

BAREE, Son of Kazan

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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Chapter VI—Continued

It was a splendid night that followed. Perhaps Baree would have slept through it in his nest on the top of the dam if the moon had not stirred the new hunger in him. Since his adventure in the canyon, the deeper forest had held a dread for him, especially at night. But this night was like a pale, golden day: it was moonless; but the stars shone like a billion distant lamps, flooding the world in a soft and billowy sea of light. A gentle whisper of wind made pleasant sounds in the treetops. Beyond that was very quiet, for it was Puskwepesim—the Moulting Moon—and the wolves were not hunting, the owls had lost their voice, the foxes stunk with the silence of shadows, and even the heavers had begun to cease their labors. The horns of the moose, the deer and the caribou were in tender velvet, and they moved but little and fought not at all. It was late July, Moulting Moon of the Cree, Moon of Silence for the Chippewyan.

In this silence Baree began to hunt. He stirred up a family of half-grown partridges, but they escaped him. He pursued a rabbit that was swifter than he. For an hour he had no luck. Then he heard a sound that made every drop of blood in him thrill. He was close to McTaggart's camp, and what he had heard was a rabbit in one of McTaggart's snares. He came out into a little starlit open and there he saw the rabbit going through a most marvelous pantomime. It amazed him for a moment, and he stopped in his tracks.

Wapoo, the rabbit, had run his furry head into the snare and his first frightened jump had "shot" the sapling to which the copper wire was attached so that he was now hung half in midair, with only his hind feet touching the ground. And there he was dancing madly while the moose about his neck slowly choked him to death.

Baree gave a sort of gasp. He could understand nothing of the part that the wire and the sapling were playing in this curious game. All he could see was that Wapoo was hopping and dancing about on his hind legs in a most puzzling and unrabbit-like fashion. It may be that he thought it some sort of play. In this instance, however, he did not regard Wapoo as he had looked on Unisk the beaver. He knew that Wapoo made mighty fine eating, and after another moment or two of hesitation he darted upon his prey.

Wapoo, half gone already, made almost no struggle, and in the glow of the stars Baree finished him, and for half an hour afterward he feasted.

McTaggart had heard no sound, for the snare into which Wapoo had run his head was the one set farthest from his camp. Beside the smoldering coals of his fire he sat with his back to a tree, smoking his black pipe and dreaming covetously of Nepeese, when Baree continued his night-wandering. Baree no longer had the desire to hunt. He was too full. But he nosed in and out of the starlit spaces, enjoying immensely the stillness and the golden glow of the night. He was following a rabbit-run when he came to a place where two fallen logs left a trail no wider than his body. He squeezed through; something tightened about his neck; there was a sudden snap—a swish as the sapling was jerked off his feet so suddenly that he had no time to conjecture as to what was happening.

The yelp in his throat died in a gurgle, and the next moment he was going through the pantomime actions of Wapoo, who was having his vengeance inside him. For the life of him Baree could not keep from dancing about, while the wire grew tighter and tighter about his neck. Furiously he struggled. It was a miracle that the fine wire held him. In a few moments more it must have broken—but McTaggart had heard him! The Factor caught up his blanket and a heavy stick, as he hurried toward the snare. It was not a rabbit making those sounds—he knew that. Perhaps a fisher-cat—a lynx, a fox, a young wolf—

It was the wolf he thought of first when he saw Baree at the end of the wire. He dropped the blanket and raised the club. If there had been clouds overhead, or the stars had been less brilliant, Baree would have died as surely as Wapoo had died. With the club raised over his head McTaggart saw in time the white star, the white-tipped ear and the jet black of Baree's coat.

With a swift movement he exchanged the club for the blanket. In that hour, could McTaggart have looked ahead to the days that were to come, he would have used the club. Could he have foreseen the great tragedy in which Baree was to play a vital part, wrecking his hopes and destroying his world, he would have beaten him to a pulp there under the light of the stars. And Baree, could he have foreseen what was to happen between this brute with a white skin and the most beautiful thing in the forests, would have fought even more

bitterly before he surrendered himself to the smothering embrace of the Factor's blanket. On this night Fate had played a strange hand for them both, and only that Fate, and perhaps the stars above, held knowledge of what its outcome was to be.

Half an hour later Bush McTaggart's fire was burning brightly again. In the glow of it Baree lay trussed up like an Indian papoose, tied into a balloon-shaped ball with babiche thong, his head alone showing where his captor had cut a hole for it in the blanket. He was hopelessly caught—so closely imprisoned in the blanket that he could scarcely move a muscle of his body. A few feet away from him McTaggart was bathing a bleeding hand in a basin of water. There was also a red streak down the side of McTaggart's bullish neck.

"You little devil!" he snarled at Baree. "You little devil!"

He reached over suddenly and gave Baree's head a vicious blow with his heavy hand.

"I ought to beat your brains out, and—I believe I will!"

Baree watched him as he picked up a stick close at his side—a bit of firewood. Pierrot had chased him, but this was the first time he had been near enough to the man-monster to see the red glow in his eyes. They were not like the eyes of the wonderful creature who had almost caught him in the web of her hair, and who had crawled after him under the rock. They were beast-eyes. They



"You Little Devil!"

made him shrink and try to draw his head back into the blanket as the stick was raised. At the same time he snarled. His white fangs gleamed in the firelight. His ears were flat. He wanted to sink his teeth in the red throat, where he had already drawn blood.

The stick fell. It fell again, and when McTaggart was done Baree lay half-stunned, his eyes partly closed by the blows and his mouth bleeding.

"That's the way we take the devil out of a wild dog," snarled McTaggart. "I guess you won't try the biting game again, eh, youngster? A thousand devils—but you went almost to the bone of this hand!"

He began washing the wound again. Baree's teeth had sunk deep, and there was a troubled look in the Factor's face. It was July—a bad month for bites. From his kit he took a small flask of whisky and turned a bit of the raw liquor on the wound, cursing Baree as it burned into his flesh.

Baree's half-shut eyes were fixed on him steadily. He knew that at last he had met the deadliest of all his enemies. And yet he was not afraid. The club in Bush McTaggart's hand had not killed his spirit. It had killed his fear. It had roused in him a hatred such as he had never known—not even when he was fighting Oohoom!

Chapter VII

From the window, her face screened by the folds of the curtain which she had made for it, the Willow saw what happened outside. She was not smiling now. She was breathing quickly, and her body was tense. She heard McTaggart's coarse voice, his boisterous greeting, and then she saw him showing Pierrot what he carried under his arm. There came to her distinctly his explanation of how he had caught his captive in a rabbit-snare. He unwrapped the blanket. Nepeese gave a cry of amazement. In an instant she was out beside them. She did not look at McTaggart's red face, blazing in its joy and exultation.

"It is Baree!" she cried.

"She took the bundle from McTaggart and turned to Pierrot.

"Tell him that Baree belongs to me," she said.

She hurried into the cabin. McTaggart looked after her, stunned and amazed. Then he looked at Pierrot. A man half blind could have seen that Pierrot was as amazed as he. Nepeese had not spoken to him—the Factor of Lac Bain! She had not looked at him! And she had taken the dog from him with as little concern as though he had been a wooden man. The red in his face deepened as he stared from Pierrot to the door through which she had gone, and which she had closed behind her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Great Voices Called Accidents of Nature

Great voices are rare and undoubtedly owe their wonderful purity of tone to an accidental combination of those physical characteristics which lead to the production of song. The human musical instrument, though built of living tissues, resembles in structure the reed organ pipe fitted with a vox humana stop. In both cases the note depends on the vibrations of a column of air produced in the organ by a reed and in the voice by the vocal cords. The human air chamber corresponding to the organ pipe is composed of the larynx and the bronchial system beneath it.

sew, the outlaw owl. The vengeful animosity of the wolf was burning in him now, along with the savage courage of the dog.

Baree did not take his eyes from McTaggart as he smoked. He watched the man when the latter stretched himself out on the bare ground and went to sleep. He listened, still later, to the man-monster's heinous snoring. Again and again during the long night he struggled to free himself. He would never forget that night. It was terrible. In the thick, hot folds of the blanket his limbs and body were suffocated until the blood almost stood still in his veins. Yet he did not whine.

They began to journey before the sun was up, for if Baree's blood was almost dead within him, Bush McTaggart's was scorching his body with the heat of its anticipation. He made his last plans as he walked swiftly through the forest with Baree under his arm. He would send Pierrot at once for Father Groin at his Mission seventy miles to the west. He would marry Nepeese—yes, marry her! That would tickle Pierrot. And he would be alone with Nepeese while Pierrot was gone for the missioner.

This thought flamed McTaggart's blood like strong whisky. There was no thought in his hot and unreasoning brain of what Nepeese might say—of what she might think. He was not after the soul of her. His hand clenched, and he laughed harshly as there flashed on him for an instant the thought that perhaps Pierrot would not want to give her up. Pierrot! Bah! It would not be the first time he had killed a man—or the second.

McTaggart laughed again, and he walked still faster. There was no chance of his losing—no chance for Nepeese to get away from him. He—Bush McTaggart—was lord of this wilderness, master of its people, arbiter of their destinies. He was power—and the law.

The sun was well up when Pierrot, standing in front of his cabin with Nepeese, pointed to a rise in the trail three or four hundred yards away, over which McTaggart had just appeared.

"He is coming."

With a face which had aged since last night he looked at Nepeese. Again he saw the dark glow in her eyes and the deepening red of her parted lips, and his heart was sick again with dread. Was it possible—

She turned on him, her eyes shining, her voice trembling.

"Remember, Neotawe—you must send him to me for his answer," she cried quickly, and she darted into the cabin. With a cold, gray face, Pierrot faced Bush McTaggart.

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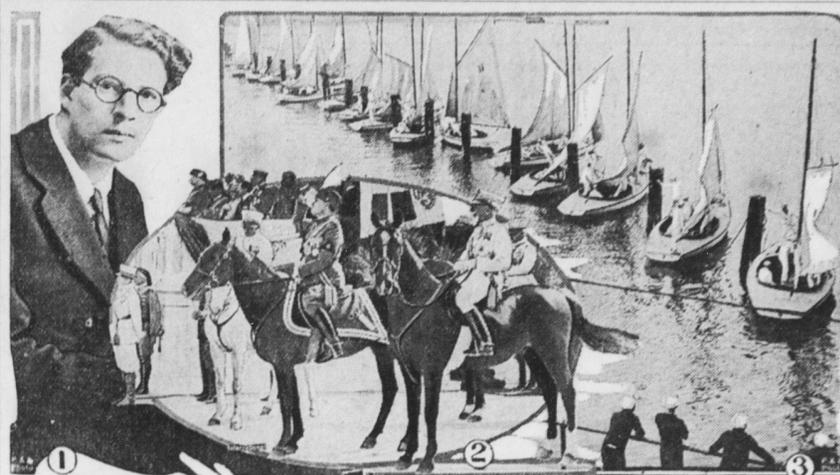
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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

mental tones produced in the larynx. The lungs form the bellows which produce the upward blast of air, and upon their quality depends the loudness of the voice.—London Daily Mail.

Milk Products Old

Butter was known for at least 2,000 years before the Christian era. It was not used as food, however, but mostly as a medicine and ointment, and in some parts was employed as an illuminant for lamps. The butter was churned crudely in skin bags or pouches, and was a very inferior article. Cheese has been known since the earliest times, the oldest mention of it occurring in 1400 B. C. It was used as an article of food before butter.



1—James Waterman Wise, son of the noted Rabbi Wise, who has renounced the Jewish religion. 2—Premier Mussolin reviewing troops in Tripoli. 3—Midshipmen of the Naval academy at Annapolis starting on a cruise in catboats, from which they learn much of navigation.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

National Crime Commission Goes Into Action Against Country's Lawbreakers.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

WITH encouraging words from President Coolidge, the National Crime Commission got into action last week in Washington, determined to find some way to check crimes of violence in the United States. The members held secret committee meetings and planned a nation-wide drive, issuing an appeal for the organization of crime commissions in each state. The people are asked to arouse and enlist the aid of these four agencies:

Public opinion, by keeping the need to combat crime before the eyes of dutiful citizens.

Federal authority, by asking such approval and co-operation within the scope of federal influence and power.

The governors of the states, by willingness to take up with them the plans for state crime commissions.

Organizations of national scope, such as those devoted to patriotism, labor, commerce, and organizations of women citizens, by asking their aid in applying their influence within the states upon public opinion and public authority.

One immediate result was the obtaining of a pledge from the Remington Arms company that it would support legislation for a uniform law in the several states to "control the sale, ownership, possession and use" of pistols and revolvers.

Frank O. Lowden of Illinois called the attention of the commission to the tremendous power of organized crime, declaring this to be a new problem confronting civilization.

District Attorney Banton of New York deprecated "sob stuff" and urged the vast importance of speedy justice. "A crime not tried within six months of its commission," said he, "loses over 50 per cent of its triable value. Today, as a result of a clearing of the dockets by more courts and more judges, I can try any man in New York county within three weeks of his plea. Two thousand and ninety-eight cases have been disposed of since January 1, with the result that New York is no longer popular with criminals. You can do that anywhere in the United States. We did it by just plugging away at the situation, by getting more judges, and by having a sufficient number of grand juries. I begged the newspapers of New York to give as much space to the efforts to suppress crime as they did to crime committed. They replied that they would print it. They did. The result of this publicity was equal to 2,000 extra policemen and ten extra judges."

The National Crime commission, it may be remembered, has for members some of the country's most eminent men and women, including former Ambassador Richard Washburn Child, Newton D. Baker, Herbert S. Hadley, Mrs. Richard Derby (daughter of Colonel Roosevelt), Gen. James A. Drain, Trubee F. Davison, Charles E. Hughes, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Senator Charles S. Deneen, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Charles S. Whitman, Governor Winant of New Hampshire, and Judge Marcus Kavanagh and Henry Barrett Chamberlin of Chicago. The commission has been investigating for nine months and has concluded there is no panacea for crime, but that application of remedies rests with individual states and individual citizens. Administration of justice, it finds, is the most pressing question.

While Mayor Dever of Chicago and District Attorney Olson were still quarreling about the responsibility for crime conditions in and about the city, the criminals demonstrated their contempt for the law and its officers by assassinating an active assistant state's attorney and two other men with whom he was sitting in an automobile, one being a member of a liquor gang. The murderers used a Thompson machine gun, a new weapon that seems likely to supplant the sawed-off shotgun. As has been the case each time the gangsters have murdered a policeman in

Chicago, the killing created a great furor and brought forth official assertions that the criminals would be caught and hanged and the city cleaned of all their ilk. But that job needs something more. Everyone conversant with the facts knows well that at the root of crime conditions in Chicago lie these things:

Corrupt politics.

Difficulty in getting convictions of criminals, due to the timidity and dishonesty of juries and to the hesitancy of judges who fear reversals by an appellate court that pays too much attention to technicalities and petty legal quibbles.

The ease with which the thugs, when convicted, get out of prison by the aid of a complainant board of pardons and paroles.

Of course the enemies of the Volstead act blame it for much of the lawlessness. That view is taken by the Chicago city council in a memorandum submitted by it to the senate last week, asking for modification of the prohibition laws to permit the sale of beer and wines.

WITH only four votes in the negative, the house passed the treasury reorganization bill written by General Andrews, federal prohibition enforcement chief. It raises the prohibition unit and the customs service to the status of bureaus headed by commissioners appointed by the secretary of the treasury. These bureaus, with the coast guard, would be grouped under the direction of a single assistant secretary charged with supervision of prohibition enforcement. The measure also carries an amendment to place all except the highest prohibition officials under civil service regulations.

FRANCE made a new offer for the funding of her debt to the United States Thursday which was entirely satisfactory to the American debt commission and to President Coolidge. It was promptly signed by Secretary Mellon and Ambassador Berenger. How soon it will be ratified by the American and French senates is problematical.

The agreement provides for a payment over sixty-two years of a grand total of \$6,847,674,104, beginning with annual payments of \$30,000,000 during each of the first two years and running up to a maximum beginning with the seventeenth year of \$125,000,000. This is an increase of \$627,000,000 over the total payments offered in the Caillaux negotiations last September. The interest over the sixty-two year period amounts to an average of slightly more than 1 1/2 per cent.

DEBT funding arrangements with Belgium, Latvia, Rumania, Estonia and Czechoslovakia all were ratified by the senate, and the President signed the Italian debt-funding bill passed the previous week.

From London comes a story that leading international bankers are considering a colossal plan for "the liquidation in one great ensemble of the problems of German reparations and the war debt—in other words, the whole question of the intergovernmental indebtedness left to the world as one of the aftermaths of the World war."

The plan is somewhat hazy but it is based on the idea that the European debts to the United States, figured according to the settlements being made, would be not far from \$3,750,000,000; that the securities to be issued by the German railroads under the Dawes plan for about that amount could be marketed for more than \$3,000,000,000 if the various nations would make these bonds free of taxes, and that the yield could be turned over to the allies entitled to reparations and paid by them to the United States in settlement of all debts. Thus all reparations arrangements and debt-funding agreements would be wiped out.

GERMANY and Russia have signed a treaty of amity and neutrality that will have a far-reaching effect on European affairs. The two nations pledge mutual neutrality, both military and economic, should a third power declare war on either, actuated by motives of unprovoked aggression. Germany promises to participate in no action against Russia directed by the League of Nations if the German representative in the league decides there are no proper grounds for Germany's participation. All disputes

between the two nations arising from the present treaty, the Locarno accords and Germany's entry into the league are to be submitted to a non-partisan court of arbitration. This treaty was filed with the secretariat of the league.

According to London dispatches, an early result of the German-Russian pact will be a tripartite treaty between Russia, Germany and Lithuania. Among its objects will be the wiping out of the narrow corridor between Lithuania and Russia now held by Poland, and also the wiping out of the Danzig corridor by which Poland cuts Germany in two. It is understood, also, that Lithuania would restore the port of Memel to Germany, in return for which the Germans would build for Lithuania a new port on the Baltic. These changes would give the tripartite alliance a clear sweep from the North sea to the Pacific, and the northern Baltic states, which are hostile to Soviet Russia, would be isolated.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE is worried by a prospective deficit of \$21,000,000 in 1927, and has again warned the Republican leaders in congress that the legislative program must be kept within budget limits. He is especially opposed to legislation carrying continuing appropriations for the future. He hinted that he might veto the Spanish war veterans' pension bill but it was believed he would not go to this length.

FIGURES just made public by the internal revenue bureau show that income tax collections for March were \$594,141,356, or \$65,412,736 more than for March last year. New York showed the largest collection and Florida the greatest proportionate increase. Returns lower than last year were made by Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Alabama, Georgia, New Mexico, Oregon and Hawaii.

THE League of Nations proposes to call a conference to work out plans to cure the economic ills of the world, and for the purpose of preparing for this meeting 37 leading economists and labor leaders met last week in Geneva. Among them are three Americans, A. Gilbert of Boston, David Houston and Ailyn Young of Harvard. During the discussions Alberto De Stefani, the principal Italian delegate, raised the question of immigration restriction and called such restriction a menace to world peace. "I repeat," the Italian said, "the declaration I made in London when the Dawes plan was adopted. That is, that the most essential condition for the new era of peace is complete liberty of movement of people and products."

The Japanese delegate, Sugimura, touched on racial equality, declaring it to be imperative that there should be no discrimination by any country against the ships or products or foreigners.

DR. RODRIGO OCTAVIO of Brazil and Fernando G. Roa of Mexico, members of the Mexico-American special claims commission, announced that they had decided against the United States in the Santa Ysabel case involving the massacre of American mining engineers by Villa's band in 1916. Judge E. B. Perry, the American member, dissented, denying this constituted a legal decision and declaring it would not be binding on the United States. Perry insinuated that the case had been prearranged behind his back, and the Mexicans were enraged by this.

FORECLOSURE and sale of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad was ordered by Federal Judge Wilkerson in Chicago. The sale will take place in Butte, Mont., the date and upset price to be announced later. The wording of the decree gives all sides a chance to be heard in the bidding and the reorganization. The railroad is a \$750,000,000 corporation.

RIZA KHAN, one time private soldier, was formally crowned as Shah Pehlevi of Persia—or rather he crowned himself—amid scenes of oriental pomp and splendor. Those who know him believe he will bring Persia up to date and will establish a good government. He comes of aristocratic stock and has an excellent education.