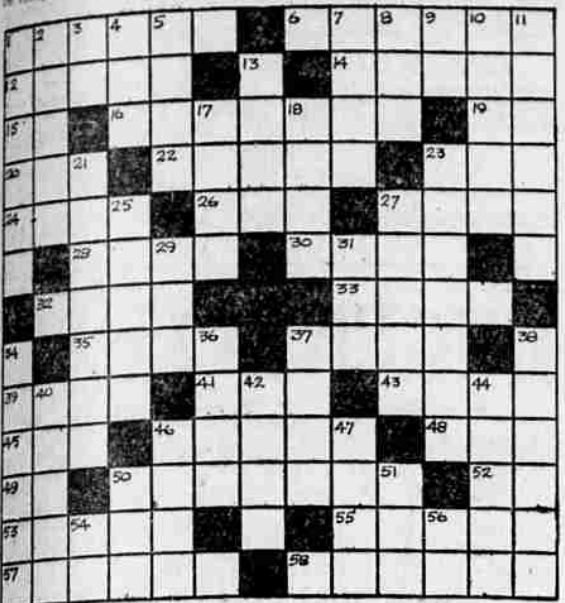


Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

After trying out the notes in this musical cross-word puzzle, you may be ready to do justice to at least one good-sized portion of 11 vertical.



- HORIZONTAL**
1. A curtain on which motion pictures may be shown.
 2. A string of links (pl.).
 3. Inclination.
 4. Valuable property.
 5. Sun god.
 6. Conducts orchestra.
 7. Key and I.
 8. Mable.
 9. Weights.
 10. Early evening meal.
 11. Fruit.
 12. Roadhouse.
 13. To place automobile in a reserved spot.
 14. To debate.
 15. Rent (v.).
 16. To allot.
 17. Garden tool.
 18. To want.
 19. Known facts.
 20. Purgatory.
 21. Mistle in natural form.
 22. Sea eagle.
 23. Matter in aeriform state.
 24. To taunt.
 25. Period.
 26. Alop.
 27. Proceeding from the side.
 28. Seventh musical note.
 29. Ship's prow.
 30. Selected.
 31. To boil.
 32. To confide.
- VERTICAL**
1. Strips of leather.
 2. Material used for mourning.
 3. Second note in scale.
 4. Finish.
 5. To prepare for publication.
 6. Headgear (pl.).
 7. Animal similar to donkey.
 8. To and fro.
 9. More recent.

- ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE:**
- HORIZONTAL**
1. Special cuts of meat.
 2. Common house plant.
 3. To invade suddenly.
 4. A penny.
 5. Abilities.
 6. Large drinking cup.
 7. Values.
 8. To babble.
 9. Born.
 10. English money.
 11. Four-wheeled vehicles drawn by horses.
 12. Contraction.
 13. Stag.
 14. Light boat used by Indians.
 15. Long grass.
 16. Remarks.
 17. Ribbon band around the waist.
 18. To rust.
 19. To rent.
 20. To cut off.
 21. Point of compass.
 22. Toward.

CRY VIARINISH ERA
HE PALE STAR AT
ICAPOT ARSIST
MARLINE TUTANIA
EWEDENSITYARC
REED TEN TREK
ADDICT WEGRESS
EARN TRUE
PIASTRY SENARME
ARMS ROA TIES
LEE SMOLDER GAT
SALLIES OPALINE
LOTTO ROPED
EN WARM EDITAM
DOG RESIDED BIS

MUTT AND JEFF



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

HE ROSE and faced McGarratt. "I had to set a lot of traps like that," the Factor apologized, his face reddening slightly under the steady gaze of the stranger's blue eyes. Suddenly his animus rose. "I'm going to die there, inch by inch. I'm going to let him starve, and rot in the traps, to pay for all he's done." He picked up his gun and added, with his eyes on the stranger and his finger ready at the trigger, "I'm Bush McGarratt, the Factor at Lac Bain. Are you bound that way, M'sieu?"

"A few miles. I'm bound up-country beyond the Barren," McGarratt felt again the strange thrill.

"Government?" he asked. The stranger nodded.

"The Police, perhaps?" persisted McGarratt.

"Why yes—of course—the Police," said the stranger, looking straight into the Factor's eyes. "And now, M'sieu, as a very great courtesy to the Law I'm going to ask you to send a bullet through that beast's head before we go on. Will you? Or shall I?"

"It's the law of the line," said McGarratt. "To let a trap robber rot in the traps. And that beast was a devil. Listen—"

Swiftly, and yet leaving out none of the fine detail, he told of the weeks and months of strife between himself and Baree; of the maddening futility of all his tricks and schemes and the still more maddening cleverness of the beast he had at last succeeded in trapping.

"He was a devil—that clever," he cried fiercely when he had finished. "And now—would you shoot him, or let him lie there and die by inches, as the devil should?"

The stranger was looking at Baree. His face was turned away from McGarratt. He said:

"I guess you are right. Let the devil rot. If you're heading for Lac Bain, M'sieu, I'll travel a short distance with you now. It will take a couple of miles to straighten out the line of my compass."

He picked up his gun. McGarratt did the same. At the end of half an hour the stranger stopped, and pointed north.

"Straight up there—a good five hundred miles," he said, speaking lightly as though he would reach home that night. "I'll leave you here. But in going, he said.

"You might report that John Madison has passed this way."

After that he travelled straight northward for half a mile through the deep forest. Then he swung covered for two miles, turned at a sharp angle into the south, and an hour after he had left McGarratt he was once more squatted on his heels almost within arms' reach of Baree.

And he was saying, as though speaking to a human companion:

"So that's what you've been, old boy? A trap robber, eh? An outlaw? And you beat him at the game for two months! And for that, because you're a better beast than he is, he wants to let you die here as slow as you can. An outlaw! His voice broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of laugh that comes from a man who has won a warm one, even a beast. "That's funny. We ought to shake hands. Boy, by George, we had! You're a wild one, he says. Well so am I. Told him my name was John Madison. It ain't. I'm Jim Carvel. And, oh Lord, all I said was 'Police.' And that was right. It ain't a lie. I'm wanted by the whole corporation—by every damned policeman between Hudson's Bay and the Mackenzie River. Shake, old man. We're in the same boat, and I'm glad to meet you."

Jim Carvel held out his hand, and the snarl that was in Baree's throat died away. The man rose to his feet. He stood there, looking in the direction taken by Bush McGarratt, and chuckled in a curious, exultant sort of way. There was friendliness even in that chuckle. There was friendliness in his eyes and in the shine of his teeth as he looked again at Baree. About him there was something that

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS

"Screw up your nerve, old chap," he encouraged. "No bones broke. Just a little stiff. Maybe we'd better get out."

"Come on, Boy," he said. "We've got to travel."

It was a matter-of-fact invitation, as though the two had been travelling companions for a long time. It was, perhaps, not only an invitation but partly a command. It puzzled Baree. For a full half-minute he stood motionless in his tracks gazing at Carvel as he strode into the north. A sudden convulsive twitching shot through Baree; he swung his head toward Lac Bain; he looked again at Carvel, and a smile that was scarcely more than a blush came out of his throat. The man was just about to disappear into the thick spruce. He paused, and looked back.

"Coming, Boy?"

(To be continued)

Cynthia Grey Says:

TAKE the case of a young wife whom I happen to know, and let her name be "Jill," because that is not her name.

Less than a year ago, Jill married Jack.

There never was a prettier June bride than Jill with her satiny hair, her pink cheeks, and the powder fluffed on her face like confectioner's sugar.

And even today if you should happen to meet her at a matinee or a party, your first thought would be, "What a pretty girl!"

For Jill, dressed for the public eye, is a very different girl from Jill around the house.

Jill around the house says flatly that home is the very place to wear out her old clothes. She hasn't bought herself more than one house-dress since she was married.

She gets breakfast and washes dishes in the old red silk that was her best afternoon dress last fall. It isn't worth a trip to the dry-cleaner, Jill says. So she wears it week after week just as it is—covered with grease spots and stains!

And Jill no longer takes the trouble to brush her hair until it shines, or to powder her face every morning when she gets up. She hasn't time, really—and so Jack carries away with

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

Story by Hal Cochran—Drawings by L. W. Redner
MYSTERY ISLAND—CHAPTER 18



"WELL, this is luck," shouted Jack, as he peered inside an opening in the tree trunk. "I've found a fine mass of honey, and it looks just as clean as can be." "Gee," shouted Dotty, "I wish we had some bread or crackers to eat with it." "Well," replied Jack, "I'm going to run back and get Flip and our food basket."

As JACK started away, Dotty gathered some tall grass together and made herself a nice seat on the ground. "I'm going to just loaf here and rest while you're gone," she shouted to her cousin as he waved, and then went out of sight. Dotty squatted down and started picking little wild flowers that grew all around her.

Dear Miss Grey: I had a fine job. While I had it I spent money freely and had a lot of friends. I became engaged to a beautiful girl. Since I have lost my job and am out of work, she will not see me. And all my friends leave me alone, too. Isn't this unusual? Or does it always happen to people who are out of luck?—Hathorne.

No, not always. You have been unfortunate in picking "fair-weather" friends instead of the real variety. Be glad that you found this out. You will be more wise the next time you pick a group of friends, because of this unpleasant experience. Don't let it make you bitter.

Home Hints

A spoonful of vinegar to each quart of finishing water will often revive faded colors that have faded from the use of strong soaps.

SANDPAPER NEEDLE

When a sewing machine needle becomes dull, stitch for several inches through a piece of fine sandpaper.

SO IT WON'T CURDLE

Add a pinch of soda to the tomato before combining with the milk for tomato liqueur and the mixture will not curdle.

BOIL MILK CANS

Milk cans may be kept sweet by boiling occasionally in a strong solution of washing soda.

Eugene boy Wins Honors at Academy

PORTLAND, Ore., May 4.—(Special)—Charles Bonnett of Eugene, who is attending Hill Military academy, has passed the officers' examination and has qualified in other ways to receive an appointment advancing him to a captaincy by Major Luther Fisher, U. S. A., commandant.

The entire school will go into camp at Rocky Butte, May 8 and will remain there for a week taking special military work and regular school studies. During the encampment the cadets plan to build open house and receive guests in their mess hall. Wednesday, May 13, and on another date will give a parade for the crippled children of the Shrine hospital.

Wide Bertha Collars

Very wide Bertha collars of hand embroidered net make a dainty finish for printed chiffon gowns.

Chiffon Popular

Chiffon is so very popular now it is to be expected that it would influence sport clothes in some manner. Waistcoats and overblouses of chiffon are airy trifles that make anyone take more interest in sports.

Cats' pillars usually have 16 legs and 12 eyes.

Teddy B.

AW, go on, smile a bit! There, that's the boy! Gee, when you smile, you smile, you just bubble with joy. Pickin' you up isn't meant to annoy, but holdin' you seems just like handlin' a toy.

Say, little honeybunch, whence came the red, that right on the peak of your cheekbones is spread? Wish you could know all the things that are said of the cuteness of you, from your toes to your head.

We're bit of hair that is shiny as silk. Blue eyes that sparkle on seeing some milk. P'zies that wiggle whenever we touch. Tears? Well, they never appear very much.

My, but we'd like to explain, if we could, how happy we are through your help so good. Still, we would love you all over again, though you were crosslike and bad, now and then.

You are the reason why folks often say that little things count, in their own little way. When we want happiness, brim, full of glee, we know we can count upon you, Teddy B.

Radio Programs

TONIGHT'S PROGRAMS

Pacific Coast

KGW, Portland, 491.5 meters—4 p. m., children's program; 6 p. m., Orchestra by William R. Hoone, presented through the courtesy of the Radio Electric company; 7:15 p. m., weather, police and market reports; 8 p. m., silent for long-distance reception.

KPAE, Pullman, Wash., 348.6 meters—7:30 p. m., students' of Mrs. LaVerna Kimbrough, Dean Herbert Kimbrough; Harvey Wilson, tenor; Dorothy Hutchinson, soprano; Edna Peterson, pianist; Paul Christ, baritone; Ruth Williams, soprano; Vera Baker, pianist; Vay Kerns, contralto; Pauline Williams, pianist; "Weed," Professor E. G. Schafer; "Twining the Interior of Your New Home," Professor Fred G. Rounds; "What's the Spring in Florence," Professor Carl M. Brewster; "Fanny," Professor E. H. Steffen; "Making and Keeping a Good Lawn," M. D. Armstrong.

KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 368.5 meters—8:30 p. m., Examiner's musical hour; 9:15-9:30, McDaniel's night songs; 9:45-10, musical appreciation talk; 10:15, Evening Herald Orchestra; 10:30, Sun-Side Girls instrumental trio; 10:45, Program, Walter M. Murphy Motors company; 10:55, Examiner; Ray and his Alexandria hotel dance orchestra.

KQOL, Seattle, Wash., 454.3 meters—8:30 p. m., Times program; 9:15-9:30, Sherman, Clay & Co., program; 9:30-10, Times program.

KFWB, Hollywood, Cal., 452.2 meters—9:30 p. m., program, John A. Egan corporation, Hacienda Park orchestra; 10:15, musical quartet; 10:30, program, Great Seal Coffee company; 10:45, International trio; Margaret La Grand, concert pianist; 10:55, H. Moulton and his Hollywood Revelers dance orchestra; Leonard Van der Meer, tenor; 10:55, Warner brothers' band; 11 p. m., Brundage's Hollywood Mambo cafe dance orchestra; 11:15 p. m., Brundage's Hollywood Mambo cafe dance orchestra; 11:30 p. m., Brundage's Hollywood Mambo cafe dance orchestra.

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361.2 meters—4:30 p. m., Henry Matstead's dance orchestra; 8:15 p. m., "Present State of Fruit Beverage Industry," J. H. Ingraham; "The Influence of Music," Virginia White Lockhart; "Non-Musical Instrumental Quartet," Western States; C. M. Reifers; "Chorus of New Orleans," Joseph Barry Jackson; 10:1 p. m., Henry Matstead's orchestra.

KRL, Los Angeles, Cal., 405.2 meters—8:30 p. m., program, John A. Egan corporation; 9:15-9:30, program, John A. Egan corporation; 9:30-10, program, John A. Egan corporation; 10:15-10:30, program, John A. Egan corporation; 10:30-10:45, program, John A. Egan corporation; 10:45-10:55, program, John A. Egan corporation; 10:55-11, program, John A. Egan corporation; 11-11:15, program, John A. Egan corporation; 11:15-11:30, program, John A. Egan corporation; 11:30-11:45, program, John A. Egan corporation; 11:45-12, program, John A. Egan corporation.

FOLKS IN TOWN



SANVOY

Orchestra Leader
Your every-day stunt
Is to stand up in front,
Directing the men who are playing.
As jazz notes come out,
Why, there isn't a doubt
That you soon have your audience
A-swaying.

Collar Made Of Flowers



The collar of the summer evening wrap may be of summer fur, ostrich or ribbon, or it may be made of large velvet flowers, as happens in this sketch. This finish is particularly lively on the chiffon and georgette crepe capes that are unlined and flutters.

She's Chosen as the Queen of Appleland



Hilma Erickson of Wenatchee, Wash., will reign as 'Queen of Appleland' at the Apple Blossom Festival in celebration of the world's record for apple production for one community, 12 million bushels.