

The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY DINK — WOMEN HAVE NO PLACE AROUND TRAINING CAMPS, ANYWAY

BY C. A. VOIGHT



THE NEW "CALL OF THE WILD"
KAZAN
 By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.
 PHILIP STEELE, THE DANGER TRAIL, etc.

CHAPTER V.
 It was not new to Kazan. A dozen times he had sat in rings like this, waiting for the final movement. More than once he had fought for his life within the circle. It was the sledge dog way of fighting. Unless man interrupted by 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. Soft footed and soft throated mongrel dogs 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 striking steel. They missed by an inch. In that same instant Kazan darted in to the side, and like knives his teeth gashed the wolf's flank.

They circled again, their eyes growing redder, their lips drawn back until they seemed to have disappeared. And then Kazan leaped for that death grip at the wolf's neck, 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 reddened 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 throat and waist.

Twice the wolf circled about him, and Kazan pivoted slowly, his eyes half 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 wolf had gone completely over his back.

The trick had failed, and with a rumble of the dog snarl 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 flung 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 before he could recover the wolf's teeth were buried in the back of his neck.

For the first time in his life Kazan felt the terror and the pain of the death grip, and with a mighty effort he flung his head a little forward and snapped blindly. His powerful jaws closed on the wolf's forehead, close to the body. There was a crackling of bone and a crunching of flesh, and the circle of waiting wolves grew tense and alert. One or the other of the fighters was sure to go down before the holds were broken, and they but awaited 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. 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 flung himself up bodily from under his antagonist. The grip on his neck relaxed, and with another rearing leap he tore himself free.

As swift as a whip lash he whirled

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 understand the strange note that trembled in his throat.

In the afternoon they returned to what was left of the caribou doe on the lake. In the edge of the forest, Gray Wolf hung back. She did not yet know the meaning of poison baits, deadfalls and traps, but the instinct of numberless generations was in her veins, and it told her there was danger in visiting a second time a thing that had grown cold in death.

Kazan had seen masters work about carcasses that the wolves had left. He had seen them conceal traps cleverly, and roll little capsules of strychnine in the fat of the entrails, and once he had had out a foreleg in a trap, and had experienced its sting and pain and death 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 sank back restlessly on her haunches, while he dug out the bones and pieces of flesh that the snow had kept from freezing. But she would not eat, and at last Kazan went and sat on his haunches at her side, and with her looked at what he had dug out from under the snow. He sniffed the air. 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, 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 caressed him — and Gray Wolf. He did not leave the big plain, and often he took his mate 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 woman became so strong upon him that he was filled with a longing to go back, and take 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 dog sledge and team, was coming down into their world. The wind had not warned them, and suddenly Kazan saw something glisten in the man's hands. He knew what it was. It was the thing that spat fire and thunder, and killed.

He gave his warning to Gray Wolf, and they were off like the wind, side by side. And then came the sound — and Kazan's hatred of men burst forth in a snarl as he leaped. There was a queer humming over their heads. The sound from behind came again, and this time Gray Wolf gave a yelp of pain, and rolled over and over in the snow. She was on her feet again in an instant, and Kazan dropped behind her, and ran there until they reached the shelter of the timber. Gray Wolf lay down, and began licking the wound in her shoulder. Kazan faced the ridge. The man was taking up their trail. He stopped where Gray Wolf had fallen, and examined the snow. Then he came on.

Kazan urged Gray Wolf to her feet, and they made for the thick swamp close to the lake. All that day they kept in the face of the wind, and when Gray Wolf lay down Kazan stole back over their trail, watching and sniffing the air.

For days after that Gray Wolf ran lame, and when once they came upon the remains of an old camp, Kazan's teeth were bared in snarling hatred of the man; that had been left behind. Growing in him there was a desire for vengeance — vengeance for his own hurts and for Gray Wolf's. He tried to nose out the man's trail under the cover of fresh snow, and Gray Wolf circled around him anxiously, and tried to lure him deeper into the forest. At last he followed her sullenly. There was a savage redness in his eyes.

Three days later the new moon came. And on the fifth night Kazan struck a trail. It was fresh — so fresh that he stopped as suddenly as though struck by a bullet when he ran upon it, and stood with every muscle in his

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK
 BY LEE PAPE

Pop was setting awn the frunt steps smocking this afternoon and I was setting thare watching him and thinking and attir a wife I sed, Hay, pop.

Hays for horses, sed pop.

Do you no of eny way of taking stanes out of pants, I sed.

You dont meen to say you want no for yure own eddificayshin, sed pop.

Yes sir, I sed.

Well, and a cuppl of wells, sed pop, the world must be coming to an end I awlways had an ideer yure motto was the moar stanes the merrier.

No sir, do you no of eny way of getting them out, I sed.

Well, it awl depends awn the stanes wat partickler kind of stanes wood you like to exterminate, sed pop.

Ink stanes, I sed.

Thats a nice kind, sed pop, hum, lets

CHILDREN'S EVENING STORY

STORY IV
 Jimmie and the Waterfall.

It was such a nice day that Mr. and Mrs. Wibblewobble decided to go visiting, as they had an invitation to call on Mrs. Greenie, the frog lady who lived at the end of the pond. So the two ducks, after seeing that the pen was in order, and the windows nice and clean, in case any company should call on them while they were out, started off, swimming very slowly, for they had their best clothes on and did not want to splash water on them.

"Now, I hope you children will be good," called Mamma Wibblewobble to Jimmie and Lulu and Alice. "Don't get into any mischief and we'll be back at supper time."

"We'll be good," promised Alice, but Jimmie and Lulu didn't say anything, though, of course they meant to be good also. Only, sometimes, you know how it is, just when you want to be good and make no trouble something is sure to happen; that is, most always. Well, that's the way it was this time.

The papa and mamma ducks hadn't been gone more than half an hour before Jimmie thought of something to do. Of course, he didn't know it was mischief but it was, all the same.

It happened that at one end of the pond where the ducks lived there was a waterfall. That is, the water ran from the pond, and fell over a high wall of stones upon some more stones down below, and made a lot of foam and a rushing, gurgling noise that was very cool in summer, making you think of ice cream and all nice things like that. And besides this there was, near the waterfall, a big mill, with a wheel that went around and around, to grind the corn and grain.

Well, Jimmie's papa and mamma hadn't been gone more than half an hour before the little boy duck called to Lulu and Alice, "Let's see how near we can go to the waterfall," he said.

Now this was a very dangerous thing to do, because there was a strong swift current at the fall, and one who went too near it might be carried over. Mr. and Mrs. Wibblewobble knew this, and many times had told their children to keep away. But, you see, Jimmie forgot, or else didn't want to remember, so he called to his sisters, telling them to see how near they could go.

"I'll not," spoke Alice. "And you hadn't better," either, Jimmie. You know what mamma said."

"Oh, well, the water's low now," replied Jimmie. "I don't believe there's any danger. Come on, Lulu."

"All right," said Lulu. So she and Jimmie started to swim as close as they could to the waterfall. But Alice stayed near shore, and who should come along but Nurse Jane Fuzzywuzzy, the muskrat nurse who was out for a walk. She told Alice about Sammie and Susie Littletail, and said the little rabbit children were well.

Now all this while Jimmie and Lulu were swimming nearer and nearer to the waterfall. They could hear the water splashing on the rocks below, and they liked to listen to it.

"We had better stop," called Lulu, after a while.

"No, I'm going closer," declared Jimmie. "There is no danger; come on!"

But just then Lulu felt something pulling her down toward where the big wheel went around and around, and she got frightened. Then she swam just as hard as she could toward shore, and called to her brother: "Jimmie, don't go any closer! Come back!"

But Jimmie was a boy duck, and wanted to be brave, so he answered: "I'm going just a little bit closer."

Now Lulu had a very hard time, indeed, getting to shore, as the current was so strong, but she finally

body quivering, and his hair on end. It was a man trail. There were the marks of the sledge, the dogs' feet, and the snow shoe prints of his enemy.

Then he threw up his head to the stars, and from his throat there rolled out over the wide plains the hunt cry — the wild and savage call for the pack. Never had he put the savagery in it that there was tonight. Again and again he sent forth that call, and then there came an answer and another and still another, until Gray Wolf herself sat back on her haunches and added her voice to Kazan's, and far out on the plain a white and haggard faced man halted his exhausted dogs to listen, while a voice said faintly from the sledge:

"The wolves, father. Are they coming — after us?"

The man was silent. He was not young. The moon shone in his long white beard, and added grotesquely to the height of his tall gaunt figure. A girl had raised her head from a bear-skin pillow on the sledge. Her dark eyes were filled beautifully with the starlight. She was pale. Her hair fell in a thick shining braid over her shoulder, and she was hugging something tightly to her breast.

"They're on the trail of something — probably a deer," said the man, looking at the breach of his rifle. "Don't worry, Jo. We'll stop at the next bit of scrub and see if we can't find enough dry stuff for a fire. — We-ab-h-h, boys! Koosh — koosh —" and he snapped his whip over the back of his team.

From the bundle at the girl's breast there came a small wailing cry. And far back in the plain there answered it the scattered voice of the pack.

At last Kazan was on the trail of vengeance. He ran slowly at first, with Gray Wolf close beside him, pausing every three or four hundred yards to send forth the cry. A gray leaping form joined them from behind. Another followed. Two came in from the side, and Kazan's solitary howl gave place to the wild tongue of the pack. Numbers grew, and with increasing number the pace became swifter. Four — six — seven — ten — fourteen, by the time the more open and wind swept part of the plain was reached.

(To be continued.)

managed it, Jimmie, however, kept on swimming nearer and nearer to the falls. Then, all at once, before you could stick a pin in a cushion, what should take place but that the little boy duck felt himself being pulled along by the rushing water, just as the soap floats along when you pull the plug out of the bathtub. Oh, how fast the water swept him along! Jimmie splashed and paddled with all his might, and tried to swim ashore, where Lulu was anxiously watching him, but he couldn't seem to move. There he was, being carried along to the edge of the falls, with the cruel sharp stones below, and the big mill-wheel going around and around. When Jimmie knew he was in great danger, and he cried out: "Help! Help! Help!" three times, as loudly as he could call.

Lulu and Alice heard him, and were much frightened. They started to go to the aid of their brother, but Grandfather Goosey-Gander warned them not to.

"But who will save Jimmie?" they cried.

"I will try to," answered the old gentleman duck.

So he got a rope and threw it to Jimmie, but the rope wasn't long enough, and the poor little boy duck kept getting closer and closer to the edge of the falls, and the big mill-wheel. Oh, how hard he was swimming, but the water was stronger than he was.

"Get a board!" cried Billy, the frog, who came hopping along just then. So the duck and the rescue got a board and threw it to Jimmie, but it floated past him, and he couldn't get upon it. Then it surely did look as if he were going to be carried right over the falls, for he was being swept nearer and nearer, and he could hear the water making a terrible roaring, sound on the rocks. You have no idea how scared Jimmie was, and he wished he had never gone near the falls.

Then the other ducks got a long stick and Grandfather Goosey-Gander held it out, so the little boy duck could grasp it in his bill, but the stick broke, and every one said it was too bad! Then, just as Jimmie was almost to the edge of the falls, if Nurse Jane Fuzzywuzzy didn't call out: "Stand aside, everybody! I am a good swimmer and I will save him!"

Then what do you think happened? Why that good, kind muskrat jumped right into the water, and hurried to where Jimmie was. She dived down, and got hold of his yellow legs in her teeth, but she took hold very gently, so as not to hurt him. Then she was such a fine swimmer that she managed to get to shore, towing and pulling Jimmie with her, for the water could not hurt Nurse Jane Fuzzywuzzy, no matter how hard the mill-wheel splashed.

So that is how Jimmie was saved from the waterfall, and when his papa and mamma came home they were very glad, of course, and why shouldn't they be? But, all the same, Lulu and Jimmie had to be punished for disobeying, and going near the falls when they had been told not to, and their punishment was that they could not go in swimming for three days. And if you ever were a duck you know that was a very severe punishment indeed, very severe.

But I'm not going to say that Jimmie and Lulu didn't deserve it, no indeed I'm not; not if you were to offer me an orange and a half; and I'm very fond of oranges; very. Well, that's how things will sometimes happen in this world, won't they? do the best that you can. But now I suppose you want to know what the story will be about to-morrow night. Well, if I see a pink grasshopper, I shall tell you about a visit the Wibblewobble children paid to poor, sick, Billie Bushytail.

People's Pulpit

The Courier will publish in this column articles contributed by its readers. The communications should be typewritten or in plain hand, on one side of the paper, and signed.

To The Courier:
 Is the seventh day as a Sabbath binding upon Jew and Gentile Christians? Let us hear Paul.

Tell me, ye that desire to be under the law, do ye not hear the law? For it is written that Abraham had two sons, one by the handmaid and one by the freewoman. Howbeit the son by the handmaid is born after the flesh; but the son by the freewoman is born through promise, which things contain an allegory: for these women are two covenants; one from Mount Sinai, bearing children unto bondage, which is Hagar. Now this Hagar, Mount Sinai in Arabia, is answereth to the Jerusalem that now

While in Arabia that was their habitation. When in Palestine that was their habitation. When in the United States, that is their habitation. Much more could be said, but the writer forbears.

Respectfully submitted,
 S. Lawson,
 1928 Mabel street.

WEATHER FOR WEEK.
 Washington, D. C., Oct. 12.—The weather prediction for the week beginning tomorrow:

Plains and upper Mississippi valley: Fair Wednesday, followed by rain Thursday or Friday and again by generally fair weather during remainder of the week. It will be warmer Wednesday in the plains states and probably somewhat cooler about Friday over the northern districts.