BAREE, Son of Kazan

Chapter VII-Continued

__13__ "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.

"He will come here—that beast and he will kill us," she was saying. "He will kill you because you bit him, Baree. Ugh, I wish you were bigger, and stronger, so that you could take off his head for me!"

She was untying the babiche from about the table-leg, and under her breath she laughed. She was not frightened. It was a tremendous adventure-and she throbbed with exultation at the thought of having beaten the man-beast in her own way She could see him in the pool struggling and beating about like a great fish He was just about crawling out of the chasm now-and she laughed again as she caught Baree up under her arm.

"Oh-oopl-nao-but you are heavy!" she gasped. "And yet I must carry you-because I am going to run!" She hurried outside. Pierrot had

not come, and she darted swiftly into the balsams back of the cabin, with Baree hung in the crook of her arm. like a sack filled at both ends and tied in the middle. He felt like that, too. But he still had no inclination to wriggle himself free. Nepeese ran with him until her arm ached. Then, she stopped and put him down on his feet, holding to the end of the carlbou-skin thong that was tied about his neck. And then the Willow spoke to him softly.

"You are not going to run away. Baree. Non, you are going to stay with me, and we will kill that manbeast if he dares do to me again what he did back there." She flung back the loose hair from about her flushed face, and for a moment she forgot Baree as she thought of that half minute at the edge of the chasm. He was looking straight up at her when her glance fell on him again, "Non. you are not going to run away-you are going to follow me," she whispered. "Come."

The babiche string tightened about Baree's neck as she urged him to follow. It was like another rabbit-snare, and he braced his fore-feet and bared his fangs just a little. The Willow Her Half Wild Soul Thrilled to the did not pull. Fenrlessly she put her hand on his head again. From the direction of the cabin came a shout, and at the sound of it she took Baree up under her arm once more.

"Bete noir-bete noir!" she called back tauntingly, but only loud enough to be heard a few yards away. "Go back to Lac Bain-owases-you wild

Nepeese began to make her way swiftly through the forest. It grew deeper and darker, and there were no trails. They came at last into an open. It was a tiny meadow in the heart of the forest, not more than three or four times as big as the cabin; underfoot the grass was soft and green, and thick with flowers. Straight through the heart of this little oasis trickled a streamlet across which the Willow jumped with Baree under her arm, and on the edge of the rill was a small wigwam made of freshly cut spruce and balsam boughs. Into her diminutive mekewap the Willow thrust her head to see that things were as she had left them yesterday. Then, with a long breath of relief, she put down her four-legged burden and fastened the end of the babiche to one of the cut spruce limbs.

Baree burrowed himself back into the wall of the wigwam, and with head alert-and eyes wide openwatched attentively what happened after this. Not a movement of the Willow escaped him. She was radiant -and happy. Her laugh, sweet and wild as a bird's trill, set Baree's heart throbbing with a desire to jump about with her among the flowers.

For a time Nepeese seemed to forget Baree. Her wild blood raced with the joy of her triumph over the Factor from Lac Bain. She saw him again, floundering about in the poolpictured him at the cabin now, soaked and angry, demanding of mon pere where she had gone. And mon pere, with a shrug of his shoulders, was telling him that he didn't know-that probably she had run into the forest. It did not enter into her head that in tricking Bush McTaggart in that way she had played with dynamite. She did not foresee the peril that in an instant would have stamped the wild flush from her face and curdled the blood in her veins-did not guess that McTaggart had become for her a deadlier menace than ever.

After a little Nepeese returned to Baree. She brought him water and gave him a piece of raw fish. For hours they were alone, and with each hour there grow stronger in Barce the desire to fellow the girl in every movement she made, to crawl close to her when she sat down, to feel the touch of her dress, of her hand-and hear her voice. But he did not snow this desire. He was still a little savage of the forests-a four-tooted barbarian born half of a wolf and half of a dog; and he lay still. With Umisk he would have played. With quaint ceremonies were connected Ochoomisew he would have fought. At Bush McTaggart he would have mersion the lunatics were herded to bared his fangs, and buried them deep when the chance came. But the girl the floor, to be left all night.

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD (@, Doubleday, Page & Co.) WNU Service

was different. Like the Kazan of old, he had begun 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 the scatter of flowers lay. She talked to him. Her hand stroked his head. He breathed in the flowerscented 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 Mc-



Crash and Fire of It.

stantly his body stiffened under the snapped in its fury-and the beat of Willow's hand. He drew back slowly the deluge on their cabin roof had and cautiously from her lap, and as drowned the sound of her mother's Pierrot advanced, Baree snarled. The pain, and of her own first babyish next instant Nepeese had risen and cries. father's face alarmed her.

she cried.

Pierrot shrugged his shoulders. you have roused a thousand devils in fire of it; often she had reached up the heart of the Factor from Lac Bain her bare arms and laughed with joy and that-

He stopped as he saw Baree, and

pointed at him. "Last night when M'sleu the Factor caught him in a snare, he bit M'sieu's her. As the first big drops struck hand. M'sieu's hand is swollen twice its size, and I can see his blood turn- about them, she went with him into ing black. It is pechipoo,"

"Pechipoo!" gasped Nepeese. were dark, and filled with a sinister gleam-a flash of exultation, she

thought.

Pierrot. A gleam of cunning shot into gun. his eyes as he looked over his shoulmedicine-and told him there is no hand, he is afraid to start back alone storm-clouds were drifting away. -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 hesitated. Pierrot's, and at last he saw Nepeese put her two arms up around the man- (I will leave you free. And now we beast's neck, and then Pierrot went away again into the forest, He thought | wuskwi, Baree." 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 pechipoo, 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 whined 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, classic model upon which have been 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 he looked at ber which gave him confidence. The thunder crashed again. But he retreated no farther. His eyes were fixed on Ne-

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 thathow 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

had run to Pierrot. The look in her On that night, it may be, the Spirit of Storm was born in Nepeese. She "What has happened, mon pere?" loved to face it, as she was facing it now. It made her forget all things but the splendid might of nature; her "Nothing, ma Nepeese-except that half-wild soul thrilled to the crash and 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 with the dull thud of leaden bullets the balsam shelter. It seemed an interminable time before the thunder She looked into Pierrot's eyes. They 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 "Yes, it is the blood-poison," said it stopped as suddenly as it had be-

With a laughing gasp Nepeese rose der, and nodded. "I have hidden the to her feet. The water gurgled in her moccasins as she walked out into the time to lose in getting back to Lac open. She paid no attention to Baree Bain. And he is afraid-that devil! -and he followed her. Across the He is waiting. With that blackening open in the treetops the last of the

> Nepeese looked down and saw Baree. He was standing clear and unleashed, 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

"No, you will not run away, Baree. must have a fire! Let us hunt for the

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHERRENEWES CHERRENES CHERRENES CHERRENES CHERRENES CHERREN

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 v gue 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 with this "ducking." After the im-St. Fillan's chapel, and strapped to

Those who managed to free their bonds and escape were considered cured. Experience did not bear out this plous 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 low on one side and a high permanent 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 comb. 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 variants 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 built the lines of the prevailing fash-



Afternoon Dress of Blue Georgette; Plaited Bands of Taffeta.

ion. Old prints, both French and English, reveal interesting and sometimes exotic sleeve styles. There has been the plain, "tailleur," known by this name, whether it was made of tulle or of velvet, so it followed closely the contour of the arm. There was the "bishop," most flattering when its full-gathered material was chiffon or any other sheer stuff having that elusive, caressing quality. This sleeve was gathered full into an armhole of generous width and-was drawn into a band, usually of ribbon, at the wrist, with an edge left free to form a frill, originally an exact copy of the sleeve of a bishop's robe. The nun sleeve, cut almost straight, was wide at the top and the bottom. Of the same rintage as these were the beil shape, the angel sleeve and other models. The one among the distinctive styles of long ago, which has found little encouragement in revival, is the leg-'-mutton, or the balloon sleeve. The others all seem to have appeared in the costumes of this season and are presented in the models of all the best artists.

Diagonals

The diagonal line is becoming a feature of the evening dresses now being designed. The neckline is diagonal, leaving one shoulder entirely bare. The line where bodice meets skirt is also diagonal and the hemline follows the same slant. The vogue is carried out in the coats by means of broad bands or belts of gold or silver brocade wound tightly over the hips.

New Shingles

If a woman wishes to crow over her rivals just now she immediately gets "cock's comb" shingle. This coiffure is made possible by a part in the hair wave undulating sharply upward on the other. This really represents a saving since some hairdressers charge less for waving only the front, which is all that is necessary for the cock's

Silver Lace Garters Charming little garters which any lace with flat flowers made of differ-

ent colored ribbons.

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 threeflounce 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 mis-

Any one of the delectable creations may be topped by a swagger cape-coat | uct. She is the most efficient person of charmeen in powder or navy blue. for the care of the sick that has yet A lovely model is in powder charmeer 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, Charmeen, 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 noveltles in hosiery 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 colorful pipings and bind-

ings. 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 girl can make herself are of silver uniaced 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"

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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 prodbeen 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 plano 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 e ception. 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 ways? Doctor Purden calls it the subconscious mind. Why don't we all have "subconscious minds"? Perhaps we shall some day.