

BAREE, Son of Kazan

Chapter IX—Continued
—17—

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WNU Service

It was then that Baree found himself at the side of Mahegun. She was panting; her red tongue hung from her open jaws; but at his presence she brought her fangs together with a snap and slunk from him into the heart of the wind-run and disappeared pack. The wolves were in an ugly temper, but Baree did not sense the fact. Nepeese had trained him to take to water like an otter, and he did not understand why this narrow river should stop them as it had. He ran down to the water and stood belly deep in it, facing for an instant the horde of savage beasts above him, wondering why they did not follow. And he was black—black! He came among them again, and for the first time they noticed him.

The restless movements of the waters ceased now. A new and wondering interest held them rigid. Fangs closed sharply. A little in the open Baree saw Mahegun, with a big gray wolf standing near her. He went to her again, and this time she remained with flattened ears until he was sniffing her neck. And then, with a vicious snarl, she snapped at him. Her teeth sank deep in the soft flesh of his shoulder, and at the unexpectedness and pain of her attack, he let out a yelp. The next instant the big gray wolf was at him.

Again caught unexpectedly, Baree went down with the wolf's fangs at his throat. But in him was the blood of Kazan, the flesh and bone and sinew of Kazan, and for the first time in his life he fought as Kazan fought on that terrible day at the top of the Sun rock. He was young, he had yet to learn the cleverness and the strategy of the veteran; but his jaws were like the iron clamps with which Pierrot set his bear traps, and in his heart was sudden and blinding rage, a desire to kill that rose above all sense of pain or fear.

That fight, if it had been fair, would have been a victory for Baree, even in his youth and inexperience. In fairness the pack should have waited; it was a law of the pack to wait—until one was done for. But Baree was black; he was a stranger, an interloper, a creature whom they noticed now in a moment when their blood was hot with the rage and disappointment of killers who had missed their prey. A second wolf sprang in, striking Baree treacherously from the flank; and while he was in the snow, his jaws crushing the foreleg of his first foe, the pack was on him en masse.

Such an attack on the young caribou bull would have meant death in less than a minute. Every fang would have found its hold. Baree, by the fortunate circumstance that he was under his first two assailants and protected by their bodies, was saved from being torn instantly into pieces. He knew that he was fighting for his life. Over him the horde of beasts rolled and twisted and snarled; he felt the burning pain of teeth sinking into his flesh; he was smothered; a hundred knives seemed cutting him into pieces; yet no sound—not a whimper or a cry—came from him now in the horror and hopelessness of it all.

It would have ended in another half-minute had the struggle not been at the very edge of the bank. Undermined by the erosion of the spring floods, a section of the bank suddenly gave way, and with it went Baree and the pack. In a flash Baree thought of the water and the escaping caribou. For a bare instant the cave-in had sent him free of the pack, and in that space he gave a single leap over the gray backs of his enemies into the deep water of the stream. Close behind him half a dozen jaws snapped shut on empty air. As it had saved the caribou, so this strip of water shivering in the glow of the moon and stars had saved Baree.

The stream was not more than a hundred feet in width, but it cost Baree close to a losing struggle to get across it. Until he dragged himself out on the opposite shore, the extent of his injuries was not impressed upon him fully. One hind leg, for the time, was useless; his forward left shoulder was laid open to the bone; his head and body were torn and cut; and as he dragged himself slowly away from the stream, the trail he left in the snow was a red path of blood. It trickled from his panting jaws, between which his tongue was bleeding; it ran down his legs and flanks and belly, and it dripped from his ears, one of which was slit clean for two inches as though cut with a knife. His instincts were dazed, his perception of things clouded as if by a veil drawn close over his eyes. Half dead, he dragged himself on until by chance he came to a clump of dwarf spruce. Into this he struggled, and then he dropped exhausted.

All that night and until noon the next day Baree lay without moving. The fever burned in his blood; it flamed high and swift toward death; then it ebbed slowly, and life conquered. At noon he came forth. He was weak, and he wobbled on his legs. His hind leg still dragged, and he was racked with pain. But it was a splendid day. The sun was warm; the snow was thawing, the sky was like a great blue sea; and the floods of life coursed warmly through Baree's veins. But now, for all time, his desires were changed, and his great quest at an end.

A red ferocity grew in Baree's eyes as he snarled in the direction of last night's fight with the wolves. They were no longer his people. They were no longer of his blood. Never again could the hunt-call lure him or the voice of the pack rouse the old longing. In him there was a thing new-born, an undying hatred for the wolf, a hatred that was to grow in him until it became like a disease in his vitals, a thing ever present and insistent, demanding vengeance on their kind. Last night he had gone to them a comrade. Today he was an outcast. Cut and maimed, bearing with him scars for all time, he had learned his lesson of the wilderness. Tomorrow, and the next day, and for days after that without number, he would remember the lesson well.

Chapter X

At the cabin on the Gray Loon, on the fourth night of Baree's absence, Pierrot was smoking his pipe after a great supper of caribou tenderloin he had brought in from the trail, and Nepeese was listening to his tale of the remarkable shot he had made, when a sound at the door interrupted them. Nepeese opened it, and Baree came in. Three days and nights of hunger in which he could not hunt because of the leg that dragged had put on him the marks of starvation. Battle-scarred and covered with dried blood-clots that still clung tenaciously to his long hair, he was a sight that drew at last a long breath from Nepeese. A queer smile was growing in Pierrot's face as he leaned forward in his chair; and then slowly rising to his feet, and looking closer, he said to Nepeese:

"Ventre Saint Gris! Ouf, he has been to the pack, Nepeese, and the pack turned on him. It was not a



Over Went Baree and Half the Pack.

two-wolf fight—non! It was the pack. He is cut and torn in fifty places. And—mon Dieu, he is alive!"

In Pierrot's voice there was growing wonder and amazement. He was incredulous, and yet he could not disbelieve what his eyes told him. What had happened was nothing short of a miracle, and for a time he uttered not a word more but remained staring in silence while Nepeese woke from her astonishment to give Baree doctoring and food. After the pain and hunger and treachery of his adventure, it was a wonderful homecoming for Baree. He slept that night at the foot of the Willow's bed. The next morning it was the cool caress of his tongue on her hand that awakened her.

With this day they resumed the comradeship interrupted by Baree's temporary desertion. The attachment was greater than ever on Baree's part. It was he who had run away from the Willow, who had deserted her at the call of the pack, and it seemed at the times as though he sensed the depths of his perfidy and was striving to make amends. There was indubitably a very great change in him. He hung to Nepeese like a shadow. Instead of sleeping at night in the spruce shelter Pierrot made for him, he made himself a little hollow in the earth close to the cabin door. Pierrot thought that he understood, and Nepeese thought that she understood still

Deodorizing Cigar Box Completely Is Difficult

If the cigar box is made from Spanish cedar, as the good ones are supposed to be made, it would be rather difficult to deodorize it completely, since the odor is due to a resin in the wood which is fairly well distributed throughout the wood structure. If the box is made from some other wood which does not have much natural odor, but which may have taken up some odor from the tobacco, it might be that a thorough airing or perhaps washing with gasoline would remove the odor. The odor of Spanish cedar is due to a volatile oil in the resin, and this oil can be removed at least from the surface of the wood by steaming. Since, however, a very little steaming might warp the box or discolor it, or soften the glue, this method is not practical. Probably long-continued ex-

posure to the air and sunlight is the most practical method.

Thought in Lower Animals
Just as the monkey or orang-utan behave and think precisely as men do, so we find many animals, birds and insects thinking, and it is this capacity to benefit by the teachings of experience, the cultivation of memories and the power to reason clearly, quickly and logically that enables them to find ways and means for securing themselves in comfort during the coldest days of winter.

They do this in innumerable ways, and many species appear to exhibit greater intelligence and foresight than man in preparing for the winter season.

more; but in reality the key to the mystery remained with Baree himself. He no longer played as he had played before he went off alone into the forest. He did not chase sticks, or run until he was winded, for the pure joy of running. His puppyishness was gone. In its place was a great worship and a rankling bitterness, a love for the girl and a hatred for the pack and all that it stood for.

Whenever he heard the wolf-howl, it brought an angry snarl into his throat, and he would bare his fangs until even Pierrot would draw a little away from him. But a touch of the girl's hand would quiet him.

In a week or two the heavier snows came, and Pierrot began making his trips over the trap-lines. Nepeese had entered into a thrilling bargain with him this winter. Pierrot had taken her into partnership. Every fifth trap, every fifth deadfall, and every fifth poison-bait was to be her own, and what they caught or killed was to bring a bit nearer to realization a wonderful dream that was growing in the Willow's soul. Pierrot had promised. If they had great luck that winter, they would go down together on the last snows to Nelson House and buy the little old organ that was for sale there; and if the organ was sold, they would work another winter, and get a new one.

This plan gave Nepeese an enthusiastic and tireless interest in the trap-line. Pierrot impressed on her that it made a comrade and co-worker of her on the trail. That was his scheme: to keep her with him when he was away from the cabin. He knew that Bush McTaggart would come again to the Gray Loon, probably more than once during the winter. He had swift dogs, and it was a short journey. And when McTaggart came, Nepeese must not be at the cabin—alone.

Pierrot's trap-line swung into the north and west, covering in all a matter of fifty miles, with an average of two traps, one deadfall, and a poison-bait to each mile. Halfway over this line Pierrot had built a small log cabin, and at the end of it another, so that a day's work meant twenty-five miles. This was easy for Pierrot, and not hard on Nepeese after the first few days.

All through October and November they made the trips regularly, making the round every six days, which gave one day of rest at the cabin on the Gray Loon and another day in the cabin at the end of the trail. They were splendid months. Fur was thick, and it was steadily cold without bad storm. Nepeese not only carried a small pack on her shoulders in order that Pierrot's load might be lighter, but she trained Baree to bear tiny shoulder-panniers like she manufactured. In these panniers Baree carried the bait.

Blue and White, Black and White

Polka Dots, Stripes, Plaids Are in Fashion for Summer Season.

One style that has become almost a tradition is the navy blue and white polka-dotted frock. Its popularity, observes a fashion writer in the New York Times, may be dimmed by monotony after many seasons, but it comes back with unflagging regularity. There is a certain clean-cut freshness about a frock of this sort that is becoming to everyone and makes it a delightful possession. It is almost as much an institution as the black gown in the wardrobe of the average American woman; and, judging from the number of intriguing models that emanate from Paris, the wearers are much in agreement as to preference in dress.

That one black gown in this day has many variants, and just now is one of the dominating conceptions. The polka dot, especially in blue and white and in black and white, belongs essentially to the summer outfit and it is very much in vogue this season in New York. All the possible combinations of color, with white as the background or in reverse order, are presented in the latest designs. There are crepes, silks, voiles and chiffons, printed in soft tones of brown or beige; green, blue or red, in all shades; with the two-color plan carried through the ensemble. These are charming, but the polka dot that commands enduring popularity is that in some color combined with white.

Curiously enough, the matter-of-fact polka dot is one of the few patterns relatively independent of quality for its dignity. Handsome satins and silks are embroidered in dots, large or small, and somehow have little the advantage of muslin, especially if it is one of clear blue and white or black and white muslins with trimmings or accessories in white and, this season, a dash of scarlet in addition. This naive design is being shown in countless variants, within obvious limitations, some built to answer the requirements of a more or less dress occasion, while others are simple utility warm-weather frocks.

The most popular model of the better type is one in which plain material and a polka-dot pattern are combined. This is extremely smart in frocks done in black and white or navy blue and white. One dress copied from the French original is made of crepe in blue and white polka dots, with a flounce of plain blue chiffon added to the bottom of the tunic in the scalloped line now so fashionable. This additional band is wide enough to give the effect of godets and is extremely graceful. Narrower bands of the plain goods are used to finish the sleeves, forming a flare cuff, and a jabot of the chiffon placed at the V-neck tapers, fluttering, to the waistline.

Brown Velvet Ribbon Added.
This model is proving especially attractive, for it may be varied in many charming ways as to arrangement of lines in handling the materials, as well as in combinations of color. A crepe de chine, with dots of havanna brown on a ground of sand color, is combined with brown georgette; and,



Top Coat of Checker Tweed Is Smart for Sports Wear.

In this particular gown, brown velvet ribbon is added, with the ensemble completed by a hat of brown neapolitan.

The little trotteur or jumper frock of polka-dotted stuff is altogether chic, the kind that will be of great service all through the summer and practically for all the year. In some of these the entire dress is of the dotted material, usually crepe, and the skirt is frequently plaited, while the jumper or tunic is simply tailored. In others, the upper part of the suit is of plain goods, the skirt of the figured, finely plaited, or in reverse order.

The ingenuity with which these polka-dotted materials are handled is both interesting and amusing and taxes the skill of the designer. Some of the French designers use a pattern of polka dots printed in different

sizes on the same piece of fabric, an idea that was anticipated by the manufacturers in advance of the season. This being a year for small patterns, the smaller the dot the smarter it is considered to be. But some very fashionable costumes from both French and American designers are in large disks—too large to be called dots. These are very effective in black and white, and even patterns which in colors would be flashy have a certain distinction in this combination.

One gown just brought out by an exclusive New York importer is of black georgette, with large spots of white, distributed in groups. This fabric, which was given a preliminary presentation last season, is much in vogue now and is made more striking by the addition of a contrasting color in plain sheer goods. In the crepes a model that is much liked is one in which the jumper tunic is of Brittany blue and white-dotted pattern, the



One of the Most Popular Models in Polka Dots.

short skirt of plain blue, laid in clusters of inverted plaits. The sleeves of this frock are long and cut to gather in a slight fullness at the wrist. Plain blue, in a band with upstanding battlements, is applied around the bottom of the tunic, and a collar, tie and narrow strap belt are also made of the plain blue.

The Craze for Red.
With the present craze for red, some dashing frocks are made of scarlet and white polka dot materials—some all of one pattern, others very effectively combined with a plain color—and a few uncommon and original costumes are shown in which a touch of black is added, as bright red is used in the frocks of navy blue and white. This little splash or line of brilliant color, geranium, flame or coral, has the effect of quite transforming an otherwise commonplace polka dot gown.

In the general feeling for plain fabrics this season, the bold plaids, figures and flower patterns have suffered eclipse, and most of the designs that are now in vogue are modest and concise, and in gentler tones. This background makes more striking the exception in checks, large plaids and stripes that are shown in models from some of the best houses. Black and white have inspired some very smart gowns and coats. The colors are combined to form large blocks in the arrangement of contrasts, most effective when done in satin.

The Rodier materials are displayed in some ultra-smart frocks and coats especially designed for sports and traveling, stuffs in which both Chanel and Chanel are having conspicuous success. One from Chantol—a long coat—is made of wool in reds and browns; and that from Chanel is in brown and beige, each of these wraps showing an enormous plaid pattern.

Among the frocks that are made of plaid materials, some in taffeta are fascinating in their quaintness. The first of this type were sent over by Vinnet in advance of our regular spring season and proved popular at once. Among these plaids are lovely combinations in cool greens with white and gold, copper and yellow, blues, grays and browns, the very type of design suggesting the old-fashioned dress with full skirt and wide sleeves. A somewhat fitted bodice and sometimes a kerchief are employed. It is a refreshing model that is attractive equally to youth and maturity.

Black-and-white, so very smart this season, is also charming in the plaids and checks of both worsted and silk. In the large patterns this combination has somewhat more dignity than the plaids in colors, and the small black and white checks. The shepherd plaid and others in various sizes of pattern are shown in some of the smartest models from France—Martial et Armand, Premet, Drecoll, Paquin. Check patterns in black and white have always been liked by American women, and now that they are again modish, they will probably last through several seasons.

A new note in sleeves is the short cape which had such a long period of favor several seasons ago when the sleeve disappeared altogether. Long sleeves, so especially becoming in sheer goods, are still regarded as better style; but the short sleeve will be chosen for its comfort in warm weather.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)
He is a poet, strong and true,
Who loves wild thyme and honey dew;
And like a brown bee works and sings,
With morning freshness on his wings,
And a golden burden on his thighs—
The pollen dust of centuries.
—Maurice Thompson.

WAYS WITH FISH

There is an old saying that "small fish should swim twice, once in water and once in oil," which we infer to mean that they should be fried in deep fat. When buying fish, select fish with a firm flesh, red gills and bright eyes. As soon as it is caught, if possible, scale it at once, place in a cold place and serve cooked within a short time. If the fish is bought in the market, give it the same treatment.

To Boil Fish.—Wipe the fish carefully, dust well with salt and wrap in a cheesecloth, well tied up. Drop into boiling water, add a teaspoonful of salt, a bay leaf, a sprig of parsley, a slice of onion and a bit of celery. Cover the kettle and just simmer ten minutes to the pound. Lift out carefully and turn the fish on a folded napkin on a hot platter. Garnish with lemon quarters and parsley and serve with drawn butter sauce.

Planked White Fish.—One may serve a planked fish at home in all its perfection. Secure a two-inch plank made from hardwood—hickory, maple or oak—a groove running round the edge two inches from the edge will hold the juices. A plank cut oblong a foot or a little more will be long enough. These planks may be purchased in any utensil store. Have the fish split open down the back and lay it skin-side down on the plank which has previously been heated so hot that it cannot be handled without a holder. Place in a hot oven and bake a half hour or longer. When the fish is done, garnish the plank with mashed potato, parsley and lemon. Set the plank on a hot platter and serve. The longer the plank is used the better the flavor. Scrape it after using, wrap carefully and it will keep for years, growing more valuable with use. If one wishes to cook the fish before an open fire, tack it on the plank and stand it before the fire.

Jellied chicken, sweetbreads and fish are all used as sickroom foods.

Fresh Haddock.—Trim and stuff the fish with buttered crumbs, sweet herbs, a bit of parsley and an egg. Tie up and spread with butter. Bake in a moderate oven until the fish falls from the bones. Serve with fried tomatoes and rolls of broiled bacon. Fresh trout are the most delicious of all eating. Fried in butter shortly after being caught, they are a fish fit for the gods.

Fruit Cocktails.

There can be no more appetizing beginning for a summer meal than a fruit cocktail. They should be served very cold in fruit glasses or in fruit cups of lemon, orange or grapefruit. Tomato is one of the vegetables that is often served as a cocktail as it is so much like fruit.

In preparing fruits for cocktails two things should be remembered. The fruit should stand in the sirup or fruit juice until well sweetened. The sugar sirup is prepared by boiling together twice as much sugar as water, until a thick sirup is made.

The menu following should always be considered when preparing a cocktail. If a vegetable cocktail to which salad dressing is added is served, the salad for that menu may be omitted. The small pear-shaped yellow tomatoes make most attractive serving; they may be combined with fruit which has a decided flavor, like pineapple, then with a little diced or cubed pear and a fruit sauce, the combination thus being well flavored.

A pineapple and raspberry combination is also good. It is hard to find any occasion when the flavor of pineapple is not enjoyed.

One of the most attractive cocktails to look at is made by using the heart of a well-ripened watermelon. Cut ball-shaped pieces with a French potato cutter, serve with a chilled lemon or pineapple sugar sirup. Prepared the same way, use muskmelon and canton ginger sirup; this is especially delicious to those who enjoy the ginger flavor. It is not wise to add a highly-flavored sirup or sauce to a fruit which has a delicate flavor which should predominate. A lemon sauce is good as it brings out the flavor of other fruits.

Equal parts of sliced peaches and stoned cherries, marinated in sugar sirup and garnished with frosted mint makes an attractive cocktail.

Diced peaches, twice the amount of ripe, large blackberries, treated with a lemon sirup and flavored with a bit of the rind if liked, makes another popular cocktail.

Such fruits as prunes, figs, raisins, persimmons, pawpaws have more food value than most other fruits, though the acids and minerals in all fruits are valuable in the diet. The addition of stock, egg or milk, of course, adds to the nourishment of the soup.

Nellie Maxwell