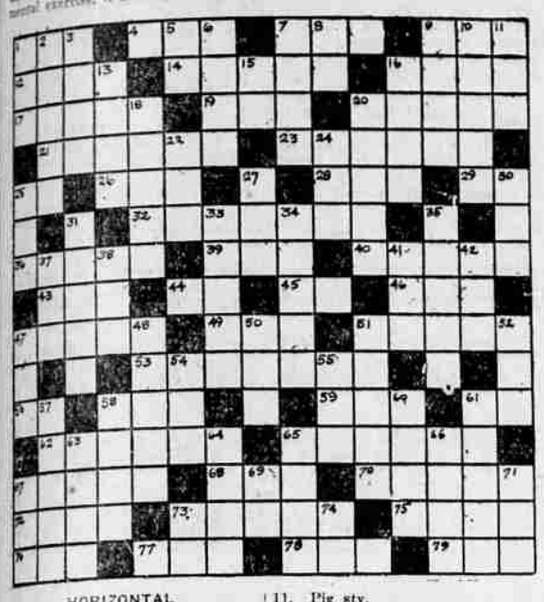
Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

Aha! Here they are! Short words, but not so easy. Take 19 horizontal, for instance, or 73 horizontal, or 78 horizontal. They'll give you a little mental exercise, if nothing else.



HORIZONTAL

1. Small instrument to open locks.
4. To damage.
7. Baking dish.
9. To rap lightly.
12. To press.
14. Laments.
16. The front.
17. Wonder worker.
19. Meadow grass.
20. Wading bird.
21. Decorated.
23. Spines (on roses).
25. Either's partner.
26. Epoch.
28. Sea eagle.
29. Hebrew word for God.
32. Officers of the navy.
36. Dug for ore.
39. To mimic.
40. To cancel.
43. Propeller of a boat.
44. Upon.
45. What the boss said when I asked for a raise.
46. What I wanted him to say.
47. Blackened.
49. To piece out.
51. How to land in jail.
53. Strange.
55. Half an em.
58. Bleat of a sheep.
60. Taxi.
61. Paid publicity.
62. California's fruit.
65. To stay.
67. Foretokens.
68. Wing part of a seed.
70. Inclined.
72. Elevation.
75. Chemical which yields sugar.
76. To cook slowly.
78. To perform.
77. Unit.
78. Vessel used for Eucharist (as is unkeyed letter.)
79. What the chicken gets in the neck.

VERTICAL

1. Young goat.
2. Mistake.
3. Form of you.
4. Like.
5. Mature.
7. Demonstrative pronoun.
8. Exists.
9. Rent (verb).
10. Sprang up.
11. Pig sty.
13. Four and five.
15. Energy.
16. House plant.
18. Challenged.
20. A draft animal.
22. Light brown.
24. Old chicken.
25. Unit of electrical resistance.
27. Part of the mouth.
30. Sheltered.
31. Boa.
33. Wiser.
34. Animal similar to civets.
35. Stratum.
37. Electrified particles.
38. Before.
41. To knock.
42. To observe.
47. Wrath.
48. Officers in college.
50. Shrub used by Arabs for tea.
51. A rascal.
52. Accomplished.
54. Tatter.
55. Frozen water.
57. Opposite of phonetic.
58. Woe or pest.
60. Stops.
61. To attach.
63. To sleep.
64. To relieve.
65. Frog.
66. A particle.
67. English money.
69. Behold.
71. Female sheep.
73. Upon.
74. Printer's measure.

Answer to yesterday's cross-word puzzle:

5-12

Radio Programs

PACIFIC COAST

Tonight.

KGW, Portland, 491.5 meters—5 p. m., children's program; 6, dinner concert from Hotel Portland; 7:15, weather, police and market reports, news bulletins and baseball scores; 8-9, concert by seventh infantry band, Warrant Officer Arthur Haynes, directing; 10, concert from Sherman, Clay and company, duo-art studio.

KFAU, Pullman, Wash., 348.6 meters—7:30-9 p. m., Treadwell orchestra; Co-ed trio, Helen Glans pianist, Lois Graham violinist, Mary Alice Arnold, vocalist; "Roads," Professor J. L. Smith; "What is Worth Seeing in Florence," Professor Carl M. Brewster; "Our Moral Responsibility to Criminals" Judge Thomas Neill; "Cost of Producing Milk," R. M. Miller.

KFI, Los Angeles, 467 meters—5:30-6 p. m., Examiner's matinee ant hour; 6-6:15, McDaniel's nightly dope; 6:45-7, raditorial talk; 7-7:30, Nick Harris detective story; 7:30-8, Ollo Lewis, 15-year-old pianist; Harold Lewis, 13, flutist; 8-9, Evening Herald's hour of dance music; 9-10, Examiner; Wampas movie program; 10-11, Patrick Marsh dance orchestra, Betty Patrick, soloist.

KFWB, Hollywood, 252 meters—7-8 p. m., program, Alexander Florens; 8-9, program, Arrowhead Spring company, Arrowhead Springs string orchestra, Harry Jackson, leader; Virginia Ainsworth, Earl Yates, popular singers; 9-10, Hawaiian Nighthawks; Dorothy Dodd soprano, popular songs, Nellie Meising; 10-11, Warner Brothers' motion picture hour, Harry Seymour, entertainer; 11-1 a. m., Ben Bernstatter's Hollywood Montmartre cafe dance orchestra, Mel Pedesky, leader; players' night at the Montmartre.

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 461.2 meters—7 p. m., music, speaker, Cora L. Williams institute; 4-5:30, Hotel St. Francis.

KHJ, Los Angeles, 405.2 meters—5:30-6 p. m., Leighton's Arcade cafeteria orchestra, Jack Cronshaw, leader; 6-6:30, Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel concert orchestra, Edward Fitzpatrick, director; 6:30-7:30, little stories American history, Professor Walter Sylvester Hertzog; Dick Winslow, Examiner reporter; Baby Mahiel MacCormac, Mickey McBan, screen juveniles; 8-8:30, astronomical lecture, Dr. Mars Baumgardt; 8:30-10:30, program Broadway Department store, arranged by J. Howard Johnson; 10:30-11:30 Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel dance orchestra, Earl Burnett, leader.

KJR, Seattle, 384.4 meters—6-7 p. m., Post-Intelligencer studio program.

KLX, Oakland, Cal., 408.2 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 ball room entertainers.

KNX, Hollywood, 336.9 meters—5:45-6:15 p. m., Wurlitzer pipe organ studio; 6:15-7, dinner hour music; 7-8, Ambassador hotel concert orchestra, Josef Rosenfeld, leader; 8-9, program, Smith, Richardson and Gilbert; 10-12, Hollywood 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, Verne Kelsey, pianist; Agnes Hertzer, soprano; 10-11, Johnny Buick's Cabirians.

KFSG, Los Angeles, 275.1 meters—2:30-4:30 p. m., auditorium service with sermon on "Divine Healing," by Aimee Semple McPherson; testimonial of healing in answer to prayer; music by the Ladies' Revival chorus, quartets and soloists, William Black, evangelist singer; 6:30-7:30 p. m., Angelus hour program, Ruth Francis Thomas, pianist, Sarah Karcher, violinist, Constance Reed, soprano.

Mountain Stations.

KOA, Denver, 322.4 meters—7 p. m., Fred Schmidt and his Rialto theater orchestra; 7-10, mixed chorus; 9-10, Dave Ginsberg and his Argonaut orchestra.

KOB, State college, N. M., 348.6 meters—6:30-7:30, college orchestra.

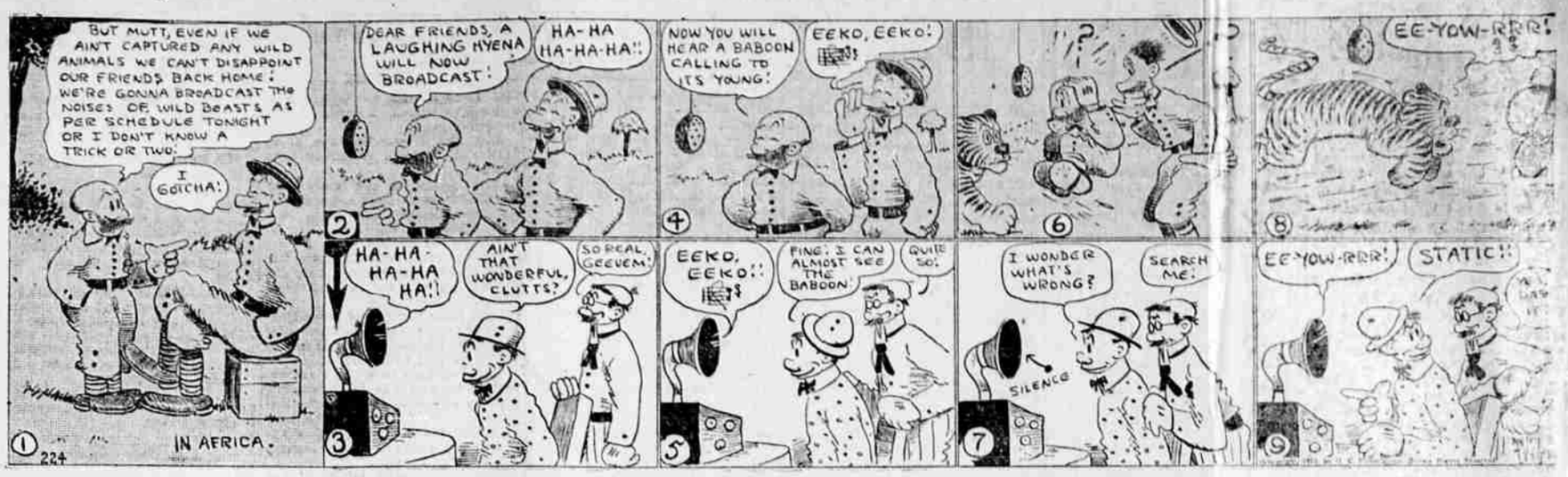
Tape Your Fingers

Use adhesive tape to protect your fingers when ripping seams or paring hard vegetables.

Fashion Plaques

Streamers have returned to favor, not only for picture hats, but even for the little black felt models we wear every day. Besides modest streamers, this model also has an appie of discord on one side, very shiny and red, and we hope it won't cause too much trouble for the fair wearer—or her suitors.

MUTT AND JEFF — They Prepart Some Stuff For Newspapers — By BUD FISHER



Jerry On the Job — First Aid to the Ignorant

LEAVES FROM LIVES OF PIONEERS

Essay For Pioneer Pageant Written by Rexford Ruthven Eldson, Of the Eighth Grade, Glenwood School

(Continued)

The young herdsmen whose work was hard, did not begrudge the work they did. Although it was far from being a pleasure still they had known but little luxury during their young lives, and too, they had the excitement of the trip to goad them on when otherwise they would have grown tired and rebllious.

Charles Fremont Humphrey he had been christened at birth and just now entering his 'teens he felt a little proud of his name, perhaps he had a right to feel so; anyone has a right to be proud of a good name for "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." But nevertheless he was not too proud to laugh with the other boys when they reflected simple, boyish fun on his "exaggerated" name as they termed it.

Days sped by with unaccountable rapidity. Days interlocked with weeks and were lost in the depths of the Past, then slowly the weeks dissolved into months.

Then one sultry day about one o'clock with miraculous suddenness huge, black storm clouds floated up from the horizon. No one noticed the angry appearance of the clouds until a great dark mass had shoved and pillared themselves into plain view, and before a hault was called the entire sky was mantled. A sharp, cold wind sprang up, and within thirty minutes time of the first cloud's appearance the rain started to fall. It fell from the very beginning in fierce, deluging torrents. In no time the canvas coverings of the wagons were soaked and water streamed in on the precious goods therein, unhindered by "art of man." The oxen stood stolidly silent, humped over in their yokes, water pouring off their shaggy sides in many tiny swerving rivulets. Within the wagons the women and children sought the best shelter their leaky roofings offered; huddling together in compact little groups in corners of wagon boxes they managed to keep not only fairly dry but warm. The men and boys made hurried shelters by stretching hides between the wheels of wagons. After the heavy rain passed a light drizzle kept up until about evening, then the clouds sailed away and the white stars shone down like tiny diamonds all sparkling and shimmering in vivacious dance.

With all the cold rain had brought cheerfulness was locked up. Fires were built and wood applied to the flames until each fire was a great, ruddy glowing eye dashing high into the misty air and casting welcome warmth to a radius of many feet.

The following day was warm although clouds, white and billowy, lingered along the horizon to give evidence of the previous rain. With night followed more rain which continued at a steady down pour for three days. This was a great delay, for the wagons could not travel well, the rain stirred up such a deep, sticky mud that the wheels sank hub-deep and in many instances remained fast; so finally after a wretched half day of crucial toil, they called a hault. Camp was made in a hollow sheltered from the wind by a steep bank on one side while a natural wind break was formed on the other by a fringe of trees bordering a small stream. Here, until the rain ceased, the train lay.

It was the latter part of April that the North Platte was finally sighted. It was naturally a broad river but the recent heavy rain had swelled it to twice normalcy.

The leader of the company shook his head thoughtfully.

"It's purty high," he acknowledged, then turned to an old man who had crossed the plain to Oregon several times, "Can we ford it at this point?"

"Dunno, she's purty high alright, but we might."

"Well then we do if you think we can."

Then a shrill cry interrupted.

Indians!

An almost audible tremor passed over the grouped band of men. A murmuring of excitement pulsated the atmosphere. Every one saw instantly where the pointed hand had directed. Indians they were but on the opposite side of the river. A few mounted Indians had appeared from behind a small raise of land, as they advanced toward the river more appeared following the foremost in single file. Only fifteen or so redmen came in sight, they rode within perhaps a hundred feet of the river then they swung south with the river. Even from the intervening distance one might readily see that they were dressed in their war regalia; their copper colored countenances were grotesquely streaked with vermillon, and black, and brilliant orange; their war bonnets were dyed in gorgeous colors. They were naked to the waist, and their breasts were liberally daubed with paint. They waved long lances and flourished knives. At length they disappeared behind a distant bluff.

Some of the men did not wish to cross, for a week at least, but the leader was impatient to be over and so without delay preparations were executed for the fording of the river.

A rider took a long coil of rope and fastened one end to a tree on shore, then he bravely plunged his horse into the cold, surging waters. He followed a sand bar for the most part of the way but toward the farther shore the water slowly deepened and the current rapidly increased. At length the horse was forced to swim and it did, both powerfully and gallantly but the stream seemed almost too much for it to overcome and yet it bravely forged on gaining foot by foot, almost imperceptibly at first. Before the horse reached the bank the river had borne it far down stream and nearly exhausted the ropes length.

The rope was then lashed to a large sturdy oak tree the other end was tied to the front end of a rough improvised ferry made by securing four wagon boxes together, two and two; after the broad seams were well calked with rags and pitch another long rope was tied to the rear of the craft which when filled to its capacity with the precious goods of the home seekers was launched. Several other riders crossed the river and with the combined strength of their horses pulled the rude ferry boat across. It was very slow work and great care had to be taken to prevent the current from striking the shapeless contrivance full broadside for if it had the craft would have either torn away from the men who held it or have been overturned. Only two trips, back and forth could be made in a day.

On all being safely conveyed across the river general repairs were made on the wagon train.

The sun had not yet attained the zenith of a new day when without warning Indians began to make their appearance. It was evident by their headdresses, pain and weapons that they constituted a war party. Excitement and confusion reigned in the camp, arms of any sort were hastily procured, quick fortifications were made; but to the joy of the grown people no attack was made, it seemed that the redmen had already been in a scrimmage and did not care for another fight, partly by the spoils they flourished and partly by the riderless ponies that followed them. There were several hundred warriors, they rode silently enough except for a half suppressed yell now and then. Many carried roughly contrived hoops on poles from which were tied, on each hoop, not less than five scalps!—fresh—blood still warm on them—horrible, barbarious trophies.

And then they journeyed on again for days—weeks—months. The daily hardships they were forced to undergo would take volumes to justly tell. Often they suffered from thirst, their food ran low; and there was the terrible heat of the sultry summer days in semi-desert lands to endure but through all they survived even the better, for it ripened them probably for greater hardships which would perhaps be the price of their new homes, but their spirits were as one—progressive, co-ordinative, ever looking on the bright side; they could see far ahead and vision, with palpitating hearts, the fruits of their labors.

Green River—Utah!

The summer was fast fleeting, fall would soon bove over the horizon. Their journey was half over.

Green River is not exceptionally broad or treacherous therefore it was quickly forded in a place close by their path. On the opposite bank camp was set up for not only a rest for beasts but also as rest for humans, as well, the oxen could not be driven continually now without some rest, as they had been before, and as a result of such unceasing driving several had died, a quite serious loss to the owners.

A young fellow who had been sent out to scout aboui the country, suddenly rode back to camp at a neck-breaking speed; even before he had come within a half mile of the outlaying wagons he began to shout wildly.

"Indians! Indians! Five thousand of 'em!"

The greatest of confusion held sway, but finally a rude corral was successfully formed of the covered wagons into which the cattle were driven. The men built places of comparative safety from which they could fire with reasonable accuracy on their dreaded enemy. The women constructed nooks of safety for their children but never gave a thought to themselves.

(To be continued)

POST CARDS

Hal Cochran's DAILY POEM

And now comes the season when mailmen have reason to stoop kinda low neath their pack. For folks, on vacations, remember relations and send picture postal cards back.

The reason may be, just between you and me, that vacationers dislike to write. It isn't so hard just to write out a card, but to mailmen it's really a fright.

We go on a trip and we don't give a rip about anything else but our play. Yet, somehow it's fun, when vacation's begun, just to write and send postals away.

Your friends never send 'em—yet, maybe they read 'em. They know that they'll come every year. The message that's sent very likely is meant. It's simply, "I wish you were here."

But mailmen, no doubt, wish the fad would wear out, for they suffer whenever we roam. And, while we're out fishin', I'll bet they are wishin' we'd all hurry up and come home.

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On Gardening

LAWN mowers have been called into action already, due to the early spring and grass needs cutting in large sections of the country. Do not delay too long with the first cutting or there is trouble ahead. In the early spring the growth of the grass will be uneven and tufty in most lawns, due to an uneven distribution of plant food and trimming will be necessary to establish a level sward.

Rolling after a soaking rain is a requisite for a good lawn. It is a good plan for several neighbors to go into partnership in buying a roller to serve them all, as its use is limited to spring and fall, to a large extent, and if a heavy enough one to do good work is secured, it will need several neighbors to work at once to operate it.

Do not rake up the first few cuttings of grass but leave the clippings on the lawn. The spring rains will work them around the roots of the glass to act as a mulch when the scorching days come, when this mulch of dead grass will be helpful in keeping the soil from drying out and the grass turning brown. It will also save some watering and will keep the moisture in the soil from evaporating as rapidly as when the grass is raked clean.

Usually enough clippings will be left even after a container is attached to the mower in the first three or four mowings to answer the purposes of mulch. If the grass seems backward this is a good time to give a sprinkling of nitrate of soda. The grass will show the effect of this fertilized by vigorous growth and dark green color.

Fill in any hollows that may appear with good soil and seed it over. This is great weather for the germination of grass seed and the bare spots will be covered and part of the lawn by June if seeded now—but don't forget the roller. A velvet sward is well-nigh impossible without this leveling and firming process each spring.

Cynthia Grey Says:

SOME one once said that a woman is never beautiful until a man tells her she is.

But, from a man's standpoint, what is beauty?

Women have been trying to solve the riddle for thousands of years.

Today they seem to have reached the conclusion that beauty means all the lip-salve that a pair of lips can hold, unashamed circles of rouge on either cheek, and plenty of eyebrow pencilling!

But is that the kind of good looks that appears to men?

Here's what Joseph Hergesheimer, the novelist, has to say about it:

"In years gone by, Dorothy had never perfumed her person with scented extracts, colognes. But now her dressing table had its oddly shaped bottles..... from Paris; there was a carmine lipstick, compact powder, in the various bags that everywhere accompanied her.

"This was a universal custom; I had arrived after brief protests against a mere change, at the understanding that she couldn't, in her feminine sphere, be peculiar; but I wondered how, no longer than ten years ago, women had been so successfully seductive without such aids.....

"Perhaps it was the affair of seductiveness had in itself, as an end, grown more important..... lips today must be red, charm carried abroad on scent, at any price."

So you see, here's one man who cannot see where paint and perfume adds one jot to a woman's beauty!

And there's food for thought in what he says..... for there may be millions like him, who detest seeing a woman make herself up to look like a chorus girl!

FLAPPER FANNY says

A lot of folks will give you a piece of their mond when they really have none to spare.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

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

MYSTERY ISLAND—CHAPTER 25

"SAY," said Dotty, as she and Jack squatted down beside the bonfire. "I'm nearly starved. I'm going to have a bit of food." "Me, too," replied Jack. And they both turned to exploring into the food basket. Flip and Flop gathered up close and poked their noses as far into the basket as possible. It was apparent they were hungry, too.

"OH, HERE are some fine ham sandwiches," announced Dotty as she pulled a packet of them forth. "Fine!" shouted Jack. And in an instant he was making one of them disappear very rapidly. While the youngsters were eating, Dotty heard a faint "peep, peep" near by. "Why that sounds like a little bird," she said.

"IT SURELY does," replied her cousin. And he got up and looked about. "Here it is," he announced in a few moments. "It's a wee bit of a bird that has likely fallen out of a nest. It's a funny looking thing, too." Dotty hopped up and took the little fellow in her hand. It had a yellow head and a gray little body. (Continued.)

Home Hints

IT IS a good plan when making childrens' clothes to use the same size buttons on all. Then there is no difficulty from replacing odd sizes.

So Cake Won't Stick

When you remove a cake from the oven put the tin on a folded cloth

saturated with cold water. This will prevent its sticking.

To Clean Chandeliers

Clean brass chandeliers well, hot vinegar and salt and rinse with soapsuds. Polish with an oiled cloth.

Cleaning Fluid

A good cleaning fluid for general use is made of a half pint each of grain alcohol and chloroform and a tablespoon of ammonia.

Keep Roses Fresh

If you want to keep roses fresh, keep them in very cold water. Change the water frequently and at night set them in a cold place.

GUESSWORD LIMERICK

As I toot on my zipping trombone
I am tickled to death with its —— (1)
But my friends say and —— (2)
Pretty soon —— (3)
And I find I am footing —— (4).

(1) Degree of prominence.
(2) Conveniently adjacent.
(3) Vanish like pancakes.
(4) Without audience.

Phone S. E. Stevens for piano tuning