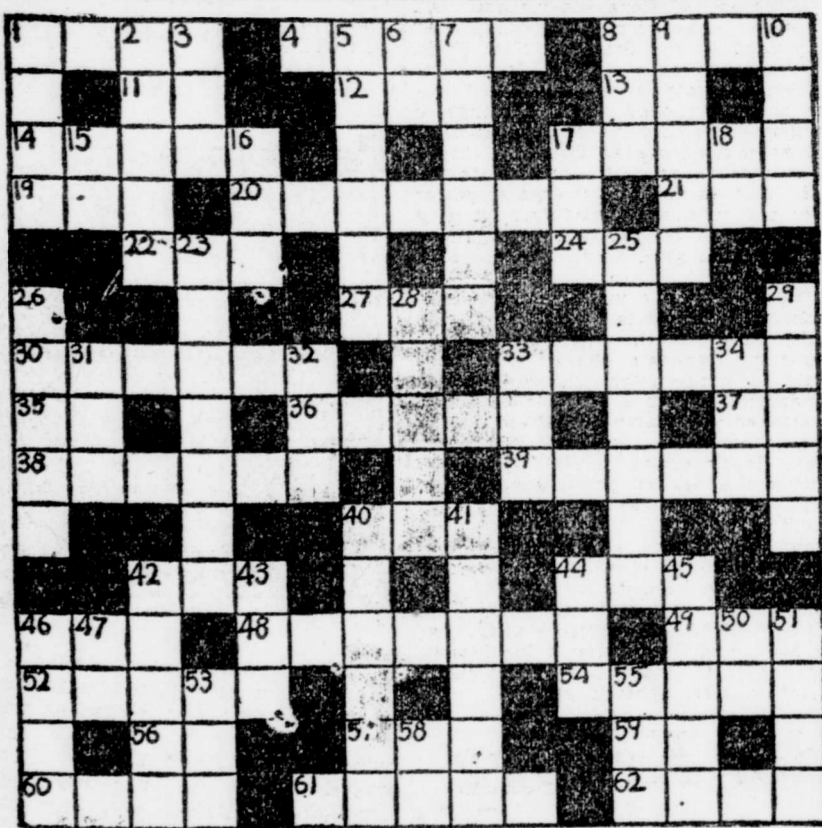


CROSSWORD PUZZLE



- ACROSS. 1. One performer on each part. 2. To discipline. 3. Calf meat. 4. Conjunction. 5. Wayside hotel. 6. Not out. 7. Quiver-vibrate. 8. Made by sewed material. (Pl.) 9. Feathered biped. 10. To place in bondage. 11. Pelina. 12. Male offspring. 13. Skull. 14. Turf-sward. 15. Adorned. 16. Bronze imitation of gold. 17. Sixth note musical scale. 18. Helped. 19. Inside. 20. Passage way. 21. Game of cards. 22. Yes. 23. Organ of vision. 24. Consumed. 25. Buddy-comrade. 26. Open-air feast. 27. Tree of. 28. Entertain. 29. Social assembly. 30. Act to wear. 31. Quick to learn. 32. Declination. 33. Equal-level. 34. Get up. 35. Walked upon. 36. Worn around the waist. 37. Borrowed objects. 38. To wear. 39. Cleanses in second water. 40. Indefinite article. 41. Away from the sea. 42. To rival. 43. Make into law. 44. Endure. 45. Masculine. 46. Uniform (Poetic). 17. Ocean. 18. Mother. 19. Public speech. 20. Part of a fortification. 21. Swallow without chewing. 22. In an unusual way. 23. Refrains-melodics. 24. Hurrah. 25. Poem. 26. Lighted. 27. Behind. 28. Uses extra effort. 29. Evade. 30. Strata out. 31. Serpent. 32. Mistake. 33. Sheet-plate of glass. 34. Part of "we". 35. Pronoun. 36. Changed color. 37. Male offspring. 38. Industries insect. 39. Mixed type.

Answer To Yesterday's Crossword Puzzle.



YOU FINISH IT

Last Lines For This Limerick Must Be In The Free Press Office By Midnight of Tuesday, February 3, 1925.



Bill Watson was clever, folks said; On skates he would knock 'em all dead. He was light on his feet, But it sure was a treat.

Three Cash Prizes

FIRST PRIZE, \$2.50, SECOND PRIZE, \$1.50, THIRD PRIZE, \$1.00

The contest is open to everyone except employees of The Free Press. You can send in one line to each limerick. Before you start working on this limerick read over the rules of the contest. They are simple, but must be complied with.

LIMERICK RULES.

Each Saturday The London Free Press is printing the first four lines of a limerick. Write a line to complete the limerick and mail it, or bring it, to Limerick Editor of The Free Press. Don't use the form printed on this page. You must copy the lines on a post card, but be sure that all five lines appear on it. Also, be sure your name and address are plainly written on the post card. Watch the time limit on each limerick. The winners for today's limerick will be announced one week from day the limerick appears.

LAST WEEK'S WINNERS.

1st prize, \$2.50—DOROTHY GRAVES, 256 Oxford street, London. 2nd prize, \$1.50—H. E. McEWING, 95 Byron avenue, London. 3rd prize, \$1.00—JEAN CHALMERS, 123 Orchard View Blvd., Toronto. ELLA BEATTIE, Kerwood, Ont.

A thoughtful young lady named Stella Was giving advice to her fella. She said: "You should sav, For a rainy day, Dave, And you'll be like that guy "Rocketella."

2nd.—For a bankbook's a swell umbrella. 3rd.—Believe me, I'm no Cinderella. Remember, I'm no Cinderella.

The Limerick Editor received the following from Alfred E. Raynes: "Allow me to point out that 'pans' does not rhyme with 'dance' or 'chance', nor does 'adopt' rhyme with 'rocket'. This is not up to the Free Press standard. It is admitted that the last mentioned words are not a perfect limerick rhyme, but that the combination got into the press and could not be recalled. Exception is taken to the criticism that 'pans' and 'dance' and 'chance' do not rhyme. In limerick parlance the rhyme is quite correct."

Can You Solve An Easy Word Puzzle?

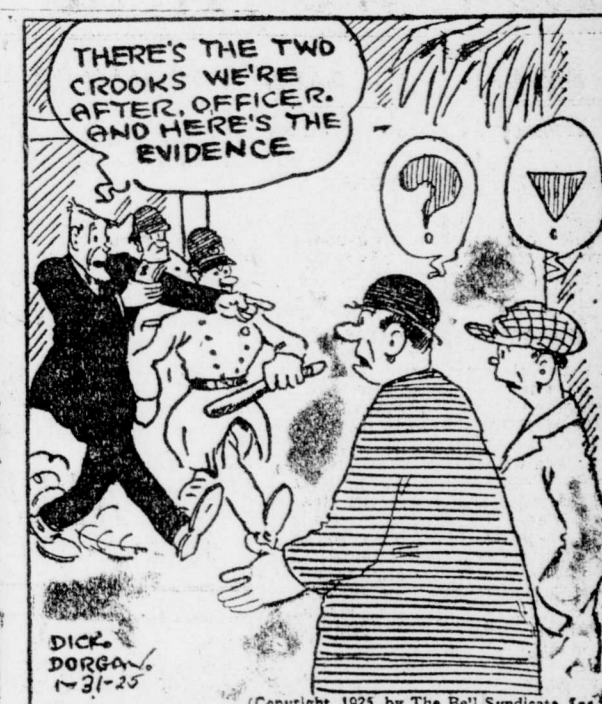
\$2,000.00 CASH GIVEN AWAY

90 Cash Prizes are offered FREE in the big VEROX popularity puzzle contest which commences February 16th. Get acquainted with VEROX. Clip this ad, wrap in 10c coin, and mail today. Puzzle and instructions how to win will come free with sample.

E. AUSTIN TREVOR P.O. Box 608 TORONTO, Ont. Please send me a sample of VEROX. I enclose 10c for packing, mailing, etc. Also send me free particulars of the big \$2,000 contest.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Address: \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print)

YOU KNOW ME AL

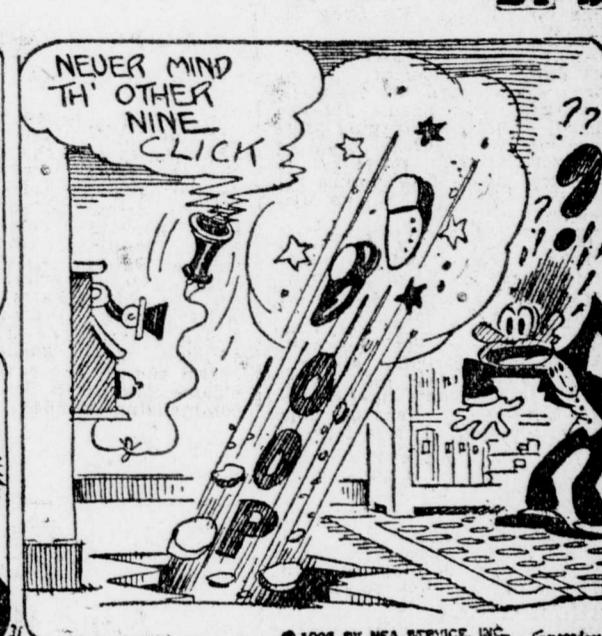


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Adventures of Jack Keefe

BY RING W LARDNER

SALESMAN SAM



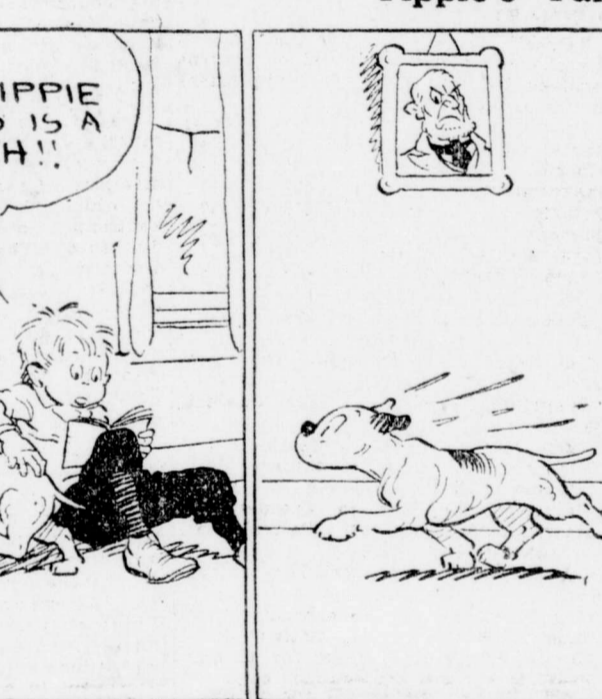
Getting Even

BY SWAN

"CAP" STUBBS



Tippie's Taking No Chances!

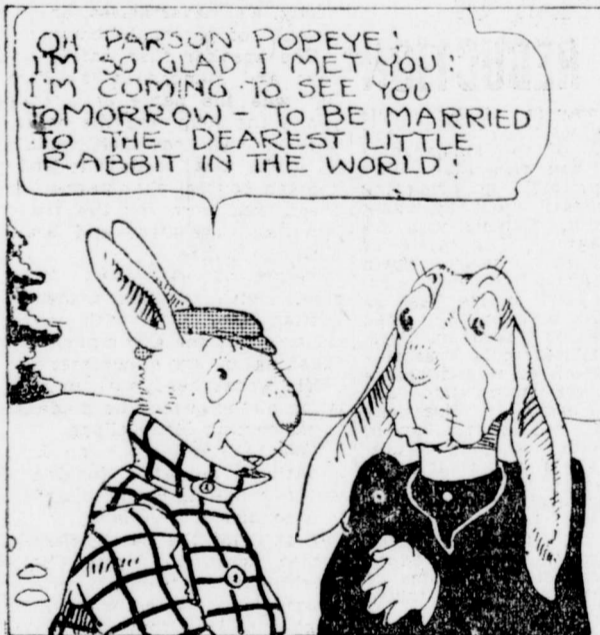


WHERE'S TIPPIE GONE?

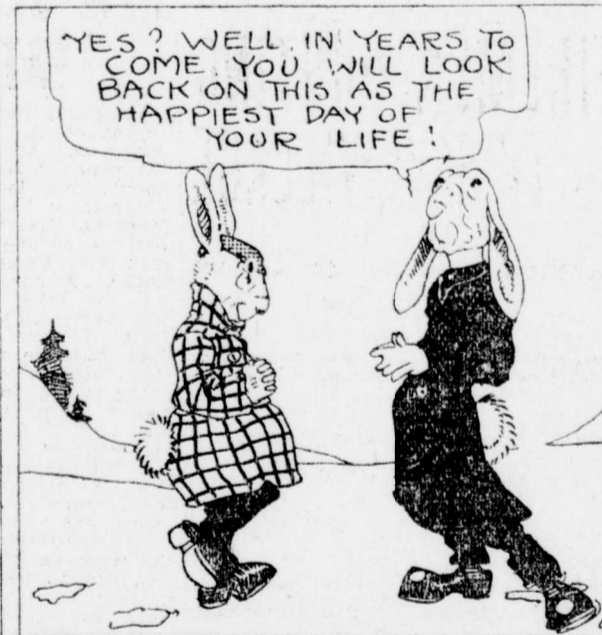


BY EDWINA

IN RABBITBORO



Last Day of Liberty!



THANKS, PARSON - BUT I SAID I WAS GOING TO BE MARRIED TOMORROW!



BY ALBERTINE RANDALL

THE WHITE FLAG

The Great New Novel by the Author of "Freckles," "Her Father's Daughter," BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER.

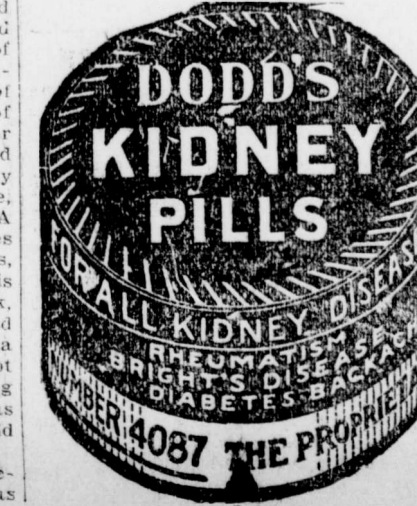
Mahlon arranged his cuffs and took a firm stand on widely spread feet; rocking thereon, he glared at his wife. "Of course, dear," she said soothingly, "it shall be exactly as you say. The Morelands are always obtrusive and vulgar; but I thought that perhaps, on account of your business relations with Mr. Moreland, he might be trying to express his appreciation of you, and your patronage of his bank, and your influence in helping him with other enterprises." Slowly Mahlon's lower jaw dropped on its moorings. A look of astonishment crept into his eyes. "You mean," he said, "that you think the banker is using this opportunity to pay me a handsome compliment?" "Why, it looks that way to me," said Elizabeth. "It is the only feasible thing I could think of. There is no reason why the Morelands should spend such an appalling amount of money on Mahlon. There must be some favor that Mr. Moreland wants of you, or some reason why he is anxious to keep your good will. You know, dear, that the one thing in all this world that Martin bitterly envies you is your popularity, the high regard in which you are held in this community. To make himself appreciated by his fellow citizens as they appreciate you, would please him far more than money." "Oh-huh," said Mr. Spellman, "I see your point. I think, as usual, that you are quite right. I never complimented myself so highly as I did in the selection of a partner for life. Undoubtedly you have arrived at the correct solution. We shall be forced to keep the lamp, while the next time Junior Moreland has a birthday we shall utilize the opportunity to show the Morelands something about proper giving." "Naturally," said Elizabeth Spellman. "Naturally, you would want to do that. Now go and dress yourself in order that

composed, as much as case, as they, till the last of her guests had arrived. She was watching her mother carefully as certain faces appeared in the doorway. When Mrs. Spellman's lips narrowed and Mr. Spellman's eyebrows arose, Mahala made a point of darting out of line and offering both hands. She doubled in warmth her welcome for every child that she knew would receive only half a welcome on the part of her father and mother. There was always a guilty feeling in her heart when she invited certain children she knew were not wanted, not welcome in her home. She realized that the day was going to come speedily when her mother would say: "You may invite so many guests and not us more." On that uncomfortable day she would be forced to make a decision. The decision she would make would not be pleasing to her father and mother. To-night she thought fleetingly, merely realizing that there was a day of conflict coming. On the arrival of the last guest the games began. First they played "Who's Got the Button?" They advanced to "London Bridge," and "Drop the Handkerchief." All the guests thought it the proper thing to honor Mahala, and she had sped around the circle until she was weary. Mahala was given to precedents. She established one. She dropped the handkerchief behind Edith Williams. Glad of an excuse to get into the game, Edith snatched it up and ran. Junior saw and had a presentiment. Edith raced past him with intentions, but two things frustrated her. In her excitement her aim was poor and Junior cunningly side-stopped, dragging Sammy Davis with him. When the children shouted "Junior, run!" Junior turned a deliberate head and refused to budge. All could see that the "kerchief" was behind Sammy. Sammy, delighted at the favor of the little rich girl, caught up the handkerchief and sped after Edith, only to find her in tears of rage, and to get a well-aimed slap when he caught and tried to kiss her. The boys shouted, the girls "Oh-ed!" Mrs. Spellman raised her brows and cautioned behind an archly shaken finger: "Now! now! Little ladies! Remember!" What all of the children always remembered was that Edith had chosen Junior and that he had evaded her. Someway her discomfort, contented the others. She was rich; she was Mahala's best friend. She had lost her temper and been rude, and Mrs. Spellman had chided her. In their hearts most of them felt a little less unhappy than they had been; a trifle less constrained. It is very probable that Mahala was the only child at her party who was completely happy. Every pleasure she ever had enjoyed in her life she had experienced under the watchful eyes of her father and mother. She was accustomed to their constant restrictions, their persistent precautions: "Be careful of your dress," "Don't shake out your skirts," "Don't damage the furniture," "Don't touch the lace curtains." Her heart was so full of spontaneous enthusiasm, her body was so healthy, her brain was such a blessing, that all these millions of "don'ts" had left no mark upon her. Spontaneously she breathed she answered: "Yes, mamma." "I'll be careful, papa." "Yes, thank you," and went straight ahead with her pleasure. The other children followed her lead but they were awkward, their movements were stilted and perfunctory. They were afraid of the lady of dainty precision, whose quick eyes were following their every movement in the expectation that they would do some damage. They were afraid of the wealthy dry goods merchant, who was so punctilious in his courteous, so immaculate in his dress, so self-contained in his personality. To them, the party did not mean really to throw off restraint and to have a natural, hearty, childish evening; it meant to get through with whatever was to be done in such a creditable manner that they would not be subjected to continually whispered admonitions of "don't" and "be careful." (To be continued.)

CHILD'S STORY OF THE HUMAN RACE

By Uncle Ray

HOMES NEAR THE COAST Many of the richer Romans had homes near the seacoast. They went out to these homes to escape from the noise and bustle of city life. (There were, of course, no street cars or autos in Rome; but the rattling of carts, the shouts of shopkeepers and the confusion and jostling in the market place made it all too noisy.) Those who were poor had little or no choice about staying in the crowded city. They had to take what came. The wealthy, however, were able to get away. Their homes near the cool sea were grand affairs. The picture shows such a home. Examine it closely. The first thing you will notice is that it has water all around it. As a matter of fact, it was built on an artificial island. Near the water's edge are statues. To the right is a pillar with a statue of Hercules on top. On a stone above, there is a fisherman. Perhaps he is a slave, trying to catch fish for the master's dinner. The house itself is of two stories. A grove of trees keeps one side of it in shade. Probably it has a bathroom inside; but that was uncommon in early Roman times. The custom was to bathe arms and legs each day, and to take a real bath once in nine days at a public bathing place. In later times, the finer mansions had bathrooms. One of the rich Romans who owned a fine house outside the city was in the habit of gathering his guests at a certain spot. Musicians would play, and then wonder of wonders! Wild beasts would rush into view. The animals were fenced in, however, so no harm came to the guests. How do you suppose the master of the house worked that trick? Probably he had trained the beasts to expect food when they heard music. (Copyright, John F. Dille Co.) A Remedy For Earache.—To have the earache is to endure torture. The ear is delicate organ and few care to deal with it, considering it work for a doctor. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil offers a simple remedy. A few drops upon a piece of lint or medicated cotton and placed in the ear will do much in relieving pain. Advt.



A Roman's House On the Sea Coast