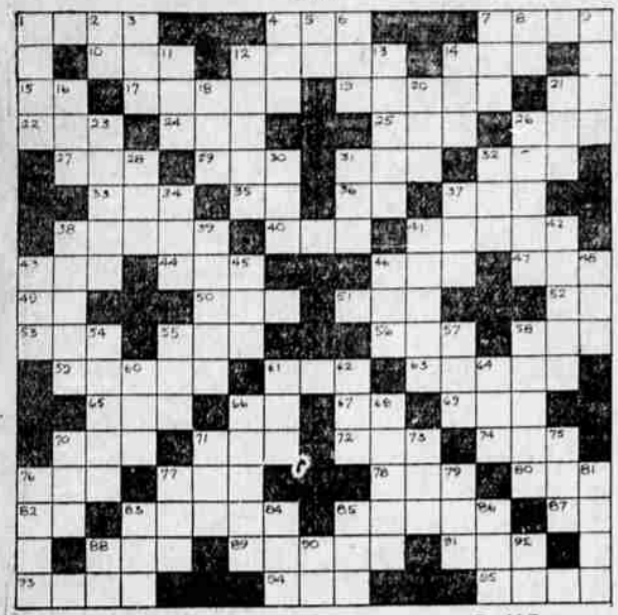


Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

Not one word in this puzzle is longer than five letters. And most are of the three-letter order. And very few are unkeyed. A simple puzzle to solve.



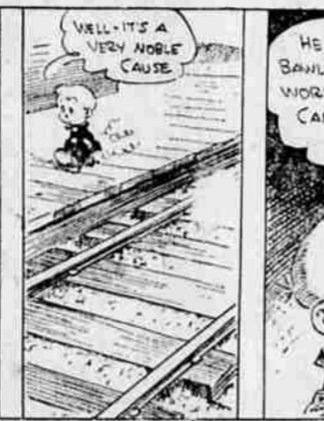
- 1. Lethargy. 4. Convert into leather. 7. Small boat. 10. Part of 'to be.' 12. Part of fork (pl.). 14. Permit. 15. Negation. 17. Coffee house (pl.). 19. A weed—allowance in weight (pl.). 21. Indefinite article. 22. Girl's hat. 24. Moved rapidly. 25. Insect. 26. Single. 27. Knock. 29. Put on. 31. A drink. 32. Finish. 33. Vehicle. 35. Declined. 36. Us. 37. Vapor. 38. Hooped pig-like animal. 40. Insect. 41. After awhile. 43. Night moisture. 44. Procured. 46. Retreat, implore. 47. 2240 pounds. 49. Upon. 50. Moist. 51. Cry of a sheep. 52. True. 53. Procure. 55. Fleasomy tumor. 59. Endanger. 58. Over (post.). 60. Path. 61. In place of. 63. Small lizard (pl.). 65. Frequent (post.). 66. Mixed type. 67. Preposition. 69. Skill. 70. Vessel used in cooking. 71. Rodent. 72. Floor covering. 74. Still, now. 76. Immerse. 77. Bovine. 78. A neckpiece. 80. Floor covering. 82. Upon. 83. Center of an amphitheater. 85. In accompaniment. 87. Proceed. 88. Frozen. 89. Outlook. 91. Paper tab. 93. Disjunctive animal. 94. Before. 96. Corn bread. VERTICAL 1. Hypocritical pretension. 2. Mother. 3. Part of a circle. 4. It is. 5. Article. 6. Trap. 7. Assent. 8. Preposition.

MUTT AND JEFF



By BUD FISHER

Jerry On the Job



No Time To Waste

BAREE, SON OF KAZAN

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD Copyright, 1917, by Doubleday, Page & Co. "BAREE, SON OF KAZAN," a Vitaphone Picture. With Wolf, the War Dog, is an Adaptation of This Story

CHAPTER I TO BAREE, for many days after he was born, the world was a vast gloomy cavern. During these first days of his life his home was in the heart of a great windfall where Gray Wolf, his blind mother, had found a safe nest for his babyhood, and to which Kazan, her mate, came only now and then, his eyes gleaming like strange balls of greenish fire in the darkness. Baree, of course, would never know their story. He would never know that Gray Wolf, his mother, was a full-blooded wolf, and that Kazan, his father, was a dog. In his nature was already beginning its wonderful work, but it would never go beyond certain limitations. It would tell him in time, that his beautiful wolf-mother was blind, but he never would know of that terrible battle between Gray Wolf and the lynx in which his mother's sight had been destroyed. Nature could tell him nothing of Kazan's merciless vengeance, of the wonderful years of their matchood, of their loyalty, their strange adventures in the great Canadian wilderness—it could make him only a son of Kazan. And then came that wonderful day when the greenish balls of fire that were Kazan's eyes came nearer, a little at a time, and very cautiously. Heretofore Gray Wolf had warned him back. To be blind was the first law of her wild breed during mothering-time. A low snarl from her throat, and Kazan had always stopped. But on this day the snarl did not come. In Gray Wolf's throat it died away in a low, whimpering sound. A note of loneliness, of gladness, of a great yearning. "It is all right now," she was saying to Kazan; and Kazan—pausing for a moment to make sure—replied with an answering note deep in his throat. Still slowly, as if not quite sure of what he would find, Kazan came to them, and Baree snuggled closer to his mother. He heard Kazan as he dropped down heavily on his haunches close to Gray Wolf. He was unafraid—and mightily curious. He sniffed. In the gloom his ears were alert. After a little Baree began to move. An inch at a time he dragged himself away from Gray Wolf's side. Every muscle in her little body tensed. Again her wolf-dog was warning her. There was danger for Baree. Her lips drew back, baring her fangs. Her throat trembled, but the note in it never came. Out of the darkness two rays away came a soft, supple white, and the caressing sound of Kazan's tongue. Baree had felt the thrill of his first great adventure. He had discovered his father. This all happened in the third week of Baree's life. He was just eighteen days old when Gray Wolf allowed Kazan to make the acquaintance of his son. If it had not been for Gray Wolf's blindness and the memory of that day on the Sun Rock when the lynx had destroyed her eyes, she would have given birth to Baree in the open, and his legs would have been quite strong. He would have known the sun and the moon and the stars; he would have realized what the thunder meant, and would have seen the lightning flashing in the sky. But as it was, there had been nothing for him to do in that black cavern under the windfall but stumble about the little in the darkness, and lick with his tiny red tongue the raw bones that were strewn about them. The sun was straight above the forest when, an hour or two after Kazan's visit, Gray Wolf slipped away. Between Baree's nest and the top of the windfall were forty feet of jammed and broken timber through which not a ray of light could break. This blindness did not frighten him, for he had yet to learn the meaning of light. Day, and not night, was to fill him with his first great terror. So, quite fearlessly with a yelp for his mother to wait for him, he began to follow. If Gray Wolf heard him, she paid no attention to his call, and the scrape of her claws on the dead timber died swiftly away. This time Baree did not stop at

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS

When a girl lets a man buy her only a sandwich, it's a sign she is getting ready to let him buy her meat and potatoes for the rest of her life. Cynthia Grey Says: MANY a flapper has stood before her mirror painting on a couple of eyebrows, as she remarked: "Ain't nature inadequate?" Make-up has made up for most of the charms nature failed to provide for the modern girl. Vanishing youth doesn't disappear as early as it used to, before vanishing cream was invented. There is no beauty treatment in the world like a love affair for making a woman look young and pretty. An untidy beauty never attracts a man like a well-groomed plain girl, who knows how to wear her clothes! Dear Miss Grey: Is the word "obey" still in the Episcopal marriage service?—Lucia. It is, but the Church of England is considering the dropping of it. Dear Miss Grey: I cannot sleep nights. Is there anything you could suggest that would help me to get some rest?—Nervous. A brisk walk just before bedtime, followed by a glass of warm milk, slowly sipped, is said to be a help in insomnia. Some nervous people invariably read themselves to sleep. But I would advise you to see a doctor.

On Gardening

By C. L. FLINT (Garden and Soil Expert) THERE are many of these half-hardy and tender plants which do not grow as well in the regions of moderate winter temperature as in the regions of high summer temperature. The season of growth must be long enough for their development and the nights warm and frostless. Protected locations can always be found about the house or grounds where the most tender plants will thrive. Some belonging to this group of half-hardy and tender annuals and perennials are: ageratum, anemone (fall blooming), arctotis, heliotrope, blazing star, calceolaria (strawberry), castor bean, cockscomb, cosmos, dahlias, dianthus (even laceflower), dianthus, echium, evening primrose, four-o'clock, gaillardia, helichrysum.

Home Hints

ALL vegetable salad ingredients should be put in a bowl of cold water with a good piece of salt for not more than 10 minutes before they are needed. Clean Furnace All the flues and pipes of the furnace must be cleaned once a year, and the spring is the best time for this. Use Rubber Aprons A rubber apron will protect your clothes while washing dishes or

Height Given To Bed



An unusual feature of this new Paris frock is a smart little ebony hand hanging from the belt, in which is contained a mirror and powder puff.

Today's Styles



When a girl lets a man buy her only a sandwich, it's a sign she is getting ready to let him buy her meat and potatoes for the rest of her life.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

Story by Hal Cochran—Drawings by L. W. Redder AT LOG RIVER—CHAPTER 19



GUESSWORD LIMERICK

Oh, the birdie that sings in the tree Seems so happy, so wild and so free (1) But along came the (2) Which kerfuffle his (3) Aint' you glad, Annie dear, you're not. — J. (4) (1) Utterly unrestrained. (2) Nature's winter blanket. (3) Terminal of normal food. (4) Last syllable of previous giggle.

Radio Programs

Two new high power stations are scheduled for California in the near future. One will be located at Los Angeles; the other at Pasadena. According to statistics, Station WGY, Schenectady, N. Y., leads broadcast stations by being on the air 1630 hours during 1924. Station WOC, Davenport, is second with 1600 hours to their credit. TONIGHT'S PROGRAM Pacific Coast KGW, Portland, 401.5 meters—5 p. m., Children's program; 9 p. m., Organ recital from public auditors by Frederick W. Goodrich, 7:15 p. m., Weather, police and market reports and news bulletins. After 8 p. m. in seat for long-distance reception. KEAE, Pullman, Wash., 348.6 meters—7:30-9 p. m., Vay Kerns, conductor; Neva Lois Thompson, pianist; "Modern Youths and Parental Control," Annie M. Ferris; "Money Values of Housework," Florence Harrison; "Home Demonstration Clubs," Maud Wilson; "Agriculture in Washington," W. W. Underwood. KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 467 meters—6:35-7 p. m., radiatorial talk; 7-8, Evening Herald Radiolians, Charles Melson, tenor; 8-9, program "Old Drug company," "A Trip Around the World," Hollywood string quartet; 9-10, program, Walter M. Murphy, Motor company, Virginia Flohr, soprano; 10-11, Examiner, Ray West and his Alexandria hotel dance orchestra. KFOA, Seattle, Wash., 384.4 meters—6:45-8:15 p. m., Sherman, Clay & Co., program; 8:30-10, Seattle Times studio program. KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361.2 meters—10:40, classroom instruction; Oakland public schools; 8, Ario Trio; "Figs, Facts and Figures," Professor L. J. Condit; "A Lesson in English," Wilda Wilson Church; "Learning to Concentrate," Albertine Richards Nash; "Introductions," Edith Stevens Giles; book chat, Joseph

FOLKS YOUR TOWN 20 Auto Racer You thrill with your speed And no danger you heed As you nervily step on the gas. From the crack of the gun Auto racing is fun. And excitement runs high when you pass.

Out-of-Doors Hal Cochran's DAILY POEM We have every reason to know it's the season when kiddies come into their own. The plans they are laying; the games they are playing; are envied by folks who are grown. We find that the boys shun their in-a-door toys, as the summer call gets in their blood. They hie to the open and shortly are gropin' and playin' around in the sun. Their tops are brought out with a romp and a shout and their marbles are swung into play. Dad's working at night, fixin' some-boys' kite, and there's fun in the offing today. "Sedate little Polly is taking her dolly out riding, and my, but she's proud. The youngsters today feel the thrill of real play 'cause the call of the summer is loud. (Copyright, 1925, NEA Service, Inc.)