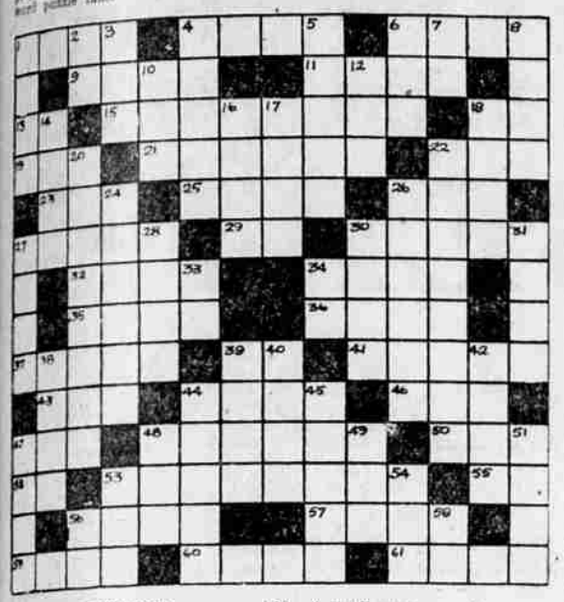
Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

Here we have again our old, ancient friend, the legendary bird of prey. And along with this giant is a L illiputian also well known to cross-word puzzle fans.



HORIZONTAL

1. Repast.
4. One.
6. Pen for sheep.
9. City.
11. To foray.
13. Neuter pronoun.
15. Wearing twigs.
18. 3.1416.
19. A convent worker.
21. Straight.
22. Fluid used for illumination.
23. Legendary bird of prey.
25. Opening that permits water to escape.
26. To sunburn.
27. To pry.
29. Half an em.
30. An entertainment at home.
32. The plant spikenard.
34. Moved smoothly.
35. Group of three.
36. To flog.
37. The belief in God, but not in religion.
39. Exclamation.
41. Pertaining to sound.
42. Lyric.
44. Thin membrane or layer.
45. To equip.
47. Unit.
48. To bind.
50. To assist.
52. Like.
53. Vitiated.
55. Yellow Hawaiian bird.
56. Skin of a fruit.
57. To suppose.
58. Ancient.
60. Oceans.
61. Small salamander.

VERTICAL

1. Principle, leading.
2. Preposition of place.
3. Humble.
4. Up to.
5. Prank.
6. Small pear-shaped fruit.
7. Alleged power producing hypnotism.
8. A raised platform.
10. A small mass.
12. Small social insect.
14. To rotate.
16. Largest plant.
17. Menger.
18. To breathe hard.
20. Characteristic of noon.
22. A white flower (seen in man's button hole.)
24. Vulgar.
26. Male dressmaker.
27. Covered by footgear.
28. Precise.
30. Plot of ground.
31. To squeal.
33. To accomplish.
34. Point of compass.
38. Ages.
39. Prolonged sound of "s."
40. Contralto.
42. Exchange premium.
44. Neglects.
45. Fixes.
47. Solemn vow.
48. Enemy.
49. Born.
51. Blockhead.
53. By.
54. Lair.
56. Diminutive for father.
58. First pers. pronoun.

Answer to yesterday's cross-word puzzle:

S	C	R	E	E	N		C	H	A	I	N	S
T	R	E	N	D		F	A	S	S	E	T	
R	A		D	I	R	E	C	T	S		W	E
A	P	T		T	A	R	E	S		T	E	A
P	E	A	R		I	N	N		P	A	R	K
S		L	A	N	D		T	O	R	N		S
	M	E	T	E			R	A	K	E		
W		N	E	E	D		D	A	T	A		B
A	C	T	S		O	R	E		E	R	N	E
G	A	S		S	N	E	E	R		D	O	T
O	N		L	A	T	E	R	A	L		T	I
N	O	S	E	S		D		V	O	T	E	D
S	E	E		T	H	E		R	E	P	O	S	E

5-4

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

EVEN at that distance Baree could see him grinning affably; he saw the outstretched hand, and the voice stirred new sensations in him. It was not like Pierrot's voice. He had never loved Pierrot. Neither was it soft and sweet like the Willow's. He had known only a few men, and all of them he had regarded with distrust. But this was a voice that disarmed him. It was lureful in its appeal. He wanted to answer it. He was filled with a desire, all at once, to follow close at the heels of this stranger. For the first time in his life a craving for the friendship of man possessed him. He did not move until Jim Carvel entered the spruce. Then he followed.

That night they were camped in a dense growth of cedars and balsams ten miles north of Bush McTaggart's trap-line. For two hours it had snowed, and their trail was covered. It was still snowing, but not a flake of the white deluge sifted down through the thick canopy of boughs. Carvel had put up his small silk tent, and had built a fire; their supper was over, and Baree lay on his belly facing the outlaw, almost within reach of his hand. With his back to a tree Carvel was smoking luxuriously. He had thrown off his cap and his coat, and in the warm firelight he looked almost boyishly young. But even in that glow his jaws lost none of their squareness, nor his eyes their clear keenness.

"I'm a bad one, old chap," he chuckled. "You haven't got it on me yet a bit. Want to know what happened?" He waited a moment. And Baree looked at him steadily. Then Carvel went on, as if speaking to a human. "Let's see—it was five years ago, five years this December, just before Christmas time. Had a pal. Fine old chap, my Dad was. Name—just the Hon. an' when you called us up we made just One. Understand? And along came a white-whiskered skunk named Hardy and shot him one day because Dad had worked against him in politics. Out an' out murder. An' they didn't hang that skunk! No, sir, they didn't hang him. He had too much money, an' too many friends in politics, an' they let 'im off with two years in the penitentiary. And he didn't get there. No—s'elp me God, he didn't get there!"

Carvel was twisting his hands until his knuckles cracked. An exultant smile lighted up his face, and his eyes flashed back the fire-light. Baree drew a deep breath—a mere coincidence, but it was a tense moment for all that.

"So he didn't get to the penitentiary," went on Carvel, looking straight at Baree again. "Yours truly knew what that meant, old chap. He'd have been pardoned inside a year. At least there was my Dad, the better half of me, in his grave. So I just went up to that white-striped skunk right there before the Judge's eyes, an' the lawyers' eyes, an' the eyes of all his dear relatives an' friends—and I killed him! And I got away. Was out through a window before they woke up, hit for the bush country, and have been eating up the trails ever since. An' I guess God was with me, Boy. For He did a queer thing to help me out summer before last, just when the Mounties were after me hardest an' it looked pretty black. Man was found drowned down in the Reindeer Country, right where they thought I was cornered; an' the good Lord made that man look so much like me that he was buried under my name. So I'm officially dead, old chap. I don't need to be afraid any more so long as I don't get too familiar with people for a year or so longer, and 'way down inside me I've liked to believe God fixed it up in that way to help me out of a bad hole. What's your opinion? Eh?"

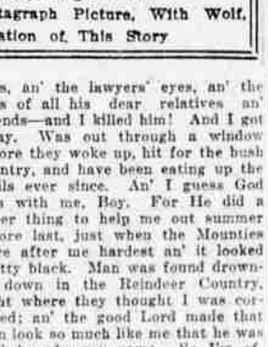
Baree was on his feet, rigid as hewn rock, when Carvel came out of the tent, and for a few moments Carvel stood in silence, watching him closely. Would the dog respond to the call of the pack? Did he belong to them? Would he go—now? The wolves were drawing nearer. They were not circling, as a caribou or a deer would have circled, but were travelling straight—dead straight for their camp. The significance of this fact was easily understood by Carvel. All that afternoon Baree's feet had left a blood-smell in their trail, and the wolves had struck the trail in the deep forest, where the falling snow had not covered it. Carvel was not alarmed. More than once in his five years of wandering between the Arctic and the Height of Land he had played the game with the wolves. Once he had almost lost, but that was out in the open Barren. Tonight he had a fire, and in the event of his firewood running out he had trees he could climb. His anxiety just now was centered in Baree. So he said, making his voice quite casual,

"You aren't going, are you, old chap?"

If Baree heard him he gave no evidence of it. But Carvel, still watching him closely, saw that the hair along his spine had risen like a brush, and then he heard—growing slowly in Baree's throat—a snarl of ferocious hatred. It was the sort of snarl that had held back the Factor from Lac Bain, and Carvel, opening the breech of his gun to see that all was right, chuckled happily. Baree may have heard the chuckle. Perhaps it meant something to him, for he turned his head suddenly and with flattened ears looked at his companion.

(To be continued).

More Ribbons And Frills



Since femininity is now the vogue again, ribbons and frills have returned to favor. Here is a set of bows in black picot edged taffeta that are worn at the neck and sleeves to give an intriguing effect. They will add interest to the plainest and simplest of frocks.

Yellow Greens

Bottle green and the new yellow greens are to be smart for spring in wools and silks.

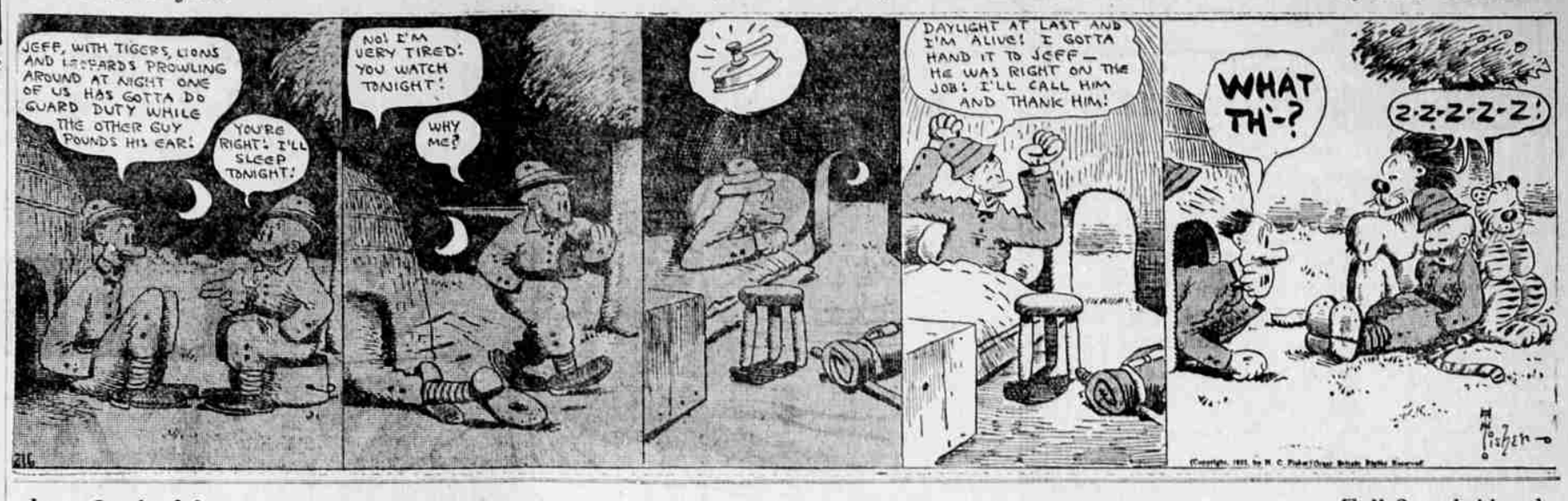
Elaborate "Hanky"

A very elaborate handkerchief is made of brilliant red georgette crepe edged with a border of soutache braid.

Belts in Pastel Shades

The prettiest leather belts come in pastel shades that exactly match the flannel or kasha cloth frock with which they are to be worn.

MUTT AND JEFF — An African Night is Full of Dangers to our Adventurous Duet — By BUD FISHER



Jerry On the Job — Full Speed Ahead

HINTS UPON HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL

The Sun Bath

Noel Francis

By NOEL FRANCIS

Daughter of a Texas millionaire, and in the Ziegfeld Follies.

SUN baths are my favorite method of cultivating beauty and health for my hair. I have a large leghorn hat from which the crown has been removed that I can pull my hair up through the opening and spread it over the brim. This I wear and sit in the sunlight for a while during every sunny day we have.

The brim not only makes it possible to expose all my hair to the light, but it protects my eyes and my complexion while I am taking my treatment.

On days when there is no sunshine I give my scalp a massage and allow my hair to hang down my back for an hour or so, so it gets air, if not sunlight.

When I dress my hair, I coil it very loosely and keep it in place with a comb so it is never subjected to any pulling or strain.

Radio Programs

PACIFIC COAST
Tonight.

KGW, Portland, 491.5 meters—5 p. m., Children's program; 7:15 p. m., Weather, police and market reports, news bulletins and baseball scores. 8 p. m., Oregon Agricultural college extension lecture; Professor W. S. Brown, head of the department of horticulture, "Timely Horticultural Topics"; Miss Helen Cowgill, assistant state club leader, "Girls' Club Work for the Summer Months." 8:30 p. m., Concert by courtesy of Woolsach & Powell; Lucile Kirtly, soprano; Julius Walter, pianist; Charles Wilgus, violinist; Gladys Johnson, cellist, and Helen Paulsen, whistler; 10 p. m. Dwight Johnson's Multnomah Hotel Strollers.

KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 468.5 meters—5:30-6 p. m., Examiner's musical half hour; 6-6:15, McDaniel's nightly doings; 6:45-7, Radiotorial talk; 7-8, Aeolian residence pipe organ studio, Dan McFarland, organist; 8-9, popular song program presented by the Examiner, Madelyn Handy, pianist; 9-10, KFI feature hour; 10-11, Packard Ballad hour, Ansley Sisters, Barney Weber, Bill and Polly Hall and others.

KFOA, Seattle, Wash., 454.3 meters—4-5:15 p. m., Olympic hotel concert orchestra; 6:45-8:15, Rhodes Department store program; 8:30-10, Times program; 10-11, Eddie Harkness and his orchestra.

KFWB, Hollywood, Cal., 252 meters—7:45-9 p. m., Henry Jackson strong quartet, Blanche and Evelyn Watt, harmony singers; Newton Hall, tenor; 9-11, Joe Martin's studio six dance orchestra; Ray Kellogg jazz fiddler, Bill Hatch, ragtime piano man and Charlie Wellmann, the prince of jazz; 10-11, Warner Brothers' hour of fun, under direction of Harry Seymour; 11-1, Brandstatter's Hollywood Montmarte cafe dance orchestra, Mel Pedesky, leader.

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361.2 meters—4-5:30 p. m., concert orchestra, Hotel St. Francis; 8, KGO Little Symphony orchestra; 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 American history, Professor Walter Sylvester Hertzog; weekly visit of Queen Titania and the Sandman from Fairyland; Louis F. Klein, autoharp and harmonies; Florgane Thompson, soprano; C. L. Hill, four readings; 7:30, "Hawaii," Fred L. Goddard; 8-10, program, Desmond's G. Allison Phelps; 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 Ziff; 6:30-7:30, program, Globe Ice Cream company; 7:30, style talk, Meyer Siegel, Jr., of Meyer Siegel & Co.; 7:45, "Health," Dr. Robert T. Williams; 8-9, KNX feature program; 9-10, program, Independent Furniture Manufacturing company; 10-12, movie night at the Ambassador, Abe Lyman's Cocoanut Grove dance orchestra.

KPO, San Francisco, Cal., 4295 meters—1-2 p. m., Rudy Seiger's Fairmont hotel orchestra; 3:30-4:30, Palace hotel concert; 4:30-5:30, Rudy Seiger's Fairmont hotel orchestra; 6:35-7, States restaurant orchestra; 7-7:30, Rudy Seiger's Fairmont hotel orchestra; 8-10, U. S. Army band; 10-11, Johnny Buick's Cabirians.

KFSG, Los Angeles, Cal., 275.1 meters—6:30-7:30 p. m., Angelus hour program; Harry James Beardsley, baritone and reader; Eugene Lamb, pianist.

KJR, Seattle, Wash., 384.4 meters—6-6:30 p. m., "What's Doing at the Theaters."

Cynthia Grey Says:

WHAT does your husband think of you? Does he regard you as an angel, a housekeeper or a pal?

Unless he thinks of you as a mixture of all three, you haven't given him the right "slant" on you, Mrs. Wife!

So many letters come to me from women who complain that their husbands have lost interest in them.

"I'm a good cook, and a wonderful housekeeper, I keep his socks mended," one woman will write about her restless mate," but he doesn't seem contented, anyway."

That woman isn't a pal to her husband, probably. Every man wants to be entertained. A successful wife must be Mary as well as Martha.

It's true enough that one road to a man's heart is through his stomach. But the women who makes an appeal to a man's brain seldom loses out.

"My Fred complains that we don't have enough meals at home," a bride of a year wrote to me the other day. "I tell him I'm not going to burn myself up over a cook stove every night in the week."

There you have the viewpoint of the married flapper . . . the modern wife! She knows her rights, and she's going to have more of them than any other woman of any other time in the world's history.

Her husband will never think of her as the guardian angel of his home . . . and that is the way most men, in their sentimental souls, regard the ideal wife. But they like her with just a dash of spice . . . and a knowledge of cookery and fine sewing, too.

Compared with the gentle art of being a wife and a homemaker, tight-rope walking is child's play. But think how many millions of women are succeeding at it every day!

Weaker sex? Whoever called us that was either a bachelor of a cynic . . . or else he just didn't know his subject!

FLAPPER FANNY says

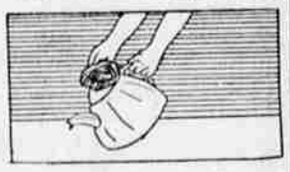
Many a good bookkeeper loses her balance.

Home Hints

PACK away your winter clothes in paper bags that have been treated with cedar. Those that open at the side are more accessible and easier to use than those opening at the top.

To Clean Copper

Rottenstone and oil is the best



possible cleaner for copper. Then polish with a flannel cloth or a chamois.

Keeping Groceries

All dry groceries and cereals should be kept in glass, pottery or metal

containers and be kept in a cool dry place.

Brighter Rubbers

Clean up dingy looking overshoes by washing with ammonia water and then giving a coat of liquid shoe dressing.

In Joining Lace

When joining lace take a very small seam, then buttonhole back over the edges the depth of the seam. It is less bulky than the French seam.

Use Steel Wool

Steel wool moistened with linseed oil is excellent for keeping an iron sink smooth and clean.

GUESSWORD LIMERICK

"Oh, a nickel's enough for a smoke," Said a man who is worse than a —— (1)
So he puffs out a —— (2)
That compels all the —— (3)
To strangle and gargle and —— (4)

(1) Quip, quirk, quiddity.
(2) Nebula, thunderhead.
(3) Flock, audience, multitude.
(4) Uncomfortably suffocate.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

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

MYSTERY ISLAND—CHAPTER 19

"COME on, old fellow!" shouted Jack. And in a few moments the dog appeared at the other side of the little stream. "Well, you're surely a wise old dog," said Jack when he saw that Flip was carrying the food-basket in his mouth. And then came the problem as to how Flip was going to get across the stream. Jack hardly knew just what to do.

FINALLY he figured that perhaps the stream was a bit more narrow at some points, so he started walking along the edge and beckoning for Flip to do the same on the other side. The sound of rushing water soon attracted his attention, and just around a bend of the stream, Jack came upon a shallow spot that was filled with big rocks.

"YOU can get across here alright," he shouted to his dog. And then the little adventurer decided he had best run over to Flip's side of the stream and carry the basket over himself. In an instant, by jumping from rock to rock, he was over. Then he got a real surprise. A small, flat-bottomed boat was pulled up on shore. (Continued.)

Effective Ensemble

The crepe de chine gown with a coat of wool exactly matching it in color is a new version of the ensemble costume that is most effective.

No doctor should have more than 2500 patients on his list, says a British medical authority.

I WONDER WHY — Hal Cochran's DAILY POEM

A case comes to mind, and it leads up to find just how queer are the workings of fate. It's just an affair that concerns curly hair, and the opposite—perfectly straight.

A sister and brother both envy each other, and locks they are willing to trade. For hers are quite straight, while her brother's poor pate with the curliest tresses is sprayed.

He'll brush and he'll comb, and he'll work on his dome, while attempting to take the curl out. But try as he might, 'tis a boomerang fight, for a lot of new curl-lets will sprout.

While she, with her lot, keeps the curling iron hot. At the break of dawn she'll begin. And then, when she quits, she will nearly throw fits, for the curl simply will not stay in.

The story is old and has often been told, so I needn't go on with the rest of it. When fate has come through, with the wrong hair for you, what's the best thing to do? Make the best of it!