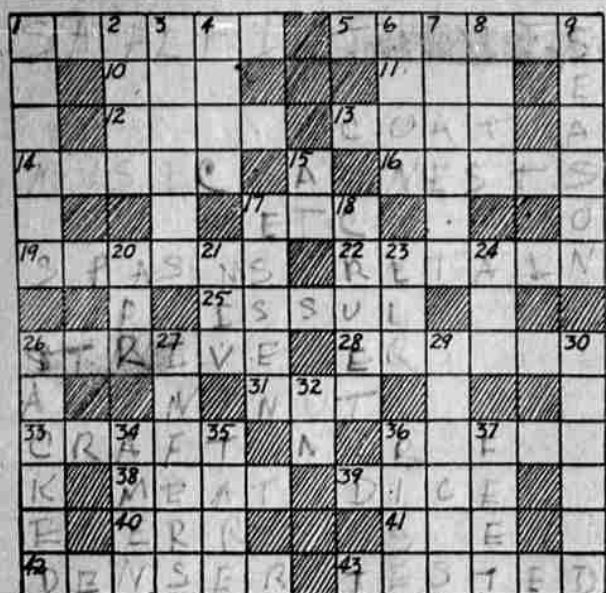


Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

THE HIDDEN SWASTIKA—Puzzle No. 87. By J. C. BOYD



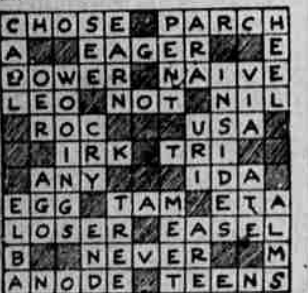
HORIZONTAL

- 1—protecting device
2—rather
5—customs
10—fantastic grimace (obs.)
11—Greek letter
12—appendage
13—an outer garment
14—melodious sound
16—bird's habitations
17—and so forth
19—convulsions
22—hold on
25—come forth

VERTICAL

- 1—blazes
2—insect's eggs
3—draws water from
4—heroic poem
6—extended over
7—view
8—gives (Scot.)
9—division of the year
15—reposition
17—German manufacturing city
18—small glass bottle
20—a month (abbr.)
21—1904 (Roman)
23—ever (poet.)
24—priest's white vestment
26—pillaged
27—deduces
29—classified
30—classified
32—prefix signifying the opposite
34—so be it
35—weed
36—get up
37—part of the body (pl.)

Herewith is solution to Puzzle No. 86.



Cynthia Grey Says:

By CYNTHIA GRAY
I OPEN my look at Christine Scott and think what a lot of waste she represents. For Christine is almost so now, and of course she'll never marry and be the mother whom Nature intended her to be.

GUESSWORD LIMERICK



Oh, sing me a song of the south
As it is since the days of the — (1)
But if you say — (2)
Or lilies or — (3)
I'll tell you to hush up your — (4).

Home Hints

WHEN putting meringue on puddings and pies heap it on unevenly, as it is much more attractive this way when delicately browned.

Use Vinegar

Ammonia will sometimes change the color of fabric on which it has been used to remove spots. When this is the case, apply vinegar to restore it.

Making Lemon Pies

When making lemon pies always allow the filling to become cool before you pour it into the shell that has been previously baked.

Today's Styles



This dress is in red and gold brocade trimmed with sable. It is made with a straight back and worn with a Spanish motif. If the bobbed hair maid wants a wig with it, one of a dull red color is worn.

Jerry On the Job



Radio Programs

Chimes from Trinity church in New York city were heard in Eugene by Dr. Eugene Olsen, 955 Twentieth avenue east, Dr. Olsen has also listened to Houston, Tex., Mexico City, Boston, Mass., and Atlanta, Ga., on his Grebe.

The newboys' band of Edmonton, Alta., will be on the air after 7:30 tonight. This is station CNR, 450 meters. Calgary, CPAC, announces a musical concert from 9 to 10 p. m.

KGW—Portland—485.1 Meters. 7:15 p. m.—Police, weather and market reports and news bulletins. 8 p. m.—University of Oregon extension lectures; Professor James H. Gilbert, head department of economics; subject, "That Plane and Bane of Interstate Competition."

KX—Los Angeles—469 Meters. 6:45 to 8 p. m.—Aeolian organ recital with Mr. Dan McFarland at the console. 8 to 9 p. m.—Evening Herald program. 9 to 10 p. m.—Examiner program.

KJ—Los Angeles—395 Meters. "The Harmony Trio;" Amadeo Heas, violinist; Caroline Reno, pianist. KMX—Hollywood—317 Meters. 6:30 p. m.—Don Marcellus and his orchestra. 8 p. m.—Feature program. 10 p. m.—Amateur Hour. 11 p. m.—Abe Lyman's Coconut Grove orchestra, Ambassador hotel.

KPO—San Francisco—423 Meters. 1 to 2 p. m. and 4:30 to 5:30 p. m.—Rudy Seiger's Fairmount hotel orchestra, broadcast by wire telephony. KJH—Los Angeles—395 Meters. 2:30 to 3:30 p. m.—Matinee musicale through the courtesy of the Pacific States Electric company, presenting Grace Currey, harpist; Geo. Hood, reader, and Mary Newkirk Bower, soprano. 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.—Children's program. 7:30 to 8:30 p. m.—Children's program. 8:30 to 9:30 p. m.—Children's program. 9:30 to 10:30 p. m.—Children's program.

FLAPPER FANNY says-



JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

Story by Hal Cochran—Drawings by L. W. Redner



BY this time the plane was right overhead. "Oh, I believe it is going to pass right on and not stop here," shouted Dotty Daw. "Oh, no!" replied a lumberjack. "Just wait and see." And, almost as he said it, the plane turned around and started to slowly drift down to the ground. Dotty saw was thrilled.



NEVER had Dotty Daw seen a prettier landing. The great plane suddenly stopped purring and just floated to the ground. It made its landing quite a ways from where Dotty sat, but after it reached the ground it bobbed right along towards the pile of logs and finally came to a stop right in front of the little girl.



"HELLO, everybody," shouted a voice from the plane. "Hello, yourself," replied one of the lumberjacks. Little Dotty was so excited she just couldn't say anything. Then, you can imagine her surprise when the grown-up pilot of the plane hopped to the ground. She thought this was her cousin. (Continued.)

Always take a green-meter taxi when in New York. Inconsequential statistics: Most of the big men in Brooklyn are Italian. Most of them in the Bronx are Jewish. The largest chop suey palace in New York is on Fulton street in Brooklyn. It seats 1100 and very often is filled. A tie-up of five minutes in the subway during rush hours will stall 14 trains and make 17,500 people late at office or home. There are 17,500 taxicabs in New York City. There are four meter rates, indicated by red, white, blue, and green flags. The green flag is the cheapest rate, the red is the highest.

Poker Portrait



FORBIDDEN!

By KATHERINE MOORE Author of "Love"

THE LITTLE WHITE COTTAGE AT LAST

It seemed as if Kent had been reading my thoughts. "The cottage is our last, Babs. The papers were signed and everything settled up today," he told me eagerly one evening when I greeted him at the front door. "At last, Kent—oh, I'm so glad," I declared fervently. He slipped off his overcoat and hung it in the hall closet. Then he followed me into the living room. My mind had rushed on into the future and I longed to jump immediately into the spring or in some way lessen the time before our home in the country would become a reality. I had waited so long already. "Do you think we will have to wait until May, Babs? Couldn't we manage to go soon—maybe next month?" he suggested.

Window Doorway

Where there are two doors from the living room to the sun room, one may be closed permanently and treated like a window, as is the one shown here. It furnishes more wall space and adds to the decorative beauty of the home.

Military Obedience

there in the country," Kent declared one day when he had just come back from making arrangements for having coal in the cellar and a few other final touches. "Hurry up into dinner, dear. I have a fine hot oyster stew that will warm you up," I answered, hurrying down the hall toward the kitchen. "Come, dear," I called again when I had everything on the table. Kent was some time in coming and I had to go after him. I found him in the nursery leaning over the crib of Kent Jr.'s little bed. He was across the room at me and I motioned for him to hurry. "I'm sorry he isn't awake to see goodnight to you, Kent. He has a little cold and put himself to bed early," I explained as we sat down to dinner. "I wonder if we ought to move before the warm weather. It will be beautiful up there in the spring," Kent questioned a little doubtfully. "Oh, yes, don't let's wait a moment longer," I urged. Kent's cold was just a tiny one and he'll be all right surely in three or more weeks. "And, Kent, somehow I want to be there when the spring comes. I want to be there waiting for it like I did I waited for all the deep snow and understanding of your love to wash itself before me. There is something strangely wonderful about seeing the beautiful things of nature reveal themselves slowly but surely. Kent caught my hand across the table and held it a minute in his. He did not answer. "Am I a little hard to understand, dear?" I teased. "His forehead puckered. "There, Kent—women are so distractingly inconsistent. One minute I'm weeping down your neck and sheer, undiluted joy, and then you're in my arms and I'm still weeping while the March winds are still blowing and the thermometer remains at freezing. Don't mind me—please don't change the date of our moving. I can't wait another day, day," I pleaded. "All right, little mother, don't worry about it. You know your own mind that you always have your own way. In fact, I'm just beginning to believe I'm becoming henpecked," he added, but his eyes were laughing and told me he was much beloved me. "But Kent, do you know there is just one thing which makes me so badly about leaving the city, I and the thoughts of it make me so very nervous." "Yes, Babs, I know," he answered slowly. "It's leaving the Babs. And I don't like it myself." "And there is going to be one more one who will miss his Babs very much," I suggested. "Don't let's talk about it. Kent ejaculated. He got up from his chair and paced back and forth nervously. "I guess it's just like you to always be running around with brown eyes and a blue nose, and to always be running around with the big happy eyes."