

General Fund Revenue Gains

Daily Dispatch Bureau, In the Sir Walter Hotel, By LYNN NISBET.

Feb. 7. General fund revenue collections for January, as shown by report of the State Department of Revenue, were well above collection for the same month last year, with sales tax, income and beverage taxes accounting for most of the gain. However, they fell well below collection for December when income payments accounted for nearly half the total.

For the first time in many months automobile license tag sales exceeded the same month of the previous year and almost as unusual the January sales went above those in December, according to monthly report of the motor vehicles department. This accounted for largely by the prevailing uncertainty around the last few days of December as to whether taxes would be good for any sort of motor traffic after January 1.

Gasoline taxes still were far behind both January and December of 1942. This and franchise taxes which have tended to hold up motor vehicle collections, show inclination to "level off," since the monthly increase was low for some time.

Percentage gains more indicative of trend than actual collection figures, it is interesting, therefore, to note that while general revenue collections were up 22.91 per cent over the previous January, the December report showed gains over the preceding December of 35.64 per cent. While the increase was less, the decrease in gasoline collections was more. January was down 34.31 per cent from the year before, whereas in December the drop was only 24.36 per cent from the corresponding month in 1941.

Motor vehicles receipts, while showing a gain of \$4,165 for January as compared with the previous month, showed a decline of about \$600,000 for the seven months of the fiscal year from the same 1941 period.

Alcohol has been produced from banana in French Guinea, on the west African coast.

DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
- Addition sign
 - Long cut
 - Mistake
 - Volume of maps
 - Dwarfish
 - Pillar of stone
 - Like a wing
 - Not working
 - Indian of Mexico
 - By way of
 - Ventilate
 - Resort
 - A list
 - Daisy
 - Mark of a wound
 - Male red deer
 - Swollen
 - Balance
 - Land measures
 - Fast
 - Male nickname
 - Spills
 - Sleeveless garment
 - Primitive chisel
 - Existing
 - Article of virtue
 - Racing horse
 - A fruit
 - Rational
 - Merriment

- DOWN
- An Apostle
 - American moth
 - Extreme
 - Pig pen
 - Fuel

Yesterday's Answer

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

- DOWN
- An Apostle
 - American moth
 - Extreme
 - Pig pen
 - Fuel

CRYPTOQUOTE—A cryptogram quotation
 RWIG LKPWGC ILS WKC GWIG UILS
 FEG CGLKXS OEL GWSV?—GSFFHCFE
 Yesterday's Cryptoquote: HONEST MEN ARE THE SOFT
 EASY CUSHIONS ON WHICH KNAVES REPOSE AND FAT-
 TEN—OTWAY.
 Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc

Advances in Treatment Of Infantile Paralysis

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.
ON THIS occasion which corresponds to the President's annual celebration, which he very properly and intelligently deli-

Dr. Clending will answer questions of general interest only, and then only through his column.

comes to a thought about the disease of infantile paralysis, this column takes the opportunity to discuss the progress in the treatment of this condition.

Unquestionably all interest has been centered upon the Kenny treatment, which consists in re-education of the paralyzed muscles—in the first stage the use of hot water packs or towels over the paralyzed muscles and in a later stage, commanding the patient to use muscles that are paralyzed. All credit must be given to Miss Elizabeth Kenny, who is a nurse—not a doctor—and who has convinced the medical professions of North America and Great Britain that it is possible to rehabilitate muscle groups by external heat and voluntary control by command.

The process of such re-education in the poliomyelitis victim is not easy. Not minutes, but hours and days and weeks are spent in teaching the patient to move one little muscle of the hand, or of the foot, or of the arm or of the leg.

Hope of Great Success
The teacher must be patient beyond all human conception of patience; the victim also must be helpful. But one day both teacher and pupil find that the muscles they have been working on does really work. And then patience is replaced by enthusiasm. From that point onward they can work together and accomplish the results that are seen in every Kenny Clinic.

Even the most hard-boiled of my colleagues have been convinced that method holds out hope for great success. I have been interested in one little chap myself since a year and one-half ago. He

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R. J. SCOTT

FRUIT FLIES CAN MULTIPLY TO THE 30th GENERATION IN ONE YEAR.

FOR MANY CENTURIES IMPERIAL CHINA DECLARED THAT THIS SMALL CIRCULAR STONE WAS THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE.

WHEN WAS THE FIRST SUBMARINE INVENTED?
ONE WAS MADE ABOUT 800 BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

A KOOKABURRA AND A KANGAROO ARE COMMONLY FOUND TOGETHER.

THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY

NO, WE DIDN'T RENT THE TRAILER TO A DEFENSE WORKS—THE PLAN AND MAN GO OUT EVERY AFTERNOON. FIRE UP AND JUST SIT AND LOOK AT OLD SNAP SHOTS OF THEIR LAST TRIP—GEE, PASTLE WALKER YOU TUGHTER HEAR PRAE CUSS!

ON THE HOME FRONT

Where Contentment Lies

by SUSAN SHERIDAN

SYNOPSIS
 KAY STEVENS, a reasonable young girl, president of McClure's department store in New York, feels herself seriously attracted to Jake.

JONATHAN JAKIE KRER, talented pianist, who has refused all professional offers. Kay has been very friendly with.

DAVID BANNING, JR., 35-year-old president of the concern, since she first started to work there. Her last friend in the city is her cousin.

HENRIETTA PAGE, who lives in Greenwich Village.

YESTERDAY Jake recalls how he happened to meet Kay at the party.



CHAPTER ELEVEN
 JAKE WONDERED afterward if the hand of fate hadn't been working overtime that night of Tony's party. Seeing Kay there surely upset any ideas he might have had that he didn't love her. He might have been all right if she had been sleek and polished and unobtainable in a dashing black satin dress. It was that soft rose thing she wore. He was haunted for days afterwards by the way she looked when he said good night to her. Wistful, tender, unprotected. Where had his courage been?

In desperation he finally called her at her office. "Miss Stevens is away," he was informed.

He rushed over to Het's. "Where has Kay gone?" he demanded before the door was wide open.

"Hello. Come on in and sit down." "Hello, sweetheart. Don't mind me. It's just come over me that I've got to see Kay, right away, today." He was out of breath.

"That would be a bit difficult. She happens to be in California."

He sank down on a chair, crestfallen. "What's she gone out there for?" he asked after a long minute.

"Business trip." Then she added deliberately. "With David Banning."

"With Banning?" Jake was out of his seat. "It hardly seems necessary to me that they go together."

"I don't know that it was entirely necessary. Even a casual observer with open eyes could see that David welcomes any attractive girl he has to be anywhere Kay is." Het had been cleaning some paint brushes when Jake barged in, and she went calmly on with the job. She wanted Jake to digest what she had said.

"How does she feel about him?" Jake wanted to know.

"I'm not sure. David has a lot to offer any girl. And I have a hunch that he's going to offer it all to Kay while they're away." She was taking a wild chance. But everything had always been too easy for Jake.

Jake sat with his head in his hands for a long time, silent.

"The obvious alternative is that I don't have anything to offer," he said wearily.

"That's not true, Jake," Het objected. "But let's get the facts straight, so I'll know what we're talking about. Are you seriously thinking of asking Kay to marry you?"

"I don't know. Yes, I guess I am. But what's the use? You yourself have just pointed out the absurdity of it all," he said with scorn.

Het put down her brushes, dried her hands. She walked over and stood near Jake, her arm stretched along the mantelpiece.

"David has certain factors in his favor, if a woman is searching for

An ideal husband. I don't mean his money or position," she insisted, but he has a stability. You feel that under David's surface there's a foundation of solid rock, something so firm that no matter what happened it could never be shaken."

"Nobody could ever say that of me," Jake admitted with a wry smile. That smile of his always warmed a special spot in Het's heart. She guessed it was time to be nice to Jake.

"No, they couldn't." She put her hand on Jake's shoulder. "But that doesn't mean there isn't anything to be said in your favor." She thought of all the girls who had lost their heads over him, and sighed. "You're an attractive man with a certain something that some people might prefer to solidity."

"Which do you think counts most with Kay?" He was almost afraid to ask.

"That's a question I think you'll have to discover the answer to yourself."

Jake got up out of the chair, began pacing the floor. "Maybe by the time Kay gets back it will be too late."

"That's possible. You'd have no one but yourself to blame. Why haven't you called her up, been to see her?" she asked impatiently.

"For a very good reason. Off hand, I'd say there wasn't anyone in New York less qualified to marry that girl, either financially or temperamentally. But I'm past caring about that." He shrugged his shoulders.

"Kay will be home in about a week. That's not long. You can get it all settled then."

"A week seems like eternity to me right now. She may be engaged to work by then." He quashed out his cigarette in an ash tray. "I'll kiss her cheek and left."

Two hours later he called her up.

"Goodby, sweetheart, I'm off."

"Where to?"

HUMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye

"A Permanent Guest!"

OKAY, KID GET HIS SEABAG WHILE I THROW HIM OUT!
 GEE! I NEVER SAW SUCH A CHUMP!
 I HADN'T SAID!
 I AM STAYIN' HERE!
 THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
 TAKE HIS SEABAG OUTSIDE—HE'S COMING OUT!
 OKAY, BOSS!
 I AM STAYIN' HERE!
 GEE!
 OKAY, ANYTHING YOU SAY!

BLONDIE—(Registered U. S. Patent Office) An "Our Gang" Comedy!

By Chic Young

MAMA'S STILL MAD AT ME ON ACCOUNT OF LAST NIGHT!
 COULD I SEE IF YOU CAN GET IT UP FOR ME LARRY?
 I'LL DO WHAT I CAN FOR YOU!
 WAIT IF YOU GO IN THERE HOLDING COOKIES BY THE HAND IT WILL LOOK AWKWARD!
 WAIT A MINUTE I'VE GOT EVEN A BETTER IDEA I'LL MAKE A PRODUCTION NUMBER OUT OF IT!
 YOU'LL BE THE FIRST TO KNOW!

By PAUL ROBINSON

COME OUT OF THAT GARAGE!
 ETTA! ARE YOU CRAZY? THIS IS A JOB FOR THE POLICE!
 I KNOW YOU'RE HIDING IN THERE COME ON OUT!
 A GIRL!
 NATURALLY!
 PUT THAT LIGHT DOWN PLEASE!
 WELL?
 I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ALONE!

THE GUMPS—DOG GONE

BASIL BOFFINGTON-BRUNCH-AM-THE NAME ISN'T FAMILIAR, BUT THAT FACE I FELT ALL ALONG I HAD SEEN HIM BEFORE—BUT WHERE? AW! HERE HE COMES NOW!
 GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. GUMPS!
 AWK!
 GO AWAY!! IN HEAVEN'S NAME, THERE'S NOTHING TO GET PANICKY ABOUT—HE'S A FRIENDLY LITTLE FELLOW—
 COME NOW, MR. BOFFINGTON-BRUNCH! THERE'S NOTHING TO GET PANICKY ABOUT—HE'S A FRIENDLY LITTLE FELLOW—
 GO AWAY!! GO AWAY!! GO AWAY!!