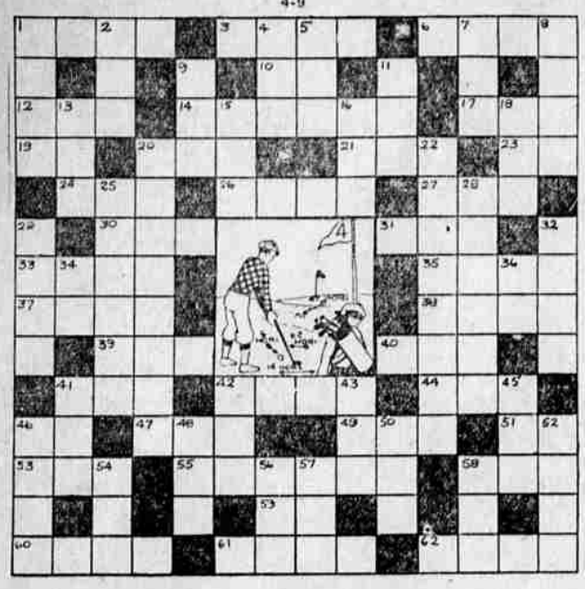
Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

This crossword puzzle is designed especially for golfers. Several terms familiar to them on the links will be found here. The sketch will help.

4-9



HORIZONTAL

1. Game played in picture.
3. Part of golf club which strikes ball.
6. See picture.
10. Negative.
12. Wrath, (inspired by 140 score).
14. See picture (boy who carries sticks).
17. Length of time it takes to play a good game.
19. Jumbled type.
20. Snakelike fish.
21. Meadow.
23. To accomplish.
24. Perfect score.
26. Green ground along a river (in plural name of golf course).
27. To stuff.
30. To attempt.
31. To fit.
33. Attar.
35. Uncommon.
37. Departing guest.
38. Beasts of burden.
39. To clip.
40. Chief linquist stock of Indo-China.
41. Paid publicity (pl.).
42. Warning cry of a golfer before a drive.
44. Automobile.
46. Indefinite article.
47. See picture.
49. Exclamation of disgust.
51. Like.
53. Laundry for washing ores.
55. Dabs again.
58. Provident insect.
59. Correlative of either.
60. To play a golf ball into a hole.
61. State of excitement.
62. See picture.

VERTICAL

1. To grasp golf club.
2. Position of ball in relation to its surroundings on the course.
4. Common conjunction.
5. Fish caught around New England.
7. Refreshing beverage secured at club house.
8. Light cotton fabric (unkeyed letter "e").
9. Something cold put in beverage.
11. To sight the ball.
13. A tear in the clothes.
15. Altogether.
16. Kind.
18. One more stroke than your opponent makes.
20. One who encourages error.
22. A stroke to land ball on putting green.
25. To be present at.
28. Lack of power to co-ordinate voluntary muscular movements (or why I can't play).
29. Low, heavy clouds.
32. A small hole in the turf.
34. Toward.
36. Second note in scale.
41. Some.
42. Money paid to the "pro."
43. To retire or recede.
45. Played on ground instead of lofting ball.
46. Upon.
48. To sin.
50. Tree with tough wood.
52. To thrust.
54. To dine.
56. Period.
57. Part of verb to be.
58. To be sick.

Answers to yesterday's cross-word puzzle:

4-8

Radio Programs

The Seattle Times, in cooperation with KFOA, has announced a song writers' contest to run until June 1, which has as its object the uplift of popular music. Harold Weeks of the Brunswick shop in Seattle is sponsor of the competition.

* * *

Watch for the Radio section in Saturday's Guard. Several announcements of interest to every fan in Eugene will be made that day.

* * *

To take the tinny sound out of a metal loud speaker horn, spatter it slowly with a mixture of hot paraffin and salt to which a little vinegar has been added, to make it adhesive. When the horn cools apply several coats of black paint.

* * *

TONIGHT'S PROGRAMS

Pacific Coast

KGW, Portland, 491.5 meters—5 p. m., Children's program; 6 p. m., Special brief service, courtesy of the Portland Council of Churches; Rev. B. H. Jones, pastor of the Laurelwood Congregational church. 7:15 p. m., Weather, police and market reports and news bulletins; 7:45 p. m., Weekly wool letter by Pacific Cooperative Wool Growers. 8 p. m., Concert by Oregonian Concert orchestra. 10 p. m. Dwight Johnson's Multnomah Hotel Strollers.

KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 468.5 meters—5:30-6 p. m., Examiner's musican half hour; 6:45-7 Raditorial talk; 7-8, Garden's Music Shop Hawaiian string quartet; 8-9, program, Standard Oil company of California; 9-10, Patrick Marsh dance orchestra, Betty Patrick, soloist; 10-11, Examiner's popular music night.

KFOA, Seattle, Wash., 454.8 meters—6-7 p. m., Moran school for boys.

KFWB, Hollywood, Cal., 252 meters—7-8 p. m., program Hacienda Park orchestra, presented by John A. Evans corporation; 8-10, KFWB feature program; 10-11, instrumental and vocal; 11-1 a. m., Brandstatter's Hollywood Montmarte cafe dance orchestra, Mel Pedesky, leader.

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361 meters—7:15 p. m., golf lesson, Joe Novak; 8, "Civilian Clothes," KGO players; 10-1, Henry Halstead's orchestra.

KHJ, Los Angeles, Cal., 405.2 meters—6-6:30 p. m., Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel concert orchestra, Edward Fitzpatrick, director; 6:30-7:30 little stories of American history, Professor Walter Sylvester Hertrog; Mabel Hunt, readings; Uncle John; 7:45, "Care of Body," Dr. Philip M. Lovell; 8-10, program, Institute of Music Art; 10-11, Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel dance orchestra, Earl Burtnett, leader.

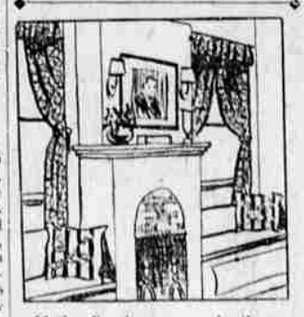
KNX, Hollywood, Cal., 336.9 meters—5:45-6:15 p. m., Wurlitzer pipe organ studio; sports talk, Sid Zeff; 6:30-7:30, program, Los Angeles County Association of Optometrists, Ziegler's orchestra; 7:30, business, talk, J. R. Douglas of Security bank; 8-9, KNX feature program; 9-10, program, the May company; 10-11, Abe Lyman's Cocoanut Grove dance orchestra from Ambassador hotel; 11-12 campus night by and for students of the University of California, southern branch.

KPO, San Francisco, Cal., 429.5 meters—7-7:30 p. m., Rudy Seiger's Fairmont hotel orchestra; 8-10, program, Dean Gross baritone.

To Clean Raincoat

To clean a raincoat, lay it on a table and scrub on both sides with soap and warm water, using a soft brush.

Window Seat Or Bookcase



If the fireplace comes in the center of a wall, on either side of which is a small high window, a bookcase on each side finds its proper place. But if there are windows of regular size on each side of the fireplace, there is nothing more pleasing than a window seat, as shown here.

Fashion Plaques

A new effect for sport wear is the scarf worn over one shoulder and tied on the opposite hip in the manner illustrated. These are worn with sweaters and sport blouses, and are most frequently of high color.

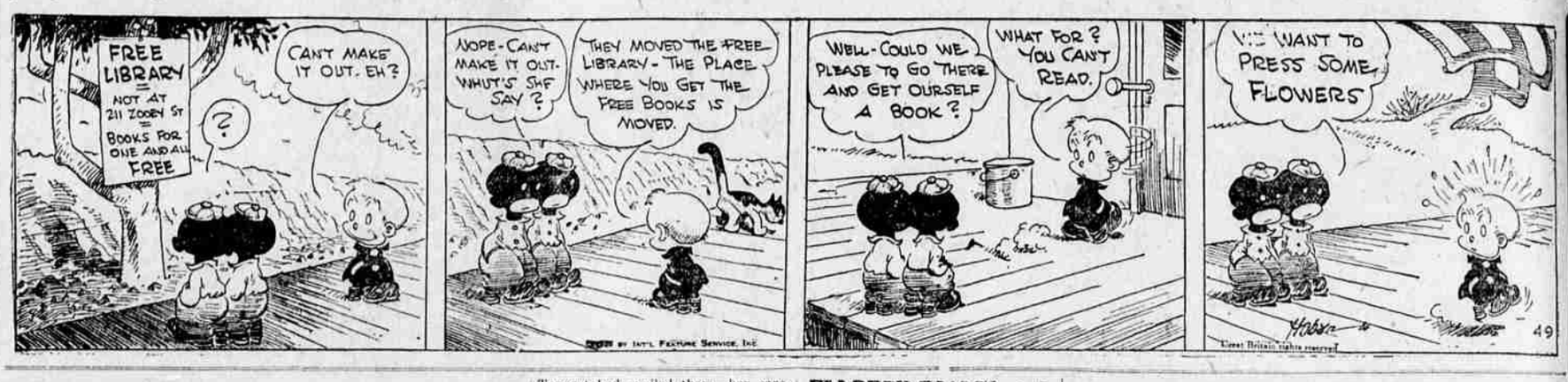
MUTT AND JEFF

Does Sir Sidney Understand Base Ball? Well, Hardly!

By BUD FISHER

Jerry On the Job

First Comes the Customer



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

McTaggart, the post trader, finding Baree, the wolf-dog, trapped in one of his game snares, struck him a blow with a club. Then he bundled him into a sack and carried him to the cabin of Pierrot, the trapper, where he went to demand the hand of Nepeese, the trapper's daughter. The girl recognized Baree and when she saw he had been injured she turned in anger at McTaggart. Baree, freeing himself, fastened his teeth in the factor's leg. McTaggart drew his revolver, but Nepeese raised the dog in her arms.

(Continued)

"LET us leave them to fight it out between themselves, m'sieu," he said. "They are two little firebrands, and we are not safe. If she is bitten—"

He shrugged his shoulders. A great load had been lifted from them suddenly. His voice was soft and persuasive. And now the anger had gone out of the Willow's face. A coquettish uplift of her eyes caught McTaggart, and she looked straight at him half smiling, as she spoke to her father:

"I will join you soon, mon pere—you and M'sieu the Factor from Lac Bain!"

There were undeniable little devils in her eyes, McTaggart thought—little devils laughing at him as she spoke, setting his brain afire and his blood to running wildly. Those eyes—full of dancing witches! How he would tame them and play with them—very soon now. He followed Pierrot outside. In his exultation he no longer felt the smart of Baree's teeth.

Half an hour later Nepeese came out of the cabin. She could see that Pierrot and the Factor had been talking about something that had not been pleasant to her father. His face was strained. She caught in his eyes the smoulder of fire which he was trying to smother, as one might smother flames under a blanket. McTaggart's jaws were set, but his eyes flared up with pleasure when he saw her. She knew what it was about. The Factor from Lac Bain had been demanding his answer of Pierrot, and Pierrot had been telling him what she had insisted upon—that he must come to her. And he was coming! She turned with a quick beating of the heart and hurried down a little path. She heard McTaggart's footsteps behind her, and threw the flash of a smile over her shoulder. But her teeth were set tight. The nails of her fingers were cutting into the palms of her hands.

Pierrot stood without moving. He watched them as they disappeared into the forest, Nepeese still a few steps ahead of McTaggart. Out of his breast rose a sharp breath.

"Par les mille cornes du diable!" he swore softly. "Is it possible—that she smiles from her heart at that beast? Non! It is impossible. And yet—if it is so—"

One of his brown hands tightened convulsively about the handle of the knife in his belt, and slowly he began to follow them.

McTaggart did not hurry to overtake Nepeese. She was following the narrow path deeper into the forest, and he was glad of that. They would be alone—away from Pierrot. He was ten steps behind her, and again the Willow smiled at him over her shoulder. Her body moved sinuosly and swiftly. She was keeping accurate measurement of the distance between them—but McTaggart did not guess that this was why she looked back every now and then. He was satisfied to let her go on. When she turned from the narrow trail into a side path that scarcely bore the mark of travel, his heart gave an exultant jump. If she kept on, he would very soon have her alone—a good distance from the cabin. The blood ran hot in his face. He did not speak to her, through fear that she would stop. Ahead of them he heard the rumble of water. It was the creek running through the chasm.

Nepeese was making straight for that sound. With a little laugh she started to run, and when she stood at the edge of the chasm, McTaggart was fully fifty yards behind her. Twenty feet sheer down there was a deep pool between the rock walls, a pool so deep that it was like blue ink. She turned to face the Factor from Lac Bain. He had never looked more like a red beast to her. Until this moment she had been unafraid. But now—in an instant—he terrified her. Before she could speak what she had planned to say, he was at her side, and had taken her face between his two great hands, his coarse fingers twining in the silken strands of her thick braids where they fell over her shoulders at the neck.

"Ka sakahet!" he cried passionately. "Pierrot said you would have an answer for me. But I need no answer now. You are mine! Mine!"

She gave a cry. It was a gasping, broken cry. His arms were about her like bands of iron, crushing her slender body, shutting off her breath, turning the world almost black for her. She could neither struggle nor cry out. She felt the hot passion of his lips on her face, heard his voice—and then came a moment't freedom, and air into her strangled lungs. Pierrot was calling! He had come to the fork in the trail, and he was calling the Willow's name!

McTaggart's hot hand came over her mouth.

"Don't answer," she heard him say.

Strength—anger—hatred flared up in her, and fiercely she struck the hand down. Something in her wonderful eyes held McTaggart. They blazed into his very soul.

"Bete noir!" she panted at him, freeing herself from the last touch of his hands. "Beast—black beast!" Her voice trembled, and her face flamed. "See—I came to show you my pool—and tell you what you wanted to hear—and you—you—have crushed me like a beast—like a great rock— See! down there—it is my pool!"

She had not planned it like this. She had intended to be smiling, even laughing, at this moment. But McTaggart had spoiled them—her carefully made plans! And yet, as she pointed, the Factor from Lac Bain had looked for an instant over the edge of the chasm. And then she laughed—laughed as she gave him a sudden shove from behind.

"And that is my answer, M'sieur le Facteur from Lac Bain!" she cried tauntingly as he plunged headlong into the deep pool between the rock walls.

(To be continued)

Home Hints

WHEN washing delicate lace, never use starch. If a little stiffening is desirable, dissolve two lumps of sugar in a basin of water and rinse it in that.

Use Paraffin

Clean bronze ornaments with a

soft cloth moistened with paraffin oil.

Alcohol Removes Mud

Mud stains may be removed from ... and flannel by sponging them with alcohol.

Cane Chair Hint

Rub soap and hot water on the top and bottom of can chair seats that have begun to sag. It will shrink them so they will be firm as new.

Secret of Bright Floor

The secret of a clean bright floor is to use only a little oil and never to apply the oil mop until the floor has been dusted with a dry mop.

Cleans Old Brass

A paste of lemon juice and cream

of tartar will clean old brass very satisfactorily.

SHE CAN LEAD OUR EASTER PARADE

One of the most fascinating of Easter styles is the matching hat and scarf. Here is a very attractive combination. With the hat of black and white printed silk, faced with red, is a scarf that crosses in the back and has cuffs of red silk into which the hands are passed.

FLAPPER FANNY says

Many a girl whose face is her fortune cashes in on her cheek.

GUESSWORD LIMERICK

Henry bought him a celluloid collar
Of the kind that comes three for a —— (1)
But a chap with a —— (2)
Caused the thing to — (3)
And my goodness, how Henry did —— (4).

(1) Iron man.
(2) Opposite of dark.
(3) To acquire warmth.
(4) Vociferous ejaculation.

Cynthia Grey Says:

AT SIX, a girl's hero is a cross between the prince in the fairy stories and the little boy next door who pulls her hair, breaks her dolls and chases her pet cat.

* * *

At sixteen romance for her is made up of moonlight, music and a collar-and-man with a tenor voice. Most girls of sixteen would marry the leader of the nearest jazz band, if they had the chance!

* * *

At twenty-six what a woman wants is a good man with a steady job, a bank account, and a marriage license in his hand.

* * *

But, by the time she's thirty-six no man on earth interests her half so much as her own little boy. The greatest love of any woman's life is the love she has for her oldest son.

* * *

Questions—Answers.

Dear Miss Grey: My daughter, 16 years old, has bleached her hair a bright yellow shade. She is ashamed to be seen by her school mates. Is there anything I can do to bring it back to its natural shade?—Anxious Mother.

No, there isn't. To try to dye it would only make matters worse. If your child's hair is not bobbed, have it done, and then give it weekly treatments of warm olive oil rubbed into the scalp. This will not only darken it slightly but will help it to grow more quickly.

* * *

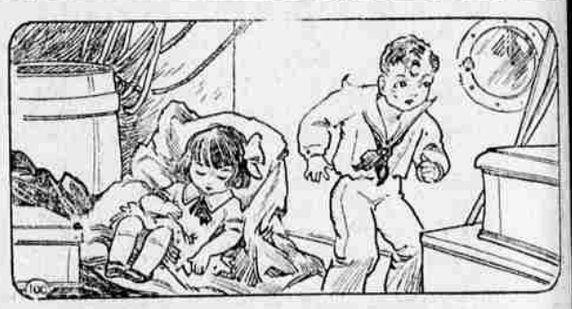
Dear Miss Grey—Many of my friends argue that when a boy passes a girl on the street she should speak first. I am of the opinion that the boy should speak first. Please advise which is proper.—M. E.

When a boy and girl pass on the street, it is proper for the girl to speak or nod recognition first. Of course the boy should almost immediately tip his hat.

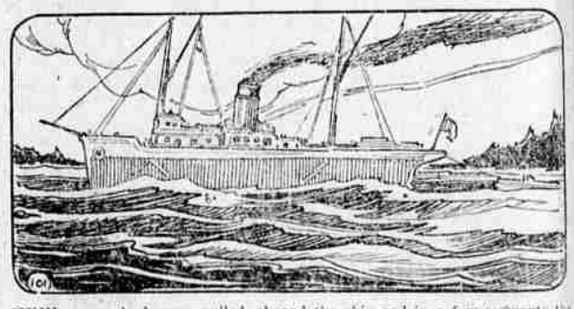
JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

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

AT LOG RIVER —CHAPTER 34



JACK then piled some old burlap sacks in one corner of the room so Dotty and he could sit down. In a very short time Dotty fell fast asleep. Then Jack heard a low grumbling whistle and he knew the boat was getting ready to pull out to sea. There was a sudden jolting and a lot of noise outside.



THE gang plank was pulled aboard the ship and in a few moments the adventurers and their pets were on their way, as the boat slid gracefully through the water. Jack then began to wonder where they were going to get anything to eat. "Guess I'd better wake Dotty up," he thought.

SHAKING his little cousin, he finally aroused her. "What's the matter" asked Dotty, as she rubbed her eyes. "Nothing at all," replied Jack. "We are simply on our way." And, while neither of them knew it, they were really bound for Mystery Island. That's the next Daw story, which starts tomorrow.

William Storey Dies at Anlauf

COTTAGE GROVE, April 9.—(Special)—William Storey, who died at the home of his daughter Mrs. A. D. Stewart, Tuesday evening, was born in Toronto, Canada, Jan. 15, 1845. He leaves but one child, Mrs. A. D. Stewart, and four granddaughters, Fern Owens, Marsh, Dorothy and Jen Stewart. The funeral was from the Mills chapel Wednesday, Rev. A. R. Spearow officiating. The body will be sent to Portland Thursday on No. 14 and burial will be in the Lone Fir cemetery in Portland, where he lived for 35 years. He had lived with his daughter Mrs. Stewart at Anlauf the past six years.

Horton Mill Again Running Full Blast

HORTON, April 9.—(Special)—The sawmill belonging to the Horton Brothers Lumber company has started its summer's work. The mill is running full blast with the new machinery and a large crew of men.

Barber

We all take a trip
To your shop for a clip
Of our lengthy tresses, and say
It's really one trimmin'
For which men and women
And even the children will pay.

THE BUTTON SHOP

Pleating, Buttons and Hemstitching. 89 7th Ave. East. Phone 1715-J.

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