WIDE WATERS

by CAPTAIN A.E.DINGLE

©1924 by BRENTANO'S INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED RELEASED by N.E.A. SERVICE INC.

(Continued)

MANY currents and counter currents raise high seas off the Cape of Good Hope. Agulhas seas are the most awe-inspiring of any seas, when they rise in their majesty. But the Agulhas currents were not more intricate or perilous than the human cross currents that ebbed and flowed aboard the Orontes. Mary had gladly given her maiden troth to Alden Drake on a never-to-be-forgotten night in the flower jeweled suburb of Rondebosch.

The kiss he had pressed on her lips still burned. She still shivered ecstatically when she recalled the moment coming home when he swept her into his strong arms and all but crushed her to his heart. Mary was no soldier of fortune in Love's campaign. Drake was her first love. She had never known what love meant until she felt as if she were melting deliciously in his arms, her body and soul merging into his. But that first lesson was all sufficient to her. She was a woman full grown, of full and warm passions; no longer inexperienced, since she was of the kind one lesson teaches thoroughly, if the teacher were able to touch the right chord, as Alden Drake had been able to.

She was not satisfied with the way matters developed after the ship got to sea. That first day had been a chilly experience to her. She had forced herself to patience, knowing that sailing day was ever an ordeal to a new captain. But she had expected, had every right to expect, that when the day was done, and evening found the ship running free over long, easy swells that gave nobody the least uneasiness, her lover would lay aside his prim dignity and become again the human being she had surrendered to. But Alden Talbot Drake had shown an amazing change of front. She drew him gently over to the leeward, into the soft black shadow of the clew of the mizzen course, her hands clasped on his arm. She looked up into his face shyly. Surely a girl might look for a kiss: an embrace. Drake patted her hand, drew her nearer to him, and she shivered rapturously.

"This is the sort of a night which makes even a sailor love the sea," he said softly. She waited, nestling closer. She didn't like that talk of loving the sea so well, but she was not one of the forward sort. Love of any sort was promising. But the kiss came not. Nor the embrace.

"Alden!" she said softly, but with a little not of displeasure.

"What is it Mary? Shall I get your coat?"

"Your arm would do," she replied, wondering at her boldness as soon as the words were spoken. "You might give me a kiss, too, don't you thing?" she added with a rush, taking to the deep water since she had dipped. She felt him draw up sharply.

"Sh-sh!" he uttered. "My dear girl, not here! A ship's master cannot lay aside his responsibility just because certain hours are up. He wouldn't be doing his duty. You are a sailor's daughter. You must know."

"I know you are owner and captain, too!" she retorted, breaking from his arm and scarcely moderating her voice.

"That is the more reason why I should not show my officers a bad example, Mary. Do please be reasonable."

Now whatever a girl may endure from her sweetheart, she will not endure the suggestion that she is not reasonable. Mary stood for one instant, staring up into his face, her blazing eyes close to his, then: "I am reasonable!" she snapped. "I am as reasonable as I was that night when you—Oh, you are like an iceberg! When you melt you're nothing but cold water! I hate you!"

She darted from him, and went below, leaving him staring after her in astonishment. But he did not follow. He remained on deck for an hour: and he had the grace to realize, after a while, that his ideas about responsibility, or duty, might appear somewhat harsh to a girl. But his ideas were not shaken. He went below, and tapped on her door as he passed to go to his cabin.

"Mary, dear," he called softly. In an instant she was at the open door, her eyes shining, her face glad with expectancy. So new was this love of hers that she could not hold anger for long.

"Don't be angry, Mary," he said, placing an arm about her shoulders. "You mustn't make things harder for me. Good-night, my dear."

She put her lips up to his. He kissed her, patted her shoulder, and was gone, leaving her standing in the doorway. She gazed after him until his door closed; then her own door crashed shut, and the saloon rang with the thud. Ike Saintly peeped out from his tiny crevice behind the pantry. Drake looked out again, found everything quiet, and retired. But Ike, stealing across the saloon, heard the sound of sobbing behind Mary's door; he crept back to his bed almost persuaded that he ought to sharpen up his biggest knife and interview the captain.

Ike retired . And Jake Stevens' door opened cautiously. Jake crept out, stepped lightly up to Mary's cabin.

"Any trouble, Miss Mary?" he whispered hoarsely. "Anything I can get for you?"

"Go to the devil!" said Mary, between sobs. She was after all a sailor's daughter. She was no drooping lily. Jake grinned as he went back to bed.

* * *

A change came over Mary. She was less of the girl, more of the woman. She accepted Drake's attitude, and reciprocated to an extent which soon began to worry him. But he remained the courteous shipmaster, aloof while on deck, warming always at mealtimes, ever regardful of her comfort and pleasures, contriving little attentions for her amusement; every night he kissed her good-night, every morning a kiss: such a kiss as a brother might give. She tried it out by kissing her mirror.

"Not a bit different!" she told her reflection.

She did, however, catch the ghost of the lovelight lurking in his eyes sometimes. She assumed a distant air towards him that hurt him more than he dared admit. Then his heart shone from his eyes in spite of himself. She always hoped. But when the ship entered the Indian Ocean,

"Good night, my dear."

and he still remained the master, holding the lover in check, she began to unbend more towards Jake Stevens out of sheer retaliation.

Cynthia Grey Says:

IN the days of old a lover sent his sweetheart sonnets to her eyebrows. But nowadays a girl prefers theater tickets and a five-pound box of candy as tangible proof of a man's affection.

* * *

No matter how gray and lined a woman may become, there are never wrinkles on her heart. It stays young to the end of time.

* * *

The man who makes a girl think about him when she has made up her mind never to think of him again, is the one man in the world for her.

* * *

The trouble with a man's love is that it blooms for one season. But a woman's is like the evergreen.

* * *

Questions—Answers.

Dear Miss Grey: I have been married only three months, but already I know that my wife is never going to be a good housekeeper. She can't seem to learn to cook or to keep my clothes mended. Would you advise giving up our home and living in a hotel? —Disappointed.

Give your wife a chance. She's still new to her job. Why don't you suggest to her that she take a few cooking lessons. There are good teachers everywhere.

* * *

Dear Miss Grey: My husband and I have always been too busy bringing up the children to "step out" much. But now they're all in school and we have more time. We have been going around with a wild crowd we met at the shore this summer. They're very nice people except that they dance and drink too much. Then they make love to each other. It doesn't mean anything, I know. But still it makes me unhappy when my husband follows suit. Would it be silly of me to speak to him about it?—Catherine.

No, it wouldn't be silly. If these people's careless ways get on your nerves it seems to be the wise thing would be to give them up and seek friends who have the same tastes that you and your husband have.

MINER IS KILLED

WHEATLAND, Ind., Feb. 24.—One miner was killed and another severely burned when gas exploded today in the Standard Coal mine here. One hundred and twenty-five other miners escaped following the blast.

Today's Styles

The spring tailleur is quite apt to be straight and severe in cut, but it is softened by very feminine white collar and cuffs and is developed in pastel shades that are very flattering and springlike. This model is in lemon yellow flannel with collar and cuffs of white crepe de chine and with white bone buttons.

MUTT AND JEFF

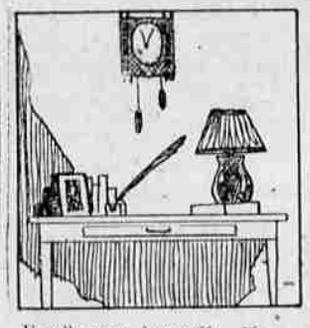
It Looked Like Getting Money from Home to Augustus Mutt

By BUD FISHER

Jerry On the Job

Trimming the Government

Clock Above Desk



Usually your housewife likes a small clock on her desk. If she has a flat-topped desk, or one of the spinnet variety, a clever bit of decorating would be to get a small clock that can be hung on the wall above the desk. It makes a pleasing combination.

Radio Programs

"I am heartily behind the plan tonight to form a 'Eugene Radio club,'" says Dr. David Olson, 955 Twentieth avenue east, who is one of the city's most enthusiastic fans. "Speakers could be obtained to inform owners of radiating sets how to operate them, and much could be done in an organized way to eliminate interference. Count me as one of the club's most interested members."

* * *

Broadcasting officials throughout Great Britain are hunting for a man who makes phonograph records of songs sung by famous singers before the microphone. He sells such pirated music much cheaper than the phonograph companies, who have to pay large sums to the artists.

* * *

TONIGHT'S PROGRAMS

Pacific Coast

KGW, Portland, 491.5 meters, 7:15 P. M.—Police, weather and market reports and news bulletins.

8:00 P. M.—Oregon Agricultural college extension service lectures, C. T. Long, specialist in horticulture; subject, "Commercial Fertilizer in the Fruit Garden"; A. L. Peck, professor of landscape gardening, subject, "Lawns—Their Preparation and Care."

8:30 P. M.—Surprise program.

KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 468.5 meters—5-5:30 P. M., Evening Herald, table talk, news; 5:30-6, Examiner's musical half hour; 6:45-7, editorial talk; 7-8, Aeolian residence pipe organ recital, Dan McFarland, organist; 8-9, Examiner program, Women's Press club of Southern California; 9-10, vocal recital; 10-11, Packard ballad hour, Bess Rodnell and Rhue Gill.

KFOA, Seattle, Wash., 454.4 meters—6:45-8:15, Rhodes department store program; 8:30-10, Warren Anderson's orchestra; 10:05-11, Eddie Harkness and his orchestra.

KFSG, Los Angeles, Cal., 279 meters—6:30-7:30, children's hour, arranged and presented by Harry James Beardsley (Cousin Jam).

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361.2 meters—8 P. M., Brunswick Radiola program; 10-1 A. M., dance music, Henry Halstead's orchestra.

KHJ, Los Angeles, Cal., 405.2 meters—6-6:30, Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel concert orchestra, Edward Fitzpatrick, director; 6:30-7:30, stories of American history, Professor Walter Sylvester Hertzog; weekly visit of the sandman and Queen Titania of Fairyland, Uncle John; 7:45, Mrs. Joe Ballard Fuller, "Better Speech"; 8-10, program, Hellman Commercial Trust and Savings bank; 10-11, Earl Burnett's Biltmore hotel dance orchestra.

KLX, Oakland, Cal., 508.2 meters—6-7 p. m., sunset matinee, Aunt Elsie.

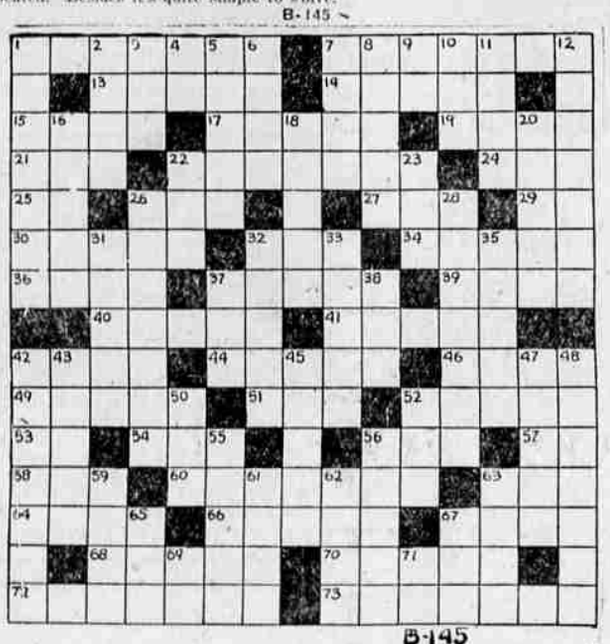
KNX, Hollywood, Cal., 336.9 meters—5:45-6:15, Wurlitzer pipe organ studio, Sid Ziff sports talk; 6:15-7:30, program presented by R. C. "Cliff" Durant; 8-9, program, Elite Catering company; 9-10, program, Paulais, featuring Venetian orchestra; 10-12, movie night, at the Cocoanut Grove in the Ambassador hotel; Abe Lyman's dance orchestra.

KPO, San Francisco, Cal., 428.6 meters—4:30-5:30 Rudy Seiger's Fairmont hotel orchestra; 5:30-6:30, children's hour stories, Big Brother; 7-7:30, Rudy Seiger's Fairmont hotel orchestra; 8-10, Yulla Moret night; 10-11, Gene James' Rose Bowl orchestra.

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

There's not a single abbreviation in this puzzle, and no word is repented. Besides it's quite simple to solve.

B-145



B-145

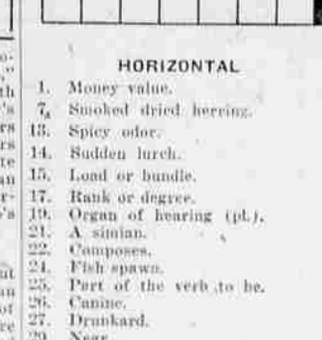
HORIZONTAL

1. Money value.
7. Smoked dried herring.
13. Spicy odor.
14. Sudden lurch.
15. Load or bundle.
17. Rank or degree.
19. Organ of hearing (pl.).
21. A simian.
22. Composes.
24. Fish spawn.
25. Part of the verb to be.
26. Canine.
27. Drunkard.
29. Near.
30. A dead language.
32. Speed.
34. Lift from behind.
36. Extends.
37. Small.
39. Opening in a fence.
40. Energy.
41. Narcotics.
42. Child's bed.
44. Home for religious devotees.
46. A catalogue.
49. An additional clause to a document.
51. Term of respect.
52. Outer covering of a seed.
53. Preposition denoting direction.
54. Affirmative adverb.
56. Matter in a rarified state.
57. Indefinite article.
58. To put.
60. Propriety of conduct.
63. Noise.
64. Soon.
66. The jury.
67. To threaten.
68. Back tooth.
70. Bitter herbs.
72. Precious stone.
73. Beyond human comprehension.

VERTICAL

1. Competent.
2. Step.
3. To weary.
4. Denoting motion towards.
5. Mixed with.
6. Fat of swine melted down.
7. Internal decay in fruit.
8. Entices.
9. Upon.
10. Period of time.
11. Moisture from the eyes.
12. Cluster of ribbons.
16. Nearly vertical in position.
18. A finger or toe.
20. Cook before a fire.
22. The substance resulting from the decomposition of a body by electrolosis.
23. Convulsive catching of the breath.
26. To disregard orders.
28. Buttons or frogs.
31. Lukewarm.
32. Plants with soft succulant stems.
33. Species of duck.
35. Fertile spot in the desert.
37. Leguminous plant with edible seed.
38. Attempt.
42. Medieval expedition to recover Holy Land.
43. Bring to perfection.
45. Buffalo.
47. Sober; sedate.
48. Place where hides are tanned.
50. A vivid color.
52. A Scotch hat.
55. Leaflike division of the calyx enclosing the corolla of a flower.
56. Hollow worn by water.
59. A large book.
61. To comb wool flax or hemp.
62. Twenty quires of paper.
63. Medicine prescribed at one time.
65. Negative conjunction.
67. Wager.
69. Sixth note of the diatonic scale.
71. A bone.

Answer to yesterday's puzzle:



B-144

Lake Season to be Later Because of Heavy Snow Pack

MEDFORD, Ore., Feb. 24.—A later season at Crater lake than usual and a larger supply of water for southern Oregon than for many years, will result from the record-breaking storage of snow along the Cascade divide this year, according to Peter Oard, the park ranger, who telephones to Medford last night that there are now 18 feet of snow at Crater lake rim. Moreover, the snow is packed down and frozen, so that the water content is believed to be twice the average usually found at this time of the year, according to Oard.

Less than one-sixth of the potential water power of the United States has bee ndeveloped

FLAPPER FANNY says-

© 1925 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

Garters have a "kneesy" time.

Home Hints

NEW ironware should be greased with mutton tallow and heated very slowly and then thoroughly

washed to temper it before using it for actual cooking purposes.

Scraps of Soap

All scraps of soap should be saved and used for a soap solution in the washing machine or in the clothes boiler.

Paraffin Paper

Keep paraffin paper on hand because it is very valuable for wrapping up food supplies that you wish to keep fresh a day or so.

Nickel Pans

Clean you nickel pans with silver

paste or whiting and alcohol.

DR. SUN WEAKER

PEKING, Feb. 24.—(AP)—Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, leader of the government of south China, who has been critically ill since he underwent an operation for cancer here on January 26, continued to grow weaker today. Otherwise his condition was unchanged.

Thirty-six per cent of the British war widows, now receiving pensions, have married again.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

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

TIMBERLAND—CHAPTER 22

FLIP, who had been tearing along beside the running horses, now lay panting at his master's side. "Go find Flop," said Jack, and Flip jumped up and started back toward where they had left the driver of the sap sled. "Gee, your dog knows just what you're saying, doesn't he?" said Dotty.

"OH, he's a pretty smart dog," laughed Jack. Then the two little adventurers decided to sit down on a log and rest. Jack swept the snow off the log with his foot. Of course, he and his little cousin were worn out from their experience and they surely appreciated the chance to rest.

AFTER a little time they heard Flip's bark. "Oh, he's found Flop," shouted Jack, as he jumped up. "I can always tell when he has succeeded by the way he barks." And sure enough, Flip came tearing up to his master, and Flop was hanging tightly to the dog's back. "That's the boy," said Jack. (Continued.)

Attempted Jail Break Frustrated

BEND, Ore., Feb. 24.—An attempted jail break at the county jail was foiled ESunday night, when officials passing the jail heard the men at work. Three of the five prisoners were being held for grand jury investigation, one was awaiting trial on a charge of possession of liquor and the fifth was serving a 30-day sentence on a reckless driving charge.

GUESSWORD LIMERICK

"Oh, my darling, this surely is great" Said a girl who was learning to ——(1)

Then her feet left the —— (2)

And it wasn't so —— (3)

When she bounced on the back of the ——(4).

(1) Term formerly applied to period of alcoholic debauch.

(2) Substance used to coat beverages.

(3) Glorious.

(4) Formal term meaning time to put hat on.

Telephone girls in Bombay must be able to speak six languages.

THE GUARD AVIARY

THE Pelican's a funny bird;
As queer as you will meet.
He lives down by the water where
There's a lot of fish to eat.
He'll fly above the rolling waves;
Then quickly he will dip
And catch a fish within his beak
That's big just like a grip.