it is believed that the northern portion of North Dakota and the eastern portion of Montana are the places on the whole having the greatest cold.

Q. Is the Yenisei river navigable? J. R. R.

A. This Siberian river is navigable up to Turukansk. The steamers are paddle steamers which often draw barges.

Q. How many federal prohibition officers are there in the United States? H. S. M.

A. The Prohibition Bureau says that there are approximately 2500 prohibition agents and 3800 employees of prohibition forces in the United States.

Q. Has the German police dog wolf blood? E. W.

A. All dogs of whatever breed are remotely related to wolves since the wolf is the ancestral form of the domestic dog. In the German shepherd dogs, popularly called German police dogs, this wolf blood is more apparent than in any other breeds and it is likely that this breed of dog is more directly descended from the wolf.

KITTY FREW

by JANE ABBOTT

Chapter 16
WHILE KITTY WAITS

"You have to hang on to your self respect if you're nowhere," Dorcas said finally, concisely.

"Now it's up to you to see it through. But you don't have to plan anything tonight. Tomorrow'll be time enough. Let's get to bed. I'll fix you on the couch here."

She sprang up and vigorously fell to work transforming the couch into a bed, folding covers, spreading sheets and blankets.

She tucked the covers about Kitty's shoulders and the touch of her hand was warming and reassuring. Like a weary child Kitty snuggled further down under the soft blankets. The embers of the fire made fingers of light across the darkened room. Through the half-open door of Dorcas' bedroom Kitty could see her moving back and forth. A blessed drowsiness enveloped her.

Tomorrow, they'd plan things out. Dorcas would help her. But tomorrow Gar would come for her, of course!

It was closing time at Stratton's department store, three weeks later. The last minute shoppers had hurried off. The salesclerks were putting away the stock, working furiously against precious time.

No. 12 in the sportswear department was hanging tweed ensembles in a case. Her unaccustomed fingers made slow work of it and the other girls, folding awatears and blouses, watched her and smiled slyly at one another. No. 12 was new and it was going to leave to a new one the job of hanging the suits away. It took longer.

A bright eyed, blonde girl passing No. 12, hesitated. "Go, don't bother so much. Lee's gone." She caught up an armful of the garments and swung them on to the bar of the case. "Rotten day, wasn't it?"

No. 12 knew Josie Price was trying to be friendly. Her tired face flushed gratefully. She agreed that it had been a rotten day.

"Bet you're dead," Josie went on. "My feet used to hurt as if they had boils on 'em. But you get used to it. I guess you get used to most anything unless it's Lee's tongue, after the ad bunch've taken her for a ride. Anyway, you don't have to mind that, do you? Didn't she take you into her office?"

Mrs. Lee, the head of the department, had taken No. 12 into her office while she checked over new stock. But just then No. 12 was too tired to wonder why Josie put the question, to read into the jealousy with which each salesclerk observed any distinction paid to any

SUNDOWN STORIES

THE WONDERFUL HORSE
By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Surprises, the Magic Maker, sent this note to John and Peggy:

"The pilot is coming for you. I've stirred the magic preparation in the cauldron that turns the time ahead. Be ready in one hour."

They went down to the beginning of the magic path and the plane which had "John" written upon it had come for them.

They went up in the air until they landed at the enormous circus grounds, built upon a very large platform attached to a driftable.

The Magic Maker had certainly turned the time ahead when they could see a circus held up in the air! There was a place, too, for the planes which kept landing now from all directions.

Now there were distant sounds of music, and a succession of planes landed which belonged to the circus.

There were many animals, many performers, and John and Peggy joined a number of children who were rushing to see the planes unload.

The planes were painted in a most magnificent manner with pictures of wild animals. The band was very magnificent, but the great excitement was the horse.

The people were more excited about the horse than anything else. In fact, before the people went into the big tent they took a long look at the horse in a special tent of his own.

"Come along," the pilot called. "I have the tickets and the show is about to commence!"

They went inside the big tent at once.

impatently at such times. Kitty had heard her berate David. "You haven't done a bit of work today. I can tell by the hang of your head. Are you going to be content all your life with a column of drivel for the Times? Well, if you are, go on home." And David had gone, his face angry, slamming the door behind him.

Kitty had come to know, with some excitement, that David's work was the writing of a novel. But neither he nor Dorcas talked about it except, now and then, to exchange some pertinent comment concerning it, or a question and a brief answer, or often, on Dorcas' part, a sharp rebuke. It seemed to be something between the two of them and Kitty sensed that Dorcas cared a great deal about it; she'd seen the look in her eyes when David went out, slamming the door behind him, a sorry, tender look.

Kitty, even in her most intimate moments with Dorcas never touched on her own discouragement. She could tell David how frightfully tired she got. And with David she could talk of Gar. David hadn't said anything about self respect. David's sympathy was different from Dorcas'.

Four blocks from Stratton's was the Times building. As Kitty reached it David stepped from the wide entrance way and joined her, just as he met her nearly every evening, making the encounter seem to happen without any planning. And always on the instant of seeing him, tall and lanky, a little shabby, his hat pulled down over his eyes, Kitty felt a little rush of gladness.

"Well, how did it go today?" "Oh, better." Her eyes clung to David's face. She slipped her hand through his arm.

"David, did you see him today? Hear anything?"

(To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



INDESTRUCTIBLE SANDY



USING HIS HEAD



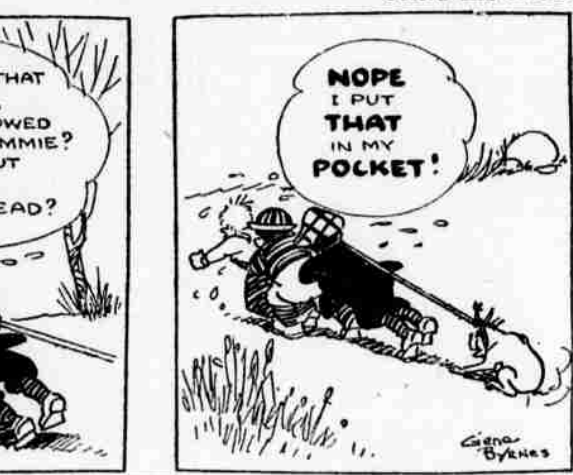
REG'LAR FELLERS



THE GUMPS



BRINGING UP FATHER



MUTT AND JEFF



TAILSPIN TOMMY



PLENTY OF SMOKE BUT NO HEAT



SOCIAL LIFE IN THE ORIENT!



BY GLENN CHAFFIN AND HAL FORREST



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