

## Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

### The Questions

1. Why is Arizona known as the 3-C state?
2. What is a bon mot?
3. What is a boar; a bore; a boor?
4. How many squares in one month of the calendar?
5. Whose signature is most prominent on the Declaration of Independence?
6. When water runs down a drain, does it revolve clockwise or not?
7. What domestic beast of burden cannot reproduce its own kind?
8. What is the difference between an aquaplane and a hydroplane?
9. Where is the oldest university in the Western hemisphere?
10. What is the difference between tired, weary, and sleepy?

### The Answers

1. It is outstanding in the production of copper, cotton and cattle.
2. A witty repartee.
3. A male swine; an uninteresting person; a peasant or rustic, respectively.
4. Usually 35.
5. John Hancock's.
6. Usually clockwise.
7. The mule.
8. Aquaplane—a plank on which to ride, attached to a boat. Hydroplane—a form of motorboat or an airplane that can land on water.
9. Lima, Peru. It is the University of San Marcos, founded in 1551.
10. Tired and weary mean the same—fatigue. Sleepy—inclined to sleep.



## Smiles

### Big Blow

The conceited colonel was complaining about his subordinate officers.

"I'm obliged to do everything myself," he grumbled. "I'm my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own sergeant-major."

"Trumpeter, too!" muttered the sergeant.

### Long Wait

She—Why have you brought me artificial flowers?

He—Well, real ones usually die while I'm waiting for you.

### Slipping Asleep

"Are you going shopping today?" said a night watchman to his wife.

"Yes, do you want anything?" she asked.

"I want an alarm clock."

"An alarm clock? Whatever do you want an alarm clock for?"

"Well, I've been late coming home from work these last three mornings," said the night watchman.

### The Thing to Do!

"In the tableau, I took the part of Opportunity."

"I bet somebody embraced you."

### Promotion

"I say, old man, what has become of your attractive little secretary?"

"I married her, and now she's my treasurer!"

## SANDPAPER

THROAT

Does your throat feel prickly when you swallow—due to a cold? Benefit from Luden's special formula. Contains cooling menthol that helps bring quick relief. Don't suffer another second. Get Luden's for that "sandpaper throat!"

**LUDEN'S 5¢**

Menthol Cough Drops

Unhurried Nature

Nature never spoils its work by being in a hurry.

**666** relieves misery of Colds fast!

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**MORE FOR YOUR MONEY**

Read the advertisements. They are more than a selling aid for business. They form an educational system which is making Americans the best-educated buyers in the world. The advertisements are part of an economic system which is giving Americans more for their money every day.

## WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

**NEW YORK.**—When Oliver Stanley left the British ministry of transport in July, 1934, he was succeeded by 36-year-old Leslie Hore-Belisha, a

**Oliver Stanley Wears Hard Hat On a Hard Head**

Simonite liberal. He and thereafter, they engaged in many brisk parries and sharp ripostes, masters of the foil rather than the quarterstaff, brisk and finished swordsmen both. Now it is the ultra-conservative Mr. Stanley who replaces Mr. Hore-Belisha as war secretary, against a confused background, requiring more details for full understanding—at least at this distance.

On October 8 of last year, Mr. Stanley offered his resignation as president of the British board of trade. At the time, it was indicated that Mr. Stanley had not found Prime Minister Chamberlain's prosecution of the war sufficiently aggressive, but later reports were that he had revolted against the control of the government by an inner cabinet of four members. He was persuaded to withdraw his resignation.

His political alliances have been with the conservative section of the army, who vehemently opposed the appointment of Mr. Hore-Belisha to the war office, early in 1937. Some of the "appeasement" wing of the Chamberlain government were bitter critics of Mr. Hore-Belisha's subsequent army shakeup, in which he sent many oldsters back to their club chairs. It is possibly this circumstance which has led to conjecture that Mr. Stanley's appointment foreshadows a new rapprochement between extreme right elements in England and Germany, the elimination of Adolf Hitler and a new basis for peace.

Mr. Stanley's activities since Munich haven't indicated that he is out for appeasement. However, it is clear that the colonel blimps of the army don't like Mr. Hore-Belisha and do like Mr. Stanley.

He is the secretive, tight-lipped son of the genial, talkative seventh earl of Derby. He gathered some shining medals in the World war and was parliamentary under-secretary in the war office, minister of transport, minister of labor and president of the board of education, before becoming president of the British board of trade. As indicated above, he is a fencer rather than a hard-hitter. He is fifty-four years of age.

**KING IBN SAUD** of Saudi Arabia has 250 wives, 29 sons, 22 daughters and a palace with 200 rooms.

That's a lot of upkeep and it is understandable that he may be widening his economic alliances, as reported in recent dispatches. He is also said to be reorganizing and enlarging his air force.

The first Arab to wrest an autonomous state from Britain, he has co-operated with the empire, but Palestine has disturbed him and in various quarters there is speculation as to whether he intends to use his augmented military resources for or against England. He has preached the unification of Islam throughout the world, and his influence, as leader of the mystic and powerful Wahabi sect, has penetrated among the desert tribes from Iran to West Africa.

His synthetic state, carved out in the Arabian coastal territory, in a post-war deal, is a complex of fiercely guarded empire interests. With its proximity to the Suez canal, with the threat of Russian, as well as Italian, aggression and conspiracy in the Moslem bloc, on the road to India, Saudi Arabia is goal-keeping territory, and Ibn Saud's allegiance is an urgently important British asset.

Since the start of the desert battle of the loud-speakers several years ago, along with the Palestine impasse, there have been indications that Ibn Saud was losing interest as an empire partner.

Last January, he wrote President Roosevelt an appeal for support of the Arabs against the Jews in Palestine, with an implication that the Balfour mandate was working against Islam.

Bull-necked, bull-voiced King Ibn Saud is six feet, four inches tall and weighs 250 pounds. On the palm of his hand is a mole, the mystic stigmata of a master swordsman, in the lore of the desert. He was once an obscure tribesman, fighting his way to power in his middle years. He likes to hold court in the open air, sitting cross-legged,

## Lovely New Wash Prints Make It Fun to Sew for Children

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



with floral overprinting are catching the eye. Add wearableness to their prettiness and you will readily see why this fabric is so popular. Tailored printed shantung broadcloths and charming striped cottons in fast colors all preshrunk to keep their original fit permanently are selling fast as they can be measured off in dress lengths.

If you are looking for wash materials that carry a promise of wearability, washability, dependability and likability consider the dainty little frocks pictured. Each is fashioned of sanforized slub fabric. The merry little three-year-old pictured to the right wearing a broadcloth dress with floral overprinting is laughing at the thought of the cunning patch pockets that draw up and tie with pique cording. She is proud, too, that her dress ties in the back with a big bow of self-fabric. The dress is trimmed with a pleating of pique around the neck and sleeves. Though the closing is in the back, there are three small red buttons down the front of the bodice.

Sister Ann who sits in the window (centered in the group) wears a tailored shantung broadcloth dress trimmed with hand-fagoted pique collar and cuffs. The dress for the "between" age, shown to the left, takes on somewhat of a party air. The soft blue and pink colorings of the floral striped broadcloth (so fine it has a sheen like silk) is delicate and becoming to blonde or brunette. There is a fashionable inset corselet belt, thus raising the waistline so that the skirt will swing gracefully if or when she dances.

The exam was on. Anne studied the printed list of questions, her mind in a turmoil. They were not particularly hard, but it seemed each time her eyes rose they met the accusing look of Bob Winton.

"Give the dates and the economic significance of the war..." Her mind wouldn't co-ordinate. Her dainty gold fountain pen paused while she slipped the compact from her purse—opened it and added powder to her straight little nose.

A little later came another impossible question and Anne hauled out the compact again, touched up her lips and looked at the mirror for a long interval before replacing it.

Half a dozen times she did this, and finally she had finished.

She placed the examination book on Winton's desk and turned to go when his voice stopped her.

"Miss Duncan!" Quietly—ominously, she thought. "May I see you in my office before you leave?" Anne went red, then white.

"Of course," she mumbled, a plea in her eyes. In a short time all the books were in and she was facing Professor Winton across his desk in the office.

His eyes held hers, steadily, and Anne wondered whether it was contempt or pity she read in them. "Miss Duncan, there was cribbing on the examination we have just finished. Unfortunately I was unable to catch anyone red-handed, and I don't fancy myself in the role of detective."

He looked at her awhile. "Were you among them?" Anne flushed, dropped her eyes and shook her head.

"No, B... Professor Winton." "I don't like to think so, Miss Duncan. But..."

He met her eyes squarely. "May I see your compact?" Anne's lips parted suddenly with a little gasp.

"Oh... I couldn't...!" "You realize how guilty that sounds. I should like to reassure myself—that you wouldn't cheat, Miss Duncan."

Anne's red lower lip trembled for a moment, then she laid the compact on his desk and turned away her head. Winton opened it, slowly, and then he reddened at the sight of his own face looking out from a picture that had been pasted over the mirror.

"Oh... Miss Duncan... Anne... I—I didn't..." He placed an embarrassed hand on her arm.

She pulled away with a little sob. "Please! I—I don't want to talk to you," she wailed.

"But..." his voice sounded close to her ear. "I had no idea you thought of me at all, Anne dear. I've been crazy about you since the first day you walked into my class."

"Really!" Anne turned, an incredulous smile on her lips, eyes still misted with tears.

"Oh... Bob!" After a happy interval she pulled away and sat forward in her chair. A tiny splinter caught her skirt; held it as she slipped forward exposing a rounded, dimpled knee in sheer silk and several inches above.

## 'CAUGHT CRIBBING'

By JACK HANLEY  
(McChure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

"IT ISN'T," said Helene virtuously, "as though you were hurting anybody. After all, what's a little crib?" She was busy as she spoke filling the under side of a candy-box lid with chemical formulae written in tiny characters.

"There!" she announced. "And will I eat gum drops at the exam tomorrow!"

Her room-mate sighed, and turned very large and very innocent gray eyes to a small rectangle of pink paper half-covered with dates and data.

"To think," she announced, "that four years ago I thought a crib was something babies slept in."

"All the girls are doing it, Anne; why flunk?" Helene surveyed her handiwork with satisfaction.

"There! That ought to cover most any question in the chem exam."

"It does seem a shame..." Anne looked a little wistful again. "What's a shame?"

"To crib on Professor Winton—he's so nice."

"Not nice enough to pass you in history, darling. And you may need that credit to graduate in June, you know."

"Yes," sighed Anne. "I know." And she returned to her task, writing down significant dates and facts while her mind was on the broad shoulders and friendly brown eyes of young Professor Winton.

The next day Helene and Anne passed one another on the campus. "Anne! I just finished—it was a cinch!"

She gleefully displayed the candy-box, now half empty.

"I'll probably be sick from gum drops—but I'll pass chem!"

"I'm going to the history exam now—wish me luck."

"You'll have luck—you'll pass." Helene winked and giggled, and scurried on.

Anne walked slowly to the classroom. It occurred to her that, graduating in another month, there would be no more college—and no more Professor Robert Winton, Ph. D. Only Anne thought of him as Bob.

He stood gravely at the head of the class in the slightly awesome hush that precedes the beginning of a final examination.

The blue-covered notebooks had been distributed and Professor Winton twisted a pencil idly in his fingers as he studied the assorted young faces before him.

"Young ladies," he said in the deep-pitched voice that sent delightful chills running down Anne's spine, "in a few moments we are going to begin your final exam. I understand that 'cribbing,' commonly known as cheating, is not unheard of here at Varney. I should dislike intensely finding any of you engaged in such an unsportsmanlike procedure. I prefer to believe that none of you intend it. If discovered it will naturally be severely dealt with."

His steady gaze swept the room and Anne reddened, miserably. Other faces dropped and still others looked guilelessly ahead.

"That's all." The exam was on. Anne studied the printed list of questions, her mind in a turmoil.

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"I cut your picture out of the yearbook, Bob and..." she stopped seeing his eyes widen and his jaw tighten; following his look at her knee. She pulled her skirt down, blushing furiously, but not before he saw the small date-covered paper under the stocking just above the knee.

"I see," he said slowly. "I'm—really sorry Anne."

His eyes looked deeply hurt. "I didn't think you'd... cheat. And lie—to me."

Anne was crying openly now. "B—but I didn't! Oh Bob—truly, I didn't. I was going to, but when I saw you looking at me... I just... c-couldn't look at my notes. You—looked so—so—accusing!"

"It wouldn't matter, Anne dear. But I—I couldn't stand to think you'd deliberately lie... to me..."

"L-look at my book," she sniffed. "You'll see—I flunked. But I didn't... cheat."

The answers were all there; all wrong. Anne flunked history but she passed everything else and graduated in June. And Professor and Mrs. Winton are now one of the most popular young couples on the faculty.

And Anne Winton hasn't given up cribs; she's preparing one now. A nice, white enameled one, for Bob Winton Jr.

## Grand Canyon Has Rival In Scenic Idaho Valley

A plan to develop a sightseeing rival to the Grand canyon of the Colorado is being evolved by Idaho engineers, who hope to make a national park of the Hell's canyon section of the mile-deep Snake river gorge.

These engineers say the Snake river canyon exceeds by nearly 1,500 feet the depth of either the Grand canyon of the Colorado or the Rio Grande.

Where the Snake river forms the boundary between Idaho, Washington and Oregon, it twists like a serpent through a jumble of towering mountains, eroded earth and broken rocks.

This rugged and almost inaccessible wilderness is flanked by the Wallowa mountains on the west and by the Seven Devils mountains on the Idaho side. It can be crossed only by boat through the treacherous waters of the Snake itself. The waterway is filled with rapids, falls and whirlpools.

Only a handful of white men ever have negotiated the river from Weiser to Lewiston, Idaho. Now engineers visualize a \$12,000,000 all-weather highway along the river bank. This would provide a shorter route to the sea for tourists and open to development vast stores of mineral wealth, it is claimed.

The Idaho Planning Board co-operated with Oregon officials in an effort to get the federal government to make a national park of the area as the first step toward its development.

The elevation of the river through the Hell's canyon varies from 710 feet above sea level at Lewiston to 2,100 feet at Weiser, Idaho. The canyon ranges to a depth, from peaks to river level, of 6,700 feet.

The Grand canyon of the Colorado surpasses the Snake river canyon in the variety of its colorings, but the matter has a greater assemblage of scenic features of another nature.

Rugged mountain peaks, capped with snow, rise on each side. Outcroppings of granite, limestone, quartz, marble and lava rock etch weirdly shaped panoramas against the sky.

Huge deposits of copper, iron, lead and other ores were prospected in the area, but without facilities for transporting to the outside, they proved worthless.

Plantings Aid House Design

Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the usefulness of planting as an aid to the design of small houses.

Trees and shrubbery may be advantageously used to enhance the architectural character of any home. Shade trees should be placed so that they will both furnish shade from the hot afternoon sun and frame the house.

Rapidly growing, heavy feeding shade trees, such as poplars and willows, should be avoided as the roots are apt to clog sewer and drain lines. Moreover, they are quick to extract all the nutriment from the soil, making it difficult to grow either a lawn or other planting material near them.

## Slippers, Bed Socks Quickly Crocheted



Pattern 2372

THESE slippers are in easy crocheted with angora popcorn trim—the bed socks in star stitch with loop stitch trim. Pattern 2372 contains directions for making slippers and bed socks in any desired size; illustrations of them and stitches; materials required; photograph of pattern stitches.

Send 15 cents in coins for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

## Safety Quips

The two greatest errors in driving are taking a blind curve too fast and taking a curve that isn't there.

Better 10 minutes too late in this world than 30 years too soon in the next.

Keep your hands on the wheel—soft shoulders are dangerous. Some motorists can make 60 miles an hour a lot easier than they can make 12 payments on the car.

The dullest drivers have the brightest headlights. After you get to the office, do you tear into your work as fast as you speeded there in your automobile?

## Crossing Signs

A Houston road-sign painter suggests the following signs for railroad crossings:

"Come ahead. You're unimportant."

"Try our engines. They satisfy."

"Don't stop. Nobody will miss you."

"Take a chance. You can get hit by a train only once."

## Pull the Trigger on Constipation, and Pepsin-ize Acid Stomach Too

When constipation brings on acid indigestion, bloating, dizzy spells, gas, coated tongue, sour taste, and bad breath, your stomach is probably loaded up with certain undigested food and your bowels don't move. So you need both Pepsin to help break up fast that rich undigested food in your stomach, and Laxative Senna to pull the trigger on those lazy bowels. So be sure your laxative also contains Pepsin. Take Dr. Caldwell's Laxative, because its Syrup Pepsin helps you gain that wonderful stomach relief, while the Laxative Senna moves your bowels. Tests prove the power of Pepsin to dissolve those lumps of undigested protein food which may linger in your stomach, to cause belching, gastric acidity and nausea. This is how Pepsin-izing your stomach helps relieve it of such distress. At the same time this medicine wakes up lazy nerves and muscles in your bowels to relieve your constipation. So see how much better you feel by taking the laxative that also puts Pepsin to work on that stomach discomfort, too. Even finicky children love to taste this pleasant family laxative. Buy Dr. Caldwell's Laxative—Senna with Syrup Pepsin at your druggist today!

Repeating Success

Nothing succeeds like success.—Dumas.



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SHOPPING • The best place to start your shopping tour is in your favorite easy-chair, with an open newspaper. Make a habit of reading the advertisements in this paper every week. They can save you time, energy and money.