



BAREE

SON OF KAZAN

by
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WNU Service

"A DOG!"

Synopsis—Part wolf, part dog—when two months old Baree 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, Baree is finally flung on the bank, but the water has destroyed his sense of direction and he is lost, lonely and hungry. For many days his life is one of fear and distress. He meets various creatures of the wild and goes through a thunderstorm. He is learning more and more. He strays into the trapping grounds of Pierrot and Nepeese.

Chapter II—Continued

"Something is killing off the young heavers," he explained to Nepeese, speaking to her in French. "It is a lynx or a wolf. Tomorrow—" He shrugged his thin shoulders, and smiled at her.

"We will go on the hunt," laughed Nepeese happily, in her soft Creole. When Pierrot smiled at her like that, and began with "tomorrow," it always meant that she might go with him on the adventure he was contemplating.

Still another day later, at the end of the afternoon, Baree crossed the Gray Loon on a bridge of driftwood that had wedged between two trees. Just beyond the driftwood bridge there was a small open, and on the edge of this Baree paused to enjoy the last of the setting sun. As he stood motionless and listening, his tall drooping low, his ears alert, his sharp-pointed nose sniffing the new country to the north, there was not a pair of eyes in the forest that would not have taken him for a young wolf.

From behind a clump of young balsams, a hundred yards away, Pierrot and Nepeese had watched him come over the driftwood bridge. Now was the time, and Pierrot leveled his rifle. It was not until then that Nepeese touched his arm softly. Her breath came a little excitedly as she whispered:

"Noo'awee, let me shoot. I can kill him!"

With a low chuckle Pierrot gave the gun to her. He counted the whelp as already dead. For Nepeese, at that distance, could send a bullet into an inch square nine times out of ten. And Nepeese, aiming carefully at Baree, pressed steadily with her brown forefinger upon the trigger.

As the Willow pulled the trigger of her rifle, Baree sprang into the air. He felt the force of the bullet before he heard the report of the gun. It lifted him off his feet, and then sent him rolling over and over as if he had been struck a hideous blow with a club. For a flash he did not feel pain. Then it ran through him like a knife of fire, and with that pain the dog in him rose above the wolf, and he let out a wild outcry of puppyish yapping as he rolled and twisted on the ground.

In a voice that was soft and plaintive and amazingly comforting to his terrified little heart, cried:

"Uchimoo—Uchimoo—Uchimoo!"

And then he heard another voice; and this voice, too, was far less terrible than many sounds he had listened to in the forests.

"We cannot find him, Nepeese," the voice was saying. "He has crawled off to die. It is too bad. Come."

Where Baree had stood in the edge of the open Pierrot paused and pointed to a birch sapling that had been cut clean off by the Willow's bullet. Nepeese understood. The sapling, no larger than her thumb, had turned her shot a trifle and had saved Baree from instant death.

She turned again, and called: "Uchimoo—Uchimoo—Uchimoo!"

Her eyes were no longer filled with the thrill of slaughter.

"He will die—" "Ayetun—yes, he will die."

But Baree had no idea of dying. He was too tough a youngster to be shocked to death by a bullet passing through the soft flesh of his fore leg. That was what had happened. His



He Was Gritting His Bill in His Bad Temper When He Heard Baree Approaching.

leg was torn to the bone, but the bone itself was untouched. He waited until the moon had risen before he crawled out of his hole.

His leg had grown stiff then; it had stopped bleeding, but his whole body was racked by a terrible pain. Instinctively he felt that by traveling away from the hole he would get away from danger. This was the best thing that could have happened to him, for a little later a porcupine came wandering along, chattering to itself in its foolish, good-humored way, and fell with a fat thud into the hole. Had Baree remained, he would have been so full of quills that he must surely have died.

The exercise of travel was good for Baree. It gave his wound no opportunity to "set," as Pierrot would have said, for in reality his hurt was more painful than serious. For the first hundred yards he hobbled along on three legs, and after that he found that he could use his fourth by humoring it a great deal. He followed the creek for a half mile. Whenever a bit of brush touched his wound, he would snap at it viciously, and instead of whimpering when he felt one of the sharp twinges shooting through him, an angry little growl gathered in his throat, and his teeth clicked. Now that he was out of the hole, the effect of the Willow's shot was stirring every drop of wolf-blood in his body. In him there was a growing animosity—a feeling of rage not against any one thing in particular, but against all things. It was not the feeling with which he had fought Papayuchisew, the young owl. On this night the dog in him had disappeared. An accumulation of misfortunes had descended upon him, and out of these misfortunes—and his present hurt—the wolf had risen savage and vengeful.

This was the first night Baree had traveled. He was, for the time, afraid of anything that might creep up on him out of the darkness. The blackest shadows had lost their thrill. It was the first big fight between the two natures that were born in him—the wolf and the dog—and the dog was vanquished. Now and then he stopped to lick his wound, and as he licked it he growled, as though for the hurt itself he held a personal antagonism. If Pierrot could have seen and heard, he would have understood very quickly, and he would have said: "Let him die. The club will never take that devil out of him."

In this humor Baree came, an hour later, out of the heavy timber of the creek bottom into the more open spaces of a small plain that ran along the foot of a ridge. It was in this plain that Oohoomisew hunted. Oohoomisew was a huge snow-owl. He was the patriarch among all the owls of Pierrot's trapping domain. He was so old that he was almost blind, and therefore he never hunted as other owls hunted. He did not hide himself in the black cover of spruce and balsam tops, or float softly through the night, ready in an instant to swoop down upon his prey. His eyesight was so poor that from a spruce top he could not have seen a rabbit at all, and he might have mistaken a fox for a mouse.

So old Oohoomisew, learning wisdom from experience, hunted from ambush. He would squat on the ground, and for hours at a time he would remain there without making a sound and scarcely moving a feather, waiting with the patience of Job for something to eat to come his way. Now and then he had made mistakes. Twice he had mistaken a lynx for a rabbit, and in the second attack he had lost a foot, so that when he slumbered aloft during the day he hung to his perch with one claw. Crippled, nearly blind, and so old that he had long ago lost the tufts of feathers over his ears, he was still a giant in strength, and when he was angry one could hear the snap of his beak twenty yards away.

For three nights he had been unlucky, and tonight he had been particularly unfortunate. Two rabbits had come his way, and he had lunged at each of them from his cover. The first he had missed entirely; the second had left with him a mouthful of fur—and that was all. He was ravenously hungry, and he was gritting his bill in his bad temper when he heard Baree approaching.

Even if Baree could have seen under the dark bush ahead, and had discovered Oohoomisew ready to dart from his ambush, it is not likely that he would have gone very far aside. His own fighting blood was up. He, too, was ready for war.

Very indistinctly Oohoomisew saw him at last, coming across the little open which he was watching. He squatted down. His feathers ruffled up until he was like a ball of fire. Ten feet away, Baree stopped for a moment and licked his wound. Oohoomisew waited cautiously. Again Baree advanced, passing within six feet of the bush. With a swift hop and a sudden thunder of his powerful wings the great owl was upon him.

This time Baree let out no cry of pain or of fright. The wolf is kiplim-mao, as the Indians say. No hunter ever heard a trapped wolf whine for mercy at the sting of a bullet or the beat of a club. He dies with his fangs bared. Tonight it was a wolf-whelp that Oohoomisew was attacking, and not a dog-pup. The owl's first rush keeled Baree over, and for a moment he was smothered under the huge, outspread wings, while Oohoomisew—pinioning him down—hopped for a claw hold with his one good foot, and struck fiercely with his beak.

One blow of that beak anywhere about the head would have settled for a rabbit, but at the first thrust Oohoomisew discovered that it was not a rabbit he was holding under his wings. A blood-curdling snarl answered the blow, and Oohoomisew remembered the lynx, his lost foot, and his narrow escape with his life. The old pirate might have beaten a retreat, but Baree was no longer the puppyish Baree of that hour in which he had fought young Papayuchisew. Experience and hardship had aged and strengthened him; his jaws had passed quickly from the bone-licking to the bone-cracking age—and before Oohoomisew could get away, if he was thinking of flight at all, Baree's fangs closed with a vicious snap on his one good leg.

In the stillness of night there rose a still greater thunder of wings, and for a few moments Baree closed his eyes to keep from being blinded by Oohoomisew's furious blows. But he hung on grimly, and as his teeth met through the flesh of the old night pirate's leg, his angry snarl carried defiance to Oohoomisew's ears. Baree good fortune had given him that grip on the leg, and Baree knew that triumph or defeat depended on his ability to hold it. The old owl had no other claw to sink into him, and it was impossible—caught as he was—for him to tear at Baree with his beak. So he continued to beat that thunder of blows with his four-foot wings.

Baree's acquaintance with man begins unfortunately. What next?

Great English Sailor

Sir Francis Drake, famous navigator of the time of Queen Elizabeth, sailed from Falmouth December 13, 1577, sailed around the globe and returned to England after suffering many hardships on November 3, 1580. The queen visited Drake on his ship at Deptford April 4, 1581, and conferred upon him the honor of knight-hood. He died at Panama January 28, 1596, while engaged in an expedition against the Spaniards, and was buried at sea.

That Did It

Outside the storm raged. The thunder was deafening, the lightning flashed almost continuously. Presently a bolt struck some part of the house and knocked the owner completely out of bed. He rose, rubbed his eyes, yawned, and said, "All right, dear, I'll get up."

Corsets Supplied for Every Figure

Combination Brassiere and Girdle Makes Its Bid for Approval

Corset styles are largely influenced by the demands of fashion, and since fashion is insistent upon curves in opposition to the straight silhouette of the last few years, corsetry is now of vital interest to every woman. The curved lines of necessity need more attention, observes a fashion authority in the New York Times, for this type of figure requires greater control than the straight silhouette. To meet this problem, and in fact to solve it, the combination brassiere and girdle has been introduced in new variations. There are also garter belts, little bandeaux, all-flexible step-ins lightly boned and boneless, as well as the closed back and clasp-front girdles and the new type of laced-back corset with self-reducing lines. Materials include knitted or woven silks and rayons, poplins and, for the large figure, brocades.

For the slim girl who prefers the separate brassiere there is a step-in girdle with a panel-back and front of brocaded material and wide elastic side sections. Double garters are the only other feature. Then there is the "Charleston" girdle made along the same lines and of the same material, but having the front panel equipped with an extra section which has two elastic straps that fasten to the lower edge of the girdle in back. This model is made without garters.

Another combination for the slender figure is made entirely of knitted rayon. It has very long lines and is reinforced with silk elastic gores at the sides. A narrow elastic strap across the back holds the brassiere in place. A long basque brassiere model has a hip confiner, and is made of knitted silk and heavy satin. The elastic side gares, two short bones in front, and an unusually long girdle help mold the figure along youthful lines.

Chubby figures have a style of combination all their own. Knitted or woven silks and meshes are used for these models, with, of course, the usual elastic gares at the hips. The girdle in these models is of the step-in variety, but the brassiere part hooks either in the back or at the sides, thereby assuring perfect fit. Elastic shoulder straps give greater resiliency to the figure.

For the medium-sized woman, or what is technically known as the "full average figure," there is a combination with the brassiere hooking at the side. Three short bones in front insure the flat appearance that is so desired across the abdomen. These combinations usually come in the heavier materials, which give greater control throughout.

Large-size figures have combinations in the step-in variety, too, and, in addition, an extra band underneath the girdle section to hold the diaphragm firmly in place and to confine the hips.

Hat of Brown Straw Is Liked by Young Matron



This smart hat for the young matron is of brown straw with a facing of satin. The fancy pompon on the side is of red gold. It is regarded as a chic chapeau for spring.

New Names for Colors for Spring Wearables

The same old pastel colors continue to dominate the field of fashion for spring, but most of them have new names. Among the red may be found tinteret, azalea, grape and corrida, but they are all allied with rose red. In the blue scale are rennaissance, lavender, anemone and jangles. The greens include turquoise, meadow, cat-skill, alligator and citrenne.

The yellow-orange ranges comprises champagne, apricot and melisande. Pay your money and take your choice.

Platinum Gray New Shade

Gold and silver have had their day and now are being forced to share fashion popularity with the other metals. One of the most popular shades for coats and dresses today is platinum gray, since gloves, shoes, stockings and hat of a matching shade may be worn with it. The reddish copper hues are being exploited for coats in lame and copper dyed furs. Bronze is being taken up in similar fashion.

Ensemble Returns With Coming of New Season



This charming street frock is fashioned of two shades of green crepe de chine. The one-piece dress is a straight-line frock, trimmed only by a row of hemstitching about a foot from the bottom of the frock. The long coat is bound by a broad band of darker green crepe de chine and the same material forms the collar.

Good Season to Shop for Small Accessories

This is the season of the year when the clever woman goes shopping for small accessories; though she has purchased a new spring gown or hat, there will be many days when her winter clothes or the ones she purchased in the late fall must still be worn. And yet these clothes will begin to look shabby if she does not give attention to dainty new things which give life and color and smartness to her general appearance.

It is surprising what a new handbag, a chic scarf, a bright handkerchief, new sports stockings or a silk flower for her coat will do for that touch of midseason freshness that the wardrobe demands.

The newest thing in handbags is of fine calf leather. They are medium sized and vary in their attractive details of design. They may be as colorful as a woman's whims dictate or in the more subdued shades. Most of these bags have metal or covered leather frames. They are most reasonable and will set off a fur coat or a cloth and fur combination to great advantage.

Attractive Trimmings for Spring Millinery

Interesting models from different milliners illustrate in various ways the hat that is ornamented with needlework, with motifs appliqued and with hand painting. Conventionalized flowers are made of fancy braid or of ribbon or one cut out of some material and appliqued singly or in clusters. One sees, too, flowers formed of the new ribbons, shaded, metal bordered, fluted, striped or in dainty flower patterns; feather flowers with jeweled edges and centers, and roses and bows. Lacquered flowers, glazed and gilded ornaments, large and showy, and jeweled pins in countless designs continue to be worn, though these belong more properly to close hats and stiffer shapes. Hand painting is being much shown and is done most successfully on horsehair and closely woven braids.

Larger Flowers Used for Dress Garniture

Flowers for dress garniture are larger than ever and the boutonniere is mammoth. The latest novelty is the flower, made of smooth feathers to resemble single roses, lilies, passion flowers, and others in which the lines are not too intricate. The flowers, of course, are exaggerated in size and somewhat conventionalized in form, but the feathers are dyed in the natural colors and the centers are formed of metal threads. Some are tipped with jewels. Among these novelties are wired flowers of silk tissue and velvet, with petals outlined with small rhinestones. These are very effective on evening gowns.

Sports Clothes Waterproofed

The open weaves of the blanket coat, woolen stockings and woolen gloves are conspicuously absent from the costumes for winter sports now shown in the smart shops. The materials are usually of light, close-woven material which is thoroughly waterproofed. The jackets are closely buttoned to the throat and belted while the nether portion of the costume consists of long trousers gathered closely about the ankles so no snow can enter.

Vogue for Good Jewelry

The vogue for good jewelry in the finely wrought designs inspired by Etruscan gilt and Oriental trinkets is reflected in the quantity of artistic things now being shown. Wide bracelets, chains, necklaces, brooches and pendants are among these picturesque things. Most of them are chased in delicate patterns or in open filigree.

The Kitchen Cabinet

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

If you were busy being kind, Before you knew it you would find You'd soon forget to think 'twas true That someone was unkind to you.

SEASONABLE DISHES

When using canned fruit there will be small amounts of different kinds left over; use these in desserts as follows:

Fruit Dessert.—Take a package of strawberry-flavored gelatin—there are various kinds on the market—add one cupful of boiling water and one cupful of any canned fruit juice; cool, put into a large mold and when it begins to thicken slightly add one and one-half cupfuls of fruit cut into pieces—peaches, pears, prunes, apricots or any combination that is at hand. Chill until firm. Individual molds may be used and the fruit added in designs.

Hot Potato Salad.—Take one quart of diced potatoes that have been boiled, one minced onion, a tablespoonful of minced parsley and the same of green pepper. Dice and fry until brown two slices of bacon. Remove the bacon and use for a garnish on top of the salad. To the fat add a tablespoonful of flour, and when well blended a half cupful each of water and vinegar, one teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of sugar and a dash of cayenne; pour boiling hot over the potato. Serve hot.

Spareribs With Potatoes and Apples.—Place seasoned spareribs in a baking dish and cook one hour. Place quartered potatoes under the ribs and quartered apples on top. Bake until the potatoes are well done and brown. Season with salt and pepper while cooking. The apples will brown and have a better flavor if sprinkled very lightly with sugar. Many good cooks add a very little sugar to all meats and meat sauces.

Parsnip Fritters.—Take cooked parsnips left over from a former meal. Press through a ricer, add to a cupful of the parsnip one-fourth teaspoonful each of salt and pepper, a beaten egg and a dash of cayenne. Mix thoroughly and fry in small cakes in a hot well-buttered pan. Brown on both sides.

Add a dash of salt to most fruits; it saves sugar and brings out the flavor.

Bird's Nest Pudding.—Slice good-flavored apples into a deep pie dish and cover with a rather rich baking powder biscuit batter. Bake in a moderate oven and when ready to serve turn upside down on to a serving plate. Butter generously while hot, cover with the right amount of sugar and add either grated nutmeg or cinnamon. Cut into pie-shaped pieces and serve piping hot.

Dishes for Dinner.

The potato, the commonest and most often served food of any, is in most homes limited to a half dozen ways of serving.

Potatoes Cooked in Broth.—Cut the potatoes into balls, or they may be cut into cubes; the waste bits may be used in creamed or mashed potatoes. Cook the potato balls in boiling salted water for five minutes, then drain and finish cooking in well-seasoned broth. When tender, drain and sprinkle with salt and finely minced parsley. This is a good dish to serve for those who cannot eat meat.

Hamburg Steak with Brussels Sprouts.—Chop one pound of steak from the top of the round, add one-half cupful of cold water and a teaspoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly and shape into small cakes. Grease a hot frying pan lightly with a bit of suet and lay in the cakes, turn to cook on both sides. Have ready a smooth brown sauce to which has been added a few tablespoonfuls of chopped mushrooms and a little chopped ham. Have the brussels sprouts cooked until tender, drain, season well with salt, pepper and butter, shake over the fire until the sprouts have absorbed all the seasonings. Place the sprouts in the center of a hot platter and arrange the steak around them, pour the sauce around the steak.

Escalloped Cabbage.—Shred and cook cabbage as for hot slaw. Prepare a white sauce. Butter a baking dish and put in a layer of boiled cabbage, then a layer of white sauce, sprinkle with grated cheese and continue until all the cabbage and sauce are used. Season each layer with salt and pepper and bake twenty minutes.

Hot Apple Dessert.—Peel, quarter and slice six apples. Put these into a serving dish suitable for the oven. In layers with seeded raisins and a cupful of sugar; cover and bake until the apples are soft. Remove the cover and set marshmallows over the top of the apples; return the dish to the oven for browning and serve hot, with or without cream.

Spoon Corn Bread.—Take one cupful of corn meal scalded, add one pint of sweet milk, one-half cupful of flour, two tablespoonfuls each of melted butter and sugar, two well-beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Bake one-half hour.

Nellie Maxwell