



WIDE WATERS
By CAPTAIN A. E. DINGLE
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CHAPTER II
DRAKE pushed through the glass doors of a pretentious pub he had known years ago. As soon as he entered he knew the old time atmosphere was gone. True, the few men standing at the bar, or sitting down in the private cubby holes, had the mark of the sea upon them; but they were steamer men. Their hands were white, and their clothes cut with scrupulous avoidance of nautical pattern. As he stepped to the bar and called for a drink, he heard no subdued rumble of men discussing his strange attire. In any real sailor-town bar somebody would have howled at his dinner clothes.

Drake stayed half an hour, and left full of amazement at the change that had come over Sailortown in a few short years. He felt it would be useless to proceed by gradations. He hurriedly raked over his memory for directions, unwilling to ask, and plunged off through the dripping fog again. Now the street he traversed was blighted with sound, garish with flaming kerosene torches. Pub doors swung with a regularity that kept a shaft of yellow light stabbing across the fog blinded pavement. A happy sailor cruised by, a large-hatted lady lovingly draped on each arm.

Drake laughed contentedly. This was Sailortown, as of old.

By a winding traverse that had taken him into a dozen colorful resorts, Drake arrived, just before midnight, right in the thick of the life his heart craved for.

A fat man wheeled after him.

"Me, too, matey. That ain't no place for a sailor no more. Hoss racin' an' chuckin' fish about! Wat's th' world comin' to I dunno," puffed the friendly stranger, heaving alongside and keeping step. Drake glanced at him as they passed against a lighted window. It was a fat little man. A roly-poly little red man. A battered cheeseburger cap squatted him down solidly upon gray-shot red curls above a rubicund gray eye face. The battered cap looked as if it were new, battered by design for better comfort; which it was.

"I was looking for The Chain Locker," said Drake, glad of the company proffered. The man looked at a sailor, anyhow. He did seem fat and overfed, perhaps, for a deep waterman; no doubt he had been getting rid of a thumping payday; maybe he got a bit soft, like Drake.

"Me, too, matey," the fat sailor wheezed. "C'm alonga me, I'll show yer." He gripped Drake's elbow with his fat, short fingers; and Drake felt as if his arm had been seized in a rat trap. That grip surely had been developed on many a wet halibut and frozen brace. As if he had noticed Drake's appraisal of himself, and meant to return the compliment, the sailor looked over the light over-

coat, the spattered dress trousers, and the fine shoes in one swift glance. "Gutcher ticket, ain't yer?" he wheezed. As they passed under a lamp he took another rapid glance. "Secor' mate?" he suggested. Nobody belonging in Sailortown, except a new second mate, would wear clothes like that.

"Not quite," Drake laughed. "Just visiting."

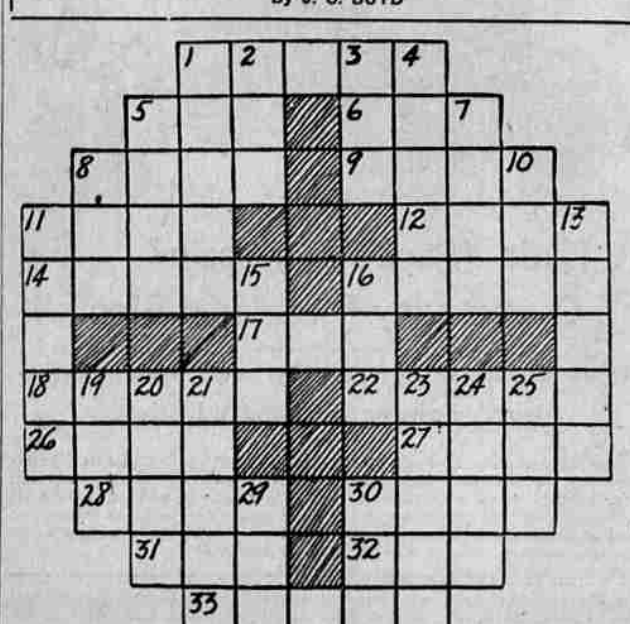
"Ho! Mission bloke!" grunted the fat man, and puffed along in silence for awhile until he looked up just long enough to wheeze:

"Thought you might be a noo secor' mate. Look some at like a sailorman, too."

Alden Drake warmed to the little man. Here was a sailorman of discernment! The night promised well. In a minute more they thrust through smudged glass doors, beyond which was music, and stood together at a crowded bar in a blue-lazy room that shook to the tramping of many capering feet. All the soft, lazy years dropped from him. This was life! The music was jingling, blood tingling, even though it came from nothing better than a German accordion and a fiddle of no ancestry. Sailors danced. Sailors sang. Men shouted to men of skyn'-yarders, of running down the Easting, of Cape Stiff. The tobacco smoke stung his eyes, made him want to cough. A sailor wearing



Today's Cross-Word Puzzle
THE OCTAGONAL CROSS-PUZZLE NO. 91
By J. C. BOYD



- HORIZONTAL**
- 1-war
 - 5-comrade
 - 6-exclamation
 - 8-surprise
 - 8-navigate
 - 9-cried
 - 11-agitate
 - 12-authentic
 - 14-clergyman's
 - 16-irritable
 - 17-a relative (abbr.)
 - 18-palpitate
 - 22-talk
 - 26-warmth
 - 27-shows off
 - 28-very small
 - 30-associate or helper
 - 31-limb
 - 32-affirmative
 - 33-thick coats
- VERTICAL**
- 1-bazars
 - 2-evil
 - 3-in what manner
 - 4-in that place
 - 5-physical
 - 6-distress
 - 7-unlatches (poet.)
 - 8-station
 - 10-gunny sack
 - 11-one who works in metal
 - 13-musical instruments
 - 15-recede
 - 16-summit
 - 19-border
 - 20-bar of wood or metal
 - 21-weasel-like, web-footed
 - 23-sounds heard in the chest
 - 24-troubles
 - 25-essay
 - 29-self
 - 30-always
- Here is solution to Puzzle No. 90.
- SEW USE ATIS ADT
PLAN CASTER ASIA
ALKALIE POSTER
SETTER ENEER
B NANY OODRT
AS PCELLOFERE
HOMAGE A SERBIA
DARN EDD POES
GENIUS E DANCED
OR S ALLIOT T SO
T C ALE WARTIN
TON VAUNT HIS
ARMADA E LGUANA
LET DEN INK AWE

FLAPPER FANNY says

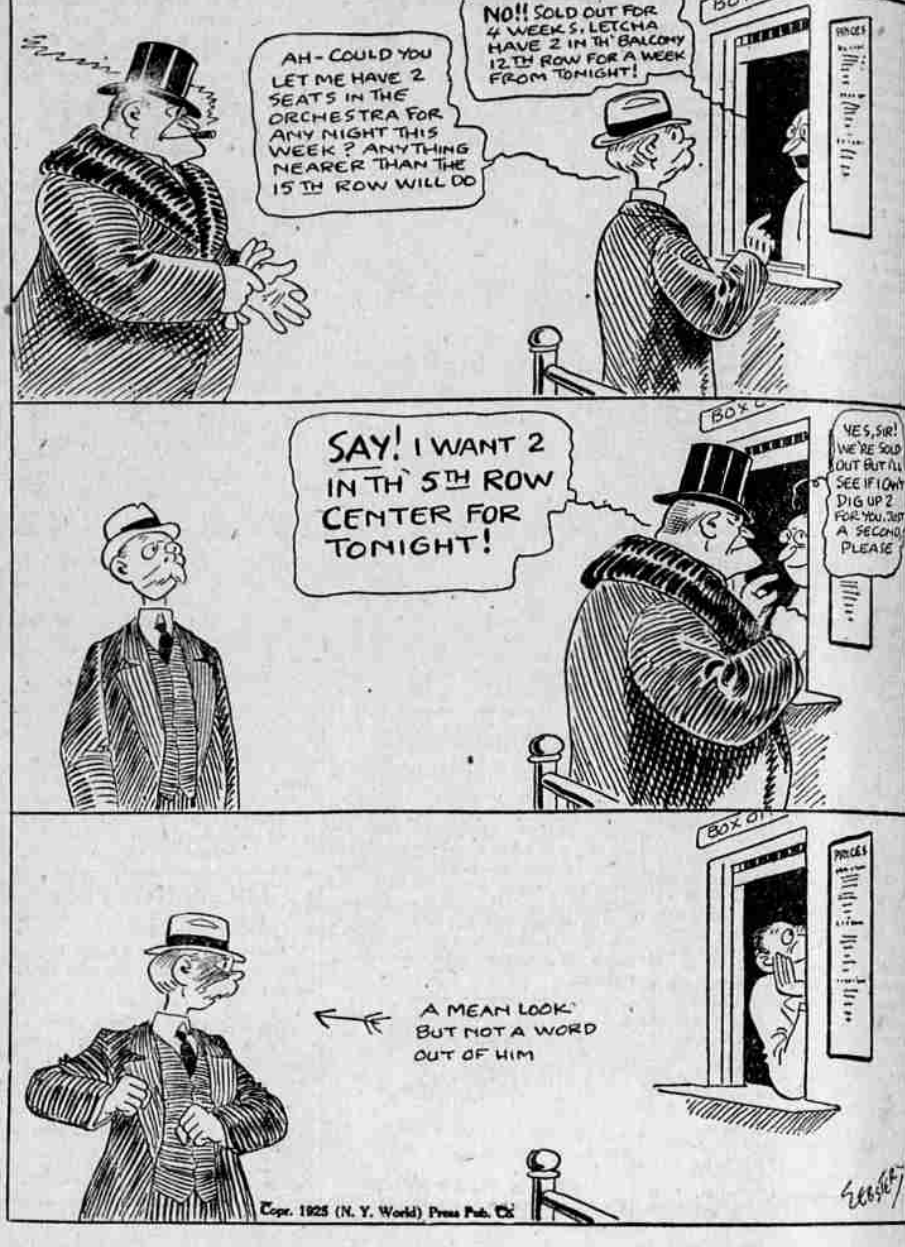


GUESSWORD LIMERICK

There was a young lady of Lynn
Who had a pure, lily white (1)
But some cheap beauty (2)
Made a muss of her (3)
And the way she looks now is a (4).

(1) Word of four letters meaning cuticle.
(2) Short word meaning mire.
(3) Synonym for gore.
(4) Iniquity or deprecation.

The Timid Soul



Radio Programs

In New York
By JAMES W. DEAN
NEW YORK, Feb. 4.—Any young fellow with a flare for writing can find in New York the opportunity for a life of ease, comfort and, possibly, wealth if he is content to remain obscure and anonymous.

There are here any number of men who have made their "pile" in commercial pursuits and are ready to lean back and become famous. In other words, they have the urge to write the stories of their lives so that they may become as famous as others. But most of these hard-headed giants of commerce are also thick-headed, being able to write little more than their names.

In the shadow of many an autobiography published in the past few years stalks the ghost of a young college chap who has worked up a synthetic passion for the career of some captain of industry and let it down in words. This finally comes out in a volume bearing the name of the captain of industry. The young college man remains anonymous.

There is one man in his middle forties who sees me frequently in the hope that I can land a newspaper job for him. His name is in "Who's Who" and a long list of literary accomplishments follows it. After getting away to a promising start as a man of letters he was induced to write an autobiography for a certain man. Following that were several jobs which took his own creative power. Now, past 40, he wants "to find himself" and finds that apparently he sold his birthright to a literary career for a mess of portage.

And I know another young fellow who gave up a very good position to devote himself to writing. He wouldn't consider for a moment the idea of doing an "autobiography" for another man. He has written the most original motion picture script I ever read, but he can't find a producer to take it. They all tell him they want only stories with a reputation as a novel or stage play. In other words, the stagnant movie is creating nothing for itself. In the meantime a young fellow with genius for photography writing is almost starving.

A waitress in a cheap Sixth avenue restaurant tells me that she gets \$8 a day in tips. Soldiers are any tip more than 10 cents, but on the other hand few go out without tipping. Another waitress in a Broadway restaurant tells me she averages \$4.50 a day in tips. Quite a few of her tips are a quarter or more. However, many of the patrons of that restaurant are girls and women who sit and chat for several hours. Thus she hasn't as great a turnover as the Sixth avenue waitress.

One vestige of the "good old days" remains in an uptown barroom. The bartender mulls the beer by sipping a hot poker in it. Quite a ceremony is made of the process, the drinker's lining up their mugs on the table, all lifting them together after the heated iron has been withdrawn.

New Word Every Day
The crossword puzzle craze has started radio broadcasting stations on the announcement of a new word a day, its meaning and use. A prominent lexicographer takes the mike a minute every evening and introduces his listeners to the new words.

Lovely Scarfs.
Lovely hand-dyed scarfs have Russian designs and Russian colorings and are most effective with a dark suit or gown.

Are Popular.
The tie oxford is making a bid for popularity this season. It is shown in natural alligator skin with tailored stitching.

Radio Programs

TONIGHT'S PROGRAMS
Pacific Coast
KGW—Portland—485.1 meters; 5 p. m.—Children's program; story by Mabel Arundel Harris. 7:15 p. m.—Police, market and weather reports and news bulletins. Silent for long-distance reception after 8 o'clock.
KJL—Los Angeles—395 meters; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.—Children's program presenting Prof. Walter Sylvester Hertzig in a story of American history; Dick Winslow, screen juvenile reporter; Baby Muriel MacCorrigan, screen juvenile; Virginia Wallis, 8-year-old reader; Phillips de Lacy, screen juvenile. 7:30 to 8 p. m.—Program through the courtesy of the University of Southern California. 8 to 10 p. m.—Los Angeles county program arranged by Harry James Heardsley. 10 to 11 p. m.—Art Hickman's dance orchestra from Biltmore hotel, under the direction of Earl Hurnett.
KFI—Los Angeles—469 meters; 1:45 to 7 p. m.—Nick Harris detective stories. 7:30 to 8 p. m.—Goodwin, Klinger and McKay company, presenting a popular program. 10 to 11 p. m.—Patrick-Marsh dance orchestra; Betty Patrick, soloist.
KNX—Hollywood—337 meters; 6 to 7 p. m.—Dinner concert by Dorothy Hawley, American theater organist, broadcast from the American theater by direct wire. 8 to 9:30 p. m.—Studio program presented through the courtesy of the H. C. Capwell company, 1 vocal selections by the Homena quartet, 2 baritone solos by Edward, 9:30 to 10:15 p. m.—Music by Wolahan's Californians, broadcast direct from Sweet's ball room.
KPO—San Francisco—423 meters; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m.—Children's hour stories by Big Brother of KPO, taken from the Book of Knowledge; Lorraine DeMont, pianist. 9:30 p. m.—What is playing at the various theaters. 7 to 7:30 p. m.—Italy eger's Fairmount hotel orchestra.

Home Hints

Garbage Can
Use paper to line your garbage can. It makes the cleaning of it much less distasteful and it need not be done so often.

Buttonholes
Mending tissue pressed on with a hot iron prevents buttonholes from fraying.

To Remove Spots
Fill a small bag with soapbark and hang it in the bathroom to use for the quick removal of spots.

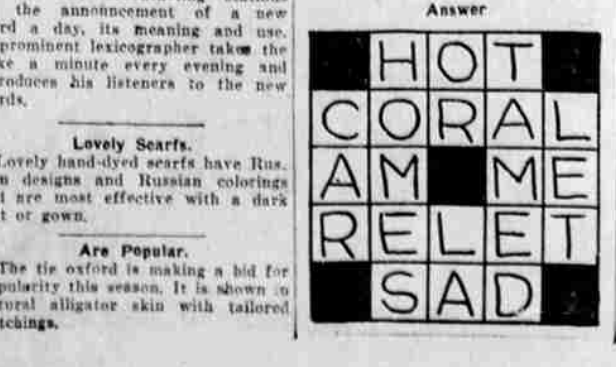
Takes Up Dust
Throw bits of moistened newspaper over the floor before you sweep. It will take up the dust and save your throat and hands.

Painted Furniture
To clean painted furniture use linseed oil and petroleum, rub on with a soft cloth and follow with a clean polishing cloth.

Velveteen Coats
Velveteen coats for early spring are very jaunty and very highly colored and so cut that they swing straight from the shoulder.

Velvet Collars
Velvet collars are used on cloth coats for spring, some are crushed about the neck, others have a narrow scarf effect.

CROSS-WORD FOR KIDDIES



Cynthia Grey Says:

BY CYNTHIA GREY
"HAVING a good wife and cabbage soup, other things seek not," says the Russian peasant.

And perhaps his simple formula for wedded bliss is as good as any other. For one of the big mistakes that people make about marriage is that they expect too much from it. They think that it is going to be a sort of rosy enchantment that will change all their lives.

But it isn't.

Marriage is an investment that always pays dividends of some sort... of either misery or contentment. But seldom of delicious happiness after the honeymoon has set.

And right there is the rock upon which many a marriage has been dashed to pieces... upon the mistaken idea that it must be an earthly Paradise.

How can it be in this workaday world, where no man lives by love alone?

"We are like a lot of children begging for celestial candy," Anatole France says somewhere.

And so we are... asking that life be sweet as sugar, demanding that married life be wildly happy. And it isn't, except for an occasional high spot or two.

The first year of marriage, to be quite honest, is usually not particularly happy or comfortable. It is the time when two people must learn to say "we" instead of the selfish "I" of the unmarried.

The sweetheart has become a wife. Once she was mysterious and beautiful. Now she is beautiful only. She has become a mere woman who does not know as much about getting up a meal as her husband would like her to know, possibly.

And the husband. Once he was thrilling as well as handsome. By the end of the first year he is still good-looking, of course, but it's a still good husband who is thrilling to his wife. She knows too much about him... and she has seen him without a shave besides!

And so very often the twelve-month's end finds two disillusioned people, who had believed each other a god and a goddess respectively, during the wonderful days of courtship. They cannot become reconciled to the fact that all idols have clay feet. They see only that each is a faulty human being, dull at times, quarrelsome upon occasion, and addicted to colds in the head perhaps.

"So THIS is marriage!" the little wife says scornfully to herself as she listens to the low snore of her former Prince Charming asleep under the davenport lamp with a dead cigar in his limp fingers.

This is not the love in a rose-clad cottage as she had dreamed of it... not by a long detour!

Where are the idleness and the good times that she had expected married life to give her? Where, indeed?

"So this is marriage!" the young husband echoes at the first of the month, looking over the bills that his crafty spouse has slipped into his pocket that morning as she kissed him goodby.

Perhaps he had been told that "two can live as cheaply as one," and had believed that old saw.

But now he knows better! He knows that it takes exactly twice as much coffee and cream and buttered

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

Story by Hal Cochran—Drawings by L. W. Redner
TIMBERLAND—CHAPTER 6

THE winding pathway that led to Doty's home took the little party of four through a dense woods. Jack wondered why Doty was not afraid. When he mentioned this she replied, "Oh, I know all of the birds and animals in this woods. They are good friends of mine."

AND just at that moment Jack was startled on hearing a loud, "Who-o-o-o." "What's that?" he questioned. "Oh," laughed Doty, "that's just the friendly old owl. He always speaks to me when I pass this way. There he is now. And, looking up into a tree, Jack saw the big owl.

ONCE more the "Who-o-o-o" came through the air. "Gee, that would scare me if I happened to come through here alone," said Jack. "Not if you knew all the birds and animals like I do," replied Doty. And, with that she coaxed the old owl and he flew down and sat on her shoulder.

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Keep Outside In View



A living room as well as other rooms should be decorated with the view of conforming it with outdoors. The doorway above, when opened, permits the formation of a natural picture, with the outside as background, and the flowers in the foreground.

Wood and Coal
Wood under cover any length
King Coal Oak
Cord Wood Ash
Slabwood Maple
MANERUD-HUNTINGTON FUEL CO.
1st National Bank Bldg.
Room 24
Phone 651

For Railroad information
CALL 44 or 57
SOUTHERN PACIFIC
FOURTH AND WILLAMETTE
AND 20 HAMPTON BUILDING