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

"Menace From the Top"

Under the above caption the Oregonian says that President Roosevelt is now "trying to circumvent and nullify the constitution" and is "pushing this government toward autocracy with himself as autocrat." It believes he is "a dangerous man." And for proof of its charges it quotes from the president's letter to Representative Sam B. Hill in regard to the Guffey coal control bill the concluding sentence:

I hope your committee will not permit doubts as to constitutionality, however reasonable, to block the suggested legislation.

This is declared to "express the plain intent of the president to override the constitution of his can." It is an old and unfair partisan trick to quote a single sentence and ignore the text and spirit of the letter itself. In the preceding paragraph the president said:

A decision of the supreme court relative to this measure would be helpful as indicating, with increasing clarity, the constitutional limits within which this government must operate.

This is anything but a repudiation of the constitution but a reasonable request to ascertain just how the court construes the constitution in relation to the recovery program and how far the federal government is permitted to go in cooperation with industry and agriculture in the effort to substitute a planned economy for the law of the jungle.

Though congress is full of lawyers ready to predict how the court will decide, they cannot speak with authority any more than the Oregonian can, and are just as apt to be wrong as they have been before. Most of our vital decisions have been by a single vote, showing that neither the constitution nor the precedents of previous decisions establish a precise theory of government on potential points. If it did, we would have unanimous decisions, which we seldom have.

A bill becomes a law when passed by both houses of congress and signed by the president under the constitution, yet we have business organizations and the partisan press advising industrial leaders not to obey the law because the supreme court has not passed upon it. Yet not to obey a law is to flout the constitution—a thing the president has not yet done. Under this theory, legislation would remain inoperative, until in the course of time the court passed upon it. This theory makes the courts usurp both the rights of the legislative and executive branches. Until the president actually advocates nullification of the constitution—and revision by amendments as the constitution itself provides is not nullification—talk of nullification and autocracy is political bunk.

The Lobby Probe

The lobby probes at Washington have proven that the flood of telegrams that delayed congress to preserve utility holding companies and induced congressmen to kill the "death sentence" clause to protect the "widows and orphans" were largely fake affairs to which the names of persons in city directories were forged by holding company employees.

The president described this utilities lobby as the most powerful ever seen in Washington. It must have been to switch the votes. One of the utility magnates admits over \$300,000 was spent. And Representative Brewster of Maine, whose charges started it all, seems to be in a tight box.

Brewster, a former governor, elected because of his opposition to utilities, who had been a staunch supporter of the Wheeler bill, switched his vote at the show-down and voted against the death sentence, giving as his reason that he resented threats made by Thomas Corcoran, an administration lawyer of holding up a federal Maine power project. He repeated the story before the investigating committee. Corcoran denied the threat and testified that Brewster had helped to fight for the "death sentence," but finally wavered and proposed to dodge the vote. "You're a liar," shouted Brewster.

Dr. Ernest Gruening, old friend and supporter of Brewster and the only witness to Corcoran-Brewster conversation supported Corcoran's story as did other witnesses, leaving Brewster's resentment alibi unsupported. It is hoped the investigators find out what caused Brewster to shift his stand. It would throw more light on utility lobbying.

A Christian War

Abyssinia has been a Christian nation as long as Italy has. The national religion is Monophysite Christianity, though Judaism and Islam are found in certain regions. The head of the Abyssinian church is the abuna (our father), who is a Coptic monk nominated by the Patriarch of Alexandria. His influence is modified by the Itchege, who is an Abyssinian and controls the religious orders numbering 100,000 ecclesiastics.

The Abyssinian empire dates from the first century B. C., on the downfall of the Ptolemies. Christianity was introduced in 330 by Fountenius, and monachism in 440 from Egypt by the "nine saints." It was in 312 that Constantine made Christianity the official religion of Rome.

So we have the spectacle of the oldest Christian nation in Europe preparing for a predatory war of aggrandizement on the oldest and only Christian nation of Africa, and that in violation of the League of Nation's pact, to which both are signatory, and the Kellogg pact to outlaw war, as well as the precepts of Christ, and the rulers of both nations appealing to God to bless their cause.

The war is launched by Mussolini primarily to divert attention from the economic plight in Italy—an old device of dictators, and whipped up by a controlled press and the customary patriotic propaganda to arouse the war spirit. There exists no cause other than covetousness of the possessions of others. Yet we hear no word of protest from the church in Italy—probably because of censorship.

The sympathy of the world will be with Abyssinians who are fighting to preserve their ancient independence and menacing no one. They are facing great odds but their cause is far from hopeless and the great cost may bankrupt Italy and overthrow Mussolini.

ENEMY'S

by Evelyn M. Wind

Chapter 38 POISON PEN

"Well," Guy went on, "about a month later, I began to find my practice vanishing. Patients who had been seeing me every day wrote and said they felt they'd like another doctor; people I met began to look at me in a funny sort of way, and I found myself being cut in the street."

"I stood it as long as I could and then I got hold of a man I knew quite well and asked him what had happened. He told me that there was a most scurrilous story going round about me and a young American girl called Trevor who had disappeared."

"I went to the French police, of course; they tracked the tale home to some anonymous letters which had been sent to my patients. But though they did their best, they couldn't trace the writer. And that wasn't the worst! I was asked to leave the club."

"My dear!" Alison's eyes were full of sympathy. "How awful for you!" "Not too nice was it?" he concluded. "Anyway, I soon saw that I wasn't getting a living any more; I couldn't even sell my practice for a fifth of the sum I gave. I had to clear out. I came home here to England and I put Scotland Yard on to tracing the letters. But by then the trail was cold and they failed. An old friend of mine, Dundas, let me stop with him and help a bit in return for my board and I'd one consolation, anyway; I was doing good work again, where it was needed."

He was silent for a few seconds, looking straight out before him. His clear, light eyes came down slowly and rested on her face.

"You know, I'm not sorry, now! I mean, that it happened." He was smiling at her. "If it hadn't, I'd be out there now!"

"Rather a big price to pay!" said Alison.

"Not too big."

"Not?"

"No! Not a bit. I didn't know that anyone could be as much in love as I am with you!"

"Are you?" She knew it, yet was pining to hear him say so.

"You know I am, utterly. When I thought I'd lost you, yesterday, I went nearly crazy."

"So did I. It was half a whisper. Directly after the door shut I was sorry. I wanted to tear after you down the street."

"Did you?"

"Mummm . . ."

The clock struck the half hour. A very fat man with a scowl and a rolled newspaper, waiting for his lunch, glowered impatiently at the two who sat at the corner table.

He muttered grumpily, "Indecent, I call it!" and looked at his watch.

A young clerk, looking for a free chair, caught at the back of one by Alison's table, looked down, raised his eyebrows and went elsewhere wearing a very wide grin.

"Totally unconscious that anyone had even looked at them, Guy and Alison drifted back into their interrupted conversation.

"You begin to see how it was?" "I think so," she said. "But I don't quite understand where the house at Warley came in."

"I'll tell you that in a minute. More coffee? No? A cigar? Don't you? Just as well! We shan't be able to afford it!"

Alison turned so bright a pink that it clashed with the red ribbon on her hat.

"Be quiet! Someone'll hear you!" "Let 'em!" Alison said Guy briefly.

"What was I saying? Oh, yes, Warley. It was like this. I'd given up all hope of finding out who'd sent those letters, though I felt pretty certain in my own mind that it was this woman. I told you about it. I didn't know anyone else who would hate me enough."

"Then one day I was putting through a phone call at that little restaurant where we went in Soho—it's run by a patient of mine and I often go there—when I saw those two at the very next table. The woman and the fellow she got mixed up with in France—the gigolo."

"What was he like?" Alison broke in.

"The man? Dark, Spanish-looking—that's why I asked you the other day."

She asked breathlessly, "What was his name?"

"Called himself de Gous—he was a Mrs. Peynier."

"Daphne Poynter?"

"Yes. How do you know?"

"Dundas was stooping and snooping about—"

When suddenly out of his throat came a shout:

"Here's food, quite a plenty, in hot and ran."

But if you can open it, you're quite a man!"

"I'll tell you later, said Alison. "Go on!"

"Well, anyway, they were having a most awful row. One could hear 'em half across the restaurant. She was calling him every name under the sun because he hadn't married her after her husband's death. He was a nasty bit of work and he simply sat and shrugged his shoulders and sneered and told her that if she wanted him she'd better get some money."

"He told her that if she hadn't been a fool, she'd have known about her husband having an annuity. She was obviously dreadfully in love with the fellow and half off her head and I rather hoped she might say something that would give me a clue. Unfortunately, she looked up and saw me."

"She went about as white as that menu and shut up as if she'd lost her tongue and I saw the man look round at me. Then a waiter came up and told me that he'd put through my call and that Dundas was on the telephone and when I got back they'd both gone. But for that I might have followed them. That was about six weeks ago. And I heard nothing more at all until the other night, the night that I met you."

"About 6 o'clock that evening, I was in the surgery and I got a 'phone call. I couldn't place the voice at all, it might have been a man's or a woman's, it had a sort of whistling sound in it as if the person had got asthma."

"Talking through a comb," suggested Alison.

"I hadn't thought of that! You're probably right," he agreed. "Anyway, the person said that if I was at the Croft House, Warley, Sussex, at eleven-thirty, punctually, that night, I would meet the writer of the anonymous letters."

"So I left London that night directly after I was done with my last case, got down just before eleven and parked my car right up on the downs. Then I walked down to the house as quietly as I could, found a road spot just across the road and sat there waiting. You see, I guessed the person'd turn up to wait for me, since the house looked empty and I meant to have a look at 'em first. But then I saw a light moving inside the house—"

"My light!"

"Yes. So I started to get into the garden and investigate, when I saw someone climbing in through the open window. So I thought it'd be a good idea to climb in too, and surprise 'em, as they'd be expecting me to arrive by the door. Anyway, I got in and the next thing I knew was your hand in my face and a terrific yell."

"Alison looked at him curiously. "But why didn't you tell me right off? I mean your name and why you were there?"

"Because I was such a complete and utterly blind fool that I thought that you might have something to do with it."

"With the anonymous letters?" "Yes. Or the telephone call. I felt in my bones that you were telling me the truth, of course, but—well, I didn't know what they were playing at, and I didn't mean to be caught. That's why I couldn't tell you I'd a car and take you into Warley and that's the reason I wanted you to wait upstairs. I didn't mean them to catch us together. You see, those letters had practically accused me of causing the Trevor girl to disappear and I thought they might be trying it again. I tell you, I was a blind fool!"

"Not a bit," contradicted Alison. "I think it was rather natural after what you'd been through."

"Not to anyone who'd seen you?" "Not to anyone, I ought to have known—but anyway, that's what I did think. So when you were in bed I went through all the drawers in that desk, to see if I could find out who owned the house."

(To be continued.)

OBITUARY

SOLOMON BRADSHAW, 85, one of the earliest settlers of the North Santiam valley, died at his home in Mill City Tuesday evening, following a self-inflicted gunshot wound. Increasing ill health and the aged care which he caused by his wife are believed to have been the motives for the act. The Bradshaws came to the Mill City vicinity in 1877 from Missouri. Bradshaw has been a resident here for many years. Last December, Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw bought a home in Mill City and have since lived there. Bradshaw was a member of the Christian church. Last December he and his wife quietly celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. Four children survive. John of Mill City, Mrs. Emma Alexander of San Francisco, Mrs. Nora Booth of Ontario, Cal., and Archie of Portland; seven grandchildren. Four children preceded him in death.

JOHN PERRINS WRIGHT, Albany—Funeral services for John Perrins Wright, 20, who died July 12, were held Tuesday afternoon from the Christian church there. Rev. J. Meritt Hill officiated. Burial was in the Belmont Memorial park in Salem. Pall bearers were Kenneth Seip, Robert Hatcher, Matt Catcher, Mrs. Harriet Robert, Hart and Leonard Wells.

MRS. MARY FABER, 79, died suddenly at her home Sunday morning. Funeral services were held from the St. Paul Catholic church Tuesday. Mrs. Faber is survived by five sons, George and Leo of San Francisco, Albert of Newberg, Ed of St. Paul and Frank Faber, a nephew of Milrose, Minn., and one brother, John Hass of Memphis.

HAROLD TILBERG, Funeral services for Harold Clarence Tilberg, who was drowned in the Willamette river here Tuesday forenoon, were held Tuesday afternoon from the Keeney funeral home at 2 p.m. Rev. R. W. Peters officiated at services held from the Baptist church at Independence. Commitment was in the I.D.O.P. cemetery. Harold was the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Tilberg and was born at St. Helena August 30, 1918 and came

JOAN WARNER IS HELD GUILTY OF INDECENCY

By Paul Mallon

Paris, July 18 (AP)—Joan Warner, the blonde American dancer, was found guilty today of "outraging the morals" of Paris and was fined 50 francs—\$3.30.

Miss Warner did her "outraging" by dancing in the nude. The decision against the American made a basis for a widespread prosecution of all nude dancers in theaters and night clubs here.

Judge Rebraisier decided: "Miss Warner's dance is artistic but too naked."

M. Fraudrin, manager of the club where Joan danced, was fined 200 francs—about \$13—because of his "purer moralistic spirit."

The case of the trial multiplied the fines eightfold.

The judge said Miss Warner's "powder and paint somewhat masked her nakedness, but the single article little, Warner were concealed very little."

He commented that the dancer "undressed but by bit—her dance is artistic but it is difficult to distinguish between art and indecency; sometimes a look or a gesture will change everything."

Unless it is upset on appeal, the verdict constitutes a police judge, the judge announcing: "A nude dancer cannot be tolerated even if it is artistic."

WARM WEATHER DISTURBS HARVEST

Clear Lake—Berry picking has been brought to a halt in this vicinity due to hot weather. Only the north sides of the vines are being gathered now and if it still continues this week will almost end them. Cherries are all gathered. Sour cherries finished last week. Lots of hay going into bails and barns with only fair crops reported.

Early peaches are being picked now. Market is poor with only fair crop. Most orchards report a very short peach crop this year.

Several poultrymen reported quite heavy losses of their flocks during last Saturday and Sunday heat. Cecil Boyd lost 12 hens and David Schlags lost 21 pullets just starting to lay. Quite a number of nice fields of corn around which did not show much damage of hot weather. Gardens and tomatoes and peaches were badly hurt.

LYTLE ACCUSES MEDICINE FIRM

Patent medicine companies are behind congressional legislation to divert Bangs disease testing funds to experimental medicinal treatment of the disease, charged Dr. W. H. Lytle, animal industries division chief of the state department of agriculture.

"The disease is now being effectively controlled and eradicated by the only method known to medical science—testing, slaughtering, cleaning and disinfecting, and retesting," said Lytle.

"It was not enough that brown sugar and bran should have been sold to distressed dairymen as a cure for the infectious abortion," Dr. Lytle said. "The medicine interests now would establish claims to cures through establishment of family immunity in herds kept free from newly-added animals. A concerted effort is being made by all state sanitary officials to impress upon their congressional delegations that medicinal treatment of Bangs disease is worthless."

COMES FOR PROGRAM

Falls City—Miss Elna Watt, who is attending summer school at Oregon Normal at Monmouth was accompanied back to Monmouth by Miss Georgianna Loftus to attend the Assembly day program at the school.

Silverton—Charles Cross, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cross of the floral gardens is at the Silverton General hospital being treated for an infection of the foot sustained from the effects of a bruise from a nail.

to independence with his parents in 1920. He would have been a junior in high school this year. In November, 1929, he met with an automobile accident which left him partially crippled. He has since been in the hands of Oliver who is in a C.C.C. camp at Camp Cadogan and grandmother, Mrs. J. J. Levanter of Toledo.

DAN ALBAUGH, Clear Lake—Alma Smith received word recently that her brother-in-law, Dan Albaugh of Des Moines, Iowa, died after a short illness.

MRS. CORA ELIZABETH BARRY, Mrs. Cora Elizabeth Barry was born July 18, 1901 at Okmulgee, Okla., and came to Oregon when 17 years old. She passed away at Multnomah, July 18, being buried Wednesday in City-view cemetery. Survived by widower, Josik L. Barry of 351 South Cottage street, Astoria; Cora Elizabeth, daughter; Mrs. James L. Johnson of Salem; sister, Mrs. Irene Pearce of Astoria; brothers, LeRoy of Stanwood, Texas; Herman of Okmulgee; and Silverton, Robert, Loren and James all of Salem, and Fred of Portland.

MATTHIAS WAIBEL, Scotia Mills—Matthias Waibel was born in Austria on December 22, 1859 and died July 1 at the Salem hospital following an operation. He came to the United States when a young boy with his parents, making their home in Columbia, Neb. later moving to Denver, Colo., where he was married to Anna Klingler May 16, 1900. They came to Oregon City 10 years later. After three years the family moved to the present home. Besides his wife he leaves two daughters, Mrs. Loid Deavenport of Silverton, Mrs. Bertha Klingler of Los Angeles, Calif. Four sons, Ernest M. of Seattle, Wash. John of Sheridan and Mat and Herbert at home; eight grandchildren and one brother, Lawrence Waibel of Portland. Services were held Tuesday morning from the Holy Rosary church at Crookston. Interment and interment made in the Rosary cemetery. Pallbearers were John Plax, Henry Williams, Peter Spitzki, Albert Heister, Joe Gratzler and Gerhard Plax.

News Behind The News

By Paul Mallon

Washington, July 18.—The peck-a-boo game which Mr. Morgenthau is playing with the silver speculators is the one bright spot in an otherwise humorless situation here.

Mr. Morgenthau is committed to bidding the existing 67-cent price of silver up to \$1.29. Ordinarily, you would expect that everyone who could lay his hand on 67 cents would buy an ounce of silver and be assured of almost 100 per cent profit.

But apparently no one will believe Mr. Morgenthau, at least not consistently. Some days ago, even the speculators began to doubt that he would do what the law requires him to do. A break was threatened in the London silver market. The speculators started unloading around 6 cents.

To prove they were wrong about him, Mr. Morgenthau went out and bought forty to fifty million ounces of their holdings.

It cost him about \$30,000,000. It forced him to acquire in three days almost twice as much silver as the United States produced in 1934. But it satisfied the speculators that Mr. Morgenthau is not going to let them down.

Super-confidence—Someone told Mr. Morgenthau a few days later that it would take him eleven years to acquire the promised three-to-one silver ratio with gold at his present rate of buying. His comment was asked.

With customary frankness, Mr. Morgenthau unbuttoned his coat and replied: "Do you know the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?"

Everyone present did, but no one told him, so he continued: "A pessimist wears both a belt and suspenders."

From his preliminary gesture it was apparent that he was not wearing a belt, but, sweeping back his coat in a further burst of confidence, he disclosed that he also lacked suspenders.

This, also, was encouraging to those who have invested in silver because it proved Mr. Morgenthau has far more confidence than the ordinary man about two things in life, one of which is silver.

Encouragement—That very day, Mr. Morgenthau received further proof that some important people believe him, even if some of the other speculators have remained unconvinced. An item appeared in newspapers that a syndicate composed of John J. Raskob and Senator Key Pittman was buying a \$5,000,000 stake in the old Comstock silver lode in Nevada.

The inside story on this was that Senator Pittman, known in congress as "Silver Key" because he always has the key to the silver policy, has been retained as attorney in negotiations for merging five silver firms. A few of his Nevada friends, including Zeb Kendall, old time prospecting character, and certain attorneys interested in Mr. Morgenthau's silver policy to an extent ranging between \$300,000 and \$400,000.

Understanding—Senator Pittman's faith in Mr. Morgenthau was understandable to all insiders, because Pittman is the new deal silver policy. He conceived it, wrote the law under which it is being conducted and it is understood to be a

valued advisor to Treasury General Counsel Oliphant in its administration. It is therefore obvious that Mr. Raskob could not get an attorney who knows and will know more about the subject.

But Mr. Raskob's display of faith was not obvious. The published stories failed to recall that his last big publicized investment was in the Al Smith campaign of 1928. Postmaster General Farley's democratic national committee still owes him \$45,000 on that.

It has been suggested that, if Mr. Raskob were big-hearted, he would apply his expected profits from Mr. Morgenthau's policy to cancelling the debt, but there seems to be some question as to how big Mr. Raskob's heart gets when the new deal is mentioned.

At any rate, they are now one for all and all for a higher silver price—Messrs. Morgenthau, Pittman, Raskob and unidentified members of the syndicate, the stock of which will not be sold to the public.

Causes—The spasmodic waves of distrust apparently are sponsored by new dealers themselves. For instance, certain treasury officials dropped a few disparaging remarks about the silver policy before Senator McCarran wrote a letter to Mr. Morgenthau some weeks ago asking if he was living up to the law.

The most recent wave apparently is traceable to an article published in one of the new deal's own magazines, criticizing the silver policy gently. It is generally believed that one of Mr. Roosevelt's good advisers has lately changed his mind and no longer sees economic possibilities in the policy.

Hopes—At the moment, what the silver speculators are playing Mr. Morgenthau is one way or another to find out whether he will boost the price to \$1.29 before next year's elections. There is some betting that he will, because the silver speculators will tell President Roosevelt it must be done in order to carry the five western silver states.

The fact is no one knows, but, if the policy is continued next year in the same jovial spirit as during the past year, the faith of all silver investors in Mr. Morgenthau will be finally and forever vindicated.

Assurances can now be given that they will erect a silver statue to him on the vacant north plaza of the treasury.

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. Please describe the personal appearance of the late Lawrence of Arabia. F.R.

A. Colonel Lawrence was five feet five and one-half inches in height and slender. His hair was light and rather fine and his complexion fair.

Q. What kind of material is used for circus tents? M.R.

A. The big circus tents are usually made from twill weave cotton cloth, weighing about 8 ounces per square yard.

Q. When was the Willard hotel in Washington, D. C. given this name? K.M.K.

A. In 1847, Henry K. Willard purchased City hotel at 14th and Pennsylvania avenue and named it Willard's. It became known as The

Pantry Patter

By R. O. E.

CAN CAN—CAN'T CAN
Home canning is growing, and housewives can can many fruits and vegetables, although the commercially canned product is much better and safer. But they can't can pineapple because that all grows in Hawaii. There's plenty of it for sale, however, and here's a delicious way to serve it:

ORIENTAL SANDWICH
Mix well together two parts Hawaiian crushed pineapple, two parts shredded canned shrimp, one part finely sliced celery and mayonnaise. Spread between buttered white bread and eat in shapes as desired.

They do this in Austria: Wash medium sized sweet potatoes and cut a hole through the center lengthwise, using an apple corer. Place a canned Vienna sausage in each potato and bake until tender.

A fine fruit salad which costs less than 25 cents for four people is made by draining one cup canned fruits for salad and half the contents of a No. 2 can grapefruit and adding one-half cup sliced celery and one-fourth cup chopped nuts. Mix carefully with one-fourth cup mayonnaise and serve on lettuce.

You'll give no quarter to this summer salad which costs less than a quarter:

Peas and lettuce salad: Drain one cup of canned peas and marinate in two tablespoons French dressing for at least an hour. Add one-fourth cup chopped walnuts, three-fourths cup crisp shredded lettuce and one-fourth cup mayonnaise and mix lightly together. Servas four.

Breakfast cocktails are now the vogue. Wash one pint of berries and break in halves. Pile in glass dessert dishes, sprinkle with one-fourth cup sugar and let stand in the refrigerator until the rest of the breakfast is ready. Then pour over a chilled syrup made the night before by boiling together for a few minutes the contents of a No. 2 can pineapple juice, one-fourth cup water and one-fourth cup sugar. Servas eight.

Willard hotel and in 1901, after extensive improvements, took its present name, the New Willard hotel.

Q. What is the average age of locomotive engineers engaged in regular passenger service in the United States? H.P.M.

A. According to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers the average age of all locomotive engineers in the country is slightly above 50 years. Under application of the seniority rules in effect on the different railroads, the senior men ordinarily fill the passenger runs.

Q. What is a feuilletton? F.M.

A. The literary section of a French newspaper, usually appearing on the lower portion of the first page. It includes essays, criticisms, and fiction, the last named of the serial type. In America, the magazine section of a daily paper corresponds to the feuilletton. Bertin the elder invented the system in France.

ACROSS

1. Sleeveless outer garment	2. Water ex-cursion	3. Strike together	4. Culmination	5. Living	6. Period just after marriage	7. Subterranean worker	8. Extreme	9. Aged	10. Type measure	11. Bits of in small pieces	12. Narrow road	13. Little lie	14. Comfort
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