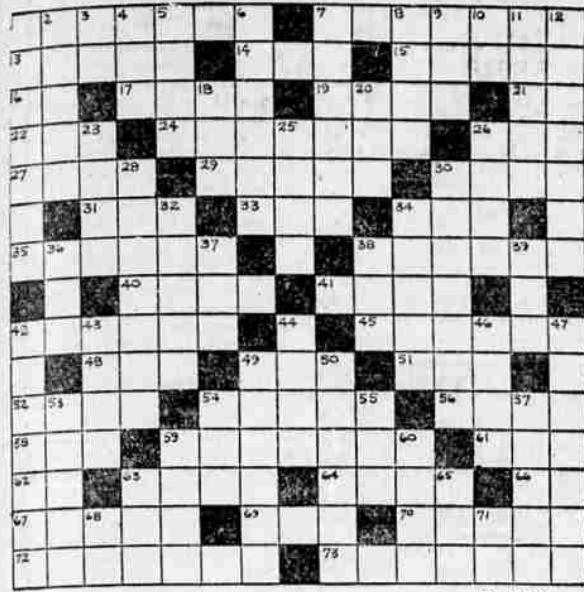


Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

Youngsters will fight shy of this crossword puzzle when they learn the word in 42 horizontal.



- 1. To exaggerate. 2. Female heir. 3. Ranges. 4. Exist. 5. To rent again. 6. Proposition. 7. Small open pie. 8. Inspired with feeling of fear. 9. Accomplish. 10. Electrical particle. 11. Revolves on axis. 12. Light brown. 13. Imitates. 14. Covered with wax. 15. Finished. 16. Female sheep. 17. Machine for changing air current. 18. Laymen who superintend church's spiritual interests. 19. Declines. 20. Melody. 21. Foggy. 22. An oil children don't like. 23. Alluvial deposits at mouth of river. 24. By means of. 25. Yellow matter from a sore. 26. Form of precipitation. 27. Tart. 28. Holy person. 29. Garden earth. 30. Perched. 31. Those who dissipate property. 32. String fence used in tennis. 33. Noun pronoun. 34. Pinch (verb). 35. Organ of sight. 36. Part of verb to be. 37. Winding part of a stairway. 38. To do wrong. 39. One who aims. 40. Saluted. 41. Sleeping powders.

- 1. To satisfy. 2. To march in a body. 3. Second note in scale. 4. Dine. 5. Monarch. 6. A maker of headgear. 7. Warmed. 8. Angers.

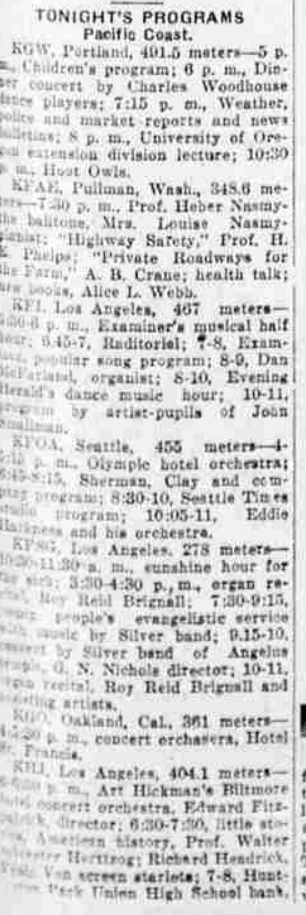
Radio Programs

An invention by which refrigeration can be broadcast by radio is claimed by a municipal transmitting station to broadcast the radio "ice" and he states that all that is necessary to keep the food cool in the hottest weather, is to keep the receiver tuned in to the central station.

When Chiefs Evergreen Tree and Hiding Sun of the Pueblo Indian tribe broadcast their interpretation of wild songs and animals recently over KRA they caused a furore among radio fans. Cuts of every known variety, from the great American alley cat to the pedigreed bloodhounds, jumped "high and wide" when the program started. Fans complained that during the mimicking of a coyote call, the cats left the house and haven't been seen since.

Tonight's Programs Pacific Coast

KGW, Portland, 401.5 meters—5 p. m., Children's program; 6 p. m., Dinner concert by Charles Woodhouse; 7:15 p. m., Weather, police and market reports and news bulletin; 8 p. m., University of Oregon extension division lecture; 10:29 p. m., Hoot Owls. KFAA, Pullman, Wash., 348.6 meters—7:30 p. m., Prof. Heber Nasmay; 8:15 p. m., Mrs. Louise Nasmay; 8:30 p. m., "Highway Safety," Prof. H. K. Phelps; "Private Roadways for the Farm," A. B. Crane; health talk; see books, Alice L. Webb. KFI, Los Angeles, 467 meters—6:30-8 p. m., Examiner's musical half hour; 8:45-7, Radiotriple; 7-8, Examiner's popular song program; 8-9, Dan Kelly's orchestra; 8:30-10, Evening Herald's dance music hour; 10-11, program by artist-pupils of John Southman. KFOA, Seattle, 455 meters—4:30-5 p. m., Olympia hotel orchestra; 5:45-8:15, Sherman, Clay and company program; 8:30-10, Seattle Times program; 10:35-11, Eddie Harpiss and his orchestra. KPNS, Los Angeles, 278 meters—10:30-11:30 a. m., sunshine hour for the sick; 3:30-4:30 p. m., organ recital, Roy Reid Brignall; 7:30-9:15, organ people's evangelistic service; 9:15-10, music by Silver band; 9:15-10, music by Silver band of Angeles temple; O. N. Nichols director; 10-11, organ recital, Roy Reid Brignall and visiting artists. KOFI, Oakland, Cal., 361 meters—4:30-5 p. m., concert orchestra, Hotel St. Francis. KRL, Los Angeles, 404.1 meters—6:30-8 p. m., Art Hickman's Broadway hotel orchestra, Edward Pittmore director; 8:30-7:30, little stories, American history, Prof. Walter Johnson; 8:30-9:15, Richard Heald; 9:15-10, Van screen starlets; 7-8, Hunt-ten Park Union High School band.

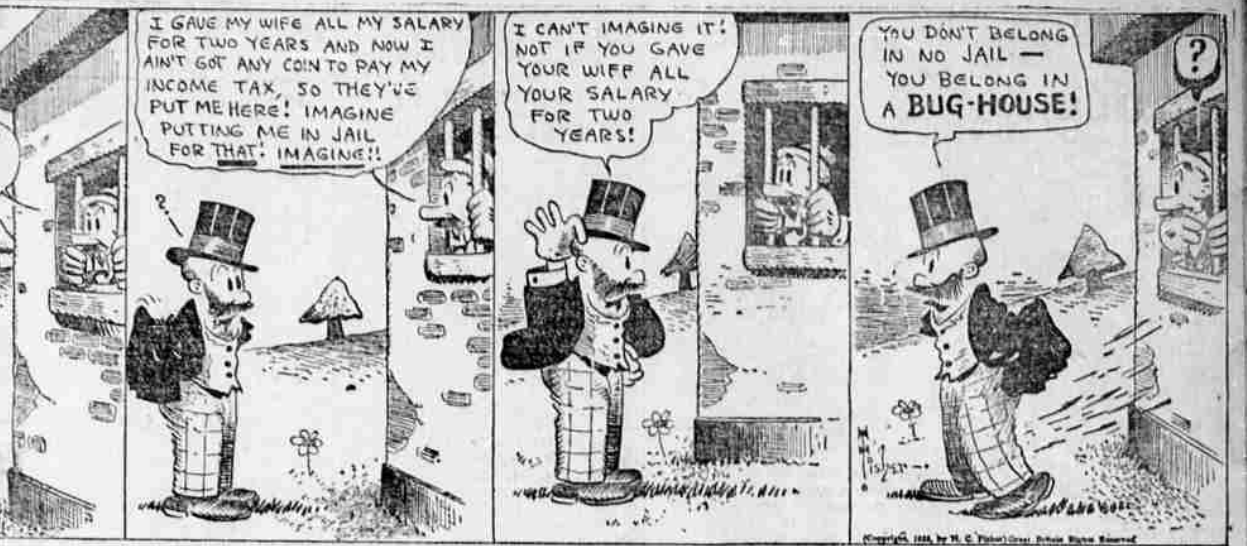


Silver lace is arranged over a foundation of beige crepe to make this very distinctive frock. A circular flounce gives the graceful flare about the waist, and a large crimson sash lends a brilliant dash of color. This is a typically Parisian frock, the sort one sees for dinner and theater wear.

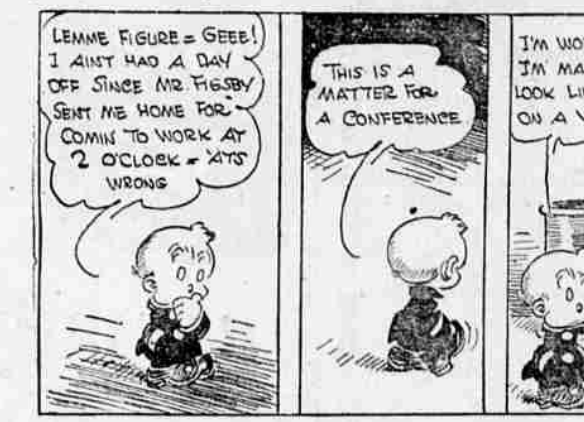
MUTT AND JEFF



Jeff's Right. Mutt Must be a Bit Balmly in the Bean



Jerry On the Job



Nothing is Impossible



WIDE WATERS--A SEA TALE

ALDEN DRAKE, formerly a sailor, grows soft and flabby through a life of idle ease, ships aboard the clipper Orontes as "boy," under the command of "Jake," and through a sullen rumble of approval: "Then as ought to know, has got out, ain't they? There's goin' to be some dead sailors in this 'ooker afore she gets off. A bloody dood as buys ships to work pore sailors to death ain't no sort to sail ships. Look at th' bleedin' rats, too! Scores of 'em come out o' the hatch when we was--" "Are yer smoke an' t'een in early, me lads," cut in Bill Gadgett innocently, as if he had heard nothing. "It's all ails again at midnight. There's no skipper in this ship, me sons' an' don't yer forget it!" "All ails? Wot the--?" Somebody jumped up and started to shout; but the bosun had gone as casually as he had appeared, leaving a trail of reeking smoke behind him not half as bitter and hot as the words that followed him. The sailors sat on their sea chests

FLAPPER FANNY says

promptly, and entered into his argument again. Men on the other side of the forecastle waited in expectation of some outburst. None came. They rolled over to sleep. The mutineers were windy, but had no guts. They all said that under their breath as they closed their eyes. At midnight the mates knocked out their pipes and called the bosun. They had been called by one of the apprentices. Neither saw anything remarkable about that. Some boys do get on deck promptly. Drake appeared, sniffing at the soft breeze that blew off the wind, stepping to the rail to appreciate the tide. The ship felt buoyant underfoot. The crew began to troop aft, grumbling, some still smoking, some coming briskly, others slouching as a protest. Sails and Chips came, then Bill Gadgett. "Ain't the men's gorn, sir?" he cried excitedly. "Gone? Nonsense!" snapped Drake. He glanced at the boat still hanging in the davits. Twining and Adams ran down to the dim waist and peered at the men standing in the shadows of the piled cargo. "Shall I muster the men, sir? Seems to be most of a watch 'drift,' called out Twining. Drake swore heartily. He glared at the dark shore. The work he had planned would call for every ounce of muscle, as well as hearty good will. And here was wholesale desertion. And the tide was about at the full. Delay meant missing that chance; and daily the tides grew less, until they began to increase again toward the new moon. "Can't waste the time!" he said. "Get lanterns on deck. Then sheet home and--" "Start of the hatches is gone fagin' far-ard, sir!" reported Chips. "Must h'nt' took 'em and swim for it, sir." "Which 'plains why Tabbs never holloed at anchor watch!" said Joe Bunting loudly. Drake heard all, but his mind was upon the tide. Some men who had heard the beginning of his last order were waiting for its completion in a state of astonishment. "Never mind," he snapped. "Shoot home and hold main and mizzen topsails, and loose the inner Jib. Chime! See the starboard anchor all clear for letting go."

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

Story by Hal Cochran—Drawings by L. W. Redner AT LOG RIVER—CHAPTER 12



JACK stood around for a short time and watched the logs being dragged up to the top of the slide. A horse went back and forth, hauling the logs in from the open forest, where they were being cut. As Jack stood there he heard a crash a short distance away. "What was that?" he asked.



"JUST the falling of another big tree," replied the millman. "They are sawing and cutting trees down back yonder. 'T'd like to go back there and watch them, after I take my slide," said Jack. "Well, here comes a log you can ride down to the millhouse on," interrupted the man.



STICKING out a long bar with a hook on the end of it, the millman halted the log. Jack hopped out and set astride of it. Just as he was about to shout "Let it go!" he heard a familiar bark. Looking down the chute, he saw Flip coming rapidly up the hill. "Let's wait for him," said Jack. (Continued.)



"Arf, the beans is gone, and the grip is empty."

of every movable kind aft to lighten the fore end of the Orontes, harassed mates sent rebellious sailors to supper and rest. "Let them turn in early, Mister Twining, because there's likely to be a breeze after dark, and I'll try to move the ship again at high tide," said Drake, regarding complacently the great heap of cargo forward of the poop. He had made no comment about the going of Stevens. He gave no ear to the whining grievances of the Doctor, who not only had to feed the men, and serve the cabin, but was driven to put his weight to a rope, too, trundle cases, and carry tanks. He was also expected to take care of the prisoner, Jim Oats. He found his mealtime becoming painfully irregular. The two young mates spared themselves no more than they spared the men. They sang out for hauls, hauled, too, slung cases and hove on crab winches with the men. Never a word of complaint escaped them. Drake noted that very carefully. But they felt they were working on a hopeless task; felt that there would be no chance of floating the ship until spring tides came; felt the men had reasonable ground for grumbling. But orders were to be obeyed, even though they break overboard, and here the order was giving orders. So Mr. Twining only murmured assent to that last order as Drake went below. But Drake stepped back again. "Better hoist the boat and swing it in before the men knock off for supper," he suggested. "We won't need a boat tonight, and I prefer not to lose another."

"All right, Boss," Tabbs called out dumbly. Some of the workers looked mutinous. Tabbs and Sims drew off to their own side of the forecastle and talked hotly; one by one their cronies joined them. Soon that side was buzzing with fierce, hoarse, whispered argument. On the other side, said Drake, regarding complacently the great heap of cargo forward of the poop. He had made no comment about the going of Stevens. He gave no ear to the whining grievances of the Doctor, who not only had to feed the men, and serve the cabin, but was driven to put his weight to a rope, too, trundle cases, and carry tanks. He was also expected to take care of the prisoner, Jim Oats. He found his mealtime becoming painfully irregular. The two young mates spared themselves no more than they spared the men. They sang out for hauls, hauled, too, slung cases and hove on crab winches with the men. Never a word of complaint escaped them. Drake noted that very carefully. But they felt they were working on a hopeless task; felt that there would be no chance of floating the ship until spring tides came; felt the men had reasonable ground for grumbling. But orders were to be obeyed, even though they break overboard, and here the order was giving orders. So Mr. Twining only murmured assent to that last order as Drake went below. But Drake stepped back again. "Better hoist the boat and swing it in before the men knock off for supper," he suggested. "We won't need a boat tonight, and I prefer not to lose another."

Very surprisingly, there was no abusive protest. "All right, Boss," Tabbs called out dumbly. Some of the workers looked mutinous. Tabbs and Sims drew off to their own side of the forecastle and talked hotly; one by one their cronies joined them. Soon that side was buzzing with fierce, hoarse, whispered argument. On the other side, said Drake, regarding complacently the great heap of cargo forward of the poop. He had made no comment about the going of Stevens. He gave no ear to the whining grievances of the Doctor, who not only had to feed the men, and serve the cabin, but was driven to put his weight to a rope, too, trundle cases, and carry tanks. He was also expected to take care of the prisoner, Jim Oats. He found his mealtime becoming painfully irregular. The two young mates spared themselves no more than they spared the men. They sang out for hauls, hauled, too, slung cases and hove on crab winches with the men. Never a word of complaint escaped them. Drake noted that very carefully. But they felt they were working on a hopeless task; felt that there would be no chance of floating the ship until spring tides came; felt the men had reasonable ground for grumbling. But orders were to be obeyed, even though they break overboard, and here the order was giving orders. So Mr. Twining only murmured assent to that last order as Drake went below. But Drake stepped back again. "Better hoist the boat and swing it in before the men knock off for supper," he suggested. "We won't need a boat tonight, and I prefer not to lose another."

Old Mother Nature is planning a party that comes every year with a spirit that's heavy. We all know of course, it's the regular year for Nature to ship with the coming of spring. "The nice that we all are invited to come and join in the spread when all things are a hum. A treat in store just for you and for me--just a sight that's as pretty as any could be. The frost-bitten ground is now leading a hand and helping the growing thing over the land. The buds that have slumbered through the long winter days will shortly be opening up in a blaze. The oak and the maple and all other trees have snuffed in the months that brought wind whiffs that freeze, but now they are quaking and shaking their doom and shortly will find them aglow in full bloom. 'Tis really no wonder that the spirit runs high, and twinkles are seen in Old Sol's shining eye. 'Tis really just natural that birds start to sing. The whole land is cheered by the coming of spring.

Home Hints

KEEP a supply of soda fountain straws in your cupboard. Often when children dislike to drink milk they may be induced to take it if they get it through a straw like a fancier drink.

A Cake Hint Cakes should never be placed under any cover until they are absolutely cold.

Keep in Closed Tin Biscuits, ginger snaps and cookies will keep perfectly crisp if you keep them in a closed tin.

NOTICE Fred E. Smith, lawyer, has removed his office to suite 445-446 Minor building on east Ninth street. 617

GUESSWORD LIMERICK

Willie Winkles repaired to the dunes On his fiddle to practice some-- (1) But three men in a (2) Nearly captured his (3) When they petted him plenty with (4) (1) Ditties. (2) Marine conveyance, not to be rocked. (3) Wool-covered animal with horns. (4) Fruit in which wrinkles are not a sign of age.

THE BUTTON SHOP - Pressing, Buttons and Hemstitching. 46 7th Ave East. Phone 1715-J.