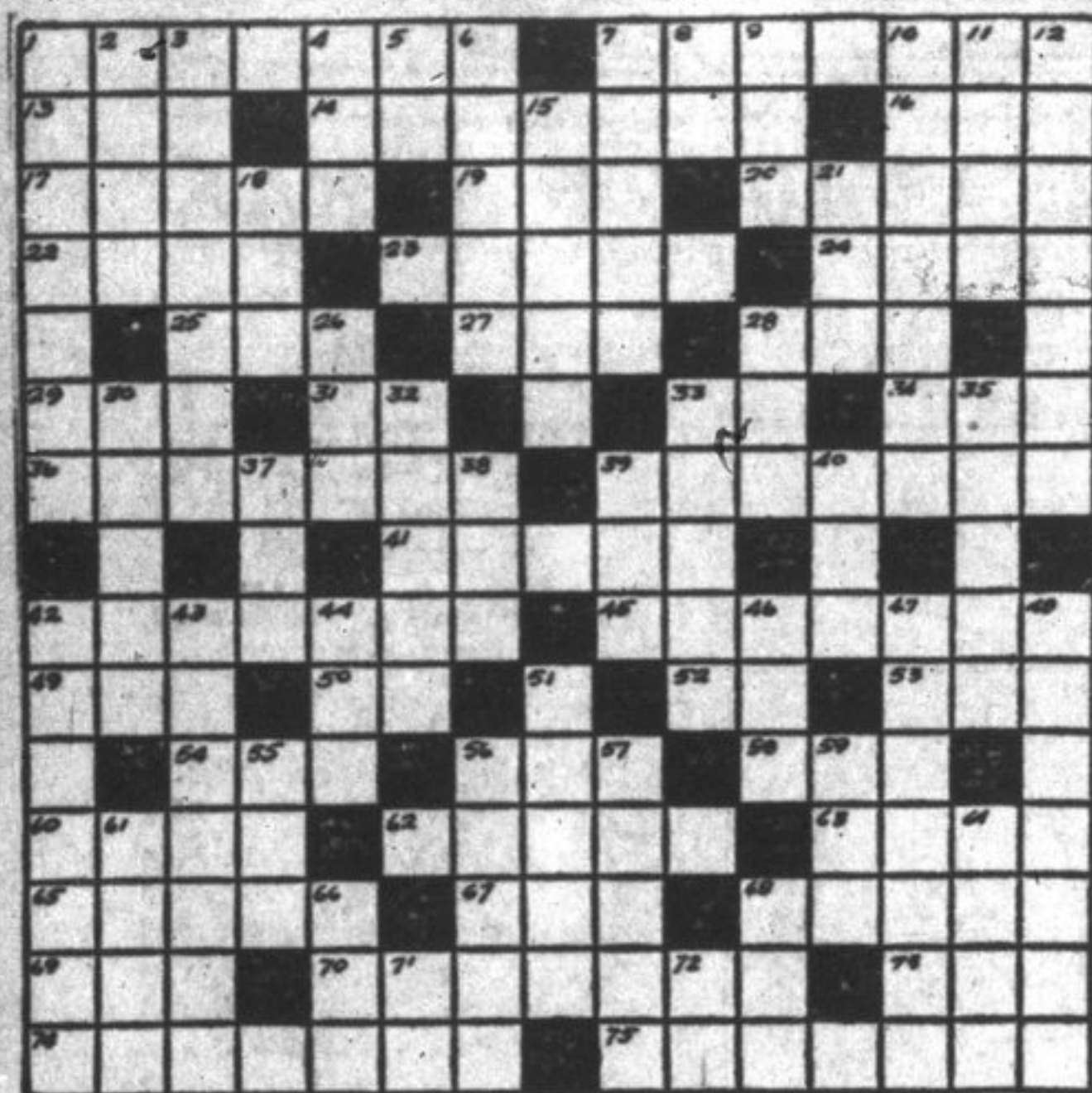


CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Short words and long words, both easy and hard, make up this interesting puzzle. There are quite a few unkeyed letters to stock you.



- Horizontal.
- Writes ungracefully.
 - Beasts.
 - Digit of the foot.
 - Curved.
 - Eggs of fishes.
 - Mass meetings.
 - To wander about.
 - Merits.
 - Hodgepodge.
 - Yawned.
 - To join.
 - Goat's hair cloth.
 - Scarlet, color of sin.
 - Exalted.
 - Time between trains.
 - Therefore.
 - Myself.
 - To make a narrow lace.
 - To make content.
 - Degrades.
 - Principle.
 - Venerates.
 - Chief compound of an edible nest.
 - Unit.
 - Upon.
 - Sun god.
 - Golf term.
 - Egg of a house.
 - Perched.
 - Parrot noted as a sheep killer.
- Vertical.
- Pats.
 - Fuel.
 - Confident.
 - Behold.
 - Sweet crystallizable substance.
 - Totalled.
 - Point of compass.
 - Small fresh water fish.
 - Obstructs.
 - Solitary.
 - Last six lines of a sonnet (pl.).
 - Back parts of necks.
 - To toss.
 - Eucharist vessel.
 - Almost a donkey.
 - Spider's house.
 - Made of oatmeal.
 - Frequently.
 - Rhythm.
 - Nest of bird of prey.
 - Frozen water.
 - Affirmative.
 - Lair of a beast.
 - Three-toed sloths.
 - Revolved.
 - Abdomens.
 - To decay.
 - King of the forest.
 - Pigment used to give color to paint.
 - Cuddled.
 - Freight.
 - Distinctive doctrine.
 - Scars.
 - Years between 13 and 20.
 - Age.
 - Emperor noted for meddling while Rome was burning.
 - To rescue.
 - To droop.
 - Cry of a sheep.
 - Myself.
 - Neuter pronoun.

Answer To Monday's Crossword Puzzle.



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THAT YEAR OF FREEDOM

BY MILDRED BARBOUR

TWO UNUSUAL REQUESTS

Nan was having lunch with Madame Polinska one day when the latter extended her an amazing invitation.

It was a broiling hot midsummer day, the streets were glazed with heat and not a leaf stirred on trees that seemed to sag lifelessly under the merciless rays of the sun. But the dining-rooms of Madame Polinska's house was cool and shadowy and fragrant with the scent of flowers that filled bowls placed on the table and buffet. The dark, beamed ceiling was rest-

ful to the eye after the glare of the sun light and the opened French windows showed a brief vista of a cool green strip of garden.

The luncheon, perfectly served and perfectly prepared as always, consisted solely of cold dishes which Nan specially liked.

She remarked to her hostess how pleasant it was and what a relief from her own small apartment where the heat was too unbearable for sleep.

"My dear," Madame Polinska's eyes were thoughtful, "I have been thinking

for a long time—why shouldn't you give up your apartment and come to stay with me here? The house is far too enormous for my needs and I'll admit I get a bit lonely at times."

"But," Nan stammered in surprise, "it would be an imposition, surely?"

"Not in the least," Madame assured her. "You would be doing me a favor. If you feel better about it, we could share expenses. As I mentioned before, I'm seriously economizing so that I can devote everyone of my spare pennies to my charity. It would be too selfish to live here in luxury while the little children of my country are dying for lack of food. Besides, there is a garage in the rear and you could keep your car there and save quite a bit yourself—of course not that you need to."

Her eyes travelled appraisingly over Nan's pretty and obviously expensive summer frock and the jewels on her slim fingers.

"You really look extremely well taken care of," she remarked.

It was on the tip of Nan's tongue to say: "Oh, my husband gives me a generous allowance," but she checked herself in time. She was uncomfortably aware, however, that something in Madame Polinska's attitude, unexpressed but none the less apparent, suggested that the source of her income might not be entirely legitimate.

However she accepted the Russian woman's invitation gratefully. Her own apartment had really become unbearable, accustomed as she was to the spacious rooms of Larrabee's big house and the summer cottage at the seashore.

She moved her effects the following day and ran her car into the garage with the feeling that she had made a fair exchange for its use.

When she told Brandon about her change of residence, he shrugged and smiled.

"You seem to get them all, both men and women. None of us can resist you apparently. It's the first time I have ever seen Polinska falling for anybody. She is a pretty canny soul and usually has her eye open for her own advantage."

"But she seems generosity itself," Nan protested. "Look how she is giving up all her time for charity."

"Charity fiddlersicks," Mona Vail cut in as was her habit, "she is getting enough publicity and attention from her for those silly little talks she gives and calls real work. If you want my opinion, she really does it to hear the sound of her own voice. How that woman can talk if she gets hold of a listener."

"Oh, shut up," Mona," Brandon told her irritably, "you always have something nasty to say about people."

"Is that so," she sprang up from her chair, cheeks angrily flushed, eyes flashing. "Well, you don't have to listen to it if you don't like it."

She grabbed her hat off the top of her desk, jammed it carelessly on her head and flounced out, slamming the door behind her.

Brandon made a humorous gesture, half mocking, half rueful.

"Charming little disposition she has, hasn't she? Don't be embarrassed, it's nothing unusual. I am treated to those little scenes ten times a day."

It seemed to Nan that he spoke rather lightly of his finances to a casual pupil and she began to believe what Madame Polinska had told her—that the engagement was more on Mona's side than his.

It didn't increase her liking for him and again she found herself hoping that he would get his just reward some day from a girl more clever than Mona.

That night after dinner, Madame Polinska said: "My dear, I noticed today that you received a gown from Sterns. Do you happen to have an account there?"

Nan nodded. "It's the best shop in town, I think."

"Then I wonder," said Madame Polinska slowly, "if you'd let me purchase a new costume there on your account. I'll pay you when the bill comes in. You see, I only receive my allowance from Russia quarterly and it's a bit overdue."

A trifled surprised, Nan nevertheless gave her consent.

(To be continued)

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Detective Work in Egypt. When eight of the nine Egyptians found guilty of murdering the Sirdar of Egypt, General Stack, had been sentenced to death, the story of their detection was made public. It was a difficult piece of work, skillfully done. The assassins had completely vanished after their bloody deed. Suspicion naturally fell upon a number of the followers of Zaghlul, and several of them were arrested. But the time of their detention, during which they all proved their innocence, was utilized by Colonel Russell, Chief of the Cairo police, and Ingram Bay, of the Detective Service, to get on the trail of the real criminals. Two detectives had overheard a couple of Egyptians who were brothers discussing the details of the assassination. Then the report was given out in an Arab paper that he had gone to the Minister of the Interior to make a clean breast of it.

At this the others took fright and fled to Alexandria, whence they set out for Tripoli. But their movements were followed. A British officer disguised as an engineer rode on the locomotive of their train and stopped in at a point where a police force had been left in ambush. The fugitives were arrested and came through with a confession of the whole plot. By this means the crime was brought home to six others.

Detective work of this kind is very hard to carry on in an Oriental country. If the natives do not actually sympathize with the crime, they at least think only how they can avoid being involved in it in any way. They will do nothing voluntarily to see that justice is done. Yet it appears that Oriental conspirators live in dread of an "informer," and it was by playing upon this motive that the assassins of the Sirdar were finally run down. Mr. Arthur Ransome, in describing the course of the long investigation and search for the murderers, quotes a saying of the Zaghlul himself. He went to the scene of the crime and was heard to exclaim bitterly, "It is against me that they have done this thing." This recalls the despair of Parnell when Lord Frederick Cavendish was murdered by the Fenians in Phoenix Park. Political assassination seems to have been as grievous a blunder, as well as crime, in Egypt as it was in Ireland.

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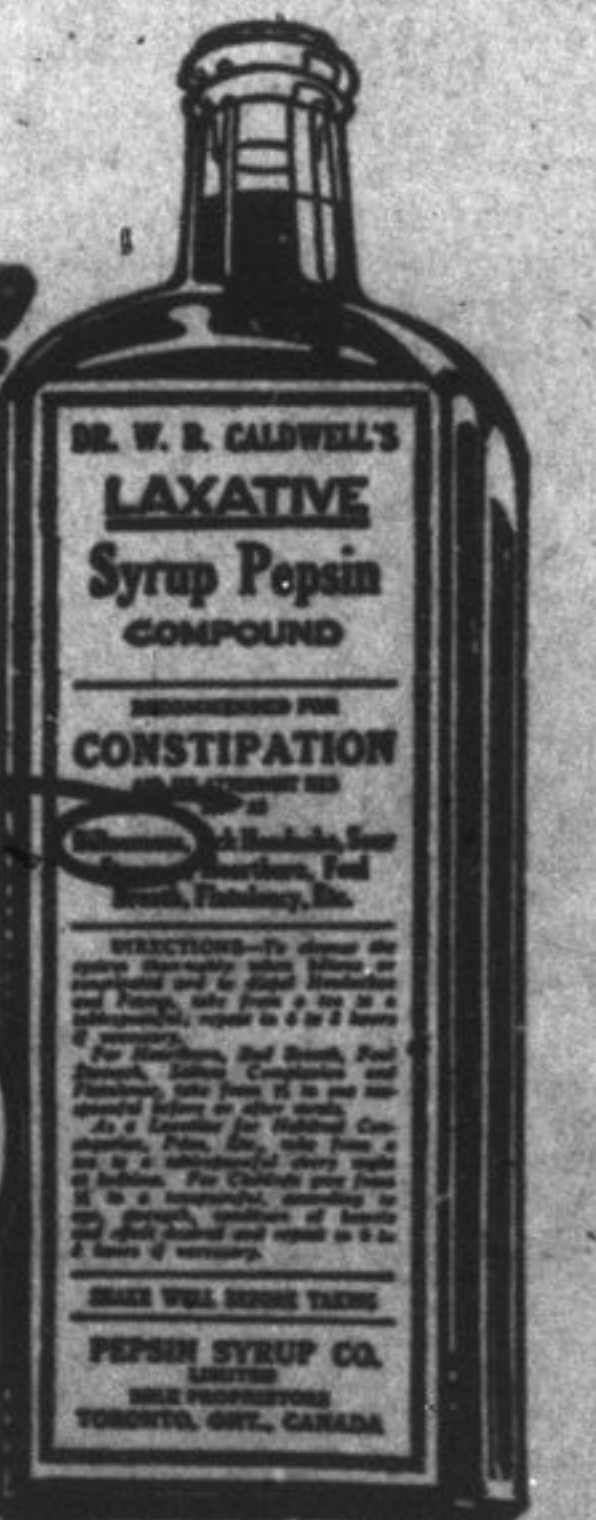
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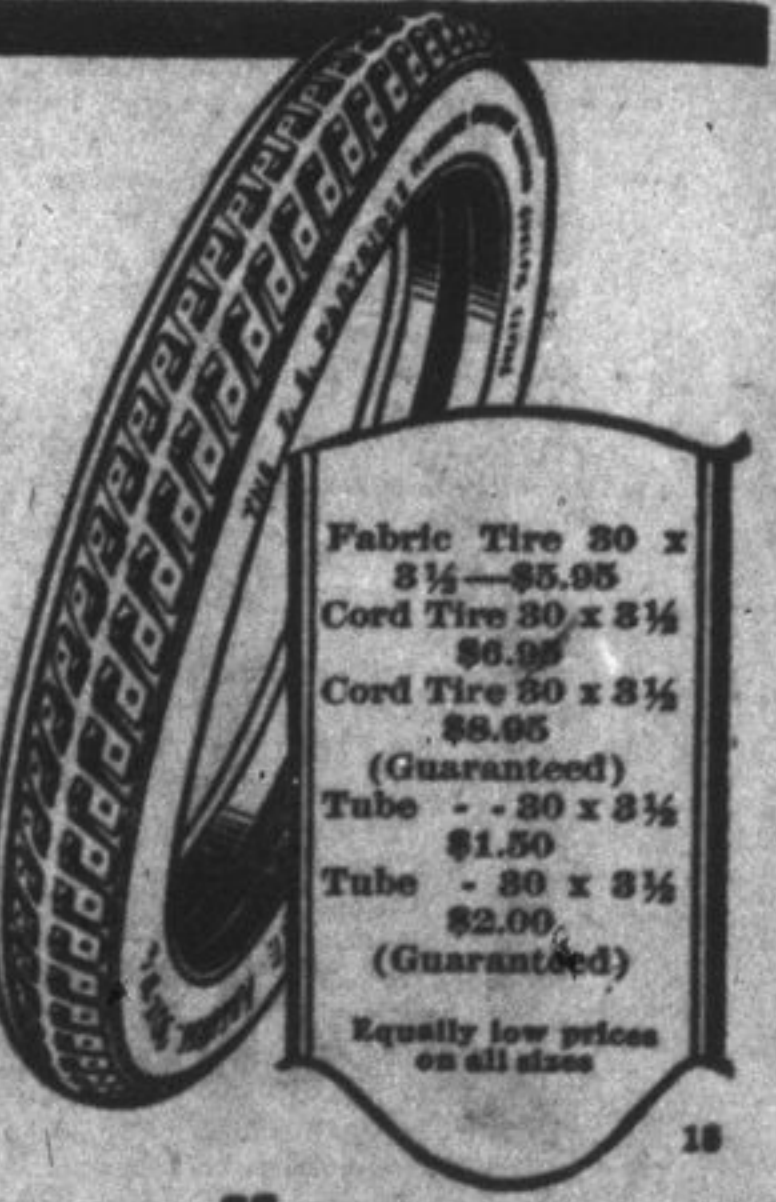
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