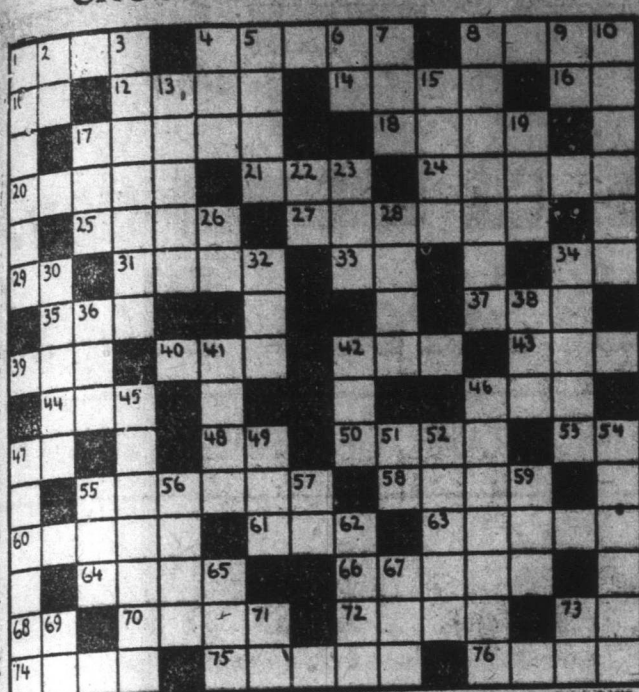


CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



THE INTERNATIONAL SYNDICATE.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SOLVING CROSS-WORD PUZZLES
Start out by filling in the words of which you feel reasonably sure. These will give you a clue to other words crossing them, and they in turn to still others. A letter belongs in each white space, words starting at the numbered squares and running either horizontally or vertically or both.

HORIZONTAL

- 1—On
- 2—Pertaining to a focus
- 3—Check or jaw
- 4—An Eastern State (abbr.)
- 5—A heroic poem
- 6—Form of address equivalent to sir or Mr. in India
- 7—Tiberius (abbr.)
- 8—Toward the left side
- 9—A parent
- 10—An island of the West Indies
- 11—A familiar night bird
- 12—Ascending
- 13—Thick porridge
- 14—Quiverings
- 15—Point of the compass (abbr.)
- 16—Not far off
- 17—Worship (abbr.)
- 18—Amount in one's favor (abbr.)
- 19—Expression of assent
- 20—Part of verb "to be"
- 21—A nocturnal flying mammal
- 22—Suffix, the same as "ous"
- 23—A large vessel or cistern
- 24—A playful blow
- 25—To damage
- 26—Aeolic country (abbr.)
- 27—Interjection
- 28—Low in morals
- 29—Like
- 30—A planet of the Solar System
- 31—Deep mud
- 32—A planet near the sun
- 33—Man's name (familiar)
- 34—Brilliance, celebrity
- 35—Company, society (abbr.)
- 36—Latin for "year"
- 37—Right hand (abbr.)
- 38—An old settlement on W. coast of Greenland
- 39—To fill up or raise
- 40—A close relative (abbr.)
- 41—Suffix expressing quality or state
- 42—Confidence
- 43—A thousand-mile river of Central China

VERTICAL

- 1—A regular boy
- 2—An island possession of U. S. (abbr.)
- 3—Planet farthest from the sun
- 4—An evergreen tree
- 5—Combining form meaning eight
- 6—A country south of Egypt (abbr.)
- 7—To lick up
- 8—The largest planet
- 9—Weight (abbr.)
- 10—Artist
- 11—Balance
- 12—Storage place for hay and grain
- 13—Design, purpose
- 14—A long-eared equine quadruped
- 15—A Dept. of the U. S. Govt. (abbr.)
- 16—Legal science
- 17—Interjection
- 18—The poison-tree of Java
- 19—The planet we know best
- 20—A sunken track in a road
- 21—Girl's name
- 22—Yes
- 23—Girl's name
- 24—A British peninsula and seaport of Arabia
- 25—A sphere
- 26—Reads carefully
- 27—A planet near the sun
- 28—Cave
- 29—A small house
- 30—Part of verb "to be"
- 31—A cathedral city of N. Italy
- 32—The second largest planet
- 33—Girl's name
- 34—One who helps (abbr.)
- 35—In this or that manner
- 36—A familiar tree
- 37—The red planet
- 38—Boy's name (familiar)
- 39—To yield a clear profit
- 40—Personal pronoun
- 41—Sixty minutes (abbr.)
- 42—To have existence

Dempsey-Gibbons

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—Tom Gibbons, St. Paul heavyweight, today came to definite terms with Tex Rickard for a title match with Jack Dempsey about June 1, either in New York or Jersey City, with an understanding that the winner will oppose Harry Wills, negro contender, in September.

Gent's good English Spats, at SMALLWOOD'S.—Jan 23, 24.

Wang Defied by U. S. Naval Man

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—(Associated Press)—United States war vessels in Shanghai waters have been ordered to escort United States or British merchant ships which desire to leave Shanghai at night even in the face of the Woonung fort commanded by General Wang.

Among other ships, the U. S. naval craft are guarding the British steamship *Belgianland*, which has 400 tourists aboard.

General Wang has advised Rear-Admiral McVay, commanding the United States Yangtze patrol forces, that the Woonung fort will not fire on foreign vessels entering or departing from Shanghai during daylight. Admiral McVay replied that his Government desires Shanghai kept open to commercial ships, and that he will furnish convoy at any hour.

The admiral's report to the State Department did not say what he would do if commercial ships were fired upon, but it is assumed here that he would permit no damage to be done to them without prompt retaliation. Another British river steamer in Shanghai waters was held up Saturday by Chinese who searched the vessel and took off two Chinese passengers.

Cuticura Soap

Pure and Wholesome Keeps The Skin Clear

Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere.

A brush of uncured dandruff feathers of golden tan is used on a small hat of brown satin, in place of the usual pompadour.

Little Jack Rabbit

by David Cory

"Where are you going, Doctor Quack. With your medicine bag on your feather back? Jump into my stage and I'll drive you quick. I hope nobody is very sick."

"That's very kind of you, quacked the good duck doctor climbing up the little step ladder at the rear of the old stagecoach. 'I'm on my way to Mr. Lucky Lethindfoot's house. He has just telephoned that the Old Red Rooster has the Hopping Cough.'"

"Well, it won't hurt that tough old bird," laughed the Old Dog Driver. "I'm more worried about you. The snow is deep and it's a long way." Then, clicking his tongue against his teeth, and snapping his long whip, he started the billy goats off at a gallop, the old stagecoach swinging from side to side as it rolled and bumped along on its four old runners.

Bumpety, bump! Bumpety bump! Most every foot of the road was a bump.

Jig. Jig. Jigerty jig. Hopped the pills in Dr. Quack's bag.

By and by, after a while, and a snowy mile, the Old Dog Driver drew up the billy goats in front of Uncle Lucky's red shingled house on the corner of Lettuce Avenue and Carrot Street in Rabbitville.

Down the little step ladder under the door at the back of the old stagecoach waddled kind Dr. Quack. "How much is the fare?" he asked, looking up at the Old Dog Driver as he hunched in his pocket.

"Come to see me when I'm ill. And bring a Winky Pinky Pill," answered the nice old dog. "Can't pay me anything to-day," and with a crack of his whip, away he went atop of the

old coach, down Lettuce Avenue to the railroad station to meet the Lettuce-mere Express.

"Good old dog," said Dr. Quack to himself, hurrying up the front walk. Then giving the bell handle a pull, he waited for the door to open. Which it did in a jiffy, Little Miss Mousie having scampered out from the kitchen at the very first tinkle tinkle.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come," she sighed. "Uncle Lucky is worried over the Old Red Rooster. But I think the old fowl is only too glad of an excuse to leave," and the little mouse



housekeeper led the famous duck doctor into the sitting room. There sat the Old Red Rooster in dear Uncle Lucky's armchair, a blanket rolled about him and a hot cup of Turnip Tea on a little table near by.

"How is he, doctor?" asked kind, anxious Uncle Lucky as the famous duck doctor took the old rooster's pulse.

And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

THE WET BLANKET OF INGRATITUDE.

A Letter Friend writes me to write a sequel to my article, "On the Wet Blanket of Ingratitude." She wants me to call this sequel the Wet Blanket of Ingratitude.

"You say everyone, even children giving to their parents give better under the stimulant of gratitude," she writes. "That's awfully true. Maybe it ought not to be but it is. And it's even more true that giving, when you are all the time met by an atmosphere of ingratitude and dissatisfaction, is uphill work even when you know it's your duty to give and you haven't any idea of doing anything else."

"Maybe my case is an unusual one but I'm going to tell you about it. My father is dead and I have no brothers and sisters. My husband is fairly well to do and I am able to help support my mother. She has an apartment and a housekeeper and she really is very comfortable. There's not one of her friends who has half so many comforts. I can't tell you how happy I am to be able to do it. Of course my husband has given me the money but I feel that I help as, if it were not for that expense I should have a maid, and as it is I do my own work."

"But here's the trouble. . . I don't expect mother to be grateful. Of course it's my duty but it does hurt me that she is all the time making me feel as if I don't do enough. She seems to resent it because I have expensive clothes, and because my husband and I travel. . . But the money comes from him and he wants to use it that way. He wants me to have nice clothes and he wants to travel. He works awfully hard and he really has a right to spend his money the way he likes to. . . I wish I could give her all that I have but I don't really see how I can. And it makes me very unhappy instead of having her pleased when I have a new frock to

have her ask what it cost and then remind me that she never had a dress that cost as much as that. . . Or if my husband gives me a ring Christmas, for her to say 'that, it's wicked to spend money that way. I really don't think it's mother's fault, but she has a sister who lives near her and who never liked and I think Aunt Emma puts these ideas into mother's head. I notice that mother is always more dissatisfied after Aunt Emma has been there. . . I try not to let it influence me but it's awfully hard not to be hurt by things like that. . . And that makes a real between us. . . And then I keep wondering if I really am selfish. It is so hard to tell."

His People To Be Considered.

"I really think I would do more if the money were all my own, but there's my husband to consider and I know his people think we do too much instead of too little. . . I wish mother could feel a little differently. It would make things so much happier between us. There are times when I really dread to go there, and then she complains I don't go enough. . . Do go a step further than you did the other day and write about the wet blanket of ingratitude. I know I ought not to feel that way but I do, and I guess other people are like me."

I rather suspect they are, don't you? Of course there are millions of children who don't deserve gratitude for their mean and reluctant contributions, as compared to the few thousands of persons who aren't as grateful as they ought to be, but I think the latter class does exist even if it is a small one, and is the cause of unhappiness to itself as well as to those whom it saddens and alienates.

Insist on Queen Maud Sardines—no other "just as good." Jan 23, 24.

A very springlike frock is of navy blue plaid crepe satin trimmed with plaited white Georgette and red buttons.

The Ocean Around Newfoundland

(By A. H. HUNTSMAN, Director of Atlantic Station, Biological Board of Canada.)

CATCHES VARY FROM SEASON TO SEASON.

The fishery in and near the Strait is very interesting, the catches at a given point varying enormously from season to season or even from week to week. Tradition has it that near Bonne Esperance there was once a "city" of one thousand souls, called Brest, of which now scarcely a trace remains, so good was the fishery for a time and so badly did it fail. It is now quite clear that these violent fluctuations are largely due to the changing temperature conditions, as the latter are extremely variable and range from 35 degrees F. to 60 degrees F. In summer the Strait acts as a machine for producing "cod water," i.e., water from 40 degrees F. to 45 degrees F. in temperature and therefore suitable for the cod. It depends upon the way in which this machine works as to where and in what quantity this "cod water" will be found. For the most part water that is too warm enters the Strait from the Gulf on the Nfld. side, and water that is too cold from the Labrador current on the Labrador side. Those two kinds tend to mix in the Strait and the "cold water" that is produced issues from the Strait into the Gulf on the north shore at Blanc Sablon, and to the Quirpon region of Newfoundland toward the open ocean. In these two regions are to be found the important summer codfisheries. Up to August 17th, of 1923, the fishery at Blanc Sablon was considered a failure and very cold water was being delivered there as the warm water failed to come across from the Newfoundland side. When the "Arlieu" returned there on August 21st, the warm water was coming across and mixing with the cold, and the first trap fish had been caught the day before. On the south side on August 17th, the water was mixing with the cold that had come across from the north, and suitable water was reaching the Quirpon region with the result that cod were so plentiful as to exhaust all the supplies of salt required for curing the fish. Shortly afterwards, when the cold water ceased crossing to the south shore the water became too warm and the fishery went down. If the fishermen would only take the temperatures of the water, they would soon realize how useless it is to expect the fish to strike in at any given point until the conditions are right.

PROBLEMS SOLVED; NEW ONES PRESENTED.

What is the reason for the exceptional richness of the fisheries of the Newfoundland region? Its water comes largely from the Labrador current, which has received through Hudson Strait and Bay the drain water from a large part of the prairie region of Western Canada. The water of the current is quite barren in fish and in food for fish. Its food material is largely locked up in the immense numbers of glittering jelly fishes, in which the water abounds, and which the fish will not touch. When they reach the Newfoundland region and the temperature rises, they die, decompose, and provide fertilizer for an abundant growth of minute plants, which serve as food for small shrimp, and, ultimately, for a wealth of fishes. Such is the story revealed by the expedition.

But if some problems have been settled, many new ones have developed. What is the explanation of the extraordinary differences between the seasons of 1923 and 1924? In the former year on the north side of the Strait the fishery was poor or failed because the water was too cold. In 1924 apparently because it was too warm. Seemingly these have to do with changes in the open Atlantic of an extensive character and of which we have but fragmentary knowledge. The following facts may be connected together for the season of 1924: (1) exceptionally warm water over the Grand Bank early in the season; (2) codfish farther in than usual on the Banks of Nova Scotia; (3) large quantities of haddock close inshore, along the coast of Nova Scotia and of New Brunswick; (4) cod fishery failing in the Belle Isle Region because the water was too warm; (5) caplin found farther north on the Labrador coast than ever before; and (6) the season comparatively warm and dry in the Maritime Provinces, and com-



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And that accounts for that distinctive taste—the taste of purity.

This characteristic taste is not evident in your cooked foods, but you will find a greatly improved flavor in all dishes in which this wholesome milk is used. It adds a creamy smoothness and improves texture, because Carnation is pure, fresh milk evaporated to double richness, kept safe by sterilization.

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THE BEST—55c. each.

3 Double Records for \$1.00

Charles Hutton

The Home of Music.

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Queen Maud leads a nation—but Queen Maud Sardines lead the world.—Jan 23, 24.

Fur Sales at Montreal

SILVER FOX SKINS SOLD FOR \$375. Montreal, Feb. 5.—The feature of yesterday's sale of the Canadian Fur Auction Sales Co., Ltd., here, was the disposal of 895 silver fox skins, being the balance of a total collection of 1,362. The top price paid for these skins, which came mostly from Quebec and Prince Edward Island, was \$375.

A collection of 12,227 Canadian racoon skins were disposed of for American account, the top price being \$10. Other sales included:—Kollinsky, 2,000 skins, declined 10 per cent.; Marten, 5,987 skins, mostly from Canada and Alaska, the top price being \$110.

CHEAP ORANGES.—We offer for cash Sweet Juicy Oranges—\$3.75 per case, to clear quickly. This is a rare chance for cheap fruit. EDWIN MURRAY.—Feb 5.

Spring coats have an odd fancy in omitting the fur collar, but using fur at hem and on sleeves.

paratively cool and wet in Ontario and Quebec. If these phenomena are to be associated, they point to an exceptionally great northward influence of the tropic or "gulf stream" water off the Atlantic coast, with far-reaching effects both in the water and in the air. The nature and causes of such changes form an important problem for the future.

The latest choker has a trail of jewelled stones that may be worn gold lame is trimmed with ornaments of black pearl.

SNOODLES—

The Mysterious Marks Meant Murder To Mother.

By CY HUNGERFORD

