

Crossword Puzzle

Grid for crossword puzzle with numbers 1-64 and letters A-Z.

- Horizontal: 1 Original qualities, 2 Edge, 3 Heavy, 4 Springless cart, 5 Feline animal, 6 Jewel of delicate colors, 7 Indian tribe dwelling in Utah, 8 Buzzing sound of a wheel, 9 To depart, 10 Maidens, 11 Half an em, 12 Night, 13 To perish, 14 To notch, 15 To deliver, 16 Dandies, 17 Seventh note in scale, 18 To shower, 19 Opposed to minus, 20 Like, 21 Sick, 22 Small sized type, 23 Not bright, 24 All right, 25 Puffed, 26 Writing instruments, 27 To accomplish, 28 South African farmer, 29 Mineral from which face powder is made, 30 To sin, 31 Fluid in a tree, 32 Card game, 33 Point of compass, 34 Woman's title of respect, 35 Either's partner, 36 Musical sounds, 37 Baking dish, 38 Specimen of lyric poem, 39 Chief linguist tribe in Indo-China, 40 A scaly ant eater (mammal), 41 Correlative of neither, 42 Instrument for measuring arcs and angles.

- Vertical: 1 Dividing according to a fixed ratio (pl), 2 To tear, 3 Icons, 4 Sun god, 5 Member of an ancient Celtic religious order, 6 Healing, 7 The white poplar tree, 8 Sixth note in the scale, 9 Frostings, 10 Organ of hearing, 11 An instrument for measuring the squint in an eye, 12 One who is in love.

Answer to Yesterday's Crossword Puzzle. THEATER NATURAL, ROADS, ASSAULT, PEG, PA, FREE, TASK, PI, Z, TRY, TEA, EKE, N, EMANATE, LEGATES, AT, MA, OR, TO, STIPEND, ONENESS, E, CAN, RAP, TAR, I, MESS, PAINED, ISMS, AR, TRAP, ROLL, IT, TOT, OPERATE, ATE, IDEAL, PRE, NEMER, CENTERS, ENDLESS.

"YOU KNOW ME AL," FEATURING JACK KEEF E. DIRECTED BY RING LARDNER. DRAWN BY DICK DORGAN.



SALESMAN SAM

Where's Your Manners, Guzz?

By Swan



"CAP" STUBBS

Wuz Is Right

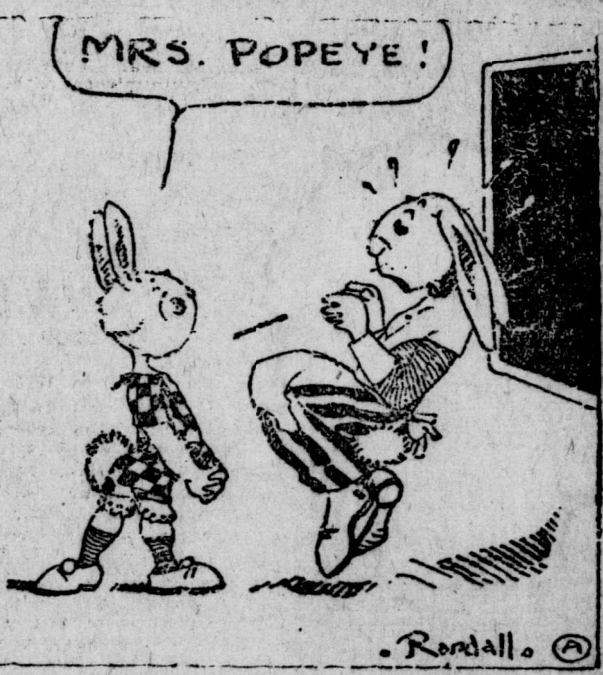
BY EDWINA



IN RABBITBORO

Dora Makes A Guess

By ALBERTINE RANDALL



The One Who Forgot

By RUBY M. AYRES

"Miss Marbury - " It was John Arnott, and a little behind him was Peter Lyster. "Oh, we should run across one another again," Arnott said, trying to speak casually; he held out his hand to Nan, and took hers in a warm, friendly grasp. He hesitated, glancing at Peter, but Lyster was looking from one to the other, obviously expecting to be introduced, and after the barest possible hesitation Arnott presented him. "My friend, Peter Lyster - Miss Marbury." He did not dare to look at Nan, but he need not have feared; after the first natural blushing she met the visitor calmly, though she was quite pale, and now and then there was a catch in her voice when she said, "I think I've seen you before," Lyster held her breath in an agony of surprise. The unexpected sight of her, and some faint chord in his mind? His next words soon dispelled the illusion. "You came into the hotel last night, didn't you?" he said. "I was in the room."

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plunging her because she was able to play the game of pretense so well. When she was out of earshot Peter looked at his friend. "Who is she?" he asked with faint interest. Arnott colored. "It's the girl I told you about the other night, Nan Marbury," he said. "Oh, Peter, I know I have a great deal to ask the question, but it seemed to rise to his lips unawares. "Oh, I don't know! I'm going out of town soon for a few days." "Really?" Arnott looked absurdly disappointed. "Oh, I say, I protest, I was hoping we were going to see a great deal of one another." "Nan looked at Peter; he was brushing some dust from the sleeve of his coat and was apparently not in the least interested in either of his companions. A wave of great bitterness swept over her soul. It seemed impossible that she could laugh and talk with Arnott while her very heart and soul were groveling at Lyster's feet. "I've got to go home, you see," she heard herself explaining flippantly. "Not that I want to exactly - I'm afraid I'm a dutiful daughter, really - but..." "Let me know where you are going, and when, won't you?" Arnott asked, outside on the path now, and it was with a rush of relief that Nan felt the cool spring air on her burning cheeks. "Oh, yes, I'll let you know," she answered lightly. "It's a dreadful, sleepy hollow of a place where I live." "And where is this appalling spot?" Peter asked, with a ghost of a smile in his eyes. "Nan turned and looked at him. She was wondering if he would remember the name if she spoke it; she had told him about it so often, and her life at home and her lonely childhood, and the gladness with which she had escaped from her stepmother. "It's a little place in Hertfordshire called Leavenden," she said, clearly. "I don't suppose you've ever heard of it, but..." She broke off, John Arnott had given a war-whoop of delight. "Leavenden!" he said. "Why, that is only two miles from my sister's place. She lives at Little Gaddens, the next village."

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Little Jack Rabbit

by David Cory. The Old Red Rooster and Auntie Hen were riding along through the Leafy Glen. In Peter Pig's care, when all at once some one shouted: "Stop, you dunce!" "Who's calling me names?" asked Peter Pig, pulling in the donkey. "Ha, ha, hee, hee!" laughed a gruff voice. "Who can it be?" laughed Auntie Hen, nervously. "Not that I am," answered the Old Red Rooster. "Not a very polite person, I should say." The next minute the gruff voice called out: "Where are you going, Peter Pig. With your little gray donkey and creaky gig? And Old Red Rooster and Auntie Hen you're bringing from your Pigsty Pen." "I know it," said Peter Pig, but who are you?" "Who can it be?" again whispered Auntie Hen, all a-tremble. "Must be an enemy, or he'd show himself," answered the Old Red Rooster, his gills growing pale at the thought that the owner of the gruff voice might turn out to be Danny Fox. Just then who should peek down from a branch overhead but Mrs. Wildcat. Dear me, how fierce she looked. Her bonnet was hanging by a string and her long, red tongue licking her lips. "Ho, ho," she snarled, "what a fine feast." "Two fat chickens and a pig, Ha, ha," and Mrs. Wildcat, or Mrs. Lynx, as she is often called, snarled again. "But goodness gracious meebus!" as Uncle Lucky, the dear old gentleman rabbit would have exclaimed had he been there, all of a sudden she spied her face in the mirror of the old dresser on which sat, all a-tremble, the Old Red Rooster and Auntie Hen. With a frightened "Meow!" she jumped right out of the tree and ran away, thinking that a fierce wildcat was about to fight her. Well, wasn't that lucky for Auntie Hen, Old Red Rooster and Peter Pig, to say nothing of the donkey? Well, indeed it was. "Who's calling me names?" asked Peter Pig, pulling in the donkey. "Ha, ha, hee, hee!" laughed a gruff voice. "Who can it be?" laughed Auntie Hen, nervously. "Not that I am," answered the Old Red Rooster. "Not a very polite person, I should say." The next minute the gruff voice called out: "Where are you going, Peter Pig. With your little gray donkey and creaky gig? And Old Red Rooster and Auntie Hen you're bringing from your Pigsty Pen." "I know it," said Peter Pig, but who are you?" "Who can it be?" again whispered Auntie Hen, all a-tremble. "Must be an enemy, or he'd show himself," answered the Old Red Rooster, his gills growing pale at the thought that the owner of the gruff voice might turn out to be Danny Fox. Just then who should peek down from a branch overhead but Mrs. Wildcat. Dear me, how fierce she looked. Her bonnet was hanging by a string and her long, red tongue licking her lips. "Ho, ho," she snarled, "what a fine feast." "Two fat chickens and a pig, Ha, ha," and Mrs. Wildcat, or Mrs. Lynx, as she is often called, snarled again. "But goodness gracious meebus!" as Uncle Lucky, the dear old gentleman rabbit would have exclaimed had he been there, all of a sudden she spied her face in the mirror of the old dresser on which sat, all a-tremble, the Old Red Rooster and Auntie Hen. With a frightened "Meow!" she jumped right out of the tree and ran away, thinking that a fierce wildcat was about to fight her. Well, indeed it was.

SIX LONDON GIRLS ARE MANNEQUINS AT CAPITOL

London girls who acted as mannequins for the Artistic Ladies' Wear Company in fashion show at the Capitol Theater on Monday were the Misses Peggy Ellis, Toots Macaulay, Elva McFarlane, Vera Moss, Viola Minn and Iris Jenkins.

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