



Wide Waters
by CAPTAIN A.E. DINGLE
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Synopsis
ALDEN DRAKE, formerly a sailor, is now a flabby through a life of ease, ships aboard the clipper Orontes as "boy," under the command of—
JAKE STEVENS, whose enmity he owes to a mutual love for—
MARY MANNING, daughter of the owner, who is a passenger. At Cape Town, Stevens is superseded as captain by Drake, whose lawyers have seen to the purchase of the Orontes during its cruise. In his new role of master, Drake becomes cold and dignified in the presence of Mary. Stevens and Drake constantly are at odds. The unrest spreads to the crew. Tony, a vicious seaman, is killed, and Jake Stevens is wounded, in a brawl.

(Continued)
THROUGH the saloon they carried Jake Stevens to his own berth. Mary followed, white and silent. The sailor hovered near, wringing his hands, useless, pallid.
"Where shall I put Bunting, sir?" the second mate asked of Drake, coming into the saloon after the bearers.
"I need him," snapped Drake. The second mate nodded.
"Put him in the sail locker for the

lips had but hastened the flinging open of the fetters of sleep that prisoned the soul.
There came at last the day when Jake Stevens reported himself able to stand watch. That was the day that the ship was found to be within five hundred miles of Java Head. The very first result of Jake's appearance sent a thrill of relief around the ship, even among that part of the crew who a week ago would readily have sworn away Joe Bunting's very life.
"Of course Bunting didn't knife anybody!" Stevens said testily. "I could have told you that long ago. It was that squeaky rat Herbert Oats. Better loose Bunting and slap that dabbler on the right man. Bunting? He'll!"
Stevens had not entirely recovered on that first day on deck. Mary watched him keenly. She still considered him her patient. And when the breeze grew stiff towards mid afternoon again, and the sun poured down its direct rays scaldingly, she persuaded Drake to have an awning spread over part of the poop, even though the spanker had to come in to make room for it. Later she persuaded Drake to go up with her and



Through the saloon they carried Jake Stevens to his berth.

present. He didn't do this dirty business. I can't believe it.
"He was heard yawning," Tony, sir, and Mr. Stevens knocked him. "Never mind. Put him in the sail locker until morning. Is Tony dead?"
"Cold, sir. Is—Mister Stevens?"
"Can't say. Get about your business now. Steward! Where in blazes is that steward?"
"He's getting me hot water," Mary called out quietly from the mate's berth. Already she had opened the wounded man's shirt and bared the ugly knife stab. "I'll take charge here, Alden. Just let me have like usual."
"That looks nasty," the skipper muttered scrutinizing the deep wound in Jake's hairy breast. "I can't understand it. Joe Bunting never did that, I'm sure."
In half an hour Mary fixed the last strap of adhesive tape to the pad covering the clean wound. Stevens sat and opened his eyes. While she irrigated the wound with biting antiseptic, and bravely stuck stitches through the flesh with a darning needle and silk from her fancy work, he had only shown that he lived by the "fifteen rise and fall of his breast and a single muffled groan."
"Better me some brandy, Ike," she said, like brought a whole bottle and a cork screw, as if it were some priceless libation he was bringing to the goddess of miracles.
"Thanks. You can go now," she told him tersely, and like went out like a sheep.
Mary watched by the bedside of Jake Stevens hour after hour. She forced brandy between his lips at intervals, and was satisfied that he was slowly recovering vitality. Drake looked in, received her report, and left her. He was conscious of a feeling of jealousy; he put it from him as utterly unworthy.

While she waited for the closed eyes to open, Mary curiously examined the furnishings of the little cabin. There was a narrow, shelf-like desk, most of it littered with a nautical almanac, an epitome of navigation, and a part pill of tobacco; but she abruptly sat up straight. There was just one clear, spotless space on that crowded desk. On it was a beautifully carved ivory frame. In the frame was a picture. An amateur effort at photography, taken with an indifferent lens. In developing and printing some of the initial blunders had been further. Blended. But it was still a picture, wholly recognizable to Mary, for it was her own vivid likeness.
Nothing she possessed had ever received the care revealed by that intricate ivory carving. There was no speck of dust or discoloration anywhere to be detected; and there were a thousand tiny crevices and carved flourishes to catch a speck or stain. The silver edging inside the frame shone with a soft pure luster. The glass was not ruled by a smear. And the picture. Just a wild, pictorial, ivory flapper of a girl. Written across it was a queer, strange, multi-syllabic word of a name and date. "Mary, with Love to Jake."
There was a date, and the place: "Baku."

"Oh!" she breathed and her face was as red as Jake's port curtains. That picture! She was twelve years old then. Jake had not been long in his father's ship. She had a vague recollection of giving that silly snapshot to him, and vowing that he was her first sweetheart.
Impulsively, now, she flitted to the side of the bunk, stooped with the lightest dart of a bird, and kissed him fairly between the closed eyes. "Get well, Jake," she whispered; then fled from the cabin.
And the door softly closed behind her, Jake Stevens' eyes opened slowly and followed her. They were dark with pain, those blue eyes, heavy with weakness, too; but there was a spark that glowed deep in their depths which hinted that perhaps her



This coat, designed for afternoon wear, makes effective use of black monkey fur as trimming. The material is aquamarine Jossens. The upstanding collar and unusual revers are distinguishing features.

MUTT AND JEFF



JEFF, YOU'RE DUE TO BROADCAST IN FIVE MINUTES AND YOU AIN'T GOT NO SPEECH READY!



THAT'S ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT IT, MUTT!



BROTHERS, MUTT AND I LOVE YOUR STATE, WE LOVE YOUR ORANGES, WE LOVE YOUR ASPARAGUS, AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST (AHEM) WE LOVE YOUR GIRLS!



NEVER HAVE WE BREATHED SUCH WONDERFUL AIR! WE HATE TO LEAVE CALIFORNIA BUT WE MUST! BUT BEFORE WE LEAVE WE'RE GONNA INHALE AND FILL OUR LUNGS—



AND WE AIN'T GONNA EXHALE UNTIL WE GET BACK TO NEW YORK! THAT'S WHAT WE THINK OF YOUR OZONE! AND—FURTHERMORE—

Jerry On the Job



MR. SABACOURA IS CONTEMPLATING JOINING US AS AN EFFICIENCY GUY—BUT OF COURSE HE WANTS TO SEE THINGS FIRST. YOU'LL SHOW HIM AROUND, WON'T YOU?



THE EMPLOYEES HERE ARE ABOUT 50-50 MR. SABACOURA—YOU'LL BE ASTONISHED.



THIS PAIR IS "THE BLOYS"—ONE GOOD AND ONE BAD—ONLY WE DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE.



THEY LOOK LIKE A COUPLE OF WILLING LADS.



ONE'S WILLING TO WORK AND THE OTHER'S WILLING TO LET HIM.



Shop Girl

Miss Shop Girl, we know that your work hours are slow. And yet you take all kinds of care with your stock, all day long. So that ought to be wrong. With the things that you make and we wear.

Radio Programs

New realms of musical appreciation were conquered by the KGO Little Symphony orchestra last night, when a series of night concerts were inaugurated. The works of Dvorak were played by the orchestra directed by Carl W. Rhodenhamel. Arthur S. Garbett, music interpreter, showed how he believed the "Mersey Widow Waltz" might have been evolved from Beethoven and Mendelssohn. A lot of Eugene radio fans who thought that modern song writers are divinely inspired got their minds changed last night, and found there was nothing new under the sun.
The Guard would be interested in hearing from anyone who was able to pick up the De Mosa recital from WRC, Washington, D. C. last night.

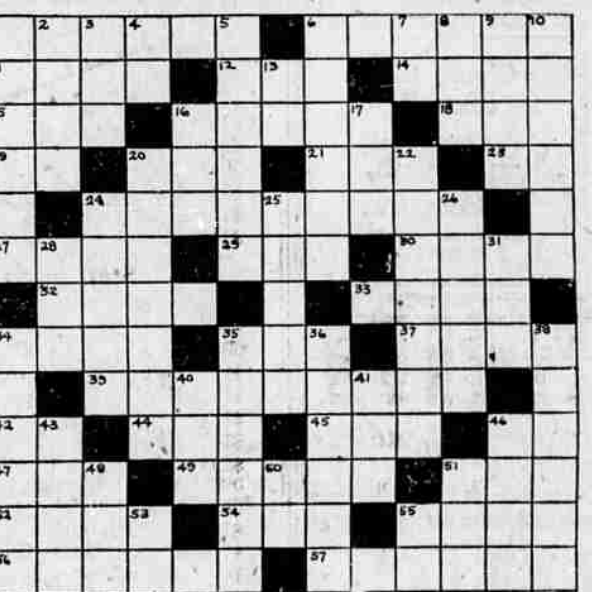
British Broadcasting company is soon to make an attempt to relay and broadcast the roar of water rushing over Niagara falls.

TONIGHT'S PROGRAMS

Pacific Coast.
KGW, Portland, 481.5 meters—8 p. m., dinner program, presenting Marcella McCullough, soprano, Harold McIntyre, baritone, Mary Bullock, pianist; 7:15 p. m., weather, police and market reports and news bulletins; 8 p. m., concert featuring Mrs. C. A. Fowler, pianist, Marie Chapman MacDonald, violinist, and Nina Dressel Leary, contralto; 10 p. m., Columbia's Melodrama of the Hotel Portland; intermission numbers by Julius Walter, pianist, and Charles Wilgus, violinist.
KFI, Los Angeles, 467 meters—6:45-7 p. m., editorial talk; 7:30-8:30 p. m., detective stories of true life; 7:30-8, program, Goodwin, Klinger and Mackay; 8:30-9, Evening Herold dance orchestra; 9-10, Examiner, semi-monthly Vampiro club movie program; 10-11, Patrick-McCarthy dance orchestra, Betty Patrick, blues singer.
KFOA, Seattle, 455 meters—4:55-5:15 p. m., Olympic hotel orchestra; 6:45-8:15, Hopper-Kelly company studio program; 8:30-10, Seattle Times studio program.
KSL, Salt Lake City, 278 meters—10:30-11:30 a. m., Sunshine hour program; 2:30-4:30 p. m., auditorium service and sermon on "Divine Healing." Almer Sample McPherson, pastor; 6:30-7:30, children's hour, presenting Little Mary Elizabeth; 8:30-10 program, Western Auto Supply company, arranged by J. Howard Johnson; 10-11, Earl Burnett's Baltimore hotel dance orchestra.
KJL, Oakland, 509.9 meters—6:7 p. m., organ recital; 8-10, American theater orchestra; 10-11:30, Sweet's Helen Edwina Hughes, Mrs. Rose, pianist.
KTL, Los Angeles, 404.1 meters—6:50-7 p. m., Art Hickman's Baltimore hotel concert orchestra, Edward Fitzpatrick, director; 6:30-7:30, Professor Walter Sylvester Herzog, little stories American history; Dick Winslow,

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

Ten minutes is the time in which this puzzle should be completed. It's one of the simplest The Guard has printed.



Answer to yesterday's cross-word puzzle.

HORIZONTAL
1. Function.
6. Speaker.
11. Vegetable.
12. Lick.
14. Pailful.
15. Boy.
16. Heads.
18. Tag.
19. Conjunction.
20. Seed.
21. Row.
23. Note.
24. Reviver.
27. Joy.
29. Organ.
30. Stick.
32. Moderate.
33. Possessive.
34. Waves.
35. Discern.
37. Obtain.
39. Withdrawal.
42. Toward.
44. Mournful.
45. Measure.
46. Negative.
47. Evening.
49. Heaten.
51. Pronoun.
52. Scarce.
54. Denial.
55. Superlative of good.

CROSS-WORD FOR LITTLE FOLKS

Answer to yesterday's puzzle:



Juvenile reporter, Uncle John; 7:30-8, University of Southern California Glee club; 8:30-9, Dr. Maria Bumpard.
KNX, Hollywood, Cal., 337 meters—5:45-6:15 p. m., musical program from Wurliator studio; 6:15-7, dinner hour music; 7-8, Ambassador hotel concert orchestra, Josef Rosenfeld, director; 8-9, program, Pacific Auto-motive service, broadcast from Ambassador hotel; 9-10, KNX features program; 10-12, Hollywood dance orchestra.
KPN, San Francisco, Cal., 429.5 meters—4:30-5:30 p. m., Rudy Seiger's Fairmount hotel orchestra; 5:30-6:30, Bob Brother of KFO; 7:30, Rudy Seiger's Fairmount hotel orchestra; 7:30-8, Coon Band Instrument com-

FLAPPER FANNY says



Some boys are so fast they think the three-mile limit is a mere sprint.

Home Hints

NEVER put meat or poultry in contact with ice, nor lay them flat



In a dish or pan. Put a rack under the meat, then set the pan in the refrigerator.

To Measure

To measure butter, lard and other solid fats, pack them solidly in the cup or spoon, then level off with a knife.

A Cooking Hint

When dry ingredients, liquids and fats are called for in the same recipe you can measure them in the order given and have but one cup to wash afterward.

For Making Tea

Always use freshly boiled water for making tea or hot beverages and freshly drawn water for cold ones.

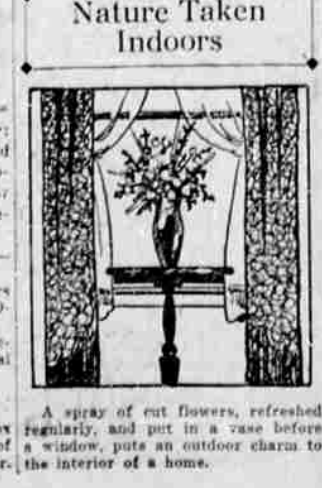
Use Borax

Sprinkle powdered borax freely under sinks, over pantry shelves and



around plumbing. It is a perfectly safe disinfectant.

Nature Taken Indoors



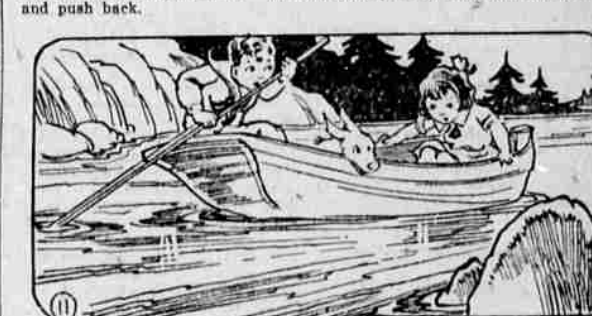
A spray of cut flowers, refreshed regularly, and put in a vase before a window, puts an outdoor charm to the interior of a home.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

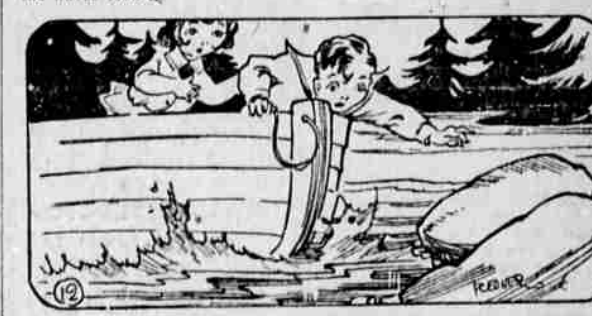
Story by Hal Cochran—Drawings by L. W. Redner
AT LOG RIVER—CHAPTER 4



DOTTY, who knew all about Log River, began to get a bit frightened. "Better try to push back to the shore we came from, if you can't get to the other side," she warned. "There is a rapid down below here and we are heading right for it." So Jack attempted to swing the boat around and push back.



THE stream, however, was flowing too swiftly and, as soon as the boat's nose was pointed down stream, it swept into a rapid slide toward the rapids. By this time the water was too deep for Jack's pole to reach the bottom. He was helpless to prevent the little craft from going where the waves took it.



JACK looked ahead. They were coming to a large rock and he jumped to the front of the boat in the hope that he might get a hold on the rock and stop the progress of the boat. At the same time he noticed two men standing on the far shore, watching the little boat closely. (Continued.)

Cynthia Grey Says:

Questions—Answers
Dear Miss Grey: Before we were married six months ago my husband and I went out dancing almost every night. Now when he comes home and has dinner all he wants to do is read. I can't pry him loose from his chair. Isn't this unfair to me?—Brown Eyes.
It's very complimentary to you. It's because you and the home you've made are so attractive that he doesn't ask for anything else.
Dear Miss Grey: My older sister is a nice girl but she puts her nose on her hair and paints her face and mouth. She says all the girls at the office where she works do it. Do other girls do this—nice ones, I mean?—Julia.
The very nicest girls are brought up never to put anything on their faces but rice powder. Young girls look prettier, really, without makeup. But most of them don't know this.
In Parisian society of the sixteenth century it was impolite for the guest or host to look at a timepiece. Unique watches from which the time could be ascertained without taking them out of the pocket were made. At each hour mark was a small cup of spice. The society man found the hour hand, rubbed his hand on the spice underneath it, and then tasted the spice to tell the time.

GUESSWORD LIMERICK

An acrobat stood on his head
On a post at the foot of the bed
"Oh, this is the —" (1)
He remarked to his — (2)
But she prefers housework — (4)
(1) Piece of furniture on which people formerly rested at night.
(2) State of existence.
(3) Married feminine voter.
(4) A substitute.
Dr. Ashton for Chiropractic and Electro-therapy, Opposite Heilig's, Phone 300.
Also, N. McLean, Insurance, 800 Willamette St. Phone 617.