

BAREE, Son of Kazan

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD
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WNU Service

"A MAN-DEVIL"

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. Baree is 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. Nepeese wounds Baree with a rifle, but he escapes. Baree discovers and learns nature'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. Baree makes friends with the beaver.

Chapter V—Continued

It may be that Umisk saw him. It may be that very soon the story of his adventure was known by all the inhabitants of Beaver Town. For when Baree came upon Umisk eating his supper of alder bark that evening, Umisk stood his ground to the last inch, and for the first time they smelled noses. At least Baree sniffed audibly, and plucky little Umisk sat like a rolled-up sphinx. That was the final cementing of their friendship—on Baree's part. He capered about extravagantly for a few moments, telling Umisk how much he liked him, and that they'd be great chums. Umisk didn't talk. He didn't make a move until he resumed his supper. But he was a companionable looking little fellow, for all that, and Baree was happier than he had been since the day he left the old windfall.

That friendship, even though it outwardly appeared to be quite one-sided, was decidedly fortunate for Umisk. When Baree was at the pond, he always kept as near to Umisk as possible, when he could find him. One day he was lying in a patch of grass, half asleep, while Umisk busied himself in a clump of alder-shoots a few yards away. It was the warning crack of a beaver tail that fully roused Baree; and then another and another, like pistol-shots. He jumped up. Everywhere beavers were scurrying for the pond.

Just then Umisk came out of the alders and hurried as fast as his short, fat legs would carry him toward the water. He had almost reached the mud when a lightning flash of red passed before Baree's eyes in the afternoon sun, and in another instant Napakasew—the be-fox—had fastened his sharp fangs in Umisk's throat. Baree heard his little friend's agonized cry; he heard the frenzied flap-flap-flap of many tails—and his blood pounded suddenly with the thrill of excitement and rage.

As swiftly as the red fox himself, Baree darted to the rescue. He was as big and as heavy as the fox, and when he struck Napakasew, it was with a ferocious snarl that Pierrot might have heard on the farther side of the pond, and his teeth sank like knives into the shoulder of Umisk's assailant. The fox was of a breed of forest highwaymen which kills from behind. He was not a fighter when it came fang-to-fang, unless cornered—and so fierce and sudden was Baree's assault that Napakasew took to flight almost as quickly as he had begun his attack on Umisk.

Baree did not follow him, but went to Umisk, who lay half in the mud, whimpering and snuffling in a curious sort of way. Gently Baree nosed him, and after a moment or two Umisk got up on his webbed feet, while fully twenty or thirty beavers were making a tremendous fuss in the water near the shore.

After this the beaver pond seemed more than ever like home to Baree.

Chapter VI

While lovely Nepeese was shuddering over her thrilling experience under the rock—while Pierrot still offered grateful thanks in his prayers for her deliverance and Baree was becoming more and more a fixture at the beaver-pond—Bush McTaggart was perfecting a little scheme of his own up at Post Lac Bain, about forty miles north and west. McTaggart had been Factor at Lac Bain for seven years. In the Company's books down in Winnipeg he was counted a remarkably successful man. The expense of his post was below the average, and his semi-annual report of furs always ranked among the first. After his name, kept on file in the main office, was one notation which said: "Gets more out of a dollar than any other man north of God's lake."

The Indians knew why this was so. They called him Napuo Wetikoo—the man-devil. This was under their breath—a name whispered sinisterly in the glow of tepee fires, or spoken softly where not even the winds might carry it to the ears of Bush McTaggart. They feared him; they hated him. They died of starvation and sickness, and the tighter Bush McTaggart clenched the fingers of his iron rule, the more meekly, it seemed to him, did they respond to his mastery. His was a small soul, hidden in the hulk of a brute, which rejoiced in power. And here—with the raw wilderness on four sides of him—his power knew no end. The Big Company was behind him. It had made

him king of a domain in which there was little law except his own. And in return he gave back to the Company bales and bundles of furs beyond their expectation. It was not for them to have suspicions. They were a thousand or more miles away—and dollars counted.

Gregson might have told. Gregson was the investigating agent of that district, who visited McTaggart once each year. He might have reported that the Indians called McTaggart Napuo Wetikoo because he gave them only half price for their furs; he might have told the Company quite plainly that he kept the people of the trap-lines at the edge of starvation through every month of the winter, that he had them on their knees with his hands at their throats—putting the truth in a mild and pretty way—and that he always had a woman or a girl, Indian or half-breed, living with him at the Post. But Gregson enjoyed his visits too much at Lac Bain. Always he could count on two weeks of coarse pleasures; and in addition to that, his own womenfolk at home wore a rich treasure of fur that came to them from McTaggart.

One evening, a week after the adventure of Nepeese and Baree under the rock, McTaggart sat under the glow of an oil lamp in his "store." For six weeks there had been in him a great unrest. It was just six weeks ago that Pierrot had brought Nepeese on her first visit to Lac Bain since McTaggart had been Factor there. She had taken his breath away. Since then he had been able to think of nothing but her. Twice in that six weeks he had gone down to Pierrot's cabin. Tomorrow he was going again. Marie, the slim Cree girl over in his cabin, he had forgotten—just as a dozen others before Marie had slipped out of his memory. It was Nepeese now. He had never seen anything quite so beautiful as Pierrot's girl.

Audibly he cursed Pierrot as he looked at a sheet of paper under his hand, on which for an hour or more he had been making notes out of worn and dusty Company ledgers. It was Pierrot who stood in his way. Pierrot's father, according to those notes, had been a full-blooded Frenchman. Therefore Pierrot was half French, and Nepeese was quarter French—though she was so beautiful he could have sworn there was not more than a drop or two of Indian—Chippewayan, Cree, Ojibway, Dog Rib—anything—there would have been no trouble at all in the matter. He would have bent them to his power, and Nepeese would have come to his cabin, as Marie came six months ago. But there was the accursed French of it! Pierrot and Nepeese were different. And yet—

He smiled grimly, and his hands clenched tighter. After all, was not his power sufficient? Would even Pierrot dare stand against that? If Pierrot objected, he would drive him from the country—from the trapping regions that had come down to him as heritage from father and grandfather, and even before their day. He would make of Pierrot a wanderer and an outcast, as he had made wanderers and outcasts of a score of others who had lost his favor. No other Post would sell to or buy from Pierrot if Le Bete—the black cross—was put after his name. That was his power—a law of the Factors that had come down through the centuries. It was a tremendous power for evil. It had brought him Marie, the slim, dark-eyed Cree girl, who hated him—and in spite of her hatred "kept house for him." That was the polite way of explaining her presence if explanations were ever necessary.

McTaggart looked again at the notes he had made on the sheet of paper. Pierrot's trapping country, his own property according to the common law of the wilderness, was very valuable. During the last seven years he had received an average of a thousand dollars a year for his furs, for McTaggart had been unable to cheat Pierrot quite as completely as he had cheated the Indians. A thousand dollars a year! Pierrot would think twice before he gave that up. McTaggart chuckled as he made his way through the darkness to the door. Nepeese as good as belonged to him. He would have her if it cost—Pierrot's life. And—why not? It was all so easy. A shot on a lonely trap-line, a single knife-thrust—and who would know? Who would guess where Pierrot had gone? And it would all be Pierrot's fault. For the last time he had seen

Enter the villain, Bush McTaggart! How does Baree fit into the situation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Blood Analysis Helps Doctor in Diagnosis

The doctor who used to feel his patient's pulse or gaze into a gaping mouth to determine the cause of illness nowadays takes a drop of blood to analyze. The guilt for much of human suffering has been traced to the germs, tiny but deadly, which force their entrance into the human body, and which can only be detected by such analysis.

"Blood tests provide us with clues to an ever-growing number of ailments," said a doctor to the writer.

"It is being found, for instance, that eye complaints are often due to the absorption of germs which have affected other parts of the body, such as the tonsils. We can often detect them by testing the blood."

"Many cases of illness are due to something taken in from without—usually microscopic germs. More and more of these germs are becoming known to us every day. There is reason to believe that the origins of other diseases which are still unknown may be found in the same cause."

But Wait a Few Years

Little Esther, who was drawing near to her third birthday, was taken by her mother to be fitted for a new hat. She protested, "What for do I want another hat? I've got only one head." Her father tells this story with great gusto.—Boston Transcript.

Trimming Worn on New Sport Styles

Elaboration Introduced According to Use Garment Is to Be Given.

With the exception of the practical sports costume which is worn for tennis or any other strenuous sport and which continues to adhere to strictly plain tailored lines and is devoid of all adornment, practically all sports costumes demonstrate the significance of trimming as an important style factor, says a fashion writer in the Cleveland News.

Now that so many varieties of costumes are placed in the category of sportswear, elaboration is introduced in a model according to the formality or informality of its character.

The handmade silk sports frock invariably is dressed with draw-work (which, by the way, is receiving the indorsement of many exclusive houses), hand-tucking, and hemstitching.

The yachting costume of jersey or flannel relies on piping, gilt braid, contrasting bindings, and perhaps a trim embroidered monogram-motif on



Two-Piece Sport Dress of Cream-Colored Shantung.

the breast pocket of its coat or jumper.

The sports frock, which is suitable for wear at tea and informal dancing parties, is represented in many types and fabrics, and employs an unlimited choice of trimming, chief among which are colorful painting, embroidery, novel effects in wool and occasionally lace.

Brilliant effects are achieved with modernistic and plastic printing, Russian embroidery, and hand-blocked designs. In some of the frocks which are cut with very wide sleeves and usually are interpreted in heavy silk crepe in a pastel shade or white, stunglass window designs, or conventionalized floral or fruit patterns are executed in vivid purples, rose, greens and blues on the sleeve section alone. Further to enhance the color appeal the sleeve, when it is permitted to hang unconfined in wide kimono effect, is lined with the dominant color of the design.

Plaited frills are widely indorsed as jabots, collars and cuffs, and even in an occasional skirt ruffle, careful, however, to be so placed as not to detract from the slender, tailored sports silhouette.

Crocheted wool in novel stitches makes very smart banding for jumper borders and to outline cuffs, chemise panels and collars.

Leather, both suede and glace, is particularly important in pocket, cuff and collar trimming or swagger motor and traveling coats, as well as in short-coat suits and tailored jumper frocks, the latter developed of tweed, twill or flannel.

Smocking is accented consistently in many of the jersey frocks of peasant inspiration, and in these brilliant wool embroideries in floral or cross-stitch effects also is sponsored enthusiastically.

Handling of Taffeta in Building New Gown

The handling of crepe and chiffon for all types has been so successful that some are likely to dread the in-expert handling of taffeta. With the right kind of relief in folds, fullness and tucks taffeta is bound to be well liked. But taffeta can make the flattest gowns in the world. Its surface is flat to begin with, and something must be done in the handling of it to give it depth and sheen. And especially must it be employed carefully for the large woman; for, while she is going to wear it because it is such a "pleasant" material, she can cherish no illusions about it not making her look larger. It will do that very thing unless the making of it is perfect—and then it will increase size a little.

Dress That Features Tight-Fitting Waist



No wardrobe is quite complete this season without something plaid. Here is shown an attractive dress of plaid taffeta, with collar, cuffs, and trimming of solid color. The dress features the tight-fitting waist and skirt flared over the hips, long sleeves and medium high neck.

Scarf Materials Range From Silks to Chiffon

There is a scarf for every occasion, and the woman who wishes to be smartly attired sees to it that she has one to go with each costume, whether it be the morning tailleur, sports outfit, afternoon ensemble or evening dress. For the tailored suit and top-coat there is the giglio scarf, quite narrow and not very long, tying in a knot at the side of the neck. These scarves come in a wide variety of colors that blend well with woolen materials. For sports wear there is an unlimited selection, ranging from the sheers of chiffons to squares made of heavy printed silk. Silk scarves with white backgrounds have designs executed in clear blues and bright reds. They are so summery looking that they belong to the watering places only.

For promenade, tennis and golf there are polka dot scarves in pastel tints, rainbow effects brought out in subdued colorings and long wide scarves in solid colors with intricate border designs. The small square scarves, which are copied from old English prints, are folded in half at an angle and worn so that the double points may protect the throat from sunburn. Chiffon scarves, on account of the sheerness of the material, are more voluminous than those of silk. Being both wide and long they drape well about the neck and shoulders, and may be worn with equal impunity with chiffon afternoon frock or elaborate evening dress. The selection is governed solely by design and color scheme. Chiffon scarves with backgrounds in white and the pastel shades catch the spirit of summer skies and gardens when decorated with roses, spring flowers, birds, feathers and woodland scenes. They suggest vivaciousness and that spirit of motion which characterizes this year's styles.

Last Year's Tendencies Noted in New Fabrics

In design American fabrics reflect a modification and many variations of last year's tendencies. There is a warm sentiment for plain colors, though patterns of several types will be worn. There are three distinct classifications in figured goods—the floral designs conventionalized in drawing, but reproduced in natural tints; the modernistic tendency evident in cubist figures; and the small patterns called by their creators "confetti." Tiny geometric patterns, checks, and above all, polka dots are in great demand and are exceedingly popular among women who prefer chic to display. There are many lovely things in ombre silks and crepes, some stripes, and there is an absolute craze among some of the architects of gowns for printed borders. These are charming in the printed volles and chiffons, the pattern being done in beautiful colors on a tinted background.

Mannish Ensemble Is New Mode From Paris

The blue cloth ensemble from France has returned to the mannish mode, carried out in most punctilious detail. The full-length coat of navy wool, belted at back, has notched collar and snug cuffs of gray astrakhan. Under this a sleeveless frock is made to simulate a vest in front, which extends into a narrow belt, repeating the line of the coat. An utterly masculine shirt of gray striped silk, invisible hip pockets and a skirt hem which turns up for all the world like a trouser cuff, attain the nth degree of virility in the feminine gender.

HOW TO KEEP WELL

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN
Editor of "HEALTH"

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RAISING ELKS FOR FOOD

PRIMITIVE man planted no seeds and reaped no crops. He got his food from the trees, with no thought of the future. The first man who proposed to plant seed for future harvests was probably looked on as inspired, as well he might be.

For a still longer period, the human race got its meat supply from wild animals. Then the commoner and gentler animals, as cattle, camels, goats and sheep, were tamed and raised for both milk and meat.

Having once domesticated these animals and becoming used to their meat as food, man and especially civilized races, apparently paid little attention to any others. Other forms of animal life found in new lands as they were explored were apparently neglected. When America was discovered and explored, no attention was paid to the new food supplies found here nor was any attempt made to develop them. The English were used to beef as a meat supply and to cattle as a "source of milk." So the buffalo, elk, deer and other meat animals were slaughtered for their hides, hoofs and skins, without any attempt to save and cultivate them for permanent use.

It is only through accident that the American buffalo was not totally exterminated.

The American elk, a still more valuable meat animal, which formerly existed by the million, was also nearly wiped out through senseless slaughter. In 1899 the federal government settled a herd of thirty-eight elk in Custer park in South Dakota. In 1901, Roosevelt, as President, started a definite program for protecting them. They are now, through protection, rapidly increasing in numbers and may soon be a source of meat supply.

In 1905, the Department of Agriculture issued Bulletin 303 on Deer Farming and a number of farmers took up this line of breeding.

In many ways elk farming is easier and more profitable than cattle raising. Elk will thrive on less food than any other member of the deer family, they can live on land fit for nothing else, they grow to large size, a mature male weighing from 700 to 1,000 pounds, and a female from 600 to 800 pounds. They mature early, they are unusually hardy and are free from most of the disease that afflict cattle. There are now about 70,000 elk in the United States and from this supply large quantities of meat could be developed.

OUR INSECT ENEMIES

MAJ. M. A. REASONER of the United States Army recently delivered an address in New York before a manufacturers' association. Coming from an army officer, you would naturally expect such an address to deal with the latest and improved methods of killing human beings and of new types of submarines, airplanes and long-range guns. But it wasn't. Major Reasoner is an officer in the medical corps and is consequently more interested in saving human life than in destroying it.

The enemies Major Reasoner talked about are not only enemies of this country, but of the entire human race. They are not other men, but insects. Today the whole world is talking about peace among men. This is not only sensible, but almost necessary. It is wise and desirable that human beings, the world over, should join forces against a common enemy, one which has been fighting human beings since time began and which will continue to fight and kill us as long as life exists.

Instead of being interested in life-destroying devices, Major Reasoner is interested in life-saving, and the one invention which he says has saved more lives than any other is the ordinary fly screen.

It is impossible, says Major Reasoner, to estimate the damage that insects have done. Small as they are, they have overthrown governments and even blotted out whole countries. Historians have long been unable to explain why such powerful civilizations as those of Greece, Rome, Egypt, Mesopotamia and Assyria were destroyed. In many cases this was due to insect-borne diseases which either wiped out the population or so weakened the people that they were easily conquered by some stronger nation.

With us, the common house fly is the most frequent carrier of disease. Typhoid, cholera and dysentery are spread by it. Mosquitoes carry malaria and yellow fever, as well as two tropical diseases, filariasis and dengue. Various kinds of flies carry other diseases as yaws and tularemia. Fleas carry bubonic plague and dumdum fever. Lice carry typhus fever, trench fever and relapsing fever. Ticks carry Rocky Mountain spotted fever.

For centuries no one suspected that insects carried these diseases from man to man. They were considered too small to be of any importance. So their very insignificance was their protection.

Now that we know how dangerous they are, they can be fought in the open. Man's strength will protect him from these little foes if he will use his knowledge. If not, he must pay the penalty.