WIDE WATERS

by CAPTAIN A. E. DINGLE

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(Continued)

DRAKE glanced forward. He polished away assiduously. The brasswork received much benefit from the momentary excitement that flooded him. He tingled with the urge to boldly tell her everything. But the back view of Mr. Adams warned him that perhaps some other time might be better. The second mate stood watching something going on in the waist; the skipper's voice was heard down there, too. Captain Stevens was anxious about the skinning of that murdered mutton. A few slashes from inexpert blades would utterly ruin the sheep pelt for a rug; and the skipper expected to make a decided hit when he gave that snowy, silky skin to Mary.

"You wore a blue velvet frock, and a silly pot-shaped hat that hid your ears and almost smothered your face," he said softly. He polished away at his brass, but glanced up and grinned, to see her eyes widen, and her parted teeth gleam through lips slightly opened in a little gasp of surprise. A slow smile broke over her face, and she raised her brows.

"And you were in a beastly temper," she retorted. "You slammed the gate! I knew you were no ship's boy. Now tell me what on earth you have embarked on this crazy escapade for."

"Is it so crazy?" he asked softly, and looked full into her blue eyes with so much meaning in his own glowing black ones that the blue eyes fell, the deep color flooded her neck and throat, and she turned her face away. Drake bent over his brasswork, polishing like mad, chuckling happily. And the big ship swung wide in her course, for Mary's attention was far, far off. The main skysail flapped and went aback; the royals began to shake; the flying jib rattled its hanks and thumped its sheet blocks. Mary spun the big wheel; Drake sprang to help her; but the mischief was done. The skipper came running up the ladder, his face portending ill for the culprit. He stopped and stared when he saw the helmsman; then a sarcastic sneer twisted his face and he curtly told the second mate to get a man to the wheel. Drake had got the ship to her course by the time the seaman relieved the wheel; he picked up his brasswork tin and moved to the skylight rods.

"Drop that, m'lad. Come with me," the skipper said with a quiet voice and an ominous eye.

Down to the maindeck they went. The scuppers were still red with the blood of the stuck sheep. The bosun and sailors scrubbed the decks, coming aft slowly. Tony and the Doctor had skinned their mutton, and were now hanging the carcass in the rigging to cool. The pelt already dragged overboard on a heaving line, getting scoured by the rushing sea.

Abreast the galley Stevens stopped, and with a face working in cruel anticipation he seized Drake by the wrist.

"So you're the monkey who's going to be master o' this ship soon, are you?" he snarled. Drake glanced at the angry face, then at Tony, who seemed to be choking. Tony had his own notions about getting even for that thrashing.

"Some day I may, sir," Drake respectfully. "I want to be."

"Some day! You want! You meant nothing like that when you yammered out your thoughts unknown to you! Tony! come here!"

Tony approached nimbly, carefully avoiding having to meet Drake's eye.

"What was it he said?" snapped Stevens.

"He say, sour' day soon he sail dees sheep hees self, then hee tell Captain Stevens who thee bes' man."

"I came to sea because I like the sea," said Drake cooly. "I see no reason why I should not command this ship in time, sir."

"Don't lie! You're no common ship's boy. I believe there's some damned nonsense afoot between you and Miss Manning, and—"

"That, of course, is a lie," Drake interrupted without raising his voice.

In a flash Stevens' big fist smashed against his mouth, and his arm was wrenched excruciatingly as he whirled around. He had fallen headlong against the steel bulwarks but for that iron grip on his wrist. The bosun and his gang stopped their scrubbing to look on in wonder. It was the starboard watch, and Drake had few friends in that side of the forecastle. He, being deck boy, kept day hours, working through the day with both watches, and keeping no night watch; but most of his well wishers were among the port watch. Old Bill Gadgett, the bosun, had warned toward him when he had whipped Tony, and some of the men were not openly against him; but taken all around the deck scrubbers looked on in secret glee. Mr. Adams was aft, by the wheel, making sure that the ship swerved no more from her course. Mary had gone to her cabin in chagrin.

While Drake sprawled on the deck, his twisted arm held high, Stevens struck him again, so savagely that the very impetus of the blow made him let go his wrist hold. Drake got up with the danger signal in his black eyes, lashed against the bulwarks, gathered himself on his toes and hurled himself at his assailant with balled fists working in short, straight uppercuts. The men gasped aloud; Tony groaned in sympathy as those short punches thudded upon the captain's sacred chin. Mr. Adams stepped to the break of the poop, attracted by the sudden lull in the swish of brooms.

"Carry on with your work, bosun!" cried Mr. Adams angrily. He leaped down the poop ladder, going to the defense of his skipper. Stevens recovered himself, lowered his blond head, and charged, bellowing bull-like. He swung at Drake, heedless of the snappy jolts that peppered his face. The punch drove Drake back heavily into the arms of Mr. Adams, who gripped him securely.

"Shall I iron him, sir?" he asked anxiously. Never in all his going to sea had the young second mate witnessed such a thing as a ship's boy returning punch for punch with a ship master. Stevens drew his arm back for another punch, and held it. His lips bruised, his chin was already swelling. But there was more astonishment than fury in his face, for Drake was grinning at him through a smear of blood, grinning without animosity.

"Let him go," said Stevens slowly. "Carry on with your work, boy. I'll have a talk with you later on."

Drake wiped his face on a wad of waste, wetting it at Bill Gadgett's hose. Then he went aft and resumed his brass cleaning.

* * *

Mary stood at one of the maindeck saloon ports, watching the sailors at their scrubbing. She had got there just a moment after the fracas stopped, so that she missed that. She shuddered a little when Tony crossed her view, so fierce was his battered face, so blood bespattered was he all over, so murderous did he seem with his reeking butcher knife in hand. But his job was done. Tony only appeared to despair. As she stood there gazing out along the broad expanse of the clean decks, and aloft at the towering and diminishing mass of canvas all alight in deepening sunlight, her resentment passed. She had felt rebellious at being sent from the wheel. Now she knw she had been at fault. She wondered how Drake had fared, not having heard anything amiss. She had heard Captain Stevens come below and enter his stateroom, but paid no attention. Now he came out, washed up and with his blond curls combed into order, and stood behind her. At that moment Mary's thoughts were not upon Stevens. She was very feminine; she dearly loved a mystery. What occupied her mind to the exclusion of all else just then was Drake's real motive in making this voyage.

She half turned and bumped into Stevens. He put his hand on her arm, holding her gently. She noticed his face was bruised; but his eyes were troubled with a softer trouble than anger. She felt a bit afraid of what he was going to say.

"Mary," he said, and she scarcely recognized his voice, so thick was it; "Mary, I am responsible to your father for you. Will you please not talk to the men when at their work? It is beneath your station to make free with that boy, Drake—" She stopped him with a sharp cry of protest.

"You dare say that?" she panted. "I make free! And Mr. Drake is not—"

"Now you have let it out, Mary," he said grimly. "Drake is not a ship's boy. God knows what he really is. He may be—"

"He is at least a gentleman!" she siad sharply. His expression changed. A deep yearning shone in his eyes. His strong, roughly handsome features softened until she perforce had to respect the emotion governing him.

"Mary, don't you see that whatever he is you should not encourage him in familiarities? I promised your father to take care of you. I shall do that. I had hoped, in time, to earn the right to take care—"

Mary was uncomfortable. She wished he would not say such things. She feared what might follow. How she prayed that somebody would come in. And, like an angel of light, Ike Saintly, the steward, entered the saloon with crash and rattle of a tray of silver.

"I must get ready for breakfast, Captain Stevens," Mary said with heartfelt relief. She could have hugged humble Ike Saintly.

(To be continued)

"Shall I Iron Him, Sir?"

MUTT AND JEFF

Jeff Plunges a Bit In the Tampa Lion Tamers' Club

By BUD FISHER

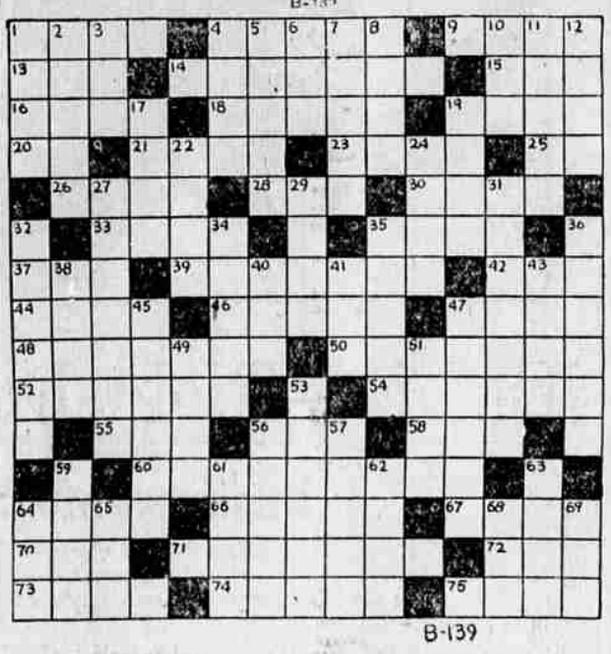
Jerry On the Job

Tell Us the Answer

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

This puzzle is rather of irregular design, otherwise it complies with all the rules of cross-word puzzle construction.

B-139



B-139

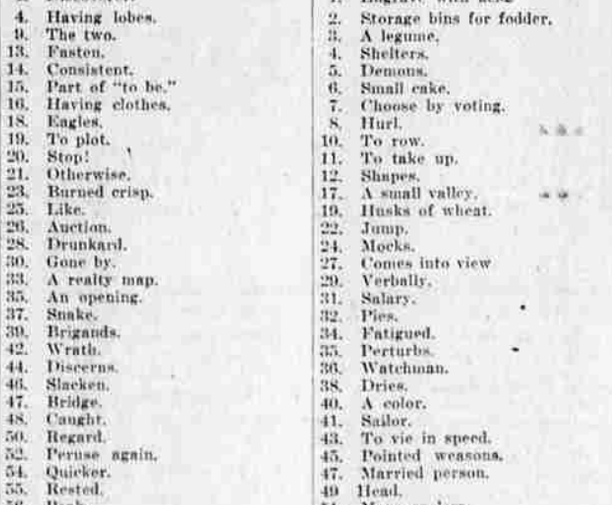
HORIZONTAL

1. Discoverer.
4. Having lobes.
9. The two.
13. Fasten.
14. Consistent.
15. Part of "to be."
16. Having clothes.
18. Eagles.
19. To plot.
20. Stop!
21. Otherwise.
23. Burned crisp.
25. Like.
26. Auction.
28. Drunkard.
30. Gone by.
33. A realty map.
35. An opening.
37. Snake.
39. Brigands.
42. Wrath.
44. Discerns.
46. Slacken.
47. Bridge.
48. Caught.
50. Regard.
52. Peruse again.
54. Quicker.
55. Rested.
56. Peak.
58. Mire.
60. Returns sound.
64. Is suitable.
66. To gossip.
67. Paradise.
69. Beverage.
71. To stretch.
72. Metallic lava.
73. Gladness.
74. Browns.
75. Despatched.

VERTICAL

1. Engrave with acid.
2. Storage bins for fodder.
3. A legume.
4. Shelters.
5. Demons.
6. Small cake.
7. Choose by voting.
8. Hurl.
10. To row.
11. To take up.
12. Shapes.
17. A small valley.
19. Husks of wheat.
22. Jump.
24. Mocks.
27. Comes into view
29. Verbally.
31. Salary.
32. Pies.
34. Fatigued.
35. Perturbs.
36. Watchman.
38. Dries.
40. A color.
41. Sailor.
43. To vie in speed.
45. Pointed weasons.
47. Married person.
49. Head.
51. More or less.
53. Musical composition.
56. Trunk of a statue.
57. Heads.
59. Small stream.
61. Impale.
62. Awning.
63. A flowerless plant.
64. To tire.
65. Small mound.
68. Female deer.
69. Catch.

ANSWER TO THE "STUDY IN SHORT WORDS"



Radio Programs

Lost Angels at Los Angeles Saturday night put on an interesting program, one of their specialties being a harmonica-harp duet. It didn't sound so bad. They introduced Lon Chaney and Mary Philbin, movie actors, who told about their new picture "The Phantom of the Opera," which Manager McDonald says he expects to bring to the Heilig. That piano soloist with Henry Halstead's orchestra, KGO, is a wizard, and could put on a whole program by himself.

Chinatown in San Francisco holds the record for the greatest number of aerials to the block. In one square there are 23 sets.

Question—I would like to know if an Edison alkaline battery is tested with a hydrometer. I have no way of telling if the battery is in a discharged condition.—W. N. B. Answer—The condition of the alkaline battery is tested by a voltmeter and not by a hydrometer. When fully charged each cell has a potential of 1.4 volts and drops during its use to 1.2 volts.

TONIGHT'S PROGRAMS
Pacific Coast Stations

KGW—Portland—485.1 meters—5 p. m., Children's program; story by Aunt Nell; 7:15 p. m., police, weather and market reports and news bulletins.

Silent after 8 p. m. for long distance reception.

KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 467 meters—5:30-6 p. m., Examiner's musical half hour; 8-9, Evening Herald, Owen Fallon's Californians; William MacDougal, Scotch character singer; 9-10 program, Walter M. Murphy Motors company; 10-11, Examiner, Ray West and his Alexandra hotel dance orchestra.

KFOA, Seattle, Wash., 455 meters—6:45-8:15 p. m., Sherman, Clay & Co. programme; 8:30-10, studio program, Mabel Brannan, director.

KFQX, Seattle, Wash., 238 meters—7:15-8 p. m., bedtime story, Aunt Vivien; 8-9, Earl Gray and his Butler hotel orchestra; 9110, concert; 10-11, Earl Gray and his orchestra.

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 300 meters—8 p. m., "Limitations of Co-operative Marketing," Professor Erdman; "A Lesson in English," Wilda Wilson Church; "The Challenge of the Professional Life," Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt; "Chats About New Books," Joseph Henry Jackson; 10-1, Henry Halstead's orchestra.

KNX, Hollywood, Cal., 337 meters—6:30-7:30 p. m., dinner program, John A. Evans corporation, presenting Hacienda Park orchestra; 8-10, program, Western Auto Supply company; 10-11, Silvertown Cord orchestra and Lilyan May Challenger, contralto, presented by B. F. Goodrich Rubber company; 11-12, Abe Lyman's Cocoanut Grove dance orchestra from Ambassador hotel.

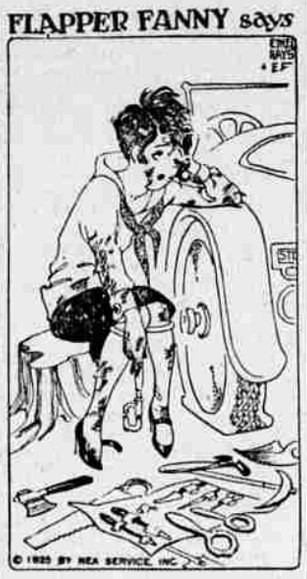
KLX, Oakland, Cal., 509.9 meters—10-12 p. m., midnight frolic, Lake Merritt Ducks.

KPO, San Francisco, Cal., 420.5 meters—7-7:30 p. m., Rudy Seiger's Fairmont hotel orchestra; 8-11, organ recital, Palace Hotel dance orchestra.

Today's Styles

A sumptuous dinner gown of black chiffon with an entire overskirt of exquisite lace is this new creation.

FLAPPER FANNY says



Many a flat tire was full of hot air once.

Home Hints

DUCK requires more cooking than turkey or chicken and needs plenty of water in the pan to start with if an open pan is used.

Sea Food Spoils

All sea food spoils easily and should be kept very cold and be used as soon after catching as possible.

Baked Potatoes

Baked potatoes will always be

mealy if the ends are nipped off before putting them in the oven.

Cooking Oysters

Oysters should be cooked as little as possible, never after they begin to shrivel.

Won't Spatter

When frying, add a little salt to

the fat and the croquets or doughnuts will not spatter on the stove.

Better Vegetables

Vegetables are more easily digested if they are served hot with butter sauces than cold with vinegar.

Rabbits in Salt

After rabbits are cleaned and cut into parts they should soak in cold salt water an hour before being cooked.

Cynthia Grey Says:

DEAR Miss Grey: I am in love with a man who is unhappily married. His wife does not understand him or give him the sort of companionship he needs. Under the circumstances, is it wrong of me to see him occasionally. He says I give him the understanding he needs.—Frederica P.

How do you know whether or not the man's wife understands him? The chances are that she knows him from cover to cover, like a book that has been read. This is the sort of story nine men out of ten tell to "the other woman." Don't be fooled by it. And put the man out of your life.

* * *

Dear Miss Grey: My mother and I live alone in a tiny flat that is shabbily furnished. I am ashamed to ask a man I recently met at a dance to call upon me there, and so I meet him on the street. Is there anything wrong in that? I want him to think well of me.—In Love.

He won't think well of you, however, if you continue to meet him on street corners. He'll class you among the kind of girls a man meets at a dance and flirts with afterward. You don't want that, do you? What if your home is shabby? That won't make any difference to a sensible person.

* * *

Dear Cynthia: I have been teaching in a girls' school for five years. One of my little pupils has no mother. Her father is a most attractive man, and he has made it a point to ask me to have dinner with him and his little girl several times lately. He comes to see me at the school, too, under the guise of asking how the child is getting along. I think he is going to ask me to marry him. The thing that worries me is that he has wealth and social position. Do you think I would fit in with his life, and among his friends?—School Ma'am.

I see no reason why you shouldn't. The social position of school teachers is surely as good as anyone's social position. And the possession of wealth makes very little difference in people who are sensible and well-bred.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

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

TIMBERLAND—CHAPTER 16

JACK asked Dotty if they could ride back to the place where they were gathering the sap. "I'd kinda like to ride on this sled," he said. "Why, sure we can," replied his little cousin. So they waited while the big cans of sap were poured into the boiling kettle and put back on the sled.

THEN the driver of the sled team shouted, "Hop on the sled if you're going with me!" Jack and Dotty were on in a minute. And Flip jumped up on top of one of the cans. As the sled started away, Flip ran along behind and barked. "Gid dap, there," shouted the sled driver as he cracked a long whip.

"GEE," whispered Jack to Dotty, "I hope the driver doesn't use that whip on the horses. It surely would hurt them." "Oh, he never lashes them with it," laughed the little girl. "He only uses that to crack in the air. That makes the horses travel steadier than if he hit them."

(Continued.)

THE GUARD AVIARY

THE Flicker is the largest of
The great woodpecker birds.
His tune would sound like "wet, wet, wet,"
If he could speak in words.
His color is quite varied in
A manner that is gay.
His neck is scarlet, back is white,
And top of head is gray.

The 1924 census of autos in Be... shows there are 37,000 cars an... trucks in that city. This is an in... crease of 20 per cent over the Jan... 1924, registration.