

# BAREE

## SON OF KAZAN

by  
**JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD**



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### HIS FIRST BATTLE

Synopsis—Baree is born in a vast tangle of fallen timber that shuts out the light of day. He is the son of Kazan, the dog, and of Gray Wolf, the blind wolf. He makes the acquaintance of his father and sees sunlight for the first time. He gets the use of his legs.

### Chapter I—Continued

In a way Baree sensed this. He was not afraid of the owls. He was not afraid of the strange blood-curdling cries they made in the black spruce-tops. But once fear entered into him, and he scurried back to his mother. It was when one of the winged hunters of the air swooped down on a snowshoe rabbit, and the squeaking agony of the doomed creature set his heart thumping like a little hammer. He felt in those crises the nearness of that one ever-present tragedy of the wild—death. He felt it again that night when, snuggled close to Gray Wolf, he listened to the fierce outcry of a wolf-pack that was close on the heels of a young caribou bull. And the meaning of it all, and the wild thrill of it all, came home to him early in the gray dawn when Kazan returned, holding between his jaws a huge rabbit that was still kicking and squirming with life.

This rabbit was the climax in the first chapter of Baree's education. It was as if Gray Wolf and Kazan had planned it all out, so that he might receive his first introduction in the art of killing. When Kazan had dropped it, Baree approached the big hare cautiously. The back of Wapoo's, the rabbit, was broken. His round eyes were glazed, and he had ceased to feel pain. But to Baree, as he dug his tiny teeth into the heavy fur under Wapoo's throat, the hare was very much alive. The teeth did not go through into the flesh. With puppyish fierceness Baree lunged on. He thought that he was killing. He could feel the dying convulsions of Wapoo's. He could hear the last gasping breaths leaving the warm body, and he snarled and tugged until finally he fell back with a mouthful of fur. When he returned to the attack, Wapoo was quite dead, and Baree continued to bite and snarl until Gray Wolf came with her sharp fangs and tore the rabbit to pieces. After that followed the feast.

So Baree came to understand that to eat meant to kill, and as other days and nights passed, there grew in him swiftly the hunger for flesh. In this he was the true wolf. From Kazan he had taken other and stronger inheritances of the dog. He was magnificently black, which in later days gave him the name of Kusketta Mohekun—the black wolf. On his breast was a star. His right ear was tipped with white. His tail, at six weeks, was bushy and hung low. It was a wolf's tail. His ears were Gray Wolf's ears—sharp, short, pointed, always alert. His fore-shoulders gave promise of being splendidly like Kazan's, and when he stood up he was like the trace-dog, except that he always stood sideways to the point or object he was watching. This, again, was the wolf, for a dog faces the direction in which he is looking intently.

One brilliant night, when Baree was two months old, and when the sky was filled with stars and a June moon so bright that it seemed scarcely higher than the tall spruce-tops, Baree settled back on his haunches and howled. It was a first effort. But there was no mistake in the note of it. It was the wolf-howl. But a moment later when Baree slunk up to Kazan, as if deeply ashamed of his effort, he was wagging his tail in an unmistakably apologetic manner. And this again was the dog. If Tusoo, the dead Indian trapper, could have seen him then, he would have judged him by that wagging of his tail. It revealed the fact that deep in his heart—and in his soul, if we can concede that he had one—Baree was dog.

In another way Tusoo would have found judgment of him. At two months the wolf whelp has forgotten how to play. He is a slinking paef of the wilderness, already at work preying on creatures smaller and more helpless than himself. Baree still played. In his excursions away from the windfall he had never gone farther than the creek, a hundred yards from where his mother lay. He had helped to tear many dead and dying rabbits into pieces; he believed, if he thought upon the matter at all, that he was exceedingly fierce and courageous. But it was his ninth week before he felt his spurs and fought his terrible battle with the young owl in the edge of the thick forest.

The fact that Oohoomisew, the big snow-owl, had made her nest in a broken stub not far from the windfall was destined to change the whole

course of Baree's life, just as the blinding of Gray Wolf had changed hers. The creek ran close past the stub, which had been shrunken by lightning; and this stub stood in a still, dark place in the forest, surrounded by tall, black spruce and enveloped in gloom even in broad day. Many times Baree had gone to the edge of this mysterious bit of forest and had peered in curiously, and with a growing desire.

On this day of his great battle his lure was overpowering. Little by little he entered into it, his eyes shining brightly and his ears alert for the slightest sounds that might come out of it. His heart beat faster. The gloom enveloped him more. He forgot the windfall and Kazan and Gray Wolf. Here before him lay the thrill of adventure. He heard stranger sounds, but very soft sounds, as if made by padded feet and downy wings, and they filled him with a thrilling expectancy. Under his feet there were no grass or weeds or flowers, but a wonderful brown carpet of soft evergreen needles. They felt good to his feet, and were so velvety that he could not hear his own movement.

He was fully three hundred yards from the windfall when he passed Oohoomisew's stub and into a thick growth of young balsams. And there—directly in his path—crouched the monster!

Papayuchisew (Young Owl) was not more than a third as large as Baree. But he was a terrifying looking object. To Baree he seemed all head and eyes. He could see no body at all. Kazan had never brought in anything like this, and for a full half minute he remained very quiet, eyeing it speculatively. Papayuchisew did not move a feather. But as Baree advanced, a cautious step at a time, the bird's eyes



And the Fight Began.

grew bigger and the feathers about his head ruffled up as if stirred by a bit of wind. He came of a fighting family, this little Papayuchisew—a savage, fearless, and killing family—and even Kazan would have taken note of those ruffling feathers.

With a space of two feet between them, the pup and the owl eyed each other. In the moment, if Gray Wolf could have seen, she might have said to Baree: "Use your legs—and run!" And Oohoomisew, the old owl, might have said to Papayuchisew: "You little fool—use your wings and fly!"

They did neither—and the fight began. Papayuchisew started it, and with a single wild yelp Baree went back in a heap, the owl's beak fastened like a red-hot vise in the soft flesh at the end of his nose. That one yelp of surprise and pain was Baree's first and last cry in the fight. The wolf surged in him; rage and the desire to kill possessed him. As Papayuchisew lunged on, he made a curious hissing sound; and as Baree rolled and gnashed his teeth and fought to free himself from that amazing grip on his nose, fierce little snarls rose out of his throat.

For fully a minute Baree had no use of his jaws. Then, by accident, he wedged Papayuchisew in a crotch of a low ground-shrub, and a bit of his nose gave way. He might have run then, but instead of that he was back at the owl like a flash. Flop went Papayuchisew on his back, and Baree buried his needle-like teeth in the bird's breast. It was like trying to bite through a pillow, the feathers were so close and thick. Deeper and deeper Baree sank his fangs, and just as they were beginning to prick the owl's skin, Papayuchisew—jabbing a little blindly with a beak that snapped sharply every time it closed—got him by the ear.

The pain of that hold was excruciating to Baree, and he made a more desperate effort to get his teeth through his enemy's thick armor of feathers. In the struggle they rolled under the low balsams to the edge of the ravine through which ran the creek. Over the steep edge they plunged, and as they rolled and bumped to the bottom, Baree loosed his hold. Papayuchisew hung valiantly on, and when they reached the bottom he still had his grip on Baree's ear.

Baree's nose was bleeding; his ear felt as if it were being pulled from his head; and in this uncomfortable moment a newly awakened instinct made Baby Papayuchisew discover his wings as a fighting asset. An owl has never really begun to fight until he uses his wings, and with a joyous hissing, Papayuchisew began beating his antagonist so fast and so viciously that Baree was dazed. He was compelled to close his eyes, and he snapped blindly. For the first time since the battle began he felt a strong inclination to get away. He tried to tear himself free with his forepaws, but Papayuchisew—slow to reason but of firm conviction—hung to Baree's ear like grim fate.

At this critical point, when the understanding of defeat was forming itself swiftly in Baree's mind, chance saved him. His fangs closed on one of the owl's tender feet. Papayuchisew gave a sudden squeak. The ear was free at last—and with a snarl of triumph Baree gave a vicious tug at Papayuchisew's leg.

In the excitement of battle he had not heard the rushing tumult of the creek close under them, and over the edge of a rock Papayuchisew and he went together, the chill water of the rain-swollen stream muffling a final snarl and a final hiss of the two little fighters.

### Chapter II

To Papayuchisew, after his first mouthful of water, the stream was almost as safe as the air, for he went sailing down it with the lightness of a gull, wondering in his slow-thinking big head why he was moving so swiftly and so pleasantly without any effort of his own.

To Baree it was a different matter. He went down almost like a stone. A mighty roaring filled his ears; it was dark, suffocating, terrible. In the swift current he was twisted over and over. For twenty feet he was under water. Then he rose to the surface and desperately began using his legs. It was of little use. He had only time to blink once or twice and catch a lungful of air when he shot into a current that was running like a millrace between the butts of two fallen trees, and for another twenty feet the sharpest eyes could not have seen hair or hide of him. He came up again at the edge of a shallow riffle over which the water ran like the rapids at Niagara in miniature, and for fifty or sixty yards he was flung like a hairy ball. From this he was hurled into a deep, cold pool; and then—half dead—he found himself crawling out on a gravelly bar.

For a long time Baree lay there in a pool of sunshine without moving. His ear hurt him; his nose was raw, and burned as if he had thrust it into fire. His legs and body were sore, and as he began to wander along the gravel bar, he was the most wretched pup in the world. He was also completely turned around. In vain he looked about him for some familiar mark—something that might guide him back to his windfall home. Everything was strange. He did not know that the water had flung him out on the wrong side of the stream, and that to reach the windfall he would have to cross it again. He whined, but that was as loud as his voice rose. Gray Wolf could have heard his barking for the windfall was not more than two hundred and fifty yards up the stream. But the wolf in Baree held him silent, except for his low whining.

Striking the main shore, Baree began going downstream. This was away from the windfall, and each step that he took carried him farther and farther from home. At the end of half an hour Baree would even have welcomed Papayuchisew. And he would not have fought him—he would have inquired, if possible, the way back home.

Well, Baree, has had his first battle and come out alive. Also, he is lost and homesick. What next?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### A Lucky Lie

John Silver was surrounded by friends. And how must friends be entertained? By some sort of story surely. Silver thought for some time, and began:

"I don't know if any of you knew it, but I am going to Mexico next month."

"You are really going to Mexico?"

"And why shouldn't I go to Mexico?" asked Silver.

In the manner of friends they replied:

"Every other man dies of malaria."

"It is simply unbearable with poisonous fogs."

"You have to go to bed with a revolver in one hand."

"What's more, Silver, very few people ever come back."

And then Silver exclaimed, heartily:

"Well, it certainly is a lucky thing I was lying!"

### Sun Dial and Telescope

A small telescope has been added to a sun dial intended for residence grounds.

### Smart Effects in Milady's Neckwear

#### Scarfs Are Worn From One Shoulder or Wrapped About Throat.

The number of scarfs and scarf effects in the new spring collections is quite noticeable. Dresses of lace and chiffon destined for evenings at Palm Beach, have trailing filmy scarfs of chiffon in misted colors, or of lace tinted to match the frock. A dress of white silk crepe has side panels and a long shoulder scarf of black chantilly lace. These scarfs are worn from one shoulder or wrapped about the throat and flung over one or both shoulders.

The dress in the sketch shows Chanel's new treatment of a scarf collar. What begins as a trimming band in crepe de chine, ends as a scarf that is brought around the neck and hangs down in back! This two-piece frock has a yoke-back and a skirt that uses the theme of the flare in an original manner. This skirt wraps around and is caught at the side by a real pocket placed rather low. Like the skirts of so many of the new two-piece frocks, the lower edge of this one is bound. Jersey in bois de rose is used for this smart little frock.

Even coats have scarfs sometimes of self material, sometimes made of the lining silk, scarfs that tie in front under the chin or are allowed to hang loose on either side of the center-front opening of a coat.

Speaking of coats leads one to a contemplation of the new wraps shown for southern wear. A great number of the coats in the southern collection show the flare, from the hips or from the shoulder, the capelet, the under-the-arm cape and the shoulder cape. In this connection of flares and capes the few straight-line coats stand out with great distinction. Almost every



Gown With Band Which Ends as a Flowing Neckpiece.

material is represented—homespun, tweed, kasha and kindred fabrics, fine wool rep, frisco. Several coats were indicative of the coat styles that will appear on our benches next summer. These were straight coats of Rodier's printed linen with flat white lapin collars. And such prints—startling black, blue and red designs on an oyster ground, designs employing every color under the sun and adding a metallic thread to give the glitter.

### Coats of India Prints, Flowered Peasant Cotton

Some of the specialty shops show gayly colored coats of India prints and flowered peasant cottons in vivid dyes. They are picturesque affairs that will be seen more at the Southern resorts and in the country during the coming summer than in town. In the same effect as to design, but of more important fabric, is a coat of which Lanvin is the creator. It is made of tapestry cloth of conventional pattern, in blue, green and beige. The model flares sufficiently to give generous width at the bottom, is lined with beige crepe, and has a deep turnover collar and a band of summer ermine all around the bottom and at the edge of the cuffs. Another coat of Paris authorship is of several shades of white. The geometric pattern, resembling stitching, is done with narrow braid or taffeta.

### Some Odd Combinations

Among the odd mixings of materials used are cretonnes combined with lace. A cretonne afternoon frock for wear about the home is trimmed with insets of black lace or with waterfall shirt frills of lace, net or chiffon. More ornamental still are black lace frocks trimmed with appliques of cretonne flowers set on with gold or silver thread.

### Made in Jewels

Copies of early Victorian jewelry lead the mode in smart things to wear in jewels. Designs of quaint charm and originality are to be found in the pieces which faithfully copy the mode of our grandmothers.

### White Satin Used for Chic Dancing Frock



Nothing is prettier for the debutante than white satin. That material is chosen for this winsome dancing frock. The skirt conforms to the smart flare mode. The unusual back cut gives the gown a slightly sophisticated air.

### New Silk Print Designs for Spring and Summer

A stained-glass window inspired the designs of the newest silk print patterns which will be worn the coming spring and summer in the North. The new silks are covered thickly with extraordinary geometric designs in either polychrome pastel shades or in one and two-tone pastel effects. Squares, chevrons and triangles are piled on in inextricable confusion, but with a delightful blending of color.

The new printed silks, especially those designed for afternoon frocks, are being woven in very broad widths. The skirts of the afternoon dresses are frequently plain in the back, with a slight fullness in front. One width forms the skirt and the fullness is produced by placing the seam in the center of the front, with a plait on each side of the seam.

If one has a new and handsome hat-pin, it seems essential to have a hat with which to wear it. This is one of the things responsible for the popularity of the beret. Nothing is more suitable on which to pose a pin than a black velvet beret with a narrow slightly drooping brim.

### Vanities Are Dainty; Shopping Bags Large

The latest vanities are dainty trifles. One is a rose, made of ribbon or strips of silk, which is attached to a wrist-band of silk elastic. The band is covered with fancy ribbon in a flowered pattern or metal brocade, and the flowers, a clever reproduction, conceals a little powder puff, rouge and lip stick. Another ultra-modern invention is a silk-covered disk on which is painted a face to match the dolls seen on the toilet articles and accessories of dress. Shopping bags are of many designs, but all are large. The most swagger of all is a knapsack shape of generous size. The most popular resembles a traveling bag, with a snap clasp at the top and with handles of leather. It is long, rather narrow, and commodious. Seal, morocco, alligator, lizard, snakeskin and other novelty leathers and clever imitations are the materials used.

### Sleeves Are Plaited From Elbow to Wrist

The graceful swing of the skirts is being copied extensively in the designs of the sleeves of present-day gowns. Frequently the sleeves, which are extremely tight from shoulder to elbow, are duplicates of the skirts from the elbow down. As a result plaits, so omnipresent on skirts, are becoming a feature on sleeves. Even velvet sleeves are so treated. One new cloak, for example, is of ruby velvet with the sleeves plaited from elbow to wrist and trimmed with black fox.

### Pins for Millinery

Among the little brilliant pins designed for millinery and brooch purposes are tiny animals and birds of brilliants mounted on pins which screw together. Two wee elephants that can be worn as a scarf pin or hat ornament, for instance, are among them.

### New Arctics

An innovation which will be welcomed by the woman who hates the utilitarian appearance of black arctics are galoshes of almond green or tan trimmed with black.

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