WIDE WATERS

by CAPTAIN A. E. DINGLE

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(Continued)

"MY name's Buntin', Joe Buntin'," heezed the fat little sailorman at Drake's side.

"Thanks, Buntin, my name's Drake," grinned Alden, taking a fat, short fingered fist and wincing at the grip it gave him.

"Not Buntin, matey, Buntin'," corrected the little man. "I ain't strong enough to shout f'r all hands. Let's you an' me lower one, just f'r luck. Then I'll interdace you to Mag Parrot. A hot 'un, she is!"

"Here, Mag! Meet my friend Mister Drake," Joe Bunting was wheezing; and he was shaking the cool, hard hand of Miss Parrot.

Later Drake rambled through the smoky room again.

He stood at the bar. After two treats the crowd accepted him. Alden Drake felt some queer influence at work within him. The smoky room was hazier; the clatter of tongues harsher. One by one the crowd dropped out; but they started no more dancing.

All the musical instruments he had ever heard started to play every song he had ever heard at once. Alden Talbot Drake smiled a foolish smile, wagged a silly head, and two barmen dumped him on the bench beside Joe Bunting, already asleep.

The girls began to drift away. Mag looked at Drake quite earnestly, for Mag.

"I'm goin' t' get a cab for 'im," she started. "'E ain't our sort, 'E's a gent, 'e is. I'm goin' t' send 'im 'ome."

She flounced out into the thick night. The barmen looked at the landlord. He swept his eye swiftly around the somnolent crowd, counting them.

"Take 'im upstairs," he ordered. "If that 'ussy brings a keb, 'e's gorn 'ome, see?"

Of one thing Drake was sure, when a beam of hot morning sunlight stabbed him into wakefulness: He was alive. That he was certain of; because, afterwards, he recalled wishing he were dead. The sun came through a dirty window. It burned his eyes. It made his head throb. It reminded him that he had played the giddy goat in Sailortown.

"Great Caesar's Ghost, what a head!" he groaned. He tried to sit up. He could not. He knew he lay on some sort of couch, because his hand, groping beside him, felt no floor. He lifted the hand; it weighed fifty tons. His wrist watch was gone. With that, his hand must have weighed five thousand tons. He shook his head. He seemed to be in a room. There was a window. The sun shone brilliantly. It must be well on in the forenoon. He knew he had a fob watch, as well as the wrist watch. He felt for it, but his hand fell listlessly toward the floor again.

"I must have drunk cyanide. This must be Hell," he chuckled. Somehow, he felt amused at his plight. If only he knew what time it was. If only he had a drink. He stared through a yellow shawl of dust patterned sunbeams, out of the dirty window. There was a long jibboom, with jibs furled upon it, spiking out over the street from the dock beyond the high brick wall. A distortion in the window glass focused the light in a squat red circle. He laughed, foolishly. It was the fat red face of Joe Bunting smirking at him. He tried again to rise, and fell back with his head ringing horribly.

"Thank my lucky stars I wasn't Shanghaied, anyhow!" was his painful but thankful prayer. "If I only had a big jug of water. Oh, Lord!"

Voices sounded outside the room. They were at the door. One was a roaring, storm bred voice. It was spouting bitter briny profanity. The door opened. Drake turned leadenly to look. There was a big blond man wearing a pilot jacket, and the landlord. They were angry. He felt only mildly interested. He tried to ask for water, but was not sure that they heard him.

"I paid you to get me twelve men!" roared the big blond man. "You welshed me, you crimpin' crook!"

"Yer lyin', Mister Stevens," shouted the landlord, unafraid. "I got 'leven. This bloke looked as if he might pass out, that's why I didn't send 'im wiv the rest. 'E's orlright, nah, I'll send 'im down."

"Send 'im to hell!" bawled Mister Stevens, furiously. He leaned over Drake, glared into his face, and thumped him heavily in the ribs. Drake only grunted, but tried to shake his heavy head reproachfully. "See here! This ain't the first time you've Dutched me over men. You would send this junk-laid hunk o'—" He stepped crouchingly toward the crimp, his blond face turning purple with rage, his blue eyes snapping. The crimp put up his hands, and spat fearsomely on the floor.

"Don't you lay 'ands on me, Mister!" he warned. "I give yer my word, I'll 'it back, 'ard! Stoppit! Stoppit!"

The Crimp launched himself forward in a crouch

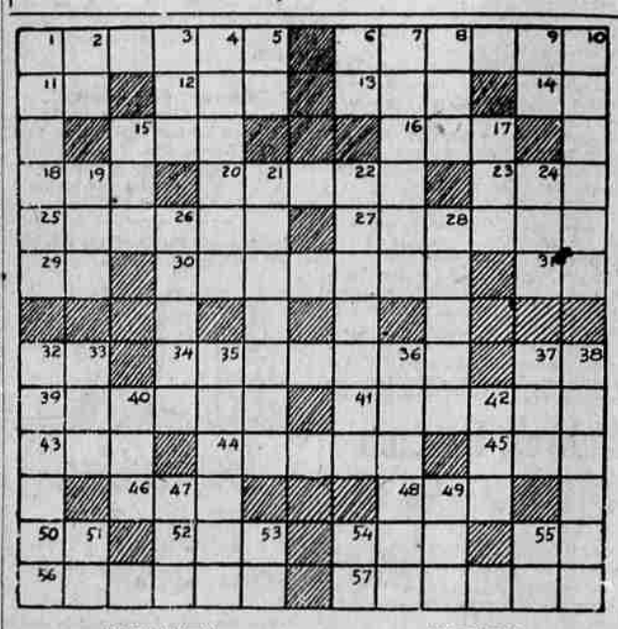
Jerry On the Job

Give Credit Where It's Due

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

THE DROP-STITCH CROSS—Puzzle No. 92

By J. C. BOYD



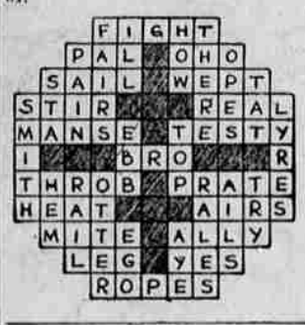
HORIZONTAL

1—supplies food
6—tinged deeply
11—light (abbr.)
12—decay
13—small child
14—title of address
15—period of time
16—lament
18—everything
20—ratios or proportions
23—mineral spring
25—lifted
27—dissolved
29—northwestern state (abbr.)
30—tread under foot
31—like
32—exclamation of delight
34—quarreled noisily
37—dipthong
39—individual
41—flag
43—inspect closely
44—ornamental buttons
45—wand
46—consume
48—Shoshonean Indian
50—each (abbr.)
52—fabric
54—name of many popes
55—slang exclamation denoting incredulity
56—scoffs
57—standards

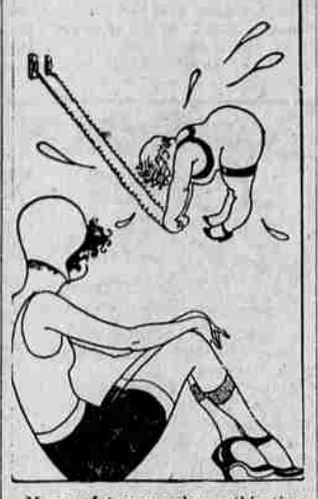
VERTICAL

1—makes bright
2—near
3—mistake
4—one who bellows
5—thoroughfare (abbr.)
6—that thing
7—a small piece
8—British thermal unit (abbr.)
9—printer's measure
10—fears greatly
15—first name of inventor of the cotton gin
17—suffix denoting superlative degree
19—boy
21—hard
22—put to death by fixing on a stake
24—vegetable
26—pierces
28—makes a loan
32—common orchard fruit (pl.)
33—personal pronoun
35—list of members of an organization
36—succeeded
37—in past time
38—bestows a fund
40—cereal grass
42—anger
47—part of "to be"
49—part of foot
51—article
53—postscript (abbr.)
54—an island south of New York (abbr.)
55—man's name (abbr.)

Herewith is solution to Puzzle No. 91.



FLAPPER FANNY says



Many a fat woman has a thin time.

How To Torture Your Wife

By Webster

Home Hints

ALL soups should be started with cold water, heating slowly and never allowed to cook above the simmering point.

Use Alum

Put a little alum in your stove pol-

ish, if you want a lasting shine.

Toasted Strips

Croutons or toasted strips of bread make a delicious accompaniment to cream soup.

Cooking Rice

Grease the edge of the pan in which

you cook rice to prevent the rice from boiling over.

Mend Clothes

Mend clothes before you wash them. It makes the washing easier and saves your clothes.

Sift Flour

Always sift flour before you measure it. It is particularly necessary when making pastry.

Whipping Cream

When whipping cream add the white of one egg to each cup of cream. It will be firm and double in quantity. Whip each separately.

Apple Sauce

Add a few slices of lemon to your quartered apples when making apple sauce. It brings out the flavor very successfully.

GUESSWORD LIMERICK

When Ormand Alonzo McGiver
Invited some girls in his —— (1)
They took in his —— (2)
Then gave him the —— (3)
And said "You go and jump in the —— (4)."

(1)) Buzz wagon.
(2) Twaddle, oats, overcoats.
(3) Snicker, giggle, titter.
(4) Place to skate on when sufficiently frozen.

Spring Fur Style

You will know the spring coat by its original use of fur, practically anywhere but on the collar and cuffs where we have grown to expect it.

Long Ties Used

Long ties distinguish the newest sport dresses. Capes and coats too are tied with long streamers.

Inverted Tucks

Inverted tucks appear on many of the new costumes and somehow manage to look much more distinctive than the old-fashioned kind that lie as they should.

Rivals White

Beige crepe de chine is growing in favor for three-piece costumes and is actually rivaling white at Palm Beach.

Cynthia Grey Says:

KIPLING said, "It's pretty, but is it art?"

A man looks at a girl's face today and asks, "It's art, all right, but is it pretty?"

• • •

He wonders if there are as many convolutions in her brain as there are marcel waves on her head. He hopes so truly.

• • •

But it takes a clever man to tell whether his sweetie operates with one cell or a whole battery.

• • •

For the far-seeing look in her eyes may not be caused by a mighty intellect at work but by the lamp-black on her lashes.

• • •

And the chances are even that her wise cracks aren't hers any more than her complexion is, but the best stuff of Al Jolson, Fanny Brice and the Orpheum circuit!

• • •

Questions—Answers

Dear Miss Grey: I thought I was engaged to a man my own age, but he doesn't believe in marriage, he now tells me. He suggests that we live as though married but without having a ceremony. Do broadminded people really think this is all right?—Dorcas.

No, they don't. And a man who really cared for you would not ask you to give up your reputation and spoil your future by living with him under the common law. If he truly loved you he would want to protect you with his name. Give him up.

• • •

Miss Grey: What does one serve at an afternoon tea?—Bride.

Tea and coffee, sandwiches of all sorts, and cakes and candies.

• • •

Dear Cynthia: I have two beaus. One I enjoy talking to more than to anyone I know. He never kisses me. The other one is a "thriller." I adore to dance with him, and that and "petting" are all he thinks about when we're together. Which one do you think I'm in love with?—Doll Baby.

Neither, probably, although I would say that a man whose company you enjoyed, without the glamour of his kisses, was rather more likely to hold a place in your affections than the "thriller." However, time alone can answer your question.

Red Poppies

A striking dress silk has large red poppies scattered on a ground of white crepe de chine with wide black stripes.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

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

TIMBERLAND—CHAPTER 7

AFTER Jack and Dotty had both petted the owl for a moment or two, Dotty tossed it up into the air and it returned to the branch in the tree. Then Jack saw two bright eyes peering out of the duskiness ahead of them. "Don't be frightened," said Dotty. "That's just another friend."

THE moment Flip spotted the eyes he started after them. "Come back here!" shouted Jack. But Flip was not to be stopped until he investigated whom the eyes belonged to. In a moment there came a low growl. Then a chorus of barking. Flip had jumped right into a real fight and Jack rushed up to stop him.

THE minute Jack got close enough he realized that his dog was fighting with a forest fox. The little adventurer grabbed hold of Flip's neckfur and pulled the dog away. "It's a good thing you did that," said Dotty. "That fox is wild to everyone but me, and he's a very good fighter." (Continued.)

Load Law Violation Brings Fine of $15

JUNCTION CITY, Feb. 5—(Special).—N. O. Isaacson of Goldson was arrested for trucking over a road ordered closed by the county court. This road is from Bear Creek to Cheshire. Mr. Isaacson hauled a heavy load of posts over the road. He was arrested by State Traffic Officer Earl Humphrey and brought before Justice of Peace J. E. Morgan in Junction City. He was found guilty and fined $5 and costs.

Desk Needed In Library

If there is a library or study in your home, a desk is almost essential to complete its furnishing. It should be placed in an appropriate corner, handy to reference books.

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Radio Programs

Did you ever attend a "nigger camp meeting?" More than likely if your home was at one time way down in Dixie, but if you happened to dial WBAP last night, you might have heard the entire services of the Holiness Church of God in Christ (negro) broadcast direct from the church, at Fort Worth, Texas. The entire ceremonials could be heard, the characteristic singing, fervent "amens," shouting, chanting, orchestra music, groaning, songs of praise—outbursts of fervid worshippers in their emotional religion.

Zion City is installing a new 5 KW transmitter, which, it is expected, will go on the air about February 15. This is station WCBD.

TONIGHT'S PROGRAMS
Pacific Coast

KGW—Portland—485.1 meters: 8 p. m.—University of Oregon lecture, Dean William G. Hale of the school of law; subject, "A Permanent Court of International Justice."

10:30 p. m.—Hoot Owls with Pantages frolic and Steamship Rose City trio.

KHJ—Los Angeles—395 meters: 6:30 to 7:30—Children's program presenting Prof. Walter Sylvester Hertzog, in a story of American history. Dickie Brandon, screen juvenile. Jane Hughes, screen juvenile. Dorothy Steck, reader, 9 years of age. Mary Ann DeVay, reader, 4 years. 7:30 to 7:45 p. m.—Harold Swartz of the Otis Institute will give a talk on "Art." 7:45 to 8 p. m.—Dr. Philip M. Lovell, will speak on "Care of the Body." 8 to 10 p. m.—Program through the courtesy of West Coast Theaters, arranged by Julie Kellar. 10 to 11 p. m.—Art Hickman's Dance Orchestra from the Biltmore hotel, under the direction of Earl Burtnett.

KFI—Los Angeles—469 meters: 6:45 to 7:20 p. m.—Bon Ton Dance Orchestra, under direction of Carlyle Stevenson. 7:20 to 7:30 p. m.—Y. M. C. A. speaker.

7:30 to 8 p. m.—Male quartet, ensemble and solo numbers. 8 to 9 p. m.—Standard Oil Co. of California, presenting a play with music. 10 to 11 p. m.—Vocal and instrumental.

KNX—Hollywood—337 meters: 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.—Hollywood high school students present dinner hour program. 8 to 9 p. m.—Sponsored by Globe Ice Cream Co. through courtesy of A. A. Comey, vice-president and general manager. 9 to 10 p. m.—Feature program, sponsored by Carson-Baruch Baking Co. 10 to 11 p. m.—Hotel Ambassador Abe Lyman's Cocoanut Grove Orchestra.

KGO—Oakland—312 meters: 8 p. m.—Studio program: "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," a farce in three acts, by Frank Wyatt and William Morris, presented by the KGO players under the direction of Wilda Wilson Church. Music by the Arion Trio. Cast: Jack Temple (Barry Hopkins); Frank Fuller (Bert Horton); Captain Sharpe (Fred Thomas); Wigson (Conrad Kahn); John Brown (Bert Yarborough); Mrs. Jack Temple (Pearl King Tanner); Dorothy (Lenore Everett); Mrs. Frank Fuller (Mary Harper); Mrs. Brown (Jean Hansen); Lucia di Lammermoor (Donizetti). Arion Trio. Act I—Drawing room in the home of Mr. Jack Temple, Mayfair, London; morning. Sing Me to Sleep (Greene), Arion Trio. Act II—Same as Act I, afternoon. Invitation to the dance (Weber), Arion Trio. Act III—Same as previous acts, evening. Three o'Clock in the Morning (Robledo), Arion Trio. 10 p. m. to 1 a. m.—Dance music program by Henry Halstead's Orchestra and soloists, Hotel St. Francis, San Francisco.

KPO—San Francisco—423 meters: 6:30 to 7 p. m.—Home Town Synco-Symphonists. 7 to 7:30 p. m.—Rudy Seiger's Fairmount Hotel Orchestra, broadcast by wire telephony. 8 to 9 p. m.—Organ recital by Theodore J. Irwin, official organist, at the Wurlitzer. 9 to 10 p. m.—Program by the Santa Clara Branch of the League of American Pen Women. 10 to 11 p. m.—Gene James' Rose Bowl Orchestra.

Today's Styles

This frock owes its chic to the embroidered apron which is arranged so neatly across the front, likewise to the youthful collar line which is a fold of the material standing up on the slightly round neckline. The material is black satin backed crepe and the embroidery is in red and white.

THE GUARD AVIARY

THE Crane's a frail and skinny bird,
With head that's very small.
His legs are long, like broomsticks,
And they make him stand up tall.
He lives in shallow water where
The little wavelets swish,
And lives upon the seaweed and
The smaller kinds of fish.