

Bellefonte, Pa., February 26, 1932.

ALWAYS A FEW

Always in life there are always a few People like-well, there were people I

Who said very little, who never said much along and-Concerning affection and friendship and

Others might flatter and others might say The regular things in the regular way, But always in life there were always a few Who said very little-who knew that I

Yes, I thank heaven it sometimes will

knew.

Some one who seldom will speak of the flirt," murmured Joan. That holds us together, but some one so

No moment of weakness, no folly of stroy his faith in womanhood and- she queried. youth:

Some one to trust me, and trust to the Some one likefriend.

Always in life there are always a few

People like-well, I have known one or Who always were handy with things at the worst.

And they were the ones that I turned to the first.

Though they were the ones that I turned to the first. Though there were friends that I fondiy recall,

Yet there were some that were dearer than all: Always in life there are always a few

People like-well, there are people like you! -Douglas Malloch In Walk-Over Shoe

NOTHING MATTERS BUT LOVE ed lying to him.

ly over the wire.

this a frantic SOS and come home caught herself up quickly. right away. I-I'd dash up and tell you about it, but I'm packing."

"Packing!" from Joan in sudden was a telegramconsternation. "You mean unpack-

"I know it," in a wail, "b-but I'm going again."

Undoubtedly the tears were very and so impulsive-near. Joan herself gave a sigh of "You mean that despair. She had planned this visit her mind about—about in Mrs. Martin's lovely home for more than ever her mother's friend.

For once Anne's voice was pleading man she'd never seen before! instead of commanding. Lovely, volwith luscious lips-and running from ders and came back to her. the consequences of her folly.

Joan's reply was gravely comforting. "I'll come home, my dear.

the receiver, "You naughty little at the last minute," there was a bubble-chaser!" Mrs. Martin expressed impatience agine Anne did. Right?"

when Joan explained that she found

her arms.

"Oh, Joanie, you will help me, to her vanity," was Joan's solemn won't you!" she cried, adding with reply.

a relieved sigh: Whatever would Calhoun was silent a minute. Then: I do without you?"

was going to say, "What, indeed?" produced a telegram. answered cryptically.

Will call Arriving Thursday. about 4.

Joan read it twice. Thursday at 4."

"Yes, assented Anne. "And that's he begged. "I—I want to talk to what I wish I didn't know! At least, you a lot more than I can just as I mean, I wish he he wasn't com- well take a later train into the city."

"For heaven's sake, wire and tell him so,' from direct Joan.

was wailing. "Can't? Why not?" a little suspiciously.

Joan shoved her bags aside with theatre and dancing! It was like a her foot and sat on the lowest step of the stairs. "Suppose you tell me all about it. Begin at the beginning, you know," she advised a little veranda, his fingers lightly clasping

the hem of her tiny handkerchief to swim together in the mornings. dear life.

"Well, anyway, the night before he went-it was moonlight 'n' every-

Joan nodded. Knowing Anne extremely well, she had a very definite playing possum?" idea of the rapturous farewell staged on a moon-silvered beach, the met Anne's frowning gaze. night magic intensified by the everwhispering ripple of the waves along curious, of course. the sand.

"I've never seen him since," she went on. "But—er—of course, we've written to each other right

Again Joan nodded. Anne's correspondence was quite likely to be of a nature that rather singed the

finished Joan. "Joan, I—I'm not going to see that morning. "Wim! You've got to. Tell him that she asked impishly. him! You've got to. I'm dead or-or married, or some-

thing---' "I might tell him the truth and away with that sort of stuff, say that you're just a crazy little know.

Evidently Anne didn't hear her, No slander can alter, nor even the truth, want to-to slay him, darling. De- merely amusing yourself with him?" and all that, you know. He really is

a nice boy." At half past 3 Anne drove merrily and at a quarter-past 4 Lu- tell, because I didn't see him at all." netta brought the information to Joan that a gentleman was waiting asked Lunetta if he came." in the library. She went down.

She drew a long breath and closed tantalizingly lifted brows. the library door softly before she

lifted her eyes. The man turned from the window and came toward her. He was tall, clean-cut, with a strained look on his nice frank face that made Joan's heart go out to him immediately. "I'm Joan Burnett," she told him hastily, extending her hand. "An-

ne's cousin." "Oh," he said, his face lighting up swiftly. "I-I'm awfully glad to know you, Joan, er—I beg your pardon, Miss Burnett.'

She laughed and flushed. "Anne has-I mean, she isn't home, Mr. Lanier. She went away quite-unexpectedly." Heavens, how she hat-

"I'm sorry," and an odd expres-A hint of a frown marred the sion flitted across his frank counsmoothness of Joan's pretty forehead tenance. He turned away a little as she held the telephone receiver abruptly and Joan felt a sick wave to her ear and listened to Anne's of sympathy envelop her. He was excited voice as it came a bit shril-disappointed. And he was so nice. His eyes were straight and steady "Darling, you'll have to consider and as clear, and his hands-she

> "I wanted to-to see Anne particularly," he was saying. "There

"Yes, I know." Joan's eyes were ing, don't you? You just came home clouded, her low grave voice somewhat unsteady. "I wish Anne had -oh," she blurted, "I'm afraid Anne doesn't know her own heart, Mr. Lanier. She's-she's young and-

"You mean that she's changed But she didn't let him finish. "I weeks and now she was being called don't know-I mean yes, I think away after two blissfully idle days, that's it." Joan hated herself bedays in which she had come to love cause she felt a tear slide down her re than ever her mother's friend. nose. Good gracious, what a ninny 'You'll come, won't you, Joan?" she was anyway, crying for a young

He didn't seem to notice, though. atile Anne, who was forever tempt- He walked away to the windows ing fate with merry, carefree eyes, again and stood there a full minute as innocently blue as the heavens, or two before he squared his shoul-"Miss Burnett," he said gravely,

"I am not Lance Lanier. I'm his friend. My name is Kirk Calhoun." Wild-eyed, she surveyed him, and I wouldn't worry, Everything will under her gaze he flushed heavily. come out all right for you," and "I don't understand," she told him. added to herself, as she replaced "The truth is that Lance ducked twinkle in his eyes. "Just as I im-

He sat down and emitted a sigh it necessary to cut short her de- of contentment. "All's well with the lightful visit and return home. world." he quoted, and then as a world," he quoted, and then as a Joan arrived just before noon on sudden thought struck him sat bolt

"I think it will be a terrible blow could you?"

Calhoun was silent a minute. Then: "Why tell her? Why not let her For an instant Joan thought she think that Lance came and that you threa as going to say, "What, indeed?" —you got rid of him? Fixed it all hall.

She was always doing little kind-nesses for Joan when the opportunity was given, and this seemed a good time, when both mistress and Miss Anne were absent. So the "Well, I'm still waiting for in- two young people drank tea and ate formation," she smiled. "All I little cakes before the fire until know is that a man named Lance purple twilight crept into the room. Lanier-odd name that-is coming Kirk knew it was time he was going, Then, "Why, but he was strangely reluctant.
"Come out to dinner with me,"

Joan nodded agreement. She wanted to talk to him too; wanted to like blue fire. know him. Running lightly upstairs, "Oh, I c-can't do that," Anne she recklessly donned a smart frock belonging to her cousin, put a dash of powder on her straight little nose clously.

B—because I—I told him to oh, what a gorgeous time she had! Dinner at a most expensive club,

you know," she advised a little veranda, his fingers lightly clasping

"I met him last summer at Long "Joan, I—I'm going to see you Beach," she confessed, pulling at again, am I not?" he whispered. the hem of her tiny handkerchief and refusing to meet Joan's eyes. answer lightly—carelessly. But one "He was staying at a little inn down can't be so very nonchalant with slim neck and above the delicate. All toward Galway and—and we used one's heart hammering away for flush on her cheeks her lashes lay next morning when Joan arrived, so just a moment—there was some-

Tall, you know, and sunburn- ward and then straightened up quickly, and with another "Good- ning up breathlessly and then stop- be. "Yeah, I know," from Joan with night, Joan, and a million thanks," ped before them in well-simulated a sarcasm that was utterly lost on he was gone down the walk to the dismay. car.

gently. "Joan, are you really dead or just

Well, ing. she hadn't stayed away long.

"Tell me all about it. I'm perishing for the gruesome details," and plumping herself on the bed beside Joan, Anne clasped her pink-tipped fingers about her knees and wriggled her bare toes ecstatically.

"Was he terribly upset?" edges of the stationery.

"—And he wanted to come and and Horace Burnett would not be see you, and you told him to come," at home until afternoon. There would be no work to do for him "Was who what?"

> "Oh, don't try to be cute, Joan. You're really not the type to get Anne was undoubtedly

peeved. Joan smiled. "I suppose you want for she said plaintively, with a far- to know what Lance Lanier did away look in her eyes: "I don't when he found that you'd been

"That's awfully crude, dear," too sweetly. "Well, anyway, there's nothing to

"Don't be aggravating, Joan. "And Lunett said he did?" with And Lunetta doesn't lie,"

"No, poor child, she hasn't sufficient imagination and daring." Joan in this case she was mistaken. Mr. want me to have it?" Lanier didn't come at all. He did exactly the same thing you didfled at the crucial moment and sent a friend to bear the blow, or break the news, whichever sets better on

your sensibilities." Anne's piquant face flushed and paled slightly before she broke into a riot of laughter. "Atta boy!" she gasped at last. "Oh, my gracious, talk about shadow boxing!"

"Who was Lance's friend?" asked finally when her mirth had "His name," said Joan, saying it

as if she liked the sound of it, "his man on his way into town. name is Kirk Calhoun." Anne's stare was comical in intensity. "Kirk Calhoun!" she repeated, as if quite sure that she

Anne collapsed in a boneless heap the bed and sat down wearily. on the bed. "Why, he's Talbot Calmillions.'

Joan sat up, her eyes wide, white line springing into sight about But as her mouth. She reached over and bitterly. shook Anne none too gently. "He is not!" she blazed. "He—he's just I'm so mad!"

Joan's heart sank. Monday. Joan welcomed the idea The who of going shopping for Mrs. Burnett. rible flop. It was dull business, buying kitchen for the maid's room, but at least it overheard Mrs. Burnett saying: was less heartrending than staying at home, longing for the telephone to ring for her and knowing it

As she came in weary and bundlea corner of the living room.

wouldn't.

"Your million-dollar daddy called you on the phone a while ago," she informed her impishly. "And when the following day, and Anne, who had undoubtedly been watching for her, threw herself impetuously into feel badly?"

sudden thought struck him sat bot he asked if he could come out and when, I told him tomorrow night."

feel badly?"

"You told him? Oh, Anne, how "You told him? Oh, Anne, how at her. Poor dear!"

"Just as e-asy! He thought it was you all the time."

But instead she somewhat automatically cradled Anne against her slim young shoulder and asked gently: "What's the trouble this time?"

If m not so sure that Anne doesn't darling," she cooed, "you won't do table and fingered its simple apply: "What's the trouble this time?"

If m not so sure that Anne doesn't darling," she cooed, "you won't do table and fingered its simple apply: "What's the trouble this time?"

If m not so sure that Anne doesn't that, will you? Why, you know this pointments thoughtfully. She thought that Kirk had first tak-

frock that looked like a soft, mys- fore." terious cloud and had a big sash of sapphire blue satin billowing softly her! at one slim hip. There were sap-

Joan caught her breath at the very the banisters. loveliness of it all and steadfastly winked away the hot tears that

like dusky, silken fans,

waiting.

Kirk smiled and Joan introduced

ter, Lunetta appeared in the door- he was one of the best-looking men way, her usually placid countenance she had ever seen. and set in sullen lines. "Mr. Carter "It's funny Burnett didn't bring "Mrs. Calhoun," he began, "you eside Ames on the wire," she said, as in those papers," she heard him say. no doubt remember the very great though she had rehearsed the sen-

tence, "asking for Miss Anne." Joan and Kirk were at the outer door when Anne ran back to them. Joan stretched and snuggled down She fastened her cousin's wrap about Mr. Burnett." among her pillows. It was Friday her with solicitous care and her

eyes were misty. told Joan in a low murmur—but not the young man. "I'm Lance Lani- she smiled back. too low for Kirk to hear. "Enjoy er." yourself for the both of us. That

that Anne go along with them there thought. Aloud, she said: was nothing to do but acquiesce. One morning as she worked mad-

of mail, Anne told her that Kirk were seated, "but I'm quite sure had phoned and asked them to go to a club dance in town that night, intently as though searching his adding placidly: "Not met you. I don't I adding placidly: to." And then before Joan could suddenly, and with a very evident

protest, she went on: "I want you flush of embarrassment, " to have my rose taffeta, Joan. The if you aren't Joan Burnett?" one with the silver girdle. It is a "Yes," she told him softly, " do to it is fix the shoulder straps." Joan's face flushed with pleasure. quoted there. "However, my dear, "Oh, Anne, are you sure you you seen you." he went on uncertainly,

> "But, of course," laughed Anne. So Joan bent to her task with redoubled energy. She did not even a minute or two and then turned his frown when Mrs. Burnett brought eyes back to her resolutely. her a long speech to "polish off and type for me, my dear," in the after- said, "and I've seen your picture." noon. It was rather a terrible mess, too, as Mrs. Burnett's club she did it surprisingly well. talks were likely to be, and Joan a picture-? Of course, they had worked on it all the afternoon.

> She was not ready when Kirk ar- of Aunt Constance's funny little rived and Anne came flying up to Irish terrier. But she hadn't known her room, bidding her hurry because that she'd been in the picture. Kirk had an appointment to see a

there didn't seem to be any thread in the house that matched the rose- all his money, isn't it?" must have heard incorrectly. "Tall, colored frock. The third time Anne awfully blond and and kind of slow- ran up the stairs to tell her to "Oh, trembled in spite of herself. "Why, please hurry, Joan, Kirk's appoint- I didn't know-"Exactly." Joan was puzzled now. ment is really awfully important "Ye gods and small sardines!" and—" Joan flung the dress across

"Run along with him, my dear," a wav."

But after Anne had left she cried

a-Anne, are you telling the truth?" and the entire evening was torture But Anne was paying no attention to her. She was apparently steeped to her with the stand of the her own particular brand of reserve that utterly baffled her, and lot of rot. For instance, that one sery. "Say, I've wanted all my life his eyes, when they met her own, her ro friends to meet that boy, and now-oh, seemed to ask a question. It was he went on. "One's money and gosh! Why didn't I stay home? Oh, as if he were compelled to believe one's friends too often depart at the of hunting licenses last fall, the asking her to set him right.

towels and sheets and pillow cases that, coming from the study, Joan age him-

"-letting a man slip through simply. your fingers like that. And such a Burnett?" man! I've no patience with you, Anne." "Yeah, letting!" vociferated her

laden, Anne laughed up at her from daughter sarcastically. Then, catching sight of Joan's disappearing form, she went on in a clear, high tone: "I simply had to let him go, mother. I couldn't bear him after I found out how he'd been stringing had lost their money. The big, poor Joan along and then laughing

That was where Anne overplayed. Joan didn't for a minute believe ture and unlimited wealth. that Kirk Calhoun was the kind of "Well, he'll know better just as man to "string any girl along, soon as I can put a call through," much less to laugh at her. He had threatened Joan, starting for the liked her. A dozen dear memories ly broken inflection brought her came rushing into her heart to sharply about. She had heard no one

She walked over to her dressing swiftly, with a lovely gesture of un-"Anne, will you promise to to ful he'd been. Then there was the and was kissing them with swift play a square game with him?" time when Anne had stopped to talk hard, eager kisses.

She asked seriously.

Anne's eyes opened widely. "Play square with Kirk Calhoun! I couldn't do anything else but, my dear. Think how rich he is!"

Anne dashed into town the next day and houselt a lovely gray lace to tak hard, eager kisses.

She bent over him and lay her cheek against his shining blond head. "Oh, Kirk," she whispered and, bending his fair head, had kissed her fingers. "You're such a real treally doesn't!"

He drew her into his arms then and houselt to here. day and bought a lovely gray lace never known any one like you be- and bent his cheek to hers.

"Joan-Joan!" Her aunt's voice, sharp with anxiety, sent her reverle crashing. She "I thought I could combat that went into the hall and leaned over attitude, though," he went on, after

"Yes, Aunt Constance." "Horace just phoned that he left for, and not Anne?" burned her lids as she pressed out those papers for Mr. Alstock on the her old white chiffon frock that had desk. He's frantic. Says they've ly. "Hhat madcap!" Then seriously, mellowed to a creamy richness of got to be in Mr. Alstock's office be'Joan, why did you tell me you
tone. Her slender silver slippers, fore the market opens in the morncouldn't ever care?"

she sat down to wait. Presently thing special I wanted to ask and—and we rode about some, and danced. Then he had to go back to work. He was awfully good-looking. Tall, you know and suphyon. Tall, you know and suphyon. Tall, you know and suphyon. He pressed her fingers then and Kirk drew a quick breath when he she was conscious of the fact that youloosened them when Anne came run- owner of the pleasant tones might they saw through Anne's deception, ence Kahn, of California,

ar.

"Why—I beg your pardon," she ing through the outer office where gasped. "I thought I heard Carty's Joan was waiting. Through the before, and Lance Lanier had claim-partially opened door her eyes took ed the best man's privilege of kiss-sentatives.

"Why—I beg your pardon," she ing through the outer office where before, and Lance Lanier had claim-partially opened door her eyes took ed the best man's privilege of kiss-sentatives.

thing and-oh, anyway-well you impatiently and poking her none too cause I'd promised not to keep him swift stock of a young man who ing the bride, that Kirk said to was pacing up and down the floor, him: pounding one fist into the open palm "Now, Lance, old man, I wan them, a little puzzled. She hadn't of his other hand. Dark brown hair you to explain to my wife about She lifted her sleep-laden lids and known that Carter Ames was com- set off the well-shaped head topping what your imagination does to you the powerful neck and broad shoul- at times." In the midst of Anne's light chat- ders. Joan decided instantly that

turned.

come in?" Joan did so. "This is worked out!" "Have a good time, darling," she Mr., Alstock my partner," explained

was Carty calling and-and he's call- smile touched the corners of her a miniature painted from a snap ed away on business. So it's the mouth. Lance Lanier! Kirk's friend! shot of you. You'll see it on his fireside for me."

mouth. Lance Lanier! Kirk's friend! shot of you. You'll see it on his fireside for me." Suspicion darkened Joan's eyes exceptionally well tailored. Poor and made her heart falter a little, young man, indeed! Well, he as well ing any attention to him. They were but when Kirk gallantly suggested as Anne had played a game, she close in each other's arms and he "Are these the papers?"

ly through an unusually large batch swung about to face her after they that I've seen you-" He frowned "I told him, of course, we'd love think I'd have forgotten that." Then, I wonder

"Yes," she told him softly, "I am." trifle long for me and all you'll need Then, with a note of mischief, "Where have you seen me?" "Well, I-er-I guess I've never

"just your-why, I really don't know." He looked out of the window for

"I'm Kirk Calhoun's friend," It was Joan's turn to flush, and But. taken some snapshots one afternoon

"Kirk's a whole hundred per cent," Lanier went on, his gaze once more Joan tried to hurry, but her fin- on the building across the street, an gers were icy and unsteady and odd frown creased between his brows. "It's rather too bad that he's lost

> "Lost-his money?" Joan's voice Lanier nodded. "Yeah, smashed," briefly. "The Street, you know-" "Oh, how-how dreadful for him!

I'm so sorry.' There was an oddly houn's only son and-and worth she said bitterly. "You'll not miss exhilarated thrill in her words. "But me, and I'm too tired to dance any- -he's young and-he can start again-She had no idea how lovely she looked, nor how appealing, with her face so compassionate, her sweetly Kirk came only once after that, grave mouth atremble with motion.

something that he didn't want to same time." Lanier was speaking Board of Game Commissioners ha Yes. Anne was telling the truth believe at all and was constantly slowly as though weighing his words been able to further its extensive sking her to set him right.

Well. "You can't imagine what a land purchase program by allocating the whole evening had been a terhelp it would be to Kirk right now \$125,000 of this extra revenue for if some of his friends would go to the purchase of State game lands It was two or three weeks later him and-well, just sort of encour- The action will increase the presen

"I'm going to him now," he said about \$325,000. "Will you go, too, Miss "Oh, do you think-I could help?"

wistfully. "Immensely." "Then, I'll go at once!" vate offices of Calhoun & Calhoun, areas to be used as Game Refuge she found herself thinking that it and public shooting grounds. Con certainly didn't look as though they siderable headway has been mad dark-paneled rooms hung with mar- Commission's \$200,000 a year lan

"Joan!" Her name spoken with a curious-She held out her hands

conscious surrender: "Oh, Kirk, I'm so-so sorry-Anne, with a dramatic flourish, marked wisely. "She might have maybe the absolutely only chance of the night that Kirk had first tak- and then she found that she couldn't able. I'll ever have to meet him. I—I've en her out. What a jolly time say anything more, because he inswered cryptically.

I'll ever have to meet him. I—I've en her out. What a jolly time say anything more, because he just got to meet him, Joanie!"

Lunetta brought in tea and cakes just got to meet him, Joanie!"

The pointments thought that Kirk had first tak- and then she found that she couldn't able. The pointments thought that Kirk had first tak- and then she found that she couldn't able. The pointments thought that Kirk had first tak- and then she found that she couldn't able.

"Of course it doesn't, sweetheart," No, indeed, Kirk hadn't laughed at he agreed. "Just for a while, though, you let it frighten you, didn't you?"

She nodded. a minute, "until Anne said-" "Oh, Kirk, can it be me you care

"Anne!" He kissed her convincing-Joan's lovely head came up quick-

quet of single violets and tiny but-ton roses that Kirk had sent her in the hollow of her shoulder.

Joan hurried, rushing madly, and member, dear, the message just made the train. The brake-you by Anne, that night when you man hauled her up the steps just as refused to go out with me? You even come downstairs. Alstock's outer office was deserted her to ask you to come down for

> talking Two men had entered the private that evening, after they had been Owen of Florida, Ruth Pratt of the form the corridor without commarried by the same bishop who New York, Edith Nourse Rogers

Lance laughed, but he was un comfortably flushed. He arose to the occasion gallantly enough though

"Mrs. Calhoun," he began, "you Joan coughed slightly. The man favor Kirk did for me once upon a time when I wanted to find out i: "I couldn't help hearing you," she the girl I-cared for really cared for apologized. "I have the papers from me or for money? Well, I just re versed conditions a little for Kirk's "That's fine," he said. "Won't you sake-and-oh, well, look how i

Kirk smiled down at his bride and

"I really did see your Joan's eyes grew big and an odd though," Lance told her. "Kirk had But Kirk and Joan weren't pay was saying pleadingly: "You said yourself, dear, that money doesn' "Sounds rather stereotyped," he matter." And she was answering gravely: "Nothing matters but love dear!"-Copyright by Public Ledger

ROYAL GIFTS WORK

PALACE STAFF OVERTIME The Buckingham Palace staff stil is working overtime returning thous ands of Christmas presents received by King George and Queen Mary. It is an annual task, and one o the heaviest in the royal household Merchants throughout the world hoping to make a customer of the King and Queen, literally flood the palace with their goods at Christ

mas. Some of the gifts are accepted but the more expensive ones are returned. Whenever the King, Queen or Prince of Wales, becomes a stead; customer of a firm, the proprietor are granted the coveted royal war rant, which allows them to display the royal crest on their front win dow with the words. "By Appoint ment to H. M. the King," or who ever grants the warrant.

Few of the thousands who sen gifts win that honor so easily, how ever. The chances are that their samples will be returned-witl

thanks. It is not only at Christmas tha the gifts arrive. Every day post men stagger into the palace witl mailbags full of parcels. A clerl enters all the goods in a ledger The King's mail consists chiefly o cigars, cigarettes and articles ap pealing to the sportsman. If he kep all the tobacco sent him in one year there would be enough in stock a the palace to last the Kings of Eng land through several regins.

The value of all the gifts averag \$150,000 a year, one official has esti mated.

PURCHASE OF LANI

Due to a large increase in the salfiscal year's allotment for lands t

Since 1927, when the Legislatur authorized the setting aside of 7. cents from each hunter's license fo the purchase and maintenance o additional State game lands th Game Commission has extended ev As Joan was ushered into the pri- ery effort toward acquiring suitabl during the past few years with th velous old paintings and tapestries purchase program. During 1931 spoke softly, harmoniously, of cultotal of 82,667 acres was added bringing the total holdings to 298. 819 acres, situated in thirty-thre counties. The largest blocks are i Elk, Jefferson, Sullivan and Brac

ford counties. The Commission expects to us some of the recently appropriate revenue to purchase additional land in small game territory just as rapidly as such areas become avail

FINEST CITY IN THE WORLD

When George Washington wa president he planned to build a gres and beautiful city for the Capital c the Nation. But plans to carry of these intentions did not begin t materialize until a few years ag when the first big appropriation were made by Congress.

After the depression hit the nation in 1929 there seemed to be

unanimous opinion that "now is th time" to start an immense govern ment building program in the Caj itol City; thus reaffirming the ol doctrine that "there is no great los but what there is some small gain America may have lost its financi: shirt but it will gain the finest cit in the world-for that is just wha Washington is to become.

George Washington always spok of our Capitol as "the Feder: City," and his meaning was cles that it was the city that belonged 1 all the people—even to you and me Therefore, every citizen of th United States has reason to fe pride in the fact that his, or Capitol City is being tranformed in to a creation of structural and a: tistic beauty beyond the dream any other nation.

Q .- How many women are in th United States Congress? A .- Mrs. Thaddeus Caraway, An then with dazzling clearness Arkansas, in the Senate, and Flo It was not, however, until late Norton of New Jersey, Ruth Brys