

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words.

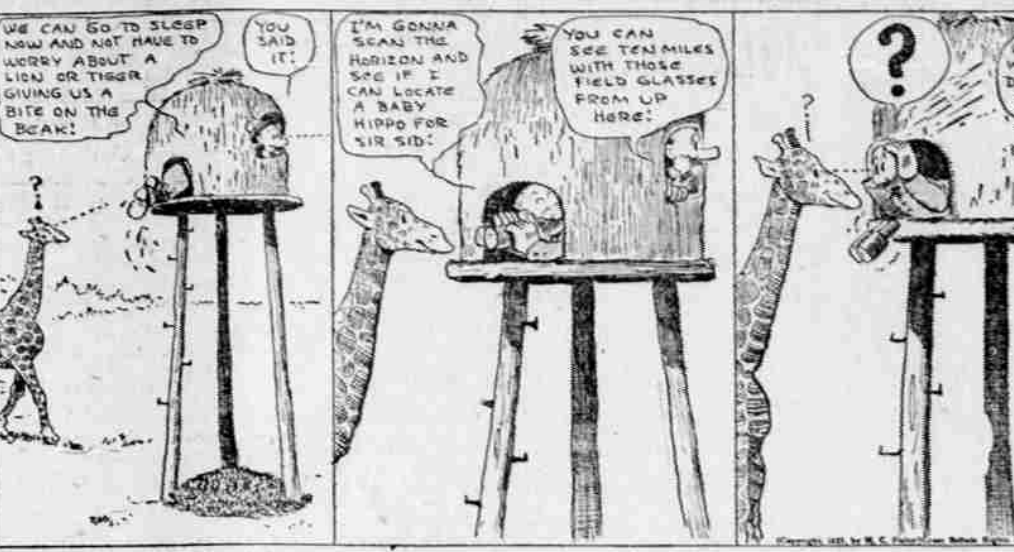
- Horizontal clues: 9. To sin, 10. Conclusion, 13. To impede, 14. Leather strip, 21. By way of, 22. Inflamed boil on eye, 24. Part of fish used in swimming, 25. Vegetable growing in pod, 26. Sheltered, 28. Prick of a bee, 29. Emperors, 32. To perform, 33. Rubber tree, 34. Garland, 35. To open by leverage, 37. Crescent shaped, 38. Common conjunction, 39. Thigh of a hog, 41. Female sheep, 42. Grain used for food (pl.), 43. Seven plus three, 44. Garland, 45. To iron, 46. To stretch, 48. A human being, 50. Contralto, 51. Hook used in trolling, 53. Towards sea, 55. Largest plant, 57. Pleading, 59. To observe. Vertical clues: 1. To rest, 2. To rest (cuckoo family), 3. Steel block containing pattern for forging, 4. To cut timber, 5. Rock containing metal, 6. Rods from captivity, 7. Shiverings, 8. To seek flat, 9. Carnate, 10. Nights, 11. Settles, 12. Medicine in small ball, 13. Eats according to prescribed rules, 14. Common poultry disease, 15. Principle, 16. Secretaries, 17. Treatment, 18. Frozen dessert, 19. Wing part of a seed, 20. To sow, 21. To construct, 22. Twisted (as clothes), 23. Value of bond at time of issue, 24. Place of iron in a millstone, 25. Equipped for war, 26. Sea eagle, 27. Deer, 28. Skill, 29. Bears witness, 30. Body, 31. Digit of the foot, 32. Aurora, 33. To hasten, 34. Constellation sometimes called Lion, 35. Thermometers with compound bulb (unkeyed letter r), 36. To be diminished, 37. Separated, 38. Collection of facts, 39. Flathead, 40. Small, 41. Makes verses, 42. Articles of merchandise, 43. Favored, 44. Condemning.

MUTT AND JEFF



You Can't Blame the Little Fellow—He Never Saw a Giraffe Before

By BUD FISHER



Jerry On the Job



What's Right's Ahead

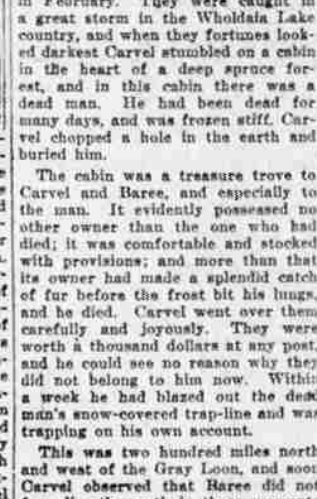
BAREE, SON OF KAZAN

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) THE wolves were silent now. Carvel knew what that meant, and he was tensely alert. In the stillness the click of the safety on his rifle sounded with metallic sharpness. For many minutes they heard nothing but the crack of the fire. Suddenly Baree's muscles seemed to snap. He sprang back, and faced the quarter behind Carvel. His head level with his shoulders, his inch-long fangs gleaming as he snarled into the black caverns of the forest beyond the rim of fire-light. Carvel had turned like a shot. It was almost frightening—what he saw. A pair of eyes burning with greenish fire, and then another pair, and after that so many of them that he could not have counted them. He of them, catching the firelight, were like cat-eyes, only much larger. Some of them, catching the firelight, were red as coals, others flashed blue and green, and some things without bodies. With a swift glance he took in the black circle of the forest. They were out there, too; they were on all sides of them, but where he had seen them first they were thickest. In these Baree, aware almost to stupefaction by that monster-eyed cordon of death that hemmed them in. There were fifty—perhaps a hundred wolves out there, afraid of nothing in all this savage world but fire. They had come up without the sound of a padded foot or a broken twig. If it had been later, and they had been asleep, and the fire out— He shuddered, and for a moment he thought of the better of his nerve. He had not intended to shoot except from necessity, but all at once his rifle came to his shoulder and he saw a stream of fire out where the eyes were thickest. Baree knew what the shots meant, and filled with a mad desire to get at the throat of one of his enemies he dashed in their direction. Carvel gave a startled yell as he went. He saw the flash of Baree's body, saw it swallowed up in the gloom, and in that same instant heard the deadly clash of fangs and the impact of bodies. A wild thrill shot through him. The dog had charged alone—and the wolves had waited there, waiting for but one end. His four-footed comrade had gone straight into the jaws of death! He could hear the ravening snap of those jaws out in the darkness. It was sickening. His hand went to the Colt .45 at his belt, and he thrust it empty into the air. With the big automatic before his eyes he plunged out into the darkness, and from his lips there issued a wild yelling that could have been heard a mile away. With the yelling a steady stream of fire spat from the muzzle of the machine gun. There were eight shots in the automatic, and not until the plunger clicked with metallic emptiness did Carvel cease his yelling and retreat into the darkness. He listened, breathing deeply. He no longer saw eyes in the darkness, nor did he hear the movement of bodies. The suddenness and ferocity of his attack had driven back the wolf-horde. But the dog? He caught his breath, and strained his eyes. A shadow was dragging itself into the circle of light. It was Baree. Carvel ran to him, put his arms under his shoulders, and brought him to the fire. For a long time after that there was a questioning light in Carvel's eyes. He reloaded his guns, put fresh fuel on the fire, and from his pack dug out strips of cloth with which he bandaged three or four of the deepest cuts in Baree's legs. And a dozen times he asked, in a wondering sort of way, "Now what the deuce made you do that, old chum? What have you got against wolves?" All that night he did not sleep, but watched. Their experience with the wolves broke down the last bit of uncertainty that might have existed between the man and the dog. For days after that, as they travelled slowly north and west, Carvel nursed Baree as he might have cared for a sick child. Because of the dog's hurts, he made only

FLAPPER FANNY

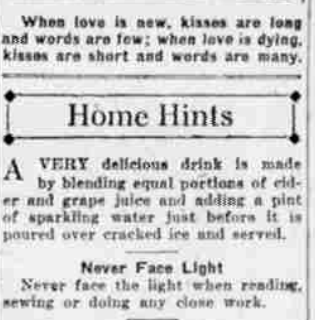


time, he planned to travel by canoe westward to the Mackenzie and ultimately to the mountains of British Columbia. These plans were changed in February. They were caught in a great storm in the Whistler Lake country, and when their fortunes looked darkest Carvel stumbled on a cabin in the heart of a deep spruce forest, and in this cabin there was a dead man. He had been dead for many days, and was frozen stiff. Carvel chopped a hole in the earth and buried him. The cabin was a treasure trove to Carvel and Baree, and especially to the man. It evidently possessed no other owner than the one who had died; it was comfortable and stocked with provisions; and more than that its owner had made a splendid catch of fur before the frost bit his lungs, and he died. Carvel went over them moodily and joyously. They were worth a thousand dollars at any post, and he could see no reason why they did not belong to him now. Within a week he had blazed out the dead man's snow-covered trap-line and was trapping on his own account. This was two hundred miles north and west of the Gray Loon, and soon Carvel observed that Baree did not face directly south in those moments when the strange call came to him, but south and east. And now, with each day that passed, the sun rose higher in the sky; it grew warmer; the snow softened under foot, and in the air was the tremulous and growing throb of spring. With these things came the old yearning to Baree; the heart-thrilling call of the lonely graves on Gray Loon, of the burned cabin, the abandoned leech, and the pool of Napeena. In his sleep he saw visions of things. He heard again the low, sweet voice of the Willow, felt the touch of her hand, was at play with her once more in the dark shades of the forest—and Carvel would sit up and wish as he dreamed to cry out and read the meaning of what he saw and heard. In April Carvel shouldered his furs up to the Hudson's Bay company's post at Lac la Pêche, which was still farther north. Baree accompanied him halfway, and then as he returned Carvel returned to the cabin and found him there. He was so overjoyed that he caught the dog's head in his arms and hugged it. They lived in the cabin until May. The buds were swelling then, and the smell of growing things had begun to rise up out of the earth. Then Carvel found the first of the early Blue Flowers. That night he packed up. It's time to travel, he announced to Baree. "And I've sort of changed my mind. We're going back—there." And he pointed south. (To be continued)

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

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

MYSTERY ISLAND—CHAPTER 20



Radio Programs

- PACIFIC COAST Tonight: 200W, Portland, 491.5 meters—5 p. m., children's program; 6, Colburn's Moby Men from Hotel Portland, music; 7, 7.15, weather, police and market reports, news bulletins and baseball scores; 8, concert by University of the Western Auto Supply company; 9, Macdonald trio, Joe Campbell, banjo and guitar solo; 10, Al K. Houghton, baritone; 11, concert from Sherman, Clay and company studio. KRAE, Pullman, Wash., 348.6 meters—7:30-9 p. m., Colfax Methodist choir; Mrs. L. A. Kirkland, director; Mrs. Ed. Peterson, pianist; "Effect of Sugar and Protein Content of Lemons," J. R. Neller; "The Living Room," Ogden F. Bosman; "Dee Dishes and Their Treatment," B. A. Peterson. KFI, Los Angeles, 408.5 meters—7:30-9 p. m., Estimote's musical hall; 8:15, McDaniel's nightly doings; 8:45-9, Radio City; 9:30-10, Harris, detective stories; 10:30-11, Goodwin, Klinger and Mackay; 11:30-12, music; 12:30-1, four 15-minute news items, sports, comedy, burlesque and news; 1:30-2, Excelsior; literary program; 10-11, Pacific Star; dance orchestra. Betty Peterson, soloist. KTLA, Los Angeles, 454.5 meters—4:30-5 p. m., William F. Hoffman's Olympic hotel orchestra; 6:45-8:15, Hopalong Cassidy; 8:30-10, music program. KTVB, Hollywood, 252 meters—8:30-9 p. m., Arrowhead Springs lake concert; Arrowhead Springs string orchestra; Virginia Ainsworth, soprano; Earl Yara, baritone; Newton and the Stars; Dorothy Dodd and the Stars; popular songs; Hawaiian night club; 10-11, Warner Bros. band of joy, under direction of Ed. Peterson; 11-12, m. m. orchestra; Hollywood Montmartre dance orchestra, Mel Podolsky, leader. KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361.2 meters—8:30-9 p. m., musical program, Curia L. Peterson; 9:30-10, concert orchestra, Harold St. Francis. KFI, Los Angeles, 408.2 meters—8:30-9 p. m., Art Hickman's Ritz orchestra; 9:30-10, concert orchestra, Edward Fitzpatrick; 10:30-11, Little Symphony; 11:30-12, Professor Walter Alexander; 12:30-1, Professor Walter Alexander; 12:30-1, Dick Winslow, pianist; 1:30-2, Mabel Macdonald and Mickey McDan, screen comedy; 2:30-3, Dr. Marx Monograph; 3:30-4, program, Hay F. Chesler; 4:30-5, program, Hay F. Chesler; 5:30-6, dance orchestra, Earl Peterson, leader. KTLA, Oakland, Cal., 508.2 meters—8:30-9 p. m., concert; 8:30-9, entertainment; 9:30-10, program; 10-11:45

GUESSWORD LIMERICK

Limerick: Where a flusser was washing the street, Came a maid who was certainly (1) She got right in the (2) Of the thing and the (3) Soaked her clothes from her head to her (4) (1) Pleasing to taste. (2) Orbit, trajectory, way. (3) Ablution. (4) Dogs, puppies.

Boudoir cap Of Ribbon



This very attractive boudoir cap is made of rose-colored ribbon, cream colored lace and a narrow banding of French flowers. It is less suggestive of the boudoir than the very loopy models, and for that reason is preferred by many women who like more tailored effects.

Home Hints

- Never Face Light: Never face the light when reading, sewing or doing any close work. Put in Ice Water: Vegetables for salad should always be cleaned in advance and then allowed to stand in ice water until crisp. After that they should be drained, spread out on a towel and set aside in a cold place until just before they are ready to be mixed and served. Handling Dried Fruit: Wash all dried fruit carefully and cover with cold water for a while before you put it on the fire. Use Sliced Potatoes: If fat becomes too hot before you are ready to use it for doughnuts, put in a handful of raw sliced potatoes. Protect Against Rust: Protect your range against rust by opening stove all periodically to the open lining and the outside. Clean Them First: Garments that are to be packed away during the summer months should first be well cleaned and brushed. Cynthia Grey Says: BY CYNTHIA GREY: "Don't you think that any girl ought to be able to admit to herself, perfectly frankly, that one day she would like a ride?" asks Nancy Hawthorne, the heroine of a new book, "Sendings." The author of the book, Hamilton Gibbs, at this point seems to stop back waiting for the reader to be shocked. But what's so shocking about a woman wanting to have a child? It's probably the least shocking thing in

Washin' Up

Advertisement for Washin' Up car wash service. Get out the bucket, the chamoi and hose, and roll up your sleeves for a spell. Put on your boots, and an old suit of clothes. The auto's not lookin' so well. Where's came the dust that has buried your car? You'd best run the bus on the rack. Hop to it, man, show how peppy you are, and bring the old skinless back. Bet you've been drivin' the fam'ly around on the roads that are open and free. Rollin' along brings the dust from the ground. Why, the same thing has happened to me. Call to your youngsters, and let them assist. Turn on with interest that's keen. See that no part of the auto is missed. Roll up your bloomers machine. When you have finished, your fever will burn, to ride in the open, and then, you can look forward, upon your return, to washin' the auto again. (Copyright, 1925, NEA Service, Inc.)

FOLKS IN TOWN

Advertisement for Folks in Town featuring a woman in a dress. You look quite sedate. When on table you wait, And your pride and your head's held aloft. Real service inspires you; The family that hires you, It seems, leads a life rather soft. Costs Are Plain: Printed dresses and plain cloths coats to match are popular elsewhere this spring.