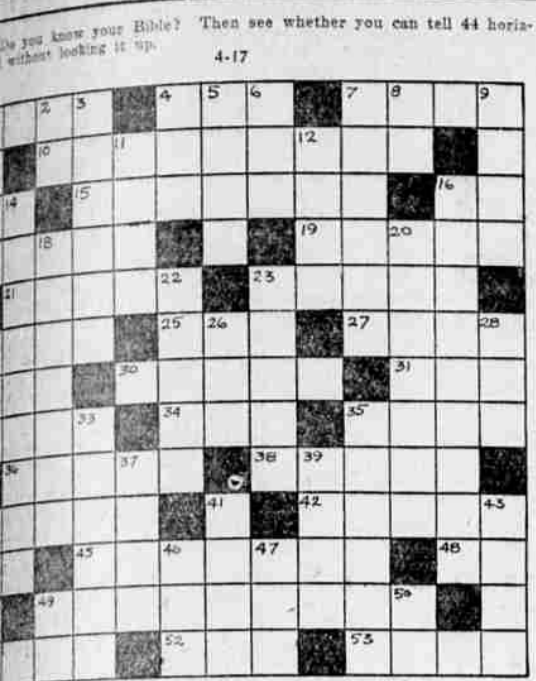


Today's Cross-Word Puzzle



- 9. Griefs.
11. A very small quantity.
12. Pertaining to air.
14. Quietness.
16. Holes in a retaining wall to drain off water.
18. Small house.
20. Small flies whose bite carries disease.
22. Lariat.
23. Artless.
24. Existed.
25. Kind.
26. Gender.
27. Wink.
28. Escapes.
29. Small.
30. Part of a stove.
31. Hymn.
32. Corded cloth.
33. To barter.
34. Scarf of feathers.
35. To tear.
36. To subvert.
37. Therefore.

Answers to yesterday's cross-word puzzle:
PEDALS DEPOTS
LOOSE O VISIT
AS PROPHET AR
TIE GREEN ER
ENDS ANA SNAD
S JUTES RAPT S
SCAR BIRD
S AYES DALE R
HATS EGO LATE
ALE SLIME TAI
ME SUFFERS DI
ERRR T OUTER
STATES ASPIRE

Radio Programs

When connecting wires inside you set, scrape them until they are bright at points of contact. This insures a good connection and also aids in soldering.
TONIGHT'S PROGRAMS
Pacific Coast
KGO, Portland, 491.5 meters—5 p. m., Children's program; 6:00 to 7:00 p. m., Helen M. Caples, pianist; Lawrence Woodruff, baritone and Lora Tegeler, cellist.
7:15 p. m., weather, police and market reports, news bulletins and baseball scores. 8:00 p. m., University of Oregon extension lecture by Eric W. Allen, dean of school of journalism.
10 p. m., "How to Read a Newspaper."
KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 498.5 meters—5:30-9 p. m., Examiner's musical half-hour; 6:45-7, Raditorial talk; 7-8, Examiner literary program; 8-9, Evening Herald hour of dance music; 9-10, Loren Robinson and the Apollo male quartet; 10-11, Tilda Rohr, contralto, songs of Italy, France and Germany.
KFWA, Seattle, Wash., 454.3 meters—6:45-8:15 p. m., Sherman, Clay & Co. program; 8:30-10, Times program; 10:05-11:30, Eddie Harkness and his orchestra.
KFWB, Hollywood, Cal., 282 meters—7:45-9 p. m., Ina Mitchell Butler, soprano; McWinters and Fox Vandeville banjoists; Holly Sisters, blues singers; 9-10, Merryland ballroom orchestra and entertainers; 10-11, Harry Seymour's hour of popular numbers, short talks by movie people; 11-1, Montmartre cafe dance orchestra, Mel Fedaky, leader.
KGO, Oakland, Cal., 381 meters—4:30-9 p. m., concert orchestra, Hotel St. Francis.
KJL, Los Angeles, Cal., 405.2 meters—6:45-8:15 p. m., Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel concert orchestra, Edward Fitzpatrick, director; 8:30-7:30, little stories American history, Professor Walter Sylvester Hertzog; Richard Hendrick, screen starlet, boys' sextet of San Francisco high school; 8-10, program, Western Auto Supply company, arranged by J. Howard Johnson; 10-11, Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel dance orchestra, Earl Burnett, leader.
KJR, Seattle, Wash., 381.8 meters—6:45-8:15 p. m., "What's Doing at the Theaters"; 8:30-9:30, Post-Intelligencer studio recital; 9:30-10, chamber of commerce program.
KJX, Oakland, Cal., 398.2 meters—8:7 p. m., organ; 7:45-9:45, studio program; 9:45-10:30, Sweet's ballroom.
KNN, Hollywood, Cal., 336.9 meters—5:45-9:15 p. m., Varieties pipe organ studio; 6:15-7:30, program, Beverly Ridge company; 7:30-8, program, Eastern Outfitting company; 8-9, program, West Coast Theaters Inc. by remote control; 9-11, KNN feature program; 11-12, Abe Irgan's Cocomat Grove dance orchestra from Ambassador hotel; 12-8 a. m., Warbler Nightingale orchestra.
KPO, San Francisco, Cal., 420.5 meters—8:10 p. m., Warbler night.

MUTT AND JEFF



Umpire Sir Sidney Introduces An English Custom Into Our National Pastime

By BUD FISHER

Jerry On The Job



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

(Continued)
hundred feet in width, but it cost Baree close to a losing struggle to get across it. Until he dragged himself out on the opposite shore, the extent of his injuries was not impressed upon him fully. One hind leg, for the time, was useless; his forward left shoulder was laid open to the bone; his head and body were torn and cut; and as he dragged himself slowly away from the stream, the trail he left in the snow was a red path of blood. It trickled from his panting jaws, between which his tongue was bleeding; it ran down his legs and flanks and belly, and it dripped from his ears, one of which was slit clean for two inches as though cut with a knife. His instincts were dazed, his perception of things clouded as if by a veil drawn close over his eyes.
He did not hear, a few minutes later, the howling of the disappointed wolf-horde on the other side of the river, and he no longer sensed the existence of moon or stars. Half dead, he dragged himself on until by chance he came to a clump of dwarf spruce. Into this he struggled, and then dropped exhausted.
All that night and until noon the next day Baree lay without moving. The fever burned in his blood; it flamed high and swift toward death; then it ebbed slowly, and life conquered. At noon he came forth. He was weak, and he wobbled on his legs. His hind leg still dragged, and he was racked with pain.
A red ferocity grew in Baree's eyes as he smelted in the direction of last night's fight with the wolves. They were no longer his people. They were no longer of his blood. Never again could the hunt-call lure him or the voice of the pack rouse the old longing. In him there was a thing new-born, an unyielding hatred for the wolf, a hatred that was to grow in him until it became like a disease in his vitals, a thing ever present and insistent, demanding vengeance on their kind.
Chapter XIX
At the cabin on the Gray Loon, on the fourth night of Baree's absence, Pierrot was smoking his pipe after a great supper of caribou tenderloin he had brought in from the trail, and Nepeese was listening to his tale of the remarkable shot he had made, when a sound at the door interrupted them. Nepeese opened it, and Baree came in. The cry of welcome that was on the girl's lips died there instantly, and Pierrot stared as if he could not quite believe this creature that had returned was the wolf-dog. Three days and nights of hunger in which he could not hunt because of the leg that dragged had put on him the marks of starvation. Battle-scarred and covered with dried blood-clots that still clung tenaciously to his long hair, he was a sight that drew at last a long breath from Nepeese. A queer smile was growing in Pierrot's face as he leaned forward in his chair; and then slowly rising to his feet, and looking closer, he said to Nepeese:
"Ventre Saint Gris! Oul, he has been to the pack, Nepeese, and the pack turned on him. It was not a two-wolf fight—no! It was fifty places. And—mon Dieu, he is alive!"
In Pierrot's voice there was growing wonder and amazement. He was incredulous, and yet he could not disbelieve what his eyes told him. What had happened was nothing short of a miracle, and for a time he uttered not a word more but remained staring in silence while Nepeese woke from her astonishment to give Baree a doctoring and food. After he had eaten ravenously of cold boiled mush she began bathing his wounds in warm water, and after that she soothed them with bear-grease, talking to him all the time in her soft Cree.
(To be continued.)

FLAPPER FANNY says



Home Hints

Many a girl who travels all the time never gets anywhere.
DONGEE silk should be thoroughly dried before it is ironed and then ironed on the right and wrong side.
Cleans Piano Keys
Lemon juice and salt will clean piano keys. Be careful to let none of the liquid drop between the keys.
Removes White Spots
To remove white spots on woodwork apply alcohol with an old cloth. Rub off quickly and polish.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

Story by Hal Cochran—Drawings by L. W. Rodner
MYSTERY ISLAND—CHAPTER 7



"NOTHING at all is the matter," replied Jack. "I was just greeting the coming of the morning sun."



"THE break of dawn brought a bit of wind and small waves started to roll. It was a good thing the raft was a big one, or Jack and Dotty might have been swamped. As it was, the affair rode gently up, and then down, on the water. Instead of being afraid, Jack and Dotty enjoyed the ride.



AFTER several hours Dotty suddenly shouted: "Look! Isn't that a row of trees?" Jack jumped to his feet and held his hand up to his forehead to shade his eyes. Away off in the distance he could see what Dotty was referring to. And it surely looked like a small island of some sort. (Continued.)

ETHEL: NOTHING LIKE GIVING AWAY THE OLD WORLD



Farm Helps

FARMERS in the northern states, and particularly the Dakotas, have been much interested in a strain of hull-less oats which has come across the border from Canada. The South Dakota station has conducted considerable research work into this new oat. Some of the findings declare that the hull-less oat is excellent to provide food for young animals, particularly young pigs.
"An hull-less oat, but little known in this country, serves well for poultry and swine, while varieties with hulls are preferable for other stock," says one report.
Comparative yields indicate that hull-less oats yield a somewhat lower number of bushels per acre than the best standard varieties of ordinary oats. The same comparative yields indicate that a hull-less variety yields a lower number of bushels per acre than the best standard varieties, even when the latter are reduced to a hull-less basis.
Samples of hull-less oats, says the bulletin, contain a higher percentage of raw protein than the whole grain of ordinary varieties, but a lower percentage than the kernels of the same varieties, grains with hulls removed. The higher yielding varieties of ordinary oats produced a larger yield of raw protein per acre than hull-less oats both on a basis of the whole grain and on a basis of kernels, grains with hulls removed.
The result of one season's test at Brookings seems to indicate that hull-less oats, where produced, should be intended as a special feed for certain classes of animals, rather than as a general farm crop for all conditions.
Further experiments are being conducted to determine the value of the new oat.

Low Pieces in Tall Room



The high-ceilinged room is not easy to furnish, but it can be "brought down" with the use of low furniture. Even this "relief" would make an impossible room, because of the big wall spaces left. So the next best thing to do is cover a wall or so with a series of pictures or a long tapestry, as shown here.