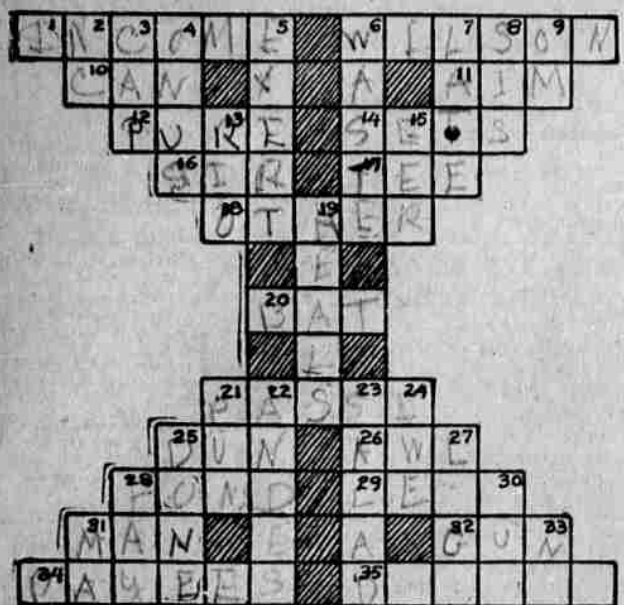


Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

A BRIDGE OF SIGHTS—Puzzle No. 85
By J. C. BOYD



- HORIZONTAL**
- 1—revenue
 - 6—an American president
 - 10—container
 - 11—point
 - 12—undeffiled
 - 14—collections
 - 16—conventional term of respectful address to men
 - 17—small mound of sand
 - 18—not the same
 - 20—nocturnal fly
- VERTICAL**
- 2—Southern states (abbr.)
 - 3—top
 - 4—burden
 - 5—put forth in energy
 - 6—squander
 - 7—tardy
 - 8—nickname for a relative
 - 9—a mystic ejaculation of the Hindus
 - 13—river (Span.)
 - 15—ever (poet)
 - 19—cures
 - 21—witicism
 - 22—South American mountain range
 - 23—relish
 - 24—female sheep
 - 25—accomplished
 - 27—supports
 - 28—a fairy spirit
 - 30—country (Lat.)
 - 31—a parent
 - 33—point of compass

Herewith is solution to Puzzle No. 84.



Cynthia Grey Says:

By CYNTHIA GREY
(Copyright, 1925, NEA Service, Inc.)
THE first time I ever saw a white peacock, the picture of Pearl Whitmore flashed into my mind. Pearl is the white-skinned proud type of girl who looks as if her duty in life is to drug several yards of gold-cloth around a Winter Garden revue. But Pearl thought she had another mission in life . . . to reform Jack Yule.

Jack Yule is the wayward son of parents who have more money than is good for them. Mrs. Yule spends her time trying to know people who don't want to know her. And Yule, senior, manages to live through the long days sitting in the window of the Stentorian Club reading the London newspapers.

Pearl's method of reforming Jack is to go with him on parties to gay restaurants on the country roads, and to tell him that he's leading the wrong kind of life—after the parties are over.

"Dear boy," she said to me one day when I met her at a party, "his mother has never given him real care. And his father gave him up long ago. Jack has no ideals."

I wondered if Pearl had any herself. She certainly had taste in clothes. She was wearing a white coat and a little silver turban with a peacock feather sweeping from it.

"When are you going to marry Jack and reform him?" I asked her, trying not to laugh. She only smiled mysteriously and drifted away.

But Pearl never married Jack Yule. For the next week he met Joy Johnson, who taught the first reader room at South school.

Joy is not a pretty girl. She's little and dark but she's full of fun. Children love her.

About a month later Jack and Joy ran away to New York and were married.

"His mother wondered what he could see in anyone so serious-minded as a school teacher," Pearl, vain as always, told us while displaying a large engagement ring from Len Bradley. "But he said he needed some one who could teach him some of the things he's missed. Don't ask me what he meant; I'm no mind-reader."

But the rest of us suspected that what he meant is that Joy is the kind of a girl who can show him the fine things of life, the things one can't learn in roadhouses and lobster palaces.

Home Hints

DON'T wash meats more than is absolutely necessary, especially game and fowl, as it has a tendency to destroy the natural flavor. Fresh meat should always be put into boiling water, and salt meat into cold.

Soft Stove Polish
If stove polish becomes too hard and dry to apply easily, add a little turpentine.

Use Borax
Use borax instead of starch for sheer collars. It makes them transparent and new-looking.

Slicing Onions
Always slice onions under a running faucet.

Always Weigh
Don't guess the quantity of anything—always weigh or measure. Accuracy is the secret of success in cooking.

A Foot Pad

A foot pad, which can be made from old rags or mats, saves your energy when you are forced to stand in one spot while ironing or washing. It should be made about two feet square and stuffed to the thickness of one inch.

Eliminates Odor

If you keep camphor balls on top of the oil-burner tank, there will be no unpleasant odor from it.

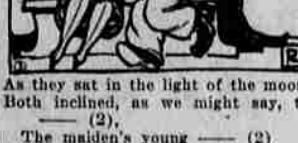


GUESSWORD LIMERICK

As they sat in the light of the moon,
Both inclined, as we might say, to
(1),
The maiden's young — (2)
From some place or — (3)
Came upon them a moment too —
(4).

(1) Pet, fondle or clinch.
(2) Male offspring of one's own father and mother.
(3) Not this one.
(4) Early, prematurely.

Today's Styles



This attractive spring ensemble comes in hyacinth-colored flat crepe trimmed with bands of ribbon and broad worked into a pattern. The coat is long and unlined and is worn over a sleeveless tube frock. The tie fastening is unique.

Key Positions in Department to be Changed in March

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28. — Not only the attorney generalship but several other key positions in the departments of justice are included in the turnover of official personnel in prospect for the next few weeks. Augustus T. Seymour of Ohio is expected to give up his post as assistant to the attorney general about March 1 and return to the practice of law in Columbia.

There already are two vacancies in assistant attorney generalship and Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, in charge of prohibition cases, is believed likely to leave the department in the near future, even should President Coolidge decide not to follow recommendations that she be named to a federal judgeship in California. In addition Heber Votaw, superintendent of prisons, has handed in his resignation. Attorney General Stone, whose nomination to the supreme court is pending in the senate has decided to fill none of these places so that his successor, Charles B. Warren of Michigan, will have a free hand in re-aligning the personnel of the department.

CROSS-WORD FOR KIDDIES



Jerry On the Job



YOU'RE AN HONEST YOUNG MAN.
TUT TUT—NOT AT ALL—NOT AT ALL.

WELL, MR FIGSBY—IT ONLY GOES TO SHOW YOU THAT HONEST PEOPLE GETS REWARDED—

THE CONDUCTOR FORGETS TO ASK ME FOR MY CAR FARE—SO I WHIPS A DOLLAR OUTA MY POCKET AND I SAYS—TAKE IT OUTA THIS. ANY I HONEST?

YES—BUT WHAT ABOUT THE REWARD?

HE GIMME \$1.95 CHANGE.

Radio Programs

Among the Eugene fans newly-bitten by the radio bug is W. H. (Obak) Wallace, who says his six-tube has the best reception of any outfit he has seen.

"If you want to hear some 100 per cent reception by radio," says Mr. Wallace, "just come over to my home Sunday afternoons when we're tuning in to KGW."

Mr. Wallace lives at 1105 Jackson, and his receiving outfit is on wheels, so it can be rolled to any part of the room.

Last night's programs on the coast were good, but long drawn out. The Broncho Busters at Calgary put on a good entertainment, but on account of reading names of their enthusiastic fans, they weakened their program. Bess Rudisill and Rhue Gill sang some snappy jazz pieces—the best on the program of KFI, Los Angeles, and KGW, Portland, was just ordinary. The KNX program "The Advancement of the West," was the best received here for many moons.

Tonight's programs:
KGW—Portland—485.1 Meters.
7:15 p. m.—Police, weather and market reports and news bulletins.
7:45 p. m.—Service from the big tabernacle, conducted by Professor C. T. Everson.

10 p. m.—George Olsen's Metropolitan orchestra of the Hotel Portland.
KGO—Oakland—299 Meters.
Silent Night—January 28.
KFI—Los Angeles—469 Meters.
6:45 to 7:30 p. m.—Nick Harris program.

7:30 to 8:00 p. m.—Goodwin, Klingler and Mackay Co., program.
8:00 to 9:00 p. m.—Evening Herald program.

10:00 to 11:00 p. m.—Patrick Marsh orchestra under the direction of Patrick and Marsh with Betty Petrick, soloist.

KNX—Hollywood—337 Meters.
11:00 a. m.—Dr. T. Floyd Brown, plastic and cosmetic surgeon, in brief lectures.

6:15 p. m.—Dinner hour program.
8:00 p. m.—Security Trust and Savings bank sponsoring.

9:00 p. m.—Carson Burch Baking company, in a varied program.
10:00 p. m.—Hollywoodland Dance orchestra.

KFO—San Francisco—423 Meters.
5:30 to 6:30 p. m.—Children's hour stories by Big Brother of KFO, taken from the Book of Knowledge.
7:00 to 7:30 p. m.—Rudy Seiger's Fairmont hotel orchestra, broadcast by wire telephony.

8:00 to 11:00 p. m.—E. Max Bradford's versatile band playing in the Palace room bowl, "Uncle Josh" of KPO (Guy Kibber).
KMH—Los Angeles—395 Meters.
6:00 to 6:30 p. m.—Biltmore hotel concert orchestra.
6:30 to 7:30 p. m.—American history series.
8:00 to 10:00 p. m.—Program.
10:00 to 11:00 p. m.—Biltmore hotel dance orchestra.

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CROSS-WORD FOR KIDDIES



FLAPPER FANNY says—



Many a modern wife would sooner roast her friend than fry her husband a steak.

NOW, YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS—

Thermo, a Barometer Cat, That Tells Changes in Weather, Is Going to The White House



Thermo, champion weather forecaster.

By GENE COHN
(NEA Service Writer)
EAST HAMPTON, Conn., Jan. 28.— Now, you won't believe this— But the weather prophet for this entire countryside is a malleable cat.

In most places they ask: "How's the barometer?" But over here they say: "How's the cat acting?"

Now, you won't believe this— But whenever a storm is brewing, Thermo, for such is his name, begins to run around in circles.

He can smell a storm as far as he can smell a mouse and it gets him just as excited. It matters little whether it be winter or summer; rainstorms or snowstorms, rain showers or hail storms, Thermo, the barometric feline, does his stuff with a degree of accuracy that would put to shame the highly organized weather bureaus

THE GUARD AVIARY

THE Bluejay is a rascal and He lives a life of ease. In fact, to other birds he is A bully and a tease. He'll sit and watch some other bird At work the livelong day. And then he'll steal the new-made nest And chase the bird away.

Life's Darkest Moment



FORBIDDEN!

By KATHERINE MOORE
Author of "Love"

NANCY PROVES HER GUILT
Chapter 73
For the next week the police kept constantly in touch with us. They questioned and probed in their endeavor to throw some light on the attempted kidnaping. They also interviewed Tom Barney in order to obtain every detail he could give them in regards to his finding of Kent Jr.

But nothing came of it, and Nancy never returned or claimed her suitcase. The deductions were evident. We knew now that the kidnaping had been carefully planned out and arranged for. The thoughts of it all made me shudder.

I watched Kent, Jr. constantly like a jealous mother cat that hovers over her tiny, precious kittens. When over her tiny, precious kittens. When might have happened, I felt profoundly thankful. But my mind and jaded nerves were far from being quieted.

My brain rushed back and turned over different remarks that Nancy had made. At the time I had not thought greatly about them. I recalled the time she had been impressed with the value and abundance of my silver, and again how she had remarked that Mr. Armour must be very wealthy. Then again I remembered how she persisted in staying out so late night after night in spite of my displeasure and request for her not to do so. I knew that even though she had not been inclined as somebody suspected a coming blizzard and had wired for Thermo.

"I just got the cat back," the owner explained. "A big ice dealer has had him for several days. This man didn't know whether or not to take a crew over to the lake to cut ice. If a blizzard was coming he would want to wait. Well, Thermo told him, and sure enough the blizzard came next day. Thermo has made lots of money for farmers and business men and almost anybody.

"We didn't know at first what the queer spells were that Thermo got. But we noticed that within a day, and sometimes a few hours after he had them, along came a storm. Of course you won't believe it—but—"

It was inevitable that sooner or later Thermo would find himself among the great of the land and be worth his weight in catnip.

Possibly when he was one of a litter of six he purred to his mother: "Can I be president when I grow up?" "To which his mother wisely replied: "Well, at least you'll be in the White House."

And that is going to happen, for James is going to present Thermo to President Coolidge and, maybe, the president will appoint him to a position in the weather bureau where he may more than once prove a better guesser than the weather man.

if he had loved me before, now he seemed almost to worship. Every last atom of difference of feeling or misunderstanding between us was forever torn away. Our souls at last seemed to be completely and exquisitely merged into one. It was as though the binding ropes of perverted sense and desire that had held Kent's soul from mine had been cut asunder and he had come rushing to me. And every bit of blinding narrowness dropped from my heart's vision and I at last beheld Kent in his real strength and goodness.

"Honest, soul-stirring love is the most wonderful thing in the world—isn't it, Babs?" Kent said to me one evening after Kent, Jr. had gone to bed and we were sitting together in the living room.

I leaned over and pressed his hand and he held mine tightly.

"I have never realized before what a marvelous force and power it is," he went on. "Once you feel it—once real love catches you up and claims you, you have to follow it through to the end. You can't step aside or forget. No matter what happens, you can't disclaim it—for it is woven into your heart as a very part of your life."

I watched Kent's face as he talked. This last experience which we had been through had aed him perceptibly. His face had new lines in it. They were lines of strength and discovery.

"And that is where the difference between happiness and misery comes in," he mused. "If love is deep and straight and clean, it will purge you of every grief and unhappiness. Its birthright is nobility, and if you resist it there is nothing left for you but misery."

"And for us, dearest, for us, it has brought wonderful happiness, hasn't it?" I asked, and for answer Kent caught me up passionately in his strong arms. "And love must always be mutual, dearest," I whispered. "That is why ours has been so enduring and powerful."

"Yes, Babs, or better yet, a peculiar three-cornered love. We couldn't feel quite so happy or complete without baby Kent. I am afraid he has done more for me than I am ever going to be able to thank him for. He has filled my life with hope and given me something to work and strive for, and no love is big or worth much without service in it."

Tomorrow—The Seal of Friendship.



40 Years of Helpful Service
FIRST NATIONAL BANK of Eugene
SINCE 1883

The Reward of Honesty



REACH OUT

The man with capital is always ready to reach out and make the most of opportunities that others must pass by.

Make 1925 a year of financial progress by maintaining a banking connection here at the First National. Ask for the opportunity of working with you on problems of business or finance.

40 Years of Helpful Service
FIRST NATIONAL BANK of Eugene
SINCE 1883

St. Jacob's Oil
RUB CHEST COLDS AWAY; STOP PAINS
Pain and congestion is gone. Quickly—Yes. Almost instant relief from chest colds, sore throat, headache, lumbago follows a gentle rubbing with St. Jacob's Oil.
Rub this soothing, penetrating oil right on your chest and like magic relief comes. St. Jacob's Oil is a harmless liniment which quickly breaks chest colds, soothes the inflammation of the throat and breaks up the congestion that causes pain. It never disappears and does not burn the skin. Get a 35 cent bottle of St. Jacob's Oil at any drug store. It has been recommended for 65 years.



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