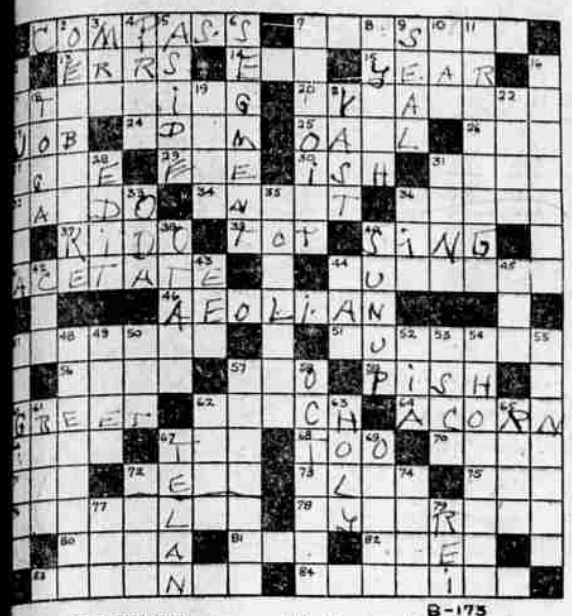
Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

Here's the puzzle of puzzles. It has stumped the best solvers in this new game. It was recently submitted to the members of the National Puzzlers' League, which convened at Newark, N. J. Yet not one of these cross-word jacks in puzzle solving could finish it.

If you thing you're good, try your hand at it. At least see how far you can get. Then compare your work with the answer tomorrow.

B-173



B-175

HORIZONTAL

1. An instrument by which to measure and lay out right angles.
7. The reach of an arm.
13. Sins.
14. The gold monetary unit of Rumania (New Int.)
15. The period of time during which a planet revolves around the sun.
17. A velocipede invented in 1817 by Baron Drais of Mannheim, Germany.
19. A funeral sacrifice (Hond.)
20. A piece of work.
21. The first man.
23. Anything curled, twisted or spiral.
24. To batter.
25. A negro from Benin.
26. An uncle (Scot.)
27. An exclamation of repugnance or disgust.
29. A tailless hare.
30. The fennec.
31. Same as "ankle."
32. To cry, as a cat.
34. A title of no significance (slang)
35. A little child.
37. The rendering of vocal music.
39. A salt of acetic acid.
40. Gossip; scandal (Anglo-Ind.).
43. A musical instrument consisting of graduated strips of wood pressed against a rotating wheel by means of keys.
44. A stick or staff for holding the bunch of flax or wool in hand-spinning.
45. Without interest or excitement.
46. A silkworm of Bengal and Assam.
48. An exclamation used as a hunting cry.
49. Bah! foh! expressing disdain.
50. To salute.
52. Weak, tasteless.
53. The fruit of the oak.
54. To cause prolonged suffering or anguish to.
57. A tall cap worn by Mohammedan dervishes.
58. More than sufficient.
59. Something not easily solved.
60. Gum or mastic.
62. A fairy or elf.
63. The white substance of the central nerve system.
64. A mean or malicious person.
66. The radical of phthalic acid.
68. A discharge of pus, with continued flow.
70. A small genus of tropical trees of the cola-nut family.
72. Diseased.
73. Piece.
74. The racket-tailed drongo.
75. To do away with.

VERTICAL

2. Born or carried on the sea.
3. A marginal reading in the Hebrew Bible.
4. A she bear.
5. To one side.
6. A component or essential part.
7. To listen to.
8. A gum resin used in medicine and in the manufacture of incense, perfumery, etc.
9. To close tightly or to keep secret.
10. To amplify unduly.
11. The chief king in ancient Scotland and Ireland.
12. A water-loving antelope of Uganda.
16. Bramantip (Logic).
18. A gown.
19. One of a semi-independent Hottentot tribe of Namaqualand (New Int.).
21. Immense.
22. A carangoid amber-fish.
28. To prepare for publication.
31. Transfixes.
33. An instrument used instead of a sextant.
35. The prehensile-tailed Brazilian porcupine.
36. To swab.
38. A jet of steam from a volcanic fissure.
40. Sunrise.
42. The twenty-second letter of the Greek alphabet.
43. A village lot.
44. A Bengalese monitor-lizard.
45. A domestic cutting implement of general utility (Eskimo).
47. A union of two characters representing a single sound.
48. An adult male fur-seal.
49. To migrate (S. Afr.).
50. A little island, especially one in a river.
52. A recently extinct dinornithoid bird of New Zealand.
53. To reduce.
54. A rale, especially when it resembles snoring.
55. A place or structure dangerous to human life.
57. The bito, a small thorny tree of the myrrh family.
58. Any polyglot book in eight languages.
61. Reckless.
62. Timorously prudent.
63. Sacred.
65. A debaucher.
67. Of the nature of or resembling a tela.
69. A copper coin of the Ionion Islands.
72. To handle.
74. A more or less complete accessory covering of a seed.
77. To haw, as cattle. (New Int.)
79. A Portuguese and Brazilian.

Answer to yesterday's cross-word puzzle:

3-23

Radio Programs

Jerusalem is to have a broadcasting station. The Holy Land will be on the air every night beginning June 1. The new land of the Jews is having unbounded prosperity. During the war American doughboys were amazed to find that a Philadelphia company was operating a trolley line from Jerusalem to Joppa. One eastern firm reports an order for 50 radio sets to be shipped to Telavlo, which is not such a small city itself since it boasts of 20 factories operated with electric power. Radio is not only making the world smaller every day, but flatter.

* * *

Those who listened to KGO's play "The Man of the Hour," last night were treated to four acts of the best kind of dramatic entertainment that has been produced on the Pacific coast since broadcasting was inaugurated. The play had all the thrills and suspense of "Within the Law," the drama that made such a hit with radio fans in Eugene. The KGO players, a group that has brought acting before the microphone down to a science, produced the play.

* * *

Tune in on the Hoot Owls tonight. Listners are they'll have some more funny remarks to make about Eugene and the radio fans here.

* * *

TONIGHT'S PROGRAMS
Pacific Coast

KGW, Portland, 491.5 meters—5 p. m., children's program; 6 p. m., Dinner concert by George Weber and his orchestra, 7:15 p. m., weather, police, market reports and news bulletins, 8 p. m., University of Oregon extension lecture by Professor DeCou, head of the department of mathematics. Subject, "Mathematics at Work and at Play." 10:30 p. m., Hoot Owls with Rose City trio and other features.

KFAE, Pullman, Wash., 348.6 meters—7:30 p. m., 34th anniversary program; music, men's and women's glee clubs; string trio; talks, E. A. Bryan, O. L. Waller, Dr. Soion Shedd, Dr. Sofus B. Nelson.

KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 467 meters—6:45-7 p. m., radiotorial talk; 7-8, Aeolian residence pipe organ recital; Dan McFarland organist; 8-9, Examiner, presenting Florrance Thompson, French-American soprano; 9-10, Evening Herald, dance orchestra; 10-11, program, pupils of Myra Belle Vickers.

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361.2 meters—3 p. m. studio musical program; 4-5:30, Hotel St. Francis orchestra.

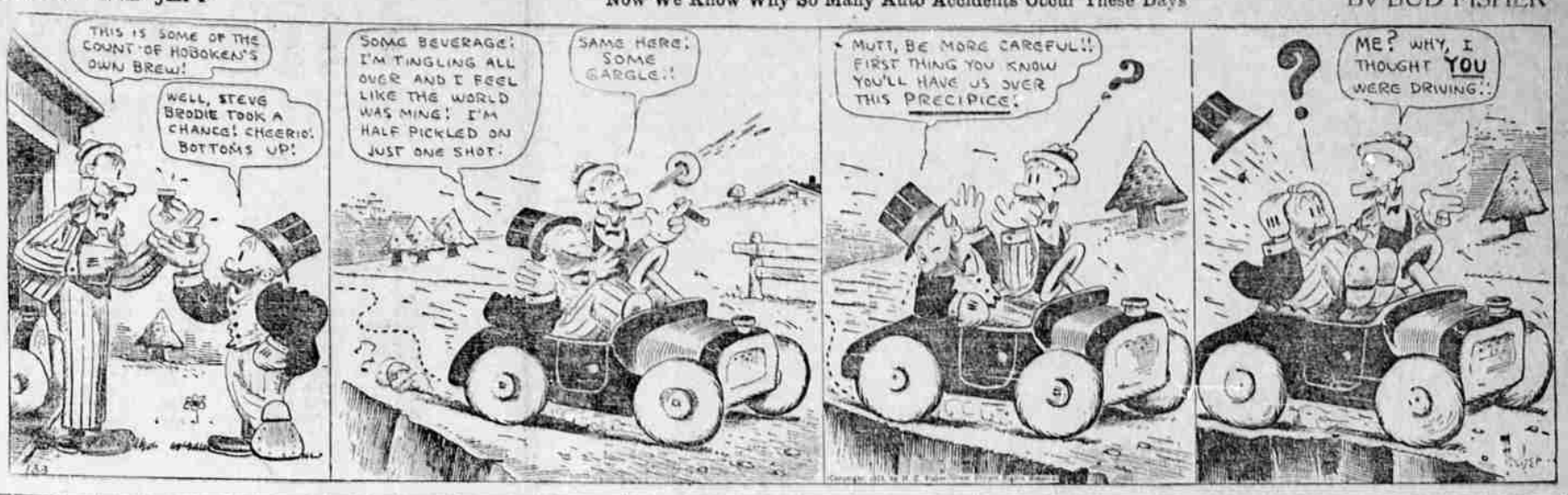
KHJ, Los Angeles, Cal., Pacific 404.1 meters—6-6:30 p. m., Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel concert orchestra, Edward Fitzpatrick, director; 6:30-7:30, little stories American history, Professor Walter Sylvester Herzog; Richard Headrick, child star of the screen, and Uncle John; 7:30, "The Santa Fe Trail," Gladys De Witt; 8-10, program, William H. Hyatt, arranged by J. Howard Johnson; 10-11, Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel dance orchestra, Earl Burtnett, leader.

KLX, Oakland, Cal., 508.2 meters—6-7 p. m., organ recital; 7:45-9:45, studio program; 9:45-10:30, Sweet's ballroom.

KNX, Hollywood, Cal., 336.9 meters—5:45-6:15 p. m., Wurlitzer pipe organ studio; sports talk, Sid Ziff; 6:30-7:30, dinner hour music; 8-9, program, West Coast Theaters, Inc., by remote control; 9-11, KNX feature program; 11-12, Abe Lyman's Cocoanut Grove dance orchestra from Ambassador hotel; 12-2, the Wurlitzer Nighthawks orchestra.

KFOA, Seattle, Wash., 455 meters—6:45-8:15 p. m., Sherman, Clay & Co., program; 8:15, weather report; 8:30-10, the Times program; 10-11, Eddie Harkness and his orchestra playing from the Marine room of the Olympic hotel.

MUTT AND JEFF — Now We Know Why So Many Auto Accidents Occur These Days — By BUD FISHER



Jerry On the Job — Doctor's Orders

BAREE, SON OF KAZAN

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Copyright, 1917, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

"BAREE, SON OF KAZAN," a Vitagraph Picture, With Wolf, the War Dog, is an Adaptation of This Story

BAREE ate a third of the partridge, and the remaining two-thirds he cached very carefully at the foot of the big spruce. Then he hurried down to the creek for a drink. The world looked very different to him now. After all, one's capacity for happiness depends largely on how deeply one has suffered. One's hard luck and misfortune form the measuring stick for future good luck and fortune. So it was with Baree. Forty-eight hours ago a full stomach would not have made him a tenth part as happy as he was now. Then his greatest longing was for his mother. Since then a still greater yearning had come into his life—for food. In a way it was fortunate for him that he had almost died of exhaustion and starvation, for his experience had helped to make a man of him—or a wolf-dog, just as you are of a mind to put it. He would miss his mother for a long time. But he would never miss her again as he had missed her yesterday, and the day before.

For another day and night Baree remained in the vicinity of his cache. When the last bone was picked, he moved on. He now entered a country where subsistence was no longer a perilous problem for him. It was in a lynx country, and where there are lynx, there are also a great many rabbits. When the rabbits thin out, the lynx emigrate to better hunting grounds. As a snowshoe rabbit breeds all the summer through, Baree found himself in a land of plenty.

And this was straight into the trapping country of Pierrot, the half-breed.

"Uchi Moosis!" gasped Nepeese, in her Cree.

Pierrot caught the rifle from her.

"Diable! A dog—a puppy!" he cried.

He started on a run for Baree. But in their amazement they had lost a few seconds and Baree's dazed senses were returning. He saw them clearly as they came across the open—a new kind of monster of the forests! With a final wail he darted back into the deep shadows of the trees. It was almost sunset, and he ran for the thick gloom of the heavy spruce near the creek. He had shivered at the sight of the bear and the moose, but for the first time he now sensed the real meaning of danger. And it was close after him. He could hear the crashing of the two-legged beasts in pursuit; strange cries were almost at his heels—and then suddenly he plunged without warning into a hole.

It was a shock to have the earth go out from under his feet like that, but Baree did not yelp. The wolf was dominant in him again. It urged him to remain where he was, making no move, no sound—scarcely breathing. The voices were over him; the strange feet almost stumbled in the hole where he lay. Looking out of his dark hiding place, he could see one of his enemies. It was Nepeese, the Willow. She was standing so that a last glow of the day fell upon her face. Baree did not take his eyes from her. Above his pain there rose in him a strange and thrilling fascination. The girl put her two hands to her mouth, and in a voice that was soft and plaintive and amazingly comforting to his terrified little heart, cried:

"Uchimoo — Uchimoo — Uchimoo!"

And then he heard another voice; and this voice, too, was far less terrible than many sounds he had listened to in the forests.

"We cannot find him, Nepeese," the voice was saying. "He has crawled off to die. It is too bad. Come."

Where Baree had stood in the edge of the open Pierrot paused and pointed to a birch sapling that had been cut clean off by the Willow's bullet. Nepeese understood. The sapling, no larger than her thumb, had turned her shot a trifle and had saved Baree from instant death.

She turned again and called:

"Uchimoo — Uchimoo — Uchimoo!"

Her eyes were no longer filled with the thrill of slaughter.

"He would not understand that," said Pierrot leading the way across the open. "He is wild—born of the wolves. Perhaps he was of Koomo's lead-bitch, who ran away to hunt with the packs last winter."

"And he will die—"

"Ayetun—yes, he will die."

But Baree had no idea of dying. He was too tough a youngster to be shocked to death by a bullet passing through the soft flesh of his fore-leg. That was what had happened. His leg was torn to the bone, but the bone itself was untouched.

Pierrot, until two years ago, had believed himself to be one of the most fortunate men in the big wilderness. That was before La Mort Rogue—the Red Death—came. He was half French, and he had married a Cree chief's daughter, and in their log cabin on the Gray Loon they had lived for many years in great prosperity and happiness. Pierrot was proud of three things in this wild world of his: he was proud of Wyola, his royal-blooded wife; he was proud of his daughter; and he was proud of his reputation as a hunter. Until the Red Death came, life was quite complete for him. It was then—two years ago—that the smallpox killed his princess-wife. He still lived in the little cabin on the Gray Loon, but he was a different Pierrot. The heart was sick in him. It would have died, had it not been for Nepeese, his daughter. His wife had named her Nepeese, which means the Willow, slender as a reed, with all her mother's wild beauty, and with a little of the French thrown in. She was sixteen, with great, dark, wonderful eyes, and hair so beautiful that an agent from Montreal passing that way had once tried to buy it. It fell in two shining braids, each as big as a man's wrist, almost to her knees. "Non, M'sieu," Pierrot had said, a cold glitter in his eyes as he saw what was in the agent's face. "It is not for barter."

Two days after Baree had entered his trapping ground, Pierrot came in from the forests with a troubled look in his face.

"Something is killing off the young beavers," he explained to Nepeese, speaking to her in French. "It is a lynx or a wolf. Tomorrow—" He shrugged his thin shoulders, and smiled at her.

"We will go on the hunt," laughed Nepeese happily, in her soft Cree.

When Pierrot smiled at her like that, and began with "Tomorrow," it always meant that she might go with him on the adventure he was contemplating.

Still another day later, at the end of the afternoon, Baree crossed the Gray Lon on a bridge of driftwood that had wedged between two trees. This was to the north. Just beyond the driftwood bridge there was a small open, and to the edge of this Baree paused to enjoy the last of the setting sun. As he stood motionless and listening, his tail drooping low, his ears alert, his sharp-pointed nose sniffing the new country to the north, there was not a pair of eyes in the forest that would not have taken him for a young wolf.

From behind a clump of young balsams, a hundred yards away, Pierrot and Nepees had watched him come over the driftwood bridge. Now was the time, and Pierrot levelled his rifle. It was not until then that Nepees touched his arm softly. Her breath came a little excitedly as she whispered:

"Nootawe, let me shoot. I can kill him!"

With a low chuckle Pierrot gave the gun to her. He counted the whelp as already dead. For Nepeese, at that distance, could send a bullet into an inch square nine times out of ten. And Nepeese, aiming carefully at Baree, pressed steadily with her brown forefinger upon the trigger.

(To be continued.)

On Gardening

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

EVERY garden-lover is acquainted with the pests which take the joy out of gardening. Observe the way the plant is being injured and treat accordingly.

Chewing Insects—If insects eat and swallow the leaves spread a poison on the leaves to be eaten. Paris green or arsenate of lead are both stomach poisons. The latter is apt to spoil the appearance of the foliage and the pest to be killed must eat more of it than of the former. Paris green may burn the foliage so it is advisable to mix a little air-slacked lime with the water to counteract the free arsenic.

Sucking Insects—If the injury is being done by insects which suck the juices of the plant by forcing their mouth-pieces into the leaf or stem, in this way avoiding any poison that may be spread for them, spray with a contact poison, one that either eats into the insect's body of forms a film of oil over it so that suffocation follows. A most efficient contact poison is nicotine sulphate, commercially known as Black Leaf 40. Use one teaspoonful to one gallon of water. Soap and oil emulsions and miscible oil may be obtained from your local dealers.

Protected Insects—Some insects have wing covers which prevent contact poison from injuring them and some go into the ground in the early morning—thus they are protected. Cut worms may be destroyed with a mixture of Paris green green, bran and molasses water, ingredients to be mixed in order named. The mixture must be kept moist and should be placed where the worms will eat it in preference to the plant. Ten per cent nicodust is effective for bootles and five per cent for thrip.

Snails, Slugs and Sow-Bugs — A clean garden is the best preventive against these pests. Deep spading will destroy the eggs which are laid in the ground. Not allowing leaves and trash to accumulate will destroy their day-time retreats. Some of the poison bran already mentioned may be placed for them to eat under boards of broad dried leaves.

Broadcasting air-slacked lime over the lawn late at night or early in the morning will kill snails and slugs and hand-picket at night by the aid of a light is most effective in reducing their number. Salt placed on boards near the flower-border will lure many.

Zone of Quiet

Hal Cochran's DAILY POEM

The shades are drawn down and the room is kept cool. All's quiet; mere whispers are said. A wee little youngster is missing from school, for illness has sent it to bed. The household is ready to wait on the tot who is propped on a pillow or two. No matter what sickness the youngster has got, little favors we're anxious to do.

Ere dad goes to work, he will step for a while; maybe put a cold cloth on the head of the child, who gives thanks with a sweet little smile. And then, there comes breakfast in bed.

Mom rushes around, as the day rolls along and she answers each little request. Perhaps there's some rocking, mid lullaby song, that will help the wee sick one to rest.

All mothers and dads are created alike, in the service an ailing child brings. For where, tell me wher, has there e'er been the like who can't play on our sympathy strings?

FLAPPER FANNY says

If kicking alone counted, old maids would be football stars.

CROSS-WORD FOR LITTLE FOLKS

Answer to Little Joe's cross-word puzzle:

Today's Styles

The frock of beaded georgette is always a favorite for dinner and dancing, and any new interpretations of it are always hailed with delight. This one of delicate peach color has lace panels and a large pink velvet rose as well as beads in shades of pink and rose.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

Story by Hal Cochran— Drawings by L. W. Redner

AT LOG RIVER—CHAPTER 23

IN THE excitement neither Jack nor Dotty had looked ahead to see just where the log was going. Dotty had squatted down and wrapped her little legs around the log in order to hold on tight. And Jack kept watching the log, looking for a chance to get close enough to get a hold of it.

THE main mass of logs suddenly spread out toward the middle of the stream and Jack ran to the very edge, just ahead of the log Dotty was on. "I'll get you when you pass here," he shouted. But just then Dotty's log swung around sideways and banged into the logs on the other side of the stream.

THE sudden jolt threw Dotty off her balance and she toppled over into the stream. In an instant Jack made a very pretty dive and was out of sight, underneath the water. Flip, who had been closely following his master, also jumped into the stream. (Continued.)

Cynthia Grey Says:

KISSES are the milestones of a woman's life.

* * *

First of all, there is the maternal kiss that she gives her doll-babies, at the age of five.

* * *

Then there is the kiss of innocence that she has for her first beau.

* * *

And the 18-karat kiss that she keeps for the man she marries.

* * *

Then there is the kind of kiss she gives her women friends. It is a fog of trues.

* * *

And the end of the cycle is the maternal kiss again....., for her baby!

* * *

Questions—Answers

Dear Miss Grey: I went out to dinner at a hotel restaurant the other night with my fiance. He ordered steak and shoestring potatoes, and I picked up the shoestring potatoes and ate them with my fingers as I always had done. He hurt my feelings by laughing at me. Wasn't he in the wrong?—Fan.

He was much more impolite in laughing at you than you were by eating the potatoes with your fingers. This is an old custom that went out of style several years ago when the fashion of eating asparagus tips with the fingers, went out, too. A fork is the proper implement, nowadays.

GUESSWORD LIMERICK

There is nothing that rouses the ire
Of a man on his way to a —— (1)
Like hitting a —— (2)
That is running —— (3)
And harmfully busting a —— (4)

(1) Unrestrained conflagration.
(2) House on wheels.
(3) Disregarding regulations.
(4) Part of flivver most frequently stolen.

OLD TIME DANCE

Thurston hall, March 28. Given by Ladies' Auxiliary of Farmers' Union. Everybody welcome. m28