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"With or without offense to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes."

A New Chancellor

Selection of Dr. Frederick M. Hunter, chancellor of the University of Denver, to succeed Chancellor W. J. Kerr as executive head of the state's institutions of higher learning serves not only to end a bitter controversy which has interfered seriously with the administration of educational affairs in Oregon since Dr. Kerr was appointed, but opens the way to the reorganization intended when control of the university, the state college and the three normal schools was consolidated in a single board.

The board of higher education, a consolidation of the three boards which formerly directed the various schools, was created by the legislature in 1929 for the primary purpose for coordinating the work of the institutions, separating their functions and eliminating duplications.

Under Dr. Kerr's administration, due to constant internal conflict on the board and to the chancellor's theoretical bias because of his previous presidency of the state college, little has been accomplished in this direction. True, there have been effected considerable economies in expenditures for higher education during the past four years. But they have been brought about principally through executive vetoes of appropriations, and the necessity of paring expenses to meet reduced millage revenues.

Salaries have been reduced, individual instructors dropper here and there, and operating expenses trimmed closer of enforced necessity, but there have been few if any consolidations of duplicated courses; curtailment of over-emphasized service courses, or eliminations of non-essential functions. Actually, there is no sharper distinction between the fields of university and college service now than there was six years ago.

Dr. Hunter comes to Oregon free of any entangling alliances, without the handicap of real or imagined partisanship, and with the detached viewpoint of one who can impartially diagnose the ailments of the system and perform the needed operations. His inauguration will provide an opportunity for a thorough test of the consolidation plan contemplated in creation of the single board. The limitations on his success lie with his own ability and courage, and the extent of cooperation he secures from the board.

Merely Doing His Duty

Governor Martin is charged by the Portland labor council's lumber strike strategy commission with attempting to "set up a dictatorship" and with "turning law enforcement officials into a lawless mob," because of his orders dispersing union beat-up gangs attempting to prevent non-striking workers from working.

As a matter of fact the governor is merely enforcing the law and maintaining peace. It is the labor council itself which attempted to establish a dictatorship by violence, a reign of terror by lawless mobs throughout the state, similar to that they established in Portland last year. It is the labor council which has attempted to usurp the powers of government—not the governor who is merely doing his duty.

It is the fundamental right of men to continue on their jobs, if they want to and it is the strikers who are "bent on denying fundamental rights of citizenship," by coercion, intimidation, and brutal assault, with the objective of ruining industry, paralyzing the business of the state and forcing martial law to end mob terrorism.

Had the governor not acted promptly and decisively there would have been a repitition of the bloody riots of last year, which would have been avoided had Governor Meier displayed the courage, firmness and fairness that characterize his successor.

A Nertz Party

Those who style themselves "progressives" are considering the formation of a new political party proposed by Seneca Fouts to be called the "Redemso" party a name made by the first syllable of republican, democrat and socialist. Judging from the platform proposed and the proponents a simpler and more suitable name would be the Nuts or Nertz party.

The platform outlined borrows some of the Townsend pension plan revised to include the incapacitated over 18 years old, Huey Long's share-the-wealth program, employment insurance, tax exemption for homes, confiscation of large incomes, free silver at 16 to 1, two percent maximum interest rates, salary limitations, free text books, veterans' bonus and pensions, free power, etc.

In brief the platform is a crazy quilt of "gimme" demands of those who believe that ask and ye shall receive from some mystic source, probably along chain letter lines of finance. It would not be a bad idea if all the political isms could be united in a Nertz party but it can't be done, there are too many varieties. They can't agree on anything over night—except perhaps abuse of Governor Martin. That is at any rate all that comes out of these conventions of "progressive" job seekers.

Birthdays Observed

Lyons—The Birthday club met at the home of Mrs. Beatrice Hiatt Friday afternoon honoring the birthday anniversaries of Mrs. Hiatt and Mrs. Carrie Naue. Present were Mrs. Beeatice Hiatt, Mrs. Carrie Naue, Mrs. Nellie Hiatt, Mrs. Alta Bodeker, Mrs. Ruth Lyons, Mrs. Eulalia Lyons, Mrs. Eva Bressler, Miss Maxine Huber, Mrs. Winifred Branch, Mrs. Able Huber, Mrs. Bertha Allen, Mrs. Mable Bass and Mrs. Mable Downing. High score was held by Maxine Huber and low by Alton Bodeker.

Silverton—Mrs. E. Anderson and her daughter, Miss Alma Anderson are spending two months in Rovena and Lincoln, Neb., visiting members of Mrs. Anderson's family. They made the trip by automobile. Virgil and Elvin Anderson are keeping house at the home in the country during the absence of their mother and sister.

Improve Property

Oak Point—A. B. W. Hughes has just finished the construction of a concrete stock watering trough on his farm here. Fred Chapman of Salem assisted Hughes in pouring the concrete. R. A. Alderson is adding a new garage to his group of farm buildings. Joe Rogers, Sr., of the Rogers dairy is painting his buildings and putting new roofs on a number of them.

RETURNS TO MONTANA

Monitor — After spending several days with their aunt and uncle Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Melby, Leonard Halgren, Gustave Halgren and Miss May Halgren of Great Falls, Mont., left in their car Friday morning on their return trip. They made the trip over in 24 hours. They came chiefly to see their aunt, Mrs. Melby, who has been ill for several months. They also visited with their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Merton O. White.

ENEMY'S KISS by Evelyn M. Winch

SYNOPSIS: Guy Westurn has rescued Alison Rede from a dangerous assailant in an empty house on the Sussex downs. They are driving back to London together, and Alison is telling Guy how strange it is that her father, who is rather "fussy," failed to meet her at the Sussex house. Alison likes Guy, but thinks it remarkable that he should have been so conveniently at hand. Meanwhile a moving van arrives at the house, and a woman appears to direct the movers. She points to a desk that has been tampered with.

Chapter 12

THE CELLAR

"Look at that!" said the woman.

The foreman fingered all the desk drawers in turn, doubtfully.

"Looks as if someone's been at them," he admitted reluctantly. Then with great emphasis, "Me and my mates can't be responsible for this. We couldn't get into the 'ouse."

"Oh, I'm not blaming you," agreed the lady carelessly. She left the man there and went on into the pantry, rown the passage into the kitchen. In the doorway she stopped, frowning.

On the deal table stood a brown teapot, two dirty cups, two plates which bore the traces of recent egg and bacon. A brand-new, shining tin kettle sat on the oil-stove.

She picked it up and stared at it, a sharp-cut line between her thin, plucked eyebrows. Her tongue slid out and wet her painted lpis. She put one pale, well-manicured hand against the side of the kettle but, being empty, it was cold.

Her eyes—dark, round and set rather too near a big nose—grew very thoughtful as they rested on a frying-pan which contained a circle of cold bacon fat and two bright spots of egg. With her thin, crooked mouth compressed hard, she turned away and went quickly down the seven steps leading into the cellar.

She turned the key, went in, walked through it, first turning on the main switch, then all the lights one by one. In the farthest cellar, by the fallen roll of linoleum, she stopped.

For a moment she stood staring into the recess, her face blanched, a picture of surprise and consternation, horror and fear. Twice she bent forward, as if she doubted her own eyes.

Then, slowly, her expression changed. Her eyes grew thoughtful, her long fingers tapped impatiently against her hip. Suddenly, like a person who has made up her mind, she laid down the bag and gloves which she held and got to work.

Four minutes later, pale and panting as if unaccustomed to taking heavy exercise, she stood back and dusted her hands and dress particularly carefully, looking back the while over her shoulder as if afraid that someone might come and find her there. Then, very quietly and swiftly, she ran back on tip-toe through the cellars, switching off the lights and locking the door.

She had gained the drawing room again when the mover, seeing her standing by the desk, touched his forelock and asked, "Nothing else is there but what's in these rooms and upstairs, madam? Anything to clear outside or down below?"

"Nothing," said the lady. "There are one or two things in the outhouse, I think, but I'm leaving those for the new tenant to take over."

"Then we'll get on with it," agreed the man.

"Yes." She had turned away before she added, "I shall have to run into Warley, but I'll be back before you've done."

By the gate, she paused to slip the big key of the cellar furtively into her bag; then she went out and got into her red runabout. There were two spots of bright pink color in her thin, sallow cheeks, and her dark eyes smoldered as she started up the car and drove away.

"This is it."

Alison held out her hand and they drew in towards the curb before No. 712 Chester Square.

It was a tall house, one of those solid seven-story houses which were built in the days when money and labor were plentiful. Some of the other houses had been converted into flats, but No. 712 still had kept its air of prosperous comfort, its tiled entrance made gay by bay trees in bright metal-bound tubs, its paint-work spotless and its door adorned with labor-making, brilliantly kept brass.

Guy Westurn looked up at the house with a dubious expression as he asked, "You live here?"

"Yes." Alison waved her hand. "There's my mather."

Robert Rede, standing at the library window which overlooked the road, had seen her, and came hurrying down the steps.

"Alison!" He caught both the girl's hands. "I got your message as soon as I got back. I'd been down to Scotland Yard! My dear child, what has happened?" He looked anxiously from his daughter to the large young man who stood waiting behind her. "Come in! Come in! You've given me the most appalling fright! I met the train last night and you weren't on it, and I waited on the off-chance that you'd missed it and then rang up Dover and got on to the police and cabled to Lausanne and Lord knows what! I was just off myself to Dover, if you hadn't rung up!"

Talking, they were already in the house, Robert Rede leading the way, his dumpy, upright figure agitated, his small grey moustache bristling, his hair ruffled and his face haggard.

If anything could have mipressed Alison, with her father's anxiety it was the sight of his crumpled trousers, his coat which bagged, the soiled blue collar worn with tie wary and his unshaven chin. At all times a dapper little man, he looked now as though he had been put through the mangle in his clothes.

"My dear, I got your wire and've been waiting for you all night, at the Croft House, Warley," she stated, kissing him warmly.

"The Croft which?"

"The Croft House, Warley, Sussex. I'd a wire from you asking me to mete you there at eleven last night. My boat got in at eight, so I had just time to catch the next train to Warley and I hired a car and drove out there."

"But I've never heard of the place!" Major Rede's weathered face grew flushed with indignation "It's these confounded fools at the telegraph office! Mut've muddled up the telegram! Must've got two wires mixed up. I wired to you that I couldn't meet the boat and would be at Victoria at eleven."

"You poor darling." Alison, in her sympathy, forgot her own distress. "You must've been distracted!"

"I was. I tell you, I've been on to Scotland Yard half the night!" He wrinkled up his round and pleasant face in laughter as he turned to Guy. "Only got one daughter and I can't afford to lose her. I thought she must've had some awful accident. I never trust French trains."

Alison smiled at her companion. "This is Mr. Westurn, father, who's been a perfect lamb and helped me through."

Major Rede extended a dry, elderly hand and grasped the young man's, wringing it hard.

"Well, you must tell me all about it. You've had breakfast, of course?"

"Yes." Tey both smiled at that memory. Alison added, "But I had to stay the night in an empty house and what I want most at the moment is a bath and a change, if you'll look after Mr. Westurn."

Guy intervened hastily.

"Oh, I'll get home, thanks."

"Stay and hvae a drink. Stay and have a glass of sherry?" Major Rede nodded at his butler who was hovering in the background. "Get some sherry, Perter. Yes, yes, you must."

He almost drove the young man before him into the library, linking his arm in Alison's and squeezing it as though the mere sight of her safe and sound was too precious to be lost.

Guy's protests were lost in a flood of insistence; Alison's plea at least to be allowed to go and powder her nose was vetoed.

"Powder! What do you want with powder at your age? She doesn't need it, does she? Come on, you must be dead, my dear. A glass of sherry'll do you a world of good!"

The sherry, served in tall Venetian glasses, was very good and very dry; if neither Alison nor Guy Westurn needed it, the elder man did. His color began to return, his wearied eyes to brighten. He listened in horror to Alison's very carefully prune daccount of her adventure, which touched only very lightly on her fright in the bathroom, while it emphasized Guy's part and Gaffe's guardianship, and glided diplomatically past the fact that Guy had stayed there all night long.

"Lucky thing you turned up," he judged. "She might've got killed. I shall write to the telegraph office and complain. I shall raise hell until I find out who's responsible. Sending a young girl off like that in the middle of the night!" His final snort was quenched in dry sherry.

To be Continued)

Landmark Lore

By E. B. FLETCHER

Of the people who travel the Silverton-Chemawa road and admire the George F. McCorkle Colonial mansion not many realize that it has stood there for 78 years. On account of its historic interest some have expressed the hope that it may become the property of the state and be kept in its present state of good repair.

Much of the history in this write-up has been obtained through the courtesy of George H. Riches, cashier of Ladd & Bush bank and it is the good fortune of the writer to have lived neighbor to the McCorkles for many years.

George Fristo McCorkle of Missouri and Elizabeth Brooks Howell, a native of Tennessee were married in 1842 and came to Oregon the following year, homesteading 640 acres on which they built a log house that they lived in for about 14 years. The Colonial home was built in 1857, the lumber from the Parkersville sawmill. Stone for the fireplace and other material were obtained from trading posts in the county.

Word came from Washington, D. C., that only a half section could be held and the east half was sold to Asa Simmons for $300. It required a year for them to learn that this report was not true, and the adjoining north half section was taken up. This tract had valuable timber for fencing the land. Mr. McCorkle has said that while splitting rails many of their meals consisted of boiled whole wheat, venison, milk and fruit.

Instead of a fine fence between the McCorkle claim and that of William Murphy, each man made his own fence. The space between the high rail fences was often jokingly referred to by Mr. McCorkle as the "Devil's Lane."

The McCorkles were skilled in hunting and fishing. When the encroachments of settlers drove wild game to the mountains they made regular hunting trips which were always successful.

John Howell McCorkle, now 81 years of age, is the only living member of this family. He and his wife, Ellen Cawood McCorkle reside in Salem. Their two daughters, Temperence E. Riches, wife of George Riches, cashier of Bush's bank, and Nina Brophy, wife of John Brophy, note-teller of the same bank, also reside in Salem.

Deceased members of the family are: Alexander, Albert, Mrs. Temperence Wills, Mrs. Mary Coffey, Mrs. Elizabeth Lyons, Mrs. Josephine Bayliss and Mrs. Isabelle Looney.

The older members of the family are buried in the cemetery of that name, given to the community by the Howells and McCorkles. George F. McCorkle died in 1891 and Elizabeth, his wife, died in 1900.

MISSIONARY TO BE GUEST HERE

The Rev. William Wesley Bell, a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal church in Lucknow, India, will be the guest-speaker at the foreign missionary anniversary service of the Oregon Annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal church on Tuesday, June 25, in the First Methodist Episcopal church of Salem. Dr. J. E. Milligan is the entertaining pastor. Several hundred Methodist pastors and representative laymen from this section of the state will be in attendance at the conference.

Mr. Bell and his family, accompanied by another Methodist missionary family en route to the United States on furlough, recently made a record-breaking automobile trip from India to London, and then by boat to America. From Lucknow the Bells and their party journeyed to Lahore, to Quetta, through 600 miles of Baluchistan desert—a feat accomplished by only two or three cars each year—then 1700 miles through Persia, much of it desert, then to Iraq, to Palestine, to Syria, to Turkey, to Bulgaria, to Jugo-Slavia, to Hungary, to Austria, to Germany, to France, and across the channel to London. Jerusalem was visited en route.

Mr. Bell went to Burma as a missionary in 1920 and served the Tamil and Telugu language circuits of Rangoon for several years, becoming superintendent of the Rangoon district, and head of the English-speaking and vernacular school of that city. In 1932 he was named agent for the Methodist Publishing house in Madras, South India, and now holds a similar post in the publishing house in Lucknow.

A native of the state of Washington, Mr. Bell was educated in the Moscow, Idaho, high school, in Asbury college, and in Garrett Biblical institute.

Childrens' Home Scene For Picnic

Independence — Several members of the local unit of the W. C. T. U. motored to the children's farm home near Corvallis Thursday. A picnic dinner was served on the grounds at noon after which all were taken on a sight-seeing tour of the buildings and grounds.

The Independence delegation were joined at Monmouth by members from Dallas. Those going from this city were Mrs. Carrie Smiley, Mrs. C. P. Baker, Mrs. E. A. Pagenkoff, Mrs. Oscar Moore, Mrs. Lenhard, Rev. and Mrs. A. J. Neufeld, Mrs. J. E. Kelley, Mrs. Charles Smiley, Mrs. Elmer Barnhart and daughter Lucille, Mrs. Ed Becken, Mrs. Bert Keller, Virgil Keller, Mrs. Nellie Yeater, Mrs. Minnie Mack, Mrs. T. R. Heffley and Mrs. Claire Winegar.

Examiner Due Soon

Silverton—Chief of Police Arthur Dahl is announcing Tuesday, June 25 from 9 to 5 o'clock as the time when an automobile license examiner from the office of the secretary of state will be in Silverton at the city hall to grant licenses to applicants who desire to drive their cars after July first.

Lyons—Mrs. Mattie Luman and son John of Portland are visiting at the home of his cousin, Mrs. Clyde Lewis this week.

DUNSMORE ON VACATION

Independence — Dr. H. Charles Dunsmore, bookkeeper in the First National bank of Independence has left for a two weeks' vacation in California. He will go to Los Angeles to witness the graduation of his granddaughter, Margaret Macey, and will be the houseguest of his daughter there, Mrs. O. A. Macey. On his return trip he will visit his son, H. P. Dunsmore and wife at Berkley.

Jefferson—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vail of Seattle were recent guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Vail. They also visited Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Koker and family.

Puff's friend says, "You're done me a very good turn.

I'd like to reward you—I've money to burn."

"All right," Puffy smiles, "if you like, you can burn it.

But give it to me, and I'll simply return it."

News Behind The News

By Paul Mallon

Washington, June 17—The silver policy usually assays three pounds of politics to one ounce of silver. That is why political mineralogists have been dashing about for a week trying to evaluate what Secretary Morgenthau said to Senator McCarran. On the surface the letter appeared to say nothing except that the treasury was moving ahead with the policy as rapidly as any reasonable person could expect. But if you treat the letter with a special acid of expert analogy, you will find nuggets between the lines.

Approach—Up to now, Mr. Morgenthau has always lifted his hat when bowing to silver senators. This time, he lifted his nose, blandly asserting that "only those primarily interested in speculation in silver" would want to know what McCarran wanted to know.

This was enough to arouse suspicions about a possible change of heart at the treasury. Proof of it lay in a succeeding assertion by the secretary, distinguishing between the stabilization fund "primarily having to do with international exchange" and the silver policy, which he implied as a "domestic matter." This is a reversal of the theory on which the silver policy has been based.

Conclusion—These hints are only substantiation of other convincing but unmentionable evidence that the treasury is looking at silver with a more realistic eye. The recent predicament about the world price seems to have caused the change.

This does not mean that the policy will be materially slowed down; at least not until after the next election. It does mean that treasury will be less aggressive hereafter in playing into the hands of silver speculators.

Tempest—Good church people are shivering the timbers of the navy with protests following the mid-Pacific maneuvers. A heavy surf has been rolling in from them, protesting against this "war-like gesture." The admirals have battened down their matches, fled below deck.

Obviously, the peace lovers do not understand the inside purposes behind the maneuvers. The navy surrounded its activities with such semi-ridiculous wartime censorship that its silence has added to the case against it.

The truth is the war games were purely defensive. No unit of the U. S. fleet ever came within 2,000 miles of Japan. The naval vessels were never as close to Japan as they would have been to Great Britain if maneuvering off Cape Cod. The main action was around Midway island, which is 3,000 miles from Japan.

Tests—The main secret reason why the North Pacific was selected was to test weather conditions there. The navy has always been playing around the Caribbean and the Panama canal, where the weather is warm and ideal. Ships and planes knew nothing of the rough and foggy going of the north Pacific in actual practice.

In the Caribbean you can fly every day, but up off Alaska, only once in four or five days. The loss of fliers in there maneuvers is evidence of their unfamiliarity with such conditions.

You can get the idea if you consider what happened to the army with the air mail. It trained its men at southern camps, grounded them when fog appeared. When the air mail test came, they were not prepared for it in equipment or experience.

Understanding—The best bald understanding of the situation has been offered by none other than the Japanese ambassador. This unusually capable diplomat, in talking for a newsreel, pointed out that the Japanese fleet would soon hold its maneuvers nearby, and added: "Navies will be navies."

Blame—It isn't the new deal that is holding us back; it's industry! At least this is the remarkable view expressed by Governor Eccles of federal reserve in an overlooked radio talk recently. Eccles blames lagging recovery upon corporations which have not passed on the funds they are receiving. They are selling, but not spending.

An increase of $3,600,000,000 in member bank deposits in 1934 over 1933 is cited by his associates as evidence of industrial hoarding in banks.

This is a good practical argument;; but it may not be a valid economic one. It is true of some few industries. Certainly not automobiles. All industries are proceeding cautiously as regards expenditures, but largely because their costs are uncertain, their income deficient and uncertain. They would spend if they could see their way clear.

Mr. Eccles appears to have found a factor; but he is pulling it by the tail instead of by the head.

Financing—Do not take the recent ballyhoo from the securities and exchange commission too optimistically. The bulk of financing lately approved is not new financing but refunding. Industries are taking advantage of lower interest rates. As far as indicating business expansion or economic activity, it does not mean a thing.

SUNDOWN STORIES

SEEKING RIP

By Mary Graham Bonner

Willy Nilly had almost made up his mind that there was no need to worry about Rip. The little man knew that his dog liked to take long cross-country runs and walks. The only thing that bothered him was that he had told Rip there would be a good supper awaiting him when he came back, and Rip had barked his agreement with this idea.

It was probably as Mrs. Quacko Duck had explained. Rip had been thinking about the exercise and

fun he was to have and hadn't realized what he had said.

But to make sure, the Puddle Muddlers all went about the countryside asking for Rip. Some had seen him when he had been only a little distance away from home. He had, they said, seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the good air, and one had seen him stop by a little brook for a drink of water.

"Christopher Columbus Crow," said Willy Nilly, "you might fly around these parts and make sure there have been no accidents. You can always discover everything."

Christopher Columbus Crow returned later to say that everything was quiet and that there had been no accidents.

Willy Nilly went over to call on Grandma and Grandpa Grouchy Galump. He knew they did not care particularly for his animal friends who were apt to be mischievous. But they were friendly and made no mention of Rip.

Back at home, Willy Nilly found it hard to get at any work. He so wished Rip had worn his collar with his license attached.

And Willy Nilly had cause for worry.

Tomorrow—"Rip's Capture."

Pantry Patter

By R. O. E.

HERE'S TO YOU!

Juice of 1 pineapple, juice of 2 lemons, crushed mint, sugar to taste, 2 bottles of ginger ale, 2 bottles white rock. Mix fruit juices and sugar, pour in one bottle of ginger ale, leave 20 minutes, then add second bottle of ginger ale and white rock.

LIME JUICE CUP

Two cups lime juice, 2 cups grape juice, 1 bottle ginger ale. Sweeten to taste. Serve very cold. Garnish with slices of orange and lemon and maraschino cherries.

PEACH CRUSH

Six peaches sliced thin and each slice cut in halves, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, rinds of a lemon and an orange, 2 teaspoons lime juice for each glass, ginger ale. Cook peaches, sugar, rinds and water until peaches are tender. Remove rinds and cool. Fill a tall glass ⅓ full of crushed ice, add ½ cup peach sauce, 2 teaspoons lime juice and ginger ale to fill the glass. Sweeten to taste.

SPANISH ROLLS

Two cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ¾ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons fat, 2-3 cup milk.

Mix flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in fat with knife. Slowly and milk; when soft dough forms spread with filling.

The filling: 3 tablespoons butter, 2-3 cup dark brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon cloves, ½ cup chopped figs.

Mix ingredients and spread on dough. Roll tightly and cut off ½ inch slices. Arrange flat sides up on greased baking pan. Bake 15 minutes in moderate oven.

Answers to Questions

A reader can get the answer to any question of fact by writing the Capital Journal Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. Please enclose three (3) cents for reply.

Q. Are Liberty engines still being used in Government airplanes? TN O.

A. Instructions have been given to dispose of all engines, spare parts, equipment, and accessories except those obligated for school loans and three engines, etc., for the maintenance of the C-IC airplane at Kelly Field.

Q. Who donated the Shedd Aquarium to Chicago? M. M.

A. A fund of $3,000,000 created by the late John G. Shedd, Chicago merchants long associated with Marshall Field I, provided Chicago with this aquarium.

Q. What does H. G. Wells regard as his best book? E. O'C.

A. Tono Bungay is said to be the work of which Mr. Wells is most proud.

Q. How many motor cycles are in use in the United States? P. A.

A. There are about 100,000 registered.

Q. How long have stage properties, scenery, etc., been used? F. C.

A. Before Shakespeare died there were such stage properties as beds, tables ,chairs, dishes, shop wares, and perhaps some artificial trees, mossy banks, and rocks. A theatrical manager in an inventory of stage properties (1598) mentions "the sittle of Rome" which probably was a cloth painted to represent the city.

Q. Is air conditioning of stores and office buildings increasing? D. H.

A. One company in the business of selling such equipment says that this winter has broken all records in sales volume and that the trend indicates that 1935 will see three to five times the volume of sales of 1934.

Q. How many Federal game wardens are there? D. S.

A. There are only twenty-three. State game and fish wardens are under the jurisdiction of the State Game Commissions.

Q. Who holds the strike-out record in baseball? R. R.

A. The record for strike-outs for a season is 343, made by Rube Waddell, Philadelphia American League, 1904.

Q. What is to be done with the money made by the sale of the Texas Centennial half dollars? C.C.

A. The profit goes to a fund for the construction of a Texas Memorial Museum to be built at the University of Texas in Austin. The coin commemorates the one-hundredth anniversary of the winning of independence by Texas.

Q. How deep is the Red Sea? R. E. M.

A. The greatest depth of the Red Sea is 7254 feet.

Q. How long does a camel live? C. H.

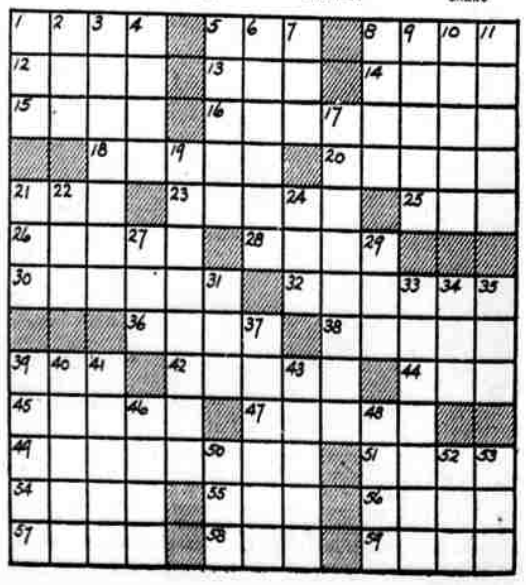
A. From forty to fifty years.

Solution of Saturday's Puzzle

S	T	A	B		P	A	R	E	D		S	T
K	A	L	E		A	L	I	K	E		E	R
I	C	E	D		R	A	G	E	S		P	A
S	T	E	E	P	E	R		S	P	R	A	Y
			W	O	N			O	I	L		
E	P	I		I	T	S		D	I	P		P
R	U	S	H		S	N	A	I	L		L	A
A	T	L	A	S		A	S	K		B	A	R
S	T	E	R	E	O	C	H	E	M	I	S	T
			D	A	R	K		S	A	S	H	
P	A	T		M	A			N	O		A	E
A	R	R	E	S	T	S		E	N	N	O	B
L	E	A	N		O	L	I	V	E		P	O
E	N	I	D		R	I	D	E	R		A	V
R	A	T	S		S	P	A	R	S		L	E

ACROSS

1. Give food to
5. Sailor
8. Medical fluids
12. Spanish wide-mouthed jar
13. Before
14. Sources of metal
15. Kind of cheese
16. Rebuke or upbraid
18. Paid out
20. Follow
21. Secured
22. Requires
23. Sea eagle
26. Pertaining to bees
28. Drinks little by little
30. Division of a military front
32. Conveyed real estate
36. Very black
38. Make sculpture
39. Armed hostilities
42. Smallest amount
44. Event: contr.
45. Living
47. Nuisances
49. Stripped
51. Continent
54. Pieces out
55. Unit of work
56. Anarchists
57. Dispatched
58. Affirmative vote
59. Device for catching
6. Rugged mountain crests
7. Ribbed fabric
8. Before long
9. Expunge
10. Come again to mind
11. Deadly white
17. Treats with deference
19. Exalts
21. Automotive fuel: colloq.
22. Unclose: poetic
24. Accomplished
27. Partook of a meal
29. Ocean
31. Fish eggs
33. Bureau
34. Night before an event
35. Low haunt
37. Table linen
39. Fords
40. Not different
41. Rent asunder
43. Marsh grass
46. Waistcoat
48. Small pie
50. Light repast
52. Mountain near ancient Troy
53. Poisonous snake

DOWN

1. Enemy
2. Old times: poetic
3. Springy
4. Moist
5. Coat with an alloy of tin and lead