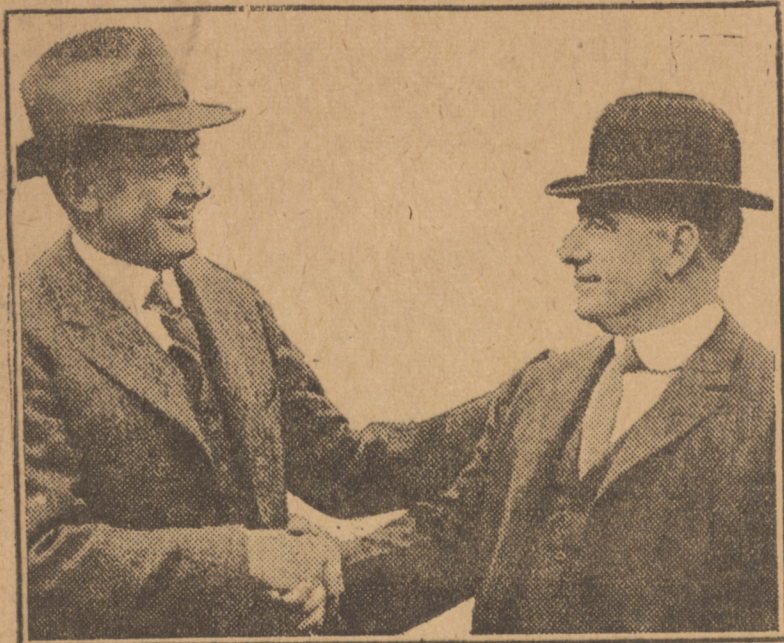


JOURNAL MAGAZINE OF INTEREST FOR THE HOME

"How's the Old Whip, Rajah?"



"Great. How's the soup-bone, Christy?" Thus the famous battery of Mathewson and Bresnahan met in New York. Both Christy and Roger looked fit as a pair of fiddies.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

The medical profession is urged to "recognize" psycho-analysis, by Lord Dawson of Penn. He's the king's physician in England. Ethical doctors should take a hand at it, he urges, to save patients from being victimized by an

army of fakirs. Mental healing has more quacks and patent medicine men than ever sold pills and dollar-a-quart cure-alls. He warned. Tinkering with the sub-conscious mind is more dangerous than taking poisons as medicine except under expert scientific guidance.

Out of Job



There is no work these days for Hiram Melville, whose duties until a few months ago were to care for the 150 beauties in the sultan's harem. Melville was held responsible for the safeguarding of the wives and children of Mohammed VI who fled Constantinople to Malta.

FIRES

Nearly 7,000,000 Americans a year visit their national forests. In 1921 they started a third of the 800 forest fires that burned over 215,000 acres and cost half a million dollars to fight. This year, about the same.

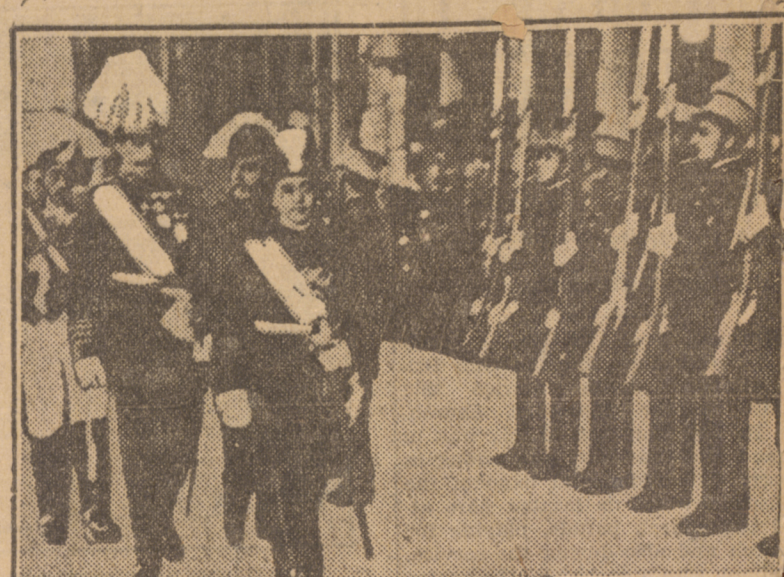
One in every 3500 visitors started a fire by carelessness! Were you among them—by carelessly tossing aside burning matches, cigarette butts or failing to extinguish camp fires?

Tim Healy Guides Ireland



The new governor general of the Irish Free State is shown here on a tour of Dublin in his new official capacity. He was snapped while examining a river-lock which is being protected against Republican dynamite.

Madrid Honors Shah and King



Alfonso of Spain has been acting as royal host to the Shah of Persia who has been making a tour of Europe. Here the two members of royalty are shown inspecting a crack regiment in Madrid.

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THE SKY LINE OF SPRUCE

by Edison Marshall
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BEGIN HERE TODAY

BEN DARBY, a prisoner, is declared to be a victim of amnesia by a noted alienist, and is paroled to an old friend.

ERAZA MELVILLE. Together they start on a trip to the Yuga River, where Ezra goes to take possession of a rich claim left by his brother.

HIRAM MELVILLE, who recently had died, Ben is to have a partnership and a new lease of life. At Seattle lives.

JEFFERY NELSON and his two partners, Ray Brent and

CHAN HEMINWAY. Nelson, leader of the notorious gang, has a beautiful daughter, Beatrice, with whom Brent is in love. She detests him. Brent promises to aid him in his suit. Nelson hears of the rich pocket discovered by Hiram Melville and plans with his confederates to steal the claim before Ezra can arrive. When Ben and Ezra reach the north woods Ben suddenly regains his memory. Knowledge of his past life returns. They meet a friendly stranger who directs them.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Yes. Goin' to Snowy Gulch."

"It's only five miles, up this road," the stranger ventured. "I'm goin' up to Saltville way myself, but I won't have to river to tow me. I've got to do my own paddlin'. Thank the lord I'm only goin' a small part of the way."

"You ain't goin' to swim, are you? Where's your boat?"

"My pard's got an old craft, and he and I are goin' to pack it out next trip." The stranger paused, blinking his eyes. "Say, partners—you don't want to sell your boat, do you?"

Ezra said his figure, and Ben was prone to believe that he had adopted a highwayman for a buddy. The amount named was nearly twice that which they had paid. And to his vast amazement the stranger accepted the offer in his next breath.

"So you don't know any folks in Snowy Gulch, then?" the stranger had asked politely. "But you'll get acquainted soon enough."

"I've got a letter to a feller named Morris," Ezra replied. "And I've heard of one or two more men, too—Jeffery Nelson was one of 'em."

"You'll find Morris in town all right," the stranger ventured to assure him. "He lives right next to Nelson's. And say—what do you know about this man Nelson?"

"Oh, nothin' at all. Why?"

"If you fellows is prospectin', Jeffery Nelson is a first-class man to stay away from—and his understrappers, too—Ray Brent and Chan Heminway. But they're out of town right now. They skinned out all in a bunch a few weeks ago—and I can't tell you what kind of a scent they got."

Ezra felt cold to the marrow of his bones. He glanced covertly at Ben; fortunately his partner was busy among the supplies and was not listening to this conversation.

"You don't know where they went, do you?" he asked.

"Not exactly. They took up the creek here a ways, through Spruce Pass, and over to Yuga River—the country that kind of a crazy old chap named Hiram Melville, who died here a few weeks ago, has always prospected."

The stranger marvelled that his old listener should have suddenly gone quite pale.

Ezra had only a moment's further conversation with his new friend. He put two or three questions—in a rather curious, hushed voice—and got his answer.

"What have you and your poor victim asked?"

"Oh, just a gab-fest—a tat-tat as you'd call it. But you know, Ben, I've got a idea all a sudden." Ben straightened, lighted his pipe, and prepared to listen. "This old boy tells me that we'd been talking about, all this time!" Ben save just twelve miles by striking off from here, instead of goin' into town. Snowy Gulch is six miles, and we have to come back to this very place. What's the use of goin' into town at all?"

"Good heavens, Ez? Have you for-

gotten we've got to get supplies? And your brother's gun—and his dog?"

"Yes, I know—one of us has. But, Ben, it seems to me that one of us ought to strike off now and figure out the way and sort of get located."

"Oh, it would be all right," Ben began rather doubtfully. "I don't see that much is to be gained by it. But I'll strike off on foot, if you want me to."

Ezra's mind was flashing with thoughts like lightning, and his answer was ready. "Ben, if you don't mind, I'll do that," he said.

"But you'd get a ride, if you waited—"

"You've surely changed a lot since the war."

"I was thrown off not long ago—and have been leery of the dum things ever since."

Ezra was wholly deliberate. He knew what waited him on arrival at his brother's claim. Jeffery Nelson and his gang had assembled there, had already jumped the claim just as his brother had warned him that they would do; and coolly and quietly he had resolved to face them alone.

He made his pack—a few simple provisions wrapped in his blanket—and a knife and camp axe swung on his belt. He took his trusted pipe—because he knew well that he could never acquit himself creditably in a fight without a few lungfuls of tobacco smoke first—and he also took his rifle. "You keep this copy of the letter," he handed Ben the copy he had made of Hiram's will. "I'm the worst hand for losin' things you ever seen."

They said their simple goodbyes, shaking hands over a pile of stores. "I've only got one decent place to keep things safe," Ezra confided, "and that ain't so all-fired decent, either. When I get any papers that are extra precious, I always stick 'em down the leg of these high old boots, between the sock and the leather. But it's too much work to take the boot off now, so you keep the letter."

"I suppose you've got a million-dollar bank note hidden down there now," Ben remarked.

"No, not a cent. Just the same. —ever I get shuffled off all of a sudden I want you to look these mighty careful."

"I've got a letter to a feller named Morris," Ezra replied. "And I've heard of one or two more men, too—Jeffery Nelson was one of 'em."

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"Good heavens, Ez? Have you for-

There may be a document or two of importance."

"I won't forget," Ben promised.

CHAPTER V.

Taming the Wolf

On arriving in Snowy Gulch, Ben's first efforts were to inquire in regard to horses. Both pack and saddle animals, he learned, were to be hired of Sandy McClurg, owner of the general store and leading citizen; and at once he made his way to confer with him.

"Most of my mustangs are rented out," the merchant informed him, "but if you can get along with three, I guess I can fix you up. You can pack two of 'em, and ride the third."

"Good enough," Ben agreed. "And after I once get in, I'd like to turn back two of them, and maybe all three—to save the hire and the bother of taking care of them."

"Just a little faster than a dog. Horses don't much care to grub their food out of them spruce forests. Where are you heading, if the question's fair?"

"Through Spruce Pass and down into the Yuga River."

They said their simple goodbyes, shaking hands over a pile of stores.

"Prospectin', eh? There's been quite a movement down that way lately. By starting early you can make it through in a day. And you said your name was—"

"Darby. Ben Darby."

The merchant opened his eyes. "Not the Ben Darby that took all the prizes at the meet at Lodge Pole?"

Ben's rugged face lit with the brilliancy of his smile. "The same Darby," he admitted.

"And when did you say you was goin'?"

"First thing tomorrow."

"Well, you're pretty likely to have companionship on the road, too."

"I'm glad of it, if he isn't a tenderfoot. That must be a pretty thickly settled region—where I'm heading."

"On the contrary, there's only three human beings in the whole district. These three are some men who went up that way prospecting some time ago, and this other party will make four."

"All right—I'll be here before dawn tomorrow and get the horses. And now will you tell me—where Steve Morris lives?"

"Right up the street—clear to the end of the row. McClurg's humor had quite changed by now, and he chuckled again. "And if I was you, I'd stop in the door just this side—and get acquainted with your fellow traveler."

"What's his name?" Ben asked.

"The party is named Nelson."

"All right. Maybe I'll look him up."

A few moments later he was standing in the Morris home, facing the one friend that Hiram Melville had possessed on earth.

"Hiram didn't leave anything, far as I know, except his old gun and his pet. Lord knows, I'd let anybody take that pet of his that's fool enough to say he's got any claim to him, and you can be sure I ain't going to dispute his claim."

He turned, with the intention of securing the gun from an inner room. He did not even reach the door. It was as if both of them were struck motionless, frozen in solid, fixed attitudes, by a shrill scream for help that penetrated like a bullet the thin walls of the house.

The sound was in the range between a growl and a bay, instantly identifying itself as the utterance of an animal, rather than a human being. Ben's first thought was of some enormous, vicious dog, and yet his wood's sense told him

that the utterance was not that of a dog.

He heard it even as he leaped through the door in answer to the scream for aid. His muscles gathered with that mysterious power that had always sustained him in his moments of crisis. He took the steps in one leap, Morris immediately behind him.

"Fennis is loose," he heard the man say. He'll kill some one—"

He raced about the house; and at once the scene, in every vivid detail, was revealed to him. Pressed back against the wall of a little woodshed that stood behind her house a girl stood at bay—a dark-eyed girl whose beautiful face was drawn and stark-white with horror. She was screaming for aid, her fascinated gaze held by a gray-black, houndlike creature that crouched, snarling, twenty yards distant.

(Continued in our next issue.)

UNCLE DICK'S TALK

Dear Girls and Boys—There is more and more to tell you every day and I hope you will be patient if I do not get your personal letters away at once. There is a fine pair of gloves from Marion, that was in the glove box from Annis and altogether things are very encouraging, for the Empty Stocking Fund.

Santa Claus has been here the past few days and he has been such a dear old fellow, that I cannot say too much you have your own ideas about him and that you do not need any grown-ups to tell you that he is all the good that is found in everybody, only more so.

Did you see the story about Paddy Beaver, that was in the Saturday paper? It was good to see our old friend, was it not? He was busy as usual and so was Mrs. Paddy, both working together as people should. If Paddy had pulled that tree one way and Mrs. Pad. had pulled the other, they would never have dyed their hair, but no—it was quite the other way. They saved many of them in the winter, for there were such fine hills for coasting, and that is where I had the made-up side that I told you about in my chat one evening to Mrs. Peter, who is a great help to Mr. Peter at all times, so she would understand the matter very clearly.

Ellen has sent an express order for the E.S.F. and as it came too late on Friday to be acknowledged, I am hurried to get the news into the paper, lest Ellen is worried about her gift. Now I have to answer some of the many letters, so will cut short the chat, with much thanks to all the Corner people from a Grateful Uncle Dick.

DEAR EDLLEN—Thank you so much for your kind letter and your gift. It came on Friday too late for acknowledgment in Saturday's paper, and since then a nice pair of gloves have come from Marion and—I told you that in the chat and there is so much to say these days that it is not necessary to say anything over a second time, is it?

I see that you are very busy with exams, and I shall be glad to hear how you got along and if you made good marks in special studies or in every thing. Very few make good marks in all their classes, for those who like history, grammar and reading, generally do not like arithmetic, though they may bet along fairly well in all. I wonder which is your special line of study? You write very well and express your thoughts concisely, which means without too many words. So you are learning to skate. That makes me think of when I learned to skate in my young days. I lived in Sussex then and the happy times spent there were many of them in the winter, for there were such fine hills for coasting, and that is where I had the made-up side that I told you about in my chat one evening to Mrs. Peter, who is a great help to Mr. Peter at all times, so she would understand the matter very clearly.

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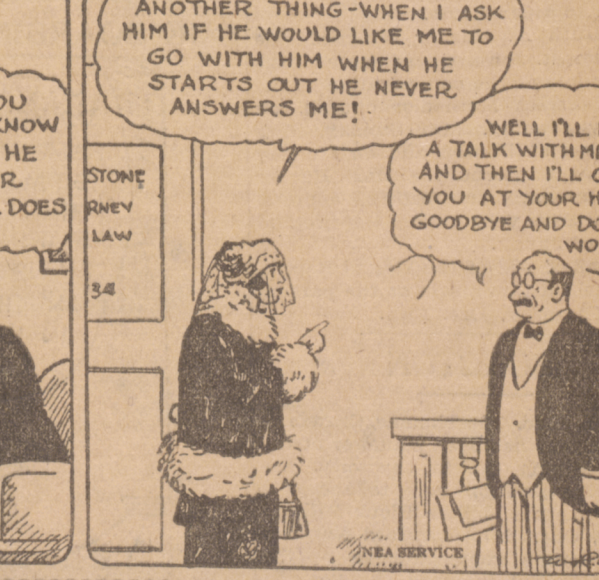
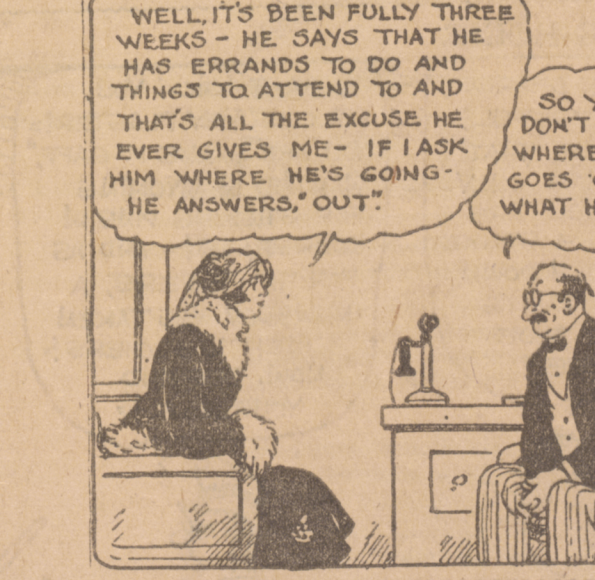
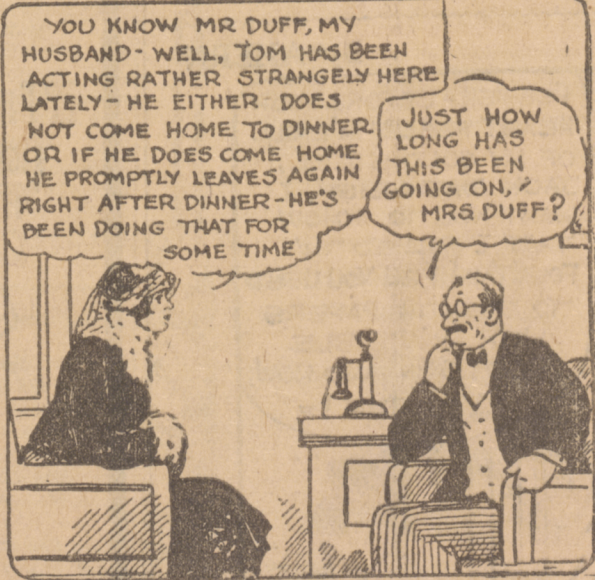
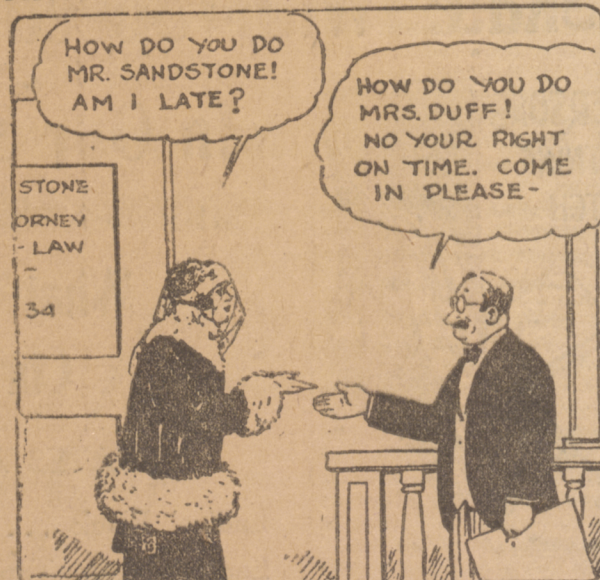
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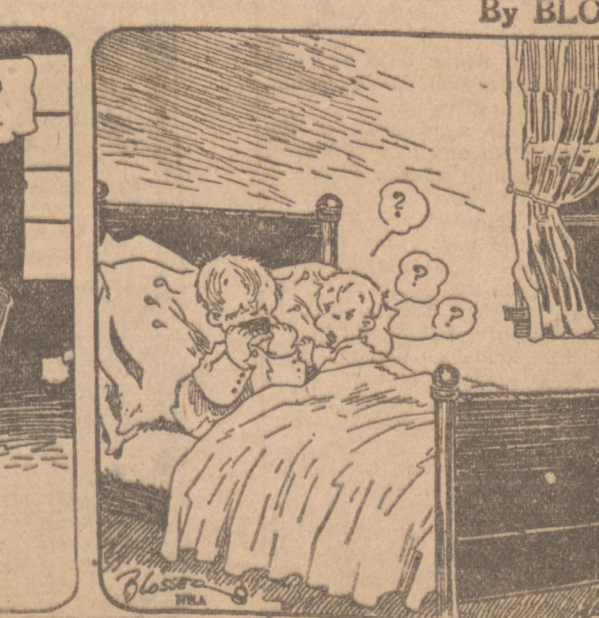
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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



Freckles Has A Nightmare

By BLOSSER