

BAREE, Son of Kazan

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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WNU Service

Chapter IX

Back to Lac Bain, late in September, came MacDonald the map-maker. For ten days Gregson, the investigating agent, had been Bush McTaggart's guest at the post, and twice in that time it had come into Marie's mind to creep upon him while he slept and kill him. The Factor himself paid little attention to her now, a fact which would have made her happy if it had not been for Gregson. He was enraptured with the wild, sinuous beauty of the Cree girl, and McTaggart, without jealousy, encouraged him. He was tired of Marie.

McTaggart told Gregson this. He wanted to get rid of her, and if he—Gregson—could possibly take her on with him it would be a great favor. He explained why. A little later, when the deep snow came, he was going to bring the daughter of Pierrot Du Quesne to the Post. In the rottenness of their brotherhood he told of his visit, of the manner of his reception, and of the incident at the chasm. In spite of all this, he assured Gregson Pierrot's girl would soon be at Lac Bain.

It was at this time that MacDonald came. He remained only one night, and without knowing that he was adding fuel to a fire already dangerously blazing, he gave the photograph he had taken of Nepeese to the Factor. It was a splendid picture.

"If you can get it down to that girl some day I'll be mightily obliged," he said to McTaggart. "I promised her one. Her father's name is Du Quesne—Pierrot Du Quesne. You probably know them. And the girl—"

His blood warmed as he described to McTaggart how beautiful she was that day in her red dress, which had taken black in the photograph. He did not guess how near the boiling point McTaggart's blood was.

The next day MacDonald started for Norway House. McTaggart did not show Gregson the picture. He kept it to himself, and at night, under the glow of his lamp, he looked at it with thoughts that filled him with a growing resolution. There was but one way. The scheme had been in his mind for weeks—and the picture determined him. He dared not whisper his secret even to Gregson. But it was the one way. It would give him Nepeese. Only—he must wait for the deep snows, the midwinter snows. They buried their tragedies deepest.

McTaggart was glad when Gregson followed the map-maker to Norway House. Out of courtesy he accompanied him a day's journey on his way. When he returned to the Post, Marie was gone. He was glad. He sent off a runner with a load of presents for her people, and the message: "Don't beat her. Keep her. She is free."

Along with the bustle and stir of the beginning of the trapping season McTaggart began to prepare his house for the coming of Nepeese. He knew what she liked in the way of cleanliness and a few other things. He had the log walls painted white with the lead and oil that were intended for his York boats. Certain partitions were torn down, and new ones were built; the Indian wife of his chief runner made curtains for the windows, and he confiscated a small photograph that should have gone on to Lac la Biche. He had no doubts, and he counted the days as they passed.

Down on the Gray Loon Pierrot and Nepeese were busy at many things, so busy that at times Pierrot's fears of the Factor at Lac Bain were forgotten, and they went out of the Willow's mind entirely. It was the Red Moon, and it thrilled with the anticipation and excitement of the winter hunt. Nepeese carefully dipped a hundred traps in boiling caribou-fat mixed with beaver-grease, while Pierrot made fresh deadfalls ready for setting on his trails. When he was gone more than a day from the cabin, she was always with him.

But at the cabin there was much to do, for Pierrot, like all his Northern brotherhood, did not begin to prepare until the keen tang of autumn was in the air. There were snowshoes to be rewebbed with new babiche, there was wood to be cut in readiness for the winter storms; the cabin had to be banked, a new harness made, skinning knives sharpened and winter moccasins to be manufactured; a hundred and one affairs to be attended to.

He repaired the meat rack at the back of the cabin, where, from the beginning of cold weather until the end, would hang the haunches of deer, caribou and moose for the family and, when fish was scarce, the dogs' rations.

In the bustle of all this Nepeese was compelled to give less attention to Barea than during the preceding weeks. They did not play so much; they no longer swam, for with the mornings there was deep frost on the ground, and the water was turning icy cold; they no longer wandered deep in the forest after flowers and berries. For hours at a time Barea would now lie at the Willow's feet, watching her slender fingers as they weaved swiftly in and out with her snowshoe babiche; and now and then

Nepeese would pause to lean over and put her hand on his head, and talk to him for a moment—sometimes in her soft Cree, sometimes in English or her father's French.

It was the Willow's voice which Barea had learned to understand, and the movement of her lips, her gesture, the poise of her body, the changing moods which brought shadow or sunlight into her face. He knew what it meant when she smiled; he shook himself, and often jumped about her in sympathetic rejoicing, when she laughed; her happiness was a part of him, a stern word from her was worse than a blow. Twice Pierrot had struck him, and twice Barea had sprung back and faced him with bared fangs and an angry snarl, the crest along his back standing up like a brush. Had one of the other dogs done this, Pierrot would have half killed him. It would have been mutiny, and the man must be master. But Barea was always safe. A touch of the Willow's hand, a word from her lips, and the crest slowly settled and the snarl went out of his throat.

Pierrot was not at all displeased. "Dieu. I will never go so far as to try and whip that out of him," he told himself. "He is a barbarian—a wild beast—and her slave. For her he would kill."

So it came, through Pierrot himself—and without telling his reason for it—that Barea did not become a sledge dog. He was allowed his freedom, and was never tied, like the others. Nepeese was glad, but did not guess the thought that was in Pierrot's mind. To himself Pierrot chuckled. She would never know why he kept Barea always suspicious of him, even to the point of hating him. It required considerable skill and cunning on his part. With himself he reasoned:

"If I make him hate me, he will hate all men. Mey-oo! That is good." So he looked into the future—for Nepeese.

Now the tonic-filled days and cold, frosty nights of the Red Moon brought about the big change in Barea. It was inevitable. Pierre knew that it would come, and the first night that Barea settled back on his haunches and howled up at the Red Moon Pierrot prepared Nepeese for it.

"He is a wild dog, Ma Nepeese," he said to her. "He is half wolf, and the Call will come to him strong. He will go into the forests. He will disappear at times. But we must not fasten him. He will come back. Ka, he will come back!" And he rubbed his hands in the moon-glow until his knuckles cracked.

The Call came to Barea like a thief entering slowly and cautiously into a forbidden place. He did not understand it at first. It made him nervous and uneasy, so restless that Nepeese frequently heard him whine softly in his sleep. He was waiting for something. What was it? Pierrot knew, and smiled in his inscrutable way.

And then it came. It was night, a glorious night filled with moon and stars, under which the earth was whitening with a film of frost, when they heard the first hunt-call of the wolves. Pierrot knew that at last had come that for which Barea had been waiting.

In an instant Barea had sensed it. His muscles grew taut as pieces of stretched rope as he stood up in the moonlight, facing the direction from which floated the mystery and thrill of the sound. They could hear him whining softly; and Pierrot, bending down so that he caught the light of the night properly, could see him trembling.

"It is Mee-Koo!" he said in a whisper to Nepeese.

That was it, the call of the blood that was running swift in Barea's veins—not alone the call of his species, but the call of Kazan and Gray Wolf and of his forebears for generations unnumbered. It was the voice of his people. So Pierrot had whispered, and he was right. In the golden night the Willow was waiting, for it was she who had gambled most, and it was she who must lose or win. She watched Barea as he slowly faded away, step by step, in the shadows. In a few moments more he was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Marriage Wrecked on Rock of Discourtesy

There is nothing on earth that so grinds one as to be met with discourtesy and rudeness in daily life. I have watched for fifty years and I have found that the nasty little cancer that eats the deepest and hurts the worst in married life is lack of courtesy, just common, everyday politeness in the way you address each other and in the attention you pay each other, in the way you eat your food, in the way you conduct yourself in the privacy of your bed-chamber.

Be gracious! More men and women have lost themselves to each other by being rough and careless and sickening each other concerning the little niceties of life, when merely to keep up things in the way they began would have saved the whole situation.

It was then that she stood straight, and flung back her head, with eyes that glowed in rivalry with the stars.

"Baree!" she called. "Baree! Baree! Baree!"

He must have been near the edge of the forest, for she had drawn a slow, waiting breath or two before he was back at her side. But he had come, straight as an arrow, and he whined up into her face. Nepeese put her hands to his head.

"You are right, mon pere," she said. "He will go to the wolves, but he will come back. He will never leave me for long." With one hand still on Barea's head, she pointed with the other into the pitlike blackness of the forest.

"Go to them, Baree!" she whispered. "But you must come back. You must Cheamao!"

With Pierrot she went into the cabin; the door closed behind them, and Barea was alone. A choking gathered in his throat. He threw up his head. Straight above him was the Red Moon, inviting him to the thrill and mystery of the open world. The sound grew in his throat, and slowly it rose in volume until his answer was rising to the stars. In their cabin Pierrot and the Willow heard it. Pierrot shrugged his shoulders.

"He is gone," he said. "Oul, he is gone, mon pere," replied Nepeese, peering through the window. No longer, as in the days of old, did the darkness of the forests hold a fear for Barea. This night his hunt-cry had risen to the stars and the moon, and in that cry he had for the first time sent forth his defiance of night and space, his warning to all the wild, and his acceptance of the Brotherhood. In that cry, and the answers that came back to him, he sensed new power—the final triumph of nature in impinging on him the fact that the forests and the creatures they held were no longer to be feared, but that all things feared him. Off there, beyond the pale of the cabin and the influence of Nepeese, were all the things that the wolf-blood in him found most desirable: companionship of his kind, the lure of adventure, the red, sweet blood of the chase—and matehood. This last, after all, was the dominant mystery that was urging him, and yet least of all did he understand it.

He ran straight into the darkness to the north and west, sinking low under the bushes, his tail drooping, his ears a-slant—the wolf as the wolf runs on the night trail. The pack had swung due north, and was traveling faster than he, so that at the end of half an hour he could no longer hear it. But the lone wolf-howl to the west was nearer, and three times Barea gave answer to it.

At the end of an hour he heard the pack again, swinging southward. Pierrot would easily have understood. Their quarry had found safety beyond water, or in a lake, and the mukhuns were on a fresh trail. By this time not more than a quarter of a mile of the forest separated Barea from the lone wolf, but the lone wolf was also an old wolf, and with the directness and precision of long experience, he swerved in the direction of the hunters, compassing his trail so that he was leading for a point half or three-quarters of a mile in advance of the pack.

This was a trick of the brotherhood which Barea had yet to learn; and the result of his ignorance, and lack of skill, was that twice within the next half-hour he found himself near the pack without being able to join it. Then came a long and final silence. The pack had pulled down its kill, and in their feasting they made no sound.

The rest of the night Barea wandered alone, or at least until the moon was well on the wane. He was a long way from the cabin, and his trail had been an uncertain and twisting one, but he was no longer possessed with the discomforting sensation of being lost. The last two or three months had been developing strongly in him the sense of orientation, that "sixth sense" which guides the pigeon unerringly on its way and takes a bear straight as a bird might fly to its last year's denning place.

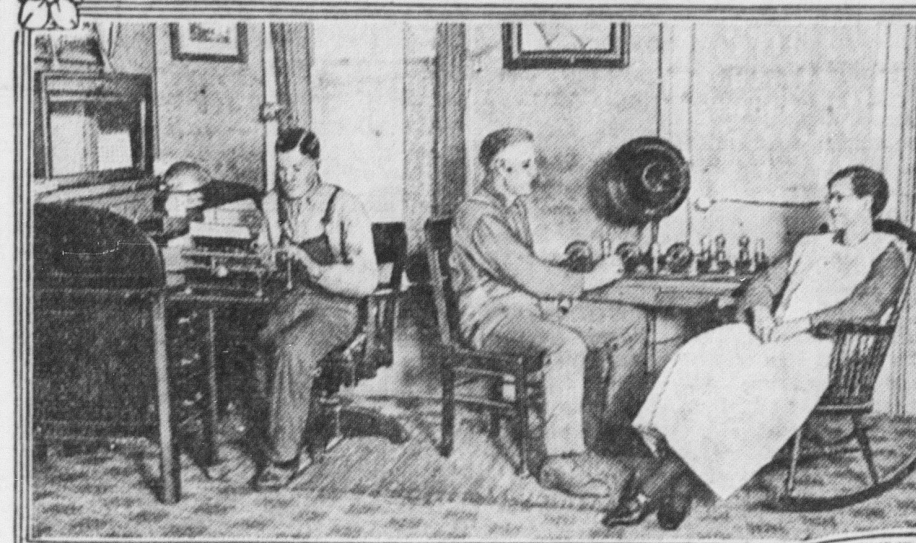
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Comparative Perils

An Atchison man: "I was in a real tornado once. But the thing that scares me to death is alimony."—Atchison Globe.

An adjustable closed-end wrench has been designed for gripping four sides of almost any hexagonal nut.

What Radio Means to the Farmer



WHERE RADIO MEANS BUSINESS

By A. ATWATER KENT

PLUCKING dollars out of the air was one trick of the old-time sleight-of-hand artist that never failed to give his audience a thrill. While it was recognized as a trick, the mere suggestion that dollars might, somehow, be plucked from the ether stirred the interest of the average spectator more than many other feats of legerdemain requiring much greater skill. It touched his money sense—and the "pocket nerve" has long been recognized as one of the most sensitive in the human makeup.

Today, however, government experts hold that the illusion of the magician has been changed into the fact of actual accomplishment. Dollars are being taken from the air. Official investigation, in fact, reveals the air as a potential source of wealth for the farmers of this country to an extent rivaled only by the productivity of the soil itself.

This transformation is being brought about by the development and extension of radio facilities and services to fit the special needs of agriculture. For it is in agriculture that radio seems certain to find its greatest development as a utility with a direct dollar and cents value to its users.

Secretary of Agriculture Jardine, who has given much study to the use of radio as an aid to agriculture, recently said:

"Radio is already a vital factor in the economic and intellectual life of the farmer. It is easy to foresee millions upon millions of dollars added to the value of agriculture through services provided the farmer by radio."

Folks on the farms and in the country towns where general prosperity depends on the prosperity of agriculture are particularly favored by radio. To the city man or woman, the use of radio is limited to recreation and the reception of general information. They enjoy the concerts, the dance programs, the lectures and other features that come to them by day and night over the air, but their pleasure and enjoyment is the principal recompense for their investment in radio equipment.

The same programs that entertain the city listener are received also by listeners on the farm, where they are received with equal pleasure and satisfaction. But in addition to the programs of entertainment and general information, of interest alike to city and country, radio is being used more and more to carry to the farmer special information of direct assistance to him in the production and marketing of his crops, the breeding and care of his live stock and the prevention of loss and damage from storms, pests and other emergency conditions.

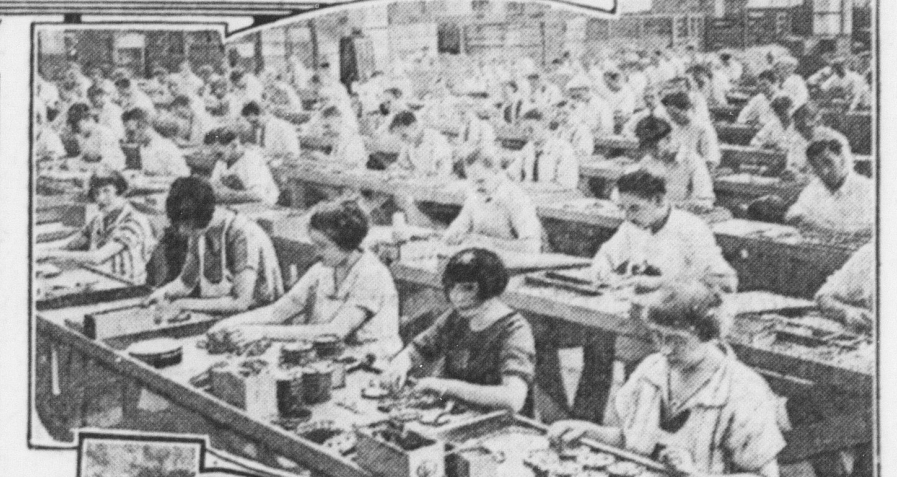
It is this service that raises radio, for the farmer, out of the class of a mere instrumentality for pleasure and recreation alone, and makes of it a utility as helpful in the business of farming as the stock ticker and the telephone are to the broker or business man in the city.

The greater emphasis on radio as a practical dollars-and-cents investment for the farmer does not come from radio manufacturers or broadcasters or from any group primarily interested in the radio industry. It comes, instead, from the United States Department of Agriculture, whose prime interest is in the progress and prosperity of the American farmer.

The department began an experimental radio market news service in December, 1920. A laboratory transmitter at the United States bureau of standards was used to broadcast, on a 400-meter wave length, by radio telegraph from Washington, a radio marketgram and turn it over to the newspapers in their own towns, or give copies to the banks or stores to be posted on bulletin boards.

Fire Pockets in Volcanoes

The modern theory of volcanoes imagines that the reservoirs of molten lava which feed the fire peaks are small and superficial. Instead of communicating with the earth's surface interior fires, the two volcanoes of Hawaii probably possess, not far below the earth's surface, some kind of local pocket of fluid and highly heated lava. Similar pockets exist, it is believed, beneath the other active volcanoes,



ASSEMBLING RADIO SETS



RADIO IN THE HILLS OF WEST VIRGINIA

The practical results of this first experiment, I am told, encouraged government authorities to broaden the service, and in April, 1921, through arrangements with the Post Office department, wireless market reports were broadcast several times a day from air mail radio stations in half a dozen different cities. By January, 1922, these market reports were being relayed and broadcast by radio telegraph through a chain of stations reaching from coast to coast.

Then came the era of radio telephone broadcasting and with it the government's radio service for farmers grew by leaps and bounds. Well-established schedules of weather, crop and market reports are now broadcast from more than 100 stations in all parts of the country and no agricultural community is out of reach of Uncle Sam's farm radio service.

A recent study by the department, through its 2,500 county agents, of the extent to which farmers are finding this service of direct help in their business brought what the government experts regard as convincing proof that a radio receiving set is now definitely recognized as a part of the agricultural plant of the up-to-date farmer. Typical of this view, as expressed by these farm experts, is one I have seen from Earl S. Miles, county agent for Washington county, Indiana.

"Farmers in this county," Mr. Miles reported, "now think of radio in terms of an investment that will return a profit through more intelligent selling of live stock. The most encouraging thing today is to see farmers, located 15 or 20 miles from a railroad, equipped with a radio and a truck. The radio keeps them informed as to the market, and when prices are right they can put their stock on the market within two or three hours. Before the day of farm radio they had to take chances on what the market would be when they reached the yards."

Gardner C. Norcross, county agent for Plymouth county, Mass., reported still another angle of advantage for the farmer equipped with radio. "Radio," he says, "has proved one of the most effective methods of teaching better farm practices and thereby appreciably increasing farm profits."

As a result of the thorough endorsement by county agents of the benefits being bestowed by radio and the appreciation voiced directly by the farmers themselves, four new farm fea-

tures were recently put on the air by the Department of Agriculture, all designed to be of direct material advantage to the farm family. These are: A farm news digest, consisting of short items of agricultural news not accessible to the average farm reader; "Fifty Farm Practices," a daily service of 50 timely, practical questions put by farmers and answered by agricultural authorities; the housekeeper's half hour, an informal program designed to supply both information and inspiration to housewives, putting at their disposal the great fund of facts interesting to homemakers which are developed by the government bureau of home economics and similar research agencies and the Radio Order of Junior Gardeners, a program especially for boys and girls but helpful also to grown-ups.

The latter, it seems to me, gives an authoritative discussion of timely gardening subjects. Boys and girls who enroll in the order are later furnished the talks and supplementary gardening material in printed form.

In addition to these programs, broadcast by the government for the direct benefit of farmers, I am told that agricultural information of a sort that returns dividends in dollars and cents is being distributed by radio through more than a score of state agricultural colleges. Many of these colleges are now using radio in broadcasting their college extension courses. One fine thing about this is that boys and girls financially unable to attend college are, through radio, enabled to enroll for these courses, take their examinations and receive college credit therefor. Radio owes a great deal to Secretary of Agriculture Jardine, formerly head of the Kansas State Agricultural college at Manhattan, Kan., who was the pioneer in the broadcasting of college extension courses. As a result of the extensive use by this institution of radio as an aid to agriculture, under Mr. Jardine's direction, Kansas claims a larger percentage of farms radio equipped than any other large agricultural state.

Of necessity, the dollars-and-cents side of radio on the farm is often the deciding factor as to whether or not a farmer can afford to equip his home with a radio. But, despite any direct financial return, it is to be doubted, after all, whether the money profit that the farmer receives through his radio, however small, represents its greatest value to him.

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such as Venus and Etna, on the shores of the Mediterranean; Popocatepetl, in Mexico; the several volcanoes of Japan; Mount Erebus, in the Antarctic continent, and all of the rest.

In continuation of the story that the Earl of Arlington was the first to drink tea in England about the year 1653, a correspondent quotes from a news sheet of that year the advertisement "That excellent, and by all

ph.icians approved, China drink, called by the Chinese 'Icha,' by other nations 'Tay,' alias Tee, is sold at the Sultaness Head Coffee-House, in Sweetin's Rents, by the Royal Exchange, London." "In 1900 (he adds) an act of parliament imposed a duty of eight pence per gallon on all tea made for sale, and it is reasonable to suppose that the beverage would be very popular when this was done."

Oysters are now being hatched in incubators.