

# WIDE WATERS

By CAPTAIN A. E. DINGLE  
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(Continued)  
"I've got you, you little witch!" Jake whispered hoarsely. He raised his face to glare upon her. And terrified, Mary screamed.

It seemed but an instant before like a saintly figure in the doorway, white faced, fiery eyed. Only an instant more and Drake burst in, white as the steward, murderous. Jake still held the girl in his arms, her frightened face peered over his shoulder, his own flushed visage and passionate eyes, half turned, glared at the intruders like an animal from a trap. Frightened as she had been, awakened out of slumber to find herself faint in the arms of a man, her lips crashed violently against lips that stank of liquor, all womankind's quick wits flew to Mary's aid in that moment of imminent disaster. As if shown to her in a flash of light, she realized that she had played with very inflammable material in encouraging Jake Stevens. The smell of liquor, too, explained much. That she was watched over better than she knew was proved to her eternal satisfaction by the astoundingly swift appearance of the steward and Drake. She was unarmed, and Jake Stevens was, after all, one of the oldest of her friends.

"Oh, I was dreaming!" she cried. "Did I cry out?"

And Jake, stealthily loosing her so that he might be unhampered to meet the attack he knew must come, suddenly saw the glimmer of light she showed him and answered:

"I heard you as I came off watch, dreaming, were you, Miss Mary?"

He still glared darkly, reading the unbelieving challenge in Drake's eyes. The saintly tried to conceal a great French knife in a sleeve only half long enough, but he made no effort to conceal the look of accusation he leveled at Stevens. Drake went to the bedside, meeting Jake's gaze squarely as he pushed by.

"What happened, Mary?" demanded Drake sharply. He laid a hand on her forehead, and felt the starting moisture. He noted the agitation of her breast. The laces of her night dress still fluttered. "Are you sure you were only dreaming?"

"Oh, yes. Such a horrid dream!" She hid her face in the pillow. "Don't talk about it, please. I was so glad to wake up and see Mr. Stevens near me, Alden. I was so frightened I would have been glad to see anybody! But I'm all right. Please don't bother about me."

"Very well. But if you are going to have more bad dreams, I'd suggest that you lock your cabin door. Good-night."

The steward stood aside as Stevens preceded the skipper into the saloon. He felt that there ought to be, might be yet, opportunity to put the edge of that big knife to the test. Poor Ike was no warrior. He was scared cold at the threat of bloodshed. But he was willing to fight for old Captain Manning's daughter if need be; and surely he had believed he was going to fight when he grabbed that big knife and darted out at Mary's cry. And for a moment he believed he saw blood in the eyes of the two strong men facing each other outside Mary's closed door.

"That'll do, Mr. Stevens, thank you," the skipper said quietly. "I congratulate you upon the amazing promptness you showed in answering Miss Manning's outcry."

"Happened to be handy," growled Jake, and lurched off to his berth. Drake stood for a moment, sniffing hard. He scented away feeling disgusted at the ending of so promising an encounter.

As if the ship's barometer registered the pressures of human emotions as well as of atmosphere, there settled upon the ship a sense of portent not entirely due to the gathering of storm clouds following the falling of the mercury.

Mary still employed her leisure hours on deck working at her sheepskin border; watching one by one the sails clewed up, furled, and stowed away. The preparations for the imminent gale were long and arduous, as the storm seemed long coming. But that was the most dreaded of all storms at sea.

She wondered at the subtlety of the rising seas. Without any apparent increase in wind, the long rolling blue seas suddenly began to wear broken crests and to climb boldly up the steel sides of the clipper, falling aboard every now and then with a shock and a roar like the discharge of heavy artillery. And the skies grew sooty and ugly.

Trouble had long been brewing with the precious pair of belligerents, Tibbs and Sims. They fought each other when nobody else would fight them, though they were fast cronies. Old Joe Bunting had kept them in check a bit; Nick Concha had helped. They were afraid of those two seasoned old salts.

Mary saw the sea rise, heard the gale begin to howl; then she took her fancy work below, clothed herself in storm clothes, and returned to the deck to watch the big ship battle against the elements. Towards evening the skies were altogether sooty, and the low clouds scudded across the mastsheads with terrific speed. Heaping seas rolled up out of the immensity of the southern ocean, rising at the speeding ship's flanks, gurgling ghoulishly as they looked aboard over the six foot bulwarks and dropped a few tons of water on the maindeck as a reminder of their strength.

"We'll take in fore and mizzen upper-topsails, Mister Stevens," Drake shouted at eight bells, when both watches were awake. "Reef the upper main topsail, and reef the foresail. Better do it now and avoid having to call all hands perhaps during the night. See, the jibs well lashed down. Keep the foretopmast staysail on her."

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied the mate civilly. "If you'll look out here, sir, I'll lend a hand. Plenty to do."

Then came a heavy rain squall, marching across one roaring sea in thunder and lightning devastation. Dark, shapeless figures hauled and cursed in the scudding chaos of the

full maindeck. Unseen demons howled and shrieked aloft above the worst the gale or squalls could do. A blinding flash of lightning lit every inch of the ship's laboring structure. High upon the upper main-topsail yard six shapeless yellow-clad sailors fought profanely with the tormented sail. The rain slashed down at them.

"Haul that reef taut! taut!" screamed a voice. "It's all adrift!"

There was a momentary blackness after the lightning flash; then a second flash so swift as to almost blind the eyes. But Mary saw a yellow figure hurtle down out of that uppermost chaos, a scream still on his lips, his poor groping fingers catching at the black void. The ropeyarns that were only meant to hold his oilskin trousers and jacket together to keep the water from wetting him more than necessary, were unequal to holding his weight. He fell and plunged into the sea.

(To be continued)

## Radio Programs

Dr. Kimball Young of Eugene, professor of psychology at the university, speaks on "Character Reading, True and False," over KGW at 8 o'clock tonight. Handwriting and character, of cartography; the effect of stars on conduct, or necromancy; what the lines of the palm reveal, or palmistry; character reading by lines in the soles of the feet, or pelomania; physiology and physiognomy are some of the popular favorites which Dr. Young will appraise in the light of science.

Using a 100-watt transmitter, Gerald Marcus of London, England, has succeeded in communicating with the Hamilton Rice expedition now in the Amazon in South America. The expedition also has a 100-watt set.

Following are some important coming radio events:

March 2 to 7, inclusive—Fifth Annual Radio Show and Convention, Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City. Executive Radio Council, Second District.

March 4—Broadcasting of President Coolidge's inaugural speech.

April 22 to 28—Third District Radio Convention, Steel Pier, Atlantic City, N. J.

September (early in month; date not settled)—Fourth Annual National Radio Exposition, by American Radio Exposition Co., 522 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Exposition will be held in Grand Central Palace.

September 12 to 19—Second Radio World's Fair, 25th Field Artillery Armory, Kingbridge Rd. and Jerome Ave., New York City.

**TONIGHT'S PROGRAMS**  
Pacific Coast.

KGW, Portland, 401.5 meters—6 P. M.—Dinner concert by Vic Meyer's band, courtesy Brunswick-Balke-Coleman company.

7:15 P. M.—Police, market and weather reports and news bulletins.

8 P. M.—University of Oregon extension service lecture by Dr. Kimball Young; subject, "Character Testing."

10:30 P. M.—Hoot Owls with Pan-tages frolic and Rose City trio.

KFAE, Pullman, Wash., 348.6 meters—7:30-9 P. M.—Hawaiian songs with ukulele and guitar, Ted Lamley, Sigurd Johnson, Horace Trimble; vocal and piano solos, Frances Lockwood; "Where Our Weeds Come From," Dr. F. L. Pickett; "Height of Working Surfaces in Kitchens," Gladys Gallup; "Good Bonds versus Poor Roads," Professor H. Phelps; book chat, Alice Lindsey Webb.

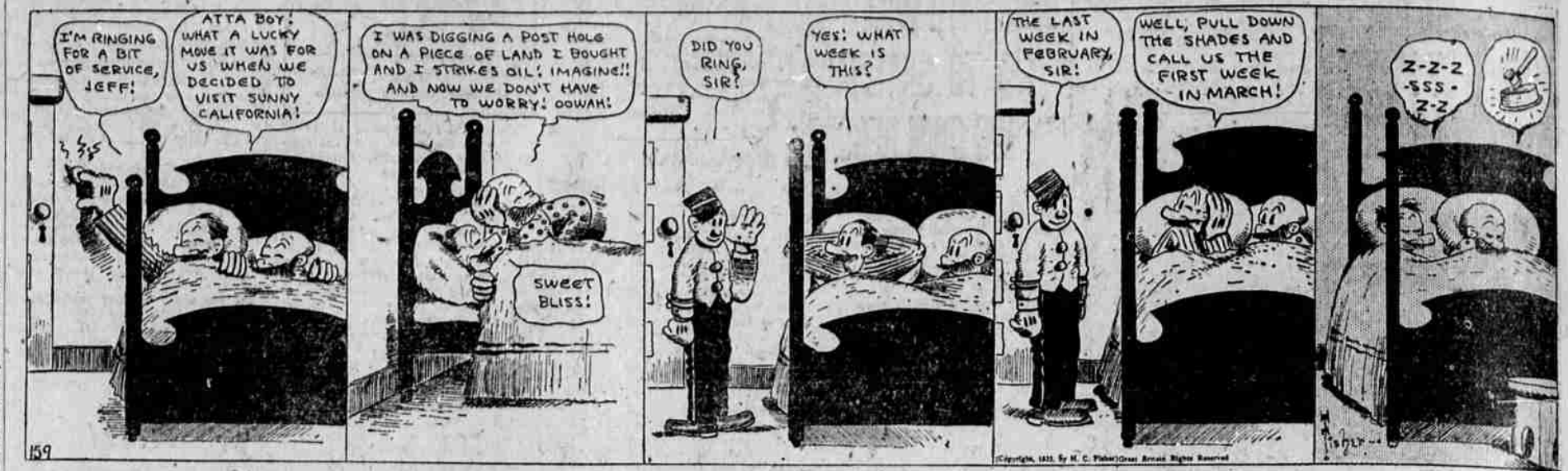
KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 408.5 meters—5:30 P. M.—Evening Herald table talk, news; 8:30-9, Examiner's musical half hour; 9:45-10, editorial talk; 7-8, Examiner program, Flor-yane Thompson, soprano; 8-9, Aeolian residence pipe organ recital, Dan McFarland, organist; 9-10, Evening Herald, Kennedy Broadcasters of Long Beach, dance orchestra, Herman E. Abrahamson, steel saw, radio talk.

## Today's Styles



This is an afternoon costume of gold lace and black satin. The tight bodice is fashioned from heavy gold lace and the draped skirt from satin. The hip length cape and the skirt are bound in magenta and jade green.

## MUTT AND JEFF



## Jerry On the Job



## FLAPPER FANNY says



Beware of the police-woman, boys, even though she hath an arresting look.

A. J. Blodgett, president Southern California Radio association; 10-11, program by pupils of Myra Belle Vickers.

KFOA, Seattle, Wash., 354.4 meters—4:55-5:15 P. M., Olympic hotel orchestra; William Hofmann, conductor; 9:45-10:15, Sherman, Clay & Co. program; 8:30-10, Times studio program, Mrs. H. G. Slupkin; 10:05-11, Olympic hotel, dance music.

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 299.8 meters—4:30 P. M., concert, Hotel St. Francis.

KIL, Los Angeles, Cal., 405.2 meters—6-6:30, Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel concert orchestra, Edward Fitzpatrick, director; 9:30-7:30, Little stories American history, Professor Walter Sylvester Herzog; Voyn Val and "Sir" Richard Headrick, screen juveniles, Uncle John; 7:30, better speech talk, Mrs. Joe Hal-liday Fuller; 8-10 program, Henley and Scott; 10-11, Sael Burnett's Biltmore hotel dance orchestra.

KIX, Oakland, Cal., 508.2 meters—4-7 P. M., organ; 7:45-9:45, studio program; 9:45-10:30, Sweet's ball-room.

KNX, Hollywood, Cal., 336.0 meters—5:45-6:15 P. M., Wuritzer pipe organ studio; 6:15-7:30, dinner hour music; 8-10, program, Peerless Product company, Maude Fenlon Boll-man in operatic numbers; 10-11, amateur hour; 11-12, Abe Lyman's Cosmo-sant Grove dance orchestra from Ambassador hotel.

KFO, San Francisco, Cal., 428.3 meters—8-9 P. M., program, "Cleveland Six" orchestra; 9-10, one-act play, Theater Arts club, Taima Zetta Wilbur, director; 10-11, Gene James' Rose Room Bowl orchestra.

## Clock on Strike For 158 Years is Now Working Again

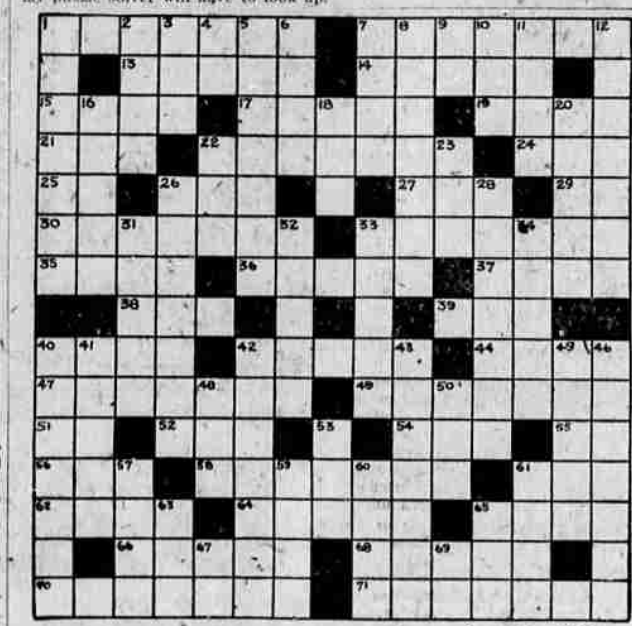
LONDON, Feb. 27.—(AP)—An old clock that stopped working in 1767—158 years ago—recently was restarted after a year's effort by a member of the admiralty staff. The clock is about 200 years old and contains more than 600 parts which weigh about 100 pounds. It is made of brass of such fine quality that an ingot of it could be beaten almost like leaf gold.

The clock was made by a carpenter named John Harrison for His Majesty George II by order of the board of longitude which appears to have been an admiralty commission appointed to superintend the installation of chronometers and navigation apparatus on the ships of the British navy. The board gave Harrison \$1250 for the job and he took two years to make it. It is really a clock within a clock, the smaller one running for four minutes only, being wound every three and three-quarter minutes by the larger clock, which has to be wound daily.

Most of the houses in Bulgarian villages are made of mud or wood and rubble work, giving them an oriental appearance.

## Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

A horticulturist ought to gloat over this puzzle. For there are quite a few words that he might repeat in his daily conversation, but that the lay puzzle solver will have to look up.



**HORIZONTAL**

- A precious stone.
- A shallow lake, near the sea.
- One who is defeated.
- With.
- A semi-circular recess in a church.
- Tropical American pear-shaped fruit.
- Pertaining to the language of the Celts.
- To observe.
- Slow person.
- Snake-like fish.
- Within.
- Drunkard.
- Chart.
- Neuter pronoun.
- Tenth month.
- Landed estate attached to manor.
- Close by.
- Relieved.
- Antlered animal.
- Seed covering.
- To sum up.
- Compensation for services rendered. (pl.)
- Leaflike division of calyx enclosing corolla of a flower.
- Girl.
- Lasso. (PL)
- Brown scales which cover stem of ferns.
- Part of verb to be.
- Term of respect.
- Dark, viscous fluid.
- Preposition of place.
- Small wooden nail.
- Unit.
- Sign fronting addition.
- More recent in origin.
- Margin or edge.
- A vassal.
- Pertaining to cheek or cheek bone.
- Covered with small curling waves.
- War cry. (PL)

**VERTICAL**

- Removal of diseased tissue by scraping.
- Otherwise.
- Fish spawn.
- Since.
- Person bequeathed an estate.
- Narcotic.
- Molten stone.
- Frightened.
- Begone.
- Unit.
- Imaginary giant.
- Zinc.
- Penny. (PL)
- Time.
- Large fishing net.
- Toss gently.
- To stop.
- Club of women.
- One who travels selling small wares.
- Small wax candle.
- Fixed value. (PL)
- Exclude.
- Portable covered chair.
- Broad fin used in swimming.
- Support for a picture.
- Unusual.
- Pertaining to side.
- Sober. Sedate.
- Cotton fabric with satin finish. (PL)
- To direct.
- Wild.
- Edict.
- To swallow eagerly.
- Necessity.
- Precious stones.
- Italian egg.
- To drink slowly.
- To droop.
- Hebrew God.
- Behold.

**ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE:**

**LATIN OPALS**  
**REPOSES ELISION**  
**ITEM WIELD TONE**  
**VSET RAM MEN S**  
**EN SHY T FAR AN**  
**ROT BEL MOD NIL**  
**STAY SEWER HALE**  
**LED PAT GAS**  
**ROOT CEDED SAGA**  
**ERN NOR ROW LOT**  
**BE LAD B TAR DO**  
**U LAG PIT RIM N**  
**TRAL WATER GATE**  
**SEVERAL NOTICES**  
**DALES BODED**

**CROSS-WORD FOR LITTLE FOLKS**

Answer to Little Joe's puzzle.

**A G U E S**  
**A O N S**  
**S T A T I C**  
**P O T A T O**  
**S E M W**  
**S B E E S**

**Dress Like the Play**  
HASTINGS, England, Feb. 27.—If you want to go to a new amateur playhouse here, you must dress like the actors do on the stage. "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," a play of the King James I period, was recently presented and the entire audience appeared in ancient costumes.

Eggs dropped out of an airplane at several thousand feet break up into fine pieces of shell and moisture before reaching the ground.

## Book Ends in Bookcase



When there aren't enough books to fill a shelf in a bookcase, and they tend to fall over, a good method to keep them looking neat and in order is to place them between book-ends right on the shelf. As more books are added, the book-ends may be taken out. While they are there they add to the beauty of the bookcase.

## Home Hints

**WHEN** mayonnaise dressing curdles the quickest way to restore it is to take a spoonful of cold water and



mix in it a generous pinch of corn-starch and stir to a smooth paste, then beat this slowly into the curdled dressing.

**Clean Tea Kettles**  
Keep the outside of the tea kettle polished and free from grime and grease.

**Best Dust Cloth**  
Cheese-cloth is a most satisfactory material for dusters since it is cheap, easily cleaned and quickly dried.

**A New Broom**  
Always buy a new broom before the old one is worn out so that the



old one may be used for rough work.

## GUESSWORD LIMERICK

A dollar, a dime and a nickel  
Will buy you a book and a — (1)  
But there's nothing so — (2)  
To wrap up the — (3)  
As a scythe or a snake or a — (4)

(1) Served with ice cream to girls.  
(2) Morally insensible.  
(3) Area surrounding residences not in heart of city.  
(4) Implement used to amputate verdure.

## JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

Story by Hal Cochrane—Drawings by L. W. Redner  
AT LOG RIVER—CHAPTER 1



THE horses, on which Jack and Doty Daw were mounted, idled their way back to the sugar camp. A man, with a big long saw, stood beside the sap pot and, as Jack jumped to the ground, the little adventurer asked the man what the saw was for. "Oh, we cut down trees with this," came the reply.



"GEE," laughed Doty, as she also slipped off her horse, "haven't you ever seen big trees cut down with axes and saws?" "No, I don't believe, I have," replied Jack. "Well," continued Doty, "we'll just take a row over to the Log River saw mill and you can see how it's done." And Doty started for the river.



AS SOON as the river bank was reached, Jack spied the camp-roast and with the help of Flip, he dragged it out onto the water. Doty climbed aboard and then Jack looked around for the oars. "They were nowhere to be seen, so the little adventurer asked Doty about them. 'Why, we don't use oars,' she said. (Continued.)

## Cynthia Grey Says

**Questions—Answers.**  
Dear Miss Grey: My husband thinks I ought to press his neckties and keep his clothes brushed. I think it's his job, isn't it?—Wife.  
Anything that a woman can do to make her husband a success in his business ought to be done by her willingly. And clean ties and clothes do help a man to look well at his job. After all, it's not much work to take care of your husband's clothes. And it seems to me it's your duty.

Dear Miss Grey: I am madly in love with a man I have met only once. Is there such a thing as love at first sight?—Eighteen.  
There is but it's usually the kind that comes to young things like you, eighteen, and it rarely lasts. If you still care about this man of yours three years from now, you can safely say it was real love at first sight.

Dear Miss Grey: My girl friend and I are ushers in a motion picture theater. Lots of men who drift in for



MESSSENGER  
Say, Messenger Boy,  
You bring sorrow and joy  
In the street you deliver each day.  
Though right speedy you go,  
People claim you are slow.  
Tell us, how do they get that way?