

BAREE, Son of Kazan

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

(© Doubleday, Page & Co.)

WNU Service

PART DOG, PART WOLF

This stirring story of the Canadian wilderness is not so much a sequel as it is a successor to James Oliver Curwood's dog classic, "Kazan." And it stands on its own merits. It is a dog story, but it has all human elements that make it good reading—love, adventure and fighting. There is the lovely French-Indian girl, Nepeese; Pierrot, the trapper; the sinister Bush McTaggart; Carvel, the adventurer. And in their lives Baree plays a thrilling part—a major role. Part dog and part wolf, Baree is dog when it comes to serving his friends and wolf when he wreaks vengeance on his enemies. Baree's intelligence is almost human and in his course there is no fault. In the beginning Baree is as wild as any other wild thing of the silent places. But he comes in touch with civilization through his love for the lovely Nepeese and through his hatred for the villain factor, McTaggart, through his loyalty to the lovable adventurer, Carvel. And it is Baree who brings together Carvel and Nepeese.

Chapter I

To Baree, for many days after he was born, the world was a vast gloomy cavern.

During these first days of his life his home was in the heart of a great windfall where Gray Wolf, his blind mother, had found a safe nest for his babyhood, and to which Kazan, her mate, came only now and then, his eyes gleaming like strange balls of greenish fire in the darkness. It was Kazan's eyes that gave to Baree his first impression of something existing away from his mother's side, and they brought to him also his discovery of vision. He could feel, he could smell, he could hear—but in that black pit under the fallen timber he had never seen until the eyes came. At first they frightened him; then they puzzled him, and his fear changed to an immense curiosity. He would be looking straight at them, when all at once they would disappear. This was when Kazan turned his head. And then they would flash back at him again out of the darkness with such startling suddenness that Baree would involuntarily shrink closer to his mother, who always trembled and shivered in a strange sort of way when Kazan came in.

Baree, of course, would never know their story. He would never know that Gray Wolf, his mother, was a full-blooded wolf, and that Kazan, his father, was a dog. In his nature was already beginning its wonderful work, but it would never go beyond certain limitations. It would tell him, in time, that his beautiful wolf-mother was blind, but he would never know of that terrible battle between Gray Wolf and the lynx in which his mother's sight had been destroyed. Nature could tell him nothing of Kazan's merciless vengeance, of the wonderful years of their matehood, of their loyalty, their strange adventures in the great Canadian wilderness—it could make him only a son of Kazan.

And then came that wonderful day when the greenish balls of fire that were Kazan's eyes came nearer and nearer, a little at a time, and very cautiously. Heretofore Gray Wolf had warned him back. To be alone was the first law of her wild breed during mothering-time. A low snarl from her throat, and Kazan had always stopped. But on this day the snarl did not come. In Gray Wolf's throat it died away in a low, whimpering sound. A note of loneliness, of gladness, of a great yearning. "It is all right now," she was saying to Kazan; and Kazan—pausing for a moment to make sure—replied with an answering note deep in his throat.

Still slowly, as if not quite sure of what he would find, Kazan came to them, and Baree snuggled closer to his mother. He heard Kazan as he dropped down heavily on his belly close to Gray Wolf. He was unafraid—and mightily curious. And Kazan, too, was curious. He sniffed. In the gloom his ears were alert. After a little Baree began to move. An inch at a time he dragged himself away from Gray Wolf's side. Every muscle in her lithe body tensed. Again her wolf blood was warning her. There was danger for Baree. Her lips drew back, baring her fangs. Her throat trembled, but the note in it never came. Out of the darkness two yards away came a soft, puppyish whine, and the caressing sound of Kazan's tongue.

Baree had felt the thrill of his first great adventure. He had discovered his father.

This all happened in the third week of Baree's life. He was just eighteen days old when Gray Wolf allowed Kazan to make the acquaintance of his son. If it had not been for Gray Wolf's blindness and the memory of that day on the Sun rock when the lynx had destroyed her eyes, she would have given birth to Baree in the open and his legs would have been quite strong. He would have known the sun and the moon and the stars; he would have realized what the thunder meant, and would

have seen the lightning flashing in the sky. But as it was, there had been nothing for him to do in that black cavern under the windfall but stumble about a little in the darkness, and lick with his tiny red tongue the raw bones that were strewn about them. Many times he had been left alone. He had heard his mother come and go, and nearly always it had been in response to a yelp from Kazan that came to them like a distant echo. He had never felt a very strong desire to follow until this day when Kazan's big, cool tongue caressed his face. In those wonderful seconds nature was at work. His instinct was not quite born until then. And when Kazan went away, leaving them alone in darkness, Baree whimpered for him to come back, just as he had cried for his mother when now and then she had left him in response to her mate's call.

The sun was straight above the forest when, an hour or two after Kazan's visit, Gray Wolf slipped away. Between Baree's nest and the top of the windfall were forty feet of jammed and broken timber through which not a ray of light could break. This black-



Everywhere He Looked He Could See Strange Things.

ness did not frighten him, for he had yet to learn the meaning of light, day, and not night, was to fill him with his first great terror. So quite fearlessly, he began to follow. If Gray Wolf heard him, she paid no attention to his call, and the scrape of her claws on the dead timber died away swiftly. This time Baree did not stop at the eight-inch log which had always shut him in his world in that particular direction. He clambered to the top of it and rolled over on the other side. Beyond this was vast adventure, and he plunged into it courageously.

It took him a long time to make the first twenty yards. Then he came to a log worn smooth by the feet of Gray Wolf and Kazan, and, stopping every few feet to send out a whimpering call for his mother, he made his way farther and farther along it. As he went, there grew slowly a curious change in this world of his. He had known nothing but blackness. And now this blackness seemed breaking itself up into strange shapes and shadows. Once he caught the flash of a fiery streak above him—a gleam of sunshine—and it startled him so that he flattened himself down upon the log and did not move for half a minute. Then he went on. An emerald squeaked under him. He heard the swift rustling of a squirrel's feet, and a curious whut-whut-whut that was not at all like any sound his mother had ever made. He was off the trail.

The log was no longer smooth, and it was leading him upward higher and higher into the tangle of the windfall, and was growing narrower every foot he progressed. He whined. His soft little nose sought vainly for the warm scent of his mother. The end came

suddenly when he lost his balance and fell. He let out a piercing cry of terror as he felt himself slipping, and then plunged downward. He must have been high up in the windfall, for to Baree it was a tremendous fall. His soft little body thumped from log to log as he shot this way and that, and when at last he stopped, there was scarcely a breath left in him. But he stood up quickly on his four trembling legs—and blinked.

A new terror held Baree rooted there in an instant the whole world had changed. It was a flood of sunlight. Everywhere he looked he could see strange things. But it was the sun that frightened him most. It was his first impression of fire, and it made his eyes smart. He would have slunk back into the friendly gloom of the windfall, but at this moment Gray Wolf came around the end of a great log, followed by Kazan. She muzzled Baree joyously, and Kazan in a most doglike fashion wagged his tail. This murr of the dog was to be a part of Baree. Half wolf, he would always wag his tail. He tried to wag it now. Perhaps Kazan saw the effort, for he emitted a muffled yelp of approbation as he sat back on his haunches.

Or he might have been saying to Gray Wolf:

"Well, we've got the little rascal out of that windfall at last haven't we?"

For Baree it had been a great day. He had discovered his father—and the world.

And it was a wonderful world—a world of vast silence, empty of everything but the creatures of the wild. The nearest Hudson's Bay post was a hundred miles away, and the first town of civilization was a straight three hundred to the south. Two years before, Tusoo, the Cree trapper, had called this his domain. It had come down to him, as was the law of the forest, through generations of forefathers; but Tusoo had been the last of his wornout family; he had died of smallpox, and his wife and his children had died with him. Since then no human foot had taken up his trails. The lynx had multiplied. The moose and caribou had gone un hunted by man. The beaver had built their homes undisturbed. The tracks of the black bear were as thick as the tracks of the deer farther south. And where once the deadfalls and poison-baits of Tusoo had kept the wolves thinned down, there was no longer a menace for these mohekuns of the wilderness.

Following the sun of this first wonderful day came the moon and the stars of Baree's first night. It was a splendid night, and with it a full red moon sailed up over the forests, flooding the earth with a new kind of light, softer and more beautiful to Baree. The wolf was strong in him, and he was restless. He had slept that day in the warmth of the sun, but he could not sleep in this glow of the moon. He nosed uneasily about Gray Wolf, who lay flat on her belly, her beautiful head alert, listening yearningly to the night sounds, and for the tonguing of Kazan, who had gone like a shadow to the hunt.

Half a dozen times, as Baree wandered about near the windfall, he heard a soft whir over his head, and once or twice he saw gray shadows floating swiftly through the air. They were the big northern owls swooping down to investigate him, and if he had been a rabbit instead of a wolf-dog whelp, his first night under the moon and stars would have been his last; for unlike Wapos, the rabbit, he was not cautious. Gray Wolf did not watch him closely. Instinct told her that in these forests there was no great danger for Baree except at the hands of man. In his veins ran the blood of the wolf. He was a hunter of all other wild creatures, but no other creature, either winged or fanged, hunted him.

What an appealing little wild creature is this Baree—part dog, part wolf!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dr. Johnson Famous for Sharp Retorts

Dr. Samuel Johnson used a bludgeon rather than a rapier in his repartee, as some anecdotes about him by Charles Hopkins Clark in the North American Review show. On one occasion, on a Sunday, a pompous acquaintance, whom he did not like, came up to him with, "Doctor Johnson, we have had an excellent sermon today." "That may be so," said the doctor, "but it is impossible that you should know it."

After a heated argument, which, by the way, was the kind he said he enjoyed, he finished his opponent with, "If I have said anything you understand, I beg the pardon of the rest of the company."

Mr. Cholmondeley stopped the carriage in which Johnson was riding and attempted to speak to him, but got no attention. Someone said, "Here is Mr. Cholmondeley." "What if it is?" said Johnson, and went on reading a book.

Someone attempted to introduce a friend: "Here is my friend, Mr. Vessey, Doctor Johnson." "I see him," said the doctor and turned away.

Sir Lynch Cotton asked Doctor Johnson what he thought of a neighboring peer. "A dull, commonplace sort of man," he answered, "just like you and your brother."

Doctor Bernard, president of Jesus college, Oxford, unintentionally offended him with a passing jest, and, by way of apology said at once, "I meant nothing, Doctor Johnson." To which polite remark Johnson answered, "If you mean nothing, say nothing, sir!"

One of the Mysteries

Why do so many strangers think the real sights of a city those that regular residents care least to see?—Detroit News.

NELLIE REVELL Says:

WHEN I wrote this I could hear the sound of a chisel and a hammer and an air riveting machine, welded by the workmen constructing an apartment building nearby. "Doesn't that noise nearly kill you?" asked a visitor as the sounds pierced the air. I admitted it was not as soothing as some things I could mention, but added that it did not irritate me nearly as much as the noise made by the wrecking crew while tearing down the building that formerly occupied the same site.

According to all traditions and legends the noise should upset me. I presume it would if it were not for the fact that I know they are building, and that the hammer, which plays a quick, light march, and the chisel, which makes a little pizzicato, are constructing, not destroying. Then I recalled how thrilled I always had been at the sight of a Labor day parade, where every muscular son of toil represented construction. Whether he was a master workman or an entered apprentice, he was a builder of homes, churches, schools, bridges or something that would promote civilization.

In contrast I recalled another parade which I had been invited to witness from a grandstand seat. There came back to me the cheers and applause of the throng as the youngest and strongest of our country swept proudly down the gayly decorated avenue. The finest specimens of manhood in our land, all physically perfect, and every mother's son of them trained to be a killer of his fellow man. And somehow the noise of the derricks which told me of rebuilding did not seem as nerve racking as the crash of falling bricks and mortar which had come to me when the old building was being torn down.

It is the noise of destruction that annoys me. The noise of tumbling bricks and mortar, of boards being ripped from their moorings. While I listened to the noises which accompanied the pulling down of the old building I found myself thinking of those soldiers I had seen in that parade. They were going forth to face the noise of destruction, of guns and howitzers, of exploding shrapnel shells and bombs. All destructive.

Now since they have started rebuilding, the clear, ringing noise of the hammer and saw seemed to soothe rather than annoy me. A new building was being constructed. The world was moving ahead. The noise has a sort of harmony. There is a musical "clink, clink" of the trowels, shaping bricks into regular form. I am not able to see the workmen, but the quick, deft strokes of fine steel in skillful hands seem to inspire me. They are building homes in which families will live, home ties be forged, children will be born and love will predominate. Perhaps its wall will shelter the architect of a great cathedral or some other great man. But anyhow they are building.

And I tried to picture some of those boys who had listened to roar of guns and the bursting of shrapnel shells—and had come back uninjured—working on that new building. I like to think of them as captains of industry—those boys who had been trained to kill. I like to think that the hand which had been taught the use of destructive weapons had been relieved of that responsibility and could now be turned toward the constructive work of welding hammers and saws.

The man who builds is the only man who pays his fare in life's highway, the man who can roll together two little balls of dirt, making a stronger one; the man who can lay one plank upon another, so that it will hold another's weight; the man who can push a stone beneath the corner of a house to hold the structure; the man who can put two words together and send an idea winging on its way is a builder. Everyone can be a builder. Whether we build by a word, spoken or written, or a deed, we can be builders.

Every man knows whether he is a builder or a waster. Every man knows whether he is an asset or a liability to humanity. I believe it was George Meredith who said, "Men who think in terms of lifetimes are of use to civilization. If a man's building is measured by his own span of life he does not build well."

Jack or Tommy or whatever his name is, as he carries his hod of mortar up the ladder is a builder, and his work will stand long after his earthly tribulations end, and his mundane sins are forgiven. The first gravedigger was a delightful buffoon, a cheat and a charlatan, but he had vision. He boasted that he built stronger than the mason, the shipwright and the carpenter, and he argued his case with some plausibility. The mason, the shipwright, the carpenter, the poet, the preacher, the hod carrier, the writer. We must call them great. The world is in good hands.

Somebody sent me an engagement book. I wonder if they know any more jokes like that. It reminds me of the old negro in jail calling down to the street to another colored man to ask what time it was.

"What do you care, you ain't goin' nowhere," was the answer. "That's me. I'd rather have a spell of a book of synonyms." (Copyright by the McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Short Skirt May Remain Favorite

Reformers Seem to Gain but Little Ground for Change of Style.

The long skirts are bad psychologists, asserts a fashion writer in the New York Herald-Tribune. Just when the knee-length skirt was getting ready to leave the spotlight—just when the couture had declared that the next move of the skirt hem would be in the direction of the ankles, just when even the scantiest skirts were attracting little more than casual notice, along come some bold, well-meaning crusaders, broadcasting the pronouncement that the abbreviated skirt must go, else the whole world descend into the maelstrom of moral decadence. And straightaway debutante and matron, dowager and flapper, who had been casting around for something new by which to march at the head of the mode, sigh relievedly and pin their faith again in the short skirt. And only because well-intending reformers have once more directed the light of publicity toward an issue which was ready to retire like Cincinnatus.

To some of the younger generation this organized crusade, which has been inaugurated both here and abroad, comes in the nature of a challenge. However fatuously mild may bow to the edicts of the haute couture, she has a tremendous resistance toward dictation from any other source. And she will take a particular delight in manifesting her sartorial independence of all critics outside the pale of the mode.

Another unfortunate mistake of the ankle-length hemline advocates was the attempt to make a moral issue out of what is clearly only a phase of fashion. Some of the early missionaries to barbaric countries were horrified at the lack of covering worn by the natives. The Turk of a few years ago considered it the height of immodesty for a lady to be unveiled. And the Victorian censors of modern dress are in the same boat. After a little they will realize, as these others have realized, that dress is not a matter of morals but of custom and education. And when they do, the question of skirt length will no longer be of moment and no one will care if it terminates at the knees or the ankles. No one, that is, except the couture and its critics, in whose province such matters should normally rest.

Steel Gray Straw Mode Is Designed for Spring



Steel-gray straw promises to be very popular for early spring. This model is very tailored in its trim of henna and green-colored velvet.

Fashions in Bracelets and Slave Necklaces

The slave chain necklaces and bracelets now being shown have several new features. The links are long and heavy and joined together by thick round rings. These joining rings may or may not be ornamented by small jeweled conventional motifs. They are made to fit snugly about the base of the neck and at the wrists. Naturally, it is quite easy to snap the necklace on, but when it comes to wrists a difficult problem arises. Only the services of a maid can settle it, for it is impossible to put them on single-handed.

Indestructible seed pearls in festoons and bangles are used in conjunction with fine chains of white gold and silver. These pearls form the decorative scheme centered on the front part of the chain. The festoons and pendant drops, which are all very small and dainty, achieve a flattering effect for the woman who has deep hollows or a thin neck.

Lace Is Set In

Lingerie sets should be numerous but not extensive, according to the dressmakers. The latter declare that the day of fancy, frilly, billowy lingerie is gone, since such garments bulge under the modern dresses and destroy the lines of the modern silhouette. Lace, therefore, is being used as inset medallions on the newest underthings rather than in the form of ruffles or flounces.

Two-Piece Sports Dress of Green Brocade Silk



A charming two-piece sports dress is made of pale green brocade silk, collar and sleeves, tiny tailored pockets being trimmed with heavy white crepe de chine. The sports hat shown on the model is of a darker shade of green modal straw, poke shaped, with brown grosgrain ribbon, and brim bound with same.

Winsome Patterns in New Silks and Crepes

Crepe and chiffons in plain colors and in a great variety of new patterns are used lavishly for afternoon and evening dress from both the French and the American creators. The advanced styles in these materials received from the other side and those shown by American manufacturers earlier in the winter are refined in design. The greater number are woven in pastel shades. With the exception of some striking patterns of cubist character and some that are geometric in feeling, the new fabrics are in floral, Watteau scrolls and "confetti figures," with some distinguished designs inspired, as were the Ferronier silks of last spring, by architectural motifs. This year's prints are exceedingly graceful, with much delicacy of detail and beauty of color. The flower-printed chiffons and voiles are poems in color, with the wistaria roses, orchids and daffodils on backgrounds of fainter tints. Passion flowers, fruit and conventionalized clusters of grapes, vines and leaves are some of the patterns.

Include Slender Lines in Styles for Spring

Sports fabrics express the manly inclination through imported novelty tweeds, in which subdued colorings and neat, definite designs, achieve that enviable air of smartness with restraint. This type is a godsend to the woman who admires brighter shades now in vogue, but for one reason or another does not wish to wear them.

Such substantial tweeds, in company with jersey, novelty plaids, flannels and bordered woollens is active principally in coat or suit types. In these, despite the presence of capelet theme and shoulder flare, there is a clear survival of straight lines. Even the types noted seek a slim effect, while topcoats, either full or three-quarters length, frequently show a straight silhouette.

This is partly because it is after all the most flattering to women with pounds to hide, and partly because fabrics are so all important just now that they must be set off by the simplest of styling.

Buckle Is Important as Trimming Detail

The buckle contributes one of the most important trimming details of the season. It is quite a glittering ornament when it is of rhinestones and is used to adorn one of the new felt hats or one of satin. The buckle of felt in self or contrasting color is another trimming means frequently employed for smart little felt hats.

Somewhat different is the use of gold kid buckles to finish the gold belt on brown crepe dress. Another buckle, somewhat smaller, finishes the gold kid band which lends the illusion of a two-piece style to this model. A third buckle, smaller still than either of the other two, adorns the very edge of the skirt.

For Evening Gowns

Dreccol makes much use of the close-fitting bodice and swathed draperies about the hips this season. Evening gowns, in the new shades of rose and red, with deep fox bands and Persian jeweled girdle, strike an oriental note. There is more workmanship in the cutting and fitting of the gorgeous materials than there is trimming, to give an effect of elaborateness to what is in reality very simple dressmaking. This expedient is apparent in certain of the less famous houses.