

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

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1. By what country were doubloons coined?
2. In politics, what is a referendum?
3. Who was father of Mary Queen of Scots?
4. What was a corvette?
5. What are the two chief islands of New Zealand called?
6. What is the atlas bone?
7. What is an Eurasian?
8. Who was Pluto's wife?
9. What president of the U. S. had Rutherford for his first name?
10. What is a collect?

Answers

1. Spain.
2. The reference of some question to a vote of the people.
3. James V of Scotland.
4. A wooden war vessel.
5. North Island and South Island.
6. The top-most bone of the spine.
7. One of mixed European and Asiatic blood.
8. Persephone (or Proserpine).
9. Hayes.
10. A short prayer.

A Three Days' Cough Is Your Danger Signal

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

Contempt for Life

War is one place where human life is treated with contempt.

Don't Irritate Gas Bloating

If you want to really GET RID OF GAS and terrible bloating, don't expect to do it by just doctoring your stomach with harsh, irritating alkalies and "gas tablets." Most GAS is lodged in the stomach, upper intestine and is due to old poisonous matter in the constipated bowels that are loaded with ill-causing bacteria.

If your constipation is of long standing, enormous quantities of dangerous bacteria accumulate. Then your digestion is upset. GAS often presses heart and lungs, making life miserable. You can't eat or sleep. Your head aches. Your back aches. Your complexion is sallow and pimply. Your breath is foul. You are a sick, grouchy, wretched, unhappy person. YOUR SYSTEM IS POISONED.

Thousands of sufferers have found in Adierika the quick, scientific way to rid their systems of harmful bacteria. Adierika rids you of gas and cleans foul poisons out of BOTH upper and lower bowels. Give your bowels a REAL cleansing with Adierika. Get rid of GAS. Adierika does not gripe—is not habit forming. At all Leading Druggists.

WNU—13 53-36

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I love the big wind of the night,
So strong and unending it seems.
It blows from the future with hope,
It blows from the dim past with dreams.

R. T. CAMM

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

The Social Register

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—Those who warm their aristocratic hands at the social register, take comfort from the latest issue of that priceless volume. It seems that, if a well-born lady weds a night club playboy with a head suitable for a handle on a dollar umbrella, she stays put.

But if she is married to a genuine gentleman, such as Gene Tunney is, or a gifted orchestra leader, such as Eddie Duchin, out she goes.

The charming granddaughter of a poor Irish immigrant qualifies as an entry, which, as it should be, in any language. But when she takes for a husband the son of a

poor Jewish immigrant, whose blemish is that he's a professional song writer—and one of the greatest song writers alive—her name is scratched off the sacred scroll.

Yet what's an old family but a family that advertises that it's old? And what is society except a lot of people who keep proclaiming that they are society until the rest of us believe them?

Protecting Human Game.

FOR the preservation of the lessening wild fowl, the government stands pat by its ruling that ducks may no longer be lured to hunting grounds which have been baited for them and then bagged. But one shudders what would happen to Wall street if practically the same system now in vogue for garnering in the human game was ever abolished on the stock exchange.

Still, why not leave well enough alone? If there was no margin gambling available for cleaning the poor things, they'd bet their money on horse racing or the old Spanish prisoner game or something.

Liberty League Marriages.

THE rotogravure sections reveal that they've just opened a fresh crate of du Ponts, too late to qualify for membership in the Liberty League, because the Liberty League, alas, is dead of over-nourishment, but in ample time to fill up the background at the approaching marriage of the President's fine son, Franklin Delano, Jr., and a charming daughter of the royal family of Delaware.

That's one wedding where the ushers will do well to see that the families are seated in separate pews during the ceremony, because somebody might tactlessly be reminded of little things that came up during the heat of the late campaign.

Otherwise, in the customary regalia of shad-bellied coats and striped trousers, it will be difficult to distinguish a champion of the rights of the great common people from an entrenched wretch of the ruggedly individualistic group.

Playing the Ponies.

RACING starts soon out in Hollywood, and the stars and starines may have to make their pictures between events at Santa Anita because they'll have absolutely no time for fiddling around studios.

To risk my modest wagers on, I'm looking for a horse named Virginia Creeper or else Trailing Arbutus. Then when I lose, as I always do, I can't say my choice wasn't appropriately named.

If I had a bet on Paul Revere's nag, Paul never would have made that famous ride of his. Somewhere between Concord and Lexington, a constable would have pinched him for blocking the highway.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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Odd Occupations

by Whitman

THIS 22 YEAR OLD MISS MAKES HER LIVING IN THIS ODD WAY.

SHE HAS BABY BLUE EYES, IS SIX FEET TWO INCHES TALL AND WEIGHS 175 POUNDS.

SHE IS AN EXPERT AT WRESTLING. SHE DOES HER BOUNCING FOR A CHICAGO TAVERN.



Pearl Mitchell of Chicago, Ill.

Lady Bouncer



The Dionne Quints Through the Eyes of My Old Guide

PERCY HAMILTON, the best guide and fisherman along the whole Gattineau chain, recently hied himself to Callender, Ontario for the single purpose of casting eyes upon the Dionne quint.

He disappeared upon the precise date when I needed him most. While this upset me to begin with, there was nothing to do but forgive him when I learned his motive.

"Couldn't you," I asked, "have had an eyeful of those kids after the bass season closed?"

"I could that," replied Percy, stretching his suspenders from under his armpits, "and had just as good a look at 'em as anybody else leaning over the fence around Doctor Dafeo's hospital, where he has charge of the babies in the name of the king, but something said 'go to it, Perc.' It is only a few miles less than three hundred from my house to his, just a few hours across country in my timber-hopping gasoline tank, and worth two days of any man's time. I sure could have waited. But being the kind of a man I am; crazy about children, the father of four girls of my own, and with all my wife's womenfolks rarin' to get into my jitney for a round trip to Callender, what the hell was I to do but say, 'Come with me to the quintuplet show and have a look.'"

Becomes Conducted Tour.

Percy again pulled out his suspenders, which popped back with a loud crack like the beaver makes when slapping the water with his tail.

"You did exactly the right thing, Mr. Hamilton, and it is my pleasure to be among the first to congratulate you. How many ladies were in your party?"

"About five that I could see," answered my old guide, "and no less than a dozen that I could only hear. They seemed to swarm into the back seat at every crossroad along the way. You'd have thought that at least half of them were the mothers of the quints and wanted to slip the old Doc some new stuff on what was best to be done right away, or take the consequences. A tire blow-out anywhere along the route and

I would have been massacred. Thanks to careful driving, keeping the front wheels on the road while negotiating corduroy bridges through overflow country, we bumped along at 30 miles an hour and about 4 p. m. made the front fence of what Dr. Dafeo calls the Dionne hospital.

"The two provincial police, who keep the line moving and see that the roads are kept open, saw right away that we had come to see the quints, and not the crowd. 'From which way, Jack?' asked one of them. 'Hamilton's Landing, Lake McGreggor, with Grand Lake just over the hill. Three hundred miles to the south, officer, the best bass water in Quebec. These ladies with me are my kinfolk,' says I. 'And can we see the quints?' 'Sure thing. Keep your eyes on the glass-fronted veranda, where they show up when the notion takes them. A good look free of charge if you have patience.'"

Pa Dionne Gets Fan Mail.

My old guide did another suspender stretch, firing both barrels in unison. "When you stop to think that the Canadian kids are the only ones out of 35 sets of quintuplets born during the last 500 years that came through rarin' and are still alive," continued Mr. Hamilton, "why wouldn't I stick around to have an eyeful?"

"Man alive!" exclaimed the guide from Lake MacGreggor, and Grand, just over the hill, "I saw them come out in ones, twos and—I was about to say threes, but you know what I mean, until the five of them were in sight. Mind you, the windows, some new-fangled patent, allows people outside to see in but the quints can't see out. Good idea, that. Five girls at any age couldn't take it without blowing up. I'm the father of four—born one at a time—and I know. I sure do know."

A forward gesture from the armpit out, a crack like a pistol shot and Mr. Hamilton continued, "It was good business for the government to take over the job of bringing those girls up under Dr. Dafeo, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Dionne time to raise the kids they have left. They have six other singlets living, a nine-pounder following the quints, who weighed, the whole five of them, less than ten pounds at birth."

More suspender artillery from Mr. Hamilton. "Not yet three years of age, they are now worth close to a million dollars. Old man Dionne gets a bigger fan mail than Clark Gable. At 50 cents a throw, he drags down \$700 a week for his signature, while Mrs. Dionne, the most-talked-about mother in the world, is in the money a dozen different ways. I'll say it's coming to her."

Here's a Smart Rug That's Easy to Make



Pattern 5699

Just a simple square, repeated and joined together forms this smart rug. You'll love doing the colorful squares in varied colors, and, in no time at all, you'll have enough completed to make this stunning rug. Here's one way to turn useless rags into something worthwhile, though rug wool or candlewicking may also be used.

Done in Germantown the squares would make a handsome cushion or chair set. In pattern 5699 you will find complete instructions and charts for making the square shown; an illustration of it and of the stitches needed; material requirements.

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Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

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NO matter how much your back aches and your nerves scream, your husband, because he is only a man, can never understand why you are so hard to live with one week in every month.

Too often the honeymoon express is wrecked by the nagging tongue of a three-quarter wife. The wise woman never lets her husband know by outward sign that she is a victim of periodic pain.

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