

# BAREE

## SON OF KAZAN

by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

WNU Service

### Chapter IX—Continued

Baree had not forgotten Nepeese. A dozen times he turned his head back and whined, and always he picked out accurately the direction in which the abin lay. But he did not turn back. As the night lengthened, his search for that mysterious something which he had not found continued. His hunger, even with the fading-out of the moon and the coming of the gray dawn, was not sufficiently keen to make him hunt for food.

It was cold, and it seemed colder when the glow of the moon and stars died out. Under his padded feet, especially in the open spaces, was a thick white frost in which he left clearly at times the imprint of his toes and claws. He had traveled steadily for hours, a great many miles in all, and he was tired when the first light of the day came. And then there came the time when, with a sudden sharp click of his jaws, he stopped like a shot in his tracks.

At last it had come—the meeting with that for which he had been seeking. With her head toward him, and waiting for him as he came out of the shadows, his scent strong in her keen nose, stood Maheegun, the young wolf. Baree had not smelled her, but he saw her directly he came out of the rim of young balsams that fringed the open. It was then that he stopped, and for a full minute neither of them moved a muscle or seemed to breathe.

There was not a fortnight's difference in their age and yet Maheegun was much the smaller of the two; her body was as long, but she was slimmer; she stood on slender legs that were almost like the legs of a fox, and the curve of her back was that of a slightly bent bow, a sign of swiftness almost equal to the wind. She stood poised for flight even as Baree advanced his first step toward her, and then very slowly her body relaxed, and in a direct ratio as he drew nearer her ears lost their alertness and dropped aslant.

Baree whined. His ears were up, his head alert, his tail aloft and bushy. Cleverness, if not strategy, had already become a part of his masculine superiority, and he did not immediately press the affair. He was within five feet of Maheegun when he casually turned away from her and faced the east, where a faint penciling of red and gold was heralding the day. For a few moments he sniffed and looked around and pointed the wind with much seriousness, as though impressing on his fair acquaintance—as many a two-legged animal has done before him—his tremendous importance in the world at large.

And Maheegun was properly impressed. Baree's bluff worked as beautifully as the bluffs of the two-legged animals.

He sniffed the air with such thrilling and suspicious zeal that Maheegun's ears sprang alert, and she sniffed it with him; he turned his head from point to point so sharply and alertly that her feminine curiosity, if not anxiety, made her turn her own head in questioning conjunction.

And when Baree whined as though in the air he had caught a mystery which she could not possibly understand, a responsive note gathered in her throat, but smothered and low as a woman's exclamation when she is not quite sure whether she should interrupt her lord or not. At this sound, which Baree's sharp ears caught, he swung up to her with a light and mincing step, and in another moment they were smelling noses.

When the sun rose, half an hour later, it found them still in the small open on the side of the ridge, with a deep fringe of forest under them, and beyond that a wide, timbered plain which looked like a ghostly shroud in its mantle of frost. Up over this came the first red glow of the day, filling the open with a warmth that grew more and more comfortable as the sun crept higher.

Neither Baree nor Maheegun were inclined to move for a while, and for an hour or two they lay basking in a cup of the slope, looking down with quizzical and wide-awake eyes upon the wooded plain that stretched away under them like a great sea.

Maheegun, too, had sought the hunt-pack, and like Baree had failed to catch it. They were tired, a little discouraged for the time, and hungry—but still alive with the fine thrill of anticipation, and restlessly sensitive to the new and mysterious consciousness of companionship. Half a dozen times Baree got up and nosed about Maheegun as she lay in the sun, whining to her softly and touching her soft coat with his muzzle, but for a long time she paid little attention to him. At last she followed him. All that day they wandered and rested together. Once more the night came. It was without moon or stars. The snow began to fall at dusk, thickly,

heavily, without a breath of sound. It was not cold, but it was still—so still that Baree and Maheegun traveled only a few yards at a time, and then stopped to listen. In this way all the night-prowlers of the forest were traveling. If they were moving at all. It was the first of the Big Snow.

To the flesh-eating wild things of the forests, clawed and winged, the Big Snow was the beginning of the winter carnival of slaughter and feasting, of merciless warfare on the frozen trails. The days of breeding, of motherhood—the peace of spring and summer—were over; out of the sky came the wakening of the Northland, the call of all flesh-eating creatures to the long hunt, and in the first thrill of it living things were moving but little this night, and that watchfully and with suspicion.

Baree and Maheegun felt the exciting pulse of a new life. It lured them on. It invited them to adventure into the white mystery of the silent storm; and inspired by that restlessness of youth and its desires, they went on.

The snow grew deeper under their feet. In the open spaces they waded through it to their knees, and it continued to fall in a vast white cloud that descended steadily out of the sky. It was near midnight when it stopped.

Baree had found his place in the lower rim of the horseshoe, so that he was fairly well in the rear when the climax came. The plain made a sudden dip. Straight ahead was the gleam of water—water shimmering softly in the starlight, and the slight splash of a final great spurt of blood through the caribou's bursting heart.

Forty seconds would tell the story—forty seconds of a last spurt for life, of a final tremendous effort to escape death. Baree felt the sudden thrill of these moments, and he forged ahead with the others in that lower rim of the horseshoe as one of the leading wolves made a lunge for the young bull's ham-string. It was a clean miss. A second wolf darted in. And this one also missed.

There was no time for others to take their place. From the broken end of the horseshoe Baree heard the caribou's heavy plunge into water. When Baree joined the pack, a maddened, mouth-frothing, snarling horde, Napamoo, the young bull, was well out in the river and swimming steadily for the opposite shore.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Great Secret Out**  
Lige—Ah tells yuh, Mose, dat Ah done foun' out de diffrance between de men an' de women at las'.

**Mose—Go long, Lige;** it would take a heap-lop smarter man dan you ter find out dat. But let's heah what you got ter say about it.

**Lige—Why, Mose;** a man'll gib \$2 fer a \$1 thing ter he wants an' a woman'll gib \$1 ter a \$2 thing dat she don't want.

**Weighty Subject**  
"When a fat woman steps on a scale she always experiences that sinking feeling," observes Life.

"Women are weighed in the balance and found wanting—to reduce," says the Hugo News.

A strip of postage stamps can be rolled and carried in a compartment in the barrel of a new fountain pen.

stopped and would have let Baree go on without her.

An hour after they entered the plain there came suddenly out of the west the tugging of the wolf-pack. It was not far distant, probably not more than a mile along the foot of the ridge, and the sharp, quick yapping that followed the first outburst was evidence that the long-fanged hunters had put up sudden game, a caribou or young moose, and were close at its heels. At the voice of her own people Maheegun laid her ears close to her head and was off like an arrow from a bow.

The unexpectedness of her movement and the swiftness of her flight put Baree well behind her in the race over the plain. She was running blindly, favored by luck. For an interval of perhaps five minutes the pack were so near to their game that they made no sound, and the chase swung full into the face of Maheegun and Baree. The latter was not half a dozen lengths behind the young wolf when a crashing in the brush directly ahead stopped them so sharply that they tore up the snow with their braced forefeet and squat haunches. Ten seconds later a caribou burst through and flashed across an open not more than twenty yards from where they stood. They could hear its swift panting as it disappeared. And then came the pack.

At sight of those swiftly moving gray bodies Baree's heart leaped for an instant into his throat. He forgot Maheegun, and that she had run away from him. The moon and the stars went out of existence for him. He no longer sensed the chill of the snow under his feet. He was wolf—all wolf. With the warm scent of the caribou in his nostrils, and the passion to kill sweeping through him like fire, he darted after the pack.

Very soon he found himself close to the flanks of one of the gray monsters of the pack; half a minute later a new hunter swept in from the bush behind him, and then a second, and after that a third. It was as if Baree had belonged to the pack all along. He had joined it naturally, as other stray wolves had joined it from out of the bush; there had been no ostentation, no welcome such as Maheegun had given him in the open, no hostility. He belonged with these slim, swift-footed outlaws of the old forests, and his own jaws snapped and his blood ran hot as the smell of the caribou grew heavier, and the sound of its crashing body nearer.

It seemed to him they were almost at its heel when they swept into an open plain, a stretch of barren without a tree or a shrub, brilliant in the light of the stars and moon. Across its unbroken carpet of snow sped the caribou a spare hundred yards ahead of the pack. Now the two leading hunters no longer followed directly in the trail, but shot out at an angle, one to the right and the other to the left of the pursued, and like well-trained soldiers the pack split in halves and spread out fan-shape in the final charge.

The two ends of the fan forged ahead and closed in, until the leaders were running almost abreast of the caribou, with fifty or sixty feet separating them from the pursued. Thus, adroitly and swiftly, with deadly precision, the pack had formed a horseshoe cordon of fangs from which there was but one course of flight—straight ahead. For the caribou to swerve half a degree to the right or left meant death.

It was the duty of the leaders to draw in the ends of the horseshoe now, until one or both of them could make the fatal lunge for the ham-strings. After that it would be a simple matter. The pack would close in over the caribou like an inundation.

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## Ostrich Feathers on Evening Gowns

### Fluffy Decoration Replaces Fur Trimming; Scarfs and Coats.

Feathers are being shown on many of the latest models, taking the place of fur trimmings, advises a fashion correspondent in the New York Times. A coat done by Des Hayes in taupe crepe satin, with the revived flat back and full front, is trimmed about the neck, at the cuffs and around the bottom with a band of clipped ostrich and marabou combined in two shades of orange taupe. A smart semi-sports coat from Jaquet has a collar of black and white coque feathers.

A great deal of marabou in different colors and soft shades is used, and an exceptionally stylish coat of black broadcloth has a collar of iridescent coque. In fur scarves, which are still modish, some are dyed, as were the trimming furs of last year, in beautiful shades of green, blue, violet, rose and yellow. Most of these are the full fox skins for use with white and light colored suits for summer.

A motif or cluster of feathers—ostrich, coque or fancy "mode"—is worn as a boutonniere instead of the gage of flowers, which has been and is so popular and continues in favor.

As the season advances and lovely new things in evening dress are brought out, wraps for the summer



Very Long Ostrich Feathers, Uncurled, Cover the Skirt.

dinner-and-dance type of gown are given much thought. There is the greatest difference between the formal wrap, worn over elaborate costumes during the winter season, and the lighter, cloud-like affair that one may throw about one's shoulders as protection and for a sense of completeness in dress in summer.

Scarfs for evening and for daytime wraps are now very fashionable, and are to be had in every sort and size. Considerable skill and taste are required to handle and to wear gracefully one of the wide and long scarfs of sheer, clinging chiffon, gauze, metal fabric or the heavy eluding Chinese silk of the Manila mantillas we call Spanish shawls. Cheruit is reveling in these scarf wraps, adding them to elaborate evening gowns. One of unusual beauty is a shawl scarf of gold brocade combined with gold lace to be worn in the wrap-around manner of a shawl. In another, Cheruit fashions the scarf into a cape with godets inserted at spaces, with ends that are designed to tie at one side to hold the cape on the opposite shoulder.

### Colorful Frocks Are to Be Mode During Summer

The mixing of colors for one frock, ensemble or suit is now generally accepted. You take, for instance, coat and skirt of one plain material, but the vest and jumper blouse in a printed fabric, and line the coat with the same fabric.

Many stand-up collars are made in these days, but they never are very tight around the neck, so that the movability of the neck is preserved. The fabrics have often colorful borders in geometrical patterns which are used for a trimming. For the afternoon and the evening there are silk muslin frocks in many colors, with dots or flower designs or with cubistic figures.

Colorful frocks are certain to be the mode during the summer, although gray, wood colors, bottle green and white, or even navy blue, are worn a good deal.

**Damask Lining**  
An extremely smart ensemble of black kasha has a frock of fine green Chinese damask and a coat of kasha lined with the damask. The effect is strikingly attractive.

## Combination Costume Features Black Satin



The ensemble for street wear is much in evidence this season. Here is shown a smart combination costume of black satin, trimmed with white. The coat is lined with white satin. The sleeves and collar are trimmed with rows of ermine. A small hat of black satin, white patent leather bag and shoes of the palest tan complete this interesting outfit.

### Sports Frock Almost Warm Weather Uniform

The term "sports frocks," used so often to describe the simple little dresses that are almost a summer uniform with the smart woman, is rather a misnomer. In the majority of instances they are not designed for active participation in sports but their development has been influenced by the casual and becoming lines that distinguish the sports costume of the present season.

Scarcely an important collection of models was turned out by French and American houses that did not include several different interpretations of the universally becoming style. The Jersey in a faint shade of pink formed the jumper in one instance, while striped silk in tones of navy blue and pink was used for the plaited skirt and for the handkerchief scarf, which is an integral part of the frock and not merely an accessory.

Another model which reflects the astonishing popularity of frocks of this type featured a skirt of black and white checked wool, with a jumper blouse of flat crepe in a brilliant tone of lipstick red. The color scheme was further carried out in the hat of red crocheted straw and a wide flat under-arm bag of red leather trimmed with bands of interwoven strips of black and white patent leather.

### Flowers of Every Hue Worn on All Costumes

Flowers of every hue are being received with great enthusiasm for wear with all sorts of costumes. Those of last season are being shown in larger sizes, and some new species have been introduced to wear with the new costumes. Lacquered pansies, so fresh looking that they may easily be mistaken for the real, come in attractive little bunches. Then there are the large carnations in new shades of pink and lavender. For the afternoon dress that requires a touch of white, there is a tropical flower with large soft full petals and a yellow center. Mammoth gardenias in shell pink and white, with buds tucked under the leaves, have come from Paris and are said to be the latest fad there. For those who either prefer or require a flat shoulder flower, there is the Chanel flower, made of finely plaited georgette petals and silk floss center. These either match a dress or add a touch of contrast.

### Grosgrain Ribbon Used on Beige, White Hats

A novelty is the use of bands of colored grosgrain ribbon on the beige and white hats of this season. Often two contrasting colors, such as red and green, are used; often two shades of the same color. Particularly with Pato's sweater blouses of white, striped horizontally with narrow lines of two colors or two shades, these hatbands look well; and they are a real resource to those whose packing room is limited or whose purse is depleted. In that many of them serve the same hat. With colored hatbands and coat-sweaters and the scarfs and big neck handkerchiefs which seem to have returned to favor, you may make a dozen variations on one of them, with profit to the budget.

Flowers, too, are a great help in this contrasting of bright and neutral tones that make the new ensemble. In Paris they had given them up, except in the evening; here they are rampant on almost every shoulder.—Harper's Bazar.

**Footwear Changes**  
Snake skin and alligator skin seem to have left the other animals out of the running when it comes to shoe leather. And kid models are more often than not banded with these mottled leathers, to compromise with the mode.

## Community Building

### For Best Results in Color Combinations

No general rules for the selection of colors and color schemes for homes can be laid down without including a vast list of exceptions. It is possible to make certain exceptions and comments, however, which, when applied with common sense and discretion, will be a guide and a warning. They must be taken liberally.

It is almost always the case that a house looks best when it blends into its background and surroundings; the roof, therefore, when against the sky should be of subdued tone and color, but can be brighter when against foliage or other buildings. While a large house can be dark, a small one cannot afford to be, for dark walls or light walls with dark trim will make it seem still smaller. In selecting color combinations, the best results are usually found in varying shades of the same color, as the walls of a stucco house might be buff, the trim ivory and the roof brown.

While patchiness should be avoided, there should be always a contrasting relief to large surfaces of one color, as trim and shutters in a contrasting color of tone will relieve the monotony of evenly-toned walls.

When cornices, moldings and trim are painted white, on a white or light house, it is a shadow that brings them out; such trim should therefore be wide and with deep projections. To paint this trim in contrast with walls would make it entirely too heavy; contrasting trim should be narrower and shallower.

### Double Pergola Not Necessity of Today

The top work of the single pergola can be made as wide as six or seven feet, with benches between the posts.

This will give the same seating possibilities as double pergolas. Also little garden entrances are generally considered as being necessarily double, but instead these can be very small, artistic arrangements of the two posts with a light top over them.

Habit is the most fixed thing in life, and we are much inclined to follow some of the methods of the past in landscape gardening, some of which are absurd in meeting the present-day conditions.

By the use of skill now, instead of lumber and paint, just as effective and attractive garden embellishments can be had without any greater care than years ago. The present age demands more skill and less habit.

### Back-Yard Gardens

Whether the back yard shall be an outdoor living room or a mere adjunct to the garbage can and clothes poles is a matter of choice with the owner of the property. One back yard laid out into a pretty garden in a block is usually an effective piece of missionary work which excites emulation among the neighbors whose disorderly and unattractive rear areas are shown up. The laying out of a back yard into a little formal garden is a very simple matter which can be accomplished by any one.

For small areas the formal garden is often best, as the naturalistic style does not lend itself well to small areas, and back yards are so frightfully informal, as a rule, that they almost clamor for order. The chief reason for formality in a garden is to secure proportion and a balanced and orderly distribution of the space. Few of us possess a sense of proportion, but it can be attained by geometrical designs without difficulty.—New York Times.

### Beauty Worth While

The dwellings of any people are the surest indication of their strength. Our highest civic ideals spring from sources which have their origins in happy, thriving communities. Since the enlightened community offers the best field for the merchandizing of lumber the interest of the lumber industry in improving small-house architecture in America might result from no motive other than the seeking for commercial gain. The motive, however, lies deeper than this. They realize that beautiful homes are an inspiration to better living.

### Landscape Gardener

Engineers can lay out roads and do grading; nurserymen can advise in regard to plant material and growing conditions; but the landscape architect combines the work of the engineer, the nurseryman and the artist. He has the practical knowledge of the nurseryman, the scientific knowledge of the engineer, and his own technical skill and power of design.

With the combination he saves time and money to those who make use of his services in the development of their estates.

### Need New Road Signs

There is a general need for the replacement of signs on our rural highways. There is also a need for clear signs along the roads leading to important cities. Weather conditions during the winter have erased or destroyed signs.

### Homes Made by Thrift

Homes are made a reality not by thought but by perseverance and thrift.