

# WIDE WATERS

By CAPTAIN A. E. DINGLE  
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(Continued)  
THE business of transferring ownership and command of the Orontes was not a lengthy matter. The wheels had been greased very effectively through cable negotiations while the ship was on her way out to the Cape. When signatures were affixed to documents there was nothing else to do prior to the clearing of the ship when ready to proceed.

Mr. Fielding looked vastly relieved. He could indulge his courteous nature to the limit in extending good wishes and congratulations to his new client without being momentarily in fear of some outburst from glowering Jake Stevens.

"Really, sir, it would be better if you let the man go!" he said. "A horrid fellow! A perfect brute, I imagine."

Drake laughed pleasantly as he bade Fielding good day.

"I like Stevens," he said. "I have a feeling that we shall yet wind up the voyage good friends."

When the steamer departed, Drake spent an hour looking for Stevens. In the first saloon bar he visited they said Jake had just left with another man after taking two hurried drinks. In the next place, stumbled upon by chance after several blanks had been drawn, Stevens had been alone, had bought rum, and gone on. Drake tried one more place, nearer the docks, and then went aboard, for the clock pointed close to five. He was pleased, rather, that Jake had chosen to load up with Cape Smoke before taking that five minutes' interview. He knew there was a chance that, when a man started out to drown his grievances in liquor, other things were likely to get drowned, too. He hoped Jake would fail to show up, so that he and Mary could enjoy an evening together. A drunken man would be easier to handle than a cold sober one; but in any condition Jake Stevens was going to be a handful, and Drake for once felt vain enough to want to present a good appearance before Mary. There were clothes in that sea-chest and sea bag that had come to him by steamer; clothes fit for genteel wear.

"Master Stevens aboard yet?" he asked Twining at the gangway.

"No—no, sir," replied the mate with a queer smirk. As he answered he regarded Drake whimsically, as if conjecturing whether anything that had happened on the passage out as between first mate and ship's boy could be brought against himself now. Drake almost grinned back. "He was aboard," added Twining. "He came off half an hour ago in that white barque's boat. I think Miss Manning saw him. He went away in the same boat."

"How did he seem?"

"Angry, sir, very angry," replied Twining with a grin.

"Liquor?"

"A little, sir."

Drake laughed, and thrust out his hand.

"You're a good fellow, Twining," he said. "Until other arrangements can be made, you carry on as you go. Start working out the cargo as soon as the lights come alongside. What ever changes have to be made, you will not suffer materially; and you may tell Adams the same thing applies to him. Please have the boat ready for Miss Manning and myself at five-thirty. Put Joe Hunting and Nick Coombs into the boat, and let Joe pick two or three men; then the four of them can stay ashore until we are ready to come aboard."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded Twining. In the big saloon Mary sat writing letters. She looked up with quick apprehension which changed to relief when she saw who it was.

"So you are coming to dinner with me?" smiled Drake.

"I'm not sure I want to go out with anybody," she retorted. Her tone was irritable rather than angry. "Captain Stevens was offensive when he returned. He upset me enough for one day."

the ship, sir. He isn't—well, he's—" the man hesitated, but Drake understood. Whoever it might be was probably drunk.

"All right," he said, rising. "Excuse me, Mary. I'll be back in a minute."

He followed the waiter to the rear of the place. There was a bar which was used by drivers and underlings. A great noise was going on inside, mostly made by one man. And as Drake edged his way in, at the waiter's heels, he recognized the voice with a sharp tightening of his nerves. In a moment he came face to face with Jake Stevens, as drunk as mixed liquor could make him, and ramping mad.

"That's th' bully boy!" roared Jake, lurching forward and walloping Drake heavily on the shoulder with



"That's the bully boy!" roared Jake. an open hand. "Tried to dodge me, hey? Tried to choose me outa five minutes conv's'n'ns. I'm goin' to break y' into 'll bits an' stuff y' down a sewer! I'm goin' t—"

Drake seized him by the arm and hauled him sharply to the door, while the crowd followed gleefully, all keyed up for a gorgeous bit of sport. The licking of a dress suit bloke was always good for a crowd. Stevens lurched along behind Drake, cursing horribly, beating at the strong grip that towed him faster than his unsteady feet wanted to travel. His eyes were almost hidden under scowling brows; his face was swollen and purple with heated blood; his big strong hands were scarred and bleeding as if he had already tried his fists out on somebody else. Right behind him lurched another seaman, perhaps the master of the white barque.

Outside the door, still in the radius of light from the bar windows, Drake straightened Stevens up and shook him.

"Master Stevens, you are a disgrace to your ship! You will go back to Cape Town and go aboard the ship at once. You hear me?"

"Hark to th' bloody stowaway dude!" cackled Stevens, turning for approval to his companion, who had subsided into a thick bush of shrubbery as soon as he ceased moving ahead. "Nother good man gone wrong," Stevens said, sagely. Then he turned ferociously upon Drake and shook his hand off.

"They wouldn't let me come up to join you an' Mary, so I got 'em to fetch you down," he said. "You stole my girl, you dirty rat! You stole my ship, you little bit o—"

"That's enough, Stevens! Are you going aboard?"

"Yes, by God! So are you, on a shutter!"

Jake swung a terrific right fist which split Drake's cheek like a knife splits a ripe mango, and buried him headlong into the bush where Jake's companion snored unseeingly.

(To be continued).

## MUTT AND JEFF



## Jeff Falls under the Spell of the Palm Beach Moon and Then Regrets It

By BUD FISHER

## Jerry On the Job



## No Ground Being Lost

## Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

Small words, easy words, most of them. But they aren't so easy here, because there are quite a few unkeyed letters in the puzzle. That makes it so much more interesting.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33
34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44
45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55
56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66
67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77
78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88

Answer to yesterday's cross-word puzzle:

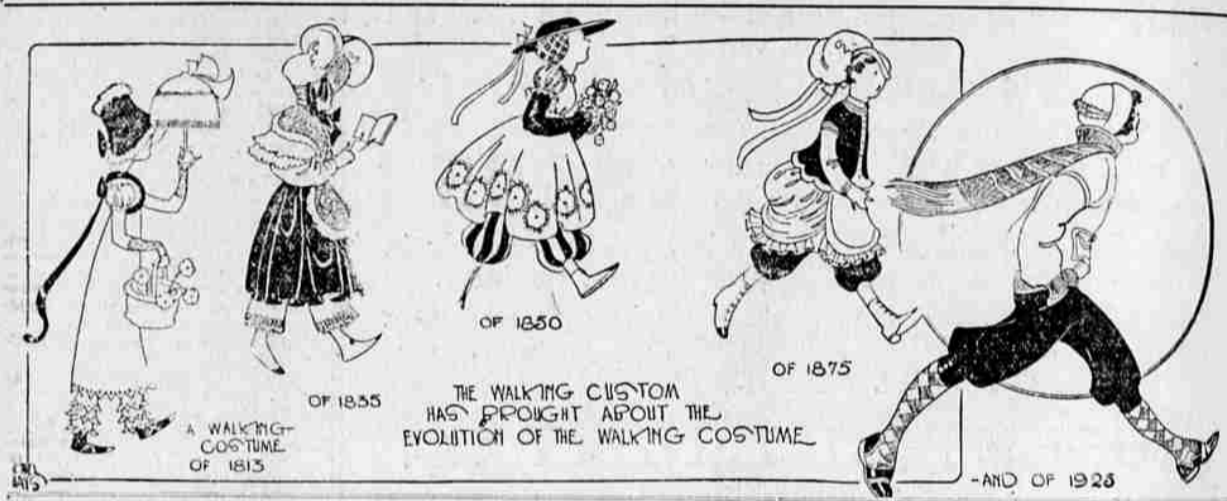
**HORIZONTAL**

1. Ask.  
2. Mineral spring.  
3. Oath.  
4. Deer.  
5. Bash.  
6. Longer in existence.  
7. East Indian tree.  
8. Boil.  
9. Period of time.  
10. Eradicate.  
11. Signify.  
12. Dweller.  
13. Pronoun.  
14. Evening.  
15. Jewel.  
16. Thus.  
17. Impregnated with venom.  
18. To affirm.  
19. Past.  
20. Long for.  
21. Implication used in a boat.  
22. Reposition.  
23. Ego.  
24. Ostrich.  
25. Bites.  
26. Epoch.  
27. To place in line.  
28. Greatest and least distances from center of an orbit.  
29. Denial.  
30. Eggs.  
31. Purpose.  
32. Near.  
33. Father.  
34. Finances.  
35. Shoemaker's mold (pl.).  
36. To equip.  
37. To elevate in mind.  
38. Deer (pl.).  
39. Nimble.  
40. Three spot in cards.  
41. Beast of burden.  
42. Pouch.  
43. Salutation.  
44. Before.

**VERTICAL**

1. Wager.  
2. To evade.  
3. Sport.  
4. Italian river.  
5. Nautical term.  
6. Small aperture.  
7. Conjunction.  
8. A dignitary.  
9. Kilns.  
10. To draw out.  
11. Not any.  
12. Perform.  
13. London trolley.  
14. Pirate.  
15. Foe.  
16. Number.  
17. Self.  
18. Possesses.  
19. Cuck.  
20. To possess.  
21. Rings.  
22. Windmill blades.  
23. Wanderer.  
24. Street boy.  
25. Grief.  
26. Skull.  
27. Fish.  
28. To move fast.  
29. Writing instrument.  
30. Resumes.  
31. A light vehicle.  
32. Apart.  
33. Consume.  
34. Utensil.  
35. Organ of head.  
36. Stones.  
37. Bits.  
38. To shed.  
39. Flower.  
40. Questions.  
41. Chalk powder.  
42. So be it!  
43. Sparrow.  
44. Meadow.  
45. Note of scale.  
46. View.  
47. Note of scale.  
48. Forward.

## EVOLUTION, STEP, BY STEP, THROUGH YEARS



## Radio Programs

Rotarians of Eugene who are radio owners will be interested in tuning in to St. Louis Monday night, February 23, to hear the special program broadcast in celebration of the twentieth anniversary of Rotary. St. Louis is on a wave length of 546 meters. The program, starting at 9 p. m. central time, would start in Eugene at 7 o'clock p. m. President Everett Hill will deliver the anniversary address and Paul Harris, founder of Rotary, will speak to the St. Louis club over long distance for broadcasting.

Dr. John J. Lansbury of Eugene, dean of the university school of music, will speak from KGW tonight on "On Listening to Piano Music." With approximately 12,500,000 pianos in use in the United States, the subject is one of importance and general interest. Dean Lansbury will illustrate his talk on the piano.

Novak's Vaudettes hustled back to Portland in time to play the noonday concert today from The Oregonian tower.

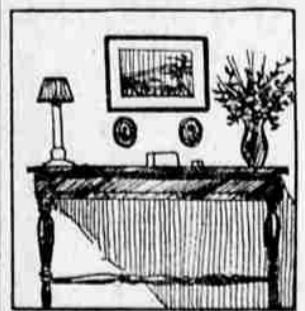
**TONIGHT'S PROGRAMS**  
Pacific Coast  
KGW, Portland, 485.1 meters.—7:15 P. M.—Weather, market and public reports and news bulletins.  
S. P. M.—University of Oregon lecture; Dr. John J. Lansbury of the school of music; subject, "Listening to Piano Music." (Illustrated).  
10:30 P. M.—Host Orel with Pan-tages Frolic and other features.  
KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 480.5 meters.—5:30-6 P. M. Examiner's musical half hour; 6:45-S. Aeolian residence pipe organ recital, Dan McFarland, organist; 8-9, Evening Herald, Janet Macdonald's symphonic solos; George Herbert Hapt, baritone; Judith Ross, soprano; 9:10, Examiner, vocal program, pupils of Thomas

## FLAPPER FANNY says



One reason some girls use so much rouge is because they have too much cheek.

## Giving a Low Desk Height



A low topless desk may be made to conform in height with the other pieces of furniture in a room, if it is back to a wall and pictures are grouped above it. The entire group, then, is complete in itself.

## JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

Story by Hal Cochran—Drawings by L. W. Redner  
TIMBERLAND—CHAPTER 20



As the second strap broke, it turned both horses free. Instantly they dashed forward, leaving the sled skimming along by itself. Jack, of course, realized that he and Doty were the victims of a real ruse. He shouted to Doty to hold on tight and he would try and save her.



THEN the little adventurer managed to get hold of one of the reins of his horse, and by pulling it he drew the animal over closer to Doty's horse. When they were side by side, Jack leaned out and grabbed the reins of Doty's horse. Then he shouted, "Move up front as far as you can!"



DOTY was too scared to do anything but obey. She climbed almost up to the horse's neck. And then she leaned forward and threw her arms around its head. "Put your hands over his eyes if you can," advised Jack. "That will prevent him from seeing and maybe he will slow down." (Continued.)

## Today's Styles



The costume that has a belt these days is rather rare. This one uses squares of white crepe de chine pieced in blue with embroidered slits, through which a blue ribbon passes. The rest of the costume is inconspicuous—blue crepe de chine bound with white.

## THE GUARD AVIARY

THE Catbird's head is sooty black,  
His body's rather gray.  
His home is in a lilac bush  
And hidden quite away.  
His song is of the sweetest  
That you have ever heard.  
He mimics and he loves to mock  
Most any other bird.

**CONFERENCE PLANNED**  
SEATTLE, Feb. 20.—Intelligence tests, ownership of automobiles by students, class hazing, fraternity rushing and student self-government in universities on the Pacific coast will be discussed at a conference of university deans at Palo Alto, Cal., April 16 to 18. Dean James E. Gould of the University of Washington, announced here today. Dean Gould is chairman of the conference.

Drake had dragged his sea-chest and bag into a small unused state-room, and unlocked the door through the open door as he unlocked the chest.

"You can catch the mail tomorrow with the letters you have ready. We'll go past the postoffice. A little run out to Green Point, a nice little dinner beside the sea, with music—Or would you prefer to run out to Rondebush? That's a gorgeous suburb, Mary. All roses, rhododendrons, silver leaf bushes and vine-climbers—"

"I haven't said I'm going anywhere!" she retorted sharply.

"Perhaps, for the first time, we had better say Green Point," he went on, dragging out evening clothes and flinging them on the bunk. Her blue eyes flashed, and her red lips pouted, but he chattered on as if she only existed as something to do things for. "I haven't been out there since I was a Trentise kid. Corking place, though. Better start getting ready. If the letters are finished, no use going to a place for dinner after dinner's over."

A good dinner, a bottle of good wine, and excellent music completed the work of bringing Mary back to normal. Drake helped, of course. He was out to enjoy himself and went to the limit. Mary was amazed at the infinite lights flashed by this man she had seen only as a very rough diamond except for that brief moment at his gate, which was not a meeting at all. Drake drank a good deal of wine; not more than would have been usual at home; not more than a gentleman might drink safely; but enough, after abstinence, to loosen him up and make him sparkle.

His laughter was a thing of sheer jollity and fun.

"Some day you're going to fall in love, Mary, and you won't have very far to fall," he said softly. She lowered her eyes and colored warmly. She was almost ready to answer his challenge lightly, when a waiter approached.

"Captain Drake, a man at the rear bar wants to speak to you."

"Can't he come here?" asked Drake slightly annoyed. "Who is he?"

"I think he's one of your men from

Orange county farm bureau; 10-11, amateur band; Earl Burnett's Biltmore hotel dance orchestra; 11-12, Abe Lyman's Columbia Gramophone orchestra from Ambassador hotel; KJX, Oakland, Cal., 508.2 meters.—6-7 P. M., organ recital from American theater; 7:45-8:45, studio program, KJX players; 9:45-10:45, dance music by Waldman's California band.