

# WIDE WATERS

by CAPTAIN A. E. DINGLE  
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(Continued)

JOE sat beside his pal and threaded a needle. He could help, if he could not dissuade. As he stitched, he, too, stole glances aft, for he was a loyal little man, was Joe. He sided with Drake. For the proverbial pair of fat weevils he would have marched aft and demanded clothes for him.

Mary Manning laughed merrily. Drake glanced up, to gratify the women with sight of her. As she stood there in sailor blue, her brown hair full of golden glints, her face alight in the last rich rays of the setting sun, she was a vision for a sailor to see.

"Wot's bittin' th' Old Man now?" growled Joe. Drake started at the voice. It dragged him out of his dream. He looked at the skipper. And he too wondered what could be the matter. Jake Stevens was not looking at Mrs. Manning. His eyes were cold and hard. He was smiling, in truth, but it was the smile of a sailor-fed shark. And it was fixed full upon Drake and the work in his hands. The skipper spoke to Mr. Twining, and the mate's whistle shrilled out.

"You, Drake! Lay aft!"

"Go on, mate!" urged Joe hoarsely. "Don't give 'im no chance to git after you!"

Drake laid down his work leisurely, and rummaged among the canvas bags.

"Go on!" wheezed Joe, painfully. The skipper was scowling. Drake picked up the scissors he had borrowed and walked off, trying to brush some of the acid and top dangers into some sort of fitness as he went.

"Get a move on, m'lad!" cried the mate. The skipper's eyes glittered. Mary took her eyes from the fore hatch gathering and looked interestedly at Drake as he mounted the lee side ladder.

"You told me you had been to sea before," snapped the skipper.

"Yes, sir," smiled Drake, meeting the glittering eyes squarely, wondering what new humiliation was to be dished out upon him.

"Take the helm, Mister Twining, watch him! If he's been lying, keep him there until he learns!"

Captain Stevens turned to Mary, and she looked up rather surprisedly into a face wreathed in a broad smile. Sometimes she was puzzled at Stevens' moods. She felt certain this sudden decision to have Drake stand a trick at the wheel was induced simply by meanness. As for the prospect of that broad smile, she did not know what it was. Only a sailor could be expected to know the supreme disgrace of being driven from the helm of a sailing ship for incompetency. Besides, she had no inkling of the depth to which Stevens had been stirred by her outspoken championship of the mature ship's boy.

The helmsman whose proper trick it was, pressed on his way to join the singers, grinning, expectantly, for he was one of the foe's hands who could not understand Drake and therefore disliked him.

"Shall we walk a while?" the skipper suggested, taking her arm in a strong grip. They turned and walked the deck, past the wheel, to the taffrail and back to the forward rail. Mr. Twining stood beside the wheel, watching the compass with a queer look on his brown face.

Drake stood at the helm as unconcerned as if he had done nothing but steer clipper ships all his life. Mary glanced at him, and smiled. The skipper glanced at him, and smiled less broadly. Next time they passed he flashed a glance at the mate, who smiled at his eyes. And when once more they approached the wheel, the skipper stepped to the binnacle and peered in sharply.

"Drake steers better than anybody in my watch, sir," grinned Mr. Twining.

"Then you have a rotten lot! You're not watching him!" retorted the skipper.

"Why, the wags runs as straight as any," cried Mary, pointing astern where the after glow of the vanished sun touched with purple and gold the dancing foam-threads of the passing waters.

The Orontes romped through the Northwest trades with a bone in her teeth, and with never a pull-haul or balliard to keep the crew from growing fat and discontented.

Drake soon discovered himself the center of differences between two sharply defined factions in the forecastle. There was a friendly faction, headed by rubeund Joe Bunting, backed nobly by Nick Coombs, and given dignity by Sails. There was a frankly unfriendly party urged on by Tony, headed by the two young and lusty seamen, Tubbs and Sims. Tony would have led that gang, but his two lieutenants proved far too assertive. Old Bill Gadgett played a sort of Jack of both sides. That was old Bill's way. He played the winner after the race, always. There was the cook, too, and Chips; these distrusted each other so vehemently that neither would declare himself, each waiting on the other.

But little did Drake worry about factions. He was only concerned in the progress he was making. Physically he was satisfied. He had tried some of the stunts practiced by the apprentices; stunts he used to do himself in bygone years; and he could swear a backstay as far as the best of the lads. More, he gave them something to ponder over one fine evening by swarming clear up to the collar of the topmast backstay and there hanging by one hand for five minutes before descending hand under hand.

When he went to the forecastle after that gratifying trial of strength, he found a wordy battle on between Tony and Joe, and the gang egging them, on. Tony had a bitter spite against Joe ever since having been hauled from his bunk in favor of Drake. Joe was busy upon a general overhaul of his bunk.

"I think you keers da boy some-time, Joe, ha!" challenged Tony desperately. Joe seemed to be proof against his jibes.

"M'lad, you run away an' play before you get hurt," replied Joe, his head and shoulders still buried in his bunk gear. Drake stood just inside the door, wondering at the silence

that suddenly came over the waiting gang.

"Who weel hurt me, ha?" demanded Tony, stepping nearer and touching Joe's bending back. Joe slowly emerged, his fat red face wearing an annoyed expression, his keen gray eyes glittering. And after the fashion of some forecastle fighters, Tony leaped to get the advantage before his foe could straighten up. He fell upon Joe while the fat little red man was twisted halfway around, and drove him back savagely upon the sharp edge of his bunk. It was an old trick, and one likely to break ribs if properly followed up. Tony proceeded to follow it up. One knee was on Joe's hips, Tony's nervous fingers were twisted in Joe's gray-shot red hair. The sailors drew up their legs and howled delightedly, for nothing could stop the fight now until one man was beaten to a pulp. That was a sailor's way. But they had to wait just one breath longer. Before Tony had fairly seized Joe's red hair, Drake left his place by the door and reached the pair in one smooth leap, and his hands dug down into Tony's shirt collar.

"Fair play, Tony! Let him up!" he shouted, and with a knee at Tony's back forced him upright.

"I think you ask f & get keel, by Jesse!" stuttered Tony, and let go of Joe to punch Drake in the eye. Joe got up, and thrust at Drake.

"Leave him to me, Joe," Drake said quietly, and methodically went to work upon the spitting Tony. Even Joe stared. Drake had not gone through a sea apprenticeship without learning to fight; and, being intelligent, and hating a beating, he had learned to fight to win. But winning by such tactics, as he used was a new experience in the forecastle. He used his fists entirely. When Tony, almost blinded by straight jabs, his lips split, and his nose a gory ruin, rushed cursing to a clinch and used knees, skull and teeth in desperation, Drake used one arm to force space for himself, and with his free fist drove up-wards to Tony's chin that came near unshipping his head.

(To be continued)

## Cynthia Grey Says:

MANY a girl who has pursued a man has found out that Nurni the Finnish runner, isn't the only man in the world who is quick on the get-away!

The real life of a woman begins the day when she first sets eyes on the man she loves . . . and ends the last time he takes her in his arms.

When a girl makes up her mind on marriage to a certain man it's as inevitable as rain on picnic day.

A woman always knows when she's hopelessly in love with a man by the fact that she wants to "mother" him, and to tell him the sad story of her life, besides!

## Questions—Answers

Dear Miss Grey: I am a stenographer, working for a bachelor 15 years older than myself. He seems to be much interested in me, taking me to shows and parties and giving me lovely gifts of candy and books. There is no reason in the world why this man cannot marry, and yet he never speaks of doing so to me. How can I bring him to the proposing point?—Marian W.

There is no technique, Marian, that a woman can use to make a marrying man out of a confirmed and determined bachelor. It may be, however, that your particular bachelor is not of this type, and that he only wants to be very sure you are the girl he wants to marry. Hide your time, and see.

Dear Miss Grey: I have been out

## Today's Styles

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There's elegance and charm and distinction to this spring street frock of amber charmers with its vest and cuffs of white corded silk and the distinctive tie with its long ends. The flared overturn is being much featured now.

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ATLANTA, Ga., Feb. 13.—Lieutenant Kneip, chief naval observer and Bradley Jones, navigator, arrived at Pensacola, Fla., yesterday in a navigation plane in which they left McCook field, Dayton, on a non-stop flight, the Pensacola naval station announced over long distance telephone.

SAN DIEGO, Feb. 13.—Captain Lowell H. Smith, commander of the United States army around the world flight, reported for active duty at Rockwell field yesterday after completing his official report of the world flight, and has been assigned to duty

as inspector of all military airplanes and motors distributed from Rockwell field to service units in the western United States, Hawaii, the Philippines and Alaska.

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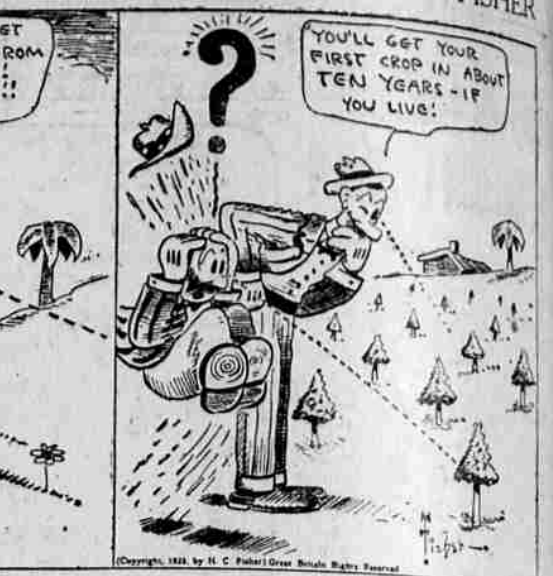
## MUTT AND JEFF



## The Orange Grove Is Like Jeff's Brain in its Infancy



## By BUD FISHER



## Jerry On the Job



## Wrong Diagnosis



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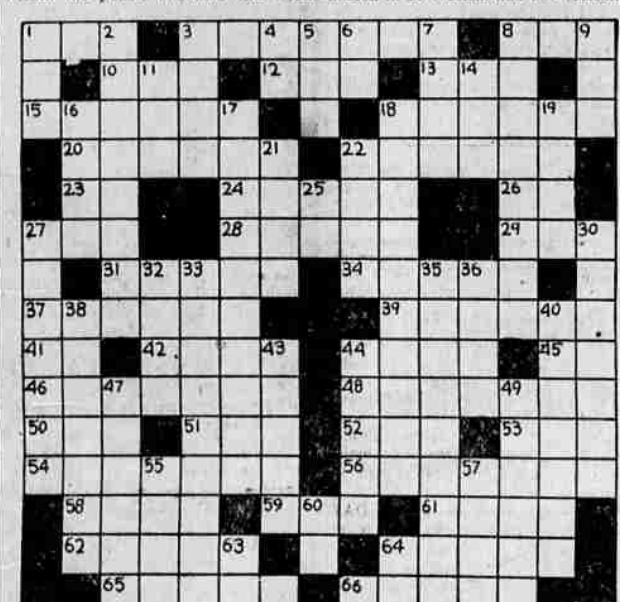


to dinner and to dance several times with my boss, who is a married man. The affair started harmlessly enough, but this man seems to have fallen in love with me, and wants me to quit my job and wait for him while he divorces his wife. Wouldn't this be wrong of me?—J.

You don't need me or anyone else to tell you that such a course would be wrong. Quit your job, but find another one, and stop seeing your present employer. The girl who comes between a man and his wife does a cruel and unfair thing. Imagine yourself in the other woman's place.

## Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

What makes this a cross-word Valentine is not merely the heart within the puzzle but also the words hidden in 17 vertical and 18 horizontal.



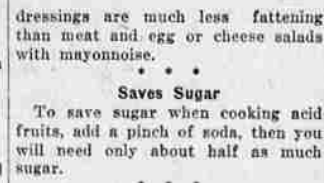
- HORIZONTAL**
- Feline.
  - To entangle.
  - Newt.
  - A large ox of Tibet.
  - Mouths.
  - Buffaloes.
  - A color.
  - Like straw.
  - The smell of spoiled butter.
  - A musical note.
  - An artist's drawing stand.
  - To exist.
  - Placeid.
  - An epode.
  - Half an em (pl.).
  - Leaves out.
  - A facial expression of contempt.
  - Anew.
  - A hanging ornament.
  - Smallest state (abbr.).
  - Those opposed.
  - Where the famous leaning tower leans.
  - The one who pays for the valentines.
  - Act of reading.
  - Loss of nervous energy.
  - An international language.
  - To attempt.
  - Jewel.
  - A tree.
  - To teach.
  - Ancient Venetian medals.
  - French for state.
  - A staff.
  - Tidy.
  - Withdraw.
  - To declare.
  - To lure into a snare.
  - French river made famous during the war.
- VERTICAL**
- Young reporter.
  - One who leaves a will.
  - Vessel for heating liquids.
  - Al.
  - Light beam.
  - All right (abbr.).
  - Bores of rifles.
  - Snare.
  - Beauce.
  - A large fabulous bird.
  - A small island.
  - Lover.
  - What 17 vertical is called on this day (pl.).
  - The original garden.
  - Yelps.
  - Belshaviks.
  - Thus.
  - A two-masted, flat-bottomed boat.
  - Obesians.
  - Bill of fare.
  - Subjected to equal pressure from every side.
  - Right to use another person's property.
  - Jacob's brother.
  - Baseball player.
  - To remove hair.
  - More cunning.
  - An idol.
  - Cleared out.
  - To talk.
  - A walking stick.
  - Not fat.
  - Upon.
  - Proceed.
  - A musical note.

## FLAPPER FANNY says



## Home Hints

If you are eating salads to reduce, remember that green and fruit salads served with French or cooked dressings are much less fattening than meat and egg or cheese salads with mayonnaise.



**Lowell Smith is Assigned to Duty At Rockwell Field**

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## JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

Story by Hal Cochran—Drawings by L. W. Redner  
TIMBERLAND—CHAPTER 14



"NOW be careful of that," warned the man. "It's hot." Dotty handed the pan to her little cousin and then sat down on a log with the other. Jack joined her and they both turned to blowing on the sap to cool it. "Gee, this is good," shouted Jack, as he took his first spoonful. "Could my dog have some?"



(Continued.)

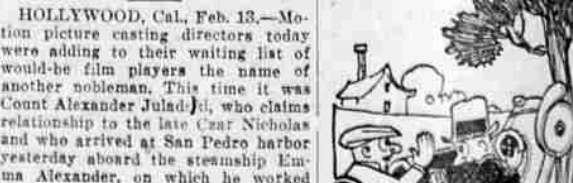


(Continued.)

## GUESSWORD LIMERICK

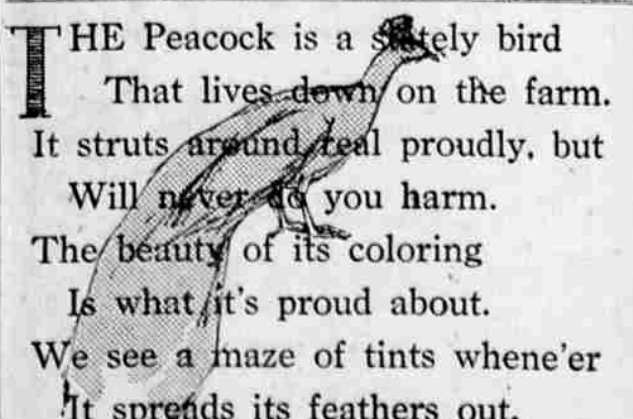
A fliover ran into a tree,  
Which was quite entertaining—  
(1)

"If you're gonna climb—"  
Said the man in the—  
"You can tackle the job without—"  
(4)



## THE GUARD AVIARY

THE Peacock is a stately bird That lives down on the farm. It struts around real proudly, but Will never do you harm. The beauty of its coloring Is what it's proud about. We see a maze of tints when'er It spreads its feathers out.



## Socialists Offered Sirens for Noise

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## Henna Featured

Brown and all the shades of henna and tan are featured in the spring collections, particularly in the light wools and flannels that are to be the vogue.