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

The High Cost of Malice

Because he is doing just what he promised during the campaign of last year to do if elected, attempts are being made to intimidate and coerce Governor Martin with threats of a recall engineered principally by disgruntled persons with personal axes to grind.

Directed by self-seekers, most of whom have been separated from soft seats at the public pie counter by the governor, the movement finds its principal support among active and unsuccessful political opponents of Governor Martin, disgruntled job-lovers, communists and their allied radicals, and other malcontents.

Here and there among the recall agitators is reared the head of partisan politics. But for the most part the sound, sane, conservative citizenry of Oregon, interested in the preservation of constitutional government, has no sympathy or tolerance for the movement. Most of the people of Oregon are satisfied with the governor's administration or, at least, in his record find no acts of omission or commission sufficient to justify his removal during his elective term of office.

There is, it is generally conceded, little chance that a recall could succeed. But there is danger that to satisfy their own malice and further their own selfish ends, the recall forces may precipitate the state into a bitter and destructive controversy and impose upon the taxpayers the unwarranted burden of a special election.

It is doubtful if many of those who talk of recalling the governor realize the necessity or the cost of a special election. They do not realize that if a legally sufficient number of signatures of registered voters—something over 51,000 in this case—is obtained on the petitions and the governor should refuse to resign within five days after the petitions are filed it becomes the duty of the secretary of state to call a special election to be held within 20 days. There is no provision whereby the voting could be held simultaneously with a regular state primary or general election.

Statewide elections in these days cost a mere \$75,000 on the average, figures in the office of the secretary of state reveal. Approximately one-fifth of that cost is paid by the state and the rest by the counties. Nor do the figures include the cost of scrutinizing each signature on the petitions by the county clerks.

Seventy-five thousand dollars is a lot of tax money to spend to satisfy the malice of a few disappointed politicians.

An Excellent Choice

Appointment of James E. Smith, former Marion county commissioner, as district director for the federal works progress administration in eight of the northwestern counties of Oregon, announced by State Director E. J. Griffith yesterday, will be widely commended by those interested in furtherance of the government's work relief program in this area.

Through the experience gained in 12 years as a member of the Marion county court "Jim" Smith is well qualified to supervise and direct public works and has thoroughly familiarized himself with relief problems. He has the confidence of hundreds of friends here, and his acquaintanceship with county officials over his entire district will go far toward promoting harmony and cooperation.

Although a republican by registration, the new director has never permitted partisanship to interfere with his sense of public duty or his administration of public business. The appointment is an excellent one.

OPEN FORUM

Contributions to this column must be plainly written on one side of paper only, limited to 300 words in length and signed with the name of the writer. Articles not meeting these specifications will be rejected. If return of unpublished articles is desired self-addressed, stamped envelope must be inclosed.

To The Editor:—Huey P. Long (The Kingfish) has just concluded a very successful session of the legislature in his state—Louisiana, at any rate Huey thinks so, and I am inclined to think the majority of the inhabitants think likewise. He called the session to order at midnight Sunday and in less than forty-eight hours, the legislature was adjourned and the Kingfish on his way to the national capital.

If I remember correctly according to the press Huey has convened the legislature of Louisiana in special session something like seven times already this year and altogether did not consume half as much time as the last session in Oregon. Huey writes his own bills, passes them, signs them and proceeds to enforce them.

In Oregon the bills are sponsored by the big utilities and crooked politicians in the majority of cases. So Huey is just as safe running the whole show as the big lumber and power barons in our state. I know of very few laws in the interest of the poor man, if so it was likely a mistake.

I am not so sure the folks down in Louisiana are not just about as smart as they are in Oregon, and when I say Oregon I mean the whole Pacific coast. Oregon is my adopted state for thirty years or so such a matter, and I think it is the best state in the union, but to show you how our legislators may measure up with Huey—several sessions ago one representative from the coast at the end of the session gave orders to have his desk packed and shipped to his home. In 1931 a legislator while visiting with me in the Marion hotel, asked me if Eugene was the capital.

The facts of the case are that Huey is looking out for the interest of the poor man and at the same time the

Kingfish is promoting his cause. He makes promises as all politicians do, the difference is, he fulfills his promises faithfully according to the Nation and Liberty, two great magazines writing on this subject quite recently.

I expect the Kingfish to follow the president to the coast this fall on a speaking tour—and to my mind he will attract a larger crowd than Franklin D. Roosevelt. The Nation says Huey can take his sound truck and campaign two weeks and carry any state in the Union for president. It also says he is the best radio speaker in the U.S. He is a power to be reckoned with in the coming elections, and don't forget that.

Sincerely yours,
LANE MORLEY.

Electrical Act To Be Fully Enforced

The 1935 legislative act providing that all electrical contractors shall be licensed, will be strictly enforced beginning next Monday, C. H. Gram, state labor commissioner, declared today.

Contractors who have not paid their license by Monday will be compelled to pay twice the amount of the statutory license fee, Gram said.

Approximately 300 contractors have received their licenses. Others licensed under the law include 993 journeymen electricians and 672 dealers.

Silverton—Charles Syring has left for his home in Westington, S. D., following a two weeks' visit at the home of his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Syring.

ENEMY'S KISS

Synopsis: Alison Rede has learned that the man in whose arms she had seen her father's fiancée is to be on the same boat with her father, Daphne, and herself when they sail for Spain after the wedding tomorrow. Daphne, her step-mother-to-be, is obviously playing a game, and Alison must think of a way to warn her father. Guy Lumley, who might have helped, Alison will not ask because she believes he has lied to her.

Chapter 34
POINTBLANK QUESTION
"Why, yes, Senator Gomez, we're off tomorrow," Daphne Sumner answered. "I'm getting married, you know, and we mean to catch the afternoon boat."

"That is fortunate for me, since I shall be on the same train," he said that direct to Alison and underlined it with a languorous, caressing glance that made her turn awfully away. But even with her head turned, her eyes on Daphne, she could feel him watching her and her repulsion grew.

"You'll be on that train?" Daphne's surprise was shrill, yet Alison felt sure she had arranged the whole thing. "You're leaving England at once, then?" As he did not answer, she repeated sharply, "Are you leaving England?"

"What? Oh, yes. I must get back to work."

But though he said that smoothly, Daphne had seen him start and drag his gaze away from the girl. She flashed a look at Alison and a heavy red color stole into her bony cheeks.

"It's certainly a mistake not to attend to business," she agreed; even Alison caught the acid note behind that.

"There is the bell. I must get back to my seat. Au revoir, Madame."

He bent low over Daphne's hand and kissed it. "Au revoir, Mademoiselle."

He went out with a gliding, undulating movement which reminded Alison of a snake.

When the door had shut, Daphne said in her most plaintive, nasal drone, "He's really nice, Gomez; he's not a Spaniard, though. I believe he is a Colombian or something, Spanish-American anyway, but he was a wonderful friend to me when I had trouble over my passports once. That's why I'm so glad to be able to recommend him and use his hotel now."

The curtain had gone up again; Robert had come back into the box and was sitting between his daughter and fiancee, Alison, sheltered by her father from Daphne's keen eyes, leaned forward looking at the stage, although she neither heard a word nor saw the actors. Her whole mind was concentrated on a single issue: how could she warn her father?

For it had come to that now. To cheat him like that! For Gomez and Daphne were in love; apart from the kiss, Daphne had given herself away by the acid note in her voice and the flush on her face, and Alison found it difficult to disguise her own contempt when Daphne spoke to her at all.

How could she let her own father walk blindfold into such a trap, Alison asked herself, staring wide-eyed yet unseeing at the stage. How could she put him on his guard?

If she told him her belief, he would merely scoff at the idea and be angry, put it down to jealousy, or he shocked she should think such things, Daphne had primed him too well.

And tomorrow, at all past one, they would be married. All the mothering, protective instinct of a woman, latent in the girl, rose at the thought of letting Robert marry Daphne Sumner. But had she the courage to tell him, outright, chance his anger and disbelief? Or should she speak herself to Daphne?

The curtain fell. Robert got up and went out to smoke. Alison sat very still in her corner.

Daphne was lying back in her chair, the immense fox collar of her evening coat like a huge arch behind her sleek black head with its little crown of curls. She sat playing with the long gold chain of her mesh bag, her gaze drifted slowly across the crowded rows below.

It stopped at the end of the third row, rested there, and Alison almost exclaimed aloud. It was as if Daphne had turned into another person. At one moment hard, self-possessed, cynical, the next her whole face softening, the thin lips drooping sadly, the eyes filled with hungry longing and with love.

It was scarcely necessary for Alison to look down and see who sat in that end seat.

"She loves Gomez, just as I love Guy!" And with that thought her natural generous sympathy came uppermost. She could pity Daphne and she wondered in a bewildered way, if she loved Gomez so much, why did she not marry him? After all, she was a widow and free!

Impulsively, Alison spoke. "Daphne?"

The hard expression snapped

back into place as if released from a spring.

"Yes?" Mrs. Sumner picked up her glasses and looked through them at the box opposite. "Oh, my dear! Look at that woman! Did you ever see such a figure!"

"Daphne, will you tell me one thing?"

The glasses dropped.

"Hm. What?"

"What an extraordinary question! Although she laughed, there was a hint of fear in Daphne's eyes. "As a matter of fact, I don't believe he is. Why do you ask?"

"I wondered . . . Always shy, the girl was suffering acutely under the pointedly amused eyes.

"Don't tell me you've fallen in love with him at first sight!" Daphne's laugh was shrill and unpleasant.

"Of course not. I didn't even—"

Landmark Lore

By E. B. FLETCHER

Early settlers remember the "Half-way House" on the Salem-Silverton highway. It had a south front, gable dormer, small porch and portico. The back part was large and of unusual length.

This was the home of F. N. Woodworth. The family was always receiving and entertaining their friends and few of these guests ever escaped the experience of a game of checkers with the old gentleman who would remark, "I never was defeated."

The hitching posts and huge "up-ping-block" at the front gate, told of much horse-back riding. Of the children, Mary and Martha, the twins, and Sarah, were pioneer school teachers. George and Valorus were in the sawmill and logging business. Harriet, William, Joseph and Edwin managed the large farm or land claim.

A post office, called Vernon, was kept by the family, and later moved to Howell Center. Dan Illidge was first postmaster at this place. The Oregon-California Stage company had a contract with the government to carry the mail from Salem to Silverton. Four year sub-contracts were given to a reliable person who could furnish the required bond.

Before the Woodburn-Springfield narrow-gauge railroad was built, this stage line had a thriving business. The contractor, to cut down expenses, sometimes did his own driving.

One of the men longest in service was R. C. Ramaby. His pleasing personality gave him prestige as sheriff of Marion county. When he was acting as resident minister of the gospel, he was in much demand at weddings and funerals.

Ben Geaner, 88, who lives just east of Salem, was another driver for several years. His brother, Altonzo Geaner, served as state legislator, county surveyor and Salem city councilman. Joe Cox, Bob Darrah and Al Phelps were other men in the service. Passenger tickets one way were \$1, round trip \$1.50. Customers were charged 25c for an errand. These ranged in value from that of a spoon of thread, to carrying a sack of \$3000 from one bank to another, when hop men were paying off their pickers.

In 1884 a deep snow crusted over, so that one way traffic was necessary, in places of drifts, where only a narrow road was kept open. In one of these places, one evening, the carrier, using a sled, met a man driving a few beef cattle to Cross' slaughter house. As both parties came to a halt the stage driver said, "Get out of the way of the United States mail!" "To h— with the United States mail!" shouted the cattle-man. His dog began to bark and each driver used the whip.

In the rush and mix-up that followed, nothing worse happened than damage to the make-shift cover for the sled, a small steer was knocked over in a drift, and legs of all the animals cut with ice. The frightened horses, and the steers, galloped away in opposite directions, separating the drivers before they knew what had happened.

DALLAS GIRL LOSES \$5 BILL

Jessie Breeden, 13, of rural route No. 2, Dallas, lost a \$5 bill in Salem last Saturday. Jessie worked hard picking strawberries to earn the money, and if anyone finds it she would like to have it returned to her.

She thought she lost the money in the Grand Silver store here, but it was not found there and Jessie's letter was sent to the Capital Journal so the finder of the money might possibly be reached.

Her letter follows:

"While shopping at your store Saturday I lost a \$5 bill. I was buying a set of green bowls for my mother. I was counting my money in one of those bowls and I must have lost it among those dishes. "If it was found will you please send it to me as I had worked hard in the strawberries to earn it, I left Salem right away and did not miss it until I was home. "I am 13 years of age and have no one to help me. I have to pay my own way through school as I lost my father last April. If you did not find it in your store please send this letter to one of the Salem papers as some kind person may have found it and will return the money."

VISITING IN STAYTON

Stayton—Mr. and Mrs. Louie Howard of Los Angeles visited at the Harry Porter home this week. It was the first visit here by Mrs. Howard since leaving 22 years ago. She was formerly Miss Bessie Kenworthy of West Stayton.

SUNDOWN STORIES

By Mary Graham Bonner

"Now," thought Rip, "I'm not going back toward the city if I follow the tracks this way, am I?"

"It would be terrible if I were completely turned around."

He followed along the route he thought was right, but as he ran he kept thinking how dreadful it would be if he went right back to the place from which he had come.

But as he traveled on he knew he was right. He had gone too far now to have made a mistake. Had he been turned around he would now be back in the city.

"Puddle Muddle," he thought to himself, "when will I see your dear

rits, your pond, Notch's shed, Christopher's nest, the beaver cave, and above all Willy Nilly's house again?"

His paw was hurting more and more. Most of the time now he ran along on three legs and that slowed him up a good deal.

Now whenever he came near a town he waited until he saw a train pass through it and then circled the town until it arrived at the other end without going through it.

He wondered if he had almost reached the place from which he had first taken the train, but he feared he had a long, long distance to go. Oh, how his paw hurt. It had become very swollen.

He decided he would bathe it in a brook, and at the same time have a drink of water. Once more he was ready to start off again though the foot did not feel any better. But back in Puddle Muddle Willy Nilly had just thought of something important, even though Rip did not know it.

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News Behind The News

By Paul Mallon

Washington, July 12—The most noteworthy progress of the Roosevelt administration so far has been in spreading more blame than work. Every maneuvered index finger of an insider seems to be pointed at some other insider. The fact is none of them will have any roses pinned on them for what has been done so far.

The whole story would require ten volumes, but a few heavy ax swings at the red tape will be enough to give you an idea of what has happened underneath.

President Roosevelt submitted the indefinite outlines of the \$4,800,000,000 effort six months ago and told congress to hurry with the appropriation. The deadline was July 1, although he wanted to get started much earlier. Today, the program is still unlaunched. Only a few dozen jobs have been transferred from relief to work rolls. Final approval has been given only to three state plans (Indiana, Georgia and Alabama), and only to two cities (New York and Washington).

The most optimistic around Mr. Hopkins' headquarters will confess, off the record, that it will be a month or two yet before they really get going.

Organizing—What is holding Mr. Hopkins back now is mainly organization. For some weeks, the active boss of the program has been trying to organize a staff of works supervisors over the country.

All state supervisors receiving more than \$5000 salary must be confirmed by the senate. Consequently, the senators had to be consulted about these appointments. Many small delays developed due to conflicts between senators and between senators and governors. In some cases, men suggested by them were rejected by Hopkins. Impartial observers now feel that he has the nucleus of a fairly competent staff.

But all this staff is new and inexperienced. It replaces the old state relief organizations and hence must be instructed in its duties. Hopkins had to go to the extent of organizing training schools for that purpose. These are being held now in the states. (One is going on this week in North Carolina.)

If you want to know why all this was not done before this late date, you will have to ask Mr. Hopkins.

Sparring—What held up Mr. Hopkins for two months before that was Mr. Ickes. It is not a secret that Messrs. Hopkins and Ickes sparred almost continuously since the legislation was enacted.

Mr. Hopkins thought in terms of unemployed people. He did not care much about projects, except those which would furnish employment where the unemployed are. Mr. Ickes thought mostly of socially useful projects. He lost.

The result was that the project list of the national resources board had to be tossed out the window, sheet by sheet. A new list of projects was compiled. But after they had been authorized and announced, it was discovered that also would not do the job, for the same reason. The money would be used up without absorbing the unemployed, because too much would go for materials. That list was rescinded. Now it is being revised.

There is a feeling among Mr. Hopkins' friends that Mr. Ickes has failed to over-exert himself since he lost the decision, but that is a long story.

Fooling—An item of forgotten history is that the blame for the original delay goes to congress. It squabbled over the legislation for three months (exactly 87 days). The first reason was that it wanted to find out what projects President Roosevelt had in mind. All it found out was the report of the national resources board, containing a lot of expensive 20-year projects, now scrapped. Another reason was that senators wanted to pay prevailing local wages on relief work. Under

West Salem—Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Pattison and son Bobby, Mrs. Anna Jattison, Miss Thilda Johansen and Leonard Johansen comprised a party which motored to the coast Sunday.

Sublimity—Miss Thelma Zuber is employed in Salem for a short time.

The Fireside Pulpit

REV. E. S. HAMMOND

I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me?
Ps. 42:9.

How often have we been inclined to say, like the Psalmist, that God has forgotten us. We have made plans which seemed faultless in their wisdom, and they have miscarried. We have tried to accomplish something worth while for God and man, and there has been apparently complete failure. Like Elijah, we lie down exhausted under our juniper tree, and pray that we may die. Moses tried to help his people, and had to flee for his life. During those forty years of herding sheep for Jethro, he doubtless felt that life was one great fiasco, and that God had overlooked him entirely. And then we remember Joseph, sold as a slave, then cast into a dungeon for no fault of his own. Surely he had reason to question the justice of the Almighty Ruler. But every one of these men was destined to do great work still and these disastrous circumstances were to be God's school to train them for larger usefulness.

John Bunyan was kept in prison for twelve years for no other offense than preaching the gospel to his townpeople. He must have thought God's providence was strangely at fault to allow such a fate to overtake him. Yet in that Bedford jail he wrote the Pilgrim's Progress, a religious book which has been translated into more languages

than any other book in the world except the Bible, and has been a blessing to millions whom he could never have reached by word of mouth.

Sometimes our prayers are not answered as we desire, and we feel that God has forgotten us. In his confessions St. Augustine tells us of a prayer his mother, Monica, offered for him. Their home was in North Africa, Augustine was destined to go to Italy. At this time he was in his late twenties, not a Christian, and dissipated. Monica had prayed for him and labored with him to no avail. She felt that his going to Italy, into the temptations of life in that country, would be his absolute ruin. So the night before he was to sail, she prayed all night that he might be prevented from going. But the next day he sailed away, and in due course landed in Italy. "There," some one says, "that shows how much praying amounts to!" But Augustine went to Milan, and there he came under the influence of the saintly Bishop Ambrose, who led him to Christ. So Monica's prayer was answered, though not as she had desired. God is wiser than we.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain; God is His own interpreter, And He will make it plain."

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the latest dictum of Mr. Roosevelt (June 3), the pay rate will be around \$800 a year, or \$50 per month per man.

Do nothing—The president himself has escaped in the general round of finger-pointing. If you go back and look into the record of his public statements since January, you will find no evidence of any promises unfulfilled. For instance, he mentioned no specific date for starting the work.

But if you will look at his original message to congress, you may find a significant piece of evidence. In it he favored both the viewpoints of Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Ickes.

His primary principle then expressed was that all works should be useful "not for a day, or a year but useful in the sense that it affords permanent improvement in living conditions." (This is the Ickes contention exactly.)

But his third principle then laid down was that projects should be undertaken on which a large percentage of direct labor can be used. (This is the Hopkins philosophy. He wanted to spend for wages first, Ickes for materials first.)

Help—To give you an idea of the confusion still existing, the mayor of a large eastern city wired Washington recently as follows:

"Do you know when contemplated allotment of works progress funds will be made? There is considerable question as to whether city will have to pay for material. My original understanding was that federal government would bear entire cost of WPA. When will final forms of WPA applications be ready? Only forms we have had are state to be tentative."

Scissors!—Representative Rankin failed to create much excitement among his colleagues when he charged his telephone wire had been tapped. A certain democratic leader in the house commented:

"I don't see why anyone would want to tamper with Rankin's phone, except to cut it off."

Forum Will Meet
Salem—A meeting of the Seio commercial club will be held Thursday evening, July 18, according to J. A. Withers, president. Plans for affiliation with other valley clubs will be considered.

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. When will the Pacific International Exposition be held? G. S. A. This exposition, which includes a live stock show, will be held at Portland, Oregon, October 5 to October 12, 1935.

Q. How many blind people in the United States cannot read by touch? L. W. A. Three-fourths of the blind people of this country, or 80,000, cannot read by touch either because they became blind too late in life for or for other reasons are unable to use the Braille System.

Q. Is the Pope always an Italian? E. F. A. They have not always been Italian, but have been since 1591, when Innocent IX (Fauchinatti) ascended the throne.

Q. What does the name of the opera, Parsifal, mean? M. G. A. The name Parsifal, used in Wagner's opera of that name, is apparently an adaptation of a name appearing in many countries: Percival, Parzival, and Parsifal, all apparently derived from the Welsh Peccador, the meaning of which is searcher for the basin or cup. The

opera concerned with the search for the Holy Grail, a cup, from which Christ gave to His Disciples the wine at the Last Supper.

Q. What was Barney Barnato's real name? G. H. A. His name was Barney Isaacs. He was born in the London ghetto.

Q. Has a bill been passed over President Roosevelt's veto before the Patman bill was made an issue? F. O. R. A. In March, 1934, the congress passed the so-called billion-dollar Independent Offices bill, giving \$228,000,000 in larger allowances to World War veterans and government employees. President Roosevelt vetoed the bill but it was passed over his veto by a vote of 310 to 72 in the house and 63 to 27 in the senate.

Q. How many stamped envelopes are used in a year in this country? T. J. O'N. A. The Post Office department says that for the fiscal year ending June, 1934, there were 1,580,819,713 government stamped (embossed) envelopes used.

Q. Where is John Brown buried? G. C. P. A. Brown's body was interred at North Elm, New York, his early home. A bronze memorial has been placed there recently by the John Brown Memorial Association.

ACROSS
1. Unit of weight for precious stones
6. Cut with a toothed tool
11. Syllable used in musical refrain
14. Kind of lizard
16. European country
17. In general favor
19. Loud noise
20. Belongs to
21. Dispute
22. Refuse in rank
23. Air passage
24. Variant
30. Unclosed
31. Something to be learned
32. Solid
33. Kind of yam
34. Meditates
35. Flowers
41. Myself
42. Irrigate
43. Supervise a publication
45. Exclamation
46. Shrub with a large pith
48. Aquatic animal
49. Tropical bird
51. Before time
52. Epistle

DOWN
1. Explosive device
2. Past
3. Knock
4. Entertainers
5. Story
6. Pinch
7. Alarm whistle
8. Near
9. Small soft mass
10. Omitted from consideration
11. Cavalryman
12. Course of travel
13. Land measure
14. Broad toothed saw
15. Singing
16. Religious musical composition
17. Inclined channel for conveying water
18. Utility
19. Adjust again
20. Card game
21. Burning
22. Bend low
23. Roman data
24. Article of apparel
25. Nest of a bird
26. Obliterate
27. Having a toothed edge
28. Double
29. Philistine
30. Sign
31. Incomprehensibility or weariness
32. Pointing
33. Material
34. Make amends
35. Division of modern Greece
36. Crisp cookie
37. Sea shells
38. Young dog
39. Three; prefix
40. Suffix
41. Ending
42. English river
43. Sign of the infinitive

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13
14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77