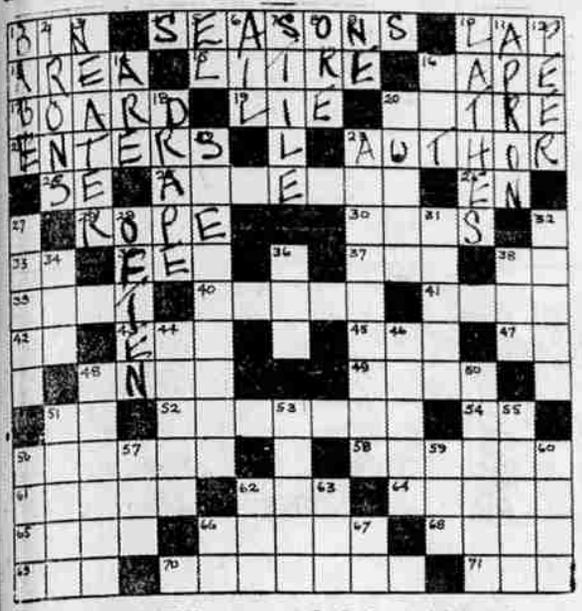
Today's Cross-Word Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1. A crib for corn or flour or coal.
4. Summer, winter, autumn and spring.
10. To drink dog fashion.
13. Surface measure of a plane region.
15. Metric liquid measure.
16. Back part of the neck.
17. A plank.
19. An untruth.
20. A gear with a right angle bevel.
21. Comes in.
23. One who writes a book.
25. Direction of Cape of Good Hope from up.
26. Listens.
29. Half an em.
28. A very heavy cord.
30. Dips (especially bait bob).
33. Bone.
35. Boggy land.
37. Frozen fluid.
38. Seventh note in scale.
39. Trousers, vest and coat.
40. The place where a judge works.
41. Noisy.
42. Printer's measure.
43. Silk worm.
45. Sick.
47. To exist.
48. Shrub (source of indigo).
49. A hops kiln.
51. Variation of "a" (used with vowels).
52. High school banner.
54. Whether.
56. Pushed (town, candidate or stock).
58. Not often.
61. To command.
62. Animal similar to a donkey.
64. To bring up.
65. To simmer.
66. A weapon.
68. To assess.
69. Possesses.
70. Compels.
71. Interjection, hurrah.

VERTICAL

1. Infant.
2. Presses.
3. Tidier.
5. Measure of cloth.
6. To be sick.
7. Steps used for ascending a fence.
8. Rock containing metal.
9. Point of compass.
10. Shaping machines.
11. Garment used to protect the dress.
12. To gaze.
14. Part of verb to be.
16. Egg of a louse.
18. To arrange cloth in folds.
20. Melody.
22. Marked with a design by means of a perforated pattern.
23. Appendages.
27. Fails to keep.
29. Frequently.
31. Gouge.
32. Driver on horse's back.
34. The total.
36. Witticism.
38. Vessel used for washing cloths.
44. More mature.
46. More recent.
48. Positive terminals of an electric source.
50. Neater.
51. The great artery.
53. A blow on the nose.
55. A groove within the ear.
56. Humbug.
57. To miaow.
59. Substance used in making lacquer.
60. Net of lace.
62. To mimic.
63. A bag.
66. Therefore.
67. Second note of scale.

Answer to yesterday's cross-word puzzle:

MUTT AND JEFF — Joe Spivis Is Doping Out a Cross-Word Puzzle. — By BUD FISHER

Jerry On the Job

Fast Young Painter Wanted

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

SYNOPSIS

Baree, the young wolf-dog, wandering in the wilderness, came upon a colony of beavers. He tried to make friends with Umisk, their leader, but the little animals ran away from him, leaving Baree lonely and unhappy. He was attracted by the mooing of the moose and the yap-yap-yap of a fox but thrilled most at the wolf cry. It was the call of his own, summoning him to the chase, the hunt, the wild orgy of torn flesh and running blood.

(Continued.)

FOR a quarter of an hour Baree watched him while he knocked fish out of the pool. When at last he stopped, there were twenty or thirty fish among the stones, some of them dead and others still flopping. From where he lay flattened out between two rocks, Baree could hear the crunching of flesh and bones as the bear devoured his dinner. It sounded good, and the fresh smell of fish filled him with a craving that had never been roused by crawfish or even partridge.

Twenty seconds after the last of Wakayoo had disappeared in a turn of the creek, Baree was under the broken balsam. He dragged out a fish that was still alive. He ate the whole of it, and it was delicious.

Baree now found that Wakayoo has solved the food problem for him, and this day he did not return to the beaver pond, nor the next. The big bear was incessantly fishing up and down the creek, and day after day Baree continued his feasts.

For a week life continued to be exceedingly pleasant. And then came the break—the change that was destined to mean as much for Baree as that other day, long ago, had meant for Kazan, his father, when he killed the man-brute in the edge of the wilderness.

This change came on the day when, in trotting around a great rock near the waterfall, Baree found himself face to face with Pierrot the hunter and Nepeese, the star-eyed girl who had shot him in the edge of the clearing.

It was Nepeese whom he saw first. If it had been Pierrot he would have turned back quickly. But again the blood of his forbear was rousing strange tremblings within him. Was it like this that the first woman had looked to Kazan?

Baree stood still. Nepeese was not more than twenty feet from him. She sat on a rock, full in the early morning sun, and was brushing out her wonderful hair. Her lips parted. Her eyes shone in an instant like stars. One hand remained poised, weighted with the jet tresses. She recognized him. She saw the white star on his beast and the white tip on his ear, and under her breath she whispered "Ugh moosia!"—"The dog-pup!" It was the wild dog she had shot—and thought had died!

The evening before Pierrot and Nepeese had built a shelter of balsams behind the big rock, and on a small white plot of sand Pierrot was kneeling over a fire preparing breakfast while the Willow arranged her hair. He raised his head to speak to her, and saw Baree. In that instant the spell was broken. Baree saw the man-beast as he rose to his feet. Like a shot he was gone.

Scarcely swifter was he than Nepeese.

"Depechez vous, mon pere!" she cried. "It is the dog-pup! Quick!"

In the floating cloud of her hair she sped after Baree like the wind. Pierrot followed, and in going he caught up his rifle. It was difficult for him to catch up with the Willow. She was like a wild spirit, her little moccasined feet scarcely touching the sand as she ran up the long bar. It was wonderful to see the lithe swiftness of her, and that wonderful hair streaming out in the sun. Even now, in this moment's excitement, it made Pierrot think of McTaggart, the Hudson's Bay Company factor over at Lac Bain, and what he had said yesterday. Half the night Pierrot had lain awake, gritting his teeth at the thought of it; and this morning, before Baree ran upon them, he had looked at Nepeese more closely than ever before in his life. She was beautiful. She was lovelier even than Wyola, her princess mother, who was dead.

Floating back to him there came an excited cry.

"Hurry, Nootawe!" He has turned into the blind canyon. He cannot escape us now."

She was panting when he came up to her. The French blood in her glowed a vivid crimson in her cheeks and lips. Her white teeth gleamed like milk.

"In there!" And she pointed.

They went in.

Ahead of them Baree was running for his life. He sensed instinctively the fact that these wonderful two-legged beings he had looked upon were all-powerful. And they were after him! He could hear them. Nepeese was following almost as swiftly as he could run. Suddenly he turned into a cleft between two great rocks. Twenty feet in, his way was barred, and he ran back. When he darted out, straight up the canyon, Nepeese was not a dozen yards behind him, and he saw Pierrot almost at her side. The Willow gave a cry.

"Mana—mana—there he is!"

She caught her breath and darted into a copse of young balsams where Baree had disappeared. Like a great entangling web her loose hair impeded her in the brush, and with an encouraging cry to Pierrot she stopped to gather it over her shoulder as he ran past her. She lost only a moment or two, and was after him. Fifty yards ahead of her Pierrot gave a warning shout. Baree had turned. Almost in the same breath he was tearing over his back-trail, directly toward the Willow. He did not see her in time to stop or swerve aside, and Nepeese flung herself down in his path. For an instant or two they were together. Baree felt the smother of her hair, and the clutch of her hands. Then he squirmed away and darted again toward the blind end of the canyon.

Nepeese sprang to her feet. She was panting—and laughing. Pierrot came back wildly, and the Willow pointed beyond him.

"I had him—and he didn't bite!" she said, breathing swiftly. She still pointed to the end of the canyon, and she said again: "I had him—and he didn't bite me, Nootawe!"

That was the wonder of it. She had been reckless—and Baree had not bitten her! It was then, with her eyes shining at Pierrot, and the smile fading slowly from her lips, that she spoke softly the word "Baree," which in her tongue meant "the wolf dog"—a little brother of the wolf.

(To be continued.)

On Gardening

VEGETABLES which need a hotbed for an early start are tomatoes, peppers, egg plants, cabbages, cauliflowers, and head lettuce varieties. If big onions are wanted, onion seed should be given an early start for transplanting. If there is plenty of room in the hotbeds early radishes and spinach may be sown to be used direct from the frames.

Cucumbers and melons which need a long growing season may also be started in a hotbed as they are tropical plants and need the heat afforded to grow sturdily. In fact, any vegetable for an extra early crop may be started in the hotbed in March and given the benefit of a month-and-a half growing period before it goes into the open ground through the use of the hotbed.

All of the annuals for the garden which require a long season or are desired for early bloom, such as asters and zinnias, may well be grown in the hotbed along with salvias, stocks, heliotropes and other bedding plants. Pansies for early bloom may be had ready to lift in bloom and bud in May by the use of the hotbed. Phlox Drummondii will be ready for quick effect if raised under the mild conditions of the hotbed.

For three weeks to a month after hotbed seeds are started, depending on the earliness of the date, the cold frame may be sown to much the same series of seeds that are placed in the hotbed. While there is frost in the air which would be fatal to tender subjects, such as the tomato, they may nestle happily under the protecting glass of the cold frame. The cold frame is ideal for raising head lettuce to be transplanted, as this vegetable delights in a cool growing season. Sturdier, stockier plants and surer to head may be grown in this manner.

Snapdragons are the best annual subject for the cold frame, as this plant does not like a warm start. The tiny seedlings seem to stand still for strength and will outstrip warmer grown seedlings once they get into their permanent quarters.

FLAPPER FANNY says

A good actress remembers her lines; a good dancer won't let you forget hers.

Cynthia Grey Says:

DEAR MISS GREY: I am the much worried mother of twin girls, 16 years old. Although they have beautiful pale skins they insist upon powdering and rouging, in spite of my tell-skin preparations that I found in their complexions. I have thrown away the skin preparations that I found in their dresser drawers but they only buy more. What shall I do? Are all girls like mine?—Mater.

Most of them are. The young are experimental. And at the same time they want to do the same things that all their friends are doing. Your girls undoubtedly want to be painted for the simple reason that all their girl companions are likewise. However, from the standpoint of good looks, the cosmetics won't seriously injure your daughters' skins if you see that they wash every bit of powder and rouge from their faces every night at bedtime.

* * *

Dear Miss Grey: I am a man in my last year at college. I am crazy about a girl two years younger than myself. I have got to the point where I can't sleep or eat for thinking about her. Worst of all I can't keep my mind on my studies. Wouldn't it be more sensible for us to get married now instead of waiting until I am graduated and have a job?—Morris.

No. No man has a right to ask a girl to marry him until he is able to support her. Calm yourself and get back to your studies. The better educated you are the more chance you have for getting a salary that will enable you to marry soon.

* * *

Dear Miss Grey: What is there that's wrong about petting, anyway? I like to pet, and I'm just as nice as any girl.—Peggy.

Oh, no, you aren't just as nice as any girl! You're not half so sweet as the girl who won't let the boys kiss and hug her. And the boys know it. They don't respect you as they do the wise girl who says "Hands off."

Today's Styles

This interesting and very practical wrap is made of natural colored wool, bound with a heavier wool printed in geometrical designs in shades of red and black. It is lined with wool in a brilliant shade of red.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

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

AT LOG RIVER—CHAPTER 26

IT WAS a long climb, but Jack finally reached the top. And then, to his surprise, he found only a lumberman's little hut, instead of a sawmill. He had been fooled by seeing smoke coming from a chimney. A lumberman, standing in the doorway, explained that the mill was about a mile down stream.

"COME on, Flip," shouted Jack. We'll just have to go back to where we left Dotty and Flop." Then the little adventurer went to a spot, at the top of the hill, where he could look down and see his little cousin. He attracted her attention and started waving his hat. Then he lost his foothold.

IT SURELY was a fortunate thing that the winding pathway, leading down to the stream, was a pathway of soft mud. For it was so steep that when Jack once started to slip he couldn't stop himself. And he toppled bumpety-bump all the way down to where Dotty was. It scared him, but he wasn't hurt. (Continued.)

Radio Programs

"The College Woman of Today" will be the subject of an address by Mrs. Kate W. Jameson, dean of women of Oregon Agricultural college, who speaks tonight over KGW. Mrs. Jameson is a student of problems of the modern college woman, and her topic will be of interest to many listeners in Eugene. On the same program Professor A. L. Peck, head of the department of landscape gardening, will discuss the growing and arranging of plants, shrubs and flowers—another timely subject.

* * *

Warner Brothers new station, KFWB is presenting Charlie Wellman, "The Prince of Jazz," with Semnole Bill Hatch at the piano tonight. From the advance notices this ought to be a good attraction.

* * *

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 lecture, Professor A. L. Peck, on "A Landscape Gardening Hash," and "The College Woman of Today," by Mrs. Kate W. Jameson, dean of women, 8:30 p. m., Joint program by Lions' clubs of Portland and Salem, 10 p. m., Concert by Dwight Johnson's Multnomah Hotel Strollers, with Warren Clark, baritone soloist.

KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 468.5 meters—5:30-6 p. m., Examiner's musical half hour; 6:45-7, Raditorial talk; 7-8, program Hills Bros., dance orchestra, male quartet, Betty Patrick, blues singer; 8-9, Examiner, literary half hour musical program, Paris Chuk & Suit company; 9-10, the Cotrill Sisters, piano and violin numbers; 10-11, Packard popular song hour, Ruth and Lilah Carlson, Bess Russell, Rhue Gill, the Varsity trio, Barney Weber.

KFOA, Seattle, Wash., 384.4 meters—4:5:15 p. m., William F. Hoffman's Olympic hotel concert orchestra; 6:45-8:15, Rhodes department store studio program; 8:30-10, Times program; 10-11, Eddie Harkness and his orchestra.

KFWB, Hollywood, Cal., 252 meters—7-8 p. m., dinner hour music; 8-10, KFWB feature program, Charlie Wellman, "The Prince of Jazz," Semnole Bill Hatch at the piano; 10-1, a. m., Brandstatter's Hollywood Montmarte cafe dance orchestra.

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361.2 meters—4:5:30 p. m., concert orchestra, Hotel St. Francis; 8, Salvation Army territorial band, Colonel A. Smeaton, leader; Edith Knox, pianist; Mrs. Mark T. H. Shwayder, contralto; Ray Angwin, tenor; Fred Gloy; Elizabeth Van Etten, mezzo-soprano; 10-1 a. m., dance music, Henry Halstead's orchestra.

KHJ, Los Angeles, Cal., 405.1 meters—2:30-3:30 p. m., matinee musicale, Pacific States Electric company, Gypsy Russian trio; 6-6:30, Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel concert orchestra, Edward Fitzpatrick, director; 6:30-7, little stories American history, Professor Walter Sylvester Hertzog; weekly visit of the Sandman and Queen Titania of Fairyland; Louis F. Klein, autoharp and harmonica soloist; Uncle John; 7:30, "The Hawaiian Islands," Fred L. Goddard; Piggly Wiggly girls' trio; 8-9:30, program, Merchant Tailors' association; 9:30-10:30, program, May company; 10:30-11:30, Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel dance orchestra, Earl Burnett, leader.

KNX, Hollywood, Cal., 336.9 meters—5:45-6:15 p. m., Wurlitzer pipe organ studio; 6:15-7:30, program, R. C. "Cliff" Durant; 7:30, Style talk, Myer Siegel Jr., of Myer Siegel & Co.; 7:45, talk on "Health." Dr. Robert T. Williams; 8-10, program Peerless Produce company; 10-12, movie night at the Ambassador with Town Crier, introducing fil mstars, Abe Lyman's Cocoanut Grove dance orchestra.

KPO, San Francisco, Cal., 420.3 meters—4:30-5:30 p. m., Rudy Seiger's Fairmont hotel orchestra; 7-7:30, Rudy Seiger's Fairmont hotel orchestra; 8-10, San Francisco conservatory of music; 10-11, Gene James' Rose Room Bowl orchestra.

Home Hints

AFTER using a bowl of starch, let it settle. Then pour off the water and dry the starch in the oven over night. It will be reduced to cake form and can be used again.

Vinegar Removes Odor

Vinegar will remove the disagreeable odor from cooking utensils.

Keep Pillows Fluffy

Keep your sofa pillows fluffy by

airing occasionally in a shady place where a breeze can strike them.

Rust From Needles

To remove rust from needles stick them into a piece of flannel that has been saturated with machine oil.

Garment Hint

A garment should be sponged on

the right side, but pressed on the wrong.

Woolens Won't Shrink

To prevent woolens from shrinking, hang them out on the line dripping wet without wringing them. If dried in this way they will not shrink.

No Wonder-

Hal Cochran's DAILY POEM

When your system of fightin' your daily toil, and your work doesn't come just right. When all of your efforts just seem to spoil—you were up too late last night.

When your eyelids are heavy and want to drop, and they're itchin' and kinda sore. If, whatever you're doin', you want to stop, blame it on the night before.

Whenever you feel that your pep is shot, and you haven't a thought that's deep, the guess that you're sickly is tommyrot; you're needin' a bit more sleep.

The fact that you need plenty hours of sleep is really no idle jest. If right up to snuff in your work you'd keep, get the proper amount of rest.

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American Minister To Hungary Resigns

WASHINGTON, March 31.—The resignation of Theodore Brentano as American minister at Budapest, Hungary, has been received by President Coolidge. While no decision has been announced there is reason to believe that the resignation will be accepted.

Screen Gives Privacy

If your sun is come to a window, especially when the bedroom is on a low floor, or facing another house, you can have privacy by placing a low screen in front of the window and beside the bed. This does not shut out the necessary light.

FOLKS IN OUR TOWN

Elevator Man

Your travel is swift,
As you give us a lift
While you're making your floor-by-floor rounds.
All day you are riding,
And through the air gliding,
You sure have your ups and your downs.

THE BUTTON SHOP

Pleating, Buttons and Hemstitching. 86 7th Ave. East. Phone 1715-J.