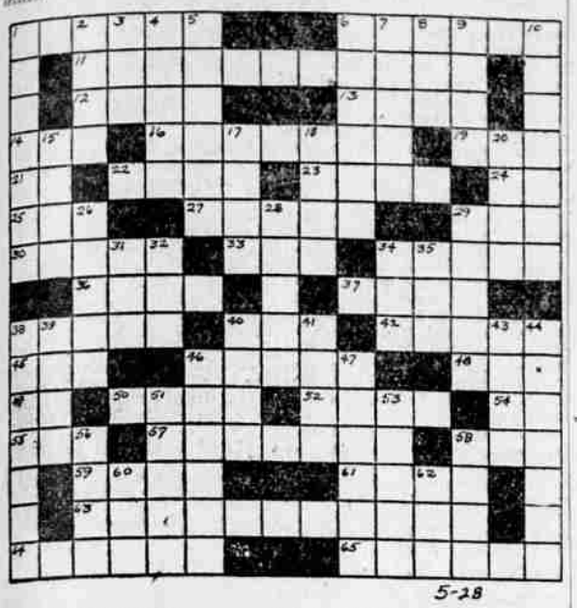
Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

You'll have a little difficulty with this puzzle. It has so many new words, and unkeyed letters. Two of the long words have, in fact, three unkeyed letters in a row. But you ought to recognize them by their other letters.



5-28

HORIZONTAL

1. Saturn or any large body revolving about sun.
6. Degraded.
11. One skilled in stuffing animals.
12. Jewel.
13. Mexican dollar.
14. Jelly.
16. Butcher's instrument.
19. Very small.
21. Hebrew word for Deity.
22. Woody stalk of a plant.
23. Gaelic.
24. Preposition of place.
25. Animal used for food.
27. Double (time).
29. To employ.
30. To harass.
32. Sorrowful.
34. Any animal that burrows in wood.
36. To go in search of.
37. To carol.
38. Deadly.
40. Truck.
42. Wants.
45. Before.
46. Tendon.
48. Seated.
49. Three-toed sloth.
50. At sea.
52. Region.
54. Toward.
55. Account.
57. Clubfoot.
58. Small eccentric wheel.
59. Epochs.
61. Portico.
63. Those who treat with others with a view to an international agreement.
64. Decayed.
65. Oration.

VERTICAL

1. Scheme.
2. Particle.
3. To sleep.
4. To elicit.
5. Plowed.
6. Unit of electrical current.
7. Litters.
8. Almost a donkey.
9. To fill.
10. Poetic line of two measures.
15. Plant yielding bitter drug.
17. Birds similar to ostrich.
18. Grass land (South Africa).
20. To relieve.
26. Refuse.
28. Heathen.
29. Impels.
31. Ocean.
32. Long smooth fish.
34. Box for flour.
35. Unit.
38. Plume.
39. Melody.
40. Small glass bottle.
41. Low tide.
43. Granted facts.
44. Animal food basket.
46. Part of year.
47. Wrenches.
51. Platform.
53. To impede by estoppel (law).
56. Proclivity.
58. Box and contents.
60. To soak flax.
62. Metal in rock.

Answer to yesterday's cross-word puzzle:

5-27

MUTT AND JEFF

Doesn't Jeff Look Cute in His African Make-up?

By BUD FISHER

Jerry On the Job

The Balance of Testimony

The FLAPPER WIFE

by Beatrice Burton © 1925 NEA SERVICE INC.

(Continued from page one)

with veal cutlets and creamed cauliflower.

Glory tried to eat. . . . But she couldn't. There was a lump in her throat, and her eyes were full of hot, jealous tears.

Oh, why did she let Stan Wayburn make her feel this way? . . . Why should it make her angry and jealous to see him with another woman?

Glory gave her plate a little push, and laid down her fork.

"I don't believe I'm hungry after all," she said to Dick. He looked up in surprise.

"Well, you sure are some kid!" he exclaimed. "You drag me 'way down here and order a three-dollar meal . . . and now you can't eat it!"

"I know . . . I'm sorry," Glory said.

She sat there miserable while Dick finished his meal in puzzled silence.

"What do you want to do . . . go to a movie?" he asked as he helped her on with her coat. Glory shook her head.

"Let's go home. I'm dead tired," she said. She was, suddenly. Her spirit drooped like spent wings.

She wanted to get out of that hateful restaurant . . . away from the sight of Stan and his Sonya Chotek!

She remembered a line of poetry she had heard somewhere . . .

"Life is a headache in a noisy street."

And so it was! . . . It hurt unbearably at times. Now, for instance. . . .

* * *

Early the next morning Ranghild Swanson knocked on the kitchen door.

Glory heard her and ran downstairs to let her in.

"I came to start work, even if it is Sunday," Ranghild said. "But I've been to early church already."

"The better the day the better the deed, Ranghild," Glory told her, laughingly.

The very sight of Ranghild cheered her up. She was so blond and smiling that she seemed to have brought the morning sunshine into the kitchen with her.

And she could cook! Even Dick had to admit that the cherry pie she baked for dinner was as good as any that Maggie had ever made.

"But we can't afford her," he said to Glory. "You'll have to look around and find someone for us for about $10 a week. That's my limit, absolutely!"

Gloria didn't answer. She walked around the table to Dick and kissed him with little, light coaxing kisses.

"All right, go ahead and vamp me all you want to!" Dick bantered. "But I mean what I say all the same. . . . We've just got to cut down on our household expenses. A few more weeks like this last one would land me in the poorhouse!"

* * *

The next morning Glory could hardly wait for Dick to leave for the office. The moment he was out of the house, she ran upstairs and dressed for the street.

A half hour later she was strolling down street.

Behind their plate-glass fronts, the store windows bloomed like gardens, so filled with color were they.

* * *

Here a hat perched airily on its stand above a rainbow pile of imported handkerchiefs . . . there a beaded bag caught the light, like a bit cut from some rare old tapestry.

Glory sighed with joy . . . she would have that very bag in a few minutes!

She opened the swinging doors of the store and went straight to the business office.

"I am Mrs. Richard Gregory Junior, and I would like to open a charge account," she said calmly to the hard-eyed credit manager.

She gave Dick's office address and the name of his bank.

"All right, Mrs. Gregory," the credit man said cordially, after he had looked up Dick's references. "The store is yours. And we'll do everything in our power to please you."

He opened the plate-glass door of his office with a flourish, and bowed Glory out, quite as if she had been a queen.

This was the only way to shop! . . . No bargain-hunting, no counting out change! Simply to ask for what you wanted, and order it sent home!

"I'd like to see afternoon dresses . . . something really good," Glory said to the saleswoman who came toward her across the gown department.

She sat in a comfortable chair while the saleswoman brought in dress after dress. Finally Glory chose three . . . a peacock blue, a black velvet, and an old-rose crepe.

"I'll try these three on, and see which one suits me best," she said.

They were all wonderfully becoming.

Glory couldn't make up her mind which one to buy. She was in delicious despair.

"Madam is lovely in any of the gowns!" the saleswoman declared.

She knew her business, that saleswoman!

"Why does not madam take them all?" she asked carelessly. "It is not every day that she will find three so perfect gowns!"

Glory hesitated.

"But the price!" she breathed.

"Only three hundred dollars for the three of them?" the saleswoman asked in surprise. "But that is nothing! They were twice that much at the beginning of the season! They are a bargain . . . those dresses!"

"All right, I'll take them all," Glory said suddenly. She felt that she simply couldn't go away and leave one of those three wonderful dresses in the shop for some other woman. . . . They belonged to her! They were made for her! All three of them!

* * *

"Of course I don't really need a hat . . ." Glory thought, as she drifted into the millinery department. But down in the bottom of her mind she knew that she was going to buy one.

"I'd like a dress hat . . . something with plumes, I think," she said to the white-haired woman who came forward to serve her.

The saleswoman shook her marcelled head.

"No plumes," she said smiling, "for so young a face. We must keep you very simple. . . . Won't you have this chair, please?" She glided away.

Gloria watched her opening and shutting drawers and cupboards.

In a few minutes she came back with a wide-brimmed hat of creamy satin.

"Here's madam's hat," the milliner said, setting it on Glory's red-gold head. Simple but smart!"

. . . The saleswoman was right! It was Glory's hat. She graced it.

"How much it is?" Glory asked.

"Fifty-five dollars," the milliner answered in the tone she might have used in saying "two for a nickel."

Fifty-five dollars! Glory wondered what Dick would say if she paid that much for a hat that hadn't a scrap of trimming on it. . . .

In the end she took it—charged it to Dick.

* * *

Next Glory bought the beaded bag she had seen in the show-window. It was $30.

Charge it and send it," she said. She gave her name and address with a feeling of excitement. She had never owned a charge account before in her life.

. . . They were like wishing rings, these charge accounts. You simply ordered what you wanted . . . murmured "Charge it" . . . and it was yours!

On her way out of the store Glory stopped at the toilet-goods counter.

Idly she picked up lipsticks and eyebrow pencils in their silver holders. She needed neither.

Her lips were a natural scarlet. And the black lashes, planted thick around here eyes, gave her a "made up" look, as it was.

. . . Still, she could always use face cream and scent.

"I want some perfume," she said to the pretty clerk who came to wait upon her. "Not rose or violet. Something spicy and oriental."

Finally she bought two kinds . . . mimosa and lotus-flower.

After that she bought nail polish, night-cream, bath-powder, and a large wooden bowl of elder-flower soap that would float in the bathtub.

"Twenty-two dollars," said the saleswoman, adding up the cost of these luxuries.

"Charge it," Glory said.

The noonday whistles were blowing when Glory left the store. The street was filled with business girls on their way to lunch, their faces gay and fresh as flowers.

And to think that only a few weeks ago she had been one of them! Why, it had taken her months to earn as much as she had spent that morning on a few clothes!

How long would it take Dick to earn that $400?

Glory knew that he wasn't half as rich as she had once supposed he was. . . .

Suddenly she was frightened at what she had done. She made up her mind to telephone the store to say that she didn't want the things she had just bought. . . . No, by Jinks, she did want them! And Dick would just have to pay for them, by some hook or crook!

* * *

Glory hurried home and waited for her purchases to be delivered.

Late in the afternoon they came.

She rushed up to her room and tried on the three new dresses . . . one after the other, quickly, before Dick should come home.

Ah, they were lovely! And she was lovely in them. . . . She tried to see herself with Stan Wayburn's eyes as she turned and twisted before the mirror.

Glory leaned across the dressing-table and smiled at her dazzling self in the glass.

"You darling!" she said.

Then she heard the sound of Dick's latchkey in the door downstairs!

And before she had had time to take off the new blue dress she was trying on, Dick was in the doorway.

"So here you are . . ." he began and stopped.

His eyes swept the room, from the dresses slung over the foot of his wife's bed to the wrapping paper that littered the rug.

Then he looked at Glory with a question in his eyes. She was speechless.

(To be continued tomorrow)

FLAPPER FANNY says

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Often a heavenly looking man is no earthly good.

Cynthia Grey Says:

IT'S commencement time.

In every school there are many romances, and commencement seems to start many a young couple thinking about marriage.

Some of them want to marry before either the girl or the young man has finished the school course.

Others want to marry the day after commencement.

I am not an advocate of young people waiting until they pass any certain age to marry, but I do believe "commencement" marriages are a mistake.

The young people have been living in a school atmosphere all their life. They haven't bumped against the world.

And how things do change, the day after a young man or woman graduates from school. The graduate soon gets an entirely different aspect of the world.

But more important than this, I think the romantic couple ought to wait until the young man has worked up a notch or two in his chosen work or profession.

The married life, nine times out of ten, will be happier if they do.

Home Hints

TO REMOVE glue from fabrics, soak in hot water and vinegar or in vinegar alone. Should vinegar affect the color, sponge with diluted ammonia followed by chloroform.

House Lighting

Avoid flickering or dazzling lights as these produce eyestrain and headache. The light should come from above and over the shoulder.

Sassafras Oil

To deodorize gasoline for cleaning

purposes, add a few drops of oil of sassafras to each quart of gasoline.

On Gardening

IT IS throwing away money to throw away wood ashes, for it is throwing away fertilizer that can be replaced only at considerable expense. Wood ashes vary in effective fertilizing material, hardwood ashes being richest and soft wood least rich. Ashes of vegetable refuse are valuable also, being a good fertilizer, although not of the strength of the hardwood ashes. When you burn leaves or old vegetable vines or flower stems, spread the ashes over the garden.

Wood ashes are chiefly valuable as a fertilizer which furnishes potash-a necessary element in ripening of fruit and in forming roots. It is ordinarily furnished by chemical salts such as sulphate or muriate of potash or by a mineral fertilizer known as kainit. Our chief supply of potash fertilizers came from Germany before the war and there was a potash famine when they were out of commerce and potash fertilizers went sky high in price. Now they are again within reason.

Wood ashes are an old standby and more appreciative now than at any previous time, so much so that they are known to be an effective means of furnishing lime to the soil and an aid in sweetening the ground and liberating other fertilizing element. These ashes on the garden you are both lining the soil and helping to correct any acidity or sourness that may exist and furnishing potash fertilizer as well.

The lime is as essential as other fertilizers to keep the soil up to the requisite growing quality although its application is not needed as frequently as other fertilizers. Without lime the efficiency of fertilizers is greatly lessened. It is needed in the soil to liberate other plant food elements. Save all wood ashes or ashes from bonfires. Spread them on the garden.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

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

TOY CAVE—CHAPTER 7

JACK then put the kiddy car at th side of the entrance to Toy Cave and took Flop under his arm. Then he re-entered the cave and joined the rest of the party. "Well, we can go on now," said the hermit. And with that, Jack and Dotty trailed along behind him, with Flip also right at his heels.

SUDDENLY a ray of light appeared ahead. "That's one of the work rooms," explained the hermit. And when the adventurers reached the spot they saw some of the funny little round men squatting on rocks and whittling away, making wooden dolls. Several of the finished dolls stood in a corner of the work room.

"GEE, I'd like to have one of the dolls for my very own," said Dotty.

"Well," laughed the hermit, "just pick up any one you want." So Dotty looked them all over and finally chose one. "Why, this little fellow looks just like you," she said to Jack. And, sure enough, it was just like a model of her cousin. (Continued.)

Radio Programs

TONIGHT'S PROGRAM
Pacific Coast

KGW, Portland, 491.5 meters—5 to 5:30 p. m., children's program; 7:15 p. m., weather, police and market reports, news bulletins and baseball scores. 8 to 9 p. m., Concert by courtesy of the Yale Laundry company; 9 to 10 p. m., Old song program by courtesy of J. P. Finley & Son. 10 p. m. to midnight, Herman Kenin's Multnomah Hotel danre orchestra.

KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 467 meters—5:30-6 p. m., Examiner's matinee program; 6-6:15, McDaniel's nightly doings; 6:45-7, Raditorial talk; 7-7:30, Kathleen Ogilvie, soprano, Catherine Ogilvie, readings, J. Ross McKenzie, comedian in Scotch numbers; 7:30-8, a half hour of old melodies, Ralph Reilly, tenor; 8-9, two short one-act plays, KFI, players; 9-10, program from Chickering hall by remote control broadcast by Southern California Music company; 10-11, Examiner program, vaudeville artists of Ida May Wall.

KFOA, Seattle, Wash., 454.3 meters—4:5:15 p. m., Olympic hotel orchestra; 6-7, Moran school program.

KFWB, Hollywood, Cal., 252 meters—7:45-9 p. m., program, Climax Air Phone company of Culver City; 9-10, program, Paulais, Inc.; 10-11, Warner Brothers' frolic, direction Charlie Wellman.

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361.2 meters—4:5:30 p. m., concert orchestra, Hotel St. Francis; 5:30-6:30, "Friend to Boys," George W. Ludlow; 8, California State association of Optometrists; R. C. Endriss, president; Alice Davies Endriss, violinist; Joseph Varley, tenor; Winston Petty, cellist; Edgar Thorpe, pianist; selections from grand opera "Rigoletto," Claire Upshur, soprano; Albert W. Gillett, baritone; Wanda Richards, contralto, mixed quartet; Claire Upshur, soprano; Homestead male quartet; Fred Gray, zither soloist; Lyman N. North, tenor; Richard Lundgren, bass; Mary Grimm Richards, contralto; Albert W. Gillette, baritone; 10 p. m.-1 a. m., Henry Halstead's orchestra.

KHJ, Los Angeles, Cal., 405.2 meters—5:30-6 p. m., Leighton's Arcade 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, Prof. Walter Sylvester Hertzog, Jeanne De Bard, 5-year-old pianist, Piggly Wiggly girls' string trio, Jan Hughes, soprano juvenile, Amanda Garden, soprano, Mary Tirella, pianist; 7:30, vocal, William Farrell, pianist; 8-10 program, John Wright, the right talker, arranged by Uncle John; 10-11, Art Hickman's Biltmore hotel dance orchestra, Earl Burtnett, leader.

KNX, Hollywood, Cal., 336.9 meters—5:30-6:15 p. m., Wurlitzer pipe organ recital Sid Ziff's sport talk; 6:15-6:30, travelogue, W. F. Alder; 6:30-7:30, program, Los Angeles County Association of Optometrists, Ziegler's orchestra; 7:30-8, one-act play, KNX players, Edward Murphey, director; 8-10, program, Radium Ore Revigator company; arranged by G. Allison Phelps; 10-11, Abe Lyman's Cocoanut Grove dance orchestra from Ambassador hotel; 11-12, collegiate night by students of University of California.

KPO, San Francisco, Cal., 428.3 meters—4:30-6:30, Rudy Seiger's Fairmont hotel orchestra; 5:30-6:30, Aunt Dolly and her kiddies; 6:30-7, States Restaurant orchestra; 7-7:30, Rudy Seiger's Fairmont hotel orchestra; 8-9, Theodore J. Irwin, organist; Gladys Sarratt, soprano; 9-10, Johnny Bulck's Cabirians.

KJR, Seattle, Wash., 384.4 meters—10:30-12 midnight, "Keep Joy Radiating Order of the Bats."

KFSG, Los Angeles, Cal., 275 meters—7:30-9:15 p. m., Angelus temple water baptismal service, conducted by Aimee Semple McPherson, assisted by choir; 9:15-10, G. N. Nichols presents Angelus Temple choir in special chorus, group and feature numbers from Grey studio; 10-11, organ recital program of Esther Fricke Green, assisted by Edna Joyce Meisener, soprano, and Viola Peterson, soprano in duets; organ numbers will include: 1, "Adagio," from the second sonata, by Josef Renner; 2, "Elegie," by Massenet; 3, "Caprice," by Ralph Kinder.

Many Stitches Here

A black topcoat is stitched all over with cire braid, while another is over-patterned with soutache.

Will Brighten Pan

Cooking fruits and acid vegetables in an aluminum pan will brighten it, while alkali compositions will discolor it.

Fashion Plaques

Here is probably the most unique scarf that has come out of Paris this season. It fastens down the back with small pearl buttons and gives the effect of a choker in front. Or it can be worn the other way around if the wearer prefers. A scarf will do practically anything you want it to this year.

GUESSWORD LIMERICK

Oh, a daughter of Mother Machree,
And her friend went to walk by the ——— (1)
Now, she's not very ——— (2)
And she's built like a ——— (3)
But her friend has a limb like a ——— (4).

(1) Overgrown puddle.
(2) Huge, gigantic.
(3) Adolescent limb.
(4) Woody, perennial plant.

Barefoot

Hal Cochran's DAILY POEM

Gee, but I wish I was back in my teens; back as a mere freckled kid. I can remember the old boyhood scenes, and all of the things that I did.

Bet it's the same way with all other men, if they'd really come out with the truth. Bet you'd all like to go back, once again, just to dabble around in your youth.

'Member the days when an old pair of pants, an' a sweater were all that you wore? Wasn't it fun, just to loaf, when by chance, you were hurriedly sent to the store?

'Member how toughened your feet used to get, when you shed both your stockings and shoes? Wasn't it great, when the roadway was wet, and the mud 'round your ankles would ooze?

All of those mem'ries come back now and then, to a man in a sort of a haze. Gee it's no wonder we wish, once again we were back in those barefooted days.

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