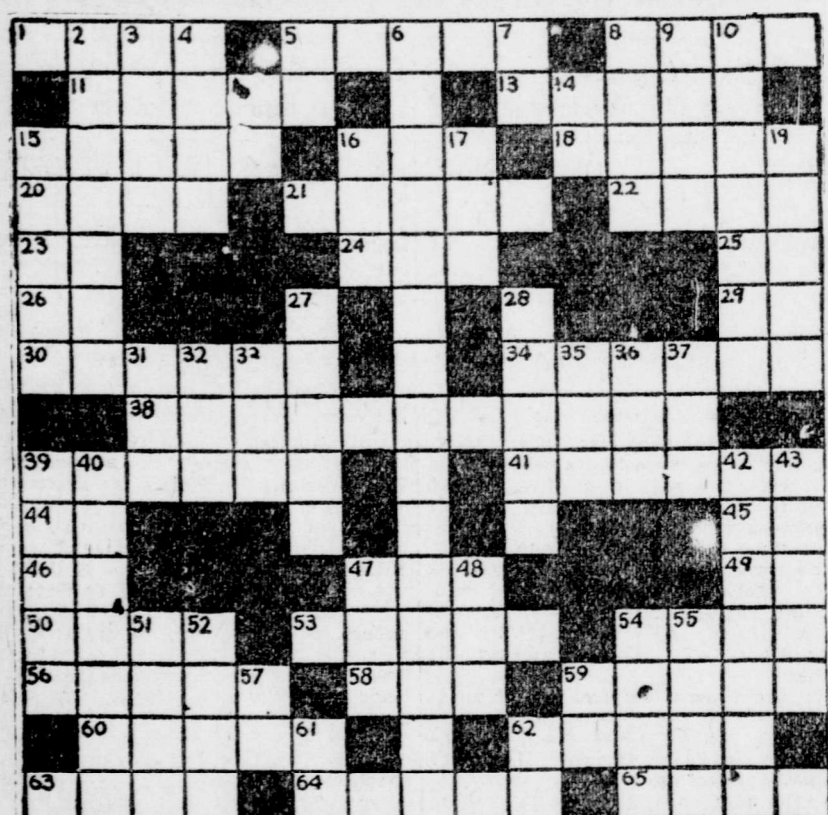


CROSSWORD PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL.

1. To tackle.
2. Yields.
3. Chronometer.
4. Gives in.
5. Signs.
6. Start.
7. A unit.
8. One who devours.
9. Direction.
10. Ship's deck.
11. Cried.
12. Indefinite article.
13. Number.
14. Point of compass.
15. Note of scale.
16. Conjunction.
17. Beetle.
18. Instructs.
19. Consecrated portable slabs.
20. Sews lightly.
21. Deficiency of blood.
22. Within.
23. Note of diatonic scale.
24. Perform.
25. Purpose.
26. Conjunction.
27. Engrave.
28. Unit of type (pl.).
29. Trunk of tree.
30. Bright.
31. Noise.
32. Wanderer.
33. Mistake.
34. Wait for.
35. At liberty.
36. To permit.
37. Body of any plant.

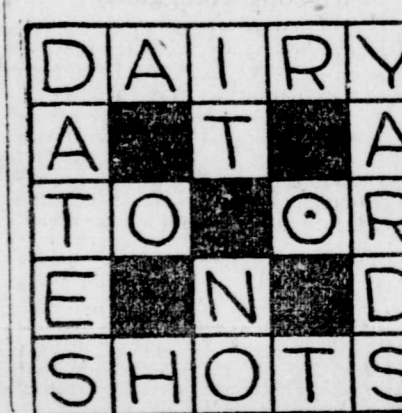
VERTICAL.

1. Formed in the ocean.
2. Pointed pieces of wood.
3. Publish.
4. A bone.
5. Pertaining to church methods.
6. Thus.
7. Beloved.
8. Proposition.
9. Antiseptic.
10. A painter's measure.
11. Egg.
12. Strikes.
13. Skill.
14. Period of time.
15. Part of a nail (pl.).
16. Fat.
17. Essential oil of roses.
18. Deaf of burden.
19. Track of wheel.
20. Monkey.
21. Speed.
22. Part of verb "to be."
23. Doctrine.
24. Waits.
25. Someone else.
26. To exile.
27. Brooded.
28. Help.
29. Male.
30. To wax.
31. Present.
32. Snake (pl.).
33. Leave out.
34. Negative.
35. Point of compass.
36. Sun god.
37. By.

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE.



ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S KIDNAPERS' PUZZLE.



THE WHITE FLAG

The Great New Novel by the Author of "Freckles," "Her Father's Daughter,"

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER.

The valedictory was hers because she had earned it, and for several other reasons. Her mother had kept her eye upon that special honor for her only child from the day of her birth. She had not arisen from the sheets of acquiescence without having decided upon a great many things concerning the career of her little daughter, and one of the essential things had been the valedictory upon the night of her graduation. She and Mahala engaged in a number of long talks concerning this momentous occasion, and in the conclusion of their room she and Mahala discussed these things interminably. They were both agreed that Mahala must have the valedictory, quite agreed that she must honestly earn it. This the girl felt she had done. They were agreed that she must be exquisitely clothed. This was their part. They were unanimous as to a compelling subject; also she must handle it in an interesting manner; she must deliver her valedictory without a flaw in composition, diction, or delivery. Long before the remainder of the class had even thought of subjects, in the secret conclaves of her family, Mahala's subject had been decided upon, outlined and developed. Many things she had wanted to say had been ruled out for reasons paramount in the minds of Elizabeth and Mahala. Once or twice a week she had been put through her paces either by her father or her mother, occasionally before both. The thing had become so habitual with Mahala that she recited her valedictory every night before she went to sleep and snatches of it were in her mind many times during the day. In all this intensive study she had dwelt upon pronouncements, upon phrasing and inflection until she really had an extremely praiseworthy offering at the tip of her tongue, one which either Elizabeth or Mahala could have delivered equally as well. All her life she had been making her bow and speaking her piece at nite societies and tea meetings, at Sunday school festivals, last days of school, and grand Army celebrations.

To Mahala, commencement night was not a thing of cold shivers, shaking knees and throbbing heart. She had been trained from birth and was an adept at public appearances. She could recall no occasion in her life when she had come in contact with any of the other boys and girls in public in which she had not easily made the most attractive figure and carried off the honors.

At the noon hour her father had said to her: "I'm going to stop at the Newberry House and tell the busman he needn't come for you to-night. I don't propose that you shall risk selling your shoes and your dress by climbing into that dirty omnibus, even though there is a supposition that it is to be cleaned after the last load of drummers is taken to the train."

Mahala hesitated a second, then she looked at her father with speculative eyes. "Don't you think, Papa," she said, "that it would be better for me to go with the others?"

There were nerve strains and asperity in Elizabeth Spellman's voice that Mahala recognized. She gave Mahala on chance.

"Mahala," she said, "when Papa tells you that he's going to do a thing that he has studied out and has decided will be the best thing for you, the proper answer for you to make is: Yes, Papa. Thank you very much for your loving consideration."

"I was only thinking," said Mahala, "that the other boys and girls might resent it; that it might make them feel that they were unfortunate not to have a father who had made such a success of his child that he could do for them the lovely things that Papa daily does for me."

Mahala looked at her father to see what effect this would have, and her heart took one surging leap and then stopped for an instant and stood still, frightened by the whiteness of Elizabeth Spellman's face. She noticed his grip upon the fork he was handling and that his hand was shaking so that he put back upon his plate the food he was intending to lift to his lips. For one long instant Mahala surveyed him and a little bit of the light went out of her eyes, the keenest edge of the color washing in her cheeks faded. She saw the shaking hand, and in her heart she said: "Either Papa is dreadfully troubled or he's getting old, and, come

to think of it, he is nearly 20 years older than Mama. He's been a darling Papa, so I've got to begin taking extra good care of him." Her mind reverted to the variety of care that always had been taken of her, and while she rebelled against a great deal of it, even as she was now rebelling against this distinction to be made between her and her classmates, she was placed where all her life she had been placed in such a position that she would look heartless and ungracious to refuse.

"I am going," said Elizabeth Spellman, to spread a sheet all over the back seats of the surrey and out the floor. Mahala has wiped the seats very carefully and the steps, and swept the carpet until there wasn't a particle of dust. You cannot crowd into that omnibus without crushing your skirts. I think we can lift them in such a manner when you enter the surrey, that by occupying the back seat alone, you won't need to sit upon them at all. It will enable you to head the procession down the church aisle with your frock as fresh and immaculate as when it is lifted from the form to be put on."

"Very well, Mama," said Mahala with a little sigh. "It's awfully good of you and Papa to take so much trouble and I do appreciate it, but I cannot help thinking it would be better—"

"There, there, Mahala," said Mrs. Spellman.

A queer ugly red with which Mahala was very familiar crept into her mother's cheeks. So nothing more was said on the subject until that night in the sweltering heat when the Newberry House omnibus had pounded up and down and across Ashwater, picking up a red-faced boy here, a perspiring girl there, pausing in state before the humble door of Susanna and shortly thereafter before the gate of the banker.

The surrey was waiting to take Mr. and Mrs. Moreland to the church. Junior's mother came on the veranda with him and stood looking him over. Her face was very pale and her hands were trembling.

"Do you think," she questioned eagerly, "that you won't get frightened, that you can't remember your speech?"

"You bet your life I can remember my speech," said Junior boastfully. "When did I ever forget a speech, if I wanted to make one? Never broke down in my life. Why should I now? I'm going to try the old bank a little and if I don't like it, I'm going to be a lawyer. I think it would be a lot of fun to be a lawyer, and you bet a lawyer doesn't forget a speech. You needn't sit and shake and worry, or father either. Don't have cold and hot sweats."

The driver of the omnibus hopped and called to Junior to hurry that he was two minutes late. In order to show his authority and his position in the village, Junior deliberately stepped inside the door. He could not think of a thing on earth to use as an excuse for having done so. His handkerchief was in his pocket, the notes for his speech he had placed in order that he might refresh his memory if he felt a bit rattled as his turn came to speak. He had no need to look in a mirror to see that he was as handsome as a boy well could be. His mother hurried after him.

"Junior, what is it?" she cried in panic.

(To Be Continued.)

Arches ache?

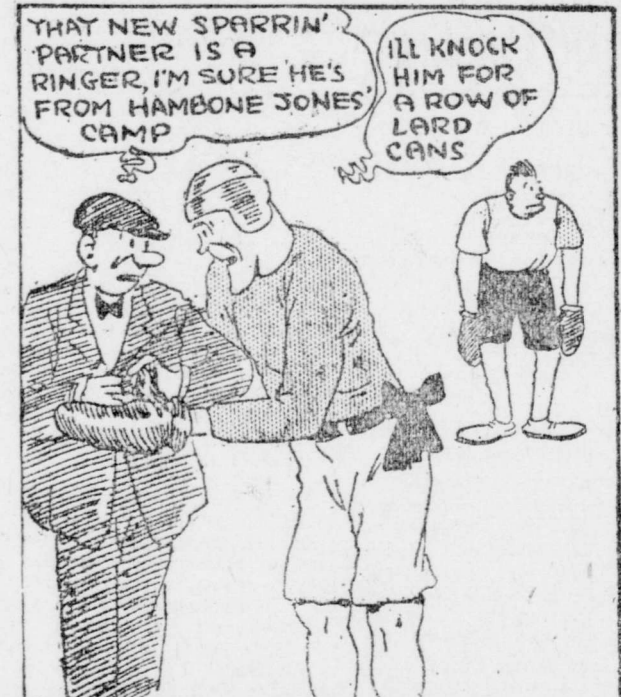


Allays inflammation—cases pain

Just a little Sloan's lightly patted on before going to bed gives the most amazing relief to tired, aching foot-arches. You'll be astonished to see how it takes out the soreness and pain. Try it to-night! All druggists—35 cents.

Sloan's Liniment
—kills pain!

YOU KNOW ME AL



SALESMAN SAM



Adventures of Jack Keefe



Napoleon Must Have Tried It Before



BY RING W LARDNER

BY SWAN



BY EDWINA

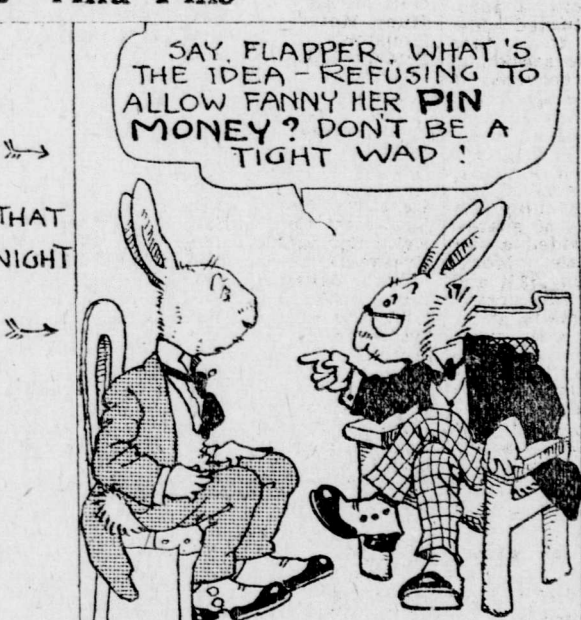
It's Been a Dull Day!



IN RABBITBORO

There Are Pins—And Pins

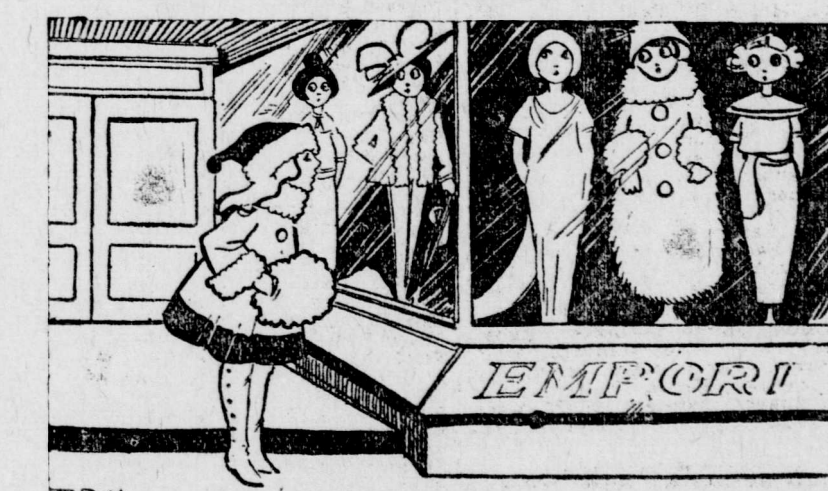
BY ALBERTINE RANDALL



Adventures of the Twins

By Olive Roberts Barton.

NO. 7.—IN THE STORE WINDOW.



"They do look familiar so mellow," she said over and over.

"We wonder," said the wax ladies in the store window, "how she is taking it. We just wonder!"

"I'll tell you what they meant."

They were really not wax ladies at all. They were baby dolls — Sally Wiggleton's dolls that she got for Christmas.

One she had spanked, and one she had soaked, and one she had almost scalped, so they begged the Fairy Queen to take them away.

That she did, by changing them into wax figures that wear pretty clothes in store windows.

So when they said, "We wonder how she is taking it," they meant "We wonder how Sally Wiggleton feels about us being made into wax ladies, and being left without a single doll to comfort her in her old age."

But Sally didn't know they were wax ladies.

All she did know was that they were gone. The Fairy Queen had left a note for her saying that they had gone back to the store they came from.

"Oh, dear me!" sobbed Sally, throwing herself on the bed. "I did love them so! I didn't mean to spank Belinda, or

"I like her," said Mary Pickford suddenly. "I don't care if she did soak me. I like her and I'd rather be a doll than a wax lady any day. It's nothing to stand here like a dummy from morning till night and get nothing but stares. I have a feeling that it's only my clothes people admire anyway."

"Me too!" said Belinda. "A spanking does one good now and then. I hate being a pink wax lady. That room at Sally's house had a good smell. It smelled like home and this doesn't."

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Jiggs, who had recovered completely. "I go with I was back. What if she did pull my hair out? It wasn't worth much to begin with."

Sally just stood staring.

(To Be Continued.)

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CLOSE LUNENBURG SCHOOLS

LUNENBURG, N. S., March 1.—The public schools here have been closed until further notice as a result of an influenza epidemic which has been prevalent for the past week.

CUTICURA HEALS ITCHY PIMPLES

On Face, Neck and Chest. Were Hard, Large and Red. Lasted Six Months.

"My trouble began with pimples on my face, neck and chest. The pimples were hard, large and red and festered and itched very badly, especially at night. The irritation caused me to scratch and the scratching caused eruptions. The trouble lasted about six months. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they afforded relief and after using one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Harriet Gushoff, 617 S. Elm St., Spokane, Wash., June 4, 1923.

Cuticura Soap daily, with Cuticura Ointment occasionally, prevents pimples or other eruptions. They are pleasing to use, as is also Cuticura Talcum, an excellent deodorant.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: Canadian Dispensary, Ltd., 100 King St. W., Toronto, Ont. Price: Soap 25c, Ointment 25c, Talcum 25c. Try our new Shaving Stick.

FOR Lumbago

BAYER

ASPIRIN

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Lumbago Colds

Headache Pain

Neuralgia Toothache

Rheumatism Neuritis

Safe

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer, Manufacturer of Monoclonal acid of Salicylic acid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."