

THE JOURNAL'S MAGAZINE OF INTEREST FOR THE HOME

THE SKY LINE OF SPRUCE

by Edison Marshall

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

BEN DARBY, a prisoner, is paroled to an old friend of the Darby family because it is proven by a noted alienist that Ben is a victim of Amnesia. The old friend, EZRA MELVILLE, takes Ben on a journey to the Yuga River to locate on a ship, claim left by Ezra's dying brother.

HIRAM MELVILLE, in Seattle lives and Jeffery Nelson, leader of Ray Brent and CHAN HEMINWAY, notorious crooks. They plan to steal the claim left by Melville and locate there before his brother can arrive. Brent is in love with Nelson's beautiful daughter, BEATRICE, who repulses him. When Ezra and Ben arrive at the north woods, the latter's memory suddenly returns. On the road to Snowy Gulch, where they were to procure supplies and call for

FENRIS, pet of the deceased Hiram, Ben and Ezra met a frontiersman. While Ben is otherwise engaged Ezra learns from the traveler that Nelson and his gang have started toward Hiram's claim. Not wanting to endanger Ben's life, Ezra suggests that Darby go alone to Snowy Gulch, leaving Ezra to travel toward their destination. At Snowy Gulch Ben finds Fenris to be a wolf that has just broken loose and stands ready to destroy a beautiful girl.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

The fangs were bared, gleaming in foam, the hair stood erect on powerful shoulders, and instantly Ben recognized its breed. It was a magnificent specimen of that huge, gaunt runner of the forests, the Northern wolf.

He knew this breed—his savage, blood-mad, fierce-eyed creature that turned, snarling, at his approach, Fenris was only a fellow wilderness creature, a pack brother of the dark forests, and he had no further cause for fear.

"Fenris!" he ordered sharply. "Come here!" His voice was commanding and clear above the animal's snarl.

There followed a curious, long instant of utter silence and infinite suspense.

"Down, Fenris," Ben said again. "Down!"

Then slowly, steadily, Ben moved toward him. Watching unbelievably, Ben saw the fierce wolf slowly turn to look at his master. The stiff hair on the shoulders fell into place, tense muscles relaxed.

Ben stood beside him now, his hand reaching. "Down, down," he cautioned quietly. Suddenly the wolf crouched, covering its face.

Ben straightened to find himself under a wondering scrutiny by both Fenris and the girl. "Good Lord, Darby!" the former exclaimed. "How did you do it?"

Suddenly Ben reached and took the wolf's head between his hands. Slowly he lifted the savage face till their eyes met. The wolf growled, then, whimpering, tried to avert its gaze. Then a rough tongue lapped at the man's hand.

And now, for the first time, Ben found himself regarding Beatrice. He could scarcely take his eyes from her face. He knew perfectly that she was staring rudely, but he was without the power to turn his eyes. Her dark eyes fell under his gaze.

"There's nothing I can say to thank you," the girl was murmuring. "I never saw anything like it; it was just as if the wolf understood every word you said."

"Old Hiram had him pretty well trained, I suspect." The man's eyes fell to the shaggy form at his feet. "I'm glad I happened along. Miss—"

"Beatrice Nelson. I live here."

Nelson! His mind seemed to leap and catch at the name. Just that day he had heard it from the lips of the merchant. And this was the house next door where dwelt his fellow traveler for the morrow.

"Then it's your father—or brother—who's going to the Yuga?"

"The girl answered, doubtfully. "My father is already there. I'm here alone."

Then the gray eyes lighted and a smile broke about Ben's lips. Few times in his life had he smiled in quite this vivid way.

"Then it's you," he exclaimed, "who is going to be my fellow traveler tomorrow?"

CHAPTER VI

Hitting the Long Trail

Ben found, rather as he had expected, that the girl was not at all embarrassed by the knowledge that they were to have a lonely all-day ride together.

"The frontier had taught her to judge men."

As daylight broke they started out, down the shadowed street of the little town.

"The last we'll see of civilization for a long, long time," the girl reminded him.

The man thrilled deeply. "And I'm glad of it," he answered. "Nothing ahead but the long trail!"

At the very headquarters of Poor Man's Creek, where the stream had

Thomas Here

As Clemenceau sailed for France, Albert Thomas, famous French minister of munitions and now director of the International Labor Office of the League of Nations, arrived in New York. He will speak in this country on the economic and labor situation in Europe.

Hats Like These To Be Style Next Spring



These two hats traveled south recently in the trunk of a New York debutante.

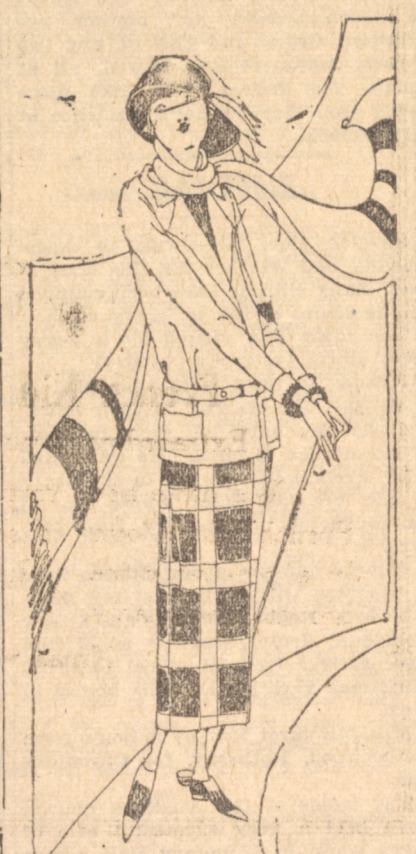
They are the type we will be buying next spring.

The brimmed model is a combination of taffeta and straw, with yarn embroidery in brilliant colors.

Folds of figured ribbon, artfully wrought into a winged effect, trim the turban and provide an excellent place for the parking of two highly decorative hatpins.



COLLEGE GIRL SETTING PACE AS TO STYLE



A new fashion authority has risen in America. It is the college girl. She decides what young women shall wear.

Not officially. Not dictatorially. It simply is tacitly recognized by designers that what pleases her will please other girls of her age.

Just now she likes the mannish gold sweater. The slip-on has gone, for the present at least. Heavy sweaters of brushed wool, feather mixtures and camel's hair are the favorites.

With the coat-sweater usually is worn a camel's hair skirt in the natural color, or else a plain skirt of heavy wool plaid.

JAM

New York City will have 25 million inhabitants in another hundred years, and 45 millions by the year 222. So predicts its traffic expert, John A. Harris. Other cities also will grow.

Feeding such a mob is a delightful prospect for future farmers. The men who till the soil already have about all they can handle, in the way of keeping city people alive.

Will they stand for their burden being doubled, tripled, quadrupled, and so on indefinitely? Not unless an army of Henry Fords gets into the farming business.

MONEY

German prices by the end of the year will be at least 2000 times higher than before the war.

If we had the same situation: A suit of clothes that cost \$25 before the war would now be selling for \$50,000. And a house that used to rent for \$40 would now bring the landlord \$80,000 a month.

It'd be great sport, spending so much money—for a short time. But how would you like the job of trying to make your income rise as fast as cost of living, using German financial arithmetic?

"He hasn't come up this way?" Ben asked casually.

"He hasn't come through here that I know of. Of course the working man at my claim—with my partners—and he might have gone through without our seeing him. It seems rather unlikely."

"He told me, in the few minutes that I talked to him, that his claim was somewhere close to this one—I thought he said up this creek."

"There is a cabin up the creek a way," Nelson admitted, "but it isn't the one he meant. It's on my claim, and my two partners are living in it. But when he said near to this one, he might have meant ten miles. That's the way we northern men speak of distance."

He said his farewells to the girl, refused an invitation to pass the night in the cabin, and made his way to the green bank of the stream. Four hundred yards from the cabin—observed from both by the thickets—he pitched his camp.

Ben made his fire and unpacked his horses. He confined his riding horses with a picket rope; the others he turned loose. Then he cooked a simple meal for himself and the gaunt servant at his heels.

When the night had come down in full, and as he sat about the glowing coals of his supper fire, he had time to devote serious thought to the fate of Ezra.

Impelled by an urge within himself Ben suddenly knelt beside his lupine friend. He could not understand the flood of emotion, the vague sense of impending and dramatic events that stirred him to the quick. He only knew, with a knowledge akin to inspiration, that in Fenris lay the answer to his problem.

"Fenris, old boy," the man whispered. "Can you find him for me? Fenris? He's out there somewhere—" the man motioned toward the dark—"and I want him. Can you take me to him?"

Continued in our next issue.

A Hint to Hens—An Ottawa hen laid an egg daily for 107 days. There's a saying in every hen-house that an egg a day keeps the hatchet away. Judge.

UNCLE DICK'S TALK

Dear Girls and Boys—Have you ever noticed how easily you detect sounds that others do not seem to hear at all? Last evening, I was standing by a big window looking at the Christmas things and a little boy said to his brother, "There is the whistle of the Digby boat!" He turned his head on one side as one does to listen. The fact is there were several whistles, as it was about five o'clock, but after listening a second, there sounded above the others what was distinctly a boat signal. It set Uncle Dick thinking of the country sounds that are heard even in winter, that that sharp-edged little boy could not hear at all, unless you told him about it.

And then you read about Paddy Beaver, you will find that he is listening very hard and I am wondering what will happen if he is a little neglectful just for one tiny second. My how hard he has been working, and Mrs. Paddy too! Peter Rabbit is envious of them, because they are bigger than he is and he is just as human as can be, when he says that his troubles are worse than theirs, because he thinks they can take care of themselves better than he, because of the size. Do you know any boys or girls who think that they have the worst time ever was? Wait till you get to know just what their troubles are, and then you will think that your bothers are nothing, as Peter Rabbit is going to find out today when the danger to Paddy becomes very fearsome.

Peg has sent her big box of fudge and Santa's friend has sent in two pairs of mittens and has another pair started, so we are getting rich in comfortable things and sweets, for that fudge does look good and your Uncle Dick had to tuck it away out of sight, or not one tiny place would have been left. It was so tempting. Big bundles of yarn have come from various quarters, known and unknown, and to all Uncle Dick and Santa's helpers are very grateful, just brimming over with smiling thanks.

Now I think that it is high time that some of the letters were answered, and so I will get the Corner answers done as quickly as possible, and then get to work on the private ones, for that will be a beaver's job soon, if I don't hurry up. I hope that you are all counting the ads and reading the news in the paper in all parts, for you may see the names of people you know in the general gossip that we have every day.

With very best wishes from the Corner and Uncle Dick.

Dear Peg—Your letter was very, very kind. I did appreciate the card that your mother sent, as you will see by my chats, where all the doings of the Corner people are recorded from day to day that all may know what is going on. It is so nice to think that there is never anything that is uncomfortable to tell and I can assure you, that if there were, you would not get it from me. Your card is very pretty too, Peg—wonder if that is your picture hanging on the wall? There is a chair right underneath and I fancy that you step down in the night and take a look around, if it really is you. I think I had in mind the story about the little boy who got into the picture, as told by Hans Anderson.

It seems to me that you are very often invited to weddings, I congratulate you.

Dear Annie—Just a short letter this time, but a very grateful one, for that was very excellent yarn that you sent. It will make some strong mittens, soft and warm for the larger boys of some of our families. Santa's friend was very delighted with it and is going to work at it right away.

I agree with you about many things, but especially about the good looking, needing pleasant ways to make them worth while. I was very much interested to hear that you are having just the same kind of weather that we are, for I was picturing you with heaps of snow, when we were in clouds of snow. But if you could see us now! Snow ever so deep and the air crisp and delightful (the first time I have read that word today!) There are men shoveling snow at every turn, and let me tell you confidentially, that the snow is a great blessing in the city, for it gives work to men, who need food for girls and boys and, if you feel like murmuring about deep snow, I am sure that you will find it is something, just think of the good it does to somebody. Winters with deep snow are the most comfortable to the poor, for it gives work for many, who would be forced to be idle. I will describe how they handle the snow when Christmas is over and subjects change to be scarce, if they ever should run out.

Am glad that you are pledging yourself to read the chats. Just take a copy of the Journal down to your cousin and I believe she will be a convert right away. It is worth trying for the good of the Corner and Uncle Dick, who sends much love, thanks and good wishes.

Her Kind Heart—The dear old Scotchwoman tramped—the dear old hills to get a bottle of medicine for a small boy who was ill in her remote village. When she had described the symptoms, the doctor set about preparing the mixture, one ingredient of which was a poison which could be administered only in the smallest quantities. She watched him pouring it out with the utmost care into the measuring glass. He poured a little from the bottle, held the glass up to the light, and then put in a few more drops. "Ah, doctor," she said reproachfully, "you needna be see stingy. Remember, it's for a poor wee orphan ladlie."—The Argonaut (San Francisco)

Tom Gives His Alibi

MRS. DUFF HAS HAD ME RATHER WORRIED TOO—SHE HAS BEEN SPENDING A GREAT DEAL OF HER TIME IN AN UPSTAIR ROOM WITH THE DOOR LOCKED—SHE KEEPS IT LOCKED ALL OF THE TIME.

WOULDN'T LET YOU IN, EH? STRANGE SORT OF A STUNT!

I'LL SAY IT'S A STRANGE SORT OF A STUNT—I CAN'T DOPE IT OUT.

I THINK SHE DOES THAT THINKING IT MAY HAVE SOME EFFECT ON YOUR STAYING OUT NIGHTS!

By ALLMAN

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

I'D LIKE TO SEE MR. SANDSTONE, THE LAWYER, PLEASE.

HE IS BUSY RIGHT NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT—HAVE A SEAT, PLEASE.

YOU SEE, THAT'S WHERE I'VE BEEN FOR THE LAST THREE WEEKS THAT SHE TOLD YOU ABOUT—I WANTED TO KEEP IT AS A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE FOR HER.

HA-HA-HA—THAT'S A GOOD ONE, I'LL SAY!

Being A Good Boy

SAY, FRECKLES! D'YA KNOW IT'S ONLY FOUR DAYS TILL CHRISTMAS?

DON'T IT LOOK LIKE I KNOW IT??

By BLOSSER

MARRIAGE A LA MODE

The bride of Ceylon often wears a fantastic makeup on her wedding day.

The eyebrows are widened with indigo. The cheekbones, chin and throat are painted similarly in tiny flower and scrollwork designs. Then, over the brows, a line of goldleaf is laid.

Only for her first marriage is a woman so decorated.

DIFFERENT

Man is always the pursued, woman the pursuer, claims Prof. Frederick H. Koch of University of North Carolina. You must admit he has courage, flying in the teeth of majority belief.

"Woman is the boss of the world. As soon as man learns that woman is the leader, the world will be better," says Koch.

Women rule—in small things. Men rule in big decisions. But usually some woman has a hand in making up a man's mind. Why not rule together, instead of either side pretending to be supreme?

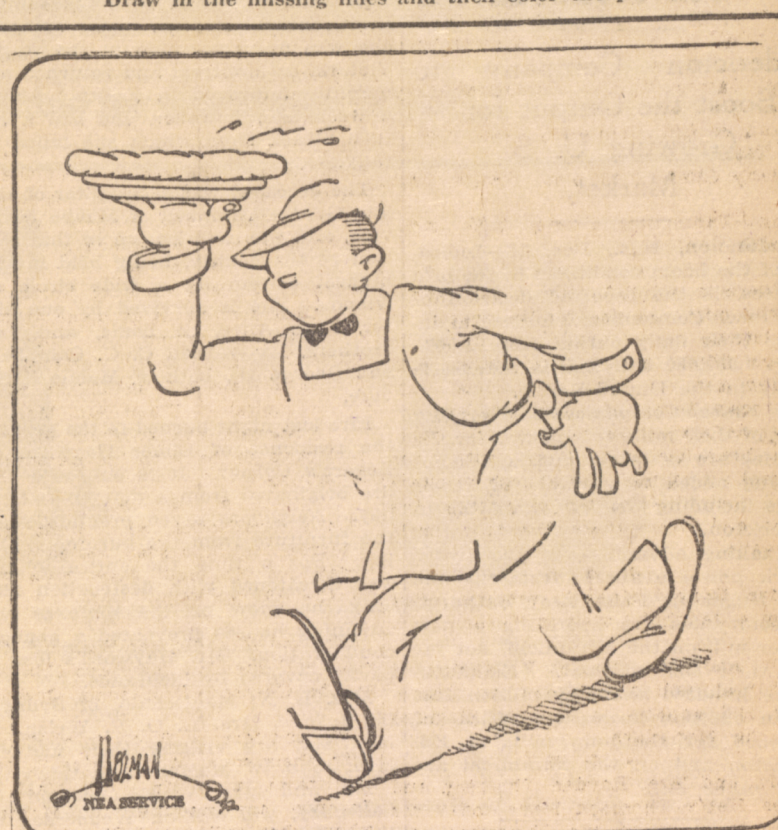
MARRIAGE

Married people "grow stale of each other. Marriage, to be successful, must give a couple a vacation from each other." Few believe this. One who does is Prof. Frederick H. Koch.

Most couples, when they think they want divorce, really need only a temporary separation—a vacation. Roger Dolan says a he'd give anything to get away, at times, from that most monotonous individual—himself.

DRAWFUNNIES

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



This fellow is a pie-man, and we'd like to make a pie of him. That's the very pastry guy Whom Simple Simon met.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



Yowler, the Bob Cat, Plans For a Beaver Dinner.
By Thornton W. Burgess.

Suspicious folks I've always found
Are very fond of a nut or two.

Peter Rabbit's interest in the new pond of Paddy the Beaver deep in the Green Forest was wholly a friendly interest, the interest of curiosity. But there were others who took an even greater interest in the building of the new dam and the making of the new pond. One of these was Yowler the Bob Cat. It wasn't a friendly interest that Yowler took. Oh, my, no! It was anything but a friendly interest. It was all the time thinking of his stomach.

Yowler had not happened to be about when Paddy and Mrs. Paddy began the new dam. In fact, the new dam was already of considerable size, and a small pond had already been formed before Yowler happened along that way. Perhaps you can imagine how surprised he was when one night he came stealthily prowling along and discovered a pond where there was no pond the last time he had come that way.

Now Yowler is one of those people of the Green Forest who always are suspicious. Whenever he sees, smells or hears anything new and strange he at once sets out to find out all about it, or at least to try to. At the sight of that new pond he stopped short, and for a long time stared at it without moving. After a while he noticed that the pond was little by little growing larger. Then in the shadows on the far side he saw a silvery line moving, and he knew at once that some one was swimming there.

Without making a sound he stole around that side of the pond. When he got there no one was to be seen in the water. Yowler crouched down and waited. Yowler is nothing if not patient. By and by he heard a little splash, and then he saw Paddy the Beaver swimming with a long stick. Softly, as silently as a shadow, Yowler followed along the shore. At last he came to the new dam and saw Paddy



Most of that night Yowler spent watching Paddy and Mrs. Paddy work.

place that stick in it.

Of course he understood everything then. He understood that that new dam was making the new pond, and that it was all the work of Paddy the Beaver. At least that is what he thought at first. But presently he saw Mrs. Paddy at work on the dam too. A fierce joy filled the heart of Yowler the Bob Cat. He had never been able to catch Paddy, but here was a newcomer who might not be as smart as Paddy. Besides, with two Beavers about he ought to have twice as many chances as he had had before.

Most of that night Yowler spent in watching Paddy and Mrs. Paddy work, but he took the greatest care not to let them know it. Not once did he show himself. Not once did he snap a twig or rustle a leaf.

He was back there the next night and the next and the one after that. He was studying the ways of Paddy and Mrs. Paddy. When they went off

LUXURY

Too much prosperity is bad for us. Luxury makes races decay. This novel theory is advanced by Lundborg, Swedish professor.

Most of us would be willing to take a chance.

However, the stomach thrives better on plain roast beef, whole wheat bread and boiled potatoes than on lobster, caviar and rich pies. So with nations. Nature didn't intend any of us to have more than we actually need to keep us alive and vigorous.

You never heard of a squirrel trying to corner all the nuts in the woods, to set himself up as a nut millionaire.

FAT

Here's a case that would keep any jury from going to sleep: In Kansas City, Mrs. Lorene Caldwell sued a railroad, claiming her weight (320 pounds), is due to one of her endocrine glands being injured in an accident. She says she weighed only 160 before the engine hit her, two years ago.

The jury awarded her \$1000.

Many slim women would give a lot for a slight bump on this particular endocrine gland—probably the pituitary gland at the base of the brain. It regulates height and weight. Maybe gland doctors will make our descendants fat or slender, tall or short, by stimulating or "calming" the pituitary. Maybe!

For Hire—"Could you place my son in your office?"

"All right, what can he do?"

"What can he do? If he could do anything I'd hire him myself."—Karl-katuren (Christiania)

down to their old pond to rest in their house and there, Yowler went all over their new dam from end to end. He studied the ground and the surroundings at both ends of it to see if there might not be a chance to catch one of those Beavers when they were at work on one of the ends. But he couldn't find a hiding place near enough, and so he wisely decided to wait.

When the dam was finished and Paddy and Mrs. Paddy began to cut their food supply and float the logs and branches down to the new dam and then drag them across Yowler saw at once that this point on the dam was the one place where he might have a chance to catch a Beaver dinner, and he at once began to plan it.

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The next story: "The Cunning of Yowler the Bob Cat."