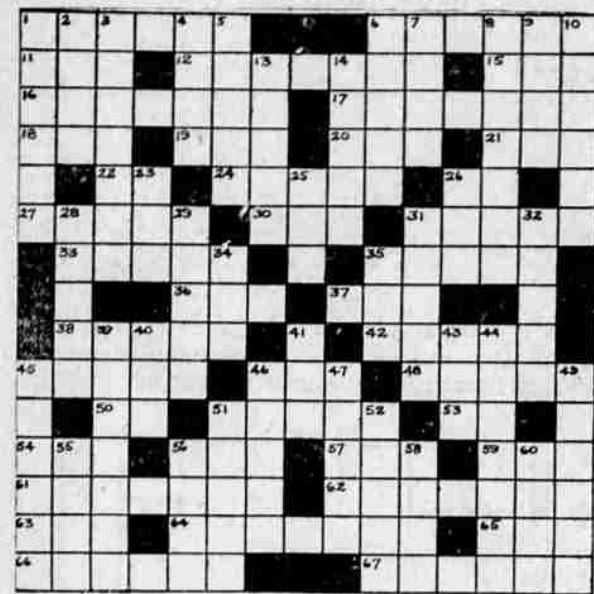


Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

Sharpen your wits today. This isn't a giant in size, but it's equal to one in the types of words used in it. You'll have to use a big dictionary to solve it, and more than likely you'll do some erasing.



HORIZONTAL

1. Sparrow.
2. Grave.
3. Sea eagle.
4. Indisposition.
5. Cried.
6. Remedy for all diseases.
7. Female lion.
8. A pair.
9. Large deer.
10. To mimic.
11. Coarse string fence used in tennis.
12. You.
13. Officers in a college.
14. Seventh note in scale.
15. Christmas carols.
16. To free.
17. The name of a story.
18. To allow.
19. Silver in ingots of various sizes.
20. Epoch.
21. Dandy.
22. To hoist.
23. Fertilized and ripened ovules.
24. To emerge.
25. Goddess of dawn.
26. To nap.
27. The mark that means "all right."
28. Jugs.
29. Provided.
30. Replete.
31. A grain.
32. Animal similar to donkey.
33. Chemical used in making chloroform.
34. A muscle which flexes the thigh.
35. Correlative of neither.
36. Dwarfed.
37. Before.
38. Betrothals.
39. Perceptions.

VERTICAL

1. Pertaining to the seventh.
2. The crop of a bird.
3. Postcard.
4. Series of steel splints forming skirt of armor.
5. To submit.
6. Clips.
7. Indian tribe.
8. Light-colored aluminous mineral.

9. To meditate.
10. To cuddle up.
11. Vessel for lake navigation.
12. South African antelope.
13. Tree of genus Ulmus.
14. To endeavor.
15. Twitching.
16. Curses.
17. Utensil with fine meshes.
18. Examples.
19. A contract by which one conveys lands for a rental.
20. Digit of the foot.
21. Vail for help at sea.
22. A mystery.
23. Sea diving bird.
24. To court.
25. High priest who trained Samuel.
26. Disfigure.
27. Baby.
28. Singed.
29. One apparently indifferent to pain.
30. Elapses.
31. Harmonizes in color.
32. Auctions.
33. Acidity.
34. A fortification.
35. Tilt and flow of water as regulated by the moon.
36. Secure.

Answer to yesterday's cross-word puzzle:



BLACKIE CHASES WRONG SQUIRREL

White House Cat Has Fine Time Running Up Trees, Until He Comes Across a Squirrel that Refuses to Be Chased



(By NEA Service)

WASHINGTON, April 11.—There are gloomy days for the White House pets—Blackie, the White House cat, and Rob Roy, Mrs. Coolidge's white Scotch collie.

Both are in Walter Reed hospital. Blackie is recovering from injuries received in a battle with a squirrel, while Rob Roy is the victim of two human battles.

Blackie had a habit of amusing himself by chasing the squirrels which reside in the White House grounds.

It turned out to be a bad habit—for Blackie.

Everything was all right so long as he picked only on the new arrivals. Unsettled of their social status, they became uneasy at Blackie's approach and were easily put to flight.

Too Much Success

Success went to Blackie's head. He began to fancy himself as the supreme cat in the District of Columbia. Then he picked on the wrong squirrel.

It was Charlie, president of the White House Squirrels' Union, the oldest resident on the grounds.

"You got me," said Blackie. "You've got no business here—move out!"

"Ask your age, Big Boy," said Charlie. "I've been here since McKinley. Get funny with me and I'll hang a sign on your eye."

Blackie Whipped

The fight did not last long. Blackie soon learned that the bigger they are the harder they fall. He ran back to the White House with his face looking like a sieve, full of tooth holes.

Then he was rushed to Walter Reed hospital, where he was thoroughly bandaged and left to repent his rash actions.

Rob Roy figures that cleanliness

was next to Godliness. But being white, he found it next to impossible. The White House attaches scrubbed him every day. Then a skin infection set in, the result of too much bathing.

So he joined Blackie at the hospital, where his once glossy coat is reported to be slowly regaining its lost sheen.

Covert Cloth Popular

Covert cloth in the light shades makes delightful garments for the cat, a touch of white plique or a colored coat for trimming.

Lace Flowers Used

Lace flowers are very much liked as trimming for large straw and horsehair braided hats.

Folk's Town

You know every city.

And about how out pretty.

No people who travel will know.

Without loss of grieving.

What time trains are leaving.

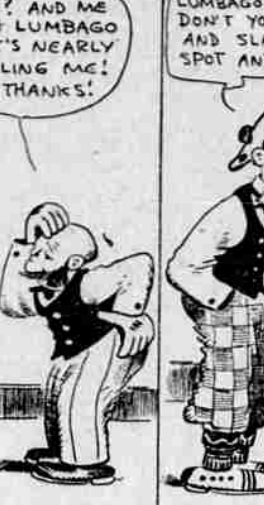
For places they're aiming to go.

MUTT AND JEFF

COME ON, JEFF! THE DAY IS IDEAL FOR GOLF!



LUMBAGO? YOU FOOL, WHY DON'T YOU GET A PLASTER AND SLAP IT ON THE SPOT AND STOP THE PAIN!



I'M GLAD MUTT WISED ME UP ABOUT THE PLASTER—I'M SO IGNORANT ABOUT THINGS LIKE THAT!



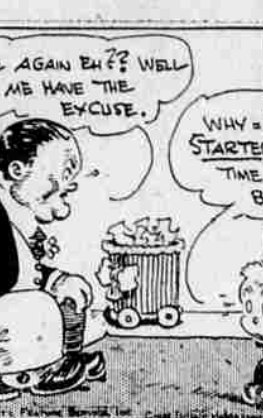
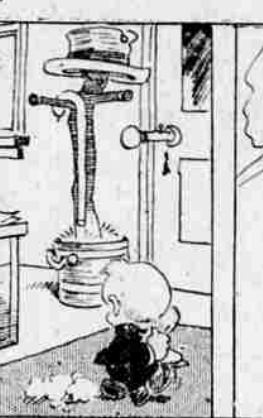
BOSS, I WANT ONE OF THOSE PLASTERS YOU STICK ON A BACK FOR LUMBAGO!



NOW SIR, I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOUR POOREST PLASTERS. I WANT THE BEST ONE YOU'VE GOT.



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

(Continued)

THERE came an interruption. It was the snapping of a dry stick. Through the forest Pierrot had come with the stealth of a cat, and when they looked up he stood at the edge of the open. Baree knew that it was not Bush McGargart. But it was a man-beast! Instantly his body stiffened under the Willow's hand. He drew back slowly and cautiously from her lap, and as Pierrot advanced, Baree snarled. The next instant Nepeese had risen and had run to Pierrot. The look in her father's face alarmed her.

"What has happened, mon pere?" she cried.

Pierrot shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing, ma Nepeese—except that you have roused a thousand devils in the heart of the Factor from Lac Rain, and that—"

"Last night when M'sien the Factor caught him in a snare, he bit M'sien's hand. M'sien's hand is swollen twice its size, and I can see his blood turning black. It is pechipoop."

"Pechipoop," gasped Nepeese. "She looked into Pierrot's eyes. They were dark, and filled with a sinister gleam—a flash of exultation, she thought.

"Yes, it is the blood-poison," said Pierrot. A gleam of cunning shot into his eyes as he looked over his shoulder, and nodded. "I have hidden the medicine—and told him there is no time to lose in getting back to Lac Rain. And he is afraid—that devil! He is waiting. With that blackened hand, he is afraid to start back alone—and so I go with him. And listen, ma Nepeese. We will be away by sundown, and there is something you must know before I go."

Baree saw them there, close together in the shadows thrown by the tall spruce trees. He heard the low murmur of their voices—chiefly of Pierrot's, and at last he saw Nepeese put her two arms up around the man-beast's neck, and then Pierrot went away again into the forest.

For a long time after Pierrot left them the Willow did not move from where she had seated herself beside Baree. It was a long time, and the thickening gloom there was the sullen brewing of storm.

Nepeese shivered and rose to her feet. For the first time Baree got up, and he stood close at her side. Above them a lightning-flash cut the clouds like a knife of fire, followed in an instant by a terrific crash of thunder. Baree shrank back as if struck a blow. He would have sunk into the shelter of the brush wall of the wigwam, but there was something about the Willow as he looked at her which gave him confidence. The thunder crashed again, but he treated no farther. His eyes were fixed on Nepeese.

On that night, it may be, the Spirit of Storm was born in Nepeese. She loved to face it, as she was facing it now. It made her forget all things but the sword and the spear; her half-wild soul thrilled to the crash and fire of it; often she had reached up her bare arms and laughed with joy as the deluge burst about her. Even now she might have stood there in the little open until the rain fell, if a white shadow had not turned her. At the first, she dropped struck with the dull thud of leaden bullets about them, she went with him into the balsam shelter.

Once before Baree had passed through a night of terrible storm—she might have hidden himself under a root and saw the true river by lightning; but now he had company and the warmth and soft pressure of the Willow's hand on his head and neck filled him with a strange courage. He growled softly at the crashing thunder. He wanted to snap

at the lightning-flashes. Under her hand Nepeese felt the stiffening of his body, and in a moment of uneasy stillness he heard the sharp, uneasy click of his teeth. Then the rain fell.

It was not like other rains Baree had known. It was an inundation sweeping down out of the blackness of the skies. Within five minutes the interior of the balsam shelter was a shower-bath—half an hour of that torrential downpour, and Nepeese was soaked to the skin. "The water ran in little rivulets down her back and breast; it trickled in tiny streams from her drenched braids and dropped from her long lashes, and the blanket under her was wet as a mop. To Baree it was almost as bad as his near-drowning in the stream after his fight with Papayachisew, and he snuggled closer and closer under the sheltering arm of the Willow. It seemed an insupportable time before the thunder rolled far to the east, and the lightning died away into distant and intermittent flashings. Even after that the rain fell for another hour. Then it stopped as suddenly as it had begun.

With a laughing gasp Nepeese rose to her feet. The water gurgled in her moccasins as she walked out into the open. She paid no attention to Baree—and he followed her. Across the open in the tree-tops the last of the storm clouds were drifting away.

Nepeese looked down and saw Baree. He was standing close and under a tree, with freedom on all sides of him. Yet he did not run. He was waiting, wet as a waterat, with his eyes on her expectantly. Nepeese made a movement toward him, and hesitated.

"No, you will not run away, Baree. I will leave you free. And now we must have a fire!"

A fire! Any one but Pierrot might have said that she was crazy. Not a stem or twig in the forest that was not dripping! They could hear the trickle of running water all about them.

With her wet clothes clinging to her tightly, she was like a slim shadow as she crossed the soggy open and buried herself among the forest trees. Baree still followed. She went straight to a birch-tree that she had located that day and began tearing off the loose bark.

An animal of this bark she carried close to the wigwam, and on it she heaped load after load of wet wood until she had a great pile. From a bottle in the wigwam she secured a dry match, and at first, fourth of its tiny flame the birch-bark flared up like paper soaked in oil. Half an hour later the Willow's fire—if there had been no forest walls to hide it—could have been seen at the cabin a mile away. Not until it was blazing a dozen feet into the air did she cease putting wood on it. Then she drove sticks into the soft ground and over these stretched the blanket.

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out to dry. After that she began to undress.

She drew a deep breath, and her eyes shone with a sudden inspiration. Slowly her mouth formed into a round red O, and leaning still nearer to Baree, she whispered:

"It will be deep and sweet tonight. Ninety—yes, we will go!"

She called to him softly as she slipped on her wet moccasins and followed the creek into the forest. A hundred yards from the open she came to the edge of a pool. It was deep and full tonight, three times as big as it had been before the storm. She could hear the gurgle and inrush of water. On its ruffled surface the stars shone. For a moment or two she stood poised on a rock with the cool depths half a dozen feet below her. Then she flung back her hair and shot like a slim white arrow through the starlight.

(To be continued)

Home Hints

DO NOT dry wooden kitchen utensils such as chopping bowl and mixing forks and spoons over artificial heat as this will cause them to warp and crack.

Ironing Board

Your ironing board should wear a cover when it is not in use so as to keep it as clean as possible.

Egg yolks, if they are unbroken, may be covered with water and kept for several days. The water should be changed daily.

A good way to air the mattress is to stand it up against the wall or draw it over the foot board.

Gold and silver lace embroidery may be cleaned by brushing with alcohol or gasoline.

Tray for a Decoration

A decorative mirror also looks good just resting on the mantel, rather than hanging above it.

If you have a beautiful large tray, it may make a good decorative piece, resting on the mantel, as shown here.

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FLAPPER FANNY says

Some folks never have heard a traffic cop swear and then others have parked near a fire plug.

By LITTLE JOE

I JUST learned how to find the area of a circle, and that introduced me to 3.1416. The name of this number sounds like something good to eat, and I put it in the puzzle. Do you know what it is?

ACROSS

1. Man who works on a boat.

2. Negative.

3. Short word for advertisement.

4. What some boys call their dad.

5. Toward.

6. Part of verb "be," used with he.

7. Pronoun for "you and I."

8. Railroad stations.

DOWN

1. Sitting down.

2. Within.

3. Behold (used in "Fairy Tales").

4. Cooks (as you do potatoes in a camp fire).

5. To accomplish.

6. 3.1416.

7. Above.

8. Therefore.

Cynthia Grey Says:

DEAR Miss Grey: I have met a man of my acquaintance only twice. But he is the only man in the world for me. I know it. And I am old enough to know, for I am 29. He is engaged to another girl. Would it be kind of me to break up his affair with her, since I feel that she cannot possibly care for him as I do?

—Alma P.

It would be a wicked thing to try to do. And it might be quite an impossible thing to do, too. You do not know how much the young man in question cares for his fiancée. You would probably only make a laughing stock of yourself, if you interfered in this love affair. And 2