EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, JANUARY 3. 1916.

JAMES CURWOOD

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with from the frozen With him he brings an. The don, though becomes strangely at-sorpe a manue. Thorse with Kasen start back are not by McCready, utal aupestrance, whom he first who fruct a offentive interest in the manue. The tho, east in the very first Mc-teward thous which he great toole which he great toole which he great tool lass at the time the first and the time to be the first and the time to be the first and the attempt a start and be the first attempt and the attempt a start and be the first attempt and the the time the start and be the first attempt and the time the start attempt and the time the start attempt and the start attempt and the attempt and the start attempt at ripo's Daha in advances. The nics heavily and pe from his tent is a club. Then be att, rushes is a sleep, Her by Kazan, who him and selzes poworful laws. old the guide is Kazan stays a horse come stag hie ces Thorpe come sin s, his face covered wi-w McCready has des-membering the beatt s, fears his master w flees from tho can orpe and isobel call from returning and the the away from the and desolution and often sits back on h i imitates the mournful wo it might from afar off, the It is his cry-the wolf cry.

CHAPTER IV .-- Continued.

THE other came an hour later, clear and distinct, that same wailing howl at the beginning-but ending in a staccato of quick sharp yelps that stirred his blood at once into a flery excitement that it had at once into which before. The same instinct perer known before. The same instinct fold Mim that this was the call-the hunt-cry. It urged him to come quickly. A few moments later it came again, and few moments later it came again, and this time there was a reply from close down along the foot of the ridge, and another from so far away that Kazan could scarcely near it. The hunt-pack was rathering for the night chase; but Kazan sat quiet and trembling. He was not afraid, but he was not ready to go. The ridge seemed to split the world for him. Down there it was new and strange, and without men. From the other side something seemed pulling him back, and suddenly he turned bis head and gazed back through the

pulling him back, and suddenly he turned his head and grazed back through the monilit space behind him, and whined. It was the dog-whine now. The woman was back there. He could hear her voice. He could feel the touch of her soft hand. He could see the laughter in her face and eyes, the laughter that had made him warm and happy. She was calling to him through the forests, and he was torn between desire to answer that call and desire to go down into the plain. For he could also see many main. For he could also see many mean waiting for him with clubs, and he could hear the cracking of whips, and feel the sting of their lashes.

feel the sting of their lashes. For a long time he remained on the top of the ridge that divided his world. And then, at last, he turned and went down into the plain.

down into the plain. All that night he kept close to the huntpack, but never quits approached it. This was fortunate for him. He still bere the scent of traces, and of man. The pack would have torn him into pleces. The first instinct of the wild is that of self-preservation. It may have been this, melacer back through the years of a whisper back through the years of avage forebears, that made Kazan roll in the snow now and then where the fact of the pack had trod the thickest.

That night the pack killed a carlbou on the edge of the lake, and fensted until nearly dawn. Kazan hung in the face of the wind. The smell of blood and of warm flesh tickled his nostrils, and his sharp ears could catch the cracking of But the instinct was stronger

than the temptation. Not until broad day, when the pack had scattered far and wide over the plain, dd he go boldly to the scene of the kill. He found nothing but an area of the kill. He found nothing but an area of blood-reddened snow, covered with bones, en-trails and torn bits of tough hide. But it was enough, and he rolled in it, and buried his nose in what was left, and femained all that day close to it, saturat-ing himself with the scent of it. ing himself with the scent of it.

That night, when the moon and the stars came out again, he sat back with fear and hesitation no longer in him, and announced himself to his new com-

The night was atmost as clear as day, and from the edge of the forest Kazan first saw the caribou run cut on the lake a third of a mile away. The pack was about a dozen strong, and had already split into the fatal horseshoe formation, the two leaders running almost abreast of the kill, and slowly closing in.

of the kill, and slowly closing in. With a sharp yelp Kazan darted out into the moonlight. He bore directly in the path of the freing doe, and bore down upon her with lightning speed. Two hundred yards away the doe saw him and swerved to the right, and the leader on that side met her with open jaws. Kazan was in with the second leader and leaped at the doe's soft throat. In a snarling mass the pack closed in from behind, and the doe went down, with Kazan half under her body, his with Kazan half under her body, his fangs sunk deep in her jugular. She lay heavily on him, but he did not lose his hold. It was his first big kill. His blood ran like fire. He snarled between his clamped teeth. Not until the last quiver had left the body over him did he pull himself out from under her chest and forelegs. He had killed a rabbit that day and was not hungry. So he sat back in the snow and waited whil, the ravenous pack tore at the dead doe. After a little he came nearer, nosed in between two of them and was nipped for his intrusion.

As Kazan drew back, still hesitating to mix with his wild brothers, a big gray



His powerful jaws closed on the wolf's foreleg, close to the body.

form leaped out of the pack and drove straight for his threat. He had just time to throw his shoulder to the attack, and for a moment the two rolled over and over in the snow. They were up before the excitement of sudden battle had the excitement of sudgen Dattie has drawn the pack from the feast. Slowly they circled about each other, their white fangs bare, their yellowish backs bristing like brushes. The fatal ring of

wolves drew about the fighters. It was not new to Kazan. A dozen times he had sat in rings like this, waiting for the final moment. More than once he had fought for his life within the circle. It was the sledge-dog way of fighting. Unless man interrupted with a club or a whip it always ended in death. Only one fighter could come out alive. Sometimes both died. And there was no man here-only that

fatal cordon of waiting white-fanged demons, ready to leap upon and tear to pieces the first of the fighters who was thrown upon his side or back. Kazan was a stranger, but he did not fear those that hemmed him in. The one great law of the pack would compel them to be fair.

He kept his eyes only on the big gray leader who had challenged him. Shoulder to shoulder they continued to circle. Where a few moments before there had been the snapping of jaws and the rending of flesh there was now silence. Softfooted and soft-throated mongrel logi from the South would have snarled and growled, but Kazan and the wolf were still, their ears laid forward instead of back, their tails free and bushy. Suddenly the wolf struck in with the

swiftness of lightning, and his jaws came together with the sharpness of steel of the balsam and spruce. It was a thing that seemed to come to him from the clear stars, the cloudless moon, the strange and beautiful quiet of the night itself. Tades of the great plain. The pack hunted again that night, or the side, and like knives his teeth gashed And its presence seemed

redder, their lips drawn back until they seemed to have disappeared. And then Kazan leaped for that death-grip at the throat-and missed. It was only by an inch again, and the wolf came back, as he had done, and laid open Kazan's flank so that the blood ran down his leg and red-dened the snow. The burn of that flank-

wound told Kazan that his enemy was old in the game of fighting. He crouched low, his head straight out, and his throat close to the snow. It was a trick Kazan had learned in puppyhood-to shield his t "ont, and wait.

Twice the wolf circled about him, and closed. A second time the wolf leaped, and Kazan threw up his terrible jaws sure of that fatal grip just in front of the forelegs. His teeth snapped on empty air. With the nimbleness of a cat the air. With the nimbleness of a cat the wolf had gone completely over his back. wolf had gone completely over his back. The trick had failed, and with a rumble of the dog-snari in his throat, Kazan reached the wolf in a single bound. They met breast to breast. Their fangs clashed and with the whole weight of his body. Kazan fung himself against the wolf's shoulders, cleared his jaws, and struck again for the throat hold. It was another miss-by a hair's breadth-and bafors an miss-by a hair's breadth-and before as could recover, the wolf's teeth ware bur-led in the back of his .eck.

For the first time in his life Kasan For the first time in his life Kasan felt the terror and the pain of the death-srip, and with a mighty effort he flung his head a little forward and snapped bindly. His powerful jaws closed on the wolf's foreleg, close to the body. There was a cracking of bone and a crunching of flesh, and the circle of wait-ing wolf's foreleg, close to pain and a ing wolve grew tense and alert. One or the other of the fighters was sure to go down before the holds were broken, and they but awalted that fatal fall as a signal to leap in to the death. Only the thickness of hair and hide

on the back of Kazan's neck, and the toughness of his muscles, saved him from that terrible fate of the vanquished. from that terrible fate of the vanguished. The wolf's teeth sank deep, but not deep enough to reach the vital spot, and suddenly Kazan put every ounce of strength in his limbs to the effort, and fung himself up bodily from under his antagonist. The grip on his neck re-laxed, and with another rearing leap he tore himself free.

As swift as a whip-lash he whirled on the broken-legged leader of the pack and with the full rush and weight of his shoulders struck him fairly in the side. More deadly than the throat-grip had

Kazan some times found the lunge when delivered at the right moment. It was deadly now. The big gray wolf lost his feet, rolled upon his back for an instant, and the pack rushed in, eager to rend the last of life from the leader whose power had ceased to exist.

From out of that gray, snarling, bloody lipped mass Kazan drew back, panting and bleeding. He was weak. There was a curious slokness in his head. He wanted to lie down in the snow. But the old and infailible instinct warned him not to batray that weakness. From out

not to betray that weakness. From out of the pack a slim, lithe, gray she-wolf came up to him, and lay down in the snow before him, and then rose swiftly and sniffed at his wounds. She was young and strong and beau-tiful, but Kazan did not look at her. Where the fight had been he was look-ing at what little remained of the old leader. The pack had returned to the

feast. He heard again the cracking of bones and the rending of flesh, and something told him that hereafter all the wilderness would hear and recognize his voice, and that when he sat back on his haunches and called to the moon and the

stars, those swift-footed hunters of the big plain would respond to it. He circled twice about the caribou and the pack, and then trotted off to the edge of the black apruce forest. When he reached the shadows he looked back. Gray Wolf was following him. She was only a few yards behind. And now she came up to him, a little timidiy, and she, too, looked back to the dark blotch of life out on the lake. And as she stood there close beside him, Kazan sniffed at something in the air that was not the scent of blood or the perfume

Wolf's eyes aler: and questioning. She was young so young that she seemed scarcely to have passed out of puppy-hood. Her body was strong and slim and beautifully shaped. In the moonlight the hair under her throat and along her back shone sleek and soft. She whited at the red staring light in Kasan's eyes, and it was not a puppy's whimper. Kazan was not a puppy's whimper. Kazan moved toward her, and stood with his head over her back, facing the pack. He feit her trembling against his chest. He looked at the moon and the stars again, the mystery of Gray Wolf and of the night throbbing in his blood.

hight throbbing in his blood. Not much of his life had been spent at the poats. Moat of it had been on the trail—in the traces—and the spirit of the mating season had only stirred him from afar. But it was very near now. Gray Wolf lifted her head. Her soft muzzle touched the wound on his neck, and in the gentleness of that touch, in the low sound in her throat, Kazan felt and heard again that wonderful something that had come with the cartess of the woman's hand and the sound of her voice.

He turned, whining, his back bristling, his head high and defant of the wilder-ness which he faced. Gray Wolf trotted close at his alde as they entered into the gloom of the forest.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIGHT IN THE SNOW. THEY found shelter that night under thick balsam, and when they lay down on the soft carpet of needles which the snow had not covered, Gray Wolf snuggled her warm body close to Kazan and licked his wounds. The day broke with a velvety fall of snow, so white and thick that they could not see a dozen leaps ahead of them in the open. It was quite warm, and so still that the whole world seemed filled with only the flutter and whisper of the snowflakes. Through this day Kazan and Gray Wolf traveled side by side. Time and again he turned his head back to the ridge over which he had come, and Gray Wolf could not un-

derstand the strange note that trembled in his throat.

In his throat. In the afternoon they returned to what was left of the carbou doe on the lake. In the edge of the forest Gray Wolf hung back. She did not yet know the meaning of poleon balts, deadfalls and traps, but the instinct of numberless gen-erations was in her veins, and it told has there was denser in visiting a second

had seen them conceal wietts . Every, and roll little capsules of . Mr chnins in the fat of the entrana, and once he had put a foreing in a trap, and had experienced its sting and pain and deadly grip. But he did not have Gray Wolf's fear. He urged her to accompany him to the white hummocks on the ice, and at last she went with him and mank back restlessly on her haunches, while he dug out the bones and pieces of flesh that the snow had kept from freeing. But she would not eat, and at last Kazan went and eat not est, and at last Kazan went and eat on his haunches at her side, and with her looked at what he had dug out from under the snow. He snifted the sir. He could not smell danger, but Gray Wolf

told him that it might be there. She told him many other things in the

days and nights that followed. The third night Kazan himself gathered the hunt-pack and led in the chase.

pack and led in the chase. Three times that month, before the moon left the skies, he led the chase, and each time there was a kill. But as the snows began to grow softer under his feet he found a greater and greater companionship in Gray Wolf, and they hunted alone, living on the big white rabbits. In all the world he had loved but two things, the girl with the shining hair and the hands that had careased him hair and the hands that had caressed him and Gray Wolf.

He did not leave the big plain, and often he took his mats to the top of the ridge, and he would try to tell her what he had left back there. With the dark nights the call of the would necame so strong upon him that he was filled with a longing to go back, and take Gray Wolf with him.

Gray Wolf with him. Something happened very soon after that. They were crossing the open plain one day when up on the face of the ridge Kazan saw something that made his heart stand still. A man, with a dog-sledge and team, was coming down into their world. The wind had not warned them, and suddenly Kazan saw some-thing glisten in the man's hands. He knew what it was. It was the thing that spat fire and thunder, and killed. (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

WILL EDIT TRADE JOURNAL

Frederick H. Howland Placed in Charge of Local Commerce Paper

hung back. She did not yet know the meaning of poison baits, deadfalls and traps, but the instinct of numberless gen-clate editor and executive editor of the Philadelphia Press, has been appointed editor of the Chamber of Commerce Jour-nal, the official publication of the Phila-delphia Chamber of Commerce, recently reorganized by Alba B. Johnson, Charles J. Cohen, Thomas B. Harbison and others

HEPPE

Commerce. Mr. Harbison, chairman of the Publicity Committee of the Chamber, and his as-sociates plan to have the Journal so con-ducted that it may further the work of advancing the industrial and commercial interests of Philadelphia, "The World's Greatest Workshop." WOULD DROP ARMY PRACTICK

Abandonment of Test Ride Urged h Inspector General

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1.-Abandon of the test ride for field officers of army, inaugurated by former Fr Roosevelt, is urged by Brigadier Ge E. A. Garlington, inspector gen his annual report. The ride has "D

his annual report. The fide has "Infled to accomplish any good purpose and should be abandoned," he said. Officers more than di years old are sub-jected to unnecessary risk of infury by the ride, he said, and these under 45 either get enough exercise at army poets or can take enough to keep in shape.





A New England Lady recently wrote to a friend in New York:

"I have finally decided to buy a Pianola. But what is troubling me is which Pianola to buy. I wonder if you can help me decide."

The mistake this lady made is not unusual. It is just as though she had said, "I have finally decided to visit London. But there are so many different Londons in the world I can't decide which to see."

Of course the one London which is famous, is London, England. * And it is just as true that the instrument most people have in mind when they say "Pianola" is the one made by The Aeolian Company-the only genuine Pianola.

There is but One Pianola



THE REPORT OF THE PARTY OF THE

III WALLINGTON IN THE REAL PROPERTY OF THE REAL PRO

to the south, and came up with a doe carlbou to the big frozen lake. the wolf's flank. They circled again, their eyes growing He looked at her and he found Gray the wolf's flank.

FARMER SMITH'S

GOOD-NIGHT TALK

Once upon a time there was a little girl and she had a penny. Now wasn't that a funny thing for a little girl to have?"

She got the penny for washing the dishes one whole week.

One day her mother took her downtown to go shopping and the little girl took the penny with her. Now wasn't that a funny thing for the little girl to do?"

Strange to say, our little friend LOST her penny and her mother said: "Don't cry, I will give you another penny." And she did.

By and by the little girl got another penny and she said to herself: "I on't care where I put the penny, for if I lose it, mother will give me another." So she put the penny on the mantlepiece and her brother took it.

She cried when she found the penny was gone and, sure enough! her mother gave her another penny.

Did the mother do right, dear children? Write and tell me. I want to know what YOU think about it.

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa. I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club and agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY. SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY. Name Address Age School I attend.....

The Story of a Raindrop Little Willie Raindrop sank deeper It was so dark he cried out: where am I? I can't see a

ing. Won't some one please tell me how to find my way out?"



will answer all your questions." "I am so glad to have some one to

"No, indeed," said the tiny, tiny root, "I have hundreds of big sisters and brothers and thousands and thouand deeper into dear Mother Earth. sands of little sisters and brothers, so, you see, we are never lonesome. And, besides, we are too busy. We must creep away down, down into the earth to get food for our mighty Mother Oak, who has stood in this spot for

"Ouch!" said a more than two hundred years." very sharp voice "Oh," said Willie, "I don't see how directly under such a tiny, tiny root could feed such a mighty oak." "You are

standing right on "But," replied the tiny root, "we do, the tiny, tiny root and our mighty mother oak could not of a mighty, live without us. We reach down and mighty oak tree. get the food and send it up with the If you will please sap which flows in our veins through step to one side, the trunk of the tree and then through every branch and tiny twig."

"How interesting !" said Willie. "I it would like to stay and chat with you tence-That may thought I was all alone down here." a little longer, but I have such a long (Five credits.)

journey before me and really must be going. I may see you again some day. Good-by." And away he went. Our Postoffice Box

RAINBOW CLUB



ETHEL GOLDMAN, PAULINE TO Gaskill street Lombard Two little friends appear in the picture gallery today. They came in one day to see your editor and their visit was very much appreciated. Many of their other friends have joined us since then, and we thank them very much for their active interest in the club.

Matilda Imperato, South 8th street, had the misfortune to lose her pledge sheet after she had carefully "gathered" 27 members for the club. We sincerely hope that she will be able to get them all together again. We wouldn't like to lose 27 Rainbows, would we? William Satz, South 6th street,

wrote us a very nice letter. We would like to hear from him again. Minnle Ferry, Latona street, sent a very pretty note of thanks to the club. You are welcome, Minnie. Elizabeth White, Hazel avenue, also writes a little note of thanks. Thank you, Elizabeth, for all of the members you brought to the club, in fact, thank everybody for the splendid work they are doing for the Rainbows!

Do You Know This? 1. What ocean is always peaceful?

(Five credits.) 2. Without using the same letter twice in the same word, how many words can you build from DETERMI-

NATION? (Five credits.) 3. What is the matter with this sentence-That maybe John would come?

It is made only by The Aeolian Company

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