

WIDE WATERS

By CAPTAIN A. E. DINGLE

Synopsis up to now
ALDEN TALBOT DRAKE is contemptuous of the idle life he is leading in his luxurious home. The urge which took him to sea on leaving school has never left him. One night, slipping away to Saltwater, Drake meets up with

JOE BUNTING, a sailor. They drink each other off their feet in a barroom, and Drake is carried upstairs. Awakening next morning, Drake hears himself denounced by

CAPTAIN STEVENS of the Orontes, as being a "dude"—not even fit for abashment. Drake sneaks aboard the ship as one of the crew. On the Orontes is—

MARRY MANNING, daughter of the owner. Hiding in a narrow steel shell in the forecastle, Drake hears the voices of Miss Manning and Captain Stevens. Inopportunistically Drake sneezes.

"WHAT the hell!" exclaimed Stevens, as Drake's startled sneeze led to go. In a moment Captain Stevens was on his knees, reaching with a long, steel-muscle arm that seemed to grow fathoms long to Drake. The hook-like fingers fastened upon his dungareed leg. He tried to fight; another sneeze robbed him of strength; he was hauled out, still sneezing, to stand humiliated before those blue eyes that held the ocean depths in them. Stevens roared fervidly:

"Why, it's you! Damn my eyes! Wait till I—"

"Who is it?" cried Mary, getting over her startlement and regarding Drake with big wide eyes. "Who is it! Hell! It's the putty dude that crimp tried—"

The skipper went to the forecastle door, shouting for the mate. "I beg your pardon," stammered Drake, eyes straining. Another paroxysm shook him speechless. In came the mate, bubbling over with the enthusiasms of a recent promotion.

"Mister Twining," growled the skipper savagely, "take this out and run it ashore."

"Gangway!" in, air," grinned Mister Twining.

"Then dump it over the side! Get it out of the ship!"

Sheer humiliation forced Drake to fight, although he could not see, could scarcely hold up his head, which still ached. He clenched his fists and fought blindly.

"Oh, you don't mean to throw him into the water?" cried Mary. "They can't! The pair of them can't!" panted Drake; and Mister Twining, fresh, strong, full of pep, found that he could not, alone.

"What call themselves men, nowadays!" growled Stevens, enigmatically, and put his two powerful hands to the task. A fit of sneezing overcame Drake at that opportune moment; he was put in truth then; he was rushed outside, his knees were peeled cruelly on the coming of the door; they picked him up clear of the deck.

"We're a man short, sir," mentioned the mate as they swung him.

"We'll get a man!" retorted Stevens. "One! Two!—"

Alden Drake beat his way half drowned to the boat steps beside the lock gate.

In the corner of the docks he sneezed his head clear of dust, and tried to plan his next move. He had got aboard too easily that last time. It wasn't logical to expect such simplicity. But he had paid well in the end. So, well, that his fighting blood was thoroughly heated now, he would almost surely have lost. And there was a grievous amount of activity about the Orontes. He watched the mate come ashore.

But first he had to stow himself away beyond fear of discovery. And he had little time. Once the tug ranged alongside the tall ship he would almost surely have been lost. And there was a grievous amount of activity about the Orontes. He watched the mate come ashore.

"Looking for a man!" Drake muttered sarcastically. "I don't look like a man to Captain Stevens. And I had my master's tickets when he was here. He hates that train of thought. It led to nowhere. 'He's right!' he decided. 'A man's only the man he is, not what he was. I'll ask him what I am; but he no putty dude when I ask him; by Caesar! And I want to see his pity in that girl's big eyes when he answers me, either.'"

He shivered in his wet dungarees. But his eyes never left the glossy painted side of the Orontes. One great anchor hung at the hawsepipe, almost in the water. That anchor would not be taken aboard and stowed for sea until the ship was outside the river.

The whole picture suddenly became vividly clear. Drake waited until the mate had gone out of sight; then ran as fast as he could go right to where the boatman sat. "Hey, mate!" he called gruffly. "Give me a shove over, will you? I've been ashore for a fast half pint and almost lost the ship."

"Was you at the look, the myrtle's got a lookin' for?" asked the boatman. Such escapades were common. He was at the steps even as he put the question.

"He'll be glad to see me, all right," grinned Drake, jumping in to the boat. "Just let me get hold of the hawsepipe matey. I don't want to be copped."

The boatman winked knowingly. He even hoisted Drake well up into the gibson rigging.

"Good luck!" he uttered hoarsely as Drake clambered over the forecastle rail and disappeared from view. The mate returned, bringing no man. The skipper swore, but his tide book warned him against further delay.

"Pass the towline to the tug and let's get out," he growled. "You'll be a man short in your watch, Mister, that's all."

The tug went ahead. Girls waved handkerchiefs and hats. The ship moved out into the rolling river. The tug shortened powerfully on her way. Heavy-headed men dragged wearily at

wet hawsers, coiling them to dry on the fore hatch. And Captain Stevens, proud as a peacock in his new command, paced his poop-deck and secretly watched the blue eyes without a suspicion of the existence of the black.

A fresh easterly blew the Nore waters into yellow yeast. A fair wind. Splendid portent. The skies were huge as Mary Manning's eyes. "Let fall yer lower tops!" Sheet home!" roared the mate. A still

and mine both travel for the same firm. We are alone for two weeks at a time, sometimes longer. My neighbor, who is attractive, often goes out for dinner and to the theater with some of our bachelor friends. Do you see any harm in my doing this? Lonely Ruth.

Yes, Reverse the situation, and you'll realize how jealous you'd be if your absent husband were dining with other women.

Home Hints
If you do not want painted furniture, but wish to finish it yourself, you can get an excellent effect by staining unfinished wood to resemble any other wood, then rubbing in wax to bring up the gloss.

Clean Brasses With Salt
Clean your brasses with salt and vinegar then rub with olive oil for a durable polish.

Use Open Kettle
Green vegetables are best cooked in an open kettle so that their fresh color is retained.

Chopped Onion
Chopped onion and parsley added to dumplings greatly improve their taste.

Scrubbing Brush
A small scrubbing brush for scrubbing vegetables and two sharp pointed knives for paring should be a part of every household equipment.

Cleaning Fish
Always clean fish, fowl and vegetables on several thicknesses of newspaper and burn when you have finished. This saves the labor of scrubbing a stained table.

Bend Covered With Blanket of Snow
BEND, Ore., Feb. 9.—Two inches of snow covered the ground this morning while clear skies and a low temperature gave promise of relief from intermittent showers and snow flurries which have alternated for more than 48 hours.

Snow which began falling late Saturday evening with a few interruptions all day Sunday until about 6 o'clock, when the atmosphere cleared and the temperature dropped several degrees below the freezing point.

FREEZING AT KLAMATH
KLAMATH FALLS, Ore., Feb. 9.—Freezing temperature and a cloudless sky today gave promise of a marked change in the weather conditions in Klamath Falls. Snow lies more than a half foot deep in most places.

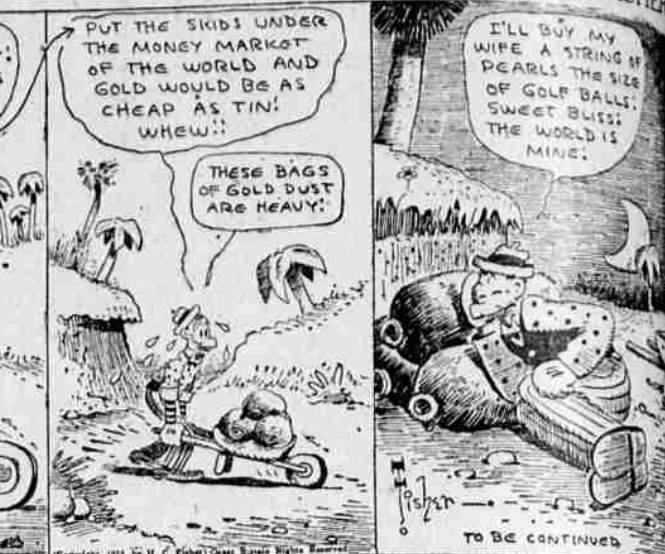
Retail Food Price Continues to Rise
WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—Continued increase in retail food prices during the month ended January 15 was shown in 20 out of 22 cities for which figures were announced today by the bureau of statistics of the department of labor.

The maximum increase of four per cent advance was reported at Cincinnati, Kansas City and Savannah. A three per cent increase was shown at Butte, Mont., Little Rock, Louisville, Omaha and Peoria, Ill., and two per cent at Atlanta, Baltimore, Buffalo, Detroit, Indianapolis, Norfolk, Portland, Maine, and Springfield, Ill.

Automobile accidents in the United States are increasing at the rate of 2000 a year, says the Eyewitness Conservation Council of America, which believes that defective vision is responsible for a large percentage of them.

MUTT AND JEFF

Master Mutt Penetrates the Wilds of Florida



Jerry On the Job



Should Have Been Warned



Cynthia Grey Says:

THE real triangle of married life is the wife, the husband, and the newspaper at the breakfast table.

The happiest wife is the one who has no time to be unhappy.

About the time she begins to think that she's not so awfully happy, the baby cries or the coffee boils over and she stops thinking.

The mere fact that she's blue about something or other doesn't prevent the house from getting dirty. And the woe of thousands of women have been drowned in the scrub-pail or rubbed out with the marks on the mahogany!

Questions—Answers.
Dear Cynthia: My kitchen is so tiny that it will not have room for both a table and a chair. Is there any combination on the market that I could buy?—One Bride.

A one-piece chair such as is used in self-service restaurants might solve your problem. And any carpenter could make you an adjustable shelf that could be swung back against the wall when not in use.

Dear Miss Grey: My beau and I are too poor to marry. However, we care just as much for each other as richer people do, and I am in great trouble. Could I go to a charity hospital in another town to have my baby, and live there until we are able to make a home for it, so as to escape the disgrace? It would kill me if people knew about this.—Foolish.

No. For the truth would come out in the end, anyway. You must marry the father of your unborn child at once, so that it will have a name from the time of its birth. Poverty is easy to bear compared with the disgrace your child would have to carry all its life if it were illegitimate.

Miss Grey: My neighbor's husband is a man short.

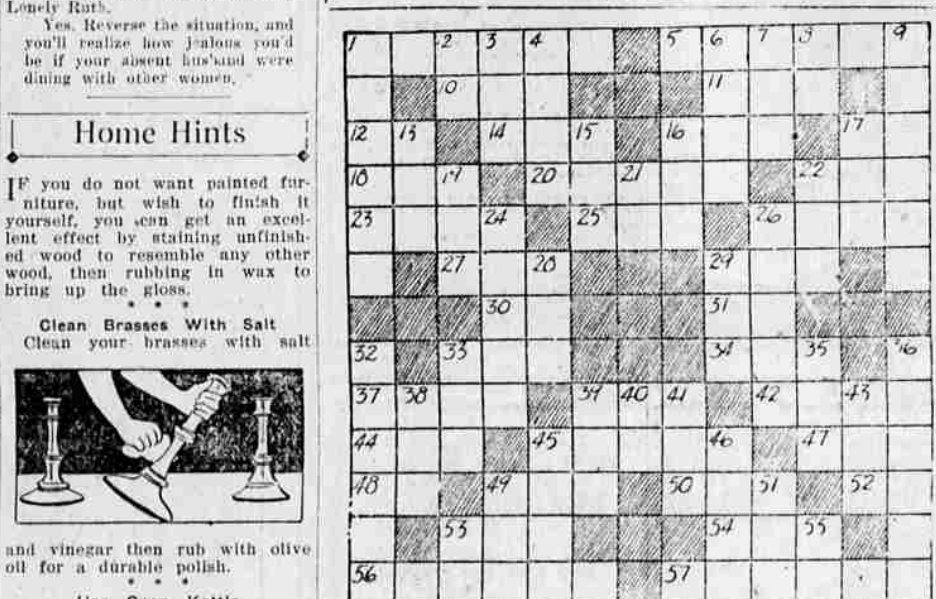
Today's Styles



Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

THE FOUR CROSSES—PUZZLE NO. 54

By J. C. BOYD



- HORIZONTAL**
- 1—great burst of excitement
 - 5—act of erasing
 - 11—before
 - 12—Royal mail (abbr.)
 - 14—take sustenance
 - 16—part of a circle
 - 17—prepositional
 - 18—cylindrical container
 - 20—fruit
 - 22—dessert
 - 23—paradise
 - 24—sound made by a dove
 - 26—cense
 - 27—in addition
 - 29—hobby
 - 30—parent
 - 31—that is (abbr.)
 - 34—eastern
 - 35—ostrich-like bird
 - 37—dry
 - 39—light blow
 - 42—musical air
 - 44—matter in its most
 - 45—one of the war tribe of Kaffirs (pl.)
 - 47—prefix meaning not
 - 48—Southwestern State (abbr.)
 - 49—place where pigs are kept
 - 50—mark on playing cards
 - 52—exclamation of an infant
 - 53—impede (abbr.)
 - 54—color
 - 56—Mexican cat
 - 57—robbed
- VERTICAL**
- 2—compels
 - 3—prefix denoting repetition
 - 3—metal as extracted from earth
 - 4—480 sheets of paper
 - 6—measure of land
 - 7—pouch above
 - 9—sterile
 - 13—insane
 - 15—convulsive motion of the muscles
 - 16—past
 - 17—unconscious substance
 - 19—open-work fabric
 - 21—act
 - 22—cushion
 - 24—wanderer
 - 26—prefix meaning blood
 - 28—grassy plant
 - 32—Turkish poison
 - 33—force (lat.)
 - 35—vessel in which ashes of dead are preserved
 - 36—extravagant report
 - 38—male sheep
 - 39—large cask
 - 40—aluminum (abbr.)
 - 41—small dog
 - 42—prefix meaning pertaining to
 - 43—nothing (abbr.)
 - 49—close friend
 - 51—precedence (law)
 - 53—exist
 - 55—division of Bible (abbr.)

FLAPPER FANNY says



"Bashful men used to drink cognac and propose. Now they drink ginger ale and pop."

Radio Programs

A speech on the world court, by Dr. Ben Williams of the University of Pittsburgh, Pa., will be broadcast by radio tonight at 8 o'clock, according to word received by his parents, Colonel and Mrs. J. M. Williams, in Eugene. Reception will be in this city about 4 o'clock.

A new radio super-station, one of the latest and most elaborately equipped in the world, will go on the air from Chicago shortly to broadcast coast to coast, and international programs. It is announced by the Radio-phone Broadcasting corporation, formed by several prominent Chicagoans to operate the station. It will be known as "WHT," in the Wrigley building, will possess 5000 watts power and, inclusive of equipment will cost more than \$200,000. Programs will open in the morning with revivals, simultaneous to raising the flag. The station will sign off at 2 a. m. daily with the pipe organ playing "America," and the "taps."

Sunday programs from KHL, KGW and KGL were unusually good. Those who hear are able to tune in on CFAC and WGN report good concerts, both afternoon and evening.

W. N. Wintler: "We weren't trying to get anything but western stations the other night, and suddenly WTAM, the new Willard battery station, came boiling in as clear as any one on the coast."

TONIGHT'S PROGRAMS
Pacific Coast Stations.
KGW—Portland—48.1 meters; 5 p. m., Children's program; travel story by Aunt Nell. 7:15 p. m., Police, market and weather reports and news bulletins. Silent after 8 p. m. for long distance reception.

KEAE, Pullman, Wash., 320 meters—7:30 p. m., special diversified program. Variety quartet, readings, talks.

KFI—Los Angeles, Cal., 467 meters—5:30-6 p. m., musical hour. 8-9, Radiohall's orchestra concert. 9-10, musical program. 10-11, Alexander hotel orchestra.

KFOA—Seattle, Wash., 450.2 meters—6:45-8:15 p. m., musical program. 8-9, concert hour. 10-11, Earl Gray and his orchestra.

KGO—Oakland, Cal., 290.8 meters—8 p. m., diversified program. 9-10, lecture, "A lesson in English." 10 p. m., 1 a. m. Henry Halstead's orchestra.

KHJ—Los Angeles, Cal., 304.1 meters—12:30 p. m., 1-30 a. m., Bon Ton orchestra.

KNN—Hollywood, Cal., 337 meters—6:15-7:30 p. m., dinner hour program. 8-10, musical program. 10-11, Silverton (3rd) orchestra. Instrumental and vocal solos. 11-12, Cincinnati Groove orchestra.

KPO—San Francisco, Cal., 429.5 meters—6:30 p. m., theatrical news. 7-7:30, Rudy Seizer's orchestra. 8-9, organ recital. 9-10, musical program. 10-11, Rose Room Bowl orchestra.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

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

TIMBERLAND—CHAPTER 10



"Well, they certainly gave me a fine welcome down at the fish field," replied Jack. "Then Doty asked the guide to show them the way out of the forest. 'That will be easy,' laughed the guide, 'but turn around and walk back about twenty feet and then take the path to the right.'"

"Why don't you take the lead?" asked Doty. "Oh, I've got to make a new path through the woods," replied the guide. "We want a path to the maple sugar camp, so we can get there quicker." "Sugar camp," echoed Jack. "Gee, have you a real maple sugar camp up here? I'd like to see it."

"WANT to go over right now?" asked Doty. "Sure thing," said the little adventurer. And then the guide suggested that they turn in and help him back the new path. "Give me an ax," quickly shouted Jack. "and me, too," said Doty. And in short notice the axes were handed to the little workers. (Continued.)

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Nearly 50,000 Japanese flies have been imported by the department of agriculture to battle the Japanese beetle which has played havoc with orchards along part of the Atlantic coast.

A good grouping for the place consists of two easy chairs, side by side, with an end table between them. Opposite them may be a sofa and end table or some other similar group.

Quick Startling SHELL GASOLINE

THE GUARD AVIARY

The Nighthawk is ten inches long
From tip to tip of wing
And he's one of the very few
Of birds who do not sing.
His feathers are of black and brown,
And when he's 'bout to land,
His wings send out a sound that's like
A trumpet in a band.