

THE JOURNAL'S MAGAZINE OF INTEREST FOR THE HOME

THE SKYLINE OF SPRUCE

by Edison Marshall
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(Continued from our last issue.)
He fought like the wolf that was his blood brother—lunging, striking down, scolding out of his fiercer way, and springing forward to strike again.

The old exhilaration and rapture of battle flashed through him as he swung his axe, sending home blow after blow.

He danced about the shaggy, bleeding form of the bear, escaping the smashing blows of the bear with miraculous agility. But at last the grizzly lunged too far. Ben sprang aside, just in time. He aimed a terrific blow just at the base of the skull.

The silence descended quickly thereafter. The blow had gone straight home, and the last flicker of willing life fled. Ben stood waiting to see if another blow was needed. Then the axe fell from his hands.

For a moment he stood as if dazed. But soon he remembered Fenris and walked unthinkingly to his side.

The wolf, however, was already recovering from the blow. He had been merely stunned. Once more Ben turned to the mouth of the cavern.

Sobbing and white as the moonlight itself, Beatrice met him at the doorway.

Ben rose at daylight, wondrously refreshed by the night's sleep.

His first work was to remove the skin of last night's invader—the huge grizzly that lay dead just outside the cavern opening.

The hour was already past ten; but Beatrice—worn out by the stress of the night before—did not waken until she heard the crack of her pistol. She lay a while, resting, watching through the cavern opening Ben's efforts to prepare breakfast.

Filling one of the two tin plates he stole into the cavern.

Falling into his mood the girl commanded, "Wake up, Beatrice," he commanded, with pretended gruffness. "It's after ten, and you've got to cook my breakfast."

She stirred, pretending difficulty in opening her eyes.

She opened her eyes to find him regarding her with boyish glee. Then—as a surprise—he proffered the filled plate.

The days passed quickly for Ben and Beatrice. They found plenty of work and even of play to pass the time.

With his axe and hunting knife Ben prepared a complete set of furniture for their little abode. And for more than a week, Beatrice was forbidden to enter a certain covert lest she should prematurely discover an even greater wonder than Ben was preparing for a surprise.

One morning she missed the familiar sounds of his fire-building.

Presently she heard him muttering and grunting as he moved some heavy object to the door of the cave.

She hurried into her outer garments and in a moment appeared. It was a hammock, suspended on a stout frame to take the place of a tree-bough bed on the cave floor. He had used the grizzly skin, hanging it with unbreakable sinew, and fashioning it in such a manner that folds of the hide would be turned over her on cold nights.

Reading the gratitude in her eyes, Ben's lips broke into a radiant smile. "I guess you've forgotten what day it is," he said.

"Of course, I hardly know the month."

"I've notched each day, you know. And maybe you've forgotten—the ride out from Snowy Gulch—we talked of birthdays. Today is yours."

He walked toward her, and her eyes could not leave his. He bent soberly, and brushed her lips with his own.

Lately Fenris had taken to wandering into the forest at night, and once his throat and jaws had been stained with dark blood.

"It's getting too lame for you here, old boy, isn't it?" Ben said to him one hunched, breathless night. "But wait just a little while more. It won't be lame then."

It was true; the hunting party, if they had started at once, must be nearing their death valley by now. Matters reached a crisis between

Fenris and himself one still, warm night in late July.

"Go ahead if you like," Ben told him, and knew it was his destiny.

The wolf seemed to understand. With a glad bark he sped away and almost instantly vanished into the gloom.

But Fenris had not broken all ties with the cave. The chain was too strong for that. Fenris had joined his fellows, to be sure; but he still kept watch over the cave.

As if by instinct, hardly aware of the motion, she withdrew her hand. She knew this vine. It was the deadly nightshade, and a handful of the berries spell death. She started to look elsewhere.

But presently she paused, arrested by an idea so engrossing and yet so terrible that her heart seemed to pause in her breast.

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Millions Ahead



A trip abroad has brought \$5,000, 000 to Mrs. Ida M. French, above, daughter of the late Robert J. Wynne, former postmaster general. London courts awarded her this sum from her husband's estate. The couple has been reconciled.

UNCLE DICK'S TALK

Dear Girls and Boys—If you were here today, you would certainly think that Christmas was very near. I was talking to the lady reporter yesterday, after I sent you chat and letters away, and she told me something that seemed to me a good story to hand on to you. It is a story about two princesses and is just right for Christmas. First I must thank George and Mildred and Royden for the pretty cards that they sent me. I got some of the cards away today and will have the rest away before night, along with the letters, which have been a bit slow in getting out. I must confess, but Uncle Dick has not been, either, you may well believe, for there are forty-five cards to send.

Now the other princess lived 2,000 years ago, a long, long time ago, and she belonged to the Royal line of David, the great King of Israel. Her name was Mary, too, and God told her that she was to have a dear little baby, and that he was to be a great man. Mary was very happy, but she was poor, and she had gone to a crowded town, where the people were all gathered to pay their taxes. The hotel was called an Inn, and Mary and her husband could not get in at all—just think of it! A King to be born, for that was what she was told. He would be, and where do you suppose she had to receive Him? It was at night when they arrived at Bethlehem, and they were so tired, very tired, so they went to a stable! Yes, actually, and not long after, the dear little baby came to Mary, and He was put in a manger right among the straw, with dear little lambs bleating gently to their mothers, the sheep, and the whole stable was all aflutter. There were people in that Inn, nearby, who wished that they had shared some of the glory of that night, but they lost it, because they were selfish. Do you wonder girls and boys, that Christmas is a time when people are kind and loving, when they know about this wonderful story, of the King of Kings? King George bows to Him. Oh, yes, and all the good Kings of the earth, for that Baby is the King of Heaven now and of earth, and He was born in a manger! He knew what it was to be poor, and so He sends the love for the poor into all our hearts, even those who do not bow to Him as they should.

lands worship Him today, while those who heard of Him first, pay no attention. The fact is that some of the rich people tried to kill the beautiful Baby, but the lovely Princess Mary, of long ago, was cared for by God, who told her to go away to another place, and she did what she was told, as mothers always will, to save her wonderful Baby. Today, the Princess Mary of England will not have any such trouble, just because the dear little Baby came long ago and made the world a safe place for mothers and babies. Now the right name for the Princess Mary of long ago, is the Virgin Mary, and everyone who is good, loves Her, because she was the beautiful Mother of the Lord of all the earth, about Whom we sing at Christmas time.

I hope that you will thank the Lady Reporter for her assistance, for though I know the story so well, I think that it needs the woman's touch, don't you? I can add something to it, just because I got up early the other morning. Something woke me—a light, and it seemed very bright. Now what do you think it was? A great big star right over in the eastern sky! I stood and looked at it for several minutes and somehow I understood how the Wise Men felt, when they saw the Star in the East. Of course, this was not the Star, but it was very bright and seemed to shine with a message of the Old Story that a King was to be born, and so He is this year and every year, born in every heart that will say "Come in!" A very few will turn away, if they just think about the stable and the manger and the beautiful Baby, for whom the angels sing.

The story has got hold of me and I hope that it will please you, as you struggle up in mother's arms, and listen to it, and perhaps fall asleep to dream about angels, who are very near us all, to help us and to care for us, but especially the little boys and girls.

Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas, is ringing in my ears and I hear merry laughter and an every hand your Uncle Dick is greeted with good cheer, especially by the boys and girls of the city.

Lots of love again and again.
From your friend,
UNCLE DICK.

FOR IMMEDIATE WEAR
For immediate wear, designers are providing us with some effective costumes of cloth or silk, with novel treatments of the bandanna handkerchief as trimming. The colors are apt to be a dark shade of blue, brown or black.

SHORTER SKIRT
A sports suit for southern wear has a skirt of brown and tan checked material, and a taut jacket with revers of the checks. It has very close, tight-fitting sleeves and a skirt shorter than we have been seeing for the past few months.

NEWEST EMBROIDERY
The newest type of embroidery is that done with very fine ribbon. Sometimes this is combined with long stitches in floss. It is used on coats and evening vests as well as gowns.

TRAGIC
Seven mothers die in childbirth, for each 1000 live babies that are born in America. This is the average for the last seven years, as shown by the census.

It is a terrible toll and should make all of us realize keenly and indelibly the vast debt we owe to our mothers, each of whom went down into the valley of the shadow to usher us into the world.

Better news is this: The mother's death rate in childbirth is slowly declining. For which, thank medical science.

"Movies," says a director "are a gamble." They usually win by a full house.

Oregon boxer fights under the name of Broken Blossom and some day may have a nose like a rose.

Reader asks if a bald man has a permanent wave in his hair. Yes.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



A Jolly Christmas

By Thornton W. Burgess

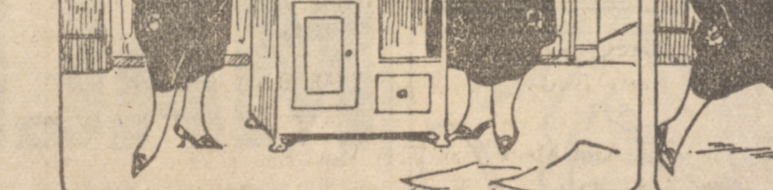
The Christmas spirit of good will Today the whole wide world should fill. —Peter Rabbit.

The beautiful Christmas was abroad. It was up at Farmer Brown's house. It was in the Old Orchard. It was down on the Green Meadows. It was up in the Old Pasture. It was along the Laughing Brook and around the Smiling Pool. All the little people felt it. They didn't know what it was, for of course they know nothing of man-made holidays. But they felt it. Without knowing why they knew that that day was different from any other day. You see the Christmas spirit, which is the spirit of good will, had filled every heart.

Perhaps their stomachs had something to do with that kindly feeling. You know there is nothing like a full stomach to make one feel kindly toward others. And the stomach of all the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest were full. Farmer Brown's Boy had seen to that. Very early this Christmas morning he had started out with a load of good things and he had left some of them wherever he thought they would be most easily found by those for whom they were intended.

So it was that Peter and Mrs. Peter had not had to go beyond the edge of the dear Old Briar-patch to find such a breakfast as they had not had for many a long day. Reddy Fox had found a feast almost on his doorstep. On his favorite resting place on the edge of the Smiling Pool Jerry Muskrat had found carrots enough to last him two or three days. It was the same way with the little people of the Green Forest and the Old Orchard. No one had been forgotten. So it was that good will filled the hearts of all just as the food had filled their stomachs.

Peter Rabbit, on his way to the



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



HELEN PICKS A SAFE PLACE

By ALLMAN

CAN'T WEAR BOBBED HAIR



With the passing of bobbed hair, the elaborate coiffure already in vogue in Paris is headed this way. Besides the high Spanish comb and its modifications so widely popular now, new hairdresses are to be worn low over the forehead, effectively concealing any high eyebrow tendencies. These combs are in order, not only for the evening, but for the afternoon as well. They are shown in jet, tortoise-shell, celluloid and the colored compositions. Frequently they are jeweled.

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MAKES HOTEL A HOME



MRS. GRACE HISCOX RUNS A HOTEL IN CHICAGO SO THAT GUESTS REALLY ARE GUESTS.

Stamford, N. Y.—Woman, the home maker, woman the hotel keeper. It's but a step from one to the other. In spite of which comparatively few women take upon themselves the business of feeding and looking after the welfare of the traveling public. Mrs. Grace Hiscox is one of the exceptions. "When, 18 years ago, I found myself saddled with a hotel," she relates, "my first thought was that I must put it on a paying basis so that, in a year or so, I could sell it at a profitable figure. Have to be fed. "With that end in view I went nosing about the kitchen. People have to be fed, I told myself, so I'll feed them with the same care that I would guests in my own home. "Accordingly I made it a point to spend a part of every meal hour in the kitchen. "Then I strained every effort to make my hotel 'feel' homelike. made it a point to have fresh flowers from my own garden in the room of a new guest. Arrivals were called upon very shortly to assure them that I myself would do everything for their comfort, and to find out, discreetly, their personal likes and dislikes. Getting Them Together. "On cool days I kept a gray wood fire burning in the foyer and when my guests took advantage of that and came down from their rooms I myself would see to it that congenial people were introduced to one another. "The guest who rushed out to dinner leaving a room untidy returned to find it put in order, the air freshened and the covers of the bed turned neatly back. "And it paid. It paid so well that after 18 years I am still running it and more fascinated than ever. "Hotelkeeper? There's nobody in the world better equipped than a woman."

DRAWFUNNIES

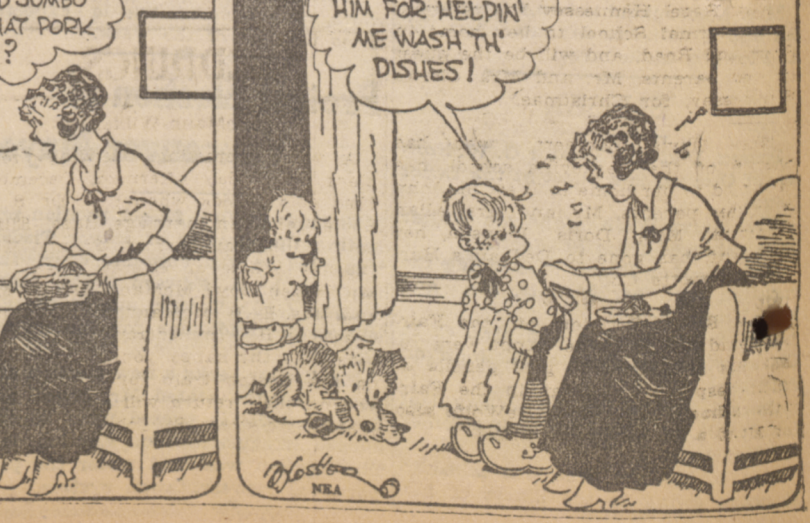
Drawings by Bill Holman Verses by Hal Cochran
Draw in the missing lines and then color the picture.



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



HELEN PICKS A SAFE PLACE



By BLOSSER

By BLOSSER