

BARÉE, Son of Kazan

HOMESICK BARÉE

Synopsis.—Part wolf, part dog—when two months old Barée has his first meeting with an enemy, Papayuchisew (young owl). Fighting hard, the antagonists are suddenly plunged into a swollen creek. Badly buffeted, and half drowned, Barée is finally flung on the bank, but the water has destroyed his sense of direction and he is lost, lonely and hungry.

Chapter II—Continued

Barée was fully three quarters of a mile from the windfall when he came to a point where the creek split itself into two channels. He had but one choice to follow—the stream that flowed a little south and east. This stream did not run swiftly. It was not filled with shimmering ripples, and rocks about which the water sang and foamed. It grew black, like the forest. It was still and deep. Without knowing it, Barée was burying himself deeper and deeper into Tusoo's old trapping grounds. Since Tusoo had died, they had lain undisturbed except for the wolves, for Gray Wolf and Kazan had not hunted on this side of the waterway—and the wolves themselves preferred the more open country for the chase.

Suddenly Barée found himself at the edge of a deep, dark pool in which the water lay still as oil, and his heart nearly jumped out of his body when a great, sleek, shining creature sprang out from almost under his nose and landed with a tremendous splash in the center of it. It was Nekik, the otter.

The otter had not heard Barée, and in another moment Napanekik, his wife, came sailing out of a patch of gloom, and behind her came three little otters, leaving behind them four shimmering wakes in the oily-looking water. What happened after that made Barée forget for a few minutes that he was lost. Nekik had disappeared under the surface, and now he came up directly under his unsuspecting mate with a force that lifted her half out of the water. Instantly he was gone again, and Napanekik took after him fiercely. To Barée it did not look like play. Two of the baby otters had pitched on the third, which seemed to be fighting desperately. The chill and ache went out of Barée's body. His blood ran excitedly; he forgot himself, and let out a bark. In a flash the otters disappeared. For several minutes the water in the pool continued to rock and heave—and that was all. After a little, Barée drew himself back into the bushes and went on.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun should still have been well up in the sky. But it was growing darker steadily, and the strangeness and fear of it all lent greater speed to Barée's legs. He stopped every little while to listen, and at one of these intervals he heard a sound that drew from him a responsive and joyous whine. It was a distant howl—a wolf's howl—straight ahead of him. Barée was not thinking of wolves but of Kazan, and he ran through the gloom of the forest until he was winded. Then he stopped and listened a long time. The wolf-howl did not come again. Instead of it there rolled up from the west a deep and thunderous rumble. Through the treetops there flashed a vivid streak of lightning. A moaning whisper of wind rode in advance of the storm; the thunder seemed searching Barée out where he stood shivering under a canopy of great spruce. This was his second storm. The first had frightened him terribly, and he had crawled back into the shelter of the windfall. The best he could find now was a hollow under a big root, and into this he slunk, crying softly. It was a babyish cry, cry for his mother, for home, for warmth, for something soft and protecting to nestle up to; and as he cried, the storm burst over the forest.

Barée had never before heard so much noise, and he had never seen the lightning play in such sheets of fire as when this June deluge fell. It seemed at times as though the whole world were aflame, and the earth seemed to shake and roll under the crashes of the thunder. He ceased his crying and made himself as small as he could under the root, which protected him partly from the terrific beat of the rain which came down through the treetops in a flood. It was now so black that except when the lightning ripped great holes in the gloom he could not see the spruce trunks twenty feet away. Twice that distance from Barée there was a huge dead stub that stood out like a ghost each time the fires swept the sky, as if defying the flaming hands up there to strike—and strike, at last, one of them did! A bluish tongue of snapping flame ran down the old stub; and as it touched the earth, there came a tremendous explosion above the treetops. The massive stub shivered, and then it broke asunder as if cloven by a gigantic ax. It crashed down so close to Barée that earth and sticks flew about him, and he let out a wild yelp of terror as he tried to crowd himself deeper into the shallow hole under the root.

With the destruction of the old stub the thunder and lightning seemed to have vented their malevolence. The thunder passed on into the south and east like the rolling of ten thousand heavy cartwheels over the roofs of the forest, and the lightning went with it.

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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WNU Service

The rain fell steadily. The hole in which he had taken shelter was soppy. He was drenched; his teeth chattered as he waited for the next thing to happen.

It was a long wait. When the rain stopped, and the sky cleared, it was night. Through the tops of the trees Barée could have seen the stars if he had poked out his head and looked upward. But he clung to his hole. Hour after hour passed. Exhausted, half drowned, footsore, and hungry, he did not move. At last he fell into a troubled sleep, a sleep in which every now and then he cried softly and forlornly for his mother. When he ventured out from under the root it was morning, and the sun was shining.

At first Barée could hardly stand. His legs were cramped; every bone in his body seemed out of joint; his ear was stiff where the blood had oozed out of it and hardened, and when he tried to wrinkle his wounded nose, he gave a sharp yelp of pain. If such a thing were possible, he looked even worse than he felt. His hair had dried in matted patches; he was dirt-stained from end to end; and where yesterday he had been plump and shiny, he was now as thin and wretched as misfortune could possibly make him. And he was hungry. He had never before known what it meant to be really hungry.

When he went on, continuing in the direction he had been following yesterday, he slunk along in a disheartened sort of way. His head and ears were no longer alert, and his curiosity was gone. He was not only stomach-hungry; mother-hunger rose above his physical yearning for something to eat. He wanted his mother as he had never wanted her before in his life. He wanted to snuggle his shivering little body close up to her and feel the warm caressing of her tongue and listen to the mothering whine of her voice. And he wanted Kazan, and the old wind all, and that big blue spot that was in the sky right over it. While he followed again along the edge of the creek, he whimpered for them as a child might grieve.

The forest grew more open after a time, and this cheered him up a little. Also the warmth of the sun was taking the ache out of his body. He grew hungrier and hungrier. He had depended entirely on Kazan and Gray Wolf for food. His parents had, in some ways, made a great baby of him. Gray Wolf's blindness accounted for this, for since his birth she had not taken up her hunting with Kazan, and it was quite natural that Barée should stick close to her, though more than once he had been filled with a great yearning to follow his father. Nature was hard at work trying to overcome its handicap now. It was struggling to impress on Barée that the time had now come when he must seek his own food. The fact impinged itself upon him slowly but steadily, and he began to think of the three or four shellfish he had caught and devoured on the stony creek-bank near the windfall. He also remembered the open clam shell he had found, and the unconsciousness of the tender morsel inside it. A new excitement began to possess him. He became, all at once, a hunter.

With the thinning out of the forest the creek grew more shallow. It ran over bars of sand and stones, and Barée began to nose along the edge of these. For a long time he had no success. The few crayfish that he saw were exceedingly lively and elusive, and all the clam-shells were shut so tight that even Kazan's powerful jaws would have had difficulty in smashing them. It was almost noon when he caught his first crayfish, about as big as a man's forefinger. He devoured it ravenously. The taste of food gave him fresh courage. He caught two more crayfish during the afternoon. It was almost dusk when he stirred a young rabbit out from under a cover of grass. If he had been a month older, he could have caught it. He was still very hungry, for three crayfish—scattered through the day—had not done much to fill the emptiness that was growing steadily in him.

With the approach of night Barée's fears and great loneliness returned. Before the day had quite gone he found himself a shelter under a big rock, where there was a warm, soft bed of sand. Since his flight with Papayuchisew, he had traveled a long distance, and the rock under which he made his bed this night was at least eight or nine miles from the windfall. It was in the open of the creek bottom, with the dark forest of spruce and cedars close on either side; and when

the moon rose, and the stars filled the sky, Barée could look out and see the water of the stream shimmering in a glow almost as bright as day. Directly in front of him, running to the water's edge, was a broad carpet of white sand. Across this sand, half an hour later, came a huge black bear.

Until Barée had seen the otters at play in the creek, his conceptions of the forests had not gone beyond his own kind, and such creatures as owls and rabbits and small feathered things. The otters had not frightened him, because he still measured things by size, and Nekik was not half as big as Kazan. But the bear was a monster beside which Kazan would have stood a mere pigmy. If nature was taking this way of introducing Barée to the fact that there were more important creatures in the forests than dogs and wolves and owls and crayfish, she was driving the point home with a little more than necessary emphasis. For Wakayoo, the bear, weighed six hundred pounds. If he weighed an ounce. He was fat and sleek from a month's feasting on fish. His shiny coat was like black velvet in the moonlight, and he walked with a curious rolling motion with his head hung low. The horror grew when he stopped broadside in the carpet of sand not more than ten feet from the rock under which Barée was shivering as if he had theague.

It was quite evident that Wakayoo had caught scent of him in the air. Barée could hear him sniff—could hear his breathing—caught the starlight flashing in his reddish-brown eyes as they swung suspiciously toward the big boulder. If Barée could have known then that he—his insignificant little self—was making that monster actually nervous and uneasy, he would have given a yelp of joy. For Wakayoo, in spite of his size, was somewhat of a coward when it came to wolves. And Barée carried the wolf-scent. It grew stronger in Wakayoo's nose; and just then, as if to increase whatever nervousness was growing in him, there came from out of the forest behind him a long wailing howl.

With an audible grunt, Wakayoo moved on. Wolves were pests, he argued. They wouldn't stand up and fight. They'd snap and yap at one's heels for hours at a time, and were always out of the way quicker than a wink when one turned on them. What was the use of hanging around where there were wolves, on a beautiful night like this? He lumbered on decisively. Barée could hear him splashing heavily through the water of the creek. Not until then did the wolf-dog draw a full breath. It was almost a gasp.

But the excitement was not over for the night. Barée had chosen his bed at a place where the animals came down to drink, and where they crossed from one of the creek forests to the other. Not long after the bear had disappeared he heard a heavy crunching in the sand, and hoofs rattling against stones, and a bull moose with a huge sweep of antlers passed through the open space in the moonlight. Barée stared with popping eyes, for if Wakayoo had weighed six hundred pounds, this gigantic creature whose legs were so long that it seemed to be walking on stilts weighed at least twice as much. A cow moose followed, and then a calf. The calf seemed all legs. It was too much for Barée, and he shoved himself farther and farther back under the rock until he lay wedged in like a sardine in a box. And there he lay until morning.

When Barée ventured forth from under his rock at the beginning of the next day, he was a much older puppy than when he met Papayuchisew, the young owl, in his path near the old windfall. If experience can be made to take the place of age, he had aged a great deal in the last forty-eight hours. In fact, he had passed almost out of puppyhood. He awoke with a new and much broader conception of the world. It was a big place. It was filled with many things, of which Kazan and Gray Wolf were not the most important. The monsters he had seen on the moonlit plot of sand had roused in him a new kind of caution, and the one greatest instinct of beasts—the primal understanding that it is the strong that prey upon the weak—was awakening swiftly in him. As yet he quite naturally measured brute force and the menace of things by size alone. Thus the bear was more terrible than Kazan, and the moose was more terrible than the bear.

Barée has now discovered that it's a big world with many adventures. And he's learning fast.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Writer's Tribute to Chivalry of Women

I am convinced that, in their relations to men, women are the chivalrous sex. In fact, I cannot understand how the reverse idea ever came to be accepted. It must have been a superpowerful Crusader who first enforced it with his mace.

How many times have I noticed how a woman, in the very climax of a quarrel, will not refrain from saying the one small, last thing of all that will cut nearest to the place where a man keeps his "wince." And I have heard men talk of "playing the game."

"Playing the game," "Letting down

one's side," "It isn't done." The good old code, phrased in schoolboy jargon, that I have had to hear so very often, too often, from the lips of a husband who is, perhaps, nearer to the schoolboy than I always remember.—G. B. Stern, in Hearst's International Cosmopolitan.

Mayas in High Place

What is known of the Mayas indicates that they were the most advanced of the American Indian races. The Mayas had a written language, but as yet no key has been found for it.

Tweed Suits Are Shown for Spring

Navy Blue, Beige and Pale Shades of Rose and Pink Are Favored.

By all the finery that flutters in the Southern breezes, gray and green are leading colors, especially for daytime wear. More shades of green than nature ever essayed to use in her decorative schemes are seen and in all popular fabrics. But that's not saying that other colors are out of the picture, notes a fashion correspondent in the Kansas City Star, for every observer of fashion knows that green combines delightfully with nearly every other color under the sun. Fashion will not overlook this opportunity to use other colors. The same is true of gray. The pinky beige lingers out of popularity and service to womankind rather than for any new note it serves in the mode.

Gray is one color that requires an ensemble of complete harmony. It brings us back to an increasing vogue for gray hosiery, something lighter than the gunmetal shade and partaking of fleshy tones so much a part of the nude-shade hosiery. Paris has not given up beige and flesh-colored hosiery by any means, but it must be conceded that many another shade may be worn and still be in good taste; even black hosiery has its sponsors by women who are regarded sartorially correct on every occasion.

Importance in colors is given to chartreuse, which, by the way, is a much-abused word this season, as all shades of yellowish green now come under that name. Pale blue, lavender, pink and delicate yellows are very popular both in taffeta for evening and in wool for sports. Jersey, knitted fabrics and tweed all come in these delicate colors.

The new tweeds are as varied as the silks and crepes, and it goes without saying quite as lovely in their way. Whether you choose the safest of all shades, navy blue, or a flattering beige or the still more flattering pale shades of rose or pink, rest assured that fashion is with you.

The long tunic frocks for daytime wear are leaders in their particular fields of dress.

It was O'Rossen who made famous the boyish suit of a few seasons past, one that never has quite faded from the picture since that time.

Its tremendous popularity may be repeated again if the O'Rossen models meet with the same approval of seasons ago.

Black Crepe de Chine, Navy, Tan, Printed Crepe



Black crepe de chine and navy and tan printed crepe are pleasingly combined in a pretty frock for springtime. The tie and cuffs of the printed silk are effective touches.

Crepe de Chine, Voile, Chiffon for Lingerie

Crepe de chine, triple voile and chiffon are all much in favor for lingerie. Real lace dyed in deep ochre shades trims the classical flesh-pink underwear, while when more original colors are chosen, such as almond green, pale blue, mauve or yellow, the lace is often dyed to match the fabric. Black lingerie always enjoys a certain vogue, and in chiffon or georgette amply trimmed with lace it is exquisite this season. Inlet points and incrustations of lace that are turned or vandyked are very popular. Sometimes black lingerie is trimmed with black lace, chantilly or d'alene being the favorites, although many women prefer the contrast of light ochre.

The printed chiffon craze has also spread to lingerie. One of the prettiest sets seen in Paris this season was made of white chiffon scattered with a field flower design in blues, reds and yellows, trimmed with inlet triangles of fine black lace, giving that amusing little flare at the hem of the chemise and knickers that follows the dress line.

Pastel Print Ensemble; Coat Is Edged With Fur



Showing a delightful ensemble of pastel print in modernistic design. The coat is lined with the printed silk of which the dress is made, and it is edged with bands of fur.

High Lights of Modes of Interest to Women

A prominent actress arrived from Paris wearing a grayish beige wool skirt with a red leather straight-line coat with raglan sleeves. Summer ermine appeared in a narrow collar and in a border down the side of the coat. A lipstick-red felt hat draped in the back, and grayish beige was repeated in her hose and shoes.

Martial and Armand accent the princess lines of a velvet bridal gown, with insets of lame and lace.

Lanvin shows a black lace fichu draped across the front in rounded lined tied with flowing ends near the waist line in the back. The hemline is petaloid. This is adhered to by every French house.

Broad stripes, too wide even for an awning, are woven into lovely tweed mixtures for coats at Palm Beach. These are worn above a turtle neck sweater outfit; the stripes in the sweater are horizontal.

Shantung is favored for sports wear as being practicable and of novelty interest.

The tailored dress in French openings is developed frequently in fine navy woolen; the severity of line and color is relieved by white collars and cuffs.

There are many soft dresses of crepe de chine presented in the collection, accompanied by coats in costume effect.

Delicate shades in hosiery, pale blues, lavender and all shades of pink, are seen in the new hosiery. White pique is much used for vestees and waistcoats.

Novelty Handkerchiefs in Attractive Designs

The popularity of the novelty handkerchief continues and varied and interesting new designs are being shown in the spring assortments. Linens, of course, are the best medium to consider from a style aspect. From Ireland come the daintiest and sheerest of handkerchiefs. Fine hand-embroidered corners, hand-rolled hems and hemstitching are the outstanding features of the white ones. Printed linens have a touch of colored embroidery, but only a suggestion. Artistic colored designs are seen in the French importations. These have white or solid centers with contrasting colors in the borders. All-over effects are also good, especially when they include the brilliant colors in a border design. Swiss handkerchiefs made of net, voile and crepe de chine are more decorative than useful, as is suggested both in their size and sheerness.

Gloves Are Gay

Accessories to costumes are gay, but none are gayer than the gloves. There are red gloves with a little scallop at the top, and one red and one gray with stitching in the two-tones effect. Green with tan; red with black; blue with tangerine, and gray with tangerine are other color combinations which are proving popular. We are told on every hand that it is to be a season of color, and here are the gloves to prove it. Worn with a dark fur coat, they will lend a note of gaiety to the most somber costume.

Dance Hats

Reports from here and there lend ever more interest to the evening turban for restraining unruly tresses. It is made on the lines of an aviation cap, and in one instance is described as being of black hatter's plush, laid in a solid band of plaits which circle the hat, extend down over the ears, and are finished with a pearl and rhinestone pin worn at the front.

All in Black

Brilliant satins that shine like the surface of a lake, soft velvets, hard failles, severe taffeta, soft crepes, all in black, are now to be seen. Black is coming in again, especially for afternoon wear, in consequence of the stylish effects that can be obtained with it.

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