JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

Story by Hal Cochran— Drawings by L. W. Redner
MYSTERY ISLAND—CHAPTER 28

WHILE Jack and Dotty were buried in thought about the birds, they had let their little bonfire go out, and forgotten all about having borrowed the rowboat. They had just about eaten all the berries they wanted when a voice from somewhere nearby startled them. "Who took my boat?" came the stern question.

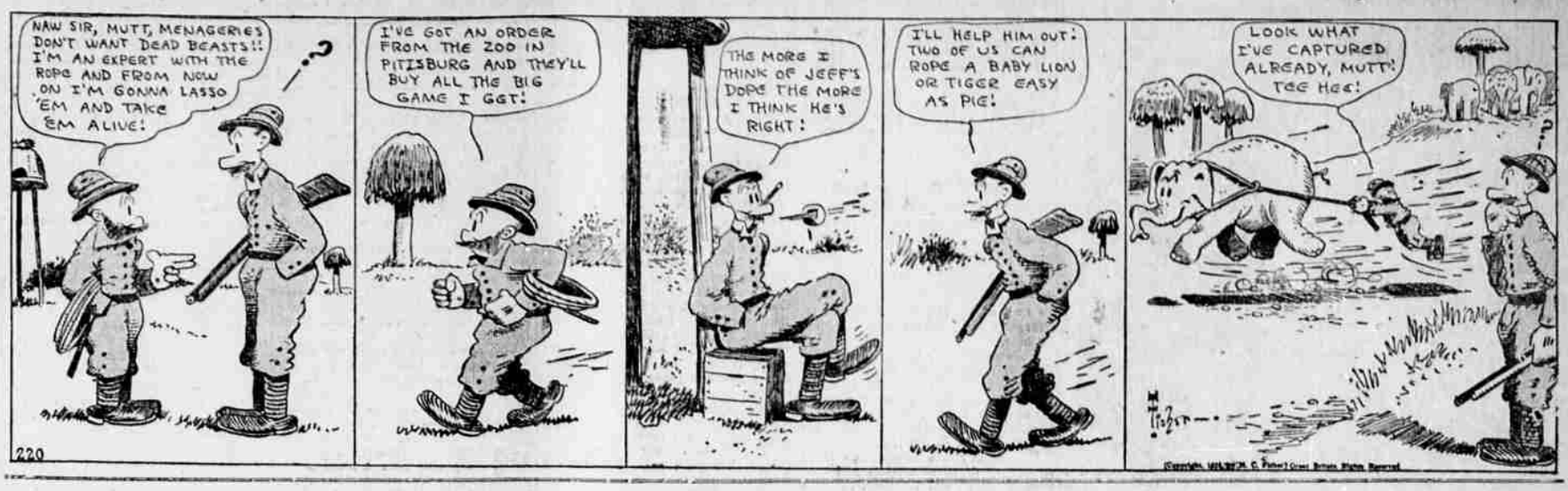
"OH, NOW we are in for some trouble," said Dotty. "Shall we hide?" "No," replied her cousin, "I'm going to stay right here and explain to the owner that we intended to return the boat to where we took it from." And in the next few moments the owner appeared from behind a clump of trees. It was a very old man.

WHEN the old fellow saw Jack and Dotty, he broke into a broad smile. "Well," he said, "you are the first little folks I have seen in a long time, and you do my eyes good." Jack immediately started to explain about the boat. "That's all right," broke in the stranger, "you are welcome to the boat any time you want it." (Continued.)

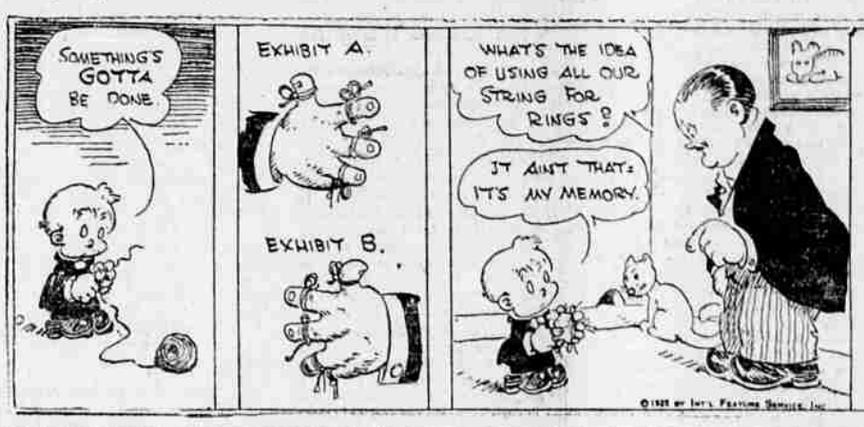
MUTT AND JEFF

Menageries Don't Want Dead Beasts, So Jeff Proceeds to Take Them Alive

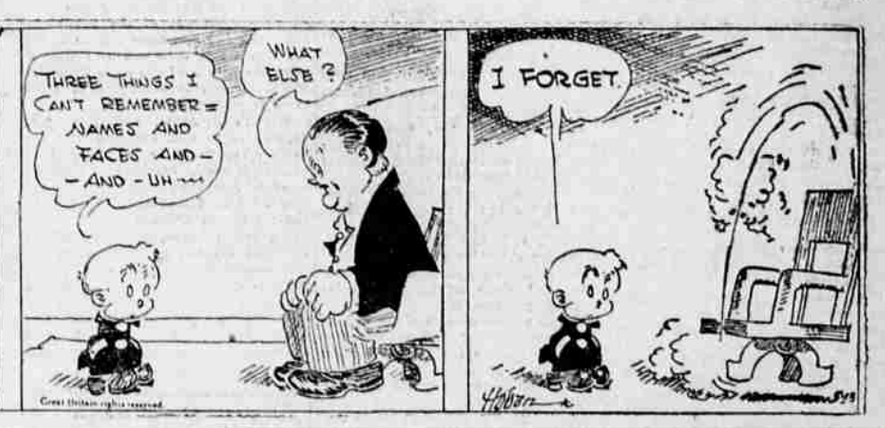
By BUD FISHER



Jerry On the Job



Such A Memory



Radio Programs

PACIFIC COAST
Tonight

KGW, Portland, 491.5 meters—5 to 6:30 p. m., children's program; 6 to 7 p. m. Organ recital by William Boeman Boone from public auditorium, by courtesy of the Stubbs Electric company, 7:15 p. m., Weather, police and market reports, news bulletins and baseball scores. After 8 p. m. silent for nog-distance reception.

KFAE, Pullman, Wash., 358.6 meters—7:30-9 p. m., Pullman Kiwanis club; "A Word of Greeting"; President R. L. Gannon; "Kiwanis Ideals," Dean A. A. Cleveland; Professor Herbert Nasmyth, baritone; instrumental trio, Jerry Sotais, violinist; Professor F. C. Butterfield, pianist; Vincent Olsen, saxophonist; instrumental trio, Carl Haworth, banjoist, Eveline Sparlin, violinist; "The Agricultural Profession," Dean E. C. Johnson; "Transferring Box Hives," B. A. Bloom; "What I Think of a Kitchen Cabinet," Gladys Gallup.

KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 467 meters—5:30-6 p. m., Examiner's matinee program; 6-6:15, McDaniels' safety doings; 6:45-7, radiotorial talk; 7-8, Evening Herald's hour of music makes; 8-9, program, Owl Drug company, Hazel Schertzinger-Brewer, harpist; Nicholas Ochi-Alibi, pianist, and Victor Edmunds, operatic tenor; 9-10, program, Walter M. Murphy Motors company, Hollywood symphonette. Virginia Flohri, soprano, and Marguerite Le Grand, concert pianist; 10-11, Examiner; Ray West and his Alexandria hotel orchestra.

KFOA, Seattle, Wash., 454.3 meters—4-5:15 p. m., studio music, recital; 6-6:45, Olympic hotel concert orchestra; 6:45-8:15, Sherman, Clay & Co. program; 8:30-10, Times dance music.

KFWB, Hollywood, Cal., 252 meters—6:30-8 p. m., program, John A. Evans corporation, Hacienda Park orchestra; 8-9, program, Cheek-Neal coffee company, Maxwell House coffee string quartet, Harry Jackson, reader; Miller's International Hawaiians; Bill Hatch, pianist; Roy Kellar, violinist; Charlie Wellman, tenor; 9-10, Ill Moulton and his Hollywood Revelers dance orchestra; 10-11, Warner Bros.' hour of joy, directed by Harry Seymour; 11-1 a. m. Roosevelt's Hollywood Montmarte dance orchestra, Mel Pedesky, director.

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361.2 meters—5 p. m., musical program, speaker; 4-5:30, Henry Halstead's dance orchestra; 5:30-6, Aunt Betty stories; 6-6:45, Kiddies' Klub; 8, "The Olive Industry," Professor W. V. Cruess; music, talk, "Industry and Persistence," R. J. Williams; "Chats About New Books," Joseph H. Jackson; 10-12 a. m., Henry Halstead's dance orchestra, minuets.

KJR, Seattle, Wash., 384.4 meters—4-5:30 p. m., Gordon Milbourne and his orchestra; 9-10, Post-Intelligencer program.

KLS, Oakland, Cal., 508.2 meters—4-5 p. m., organ recital; 8-9:30, Orpheum theater orchestra; 10, Lake Merritt Rocks.

KNX, Hollywood, Cal., 336.9 meters—2:45-6:15 p. m., Wurlitzer pipe organ studio; 6:30-7:30 dinner program, Desmar's Optical company; 7:30-8, program, Columbia Outfitting company; 8-9, program, L. W. Stockwell company; 9-10, Zenith program, Brunswick and Gough; 10-11, Goodyear Silvertown Cord dance orchestra, Jane Pursell, soloist; 11-12, Abe Lyman's Cocoanut Grove dance orchestra from Ambassador hotel.

KFSG, Los Angeles, Cal., 275 meters—Silent night.

Cynthia Grey Says:

By CYNTHIA GREY

THE other day Mary Pickford celebrated her thirty-second birthday. She doesn't look her age..... not by ten years. Even the cruel, uncompromising camera cannot search out a single line in her face.

She still looks like the nice little girls whom she portrays in her celluloid stories. She has the candid eyes of a child.

And yet Mary Pickford is not the baby-doll type of woman who never thinks. James W. Gerard, former ambassador to Germany, says she is an extraordinaryly brilliant person.

So it cannot be shallowness that has kept her face so young and smooth.

Nor can it be her easy life that has done it. Mary Pickford has had a very hard life. She has been on the stage since she was a tiny child, working for her living.

Even now she does an excellent job of housekeeping, and is one of the world's best and busiest hostesses.... besides being a great actress!

People who know Mary Pickford say that it is her spiritual wholesomeness that has kept her so young and decent, even in jazz-mad Hollywood.

A magazine editor who knows her very well told me that Mary Pickford is one of the most religious people he has ever known. He says that the dinner-table talk in her house never verges on the vulgar. No off-color jokes are ever told there..... no queer scandals discussed.

All of which proves..... or should prove to everyone's satisfaction..... that there's nothing like hard work and right living to keep us healthy, young, and happy!

Five Injured With Speeder in Crash

ABERDEEN, Wash., May 18.—Five men were seriously injured, two probably fatally, when a motor speeder on which they were riding collided with a locomotive on a curve, 25 miles north of Aberdeen in the Wishkah valley it was learned here last night.

The speeder, hauling two cars containing 20 men was traveling approximately 25 miles an hour, when a locomotive at the same speed, loomed ahead. Both applied brakes, but the impact crushed the speeder and the men were hurled down a bank.

Fashion Plaques

One of the smartest touches of fashion this summer will be the veil hanging just over the brim of the hat. The veil usually is of black lace, now so popular.

The FLAPPER-WIFE

by Beatrice Burton © 1925 NEA SERVICE INC.

"Stan!" she breathed. Before she knew what was happening she was in his arms.

(Continued from page one)

small leather book on his dressing table.

"If you should come, make it Thursday," Gloria said.

Thursday was Maggie's afternoon out. She did not want Maggie to be there when Stanley Wayburn came to call. She would taken on chances on having Dick or Dick's mother find out that she was having a handsome man calling on her . . . less than three weeks after her wedding, at that!

. . . Not that there was anything wrong in seeing Wayburn. She would make him behave himself when he came. But people would be sure to misunderstand . . . if they found out.

• • •

Early Thursday afternoon Gloria was all dressed.

She stood before the long mirror in her bedroom, trying to see herself with Stan Wayburn's eyes.

Under the crown of her golden-red hair her face was very pale. And the Cupid's bow of her mouth was rouged to the soft red of a geranium.

Gloria had put on an afternoon dress she had bought on her honeymoon. It was a clinging thing, the color of new green leaves.

Dick had told her that she looked like a wood-nymph in it.

The doorbell rang loudly.

As she ran downstairs Gloria laughed maliciously.

She would give Stan Wayburn this glimpse of her in her beautiful house. She would let him see how her husband cherished her . . . like a jewel in its casket. . . . And then she would send him away. She would be cold and distant.

She would make him suffer as she had suffered when he had cast her aside like an old glove, more than a year ago!

• • •

Stanley Wayburn looked all around him as he came into the living room.

His ice-blue eyes took in the long room with its cream walls, its Chinese rugs, its gay cushions and lamps. There was a tea table drawn up beside the fire.

"So this is what little Russet has sold herself for!" Stanley said. "For a saucer of cream and a cushion by the fire . . . like a kitten!"

"Sold myself? What do you mean?" Gloria asked. She was stirred by the word "Russet" on Wayburn's lips. It was what he had called her long ago when he had made love to her.

"I mean that you don't love this husband of yours," Wayburn said. "You love me. You always have."

Glory dropped her eyes.

"If you knew that," she said. "If you knew I loved you a year ago, why did you treat me as you did? You didn't even say goodby when you went."

As soon as she had said it she wished she hadn't . . . This was not the way to keep Wayburn in his place. . . .

His voice went on.

"Because I knew the sort of woman you were. I knew that this was the kind of life you wanted. I knew I couldn't afford to give you the things you wanted. . . . Oh, the world is full of your sort of women, Gloria. They want everything. They take everything. And they give nothing . . . nothing at all!"

Gloria laughed scornfully.

"It seems to me I have a faint recollection of your saying you wouldn't marry anyone who didn't have a mint of money, yourself!" she cried. "That was where I learned my lesson of 'take all, give nothing.' From you?! . . . And now you'd better go!"

Her voice was choked with fury. Tears of anger stood in her topaz eyes. To Wayburn she had never seemed so lovely.

"All right, I'll go," he said coming across the yellow rug toward her chair, "but first I'll take this . . . and this . . . and this!"

He kissed her violently, brutally.

Gloria leaned back in his arms and him him full in the face.

. . . Then he was gone.

She rose from her chair and went into the sunroom to watch him go down the street.

And the first thing she saw was Dick's gray roadster swinging into the drive!

Gloria rushed upstairs. She tore off the green dress as she went. She slipped into a linen house frock. She was back in the living room by the time Dick had put his car in the garage.

"Hello, there!" he said when he came in. "Who was the sheik I saw leaving the house as I came up the street?"

Gloria didn't answer at once.

Suddenly Dick seemed very dear. He was no love-pirate, spending his time trying to win the forbidden love of every woman he saw . . . but a good man who loved her with all his soul. Could she tell him a lie?

Gloria rushed to him and hid her his necktie. . . .

"Who was the man I saw?" Dick asked again. His deep gray eyes were very serious. Gloria drew a long breath.

"Oh, that was Mr. What's-His-Name . . . the man I bought my lamp shades from, that's who it was," she said. "He put the wrong kind of silk in them. . . . I wanted them too be georgette crepe. He's used taffeta. . . . What brings you home so early?"

"You," Dick said. "I knew it was Maggie's day out and I thought we'd go somewhere for supper . . . How would that suit you?"

His eyes were thoughful. Gloria wondered if he had believed the lie she had just told him about Wayburn.

• • •

The lie lay heavily on her mind.

Long after Dick had gone to sleep that night she lay awake thinking about it.

She had told thousands of little fibs in her 20 years . . . "white lies." But this one had been different. She had told it because she was afraid, and ashamed, of the thing she had done . . . of letting Stan Wayburn make love to her in Dick's house. It had been a despisable lie.

• • •

Oh, well, perhaps all married women told them. That is, if they were going to have any fun and excitement. For toeing the mark was very dull.

There was May Seymour, for instance. A fine time May would have if she stayed home waiting for Dr. John to take her out! He was never home, day or night . . . the busiest doctor in town. . . . What was wrong, under the circumstances, for May to go out driving or lunching with other men . . . with Jim Carewe, in particular? And suppose the gossips did talk about her? . . . They were probably jealous of the good times she had!

• • •

With this comforting thought, Gloria laid her bright head on the pillow and was asleep.

At 10 the next morning May telephoned.

"If you aren't doing anything special today, let's go downtown and bat around," she said. "I've got to buy some new cream for the dear old face. I'm getting crow's feet. Fancy that, sweet cookie! At my age! . . . Can you go with me?"

Gloria said she could. An hour later she and May were rolling downtown in May's little car.

"Aren't you ever going to drive Dick's car?" May asked.

"I guess not. He takes it every morning, himself," Gloria answered.

"Well, don't let him get away with that stuff. Just let him learn to use the street car, right from the start . . . or walk," May advised her.

"Better still, make him buy you a little car of your own for bridge parties and luncheons," May went on, inspired. "You'll never get anything in this world if you don't ask for it. I've found that out!"

An hour later they were sitting in the restaurant.

"I love to eat down here," May said. "When I'm at home for lunch I never can eat a bite. . . . It gives me the blues just to be there, alone."

Gloria wasn't listening. She was wondering if she could make Dick buy her a car. She was pretty sure she could . . . she felt sure that she could manage him, make him do anything she wanted to do . . . so long as she paid him in the coin of her kisses, kept his senses enthralled.

• • •

She looked at May critically. May was coarsening. She wore too much rouge. . . . May was smiling with narrowed eyes at someone across the restaurant.

And in a minute or two, Gloria saw Jim Carewe leave his table near the wall and cross the room toward them.

Jim Carewe was one of May's old flames. The town gossips said he was still in love with her.

"Don't you girls want to go for a nice long drive this afternoon?" Jim asked, looking down at May.

"Oh, Jim, don't ask the bride to go joy-riding!" May said in pretended horror. "Wait a year or so till she's bored to tears with home and husband."

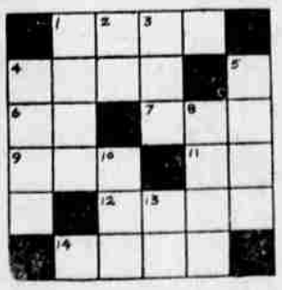
She broke off, following Gloria's terrified gaze across the room. A few tables away Dick's mother was sitting, in all her glory of black silk and sables! On her broad florid face was a look of disgust as she surveyed them!

(To be continued tomorrow.)

CROSS-WORD FOR LITTLE FOLKS

By LITTLE JOE

This puzzle is easy. You should be able to do it in three or four minutes. Word number five down comes from my geography lesson and is a good word to describe desert land.



ACROSS

1. Small amount of work.
4. Tardy.
6. Part of verb to be.
7. Thick black fluid used to repair streets.
9. To marry.
11. Third note in scale.
12. Employed.
14. Observed.

DOWN

1. Gentle (as a cat).
2. Preposition.
3. To place.
4. Government rules.
5. Dry.
8. Last word of your prayer.
10. Owed.
13. Point of compass.

FLAPPER FANNY says

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A soft answer often is hard to make.

On Gardening

FOR color, both delicate as well as rich and velvety, coupled with a spicy fragrance all its own, there is no annual to compare with the nasturtium. For poor soil it is an ideal annual, producing flowers continually until cut down by frost and furnishing daily bouquets in many shades.

This is one of the most easily grown and sure-fire annuals there is in the seedmen's lists, as old-fashioned as our great grandmothers, yet holding its own with the modern beauties. Best of all, it will grow well where other annuals will languish. It likes heat and rich soil sends it all to leaves.

The dwarf nasturtiums are valuable for beds of a single color or for bordering beds of other annuals. There are yellow-leaved varieties for brilliant foliage as well as handsome bloom and there are dark-leaved kinds, with rich velvety crimson flowers. There are brilliant variegated sorts as well as delicate rose and sulphur shades, in fact the entire range of colors except blue.

The climbing nasturtium is more truthfully speaking a rambler. It makes a growth as long as a vine but has no means of climbing, as it can not twine and has no tendrils or suckers such as other vines. It will push its way upwards and tumble over into picturesque heaps of bloom and handsome foliage. If a climbing nasturtium is desired to climb to form a screen, it can be used very readily, but it will have to be guided and fastened into place.

It is an excellent plant to be allowed to droop from a window box, swinging festoons of bloom below the box. For scrambling up wire fences it is useful and one of its finest uses is for scrambling over and hiding stumps.

The Madam Gunther hybrids offer a fine series of soft colorings in this handsome annual. There is a double form cultivated as a house plant and the canary bird vine with its airy yellow blooms is a variety well worth growing. The half-matured seeds are fine for pickles, often being used as a substitute for capers.

NASTURTIUMS ARE EASILY GROWN AND WILL FURNISH BOQUETS UNTIL FROST.

File Clerk.

You keep up the files,
And the boss often smiles,
When he sees what good work you can do.
He calls for a letter;
You simply go get 'er.
He learns to depend upon you.

SCOUTS BELIEVED KILLED

MANILA, May 18.—American military authorities at Camp Stotzenburg believe the three Filipino scouts who have been absent for more than a week were murdered by negrito outlaws in the mountains near Stotzenburg. The scouts were hunting game instead of deserting as was first reported. It is reported the negritoes killed the scouts with bows and arrows for the purpose of securing their guns.

If all the telephones in the United States were set side by side on the ground they would cover an area of more than 100 acres.

Mutual Life, G. M. Sprague, 20 E. 8th.

The Heel

Hal Cochran's DAILY POEM

We sit us down at supper time and everything looks right. We feel a real enjoyment 'cause we've got an appetite. When bread's put on the table, as a portion of the meal, why is it many people dodge the taking of the "heel"?

We play a game of cards or two; then have a midnight lunch. We hie out to the kitchen for a bit of food to munch. There's bread that's cut in slices and it seems we always find that even though the full loaf's used, the "heel" is left behind.

The little folks come tearin' in the house, jes' tired from play. They yell for bread and butter in the middle of the day. Perhaps they're given just a bite, so's not the spoil a meal. They're tickled with a piece of bread, except when it's the "heel."

Why is it that we all avoid the taking of the crust? It seems the poor and lonely "heel" is treated far from just. Perhaps it's 'cause we're lazy, if the quizz were answered true. We'll all admit it may be good—but's too blamed hard to chew.