

WIDE WATERS

By CAPTAIN A. E. DINGLE

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(Continued)

JAKE Stevens stood in the swishing water that rolled across his legs knee deep in the scuppers where he had brought up. He still held on to the barred grating that had been the hen coop door. The leather hinges flapped on the wood, yet as slippery. Jake's face slowly turned purple; under his blood curls his blue eyes diminished in size until they appeared like twin points of fire set under flat black eaves in a mask of fury. His teeth chattered as if the words stuck. Then, with a rush, he said:

"You talkin' to me?" he snarled.

"Because if you are, captain or no captain, I tell you to go plumb to hell! If you'd been lookin' after your ship, instead of..."

"Go ahead!" snarled Stevens. "I let no man use that tone to me. Clear away, there!"

"Leave that boat! Come up here, Mr. Stevens. That is an order!" There was that in Drake's voice now which penetrated even the shell of Stevens' fury. To disobey meant insubordination. The men knew better than to carry on. Drake had seen the film of wind creeping over the sky, which could not be seen during those confused moments down in the flooded waist. He would not lose precious time for a few fowls. Stevens mounted the poop ladder suddenly. Mary stepped aside, and with difficulty refrained from screaming. She saw the two men face to face. And never before had she so clearly seen them compared in all their strength and weakness.

"I'm here, captain!" announced Stevens belligerently.

"I see you are, Mister Stevens," nodded Drake. "What was that you answered when I spoke to you just now?"

"How do I know? Can a man remember the words he says when he's half drowned? Might he?" said anything.

"I remember what I said," pursued Drake, evenly. "I ask what you let those fowls out for. I believe I called you a bloody fool."

"And I told you to go plumb to hell!" shouted Stevens in mad rage. "What about it? hey? What about it?"

"I see you do remember. You'll apologize, Mister Stevens."

"I'll see you damned!"

Mary stepped into the companionway, her hands pressing at her hot cheeks. There stood two men. Both had wooed her, each after his own fashion. She saw bitter conflict abrewing between them now, far more bitter than any before. And now she could not be sure where the victory would go. She knew Stevens for an iron man; would Drake prove true steel? And, most disturbing of all things, there was a subtle doubt in her heart now whether she wanted iron or steel to encase her.

"At six bells, Mister Stevens, you will bring an apology to my cabin," said Drake in the same even tone. "Otherwise, you will complete the passage in the forecastle."

Stevens flashed around at that. But Drake had gone below as he uttered the words, scarcely noticing Mary as she covered in the dim companionway. As for Mary, she shrank as far from him as the board, then, as terrified by the appalling scene of calamity which overwhelmed all her earlier fears and made them seem childish, she ran out on deck and gripped Stevens by the arm.

"Oh, Jake, don't start more trouble!" she pleaded, and the eyes which she raised to his astonished face were brimming over.

"What do you care?" he retorted with a bitter laugh. "You want to see that dude walk hobnailed over me, don't you?"

"I care more than you think, Jake," she persevered. "And you didn't tell him to go to hell when he almost got clubbed to death dragging you out of that drunken fight in Cape Town?" Her eyes were big and dark and angry now, and she met his gaze directly.

"If you're half the man you say you are, you'll be at the captain's door with your apology at six bells," she said. Then she turned and left him.

But at six bells he knocked on Drake's door, cap in hand.

Mary spent a lot of time over the toilet that evening. She went in to supper dressed as if for a gay party.

Drake, tired with her speaking vividly, yet resenting those few moments she had spent on deck. He knew quite well what it must have cost the mate to make that grumbling apology while ago. Yet Mary ought to know that he did not like her to break his rule about speaking to the mate while on watch.

"Mary," he started to say, "you must not..."

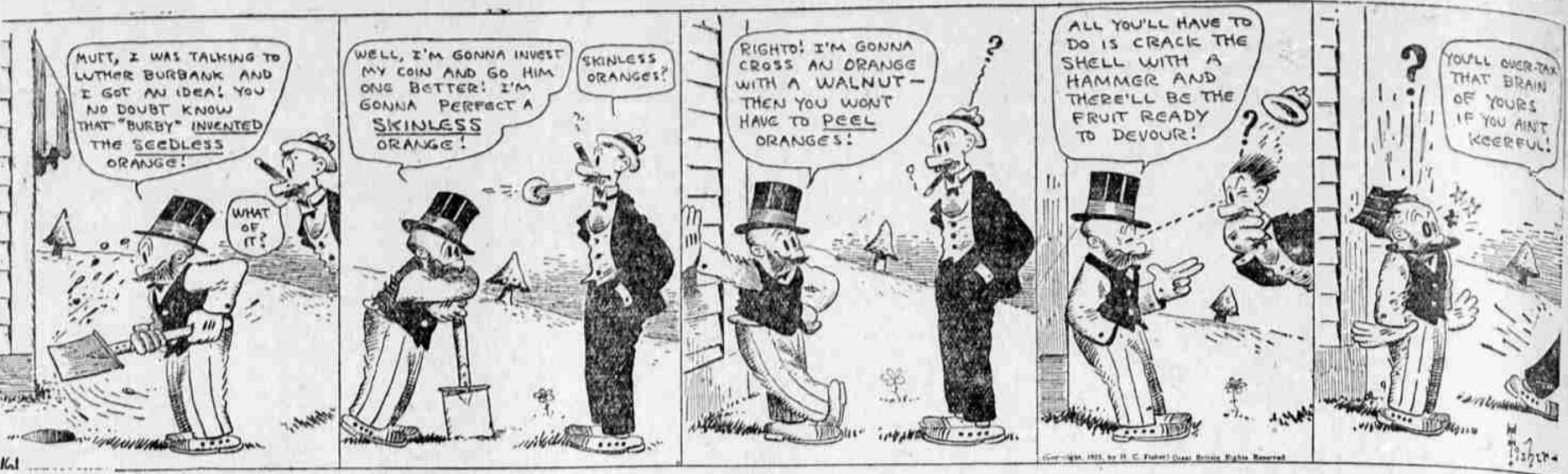
"Oh, just a minute!" she interrupted him, springing up and running to her cabin. While digging into her trunk for pretty clothes to wear at supper, she had taken out a new high-necked dress purchased in Cape Town. She had almost forgotten she had it. But sight of it reminded her that it might well serve a good turn yet; and she had laid it on her bunk. Now, through sheer necessity to stop the reprimand that was on his lips, she flew to the game as to a refuge from something terrible.

So they played at playing a game which neither knew, and which Jake Stevens knew still less, since he had never heard of the game. Such a muddle they made of it. But it diverted their thoughts.

But the steady rush of the welcome breeze did not blow away that perfect politeness which had become the accepted relation between Captain Drake and his first mate. Try as she might, Mary could not keep her mind off that awkward form of friendship which she felt sure was a muddle they made of it. But it diverted their thoughts.

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MUTT AND JEFF



Jerry On the Job



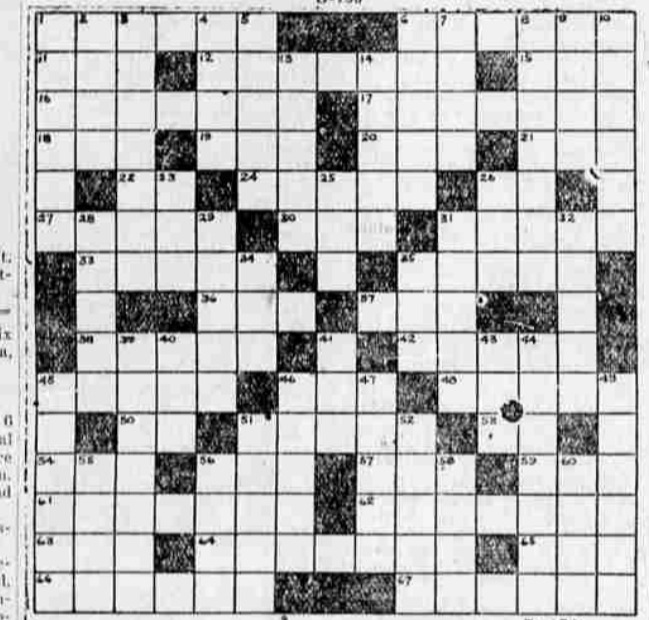
Pillow Makes Soft Seat



Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

If you've ever been on a trip to the Hold Land, you may be able to tell it horizontal at a glance. But even then it may be a sticker. At any rate, only one letter is unkeyed, so your vertical words should help.

B-150



FLAPPER FANNY says—



Home Hints

ARTICLES lightly soiled can be dry cleaned by lying buried a week in corn starch mixed equally with magnesia.

Drying Brushes
Never allow hair brushes to stand on the brushes while drying.

To Clean Photos
Photographs may be cleaned by sponging lightly with absorbent cotton moistened with alcohol.

Short Soaking
Long soaking of clothes is undesirable. It loosens the dirt, but it passes again into the fabric.

Home Menus

BREAKFAST—Baked apples, cereal cooked with raisins, thin cream, waffles, syrup, milk, coffee, crisp toast for juniors.

Luncheon—Toad in the hole, creamed potatoes, graham bread, Sally Lunn, canned cherries, milk, tea.

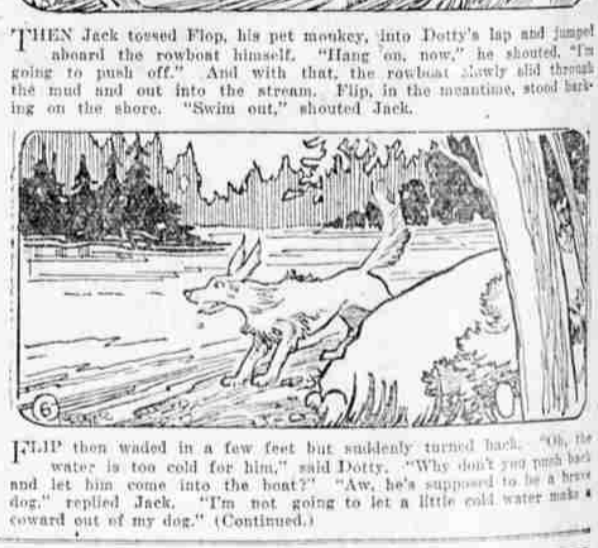
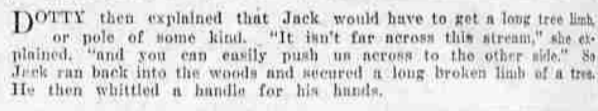
Dinner—Stuffed pork tenderloins, baked Irish potatoes, candied sweet potatoes, apple-coriander salad, bran rolls, orange cream, milk, coffee.

Toad in the Hole
One cup flour, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 1 cup diced lamb, salt and pepper. The amount of salt depends on how well the meat was seasoned when first cooked. One-half teaspoon will be needed to season the milk and flour. Mix flour, salt and pepper. Beat egg. Make a little well in the flour and pour in the egg. Gradually stir the egg into the flour. Slowly add half the milk. Beat batter until smooth and add the rest of the milk. Put meat in a shallow baking dish, pour over batter and bake 45 minutes in a hot oven.

Sally Lunn
Two cups flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 egg, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup milk, 1/2 teaspoon salt.
Mix and sift dry ingredients.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

Story by Hal Cochran—Drawings by L. W. Redner
AT LOG RIVER—CHAPTER 2



GUESSWORD LIMERICK

On a bright summer day Simon
Went to fish with a pin and a — (1)
With a yell and a — (2)
He slid right off the — (3)
"On my soul," he exclaimed, "what a — (4)!"

(1) Portion of wood sometimes made into walking cane.
(2) Spasmodic pull.
(3) Place from which things can be got real money.
(4) Spectacular exhibition.

The public debt during the last four years has been reduced more than \$3,000,000,000.

Radio Programs

Two big events in Radioland occur March 4. President Coolidge's inaugural address will be sent out to the whole nation through a system of re-broadcasting, and KFVB, Warner Brothers new de luxe station, opens March 4, in Hollywood.

It will be the first time in history that such a vast number of people have heard the inaugural ceremonies. The chief justice of the supreme court will administer the oath of office, and he will be heard in Eugene as plainly as if he were speaking in your own room. KFJ, KFO, KNN and KGW will broadcast.

Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc. will broadcast on 232 meters. They are making March 4 a gala day. Five hundred million beam candle power will be used in electrical displays. The station will open with the Star Spangled Banner by the KFVB band, and from then until midnight, stars, producers, bands, orchestras and singers will produce the entertainment. Here are some of the entertainers to be heard on the air evening of March 4:

Chas Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Matt Moore, Monte Blue, Irene Rich, Louise Fazenda, Marie Prevost, Kenneth Harlan, Johnny Herson, Lee Kent, Hollywood Athletic Club Quartette, Warner, don't you?

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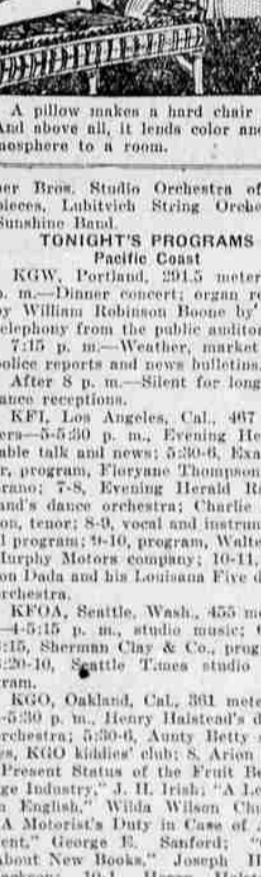
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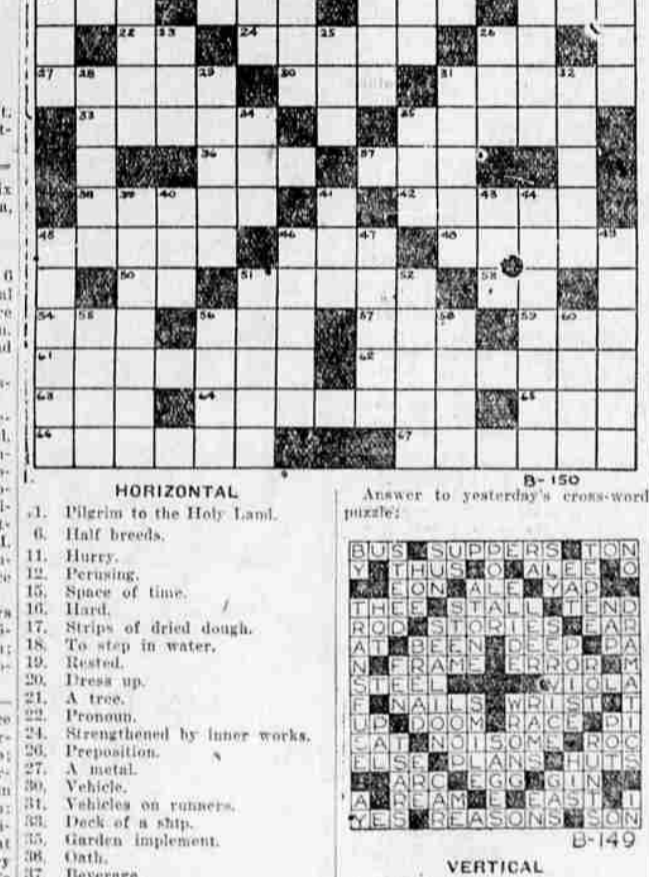
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Today's Styles



FOLKS IN TOWN



Cow Noseprints

MELBOURNE, Australia, March 2.—Noseprints of cattle, similar to fingerprints of human beings, are being used as a system of identification on the large ranges of Australia. The new system is much easier and more humane than branding with hot irons.

The Chicago Opera company travels in 16 special Pullman cars and requires 26 large baggage cars for scenery and costumes.

Keeps Bread Fresh

GENEVA, Switzerland, March 2.—A Swiss baker has perfected a process which he says will keep bread fresh for five years. A loaf baked a year ago is still fresh. He is keeping the process a secret.

Saws Between Hunts

LONDON, March 2.—The Earl of Lisetown, one of England's big game hunters, is an expert with his needle as with his gun. He will compete with prominent ladies of the British nobility in the gold thimble needlework competition to be opened by Princess Mary in May. Lord Carmichael also is an expert needleman.