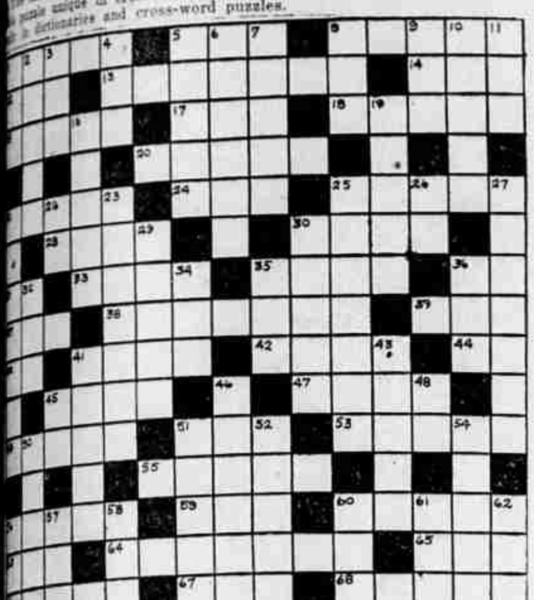
Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

The famous animal, OO, and the hypothetic power, od, combine to make this puzzle unique in cross-word history. There are other words found in dictionaries and cross-word puzzles.


4-29

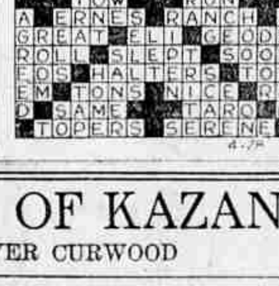
Horizontal

Idol.
Grain (esp. horse's food).
To slope.
Wand.
Radiant.
Meadow.
Camera.
Crushing snake.
To long.
To expunge.
A valuable property.
Before.
Monastery.
Instruments for rowing.
Cheerfulness.
Yellow Hawaiian bird.
Related.
Destitute of hair.
Alleged force of hypnotism.
Pitcher.
A conditional stipulation that affects an agreement.
Reverential fear.
Point of compass.
To unclose.
Small salamander.
Hebrew word for God.
Hurried.
Joint (esp. two pieces of cloth).
Weapon similar to lance.
Witticism.
Doleful.
Pertaining to nose.
Plant belonging to parsley family.
The present time.
Examples.
By.
To enliven.
Unit.
To choose.
Animal similar to donkey.
To lessen.

Vertical

To annoy.
Extensive areas of waste land overlaid with peat.
To total.
Largest existing deer.
Cheap grade of silk prints.
On board.
To harass.
Inflammation on eye.
The wing on a plant seed.
10. Impudence, "gall."
11. To sunburn.
16. Regions.
19. To lay in surrounding matter.
21. Whole quantities.
22. Therefore.
23. One who snares animals for their furs.
25. Permitted.
26. To exist.
27. One who warbles.
29. Procreated.
30. Matter in aeriform state (pl.).
32. Metal in natural state.
34. To put on.
35. Large box for flour.
36. To be indebted.
41. Precious stones of delicate colors.
43. To loiter.
45. Point of compass between South Pole and Africa.
46. Breasts.
48. Myself.
50. Group of jurors.
51. Frenzy.
52. Handsome evergreen trees whose wood is used for butter kegs.
54. One intrusted to perform business of another.
56. To mimic.
57. Anger.
58. To devour.
60. Beverage.
61. Blue grass species.
62. To observe.

Answer to yesterday's cross-word puzzle:



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)

WITH scarcely a sound that the others could hear Marie had whispered into the Factor's ear, and following her McTaggart rose quickly and left the store. He was gone an hour. Lerue and the others were puzzled. It was not often that Marie came into the store; it was not often that they saw her at all. She remained hidden in the Factor's log house, and each time that he saw her he thought that her face was a little thinner than the last, and her eyes bigger and hungrier looking. In his own heart there was a great longing. Many a night he passed the little window beyond which he knew that she was sleeping; often he waited to catch a glimpse of her pale face, and he lived in the one happiness of knowing that Marie understood, and that into her eyes there came for an instant a different light when their glances met. No one else knew. The secret lay between them. And patiently Lerue waited and planned. "Someday," he kept saying to himself—"Someday"—and that was the one word carried a world of meaning and of hope. When that time came he would take Marie down to the Missioner over at Fort ... and they would be married. It was a dream that made the long days and the longer nights on the trapline patiently endured. Now they were both slaves to the environment of Power. But—someday—

The trap-line of Pierre Eustach ran thirty miles straight west of Lac Bain. It was not as long a line as McTaggart's had been, but it was like an artery running through the heart of a rich fur country. It had belonged to Pierre Eustach's father, and to his grandfather, and his great-grandfather, and beyond that it went, Pierre averred, back to the time of the finest blood in Quebec. The books at McTaggart's post went back only as far as the great-grandfather end of it, the older evidence of ownership being at Montreal. It was the finest game country between Reindeer Lake and the Barren Lands. It was in December that Baree came to it.

Since he was travelling southward in a slow and wandering fashion, finding food in the deep snows. The Kuskin, or Great Storm, came earlier than usual this winter, and for a week after it scarcely a bird or claw was moving. Baree, like the other creatures, did not put himself in the snow and wait for the storm to clear and crust to form. He was big and powerful and restless. Less than two years old, he weighed a good eighty pounds. His chest was broad and wolfish. His head and shoulders were like a malamute's, heavy and yet muscled for speed. He was wider between the eyes than the wolf-breed husky, and his eyes were larger, and entirely clear of the Wuttooi, or blood-film, that marks the wolf and also to an extent the husky. His jaws were like Kazan's, perhaps even more powerful. Through all that week of the Big Storm he travelled without food. Three were four days of snow, with driving blizzards and fierce winds, and after that three days of intense cold in which every living creature kept to its warm dugout in the snow. Even the birds had burrowed themesleves in. One might have walked on the backs of caribou and moose and not have guessed it. Baree sheltered himself during the worst of the storm but did not allow the snow to gather over him.

Every trapper from Hudson's Bay to the country of the Athabasca knew after the Big Storm the famished fur animals would be seeking food, and that traps and deadfalls properly set and baited stood the biggest chance of the year of being filled. Some of them set out over their trap-lines on the sixth day; some on the seventh, and others on the eighth. It was on the seventh day that Bush McTaggart started over Pierre Eustach's line, which was now his own for the season. It took him two days to uncover the traps, dig the snow from them, rebuild the fallen "trap-houses," and rearrange the baits. On the third day he was back at Lac Bain.

It was on this day that Baree came to the cabin at the far end of McTaggart's line. McTaggart's trail was fresh in the snow about the cabin, and the instant Baree sniffed of it every drop of blood in his body seemed to leap suddenly with a strange excitement. It took perhaps half a minute for the scent that filled his nostrils to associate itself with what had gone before, and at the end of that half-minute there rumbled in Baree's chest a deep and sullen growl. For many minutes after that he stood like a black rock in the snow, watching the cabin. Then slowly he began circling about it, drawing nearer and nearer, until at last he was sniffing at the threshold. No sound or smell of life came from inside, but he could smell the old smell of McTaggart. Then he faced the wilderness—the direction in which the trap-line ran back to Lac Bain. He was trembling. His muscles twitched. He whined. Pictures were assembling more and more vividly in his mind—the fight in his mind—the fight in the cabin, Nepeese, the wild chase through the snow to the chasm's edge—even the memory of that age-old struggle when McTaggart had caught him in the rabbit snare. In his whine there was a great yearning, almost expectation.

Slowly he followed the trail and a quarter of a mile from the cabin struck the first trap on the line. Hunger had caved in his sides until he was like a starved wolf. In the first trap-house McTaggart had placed as bait the hind-quarter of a snowshoe rabbit. Baree reached in incautiously. He had learned many things on Pierrot's line; he had learned what the snap of a trap meant; he had felt the cruel pain of steel jaws; he knew better than the shrewdest fox what a deadfall would do when the trigger was sprung—and Nepeese herself had taught him that he was never to touch a poison-bait. So he closed his teeth gently in the rabbit flesh and drew it forth as cleverly as McTaggart himself could have done. He visited five traps before dark, and ate the five baits without springing a pan. The sixth was a deadfall. He circled about this until he had beaten a path in the snow. Then he went on into a warm balsam swamp and found himself a bed for the night.

(To be continued)

MUTT AND JEFF

And A Rhino Can Scamper Much Faster Than A Horse

By BUD FISHER

Jerry On the Job

Let the Suffering Commence

HINTS UPON HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL

No. 4—Care of the Eyebrows

Ruth Andrea

By RUTH ANDREA
Of the Ziegfeld Follies

THERE'S nothing I admire more in women than lovely, luxuriant eyelashes and eyebrows, and I have a theory that they are within the reach of everyone.

I have the tiniest little brush, such as is used for water colors which I dip into warm olive oil each night and go over my brows and lashes with it. Naturally I'm careful not to get the least bit of oil in my eyes it it would irritate them.

As regularly as I brush my hair, I brush my brows with an eyebrow brush so that they grow as they should and always look well kept. This particular beauty stunt doesn't take five minutes a day, but it is five minutes well spent.

Handy Strainer

A vegetable strainer that just fits the top of the sauce pan is a great help in the kitchen.

Festoons on Hats

Varicolored flowers and festoons of flowers are used on the new felt hats.

Fashion Plaques

The flower that is worn on the shoulder has grown in size until it practically covers all the available space there. This one is a brilliant red velvet, worn on a white chiffon dinner dress.

Radio Programs

Radio "announcing" has become so much of a profession that New York university has established a new course to give announcers proper training. Although radio announcers and lecturers have some problems in common with the platform speaker, such as audience psychology, those who "take the air" for their addresses must give special attention to voice training. Students who study the technique of good radio delivery, the construction and rhetoric of the radio speech, and the specialized vocabulary necessary for the radio speaker. Four college credits will be given to those who complete the course.

Boys are running things all over the nation today. Even the ether is electrically under the dominion, and between 6 and 6:45 p. m. from KGO will be heard the voices of budding executives selected to run the San Francisco municipal government for the day. First will be heard the boy mayor. Other officials will follow. Music will be furnished by boys who have won in the National Boys' Week Music contests.

TONIGHT'S PROGRAMS

Pacific Coast.

KGW, Portland, 491.5 meters—5 p. m., children's program; 6, concert; 7:15, weather, police and market reports, news bulletins and baseball scores; 8, grand invitational program to Elks' lodge convention by wire telephony from public auditorium.

KFAE, Pullman, Wash., 348.6 meters—7:30-9 p. m., group songs; girls' Sigma Kappa sorority; Mary Elizabeth Turner pianist, Vera Bohlke vocalist, Erna Nelson reader; "Second Trial," Audrey Savage, reader; vocal solo, Dorothy Wilhelmi; piano and banjo selections, Mary Elizabeth Turner, Helen Frinz; Sigma Kappa group songs; "The Role of Vitamines in Livestock Feeding," Professor Jerry Sotolo; "Building Materials for Your New Home," Professor Ogden F. Beeman; "What Sewing club Girls Are Doing," E. Belle Alger.

KFI, Los Angeles, 468.5 meters—5:30-6 p. m., Examiner's musical half-hour; 6-6:15, MacDaniel's nightly doings; 6:45-7, Radiatorial talk; 7-7:30, detective stories from real life, Nick Harris; 7:30-8, program, Goodwin, Klingel, MacKay Insurance company; Apollo male quartet, Marguerite Le Grand, pianist; 8-9, Evening Herald hour of dance music; 8-10, Examiner semi-monthly movie program from the Wampus club; 10-11, Patrick-Marsh dance orchestra, Betty Patrick, soloist.

KFOA, Seattle, 454.3 meters—4-5:15 p. m., William F. Hoffman's Olympic hotel concert orchestra; 6:45-8:15, Hopper Kelly company program; 8:30-10, Times program.

KFWB, Hollywood, 252 meters—7:45-9 p. m., program, Arrowhead Springs hotel with Arrowhead Springs string quartet, Great Western male quartet, Charles Beauchamp, tenor; Charlie Wellman, the prince of jazz; 9-10, Conn and Jacobs, vaudeville vocal act, Irving Abrahamson's Harlequin dance orchestra; 10-11, Warner brothers' hour under direction of Harry Heymour; 11-1 a. m., Brandstatter's Hollywood Montmartre cafe dance orchestra, Mel Pedesky, leader.

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361.2 meters—3 p. m., musical program and speaker, Cora L. Williams, institute; 4-5:30, Hotel St. Francis.

KHJ, Los Angeles, 405.2 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 Sylvester Hertzog; Dick Winslow, juvenile reporter; Baby Muriel MacCormac, Mickey McBan, screen starlets; 8-8:30, scientific lecture, Dr. Mars Bumgart; 8:30-9:30, program, Alpha Tau Omega Alumni association, Burkman brothers, Hawaiian string trio, William Hullinger, flutist; R. Valentine, baritone; 9:30-10, Piggly Wiggly girls' string trio; 10-11 Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel dance program, Earl Burtnett, leader.

KJR, Seattle, 384.4 meters—1:30-2 p. m., musical talk, Raymond David Holmes; 8:30-9:30, Post-Intelligencer studio concert; 9:30-10, illustrated radio travelog, Norman Pearce.

KLX, Oakland, Cal., 508.2 meters—6-7 p. m., organ concert; 8-9, entertainment; 9-9:15, American theater orchestra; 9:15-10, program; 10-11:45 Tom Gerunovich's ballroom entertainers.

KNX, Hollywood, 336.9 meters—5:45-6:15 p. m., Wurlitzer studio program, sports talk by Sid Ziff; 6:15-7, dinner dance music; 7-8, Ambassador hotel concert orchestra, Josef Rosenfeld, leader; 8-9, program, Clear Lake Beach company; 9-10, KNX feature program; 10-12, Hollywoodland community dance orchestra.

KPO, San Francisco, 429.5 meters—4:30-5:30 p. m., Rudy Seiger's Fairmont hotel orchestra; 6:30-7, States restaurant orchestra; 7-7:30, Rudy Seiger's Fairmount hotel orchestra; 8-9, Atwater Kent artist program; 9-10, program; 10-11, Johnny Buick's Amphians.

KFSG, Los Angeles, 275.1 meters—6:30-7:30 p. m., Angelus hour program, vocal instrumental, orchestral and whistling solos.

FLAPPER FANNY says

The honeymoon is over when the husband has to have a billiard table to keep him home nights.

Home Hints

A SMALL paint brush is an excellent implement for sweeping window sills, and cleaning around a radiator that stands in a corner.

Use the Bath Spray

You can keep your screen clean by giving them a bath every week with the bath spray. Then your curtains will not soil so easily.

Save Wall Paper

When having a room newly papered, save a part of a roll for emergencies. Often it is impossible to match paper later.

Wax Chair Rockers

Wax the bottoms of your chair rockers and they will not make marks on your polished floors.

Avoid Twos in Decoration

Pairings of similar pieces on the same piece of furniture, or on equal wall spaces, makes for a stereotyped mode of decoration. For informality and picturesqueness, break up the pairs, put one of each type in a effective grouping on one piece of furniture, and lay the rest aside for other use.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

Story by Hal Cochran— Drawings by L. W. Redner
MYSTERY ISLAND—CHAPTER 15.

SUDDENLY there was a loud rustling of leaves and then a shower of coconuts. Jack and Dotty flew away from the tree they had been standing under. "Now I know where Flop is!" shouted Jack. "The little dickens is up in that tree and he thinks it's funny to be throwing coconuts down at us. Don't let any hit you."

BUT Dotty realized that a coconut would hurt, and she didn't need to be warned to get out of the way. When the excitement died down, there came a shrill little scream out of the big coconut tree, and Flop scampered out on a branch and looked down. "Come down out of there," demanded Jack, "and stop trying to hit us."

FLOP squealed again and then came quickly down the tree trunk. When he stood on the ground again he picked up a coconut and held it up to Jack. "Oh, he wants you to open it up," said Dotty. "Go ahead and crack it, and we can all eat some." So Jack broke the coconut with a rock and handed Flop a piece. (Continued.)

On Gardening

FOR beginners in vegetable gardening four rules may be laid down which, if strictly observed, will place them at once in the front rank of amateurs.

One difference between novices and experts in any enterprise is in the finish of their performances. The beginner is usually sloppy; the expert is exact and orderly. Whether it is in swinging a golf club or making a cake perfection is to be obtained by attention to details.

In gardening market growers are meticulous in their observations of these rules, while amateurs are usually careless about them. The four rules are:

1. Plant in straight rows running north and south. Mark the rows with a garden line and space them evenly, eighteen inches to three feet apart for seeds sown in drills.

2. Sow not too thickly, but enough so to insure a good stand, and thin out ruthlessly when the seedlings come, to prevent crowding of the plants.

3. Cultivate regularly throughout the season; no matter what the temperature may be. Do not allow weeds to raise their heads in safety.

4. Apply fertilizer and spray to kill insects and prevent disease. Both are needed not merely as insurance against possible loss, but to prevent otherwise certain loss.

Seeds sown in drills are those which produce vegetables that are grown in regular rows, evenly spaced in the row. A drill is a tiny groove drawn in the soil. In contrast to the drill is the hill, which is not a mound of earth, but merely a spot in which several seeds are sown to produce a plant or group of plants, separated by some distance from the next plant or group in the same row. Radishes are sown in drills, cucumbers in hills.

It is necessary to sow more seeds than one expects to mature, because conditions may reduce the germination percentage. In vegetable gardening one never expects to raise 100 per cent of his seedlings; always there is an excess which must be discarded, even though the process of pulling them up and throwing them away may rend the heart of the beginner.

In spacing the rows in the home garden eighteen inches is sufficient for the small crops grown in drills. It is even enough for Golden Bantam sweet corn. More space must be given for the vine crops, for all peas and beans and for larger varieties of sweet corn. Tomatoes should have two or three feet each way between vines.

Where room is sufficient and convenience requires wider spacing between rows it may be given. The proper width where a horse-drawn cultivator is to be used is three feet.

Phone S. E. Stevens for piano tuning.