WIDE WATERS

by CAPTAIN A.E.DINGLE

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(Continued)

GRAY seas rolling from horizon to horizon, with a gray sky overhead. The Orontes staggered through the roaring crests like a stallion through a wolf pack.

The decks were too full of boarding seas for the men to work. A man here and there had a job when it could be done safely. Two apprentices helped and watched Sails patching flags on the poop. The skipper walked nervously to and from the helm. He was a seaman of the finest stamp, was Jake Stevens; there was no such thing as fear in his big body; but this was his first command, and it is only the hit-or-miss sailor who assumes bravado the first time he takes his first ship through a hard dusting. Mary stood at the rail, wind whipped and splendidly eager. She looked as much a part of the scene as the great combers themselves. Her eyes sparkled, and her red lips were parted in ecstacy. When a mile-long sea roaded up and poured its untold tons of gray spite over the bulwarks to flood the maindeck anew, she gripped the rail with her capable hands until the knuckles shone white through the brown skin, and her fine body swayed to the ship's giddy roll. Little wisps of brown hair lay wet on her cheek under her sou'-wester. She laughed happily when a flying spray drenched her face and pattered like shot against her oilskin coat. Cape Town lay ahead, with its promise of a pleasant break in the voyage; and the ship, though staggering, staggered on a straight line for her port at a speed which wracked the arms of the reel man when the common log was hove.

Captain Stevens developed into a wooer. Not even the blindest of bats could fail to see that the skipper was madly smitten with Mary Manning. No man need wonder at it either. In the blusterous days, when sprays flew and sea crests roared aboard, when gales stung and rain squalls kept the decks a-drumming, she was on deck every day and all day, except for mealtimes. She looked as if she belonged there, too, with her glistening oilskins, her blooming cheeks, her sea-blue eyes. She was the true Ocean's daughter. She stood on the poop as strongly at ease as any man there, swaying to the roll of the ship.

And Captain Stevens kept the deck too. Stevens made quick work of his navigational calculations in order to lose no moments of the hours that Mary spent on deck. His keen eyes took on a softer glow. He spoke to officers or men in quieter tones.

Never did Mary appear to realize that Jake Stevens was madly in love with her. Several times he had begun to speak to her in intimate vein, and had been choked off by sheer shyness. His was a shyness of speech. He felt like snatching her to him and bearing her off like a caveman.

When the noon observation placed the ship within two days sail of Table Bay, and preparations were afoot for coming into port, Captain Stevens made arrangements for the entertainment of Mary during the stay. She forgot her uneasiness, thawed towards him, sent him into the Seventh Heaven of delight with her eagerness. They sat at the saloon table, poring over a Cape Town guide book, long after the midday dinner had been cleared away. The steward was making his inventory of stores ready for re-victualing; and Drake was helping him in the lazaret beneath the saloon.

"You can stop at a hotel, Mary, and have a high old time," Stevens said, looking steadfastly into her animated face.

She glanced up at him with sharp reproof in her eyes, but he never saw that. He only saw the fair beauty of her, and it maddened him. He gathered her in his powerful arms as she half rose, and glued his lips to hers, while his breath issued hissingly from his nostrils in the passionate spasm that had mastered him.

"Oh, would you dare!" she cried, half stifled. "You shall pay—" Stevens laughed madly, and smothered her in a fiercer hug.

"Help!" she cried. "Steward!"

Loyal Ike clambered out of the hatch, wide-eyed with fear. He could not ignore that cry; neither could he ignore the fact that the skipper was the foe he must attack. He spat on his thin pale hands, mumbled a curse, and laid a feeble grip on the skipper's arm. The next instant he was flung aside, Drake thrust forward, face white and eyes ablaze, and twisted a hand into the skipper's neckband. Stevens abruptly came to his senses then. For a moment he went pale, realizing what he had done. Then, while Mary ran to her cabin to furiously wash her lips, Drake forced a crisis. This was going to be a fight. That was the idea foremost in his mind. He felt a mild wonder whether or not he had hardened enough. But Stevens didn't seem eager to annihilate him.

"Steward!" It was the skipper's voice, cold, passionless.

"Yessir!" said Ike, trembling.

"Tell Mister Twinig to put this boy in irons!" Without another word, without a glance, Stevens went to his stateroom, leaving Drake standing there feeling foolish.

"Come along, me son," grinned Mr. Twinig, jingling the irons. "I don't know just what bet you're paying by making this voyage, but you ain't welching any part of it. Come along, m' lad."

* * *

Shut off from the light of day when the hatch was replaced, Drake only knew of the ship's coming into port by the distant sounds and the changing motion. He knew when the seas diminished to gentle swells; he heard the weird cries of the men at the braces; later at clewlines and buntlines. He heard the toot of a tugboat, then the sudden uprighting of the ship as the sails were spilled finally and the tug started to pull her in. He heard the faint howling of the men furling the big courses:

"We'll haul—ah! And furl—ah!

As per Paddy Doyle fer 's boots!"

Drake only guessed at hours or time. It seemed scarcely any time before voices were heard close overhead in the saloon. There was Mary's voice, eager and excited at her first visit to a new foreign port; the skipper's gruff voice answering some question with ill humor; and—Drake sat up in spite of his cramp and irons, banging his head on a beam, but tingling with eagerness—another voice, the voice of a stranger, saying:

"I cannot tell you anything further, Captain, except in Mr. Drake's presence. Isn't he on board?"

"He's on board all right! In irons!"

"In irons?" The stranger's voice sounded shocked. Drake laughed aloud. "Whatever for?"

"See here, Mister," cut in Stevens' voice harshly; "until I have something better than your say-so to heave me out. I'm master o' this ship. Drake stowed away. He was allowed to sign on, instead of being hove overboard. Ship's boy, he is. You can call him Mister Drake, all you want, but he's ship's boy here, and he's in irons because I put him in. That's reason enough for any ship master."

"You won't improve matters by taking this tone, Captain," the strange voice went on. "Here is my

Captain Stevens developed into a wooer.

authority from Captain Manning. Here is a letter from Mr. Drake's lawyers, also one from Captain Manning, which I may only deliver to Mr. Drake personally in your presence. Will you kindly have him brought here?"

Drake lay back and laughed until he ached, visualizing Jake Stevens' face at that moment. Then the hatch was lifted, Ike crept down and unlocked the part of his irons which fastened him to a stanchion, and helped him to clamber into the saloon, still handcuffed, still smiling.

(To be continued)

Today's Styles

This young woman is doing her bit for the gingham industry—her dress, hat and parasol are all made of that material. The dress has the long sleeves and closefitting collar that fashion is so insistent upon, as well as red buttons and bias binding on the hem of the skirt and panels. In a very short time such dresses will be in season.

Easy to Remove Valances

An easy way to put up valances that can be easily removable is to fix them as follows: Get a curtain rod as long as the window's width. Cover it with the same material as the valance and sew on curtain rings at regular intervals. At the same intervals, sew hooks on the valance. The vals may then be hooked to the rings, so they may be easily taken on or off.

TAYLOR SENTENCED

KLAMATH FALLS, Ore., Feb. 18—John Taylor, confessed member of the gang which on January 4, killed Oscar Erickson during a card room holdup here, was yesterday sentenced by Circuit Judge A. L. Leavitt to serve 15 years in the state penitentiary and to pay a fine of $1000.

Radio Programs

How to give parties appropriate to holidays and special occasions seems to be a new function of radio broadcasting. The Calumet-Rainbo station, WQJ, at Chicago, is transmitting suggestions for Mah Jongg, Washington and St. Patrick's day parties, including the "eats," and WCCO the Gold Medal station of the northwest, has formed a girls' club for similar purposes. Already 200 members are getting plans and menus for home entertainment.

Eugene radio fans will miss the pleasant voice of Dr. Ralph L. Power, former University of Southern California professor, who has been the Sky Crier, or announcer, for the radio studio of the Los Angeles examiner for more than a year. He has also given a weekly talk on education from KWH and KFI for nearly three years. Examiner programs are now broadcast from the main station of KFI and are announced by the staff of Earle C. Anthony, Inc.

TONIGHT'S PROGRAMS

Pacific Coast.

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. 8 p. m., Mu Phi Epsilon program, arranged by Beman Kragy Barendrick. 10 p. m., Colburn's Melody Men of the Hotel Portland; intermission solos by Leonard Claro, operatic tenor; Nelne Torgler, accompanist.

KHJ, Los Angeles, Cal., 40 meters—6-6:30 p. m., Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel concert orchestra, Edward Fitzpatrick, director; 6:30-7:30, stories from American history, Professor Walter Sylvester Hertzog; Dick Winslow, juvenile reporter; 8-10, program by American Society of Engineers; 10-11, Earl Burnett's Biltmore hotel dance orchestra.

KNX, Hollywood, Cal., 337 meters—5:45-6:15 p. m., Wurlitzer pipe organ studio, Sid Ziffs, sports talk; 7-8, Ambassador hotel concert orchestra, Josef Rosenfeld, director; 8-9, program, Carson-Baruch Baking company; 9-10, program, Cordon and Harrison; 10-12, Hollywoodland dance orchestra.

KPO, San Francisco, Cal., 429.5 meters—7-7:30 p. m. Rudy Seiger - Fairmount hotel orchestra.

KLX, Oakland, Cal., 509 meters—6-7 p. m., dinner concert; 8-10, Old Folks' colonial concert.

KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 467 meters—5:30-6 p. m., Examiner's musical half hour; 6:45-7:30, detective stories Nick Harris; 7:30-8, program, Goodwin-Klinger-McKay company, presenting a male quartet; 8-9, Evening Herald program, Dr. Marian Trace Whiting; 9-10, Examiner, Mampus movie night, presenting many famous stars and baby stars; 10-11, Patrick Marsh's dance orchestra, Betty March soloist.

KFQX, Seattle, Wash., 238 meters—6:45-8:15 p. m., Hopper Kelly company studio program; 8:30-10, Orpheum society concert.

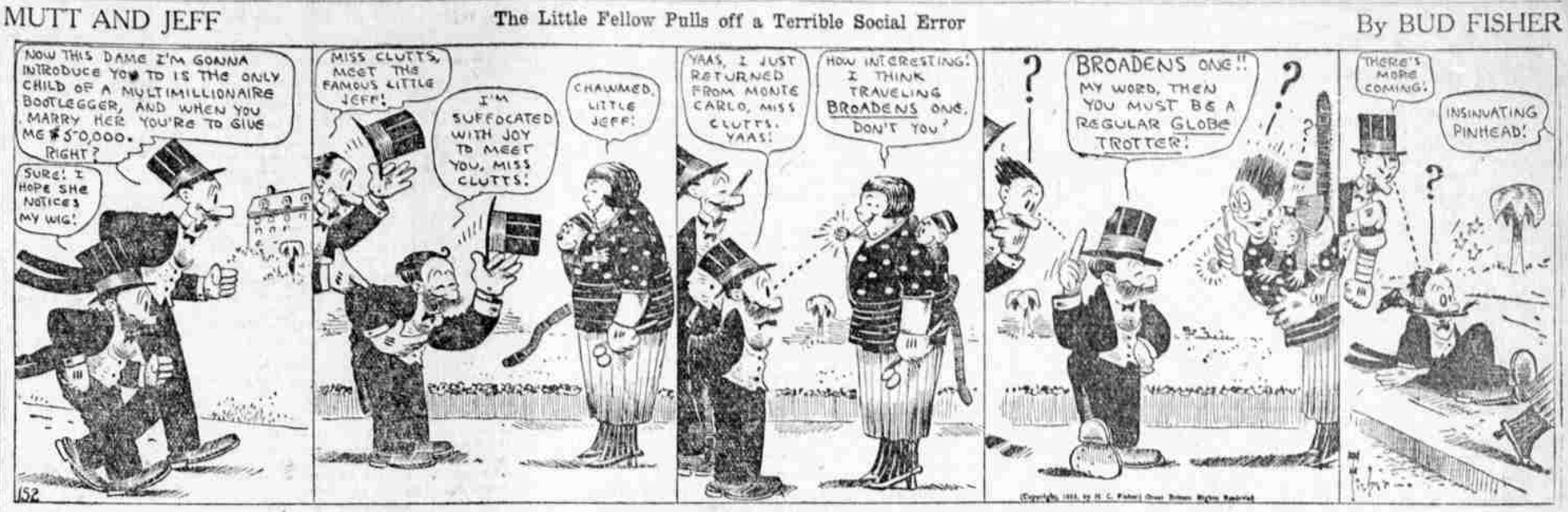
KFOX, Seattle, Wash., 238 meters—7:15-8 p. m., bedtime story, Aunt Vivien; 8-9, Earl Gray and his Hotel Butler orchestra; 9-10, concert hour; 10-11, Earl Gray and his orchestra.

KFSG, Los Angeles, Cal., 278 meters—6:30-7:30 p. m., children's hour, with Helen Edwins and Mary Elizabeth Hughes, Mrs. Rose, pianist.

MUTT AND JEFF

The Little Fellow Pulls off a Terrible Social Error

By BUD FISHER

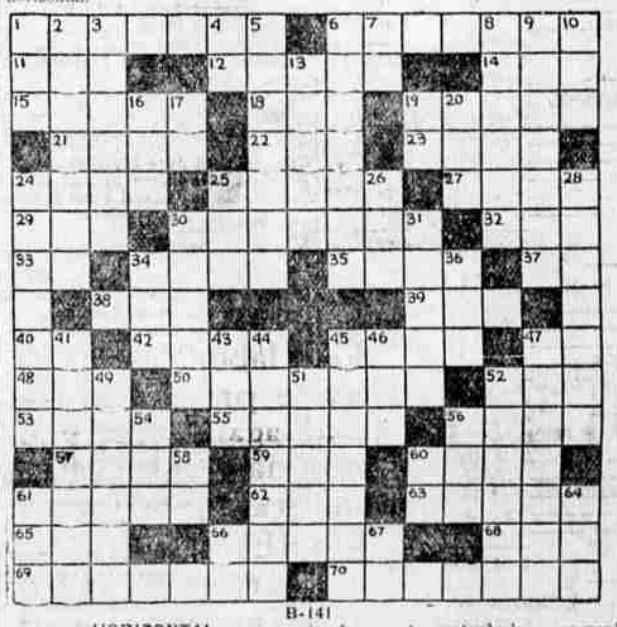


Jerry On the Job

Safety Always

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

You'll find a few strange words in this puzzle, and many even 30 horizontal.



B-141

HORIZONTAL

1. Soleman.
6. A theatrical spectacle.
11. Metal running through rock.
12. Devil.
14. Pipe joint.
15. Deep bass voice.
18. Rent.
19. Married.
21. Crystal gazer.
22. To make embroidery.
23. Tart.
24. Sand hill.
25. Has advanced.
27. Three voices singing in unison.
29. Skill.
30. Odder.
32. Fish resembling snake.
33. Pronoun.
34. One who brings suit.
35. Tidy.
37. Second tone in major scale.
38. Very small.
39. Adverbal particle expressing negation.
40. Within.
42. To name or call.
45. Tube containing fluid of the glands.
47. Preposition.
48. Hard-shell fruit.
50. To promote growth.
52. Color.
53. Mixture of black and white.
55. To utter monotonous sounds.
56. To disorder.
57. Three (card term).
59. Move quickly.
60. Jump.
61. Profane oath.
62. Dined.
63. Loft.
65. Exist.
66. Wharves.
68. Old French five-franc piece.
69. One who lives in the desert.
70. Tolled.

Answer to yesterday's cross-word puzzle:

VERTICAL

1. Cry.
2. Obliteration.
3. To feel or show anger.
4. Personal pronoun (pl.)
5. Containing more salt.
6. Prototype.
7. Indefinite article used with vowel words.
8. Dress.
9. More indigent.
10. To scatter.
13. To plague.
16. Observe.
17. Either's other half.
19. Mother.
20. To perform.
24. Cursing.
25. To regret.
26. Born.
28. A salt of oleic acid (pl.)
30. Female ruler.
31. Large farm.
34. To place.
36. Small urchin.
41. To nourish.
43. Stick.
44. Pestilence affecting domestic animals.
45. Main meal (pl.)
46. To employ.
47. An omen.
49. Smeared with tar.
51. A path.
52. Warmed.
54. Affirmative.
56. Came upon.
58. You.
60. Seventh note.
61. Hack.
64. Food in a cow's mouth.
66. 3.1416.
67. Therefore.

CROSS-WORD FOR LITTLE FOLKS

Answer to Little Joe's Puzzle

An ordinary pipe can be smoked in 18 minutes, although British pipe smokers who have crammed the bowl of the pipe full of a peculiar grade of tobacco have been known to make it smoke 111 minutes.

Longworth Baby is Named "Paulina"

CHICAGO, Feb. 18.—The three-day old daughter of Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth and her husband, Representative Nicholas Longworth of Ohio, has been named "Paulina." The decision was reached by the parents after discussion today as they celebrated their nineteenth wedding anniversary at the hospital where Mrs. Longworth is being cared for.

FLAPPER FANNY says

Don't think a man is particularly bright because he keeps his cigaret lighted in the dark.

Home Hints

TO get the best results with potted plants you must keep them in as even a temperature as possible. A room that is steam-heated during the day and ventilated at night is disastrous to plant life.

White Enamel

Use a very mild soap when cleaning white enamel furniture as the strong variety turns white paint yellow.

Washing Flannels

When washing flannels do not change the temperature of the water in washing and rinsing water unless you are willing to have your garments shrink.

Use Court Plaster

Black court plaster will mend small holes in black silk so that they will be much less noticeable than if stitches are taken.

For Brilliancy

Rubbing glass flower holders with salt after washing gives them great brilliancy and a pure crystal quality.

Save Tin Boxes

The tin boxes in which you buy candy and crackers should be saved as receptacles for cookies or macaroons so they don not become too dry.

To Clean Glass

Use alcohol or ammonia water to clean the glass over pictures.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

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

TIMBERLAND—CHAPTER 18

FLIP seemed to enjoy seeing his master riding on the horse's back. Finally Jack whistled loudly and shouted, "Come on, old fellow! Hop up here with me." Flip apparently understood his little master, for he started leaping up at the horse's side. His first attempts to get up failed.

THE pawing at the horse's side apparently frightened the animal, for he started to rear up and kick. "Whoa, there!" shouted the driver. But the horse by this time was swinging into a rapid pace, and this scared the animal Detty was on. "Grab hold of the lines and hold him back!" shouted the little girl.

JACK tried to do as she suggested, but the horse was prancing around so much he couldn't get a good grip. Suddenly the drag-strap, that ran from Jack's horse to the front of one side of the sled, snapped. The horse was free except for the strap that held him to the other animal. (Continued.)

RUNAWAYS FOUND

ROSEBURG, Ore., Feb. 18.—Delbert Bales, aged 12, James Allensworth, 14 and Elmer Cox, 11, who ran away from their homes near Portland on February 10, were picked up near Yoncalla Monday by Deputy Sheriff Leas of this county. The boys were traveling with a horse and buggy belonging to the father of the Cox boy. They are being held here for the Multnomah county juvenile court.

Fort Apache, Ariz., famous Indian military outpost of frontier days, has been converted into an Indian school.

GUESSWORD LIMERICK

A baby at play on a rug
Found a curious kind of a —— (1)
With a foot and a —— (2)
He gave it a —— (3)
And popped it right in a —— (4).

(1) Word of three letters meaning insect.
(2) Hand doubled up as if for boxing or holding onto last penny.
(3) Condition of mop being wrung.
(4) Crockery receptacle formerly used for cura licker.

The number of cases of alcoholism in New York hospitals decreased from 32,778 in 1914 to 10,568 in 1923. Last year the number increased to 23,292.

THE GUARD AVIARY

THE Seagull is a dainty bird
And white as he can be.
Whene'er we come in sight he'll chirp
His song to you and me.
Perhaps he's just announcing that
He follows ships each day,
Because he wants to catch the food
The people throw away.