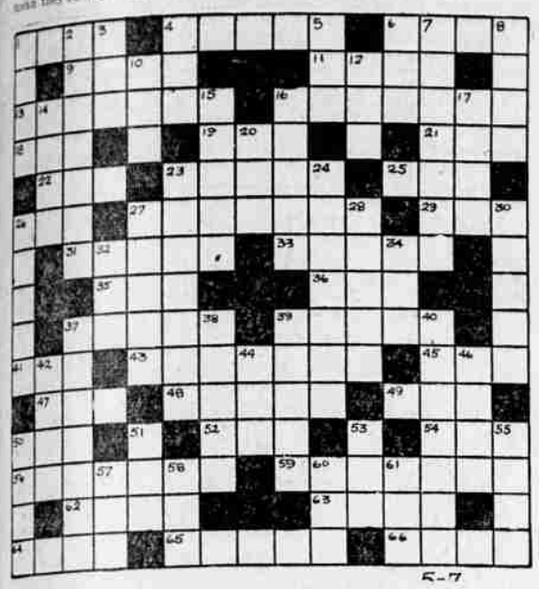
Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

Many short words may be found in this puzzle. But that doesn't mean they're any easier to get than the longer words. Just try.



E-7

HORIZONTAL

1. Rabbit.
4. Paragraphs.
6. A quick movement.
9. Verbal.
11. At any time.
13. Special topic in a magazine.
16. One to be relied upon in emergency.
18. Rodent.
19. Substance used in making lacquer.
21. Aurora.
22. Metal used for pans.
24. Pork.
25. Collection of facts.
26. Boggy land.
27. Colonizes.
29. To weep.
31. Open spot in the woods.
33. The Supreme Being.
35. Aged.
36. Arid.
37. Beer mug.
38. To nap.
41. Period.
42. Lurked.
43. To total.
47. Large vessel used in tanning.
48. Green plums.
49. Organ of sight.
50. By.
52. Hawaiian food made of taro.
54. Beer.
56. Beasts.
58. Remarkable.
62. Back part of neck.
63. Being in health.
64. Disagreeably sharp.
65. To abolish.
66. Not as much.

VERTICAL

1. White with age.
2. Decaying.
3. Silk worm.
4. To be sick.
5. Obstinate.
6. Lair.
7. Eagerness.
8. Playthings.
10. One in cards.
12. Truck for furniture.
14. To value.
15. Flushed with confidence.
16. To reprove.
17. Male swine.
20. To perform.
23. Covering on a bed.
24. Instruments used in sewing.
26. Meadow.
27. Auctions.
28. Procreated.
30. To submit.
32. Quantity.
34. Chain of rope passing through mast.
37. Gazing.
38. Lowest tides.
39. Quantity of yarn loosely rolled.
40. Due.
42. Baker on stove.
44. Past.
46. Ravine.
50. Compartment of a window.
51. Geographical drawing.
53. Dined.
55. Smooth long fishes.
57. Verb of permission.
58. Field.
60. To be indebted.
61. Every.

Answer to yesterday's cross-word puzzle:

5-6

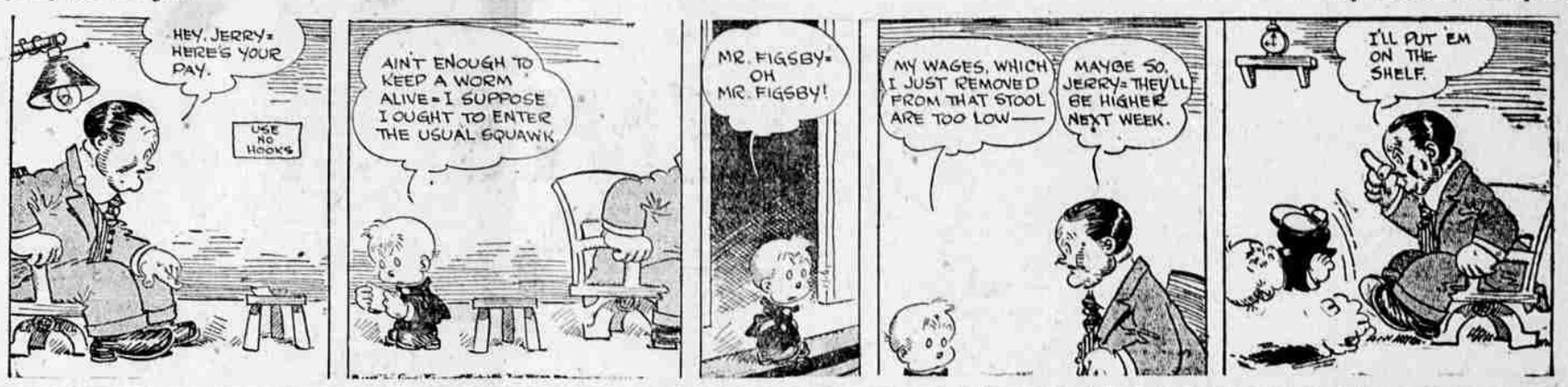
MUTT AND JEFF

Jeff Imitates a Hat on a Rack

By BUD FISHER

Jerry On the Job

Up Goes the Stipend



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)

A STRANGE humor possessed Carvel as he began the southward journey. He did not believe in omens, good or bad. Superstition had played a small part in his life, but he possessed both curiosity and a love for adventure, and his years of lonely wandering had developed in him a wonderfully clear mental vision of things, which in other words might be called singularly active imagination. He knew that some irresistible force was drawing Baree back into the south—that it was pulling him not only along a given line of the compass, but to an exact point in that line. For no reason in particular the situation began to interest him more and more,and as his time was valueless, and he had no fixed destination in view, he began to experiment. For the first two days he marked the dog's course by compass. It was due southeast. On the third morning Carvel purposely struck a course straight west. He noted quickly the change in Baree—his restlessness at first, and after that the dejected manner in which he followed at his heels. Toward noon Carvel swung sharply to the south and east again, and almost immediately Baree regained his old eagerness, and ran ahead of his master.

A week later Baree answered Carvel's question by swinging westward to give wide berth to Post Lac Bain. It was mid-afternoon when they crossed the trail along which Bush McTaggart's traps and deadfalls had been set. Baree did not even pause. He headed due south, travelling so fast that at times he was lost to Carvel's sight. A suppressed but intense excitement possessed him, and he whined whenever Carvel stopped to rest—always with his nose sniffing the wind out of the south. Springtime, the flowers, earth turning green, the singing of birds, and the sweet breaths in the air were bringing him back to that great Yesterday when he had belonged to Nepeese. In his unreasoning mind there existed no longer a winter. The long months of cold and hunger were gone; in the new visionings that filled his brain they were forgotten. The birds and flowers and the blue skies had come back, and with them the Willow must surely have returned, and she was waiting for him now, just over there beyond that rim of green forest.

Something greater than mere curiosity began to take possession of Carvel. A whimsical humor became a fixed and deeper thought, an unreasoning anticipation that was accompanied by a certain thrill of subdued excitement. By the time they reached the old beaver-pond the mystery of the strange adventure had a firm hold on him. From Beavertooth's colony Baree led him to the creek along which Wakayoo, the black bear, had fished, and thence straight to the Gray Loon.

It was early afternoon of a wonderful day. It was so still that the rippling waters of spring, singing in a thousand rills and streamlets, filled the forests with a droning music. In the warm sun the crimson bakneesh glowed like blood. In the open spaces the air was scented with the perfume of Blue Flowers. In the trees and bushes mated birds were building their nests. After the long sleep of winter Nature was at work in all her glory. It was Unekepesim, the Mating Moon, the Home Building Moon—and Baree was going home. Not to matehood—but to Nepeese. He knew that she was there now, perhaps at the very edge of the chasm where he had seen her last. They would be playing together again soon, as they had played yestreday, and the day before, and the day before that, and in his joy he barked up into Carvel's face, and urged him to greater speed. Then they came to the clearing, and once more Baree stood like a rock. Carvel saw the charred ruins of the burned cabin, and a moment later the two graves under the tall spruce. He began to understand as his eyes returned slowly to the waiting, listening dog. A great swelling rose in his throat, and after a moment or two he said softly, and with an effort,

"Boy, I guess you're home."

Baree did not hear. With his head up and his nose tilted to the blue sky he was sniffing the air. What was it that came to him with the perfumes of the forests and the green meadow? Why was it that he trembled now as he stood there? What was there in the air? Carvel asked himself, and his questing eyes tried to answer the questins. Nothing. There was death here—death and desertion, that was all. And then, all at once, there came from Baree a strange cry—almost a human cry—and he was gone like the wind.

(To be continued)

Home Menus

Breakfast — Stewed prunes, cereal, thin cream, fried cornmeal mush, maple sirup, milk, coffee.

Luncheon—Tomato succotash, brown bread and butter, orange and rhubarb marmalade, milk, tea.

Dinner—Beefsteak pie, creamed new potatoes, buttered asparagus, radishes and onions, strawberry fluff on sponge cake, graham bread, milk, coffee.

The beefsteak pie is an excellent meat dish in which to use a cheap cut of meat. However, a child under school age should be served an egg or a lamb chop for his dinner in place of the "made" meat dish.

Tomato Succotash.

Two cups canned tomatoes, 1 table spoon minced onion, ¼ cup minced celery, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika, 2 cups cooked dried lima beans, 6 thin slices bacon.

Cook tomatoes, onion, celery, sugar and salt for 20 minutes. Rub through a coarse strainer. Add beans and paprika and turn into a baking dish. Cover with very thin slices of bacon and bake in a hot oven until bacon is crisp.

Strawberry Fluff

White of 1 egg, 1 cup powdered sugar, 1 cup diced strawberries.

Put all ingredients into a large mixing bowl and beat with a dover beater until mixture will hold its shape. It will take about 25 minutes to beat the "fluff." Chil and serve as a sort of "sauce" on sponge cake.

Feather of Fabric

Fabric feathers trim many a smart hat. Sometimes they are of silk or satin or even of wool. They have quill ends, and are inevitably placed at a jaunty angle.

In New York

By JAMES W. DEAN

NEW YORK, May 7.—See-sawing up and down Broadway I saw Lillian Gish, pensive and wistful and charming in a plaid tan coat and a small tan hat pushed well down on her head. Oh, yes, George Jean Nathan, the critic, was along....Seeing many young ladies with their pokes pushed far back on their heads and deem it a very ugly mode, inasmuch as those who wear their bonnets that way have the look of morons.....Saw Alfred Kreymborg, poet and critic, and he impressed me with his austerity.... Saw many editors here in convention and I would like all reporters to know what good sports their editors are when away from home. But all men are like that.....Saw Princess Maria Matchabelli, a woman of vivid personality and vivid clothes..... Saw Walter Catlett, the comedian, who says he is building a sunken garden for fallen women.....Saw Weber and Fields and find little to laugh at in their antics, albeit almost every one else does.....Saw Elsie Janis and heard her sing the old "hinky dinky, parlez-vous" song and thought of many of the verses the fellows used to sing in camp which Elsie does not sing..... Saw Mr. John Pershing, commonly known as "Black Jack" Pershing. I believe the chief reason for him being a great soldier is that he looks like a soldier.... Saw Benedict MacQuarrie, one of five brothers of San Francisco who all went on the stage. Benedict's brother, George, is playing in the same piece with him and they both make love to the same fair lady.....Saw Gareth Hughes, who is so boyish he is almost girlish, paradoxically speaking. Of the younger generation of actors he is one of the best.....Saw E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, whose private romance is as sweet as anything they have played on the stage and whose lives disprove the common belief that all stage people are martially unhappy.....

* * *

Summer visitors will find here such sightseeing buses as they have never before ridden in. They are great de luxe affairs with thick upholstery. They are enclosed in glass for foul weather and the most unusual feature is a glass top through which one may rubberneck at the skyscrapers without getting dirt in the eye.

* * *

It has been set down here before that many of New York's hotels are cities complete within themselves. They are equipped to meet any emergency of the guest. An instance of that occurred during the publishers' convention. A Cleveland man suffered with a cinder in his eye. A clerk inquired as to what troubled him and called an attendant who escorted the guest to the hotel hospital. There the eye was treated without charge to the guest. It was explained that guests receive free treatment at the hotel for any injury sustained within the building even though the management is not at fault.

FLAPPER FANNY says

More than one new hat is worn out.

Home Hints

RHUBARB pie is delicious made with a thick meringue filling instead of an upper crust.

* * *

Use Lemon Juice.

Lemon juice may advantageously be substituted for vinegar in salad dressing.

* * *

Brushing Bread

If you brush over bread with milk or butter before baking it, the crust will be darker.

* * *

Plated Utensils

Plated utensils for general cooking on the range are not a wise choice, as the plating ultimately wears through, particularly if you use abrasives for scouring.

* * *

Serving Mush

Mush left over from breakfast may be packed in greased baking powder cans and later be sliced evenly dipped in flour and fried for another meal.

* * *

Baked Crackers

To serve with soup, split common crackers and spread with butter, allowing one-fourth of a teaspoon of butter to each half cracker. Bake until they are delicately brown.

Land Settlement Is Drawing Card

PORTLAND, Ore., May 7.—(Special).—Names of 2670 settlers interested in Oregon's agricultural opportunities were received yesterday by the land settlement department of the Portland chamber of commerce from H. W. Byerly, general immigration agent of the Northern Pacific Railway company, as a result of the joint advertising campaign conducted by the three transcontinental lines co-operating in developing the northwest.

This new list is in addition to 2556 inquiries received by the department in March from the co-operating lines, and an additional 1000 received earlier in the year. A total of more than 10,000 inquiries have been received since the first of the year, according to W. G. Ide, manager.

BLACK ROSE PETALS

A very attractive evening gown of heavy ping silk crepe the chine is trimmed with black velvet rose petals.

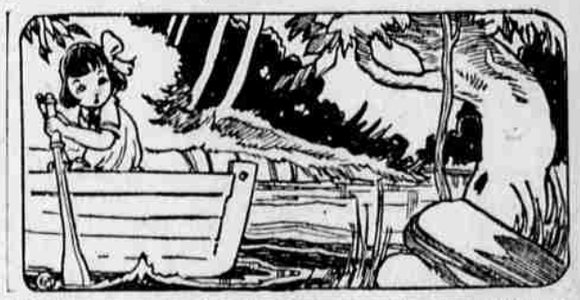
JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

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

MYSTERY ISLAND—CHAPTER 21

JACK, of course, followed his cousin. And right behind them, came Flip and Flop. "Oh," exclaimed Dotty, "this is a dandy boat. Flat-bottomed and nice and wide. It surely can't tip over. "Then she jumped in and started pushing the boat away from shore with an oar. "Wait, till I get it free," she suggested.

AFTER a few hard shoves the boat slid out into the water, and Jack, Flip and Flop, all scrambled aboard. Jack had brought the lunch basket with him and it looked like they were starting out on a regular picnic. "I'll row," announced Dotty. And she sat right down, put the oars in place and started pulling up stream.

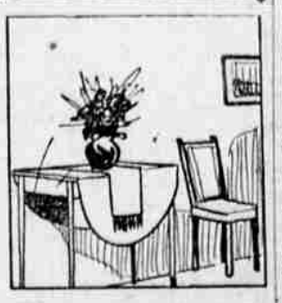


THEY had gone but a short distance when a rumbling roar greeted them. Dotty stopped rowing and looked a bit frightened. "What was that?" she asked. And, as the roar came again Jack looked ahead and saw a stream of water go up into the air. "We'd best wait a minute," he announced. "There's something just beyond the bend." (Continued.)

HAT MATCHES FROCK

This season the hat usually matches the frock in color, and quite frequently the hosiery matches the frock too.

Chairs Always In Need



Where there is a combination living and dining room in a house, the essential furnishings for this room consist not only of a good-sized gate-leg table that can be folded down and set aside outside of mealtimes, but plenty of seats. The seats are needed for use at the dinner table.

FOLKS IN TOWN

Grocery Girl

You're kept on the run,
Yet, it must be real fun
To work around good things to eat.
From morning till night,
There are foodstuffs in sight.
No wonder your manner is sweet.

LONG CUFF TIES

Chiffon ties with long, floating ends are very lovely on the summer frocks, both at the neckline and at the waistline.

Radio Programs

PACIFIC COAST

Tonight

KGW, Portland, 491.5 meters—5 p. m.—Children's program, by Jean Adkins; 7:15, Weather, police and market reports, news bulletins and baseball scores; 8, Program by Oregonian concert orchestra; 9, Atwater-Kent music memory contest, presented through through the courtesy of the Sunset Electric company, and played by Julius Walter, pianist; 10, Dwight Johnson's Multnomah hotel Strollers.

KFI, Los Angeles, 468.5 meters—5:30-6 p. m., Examiner's musical half hour; 6-6:15, McDaniel's nightly doings; 6:45-7, Rhetorical talk; 7-8, instrumental trio; 8-9, program, Standard Oil company of California; 9-10, California Serenaders dance orchestra; 10-11, Examiner, pouplar song and dance program.

KFOA, Seattle, 454.3 meters—6-7 p. m., studio program, Moran school for boys.

KFWB, Hollywood, 252 meters—7:45-9 p. m., Seven Ring Pickers orchestra; Sallie Bell, blues singer; 9-10, Great Western male quartet; Warren S. Horton, baritone; Hawaiian Nightawks trio; 10-11, Warner Brothers' hour of fun, under personal direction of Harry Seymour; 11-1 a. m., Brandstatter's Hollywood Montmarte cafe dance orchestra, Mel Pelosky, leader.

KGO, Oakland, 361.2 meters—7:30 p. m., concert orchestra, Hotel St. Francis; 7:35, golf lesson, Joe Novak; 8, "You Never Can Tell," KGO players; Arbo trio; 10-1 a. m., Henry Halsted's orchestra.

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 Walter Sylvester Hertzog; Dickie Brandon, screen starlet; Boyd Whitney Brown, six readings; 7:45, "Care of Body," Dr. Phillip M. Lovell; 8-10, program, John Wright, the Right Voice, arranged by Uncle John; 10-11, Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel dance orchestra, Earl Burtnett leader.

KNX, Hollywood, 336.9 meters—6:45-8:15 p. m., Wurlitzer pipe organ recital, sports talk, Sid Ziff; 6:15-8:00, "Results of Radio Laboratory Experiments," N. H. Barver; 6:30-7:00, program, Los Angeles County Association of Conservation; Ziegler's orchestra; 7:30, business talk, J. R. Douglas; 8-10, program, El Encanto orchestra; 10-11, Abe Lyman's Coconut Grove dance orchestra from Ambassador hotel; 11-12, campus night by the students of University of California, southern branch.

KPO, San Francisco, 429.5 meters—5-7 p. m., Rudy Seiger's Fairmount hotel orchestra; 8:30-4:30, Palace hotel concert orchestra; 4:30-5:30, Rudy Seiger's Fairmount hotel orchestra; 6:30-7, States restaurant orchestra; 7-7:30, Rudy Seiger's Fairmount hotel orchestra; 8-9, Theodore Ivers, organist; John England, tenor; 9-10, Don Lee-Cadillac night; 10-11, Johnny Buick's Cabirians.

KFSG, Los Angeles, 275.1 meters—7:3)-9:15 p. m., auditorium service, water baptism and evangelistic sermon. Aimee Semple McPherson, music by the choir and soloists; 9:15-10, Gray studio program featuring the Temple choir with assisting artists, G. N. Nichols directing; 10-11, organ recital program of Esther Fricke Green, assisted by Warren S. Horton, tenor, and Gladwyn Nichols, trumpter, organ numbers will include (1) "The Nightingale," by Saint Saens; (2) "Nocturne," from "Midsummer Night's Dream," by Mendelssohn; (3) "Scotch Melodies," arranged by Edwin Lemare.

KJR, Seattle, 384.4 meters—1-1:30 p. m., Post-Intellingencer musicale; 1:30-2, home economics talk, Bernice Redington; 10:30-12, "Keep Joy Radiating Order of the Bats in Their Belfry."

Mountain Stations.

KOA, Denver, 322.4 meters—6-7 p. m., band concert.

SMART HAIRDRESS

Whether one wears ones hair short or long, the smart effect to achieve is one of sleekness and smoothness showing the modeling of the head.

WHITE AND BROWN

White coats are frequently banded with brown fur and lined with brown.

DELICATE TONES

Evening gowns of charmeuse in delicate tones, but particularly in white, are untrimmed save with brilliants.

GUESSWORD LIMERICK

Once a tramp, going hither and hence,
Saw a pie cooling out on a —— (1)
It was made by a —— (2)
And the tramp nearly —— (3)
When he ate it the pain was —— (4).

(1) Paling, espalier.
(2) Bridegroom's wife.
(3) Winked out.
(4) Manifesting the height of its distinctive character.

HURDY GURDY

Hal Cochran's DAILY POEM

I heard an old-time song today, that runs in sweetest rhyme. 'Twas years ago we used to play, "The Good Old Summertime." And, too, an ancient member that, of old, made dancers sway. Why surely, you remember it, that tuneful "Moonlight Bay."

How easy one can backward drift, and in the old days be. Your mind can take the journey swift, to tunes like "Sweet Marie." Old "Alexander's Band" was played; the tune was changed, and then, the strains of "Annie Laurie" made me feel real young again.

I closed my eyes, and drifted through, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and then a song we once all knew, came forth, "Sweet Adeline." They all may ring tin-panny, yet they make us want to sing, for mystic and uncanny are the memories that they bring.

There's quite a thrill to listen to this music on the street. You don't know what you're missin', if you've missed this summer treat. It travels through the airway and to years ago 'twill span. Give credit, in the fair way, to the Hurdy-Gurdy man.