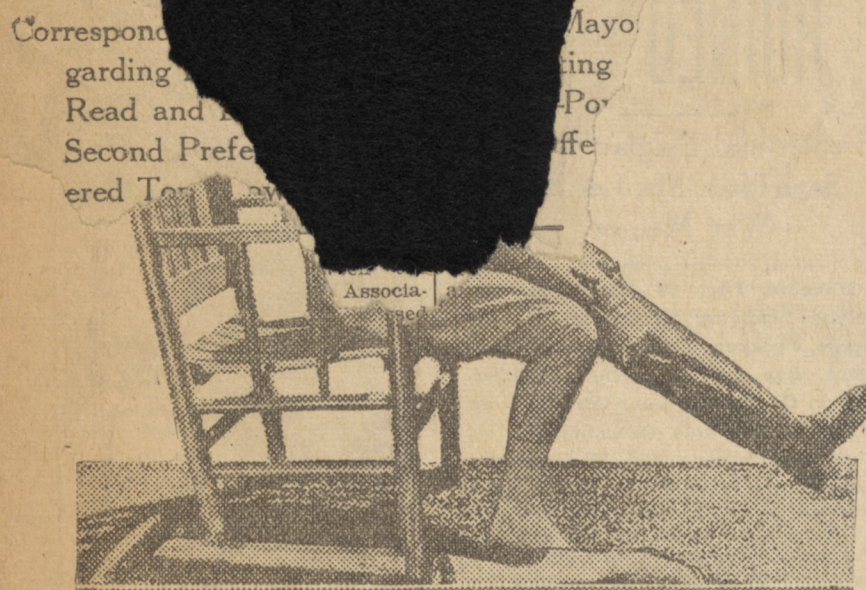


ANAL'S MAGAZINE OF INTEREST FOR THE HOME



BILLIE DOVE'S name might lead one to suspect her rise to fame was achieved by flight. Facts dispute this, however. It seems that this young celebrity of the screen made herself so elevated by the hitherto scorned device of her own bootstraps. The photograph shows her doing it.

They Sit in Line in London Now



London theatregoers needn't stand in line for their tickets—at least at St. Martin's. "Peggy, the Chair Girl," provides them with collapsible seats for a small fee. She created this unique job for herself when she returned, wounded from war service, and could find no other work. Peggy is shown limping along with a cane and selling her seats.

Black and White



You aren't up to snuff in dress if you don't wear a black collar and tie against a white shirt, as shown here. The fad started in New York with Earl Carroll, theatrical manager, and has spread through Broadway.

May End Crime With Knife



Juvenile authorities of Oklahoma City, Okla., are watching the effects of an operation performed by Dr. John C. Hubbard, above right, upon Raymond Baker, 14, left, who had been arrested for automobile theft. Hubbard says he expects the operation to cure the boy of criminal tendencies.

THE SKY LINE OF SPRUCE

by Edison Marshall

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(Continued from our last issue.)

She sat dry-eyed, incoherent prayers at her trembling lips. Most of all she did not touch the man, only sat at his bedside in the crude chair Ben had fashioned for her.

The hours dragged by, the night sloped down to the forest; and the dawn followed the night. Ben's life still flickered, like a flame in the wind, in the twilight land between life and death.

The hours dragged by, the night sloped down to the forest; and the dawn followed the night. Ben's life still flickered, like a flame in the wind, in the twilight land between life and death.

Yet little could she do for him these first few days, except, in her simple faith, to pray.

But in the morning of the fourth day he opened his eyes vividly, muttered, and fell immediately to sleep. In the days that followed he was conscious to the degree that he could drink breath, yet never realizing Beatrice nor seeming to know where he was.

It would be long weeks before Ben could hope for sufficient strength to start the journey down to the settlements, even if the way were open. As it was, their only chance lay in the fall rains that would flood the Yuga and enable them to journey down to the native villages in their canoe.

Yet she still waged the fight, struggling with high courage and tireless resolution against the frightful odds that opposed her.

But now, the real hour of crisis was at hand—not from his illness, but from the depletion of their food supplies.

She walked to the mouth of the cave, and famine itself stood close, waiting in the shadows. She gazed out into the gathering gloom.

The forest was silent tonight. Not a twig cracked or a branch rustled. It was hushed, breathless, darkly sinister. All at once her eyes peered and strained into the dusk.

Far across the valley, beyond the beaver marsh and on the farther shore of the lake she saw a little glimmer of light through the rift in the trees. A gleam of hope in the darkness of despair.

She hastened into the cave, drew the blankets higher about Ben's shoulders, then crept on into the dusk. Half running, she hastened toward the distant camp fire.

CHAPTER XVI
The Shot That Warned

Impelled by the excitement under which she advanced, her old agility of motion had for the moment returned to her; and she crept softly as a fawn between the young trees. One mist-step, one rustling branch or crackling twig might give her away; but she took each step with consummate care, gently thrusting the tree branches from her path.

One of the three men looked up, and she saw his face plainly through the low spruce boughs. It was with a distinct foreboding of disaster that she saw that the man was Ray Brent.

At one side, close to the edge of the forest, she saw a kayak—one of those square boxes that are hung on a pack saddle—whose seemed to be heaped with jerked caribou or moose flesh. For the time of a breath she could not take her eyes from it.

Chan and Neilson were seemingly asleep, and now Ray was knocking the ashes from his pipe.

He got up, and removing his outer coat, rolled in his blankets. The night hours began their mystic march across the face of the wilderness.

The fire was a heap of gray ashes except for its red-hot center: the kayak was in gloom. Very softly Beatrice crept through the thickets, meanwhile encircling the dying fire, and came up behind it.

Now it was almost in reach: now her hands were at its loops. She started to lift it in her arms.

But disaster still dogged her trail. Ray Brent had been too wary of attack, tonight, to sink easily into deep slumber. He heard the soft movement and with a startled oath sprang to his feet.

Neilson and Chan were on their feet now, and they regarded her in the utter silence of amazement. Breathing fast, Ray came behind her. "Build up the fire, Chan," he said in a strange, grim voice. "We want to see what we've caught."

Obediently Chan kicked the coals from under the ashes, and began to heap on broken pieces of wood.

Slowly the fire's glow crept out to her, revealing her wide, frightened eyes and the dark, speculative faces of the men. Then Ray spoke sharply: "Well, why don't you question her?" he demanded of Neilson. "I suppose you know what she was doing. She was trying to steal food. It looks to me like she's gone over to the opposite camp."

Her father sighed. "Is that so, daughter?" he asked simply. "I was trying to take some of your food to Ben," Beatrice replied softly. "He's in need of it."

"You see, they're on intimate terms," Ray suggested viciously. "Ben was in need of food—so she came here to steal it."

Neilson acted as if he had not heard. "Why didn't you speak to us—tell us you were safe?" he asked. "We've come all the way here to find you."

"Perhaps you did. If you had been here alone, I would have told you. But Ray and Chan came all the way here to find Ben. They intend to kill him when they find him. I—I didn't want him killed."

Slowly her father shook his head. "That's not the way now. He brought this on himself."

"Remember, he was in the right," the girl pleaded brokenly. "You won't—you couldn't be a partner to murder."

Neilson straightened, his eyes steely and bright under his grizzled brows. Only too well he knew that this was the test. Affairs were at their crisis at last.

"If one of you dares to lay a hand on Beatrice, I'll kill him where he stands."

Even as he spoke his thought went to his rifle, leaning against a dead log ten feet away. The jealousy and rivalry and hatred between himself and Ray had reached the crisis.

Ray leered, his muscles bunching. "And I say to you, you're a dirty traitor too," he answered.

Neilson leaped forward with all his power and as if his blow had gone home, Ray would have been shattered beneath it like a tree the lightning blast.

Ray's arms were incredibly swift, and his rifle leaped in his hands.

The barrel gleamed. The roar echoed in the silence. Neilson's head bowed strangely and for a moment he stood swaying, then pitched forward in the dew-wet grass.

Beatrice's last defense had fallen, seriously wounded; and Ray's arm seized her as, screaming, she tried to flee.

The shot that wounded Jeffery Neilson carried far through the forest aisles. It came clear as a voice to the cavern where Ben lay.

The man started violently in his cot. His entire nervous system seemed to react.

UNCLE DICK'S TALK

Dear Girls and Boys:—There is still a lingering of Christmas, for cards are still arriving for the Corner and for Uncle Dick. This week there are to be some visits from Santa Claus, who has to make his offerings from the trees that have to be spread about, as there are a great many to decorate and ever so many girls and boys to look after. I saw a tree yesterday that was used for some wee girls and boys of various sizes. Some of the gifts will come from another tree that I saw a week ago, that was made up of a great many little trees, with gifts from rich boys and girls to their sisters and brothers who are poor.

Santa Claus sent word to them that they had many of the blessings of this world and he wished very much that they would help him in his work at Christmas. There were twenty-five or more small trees, one for each group, and they sparkled with beautiful trimmings, while the eyes of the rich girls and boys were shining with joy at being able to help Santa Claus. There was a big stand, something like the one that mothers use in the country for flower stands, with one section above the other and the classes (yes, it was a Sunday school) all marched up in order and the superintendent built up the great big tree, with all the glittering small ones. Oh, how it did shine! And it fairly groaned with its heavy load.

Underneath were barrels of apples, nobby parcels that had all kinds of good things to eat, and there were beautiful songs and gave praise to the Saviour, whose birthday they were keeping by bringing gifts to Him, yes, that is what they were doing, for He said one time that the way to give to Him was to help the poor. And it will help them. I just wish that you could see those girls and boys who will gather to get their treat this week. Some have very little to eat at home, and they do not know the comforts of our life at all. They are so glad to get oranges that sometimes they eat them skin and all, yes actually, and they don't seem to get sick either!

These girls and boys know how to sing, too, and they have nice voices, that they used to praise God for His goodness to them. Some of them are rough and seem to just take all they can get, but really every one of them knows that God has sent kind friends to give them a chance to be like other girls and boys for Christmas time, at least.

I am much interested in the concert that Annie spoke of in her letter to me, and hope that she will tell us about it. You must have all been in concerts for the holiday, and I shall look forward to hearing about them, along with the stories about presents and so forth. ("So forth" means everything that goes with presents). This explanation is for the very small boys and girls, for I know that many of them read this Corner and I want to encourage the Corner and all the children's.

UNCLE DICK.

Dear Royden:—Your card is a hand-some one, with a fine old Santa, who has a little twinkle in his eye. I believe that he must have just finished filling a stocking for an extra good little boy and is glad about it. Perhaps it was a little boy, who was not as good as he should be, and Santa is laughing to think how surprised he will be when he finds a number of presents that he must have just finished filling a stocking for an extra good little boy and is glad about it.

Many thanks for your thought of your.

UNCLE DICK.

Dear Grace:—"May the twelve-month through mean happiness to you," is very much like Katie's wish and surely Uncle Dick will have some good times, with so many kind thoughts blowing in this direction. The design of your card is eastern and shows the moon shining over an eastern valley, with a quaint design at the side, to carry out the effect. The printing looks like some that I

used to get years ago, when I was a little fellow, when my teacher in Sunday school used to give me a card for learning Catechism. The verse was always from the Bible. Now I am done for today, and will tell you some new story if I can tomorrow.

Hope that you keep your eye on Peter Rabbit. He is a great friend of mine, as I hope he is to you all.

Love from the Corner and

UNCLE DICK.

The size of the box of candy you should give a girl depends upon how many brothers she has.

They use glycerine for tears in the movies because movie stars can think of nothing to cry about.

In Louisville, Ky., a pickpocket robbed a girl in the sheriff's office. Thirty deputies present escaped without loss.

Haynes asks \$125,000 to keep the U. S. dry next year. About \$3,000,000 is being spent daily to keep it wet.

CHAPTER XVII
The Wolf Pack

For a strange, still moment Ray's face seemed devoid of all expression. It was flat and lifeless as dark clay. Then Beatrice felt the insult of his quickening gaze.

"Put a rope around her wrists, Chan," he said. "We don't want to take chances on her getting away."

She wore Ben's knife at her belt, and her hand sped toward it. But the motion, fast as it was, came too late. Chan saw it and leaping swiftly, his arms went about her and pinned her own arms to her sides.

Ray was adding his confederate now, and in an instant more she was helpless.

"You haven't lost all your looks," he told her breathlessly. "That mouth is still pretty enough to kiss. And I guess you won't slap this time—"

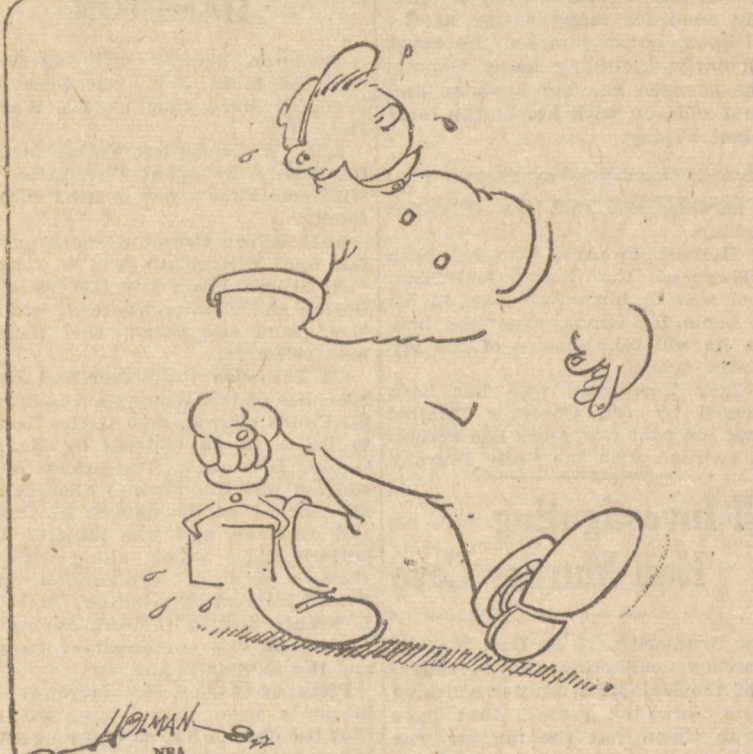
Her voice rose shrilly to a scream. "Ben—help me!"

(Continued in our next issue.)

DRAWFUNNIES

Drawings by Bill Holman Verses by Hal Cochran

Draw in the missing lines and then color the picture



When summer season is at hand
This fellow's job is nice;
For, though some fellows take the cake,
He always takes the ice.

Dear Katie:—The design on your card is very pretty, with the trees that suggest the North Pole, set in red, with the snow showing just behind the green surrounding it all gives the Christmas touch, and the verse is very cheering about the New Year's day being glad, and all the days following after, the best one ever had. It is a fine wish, and I think that it will be fulfilled for your Uncle Dick, if all the nieces and nephews remember to write to him as they have now begun to do.

Many thanks for your thought of your.

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(Continued in our next issue.)

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



Peter Hunts in Great Excitement
By Thornton W. Burgess

Curiosity may end
In difficulties, it is true,
But without it to lead us on
I don't know what the world would do.

—Peter Rabbit.

Peter Rabbit was excited. Yes, sir, he was excited. It was a long time since he had been quite so excited. He was in the cedar swamp which is a part of the Green Forest. It was dark and gloomy in there because the trees grew close together and, being evergreen, which means that they keep their leaves all winter, they shut out the sunlight.

But Peter didn't mind this. You see, he had heard a voice in there which sounded exactly like the voice of an old friend, a voice which he had not expected to hear again until spring. Now he was looking for the owner of that voice.

Now, hunting for any one in a cedar swamp is no easy task, even if the one you are hunting for is big. This is because it is impossible to see in any direction more than a few feet. And if Peter had really recognized that voice the owner of it was not big. In fact, he was small. So Peter would hop only a few feet and stop to listen.

Just as soon as he heard that voice he would hurry on again.

Now, if the owner of that voice had remained in one place Peter might have found him easily. But he didn't remain in one place. That voice would come from a point a short distance straight ahead of Peter. "I'll find him this time," Peter would say to himself. When he had gone what he thought was far enough he would stop and look all about. Then he would hear that voice off to one side and away he would go, to do the same thing over again. "That voice didn't stay put. It was constantly moving about."

Now, that voice was a chirp, a rather mournful chirp. Never in his life had Peter heard that voice in winter. It was the voice of one of his feathered friends who should by now be down in the Sunny South. Knowing this, Peter couldn't even yet really believe that this was the voice of his particular friend. He more than half suspected that some one was imitating that voice. More than once he was tempted to give up the hunt and

leave the cedar swamp. But curiosity wouldn't let him. Each time he was so tempted he would hear that voice again, and excitedly start off in a new direction.

"I'm silly to waste my time and run my legs off," muttered Peter as he sat waiting and listening. "Some one is playing a joke on me. Yes, sir, some one is playing a joke. I'll go home this very minute."

"Chirp, chirp, chirp." That voice came from only a short distance away. If Peter could believe his ears at all that was no imitation. Yes, sir, it was certainly was provoking. (Copyright, 1922, by T. W. Burgess.)

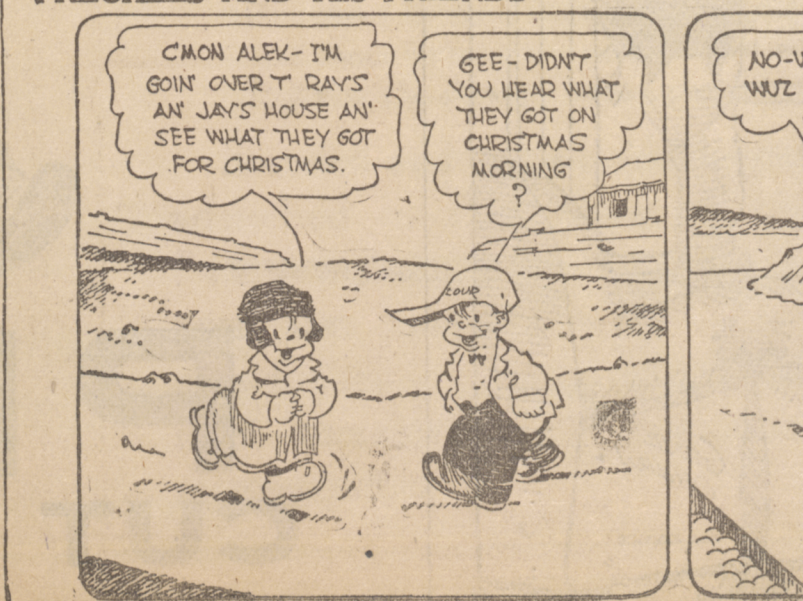
The next story—"Peter Tries His Nailing."

Mexican fans beat up a player for hitting an umpire, showing Mexicans know nothing about baseball.

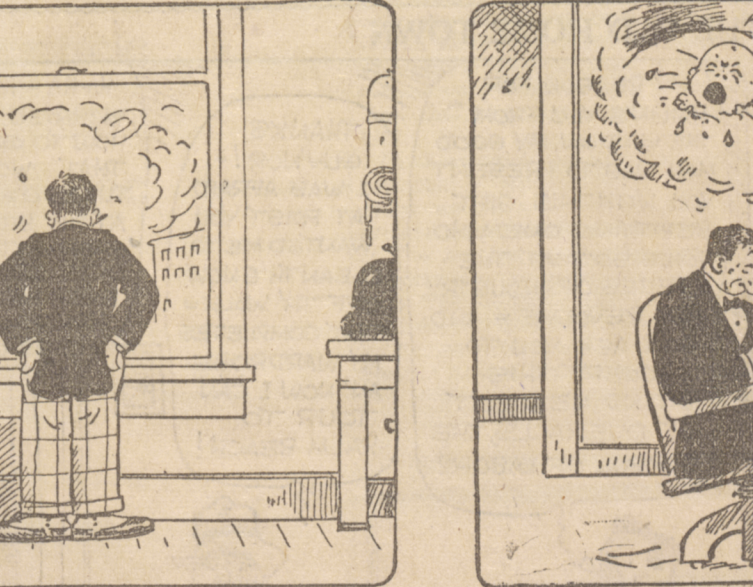
DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



Something to Think About



Food for Thought



By ALLMAN



By BLOSSER

