

BAREE, Son of Kazan

Chapter VII—Continued

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

"Baree!" she whispered, taking his head in her hands. "Baree!" Her touch thrilled him. It sent little throbs through his body, a tremulous quivering which she could feel and which deepened the glow in her eyes. Gently her hand stroked his head and his back. It seemed to Nepeese that he did not breathe. Under the caress of her hand his eyes closed. In another moment she was talking to him, and at the sound of her voice his eyes shot open.

was different. Like the Kazan of old, he had been to worship. If the Willow had freed Baree, he would not have run away. His eyes were never away from her. He watched her build a small fire and cook a piece of the fish. He watched her eat her dinner. It was quite late in the afternoon when she came and sat down close to him, with her lap full of flowers which she twined in the long, shining braids of her hair. Then, playfully, she began beating Baree with the end of one of these braids. He shrank under the soft blows, and with that low, birdlike laughter in her throat, Nepeese drew his head into her lap, where she scattered flowers lay. She talked to him. Her hand stroked his head. He breathed in the flower-scented perfume of it—and lay as if dead. "It was a glorious moment. Nepeese, looking down on him, could not see that he was breathing.

There came an interruption. It was the snapping of a dry stick. Through the forest Pierrot had come with the stealth of a cat, and when they looked up, he stood at the edge of the open. Baree knew that it was not Bush McTaggart. But it was a man-beast!



Her Half Wild Soul Thrilled to the Crash and Fire of It.

stantly his body stiffened under the Willow's hand. He drew back slowly and cautiously from her lap, and as Pierrot advanced, Baree snarled. The next instant Nepeese had risen and had run to Pierrot. The look in her father's face alarmed her.

"What has happened, mon pere?" she cried. Pierrot shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing, ma Nepeese—except that you have roused a thousand devils in the heart of the Factor from Lac Bain and that."

He stopped as he saw Baree, and pointed at him. "Last night when M'sieu the Factor caught him in a snare, he bit M'sieu's hand. M'sieu's hand is swollen twice its size, and I can see his blood turning black. It is pechippo!"

"Pechippo!" gasped Nepeese. She looked into Pierrot's eyes. They were dark, and filled with a sinister gleam—a flash of exultation, she thought.

"Yes, it is the blood-poison," said Pierrot. A gleam of cunning shot into his eyes as he looked over his shoulder, and nodded. "I have hidden the medicine—and told him there is no time to lose in getting back to Lac Bain. And he is afraid—that devil! He is waiting. With that blackening hand, he is afraid to start back alone—and so I go with him. And listen, ma Nepeese. We will be away by sundown, and there is something you must know before I go."

Baree saw them there, close together in the shadows thrown by the tall spruce trees. He heard the low murmur of their voices—chiefly of Pierrot's, and at last he saw Nepeese put her two arms up around the man-beast's neck, and then Pierrot went away again into the forest. He thought that the Willow would never turn her

face toward him after that. For a long time she stood looking in the direction which Pierrot had taken. And when, after a time, she turned and came back to Baree, she did not look like the Nepeese who had been twining flowers in her hair. The laughter was gone from her face and eyes. She knelt down beside him and with sudden fierceness she cried:

"It is pechippo, Baree! It was you—you who put the poison in his blood. And I hope he dies! For I am afraid—afraid!"

She shivered. Perhaps it was in this moment that the Great Spirit of things meant Baree to understand—that at last it was given him to comprehend that his day had dawned, that the rising and the setting of his sun no longer existed in the sky, but in this girl whose hand rested on his head. He winced softly, and inch by inch he dragged himself nearer to her until again his head rested in the hollow of her lap.

For a long time after Pierrot left them the Willow did not move from where she had seated herself beside Baree. It was at last the deepening shadows and a near rumble in the sky that roused her from the fear of the things Pierrot had told her. When she looked up, black clouds were massing slowly over the open space above the spruce-tops. Darkness was falling. In the whisper of the wind and the dead stillness of the thickening gloom there was the sullen brewing of storm.

Nepeese shivered and rose to her feet. For the first time Baree got up, and he stood close at her side. Above them a lightning-flash cut the clouds like a knife of fire, followed in an instant by a terrific crash of thunder. Baree shrank back as if struck by a blow. He would have slunk into the shelter of the brush wall of the wigwam, but there was something about the Willow as she looked at her which gave him confidence. The thunder crashed again. But he retreated no farther. His eyes were fixed on Nepeese.

She stood straight and slim in that gathering gloom riven by the lightning, her beautiful head thrown back, her lips parted, and her eyes glowing with an almost eager anticipation—a sculptured goddess welcoming with bated breath the onrushing forces of the heavens. Perhaps it was because she was born on a night of storm. Many times Pierrot and the dead princess mother had told her that—how on the night she had come into the world the crash of thunder and the flare of lightning had made the hours an inferno, how the streams had burst over their banks and the stems of ten thousand forest trees had snapped in its fury—and the beat of the deluge on their cabin roof had drowned the sound of her mother's pain, and of her own first babyish cries.

On that night, it may be, the Spirit of Storm was born in Nepeese. She loved to face it, as she was facing it now. It made her forget all things but the splendid might of nature; her half-wild soul thrilled to the crash and fire of it; often she had reached up her bare arms and laughed with joy as the deluge burst about her. Even now she might have stood there in the little open until the rain fell, if a whine from Baree had not turned her. As the first big drops struck with the dull thud of leaden bullets about them, she went with him into the balsam shelter. It seemed an interminable time before the thunder rolled far to the east, and the lightning died away into distant and intermittent flashings. Even after that the rain fell for another hour. Then it stopped as suddenly as it had begun.

With a laughing gasp Nepeese rose to her feet. The water gurgled in her moccasins as she walked out into the open. She paid no attention to Baree—and he followed her. Across the open in the treetsops the last of the storm-clouds were drifting away. Nepeese looked down and saw Baree. He was standing clear and un-leashed, with freedom on all sides of him. Yet he did not run. He was waiting, wet as a water-rat, with his eyes on her expectantly. Nepeese made a movement toward him, and hesitated.

"No, you will not run away, Baree. I will leave you free. And now we must have a fire! Let us hunt for the wuskwi, Baree."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Horrible Methods of Treating the Insane

Until within the last century insane persons were treated with terrible cruelty in nearly all "civilized" countries, and as late as 1770 lunatics were exhibited at public fairs in England, and as late as 1815 there were exposures of terrible cruelties in the Bethlehem hospital in England, and this led to gradual improvements and the introduction of enlightened and scientific methods in the care of the mentally afflicted.

One of the mildest of the old forms of treatment of mad people, and long in vogue at Strathfillan, in Perthshire, Scotland, was connected with the observance of the festival of St. Fillan, a Scottish saint. Insane people were dipped in the "holy pool," where St. Fillan had bathed in the seventh century. Many quaint ceremonies were connected with this "dunking." After the immersion the lunatics were herded to St. Fillan's chapel, and strapped to the floor, to be left all night.

Those who managed to free their bonds and escape were considered cured. Experience did not bear out this pious belief, however, and the custom gradually declined.

Live on Camels

The Tuareg, found over a large area in northern Africa, are nomads who live principally by means of, and on, camels. Tuareg women are as free as women in Britain. They go about unveiled, while the men are always veiled. The women choose their own husbands, and teach the children to read and write. They can own property, even after marriage, and their husbands have no control over it. Caste and authority are inherited through the mothers.

Color Blindness

It is peculiar that they should call a man yellow when he displays the white feather.

Individual Note in Spring Styles

Innumerable Ideas Offered, but Not All Have Been Given Approval.

If this season may be described in a word, variety must be the answer. Complex, even intricate designs have followed simple straight lines, and every opportunity is offered for originality and variation. Innumerable new ideas have been presented, says a fashion authority in the New York Times, but not all have been accepted by women of fashion. Never before have there been so many designs of different types from which to select one's individual model.

There was never a more felicitous opportunity offered the woman of fashion in which to express her taste and choose the type of costume she prefers to the utmost detail. She may have the waist of her gown in period style, a bolero of many varieties or a blouse, a skirt, collar or sleeve of one style or another. Any or all of these she may select as she pleases and still be in the mode.

One especially attractive afternoon dress is of dark blue georgette with plaited bands of taffeta. The vestee is of flesh colored crepe de chine. With this outfit is worn a small black turban of malines and satin combined, with a tiny bow in the back.

At the moment it is the sleeve which appears to reflect the greatest number of variations in novelty of design. The arm has long been the classic model upon which have been built the lines of the prevailing fash-



Afternoon Dress of Blue Georgette; Plaited Bands of Taffeta.

Soft Summery Dress Is of Pale Green Chiffon



Showing a winsome summery dress of pale green chiffon with white polka dots. The costume features a three-flounce skirt and a hat of green silk hair with flowers of silk and velvet combination.

Smocking Is Prominent; Embroidery Permissible

Perhaps even more in the mode than either ducks or fagoting is smocking. We see it everywhere. At the cuffs and yoke only of the less expensive models since smocking is hand-work and costs much. But it is also to be had in quantities on exquisite frocks of georgette, fine flat crepe and chiffon. A charming effect and one frequently seen is smocking, low placed, coming down in a point at the front of the waist.

On these fragile materials the smocking must, indeed, be done by a master of the art—or rather by a mistress. Any one of the delectable creations may be topped by a swager cape-cot of charmes in powder or navy blue. A lovely model is in powder charmes, with a small collar of squirrel which harmonizes so beautifully with the blue. Only a small collar, if you please. For as lavishly as fur has been used the past winter, just so sparingly will it appear this summer. All the fur bottoms of last year's coats must be discarded. They are as passe as last year's roses. Braid embroidery is permissible and a narrow fur border down the front if you insist. Charms, by the way, is extremely smart once more.

Popular Polka Dots in Every Size and Pattern

The vogue of the polka dot, prophesied during the late winter, is everywhere apparent. In both silk and cotton dress materials polka dots of every size and arrangement of pattern are shown. Some are large, spaced at regular intervals, but there are few of the huge showy disks of two seasons ago when "dots" were the size of baseballs. All of the "summer" silks, pussywillow and the crepes and chiffons, are printed in dots, the smaller in an irregular, cluster and scattered plan being most in demand. The polka-dot pattern is much used, too, for coat linings, slips, for parasols, in scarves, ties, hat bands and handkerchiefs. Very large squares are now shown for kerchiefs to wear in the pocket of a tailored frock or a coat. These are dashing trifles made of chiffon or the sheerest mousseline. Among the novelties in hostery are some in polka-dot designs, both the very small and those of medium size.

Two-Piece Frocks Are Popular for Spring

Two-piece frocks are, if anything, more in evidence than they were last season. However, there is a noticeable difference. Instead of being uncompromisingly plain and severe after the fashion of mannish clothes, many show feminine touches in the addition of exquisite collars and cuffs, of frilly jabots and corset pipings and bindings. The note of femininity is also revealed in high stocks and jabots of white or cream lace which are worn with plain tailored suits. It is a fashion which recalls the mode of several decades ago but it's new enough to this generation to have the element of novelty which makes for success.

Latest Girdles

Women with small waists and large hips who have been claiming that getting into the step-in elastic girdles has not been a step but a tug of war have been afforded relief. The latest girdles have two small vents, one at either side of the waist. These are uniaxed when the garment is pulled over the hips and then laced snugly about the waist.

POINTS ON KEEPING WELL

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN Editor of "HEALTH"

COMMUNITY HOSPITALS

THE public hospital of today, like the public library, has been an evolution and a recent development. Libraries for centuries were rare and expensive institutions. They were usually owned and developed by the church and were used only by the few learned men who were able to read the Latin and Greek manuscripts which they contained. The idea of a real public library, belonging to and run for the benefit of the general public, is a comparatively recent one.

So the idea of a public hospital, belonging to and run for the mass of the people, is also recent. Hospitals in former generations were few and were founded by religious orders, charitable individuals or societies for the shelter and care of the poor, the sick or the crippled. It is only recently that we have realized that every community and every individual should have the services of a modern hospital, not only to care for the sick persons in that community, but also as a center of the health work of the neighborhood.

In a recent issue of the Public Health Reports published by the United States public health service, appears an article on the "Community Responsibilities of Hospitals" by Dr. E. H. Lewinski-Corwin of New York, in which the duties and activities of the present-day community hospital are outlined.

A community hospital, as defined by Doctor Lewinski-Corwin, is a hospital which is the property of the community in which it is located and in which no profit of any kind can accrue to the hospital corporation. It exists not for private profit but for the general good.

The first necessity for such a hospital is that it shall follow a definite policy as far as the community is concerned. This means that its principal object should be to benefit the town or neighborhood in which it is located.

In order to give all the patients in the hospital the best possible care the staff should be selected on the basis of merit and ability alone. Probably the point where the public comes in contact with the hospital is with regard to the nursing. The modern trained nurse is a new product. She is the most efficient person for the care of the sick that has yet been developed. She is often criticized as being autocratic and dictatorial. Sometimes there may be some ground for this criticism. But the busy and hard-worked nurse cannot always take the time to explain why she does everything in a certain way. The real test of the trained nurse and the modern hospital is the result.

MATHEMATICAL FREAKS

NATURE in her unending variety has produced and probably will continue to produce all kinds of strange and surprising freaks. Men and women seven and eight feet tall, dwarfs that at twenty-five or thirty years of age are only as many inches tall, children with six fingers or toes or with two thumbs, with three legs, even with tails are occasionally seen. Apparently nature gets tired of always following the same pattern, and so produces an occasional variation. But if the physical freaks are astonishing, what shall we say about the mental freaks. These are quite as common as the variations in body structure. Almost every one has heard of these strange cases. Fifty years ago one of the attractions on the lyceum platform was a blind negro uneducated and untrained who could reproduce on the piano any musical composition, simple or intricate, which he had heard only once. Blind Tom was taken all over the world to demonstrate his wonderful skill. Almost every generation produces a blindfold chess player.

To the same class belong those mathematical prodigies which occasionally appear, who are able in a few seconds to give the correct answer to difficult problems which would require hours of work on the part of the most expert mathematician.

In a recent article in the London Evening Standard Dr. Eric Purden of England discusses mathematical prodigies, what produces them, and how they are able to do things far beyond the average normal mind. In Devonshire about a century ago, says Doctor Purden, there was born a boy, George Bidder, who, when he was five years old, was able to give correct answers to any mathematical question. He could give the square and cube root of any number and could add long columns of figures simply by looking at them. Later on Thomas John, son of a Welsh laborer with no education at all, showed the same peculiar gift. Others have since been found.

Strangely enough they are generally boys in no way unusual otherwise and, practically without exception, sons of ignorant parents. Is this astonishing ability due to a different brain from other boys or to a remarkable ability for using it in some way? Doctor Purden calls it the subconscious mind. Why don't we all have "subconscious minds"? Perhaps we shall some day.