

# BAREE

SON OF KAZAN

by

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### NARROW ESCAPE

**Synopsis.**—Part wolf, part dog—when two months old Baree has his first meeting with an enemy, Papaychisew (y o u n g o w l). 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 Pierrrot and Nepeese. Nepeese wounds Baree with a rifle, but he escapes. Baree recovers and learns nature's secrets rapidly. Nepeese is determined to catch Baree and tame him and tries again.

### Chapter IV—Continued

Baree darted to one side and ran for the open meadow. Wakayoo did not stir as Baree sped past him—no more than if he had been a bird or a rabbit. Then came another breath of air, heavy with the scent of man. This, at last, put life into him. He turned and began lumbering after Baree into the meadow trap. Baree, looking back, saw him coming—and thought it was pursuit. Nepeese and Pierrrot came over the slope, and at the same instant they saw Wakayoo and Baree.

When they entered into the grassy dip under the rock walls, Baree turned sharply to the right. Here was a great boulder, one end of it tilted up off the earth. It looked like a splendid hiding place, and Baree crawled under it.

But Wakayoo kept straight ahead into the meadow. From where he lay Baree could see what happened. Scarcely had he crawled under the rock when Nepeese and Pierrrot appeared through the break in the dip, and stopped. The fact that they stopped thrilled Baree. They were afraid of Wakayoo! The big bear was two-thirds of the way across the meadow. The sun fell on him, so his coat shone like black satin. Pierrrot did not kill for the love of killing. Necessity made him a conservationist. But he saw that in spite of the lateness of the season, Wakayoo's coat was splendid—and he raised his rifle.

Baree saw this action. He saw, a moment later, something spit from the end of the gun, and then he heard that deafening crash that had come with his own hurt, when the Willow's bullet had burned through his flesh. He turned his eyes swiftly to Wakayoo. The big bear had stumbled; he was on his knees; and then he struggled up and lumbered on.

The roar of the rifle came again, and a second time Wakayoo went down. Pierrrot could not miss at that distance. Wakayoo made a splendid mark. It was slaughter; yet for Pierrrot and Nepeese it was business—the business of life.

Baree was shivering. It was more from excitement than fear, for he had lost his own fear in the tragedy of these moments. A low whine rose in his throat as he looked at Wakayoo, who had risen again and faced his enemies—his jaws gaping, his head swinging slowly, his legs weakening under him as the blood poured through his torn lungs. Baree whined—because Wakayoo had fished for him, because he had come to look on him as a friend, and because he knew it was death that Wakayoo was facing now. There was a third shot—the last. Wakayoo sank down in his tracks. His big head dropped between his forepaws. A racking cough or two came to Baree. And then there was silence.

It was slaughter—but business. A minute later, standing over Wakayoo, Pierrrot said to Nepeese: "Mon Dieu, but it is a fine skin, Sakahet! It is worth twenty dollars over at Lac Bain!"

He drew forth his knife and began whetting it on a stone which he carried in his pocket. In these minutes Baree might have crawled out from under his rock and escaped down the canyon; for a space he was forgotten. Then Nepeese thought of him, and in that same strange, wondering voice she spoke again the word "Baree."

Pierrrot, who was kneeling, looked up at her. "Oui, Sakahet. He was born of the wild. And now he is gone—" The Willow shook her head. "Non, he is not gone," she said, and her dark eyes quested the sunlit meadow.

As she quested the ragged edges of the little meadow for signs of the dog pup, her thoughts flashed back swiftly. Two years ago they had buried her princess mother under the tall spruce near their cabin. That day Pierrrot's

sun had set for all time, and her own life was filled with a vast loneliness. There had been three at the graveside that afternoon as the sun went down—Pierrrot, herself, and a dog, a great, powerful husky with a white star on his breast and a white-tipped ear. He had been her dead mother's pet from puppyhood—her bodyguard, with her always, even with his head resting on the side of her bed as she died. And that night, the night of the day they buried her, the dog had disappeared. He had gone as quietly and as completely as her spirit. No one ever saw him after that. It was strange, and to Pierrrot it was a miracle. Deep in his heart he was filled with the wonderful conviction that the dog had gone with his beloved Wyola into heaven.

But Nepeese had spent three winters at the Missioner's school at Nelson house. She had learned a great deal about white people and the real God, and she knew that Pierrrot's thought was impossible. She believed that her mother's husky was either dead or had joined the wolves. Probably he had gone to the wolves. So—was it not possible that this youngster she and her father had pursued was of the flesh and blood of her mother's pet? It was more than possible. The white star on his breast, the white-tipped ear—the fact that he had not bitten her when he might easily have buried his fangs in the soft flesh of her arms! It was convincing. While Pierrrot skinned the bear, she began hunting for Baree.

Baree had not moved an inch from under his rock. He lay like a thing stunned, his eyes fixed steadily on the scene of the tragedy out in the meadow. He had seen something that he would never forget—even as that he would never quite forget his mother



"Nepeese, Ma Nepeese!"

and Kazan and the old windfall. He had witnessed the death of the creature he had thought all-powerful. Wakayoo, the big bear, had not even put up a fight. Pierrrot and Nepeese had killed him without touching him; now Pierrrot was cutting him with a knife which shot silvery flashes in the sun; and Wakayoo made no movement. It made Baree shiver, and he drew himself an inch farther back under the rock, where he was already wedged as if he had been shoved there by a strong hand.

He could see Nepeese. She came straight back to the break through which his flight had taken him, and stood at last not more than twenty feet from where he was hidden. Now that she stood where he could not escape, she began weaving her shining hair into two thick braids. Baree had taken his eyes from Pierrrot, and he watched her curiously. He was not afraid now. His nerves tingled. In him a strange and growing force was struggling to solve a great mystery—the reason for his desire to creep out from under his rock and approach that wonderful creature with the shining eyes and the beautiful hair. Nepeese was looking about her. She was smiling. For a moment her face was turned toward him, and he saw the white shine of her teeth, and her beautiful eyes seemed glowing straight at him.

And then, suddenly, she dropped on her knees and peered under the rock. Their eyes met. For at least half a minute there was not a sound. Nepeese did not move, and her breath came so softly that Baree could not hear it.

Then she said, almost in a whisper: "Baree! Baree! Upi Baree!" It was the first time Baree had heard his name, and there was something so soft and assuring in the sound of it that in spite of himself the dog in him responded to it in a

whimper that just reached the Willow's ears. Slowly she stretched in an arm. It was bare and round and soft. He might have darted forward the length of his body and buried his fangs in it easily. But something held him back. He knew that it was not an enemy; he knew that the dark eyes shining at him so wonderfully were not filled with the desire to harm—and the voice that came to him softly was like a strange and thrilling music. "Baree! Baree! Upi Baree!"

Over and over again the Willow called to him like that, while on her face she tried to draw herself a few inches farther under the rock. She could not reach him. There was still a foot between her hand and Baree, and she could not wedge herself in an inch more. And then she saw where on the other side of the rock there was a hollow, shut in by a stone. If she had removed the stone, and come in that way—

She drew herself out and stood once more in the sunshine. Her heart thrilled. Pierrrot was busy over his bear—and she would not call him. She made an effort to move the stone which closed in the hollow under the big boulder, but it was wedged in tightly. Then she began digging with a stick. If Pierrrot had been there, his sharp eyes would have discovered the significance of that stone, which was not larger than a water pail. Possibly for centuries it had lain there, its support keeping the huge rock from toppling down, just as an ounce-weight may swing the balance of a wheel that weighs a ton.

Five minutes—and Nepeese could move the stone. She tugged at it. Inch by inch she dragged it out until at last it lay at her feet and the opening was ready for her body. She looked again toward Pierrrot. He was still busy, and she laughed softly as she untied a big red-and-white Bay handkerchief from about her shoulders. With this she would secure Baree. She dropped on her hands and knees and then lowered herself flat on the ground and began crawling into the hollow under the boulder.

Baree had moved. With the back of his head flattened against the rock, he had heard something which Nepeese had not heard; he had felt a slow and growing pressure, and from this pressure he had dragged himself slowly—and the pressure still followed. The mass of rock was settling! Nepeese did not see or hear or understand. She was calling to him more and more pleadingly:

"Baree—Baree—Baree—" Her head and shoulders and both arms were under the rock now. The glow of her eyes was very close to Baree. He whined. The thrill of a great and impending danger stirred in his blood. And then—

In that moment Nepeese felt the pressure of the rock on her shoulder, and into the eyes that had been glowing softly at Baree there shot a sudden wild look of horror. And then there came from her lips a cry that was not like any other sound Baree had ever heard in the wilderness—wild, piercing, filled with agonized fear. Pierrrot did not hear that first cry. But he heard the second and the third—and then scream after scream as the Willow's tender body was slowly crushed under the settling mass. He ran toward it with the speed of the wind. The cries were weaker—dying away. He saw Baree as he came out from under the rock and ran into the canyon, and in the same instant he saw a part of the Willow's dress and her moans of pain. The rest of her was hidden under the death-trap. Like a madman Pierrrot began digging. When a few moments later he drew Nepeese out from under the boulder she was white and deathly still. Her eyes were closed. His hand could not feel that she was living, and a great moan of anguish rose out of his soul. But he knew how to fight for a life. He tore open her dress and found that she was not crushed as he had feared. Then he ran for water. When he returned, the Willow's eyes were open and she was gasping for breath.

"The blessed saints be praised!" sobbed Pierrrot, falling on his knees at her side. "Nepeese, ma Nepeese!" She smiled at him, with her two hands on her bare breast, and Pierrrot hugged her up to him, forgetting the water he had run so hard to get.

Still later, when he got down on his knees and peered under the rock, his face turned white and he said:

"Mon Dieu, if it had not been for that little hollow in the earth, Nepeese—"

He shuddered, and said no more. But Nepeese, happy in his salvation, made a movement with her hand and said, smiling at him:

"I would have been like—that. Ah, mon pere, I hope I shall never have a lover like that rock!"

Pierrrot's face darkened as he bent over her.

"Non!" he said fiercely. "Never!"

He was thinking again of McTaggart, the factor at Lac Bain, and his hands clenched while his lips softly touched the Willow's hair.

Will Baree finally come under the domination of Nepeese?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Finns' Double Christmas

For centuries before the year 1772 the people of Finland had four Christmas holidays, but a Swedish royal decree issued that year abolished the third and fourth, as it was thought desirable to curtail the festival in the interest of work. But the Finns still have two Christmas holidays, December 25 and 26 (St. Stephen's day).

## Wraps and Gowns for Evening Wear

Designs Are Complicated by Vogue of Popular Softly Draped Frocks.

The period gown, the continued popularity of crinolined and bouffant skirts, and tulle dancing frocks of many trills, have complicated the problem of designing an evening wrap, notes a fashion authority in the New York Times. This is very much to the advantage of the woman who goes in for the softly draped or fluffy sort of dress. The latest wraps for evening and for elaborate afternoon are built on lines the absolute reverse of last season's models that were designed to slip over a one-piece, straight-line gown of the most classic simplicity. Coming away from that ideal through all the evolutions of circulars, godets and flares, wraps have corresponded in type, and the latest conceptions are interesting in the extreme.

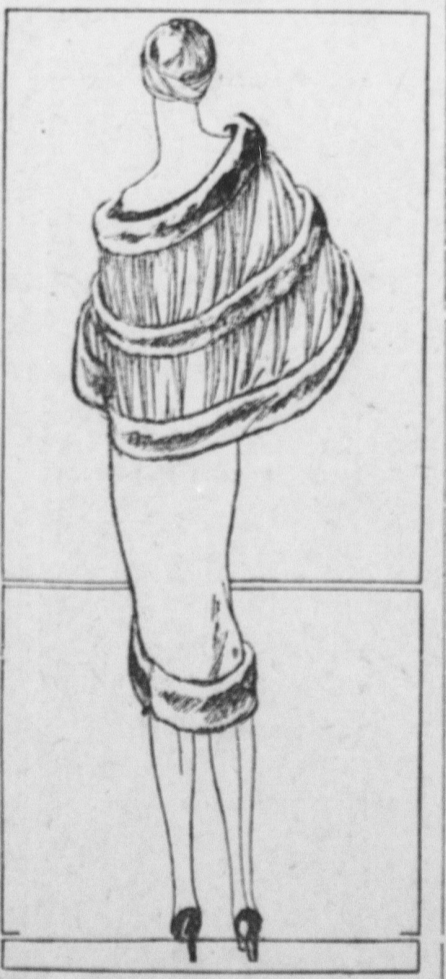
There is in them no suggestion of earlier fashions which were complicated and overornate, but a simplicity that is naive, graceful, stylish and more picturesque than the wraps worn with evening toilettes for winter. Coats are still considered smart, many coming from almost all of the important houses at Paris and others from American designers that are occasion for sincere pride. All of these coats are plain, without being in the least stiff, and most are cut upon conventional lines, with little variation or novelty of detail.

### Cut Like Street Coat.

An evening coat done with success by Lanvin is cut like a tailored street coat with a simple little cravat skirt to tie at the neck and hang over one shoulder. The sleeves are long and fairly tight and the only trimming on the wrap is a ten-inch band of summer ermine sewed about the bottom, which is given a flare at each side by an inverted plait the depth of the knee. The material of this striking garment is a metal tissue broadened in bright oriental colors, red, blue, green, in a large domino pattern arranged in horizontal stripes. The lining is of Chinese blue crepe de chine.

In striking contrast to this coat is one of sand-colored crepe Elizabeth, lined for warmth with kasha cloth in the same shade. There are no shoulder seams, the sleeves being in one piece with the coat, rather wide and straight at the hand, and all about the edge is a band of red fox. A Chinese coat model is made of chiffon brocade velvet, the background of soft beige, the embossed pattern of conventional flowers in soft shades of red. Antelope is used to trim the collar and cuffs and the coat is lined with a soft shade of Chinese red.

Kit fox is exceedingly fashionable for coat trimmings. Its tones of ivory, beige and russet blending charmingly with the new spring shades. A novelty in the form of the much-discussed quilted coat is made of crepe in pastel green; the pattern formed of stitching is of scattered flowers conventionalized. Kit fox is used to finish the neck and sleeves and beige crepe printed in softly tinted flowers of large design. That gorgeous shade of orange cut called red is used to trim a wrap fox like the coat of a Chinese mandarin in pale crepe a shade between orange and lemon. The American designer of this wrap



Wrap of Beige Roma Lavishly Trimmed With Bands of Mink.

suggested several accompaniments—a frock of pale lemon yellow with garniture of flowers, a fan of majestic plumes, shoes, chiffon stockings and vanity bag all reflecting the colors one sees in a bed of marigolds.

Greens are having a tremendous vogue, every shade and quality being used in the wraps that will be worn over crepe and chiffon gowns at evening affairs during the spring and summer. Taffeta is, of course, all the rage for wraps, capes and coats as well as for frocks, though it requires a special treatment to give it a "dressy" appearance. A cape which has something of the dolman design is made of sheet metal broadened in pale

gold with chartreuse shot with gold color. An evening wrap of gentle elegance is of silver lame and pearl gray taffeta, lined with white crepe broadened with large silver flowers. The collar and wide cuffs are bordered with a band of light gray fox.

Black, Black and White.

A lot of black, and black and white, is being shown by Parisian creators. The sudden craze for black, which is the despair of importers and manufacturers, has made demand for black wraps for the ensembles and gowns of black chiffon and tulle. These are designed in cape models of different types to give greater width. Among the few exceptions shown is a slightly flaring coat of black flannel, the entire surface of which is embroidered in a Chinese pattern of scenery and figures done in fine white floss. The coat is lined with white Chinese crepe, with a huge silver flower embroidered



Wrap of Gold Lame and Sable, Lining Being of Red Velvet.

over an inside pocket, and the collar and cuffs are finished with a wide band of white fox fur.

Another coat wrap is made of black chiffon velvet, lined with black chiffon embroidered with small gilt flowers. Gold lace is introduced as panel godets at the sides, and in the flaring flounce cuffs of the sleeves. An achievement in evening wraps received from Paris is of black taffeta—a wide cape, not circular, but flared at the shoulders and again at the hips to form a flounce below. This is held in at the lower edge by a band of white fox, with a plain fold of taffeta showing several inches beneath. A large collar is also made of the white fox.

Fine plating is seen in some of the evening wraps of Parisian authorship with particularly happy effect in crepe and chiffon. A lovely cape which is part of an ensemble has been designed by a New York modiste of delphinium blue chiffon. The dance frock is cut with circular insets at the hips, giving a wide flare and swing to the skirt. At spaces about the bottom are sewed little tufts of fine ostrich set on with blue glass beads, the same trimming being used on the décolleté bodice, all over a lining of pale rose chiffon. A wide scarf of the chiffon, with ends trimmed with the ostrich, lined with the rose chiffon, is caught in a loop at the back of the neck and finished with a long tassel of blue and silver beads and fringe.

### The "Square" Cape.

The new departure in evening wraps is a cape which arrived with the title of "square." It is really not a square at all, but a long, wide piece of material, two edges of which are caught together in the middle to form a loop. A long tassel is added at the neck, one at the point of the loop and one at each corner. One of these extremely simple but picturesque capes is made by an American designer in green and gold metal brocade.

Another is of a lovely shade of hydrangea pink crepe Elizabeth, lined with chiffon several shades deeper. The possibilities for decorative effect, utility and chic in these cape "squares" are almost without number. The new chiffon and velvet broadens, soft as rose petals and beautifully tinted, the Chinese crepe and silk so much in vogue, the metal tissues and broadened taffetas and varieties of crepe are all beautifully adapted.

Some of the handsomest scarf capes and "squares" are made of two fabrics—taffeta and chiffon, metal brocade and crepe, or taffeta and the finer crepes lined with chiffon. A pretty party wrap for a young woman is of white crepe Elizabeth on fine plaits that are drawn in very close at the collar. A band of white taffeta is added to the front edges of the cape and forms a narrow scarf with fringed ends to be wound around the neck and hang with one end over each shoulder.

A large assortment of beaded gowns—technically known as "robes"—and tunics is presented by almost every dress shop. They are said to be "flooded" the market, but they are far from being a drug, for beaded and pigmented things were never more popular. The latest styles in these are done in excellent taste, lighter and more lacy than the heavily beaded gowns of winter, and are dyed in many pretty and delicate shades.

## HOW TO KEEP WELL

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN  
Editor of "HEALTH"

### AFTER FORTY GET A HOBBY

PLAY is just as necessary for the grown person as for the child. It isn't the same kind of play, of course. You wouldn't expect to see the man of forty-five or fifty playing marbles or shiny or flying a kite, any more than you would expect to see a woman with grown sons and daughters playing with dolls. But the middle-aged need some recreation outside of their daily work. Especially does the older person need some diversions. Many a woman finds little in life to interest her after her children are grown. Many a man works hard for years so he can "retire" and then suddenly realizes that he has nothing to retire to and so spends his last years working because there is nothing else he knows how to do or cares to do.

Dr. Lewellys F. Barker, formerly professor of medicine at Johns Hopkins university and chief of the Johns Hopkins hospital at Baltimore, says that play of some kind is necessary for the middle-aged and is one of the most important factors in postponing old age. Only he doesn't call it play. He calls it having a hobby.

"It is easy to tell a man not to worry," he says, "but he is likely to reply, 'How can I help it?' The uncoupled mind will work on something. If it isn't something which diverts the mind then it will brood over its own worries. Every man and woman should have a hobby to occupy the mind and divert it and to relax the tension of business cares.

Chauncey Depew is known all over the country as an orator and especially as a witty and graceful after-dinner speaker. Comparatively few know that for sixty years he has been one of the leading railroad executives of the country. He took up public speaking as a hobby because he found that preparing his speeches made him forget his railroad cares.

What hobby shall I take up, asks the tired business man. It doesn't matter. Whatever interests you. Books, music, wild birds, fishing, gardening, carpenter work, traveling if you can get away, reading books of travel if you can't. Anything that will give you an interest and give your mind a change.

I know two eminent physicians, one an eye specialist and one a skin specialist. He has visited every battle ground of the Revolution, the War of '12 and the Civil war. The other man for years was kept at home by an invalid mother. His hobby is books on African travel. He reads them so thoroughly that when he gives talks on Africa someone always says, "How many years did you live in Africa, doctor?" He has never been within 3,000 miles of Africa. But his mind has lived there for years.

### VACATION FOR MOTHERS

AMONG my cherished possessions is an old amrotype of my mother's father and mother. As far as I can learn, they were about thirty-five when it was taken. They look older than people of sixty-five today.

Statisticians say that the average length of life today is 15 years more than it was 65 years ago. That's true. It's also true that the average man and woman of fifty isn't relatively any older than the person of thirty-five used to be.

Now, if that's true, then middle-aged people ought to get as much joy out of life as young people, and they would if they were given a chance.

That's what Mrs. Jane S. McKinnon, state home demonstrator of North Carolina, thought. The state employed her to go through the state and show women, especially "arm housewives," how to use the knowledge of better ways of living that the state department of domestic economy had worked out. In doing this work, she was impressed with the fact that the only people who never had vacations were farmers' wives. So, instead of holding her next demonstration in a town, she arranged for a three-days' camp and invited all the farmer wives in that county to come.

Was it a success? Here's what a newspaper man said when he saw 50 farmers' wives playing like girls at the camp. "I never would have believed it if I hadn't seen it. There were 50 farmers' wives bunking together in plainly furnished shacks, getting up in the morning and doing setting-up exercises before breakfast. 50 hungry women eating for once with hearty appetites a breakfast they didn't have to cook themselves and then starting out on the day's program with minds alert and full of interest. 'It's the first real holiday I've had in the 25 years I have been married,' said one cheerful little woman."

And why not, if plans are made ahead for the slackest week in the year and every woman got away from daily routine just for six days for a simple life outdoors with other women as her companions, the result would last all year and every woman who went would be eager to go again. Impossible? Not at all. Mrs. McKinnon has done it. And I'll bet there are dozens of tired mothers in North Carolina that will bless her name.