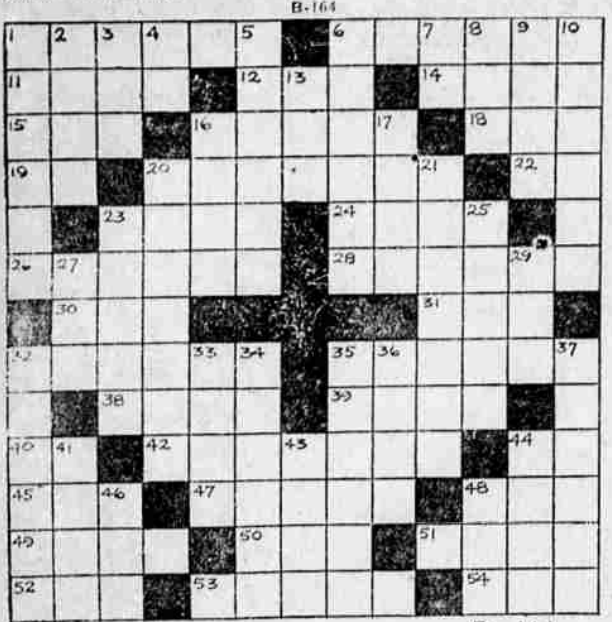


Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

Give yourself 10 minutes to solve this puzzle. It's simple enough to complete in less time.



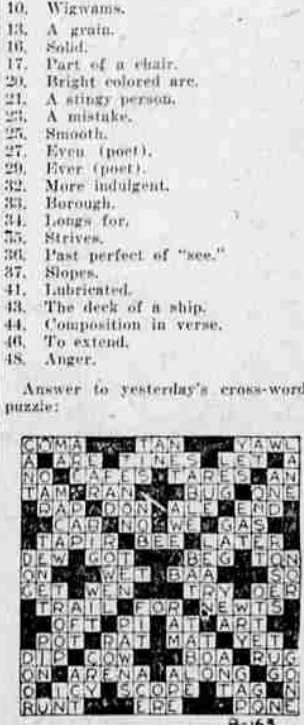
HORIZONTAL

1. Dexteros.
2. Very close.
3. Part of a hammer.
4. To dip in liquid.
5. A tree.
6. Cushion.
7. Pluck.
8. Knock.
9. Printer's measure.
10. A child's toy (pl.).
11. To exist.
12. Organs of the head.
13. Corrodes.
14. Mole.
15. Steps over a fence.
16. Eagle.
17. Horn.
18. Having knobs.
19. Garden flower (pl.).
20. A rake.
21. To look for.
22. Negative.
23. Loose upper garment.
24. A parent.
25. Expose.
26. Intersection of two arches.
27. Electrical atom.
28. North American deer.
29. A conjunction.
30. To worry.
31. A grain.
32. A kind of tree.
33. Units of time measure.

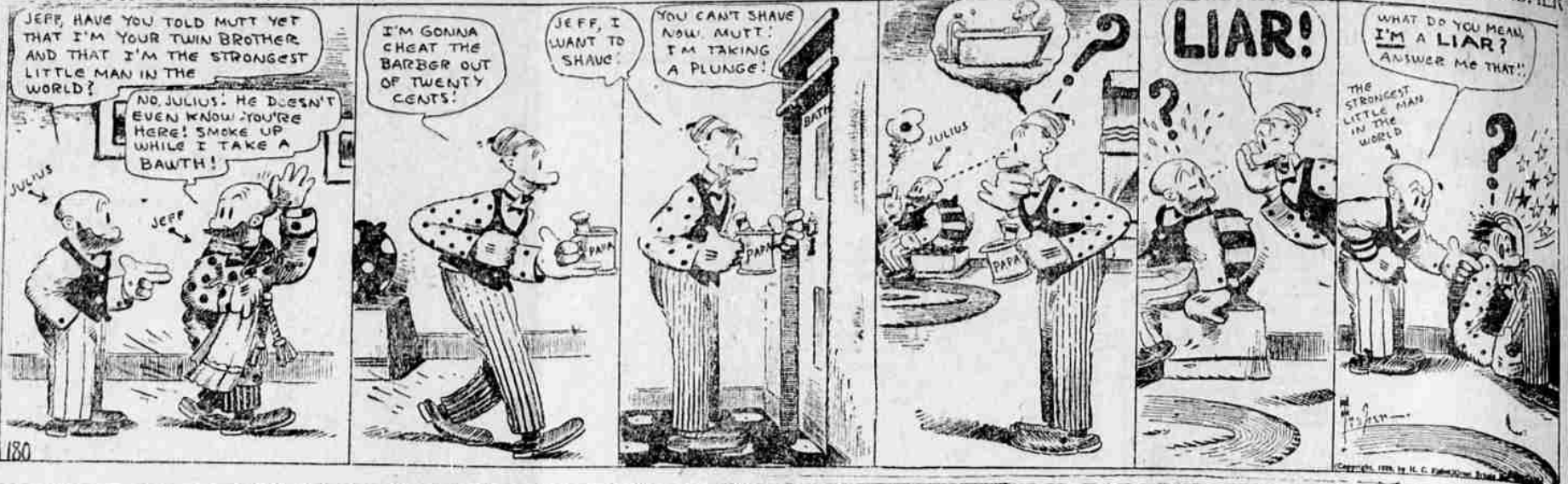
VERTICAL

1. Attach.
2. Chief officer of faculty.
3. A color.
4. At or near.
5. An African fly.
6. Fruits.
7. Possessive pronoun.
8. Another possessive pronoun.

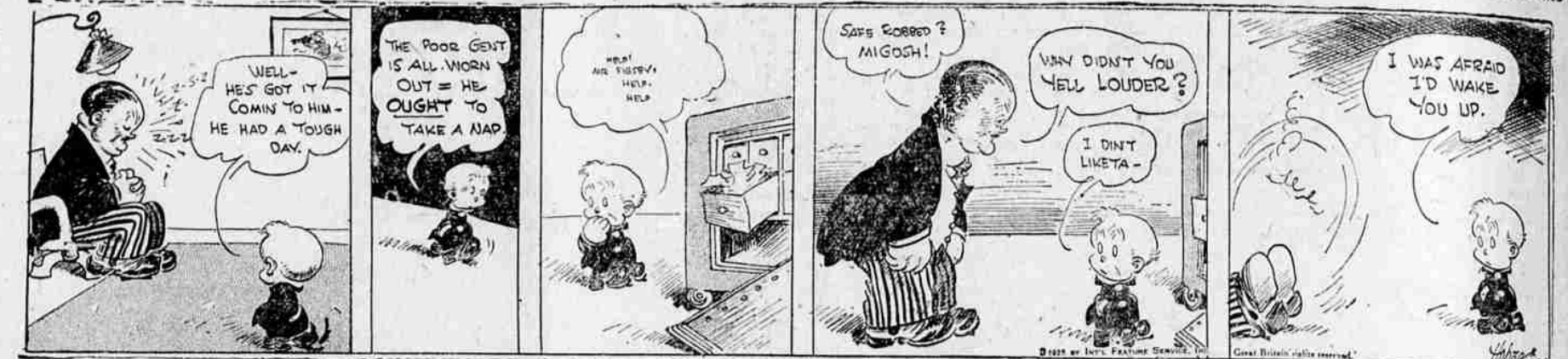
ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE:



MUTT AND JEFF



Jerry On the Job



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

Synopsis
Baree was a son of Kazan and Gray Wolf, the latter the mother, a full-blooded wolf. Gray Wolf had lost her sight in a fight with a lynx. During the mothering-time she kept Kazan away from their offspring and it was a great day for Baree when he discovered his father. He was then eighteen days old. After that he ventured out from the windfall in which he had been, and finding himself in the sunlight, had his first great adventure.

CHAPTER II
AND it was a wonderful world—a world of vast silence, empty of everything but the creatures of the wild. The nearest Hudson's Bay post was a hundred miles away, and the first town of civilization was a straight three hundred to the south. Two years before, Tusoo, the Cree trapper, had called this his domain. It had come down to him, as was the law of the forests, through generations of forefathers; but Tusoo had been the last of his worn-out family; he had died of smallpox, and his wife and children had died with him. Since then no human foot had taken up his trail. The lynx had multiplied. The moose and caribou had gone unharmed by man. The beaver had built their homes undisturbed. The tracks of the black bear were as thick of the tracks of the deer farther south. And where once the deadfalls and poison-baits of Tusoo had kept the wolves thinned down, there was no longer a menace for these molehills of the wilderness.

Following the sun of this first wonderful day came the moon and the stars of Baree's first real night. Half a dozen times, as Baree wandered about near the windfall, he heard a soft whirr over his head, and once or twice he saw gray shadows floating swiftly through the air. They were the big northern owls swooping down to investigate him, and if he had been a rabbit instead of a wolf-dog whelp, his first night under the moon and stars would have been his last; for unlike Wapooos, the rabbit, he was not cautious. Gray Wolf did not watch him closely. Instinct told her that in these forests there was no great danger for Baree except at the hands of man. In his veins ran the blood of the wolf. He was a hunter of all other wild creatures, but no other creature, either winged or fanged, hunted him.

In a very Baree sensed this. He was not afraid of the owls. He was not afraid of the strange blood-curdling cries they made in the black saguaro-tops. But once fear entered into him, and he scurried back to his mother. It was when one of the winged hunters of the air swooped down on a snowshoe rabbit, and the squealing agony of the doomed creature set his heart thumping like a little hammer. He felt in those cries the nearness of that ever-present tragedy of the wild—death.

This rabbit was the climax in the first chapter of Baree's education. It was as if Gray Wolf and Kazan had planned it all out, so that he might receive his first instruction in the art of killing. The fact that Oshoomisew, the big snowshoe, had made his nest in a broken stub not far from the windfall was destined to change the whole course of Baree's life, just as the binding of Gray Wolf had changed hers, and a man's club had changed Kazan's. The creek ran close past the stub, which had been shivered by lightning; and this stub stood in a still, dark place in the forest, surrounded by tall, black spruce and enveloped in gloom even in broad day. Many times Baree had gone to the edge of this mysterious bit of forest and had peered in curiously, and with a growing desire.

He was fully three hundred yards from the windfall when he passed Oshoomisew's stub and into a thick growth of young balsams. And there—directly in his path—crouched the monster. With a space of two feet between them, the pup and the owl eyed each other. In that moment, if Gray Wolf could have seen, she might have

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS



Many a girl who couldn't think of letting a man kiss her has her thinking done for her.

On Gardening

By C. L. FLINT
(Garden and Soil Expert)

PORTULACA will grow on sandy soil and is planted in the place where it is to bloom, is one of the succulent plants requiring very little moisture and a sunny location.

Most limonium are frost resistant, but the majority of them grow best in the arid districts. With them one may include the other "everlastings" and "straw flowers." Limonium sinuata comes in colors yellow, pink, blue, apricot and lavender. Limonium sinuata is also known as the "daisy-sun annual," having long branching spikes which bear tiny rose-pink flowers.

Helichrysum, Gomphrena or "globe amaranth," the annual everlastings including rhodanthus and anagallis are very popular at the present time commercially. The blooms of limonium latifolium and reticulatum are cut, dried and dyed various colors, then used in winter bouquets. All this material should be cut before the blooms are entirely expanded and hung head downward in a dry dustless place. Then it can be made into bouquets or slipped direct to a wholesaler.

Geraniums are both annual and perennial. They are the first plants that caused me to wonder at the tenacity of plant life as it was our custom at my old home, where freezing weather was the rule in its season, to take up the geraniums in the fall after the first frost, shake the dirt from the roots and bank them head down in the cellar.

The pelargonium is a perennial geranium, or sub-shrub, many coming from South Africa. One of the trailing varieties is the ivygeranium having very attractive pink petals and is exceptionally useful as a window-box plant. There is also a double form of

(To be continued)

Heavyweight Champ

BERNARDIER, France, March 24.—Paul Meignan, a 14-year-old boy living here, now weighs 504 pounds and is still growing. His weight increased 42 pounds in the last year.

Midnight Lunches

Hal Cochrane's DAILY POEM

Come on, let's put the kettle on, and make a pot of tea. Or, maybe you'd like coffee—well, it's all the same to me. It only takes a minute for whatever you desire. So get the tea or coffee out and I will light the fire.

I wonder, is there any ham or sausage in the place. What say, we make a sandwich? I would like to feed my face. Perhaps you'd rather use some jam, or sweeter cheese instead. Well, you prepare the filling, and I will eat the bread.

For goodness sake, I only find one cup upon the shelf. Oh, well, I'll use a glass and you can use the cup yourself. The coffee's near the boiling point. Let's turn the gas down low. And now, at last, we're ready for our midnight lunch. Let's go!

I wonder does that make you think of little things you've done. And if it does, now, for a fact, aren't midnight lunches fun? A person eats three meals a day and yet, when comes the call of little midnight tidbits—shucks, they taste the best of all.

Radio Programs

Oregon Agricultural college and the University of Oregon will hold forth on the program over KGW tonight. After Professor A. G. Bonquet, head of the department of vegetable gardening at U. of O., finishes speaking on growing tomatoes, and George Kable, tells about growing wheat, five musical artists of Eugene will present a musical program, beginning at 8:30 o'clock. They are Madam Rose McGraw, soprano; Jane Thacher, pianist; Rex Underwood, violinist; Aurora Porter Underwood, pianist; and Louis Artus, pianist.

TONIGHT'S PROGRAMS

Pacific Coast

KGW, Portland, 491.5 meters; 5 p. m., children's program; 7:15 p. m., weather, police and market reports and news bulletins; 8 p. m., Oregon Agricultural college extension lecture Professor A. G. Bonquet, head of the department of vegetable gardening, "Growing the Tomato—the Garden's Most Popular Vegetable"; George W. Kable, agricultural engineer, "Pondering the Nose of Seed Wheat to Save \$750,000," 8:30 p. m., Concert by faculty members of University of Oregon school of music; 10 p. m., Dwight Johnson's Matinee Hotel Striders.

KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 407 meters—4:45-7 p. m., radioforum talk; 7-8, Aeolian residence pipe organ studio, Don McFarland, organist; 8-9, Excelsior's hour of classics; 9-10, dance orchestra; 10-11, Packard ballad hour; Variety trio, Ruth and Lillian Carlson, Barney Weber, Packard soloists, Hess Ronald and Rhine Gail.

KFOA, Seattle, Wash., 354.4 meters—4:45-5:15 p. m., Rhodes department store program; 8:30-10, Seattle Times dance music; 10:05-11, Eddie Hickness and his orchestra.

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361.2 meters—4:45-5:15 p. m., Hotel St. Francis orchestra; 8 p. m., Sherman, Gray & Co., Pastime trio; Macy Pastime quartet; Dorothy Pastime, cellist; program; Sherry mixed quartet; Ruth Waterman, contralto; Allan Wilson, tenor; Elsa Behlow Trautner, soprano; selections from grand opera, "Faust"; 10-11, Henry Hall's orchestra.

KILL, Los Angeles, Cal., 404.1 meters—6:30-9 p. m., Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel concert orchestra, Edward Fitzpatrick, director; 6:30-7:30, Professor Walter Sylvester Hertzog, little stories of American history; weekly visit of Queen Titania and the Sandman, Uncle John; 8-10, program, El Encanto apartments, Harmony male quartet; Hollywood Athletic club quartet; Jennie Durkee, pianist; Voltaire Atti, harpist; and Joseph Diskay, Hungarian tenor; 10-11, Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel

Cynthia Grey Says:

Dear Miss Grey:—I am 18 and have never had a beau. Now, that may sound like a big thing in this day of enormously popular flappers, but it is the truth. I really do not know how to attract boys. But I want to, as every girl does. Please take me seriously and tell me how it's done—Helen's Girl.

Did you ever hear her saying, "We love what is lovable"? Make yourself lovable, attractive. You can get up every morning determined to be happy, and to look happy. Keep yourself sweet and clean by careful grooming, daily baths, and exquisite personal habits. When you meet a young man, try to talk to him as naturally as you would to a girl chum. And I know you will be popular.

Today's Styles



Here is a French frock for a small child, made in two shades of flannel, white and pale yellow, with black bands and a design of flannel in yellow applied on white placed in front. It has a smart surprise closing—and is fashionably short.

JACK-DAW'S ADVENTURES

Story by Hal Cochrane—Drawings by L. W. Redner
AT LOG RIVER—CHAPTER 20



"HERE she comes," shouted the log man, and in an instant the big log tipped over and held in mid-air for a moment. Then it suddenly darted forth and was on its way down the hill that led to Log River. As it landed in the stream a great splash went up and the adventures scampers back a bit.



"THEY were not quite quick enough, however, and both Jack and Dotty got a fine ducking. 'Oh, my dress is just soaked,' said Dotty. Jack burst out laughing. 'So are my clothes,' he replied. 'But what's the difference? The water is warm and the sun will soon dry us, and we'll be all right.'"



"DOTTY certainly didn't think that the water was warm, but that, too, likely, was because she was a little girl and not a little boy. Boys, you know, get used to water because they swim so much. And, after a while, all water seems pretty warm to them. However, Dotty made the best of it and laughed. (Continued.)"

Solens' Creditors

TOKIO, March 24.—Members of the Japanese diet are paid only twice a year. As a result, on each pay day, long lines of creditors form outside the diet building, and demand the payment of bills. There was such a rush for the salary month on the last pay day that several members of the diet lost part of their attire.

Back to Back Furniture



It isn't always necessary to put a long table in the back of a sofa that is set out in a room. Sometimes a better combination can be produced with another or smaller sofa to the back of one, or a chair and small table at that point.

GUESSWORD LIMERICK

To make me as cross as a bear And bring my whole day close to (1)

Just let me draw (2)

A lunch counter and (3)

Some one calling a push, dress, a (4)

(1) Devastation.

(2) Instantaneous juxtaposition.

(3) To successfully listen in.

(4) Mammified plum.

War pensions now are costing Great Britain about \$200,000,000 a year less than in 1923, because of the remembrance of war wounds.