

BAREE SON OF KAZAN

by
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WNU Service

THE BEAVER

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 plunked into a swollen creek. Badly buffeted, Baree is finally flung on to 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. Nepeese wounds Baree with a rifle, but he escapes. Baree discovers and learns Nepeese's secrets rapidly. Nepeese is determined to catch Baree and tame him and tries again. Baree is strongly drawn to the girl, but still fears man.

Chapter V

Impelled by the wild alarm of the Willow's terrible cries and the sight of Pierrot dashing madly toward him from the dead body of Wakayoo, Baree did not stop running until it seemed as though his lungs could not draw another breath. When he stopped he was well out of the canyon and headed for the beaver pond.

Exactly wherein lay Baree's fears it would be difficult to say—but surely it was not because of Nepeese. The Willow had chased him hard. She had flung herself upon him. He had felt the clutch of her hands and the smother of her soft hair, and yet of her he was not afraid! If he stopped now and then in his flight and looked back, it was to see if Nepeese was following. He would not have run had from her alone. Her eyes and voice and hands had something stirring in him; he was awed with a greater yearning and a greater loneliness now—and that night he dreamed troubled dreams.

Baree was glad when the dawn came. He did not seek for food, but went down to the pond. There was little hope and anticipation in his manner now. He remembered that, as plainly as animal ways could talk, Umisk and his playmates had told him they wanted nothing to do with him. And yet the fact that they were there took away some of his loneliness. It was more than loneliness. The wolf in him was submerged. The dog was master. And in these passing moments, when the blood of the wild was almost dormant in him, he was depressed by the instinctive and growing feeling that he was not of that wild, but a fugitive in it, menaced on all sides by strange dangers.

Deep in the northern forests the beaver does not work and play in darkness only, but sees day even more than night, and many of Beaver-tooth's people were awake when Baree began disconsolately to investigate the shores of the pond. He did not try to hide himself now, and at least half a dozen beavers had a good look at him before he came to the point where the pond narrowed down to the width of the stream, almost half a mile from the dam. Then he wandered back. At that morning he hovered about the pond, showing himself openly.

In their big mud-and-stick strongholds the beavers held a council of war. They were distinctly puzzled. There were four enemies which they dreaded above all others: The otter, who destroyed their dams in the winter time and brought death to them from cold and by lowering the water so they could not get to their food supplies; the lynx, who preyed on them all, young and old alike; and the fox and wolf, who would lie in ambush for hours in order to pounce on the very young, like Umisk and his playmates. If Baree had been any one of these four, wily Beaver-tooth and his people would have known what to do. But Baree was surely not an otter, and if he was a fox or a wolf or a lynx, his actions were very strange, to say the least. Half a dozen times he had the opportunity to pounce on his prey, if he had been seeking prey. But at no time had he shown the desire to harm them.

It may be that the beavers discussed the matter fully among themselves. It is possible that Umisk and his playmates told their parents of their adventure and of how Baree made no move to harm them when he could quite easily have caught them. However this may be, courageous old Beaver-tooth took it upon himself to end the suspense.

It was early in the afternoon that for the third or fourth time Baree walked out on the dam. This dam was fully two hundred feet in length, but at no point did the water run over it, the overflow finding its way through narrow sluices. A week or two ago Baree could have crossed to the opposite side of the pond on this dam, but

now—at the far end—Beaver-tooth and his engineers were adding a new section of dam, and in order to accomplish their work more easily they had flooded fully fifty yards of the low ground on which they were working. The dam held a fascination for Baree. The top of it was high and dry, and there were dozens of smoothly worn little hollows in which the beavers had taken their sun-baths. In one of these hollows Baree stretched himself out, with his eyes on the pond. Not a ripple stirred its velvety smoothness. Not a sound broke the drowsy stillness of the afternoon. The beavers might have been dead or asleep, for all the stir they made. And yet they knew that Baree was on the dam. Where he lay the sun fell in a warm flood, and it was so comfortable that after a time he had difficulty in keeping his eyes open to watch the pond. Then he fell asleep.

Just how Beaver-tooth sensed this fact is a mystery. Five minutes later he came up quietly, without a splash or a sound, within fifty yards of Baree. For a few moments he scarcely moved in the water. Then he swam very slowly parallel with the dam across the pond. At the other side he drew himself ashore and for another minute sat as motionless as a stone, with his eyes on that part of the dam where Baree was lying. Not another beaver was moving, and it was very soon apparent that Beaver-tooth had but one object in mind—getting a closer observation of Baree. When he entered the water again, he swam along close to the dam. Ten feet beyond Baree he began to climb out. He did this with great slowness and caution. At last he reached the top of the dam.

A few yards away Baree was almost hidden in his hollow, only the top of his shiny black body appearing to Beaver-tooth's scrutiny. To get a better look, the old beaver spread his



In an Instant His Feet Shot Out From Under Him.

flat tail out beyond him and rose to a sitting posture on his hind quarters, his two front paws held squirrel-like over his breast. In this pose he was fully three feet tall. He probably weighed forty pounds, and in some ways he resembled one of those fat, good-natured, silly-looking dogs that go largely to stomach. But his brain was working with amazing celerity. Suddenly he gave the hard mud of the dam a single slap with his tail—and Baree sat up. Instantly he saw Beaver-tooth, and stared. Beaver-tooth stared. For a full half-minute neither moved the thousandth part of an inch. Then Baree stood up and wagged his tail.

That was enough. Dropping to his forefeet, Beaver-tooth, as if he were to the edge of the dam and dived over. He was neither cautious nor in very great haste now. He made a great commotion in the water and swam boldly back and forth under Baree. When he had done this several times he cut straight up the pond to the largest of the three houses and disappeared. Five minutes after Beaver-tooth's exploit word was passing quickly among the colony. The stranger—Baree—was not a lynx. He was not a fox. He was not a wolf. Moreover, he was very young—and harmless. Work could be resumed. Play could be resumed. There was no danger. Such was Beaver-tooth's verdict.

If some one had shouted these facts in beaver language through a megaphone the response could not have been quicker. All at once it seemed to Baree, who was still standing on the edge of the dam, that the pond was alive with beavers. He had never seen so many at one time before. They were popping up everywhere, and some

of them swam up within a dozen feet of him and looked him over in a leisurely and curious way. For perhaps five minutes they seemed to have no particular object in view. Then Beaver-tooth himself struck straight for the shore and climbed out. Others followed him. Half a dozen workers disappeared in the canals. As many more waddled out among the alders and willows. Eagerly Baree watched for Umisk and his chums. At last he saw them, swimming forth from one of the smaller houses. They climbed out on their playground—the smooth bar above the shore of mud. Baree wagged his tail so hard that his whole body shook, and hurried along the dam.

When he came out on the level strip of shore, Umisk was there alone, nibbling supper from a long, freshly cut willow. The other little beavers had gone into a thick clump of young alders.

This time Umisk did not run. He looked up from his stick. Baree spat out himself, wiggling in a most friendly and ingratiating manner. For a few seconds Umisk regarded him. Then, very coolly, he resumed his supper.

Just as in the life of every man there is one big, controlling influence, either for good or for bad, so in the life of Baree the beaver pond was largely an arbiter of destiny. Where he might have gone if he had not discovered it, and what might have happened to him, are matters of conjecture. But it held him. It began to take the place of the old windfall, and in the beavers themselves he found a companionship which made up, in a way, for the loss of the protection and friendship of Kazan and Gray Wolf.

This companionship, if it could be called that, went just so far and no farther. With each day that passed the older beavers became more accustomed to seeing Baree. At the end of two weeks, if Baree had gone away, they would have missed him—but not in the same way that Baree would have missed the beavers. It was a matter of good-natured toleration on their part. With Baree it was different. He was still uskakis, as Nepeese would have said; he still wanted mothering; he was still moved by the puppyish yearnings which he had not yet had the time to outgrow; and when night came—to speak that yearning quite plainly—he had the desire to go into the big beaver house with Umisk and his chums, and sleep.

During the fortnight that followed Beaver-tooth's exploit on the dam Baree ate his meals a mile up the creek, where there were plenty of crawfish. But the pond was home. Night always found him there, and a large part of his day. He slept at the end of the dam, or on top of it on particularly clear nights, and the beavers accepted him as a permanent guest. They worked in his presence as if he did not exist.

He still could not induce Umisk and the other young beavers to join him in play, and after the first week or so he gave up his efforts. In fact, their play puzzled him almost as much as the dam-building operations of the older beavers. Umisk, for instance, was fond of playing in the mud at the edge of the pond. He was like a very small boy. Where his elders floated timbers from three inches to a foot in diameter to the big dam, Umisk brought small sticks and twigs no larger around than a lead pencil to his playground, and built a make-believe dam of his own.

Umisk would work an hour at a time on this play-dam as industriously as his father and mother were working on the big dam, and Baree would lie flat on his belly a few feet away, watching him and wondering mightily. He could see some reason for nibbling at sticks—he liked to sharpen his teeth on sticks himself; but it puzzled him to explain why Umisk so painstakingly stripped the bark from the sticks and swallowed it.

Another method of play still further discouraged Baree's advances. A short distance from the spot where he had first seen Umisk there was a shelving bank that rose ten or twelve feet from the water, and this bank was used by the young beavers as a slide. It was worn smooth and hard. Umisk would climb up the bank at a point where it was not so steep. At the top of the slide he would put his tail out flat behind him and give himself a shove, shooting down the toboggan and landing in the water with a big splash.

One afternoon, when the toboggan was particularly wet and slippery from recent use, Baree went up the beaver-path to the top of the bank, and began investigating. Nowhere had he found the beaver-smell so strong as on the slide. He began sniffing and incautiously went too far. In an instant his feet shot out from under him, and with a single wild yell he went shooting down the toboggan. For the second time in his life he found himself struggling under water, and when a minute or two later he dragged himself up through the soft mud to the firmer footing of the shore, he had at last a very well-defined opinion of beaver play.

Baree's stay with the beaver shows that at bottom he is more dog than wolf, and so fitted for human companionship.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mind Developed Early

William Ewart Gladstone, "The Great Commoner," four times prime minister of England, was graduated at Oxford in 1831, at the age of twenty-two, with the highest honors in the classics and mathematics.

Winsome Apparel for Spring Wear

Vogue for Tailored Suit Is Defined in Versions of Wide Range.

The increasing vogue of the suit, discerned last fall, is now sharply defined, notes a fashion writer in the New York Tribune. It embraces the severe tailleur in innumerable versions, executed in tweeds, mannish mixtures, half-line chevrons, two-tone diagonals, checks, blocks, plaids and plain cluster stripes. The jacket may be short and boxy or short and snugly molded to the figure. Again it may strike the finger tip or knee length or flare at the side or across the back. It may also develop a mannish waistcoat, collar and tie, or a feminine waistcoat with a high lace collar and jabot. Silk suits introduce the heavy crepes, shantung, silk alpaca, taffeta and ribbed silk combinations.

Fabrics revealed at the recent openings proved that superfine wools are to be prominent in the smart spring wardrobe. Woolen material was seen in suits, coats, capes and dresses. Among them were fine cashmeres, reps, twills, serge, wool crepes, frisks, lightweight tweeds, coverlets and the range of new materials which combine silk rayon with wool. Patterns stress checks, plaids and stripes of every variation. Flannel contributed to resort wear and the sports range.

Ties are the outstanding feature of most of the new importations.



Two-Piece Frock of Jersey; Longer Blouse is Featured.

whether flat, of upcurving front lines, plaited, circular or ruffled. The tie is decidedly the new note in dresses for spring.

Although the styles in sweaters for juniors are many, two models which promise to be much in vogue this spring are the lumberjack and slip-ons. The lumberjacks are particularly adapted for early wear because they are closely woven or knitted in what is known as the waffle stitch. These sweaters are seen in staple color combinations, such as tan or gray backgrounds with horizontal stripes in red, orange, navy or black. They button up to the neck and are finished with military collar and two pockets. The slip-ons, however, are featured in the light colors only, the horizontal stripes in many instances being supplemented by a row of bright-colored flowers. A rickety neck permits the collar of the blouse to be worn outside.

Brassiere an Article of Comfort and Beauty

Brasieres are no longer associated with heavy confining materials or the tightly drawn lace models of the past seasons, but are now being shown as an article of comfort and beauty, as well as style. First in importance is the uplift model which Paris has decreed in the return of the molded figure. Naturally the fabrics chosen would not be the unpliable materials, but the woven silks of the jersey varieties, nets and fine laces. These brasieres are narrow in width and cut so as to conform with the natural lines. Delicately colored ribbon casings are used for the elastic shoulder straps and the adjustment bands across the back.

Tweeds for Spring Are Thin and Finely Woven

Tweeds have taken on a new suppleness this spring. They are so thin and finely woven in some pieces that they might be taken for wool voiles. As a rule this material is not for all figures. It is too bulky and too stiff to be used when a slenderizing effect is desired. A small herringbone pattern, woven rather finely, is one that any woman might wear. Those woven in pastel colors shading from light to dark are also new.

The kasha tole is an attempt to make the new kashas thinner and more adaptable. These sometimes have borders in designs seen on Indian blankets made by the Hopis.

This Chic Outfit Is for Spring Sport Wear



The charming coat shown here is a sport model of orange, green and yellow plaid, with a white fur collar, and lined with white kasha. The hat is of green felt.

Gold, Silver Negligees Among Fashions of Hour

Women are turning their hours of ease into a gold rush.

The amount of gold and silver lace, ribbon, metallic cloth and gold brocade being used for negligees and lingerie must cause the United States mint to view the situation with alarm. Obviously what the modern woman lacks in quantity she makes up in quality, and though she may not wear as much lingerie as her mother did, she has not slighted what she retains.

That the golden age in lingerie is upon us was the outstanding fact demonstrated at the recent negligee and lingerie fashion show of the United Women's Wear League of America.

Slips and combinations have turned into glorified chorus girl costumes, fashioned from bits of colorful chiffon, gold and silver lace and interlacing ribbons.

As for negligees—they are pajamas, and trousers of gold and silver lace, made with slip-tops and combined with coats so elaborately embroidered and flowered that the old Arabian nights seem to have returned.

There's every encouragement from the negligee and lingerie makers these days to women who would be fluff and fluffery.

"But," queries the cynic, "do women really wear these 'straordinary creations'?"

"If so, why? And when? And where?"

Black and White Liked for Jewelry Novelties

Black and white jewelry novelties are finding a place among the many and varied spring accessories. Cut crystal combined with jet or onyx in necklaces, bracelets and earrings lends a sparkling touch of brilliancy to both sport and afternoon costumes. Hat ornaments in black galalith, come in all sizes and shapes and are usually finished off with animal heads of silver, with rhinestone settings indicating the features.

Pearl necklaces, bracelets and earrings also alternate with jet beads and motifs of onyx. A pair of pearl button earrings have a flat rim of silver, which is outlined with black enamel and set with tiny groups of rhinestones. Old-fashioned as they may seem, the crocheted bead in black and white has made its reappearance. This season, however, it will be worn in several strands, all long, and with a bracelet matching. The long-strand crocheted beads no doubt belong to the matronly woman who prefers white for summer wear and who does not favor the choker type of necklace that breaks the line of the figure.

Period Styles to Be Popular This Spring

Probably the most important and significant phase of the new modes of spring is the sudden and almost unprecedented vogue of the period frock, or the robe de style, as it is often called.

Costumes of this type have never really gone out so far as evening fashions are concerned. Certain designers have always included them in every collection of new models and certain women who wear this mode with much grace and distinction have always possessed one or more gowns of this character.

This spring wide, full skirts and tight little bodices, which distinguish the picture frocks, are not confined to evening modes but appear in the smartly simple little costumes designed for daytime and afternoon wear. Fashioned of taffeta, they are usually in shades of navy blue and black with a lighter touch introduced in sheer collars and cuffs.

POINTS ON KEEPING WELL

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN
Editor of "HEALTH"

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DUST IN THE LUNGS

SO MUCH has been written about tuberculosis that any one who, following a severe cold or influenza infection, develops a persistent cough, a shortness of breath or difficulty in breathing is suspected by his family and friends and often by the patient himself of being a victim of this dread disease. Yet there are several other lung conditions which may very easily be mistaken for consumption and in which an early recognition of the exact condition is of the utmost importance.

The New York state department of labor has just issued a special pamphlet on one of those conditions, not caused by the tubercle bacillus, although it may be combined with it, but due entirely to the kind of work engaged in, or what the labor department calls an "occupational hazard."

This condition is silicosis, a disease of the lungs found among men whose work is the quarrying or dressing of stone, granite, quartz, grit stone or among gold, tin or lead miners, makers of millstones or grindstones, sand blasting or those working in factories or workshops where finely ground stone is used.

Silica is the finely ground dust made by pulverizing or grinding any of the common forms of stone. The air in the quarries or workshops in which these stones are cut or ground is always full of this fine dust. Unless special methods are used to keep down this dust or to remove it by suction apparatus or unless the workers wear masks, the dust is constantly drawn into the lungs just as the coal miners breathe in coal dust. Some of the dust is breathed out again but much of it remains in the air cells of the lungs where it gradually accumulates and causes irritation. This irritation causes scar tissue in the lung, so that part of the lung becomes dense and solid.

Generally this disease develops slowly, several years being necessary to produce much apparent effect. The patient has a cough which does not clear up. Then he finds it hard to breathe. Workers say they "can't get to the bottom of their breath." Then the patient has attacks of pleurisy, with pain in the chest or the side. Then is the time the patient begins to fear he is developing consumption. But he has no night sweats, fever or loss of weight or appetite as the early consumptive has. He looks well, eats well and feels well, except when he tries to draw a long breath.

Of course, with his lungs in this condition, if he gets a tubercular infection, he generally develops consumption on top of the silicosis.

Naturally, there is no treatment for the patient to do is to get out of his dust laden job and work in some other line.

RAT-BITE FEVER

THAT rats are destructive and dangerous pests is generally recognized. That rats, carrying fleas infected with the germs of bubonic plague, are the principal factors in spreading this disease is also now generally understood. But that the rat itself, by its own bite, may be the cause of another and entirely distinct disease is not generally known.

Rat-bite fever has long been known in Japan under the name of sodoku. It has also been recognized in this country.

The disease is a peculiar one and has generally the following history: The patient, frequently a child, is bitten by a rat, the wound healing in three or four days apparently without any trouble. In from five days to fourteen days, the wound, apparently well, becomes swollen, painful and bluish-red, the glands near the wound swell and become tender. There is no abscess and no matter forms in the wound or in the glands. At the end of two weeks after the bite, the patient has a chill, followed by a fever, with prostration, pain in the back and a sensation of weakness in the legs. About twenty-four hours after the chill, a bluish-red eruption appears on the body, which gradually fades as the fever goes down in the next four or five days.

These symptoms then entirely disappear and for four or five days there is no trouble, except that the patient feels exhausted. This free period, however, is followed by another chill, then fever and eruption. These varying periods of chills and eruption with periods of no symptoms may go on for a short or long time, one case being reported where, at fourteen-day intervals, the attacks continued for over eight years.

The cause has been proved to be a peculiar germ found in the rat. These germs are more frequently found in wild rats than in the ordinary domesticated rats.

As the germ is very much the same in appearance as that of syphilis, it naturally occurred to students of the disease to use "9000" or arsenphenamine. In a case recently reported by Doctor Ward of Asheville, N. C., a four-year-old boy bitten in the wrist was apparently cured by two injections.

Meanwhile, keep the rats away from children.