

The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY DINK — IT LOOKS LIKE A GOOD CHANCE FOR AN ARGUMENT HERE

BY C. A. VOIGHT



THE NEW "CALL OF THE WILD"

KAZAN

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.

AUTHOR OF PHILIP STEELE, THE DANGER TRAIL etc.

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creek was deeper than it had ever been. One of their old fording places was completely submerged, and at last Kazan plunged in and swam across, leaving Gray Wolf to wait for him on the windfall side of the stream.

Alone he made his way quickly in the direction of the dam, traveling two hundred yards back from the creek. Twenty yards below the dam a dense thicket of alder and willow grew close to the creek and Kazan took advantage of this. He approached with a leap or two of the dam without being seen and crouched close to the ground, ready to spring forth when the opportunity came. Most of the beavers were now working in the water. The four or five still on shore were close to the water and some distance upstream. After a wait of several minutes Kazan was almost on the point of staking everything on a wild rush upon his enemies when a movement on the dam attracted his attention. Half-way out two or three beavers were at work strengthening the central structure with cement. Swift as a flash Kazan darted from his cover to the shelter behind the dam. Here the water was very shallow, the main portion of the stream finding a passage close to the opposite shore. Nowhere did it reach to his belly as he waded out. He was completely hidden in his favor. The beaver wind was in his favor. The little sound he made. Soon he heard the beaver workmen over him. The branches of the fallen birch gave him a footing, and he elambered up.

completely beaten. And a creature without a fang had worsted him. He felt the abasement of it. Drenched and slinking, he went to the windfall, lay down in the sun, and waited for Gray Wolf.

Days followed in which Kazan's desire to destroy his beaver enemies became the consuming passion of his life. Each day the dam became more formidable. Cement work in the water was carried on by the beavers swiftly and safely. The water in the pond rose higher each twenty-four hours, and the pond grew steadily wider. The water had now been turned into the depression that encircled the windfall, and in another week or two, if the beavers continued their work, Kazan's and Gray Wolf's home would be nothing more than a small island in the center of a wide area of submerged swamp.

Grinnell Nov. 16.—The Grinnell Rifle Club has just received its charter from the government and is applying for admission to the National Rifle Association. There are at present twenty-eight members but more are expected. The following are the officers: President, Dr. E. S. Evans; vice president, Dr. O. F. Parish; secretary, Dr. P. L. Talbot; treasurer, Dr. L. G. Lemley; executive officer, Captain M. H. Guile of the national guard. Practice will be on the rifle range of the militia company of this city and a team will probably be sent to the contest in shooting at Des Moines.

BEAUTY CHATS

EDNA KENT FORBES

Her Dainty Fingertips

THIS letter came to me a day or so ago—"My dear Miss Forbes: My hand is long and very thin, not pretty, but capable looking—and I do use it to advantage, since it earns me a good salary—the fingers are long and rather bony, I should say this girl has struck the keynote of her character in her own word—capable. Of course, I cannot tell much from so short a description—long fingers denote a musical nature usually, or at least a nature that prefers art and the more serious things to frivolity. The crooked index fingers generally mean extravagance. The square hand is the useful one, the conical shaped hand the artistic sort, the large palmed, short fingered hand denotes an elementary nature, the very pointed hand, a philosophical disposition. Other elements enter into this so much that only an expert can tell you much of yourself, and then after a personal inspection of your hand or a large photograph of it.



A lady to her fingertips if she cares for them daily

I have little room left to talk on the care of the nails, except that every other day they should be filed to a slight point and the skin pressed from them, the rough parts being clipped with a pair of manicure scissors. The skin around the top should be pushed up out of sight. Cold cream or vaseline rubbed into the nails every day will help their growth and make them smooth. The only really necessary polish is that done with the chamols covered buffer. Rouge makes them brighter, if you desire a high polish.

Questions and Answers
 Split ends and dry cracking hair is my pet worry. Will you suggest a simple remedy?—Mamie.
 Reply—Plain ordinary vaseline rubbed into the hair every week, three nights in succession and then a shampoo on the fourth day, will cure this trouble in a short time.
 Will you give me something to purify my breath?—A Sensitive Girl.
 Reply—An impure breath must be corrected from its cause—uncared-for teeth or a bad diet or habit. A temporary relief is to chew charcoal or burnt crusts or peppermint candy.

(Protected by The Adams Newspaper Service)

CHAPTER XX.
 A Feud in the Wilderness.
 A soft wind blowing from the south and east brought the scent of the invaders to Gray Wolf's nose when they were still half a mile away. She gave the warning to Kazan and he, too, found the strange scent in the air. It grew stronger as they advanced. When two hundred yards from the windfall they heard the sudden crash of a falling tree, and stopped. For a full minute they stood tense and listened. Then the silence was broken by a squeaking cry, followed by a splash. Gray Wolf's alert ears fell back and she turned her blind face understandingly toward Kazan. They trotted ahead slowly, approaching the windfall from behind. Not until they had reached the top of the knoll on which it was situated did Kazan begin to see the wonderful change that had taken place during their absence. Astounded, they stood while he stared. There was no longer a little creek below them. Where it had been was a pond that reached almost to the foot of the knoll. It was fully a hundred feet in width and the back-water had flooded the trees and bush for five or six times that distance toward the burn. They had come up quietly and Broken Tooth's dulled scented workers were unaware of their presence. Not fifty feet away Broken Tooth himself was gnawing at the butt of a tree. An equal distance to the right of him four or five of the baby beavers were at play building a miniature dam of mud and tiny twigs. On the opposite side of the pond was a steep bank six or seven feet high, and here a few of the older children—two years old, but still not workmen—were having great fun climbing the bank and using it as a toboggan slide. It was their splashing that Kazan and Gray Wolf had heard. In a dozen different places the older beavers were at work.

A few weeks before Kazan had looked upon a similar scene when he had returned into the north from Broken Tooth's old home. It had not interested him then. But a quick and thrilling change swept through him now. The beavers had ceased to be mere water animals, unseatable and with an odor that displeased him. They were invaders—and enemies. His fangs bared silently. His crest stiffened like the hair of a dog's and his shoulders stood out like whippersnappers. Not a sound came from him as he rushed down upon Broken Tooth. The old beaver was oblivious of danger until Kazan was within twenty feet of him. Naturally slow of movement on land, he stood for an instant stupefied. Then he swung down from the tree as Kazan leaped upon him. Over and over they rolled to the edge of the knoll. In another moment the thick heavy body of the beaver had slipped like oil from under Kazan and Broken Tooth was safe in his element, two holes bitten clean through his fleshy tail. Baffled in his effort to get a death-blow on Broken Tooth, Kazan swung like a flash to the right. The young beaver had not moved. Astonished and frightened at what they had seen, they stood as if stupefied. Not until they saw Kazan tearing toward them did they be wakened to action. Three of them reached the water. The fourth and fifth—baby beavers not more than three months old—were too late. With a single snap of his jaw Kazan broke the back of one. The other he pinned down by the throat and shook as a terrier shakes a rat. When Gray Wolf trotted down to him both of the little beavers were dead. She reminded her of runaway Ba-ree, her own baby, for there was a note of longing in her whine as she nosed

them. It was the mother whine. But if Gray Wolf had visions of her own Kazan understood nothing of them. He had killed two of the creatures that had dared to invade their home. To the little beavers he had been as merciless as the gray lynx that had murdered Gray Wolf's first children on the top of the Sun Rock. Now that he had sunk his teeth into the flesh of his enemies his blood was filled with a frenzied desire to kill. He raved along the edge of the pond, snarling at the uneasy water under which Broken Tooth had disappeared. All of the beavers had taken refuge in the pond, and its surface was heaving with the passing of many bodies beneath. Kazan came to the end of the dam. This was new. Instinctively he knew that it was the work of Broken Tooth and his tribe and for a few moments he tore fiercely at the matted sticks and limbs. Suddenly there was an upheaval of water close to the dam, fifty feet out from the bank, and Broken Tooth's big gray head appeared. For a tense half minute Broken Tooth and Kazan measured each other at that distance. Then Broken Tooth drew his wet shining body out of the water to the top of the dam, and squatted flat, facing Kazan. The old patriarch was alone. Not another beaver had shown himself.

The surface of the pond had now become quiet. Vainly Kazan tried to discover a footing that would allow him to reach the watchful invader. But between the solid wall of the dam and the bank there was a tangled framework through which the water rushed with some violence. Three times Kazan fought to work his way through that tangle, and three times his efforts ended in sudden plunges into the water. All this time Broken Tooth did not move. When at last Kazan gave up the attack the old beaver slipped over the edge of the dam and disappeared under the water. He had learned that Kazan, like the lynx, could not fight water and he spread the news among the members of his colony.

Gray Wolf and Kazan returned to the windfall and lay down in the warm sun. Half an hour later Broken Tooth drew himself out on the opposite shore of the pond. He was followed by other beavers. Across the water they resumed their work as if nothing had happened. The tree cutters returned to their trees. Half a dozen worked in the water, carrying loads of cement and twigs. The middle of the pond was their dead line. Across this not one of them passed. A dozen times during the hour that followed one of the beavers swam up to the dead line and rested there, looking at the shining little bodies of the babies that Kazan had killed. Perhaps it was the mother, and perhaps some finer instinct unknown to Kazan told this to Gray Wolf. For Gray Wolf went down twice to sniff at the dead bodies, and each time—without seeing—she went when the mother beaver had come to the dead line.

The first fierce animus had worn itself from Kazan's blood, and he now watched the beavers closely. He had learned that they were not fighters. They were manly to a lot of rabbits, ran from him like a lot of rabbits. Broken Tooth had not even struck at him, and slowly it grew upon him that these invading creatures that used both the water and land would have to be hunted as he stalked the rabbit and the partridge. Early in the afternoon he slipped off into the bush, followed by Gray Wolf. He had often begun the stalking of a rabbit by moving away from it and he employed this wolf trick now with the beavers. Beyond the windfall he turned and began trotting up the creek, with the wind. For a quarter of a mile the

stream was deeper than it had ever been. One of their old fording places was completely submerged, and at last Kazan plunged in and swam across, leaving Gray Wolf to wait for him on the windfall side of the stream.

Alone he made his way quickly in the direction of the dam, traveling two hundred yards back from the creek. Twenty yards below the dam a dense thicket of alder and willow grew close to the creek and Kazan took advantage of this. He approached with a leap or two of the dam without being seen and crouched close to the ground, ready to spring forth when the opportunity came. Most of the beavers were now working in the water. The four or five still on shore were close to the water and some distance upstream. After a wait of several minutes Kazan was almost on the point of staking everything on a wild rush upon his enemies when a movement on the dam attracted his attention. Half-way out two or three beavers were at work strengthening the central structure with cement. Swift as a flash Kazan darted from his cover to the shelter behind the dam. Here the water was very shallow, the main portion of the stream finding a passage close to the opposite shore. Nowhere did it reach to his belly as he waded out. He was completely hidden in his favor. The beaver wind was in his favor. The little sound he made. Soon he heard the beaver workmen over him. The branches of the fallen birch gave him a footing, and he elambered up.

A moment later his head and shoulders appeared above the top of the dam. Scarce an arm's length away Broken Tooth was forcing into place a three-foot length of poplar as big around as a man's arm. He was busy that he did not hear see Kazan. Another beaver gave the warning as he plunged into the pond. Broken Tooth looked up, and his eyes met Kazan's bared fangs. There was no time to turn. He threw himself back, but it was a moment too late. Kazan was upon him. His long fangs sank deep into Broken Tooth's neck. But the old beaver had thrown himself enough back to make Kazan lose his footing. At the same moment his chisel like teeth got a firm hold of the loose skin at Kazan's throat. In those days he did not assault the beavers in their own lairs. He did what he could do with dynamite—made an embrasure through their dam, swiftly the water would fall, the surface ice would crash down, and the beaver houses would be left out of water. Then followed death for the beavers—starvation and cold. With the protecting water gone from about their houses, the drained pond a chaotic mass of broken ice, and the temperature forty or fifty degrees below zero, they would die within a few hours. For the beaver, with his thick coat of fat, can stand less cold than man. Through all the long winter the water about his home is as necessary to him as fire to a child.

But it was summer now and Broken Tooth and his colony had no very great fear of the otter. It would cost them some labor to repair the damage he did, but there was plenty of food and it was warm. For two days the otter frisked about the dam and the deep water of the pond. Kazan took him for a beaver, and tried vainly to stalk him. The otter regarded Kazan suspiciously and kept well out of his way. Neither knew that the other was an ally. Meanwhile the beavers continued their work with greater caution. The water in the pond had now risen to a point where the engineers had begun the construction of three lodges. On the third day the destructive instinct of the otter began its work. He began to examine the dam, close down to the foundation. It was not long before he found a weak spot to begin work on, and with his sharp teeth and small bullet like head he commenced drilling operations. Inch by inch he worked his way through the dam, burrowing and gnawing over and under the timbers, and always through the cement. The round hole he made was fully seven inches in diameter. In six hours he had cut it through the five foot base of the dam.

A torrent of water began to rush from the pond as if forced out by a hydraulic pump. Kazan and Gray Wolf were hiding in the willows on the south side of the pond when this happened. They heard the roar of the stream tearing through the embrasure and Kazan saw the otter crawl up to the top of the dam and shake himself like a huge water rat. Within thirty minutes the water in the pond had fal-

GRINNELL HAS A RIFLE CLUB NOW

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G. A. R. COMMANDER APPOINTS HIS AIDES

Des Moines, Nov. 16.—J. F. Merry, department commander of the G. A. R. of Iowa, announced the appointment of the following to his staff: William H. Easterly of Clinton, A. T. Wranthorax of Charles City, C. G. Crabtree of Waterloo, J. H. Stevens of Mason City, H. G. Porter of Rock Rapids, T. E. McCurdy of Hazelton, John B. Anderson of Winterset, W. S. Wallace of Independence, J. B. Curdy of Oskaage, Albert Cooper of Oskaage, Charles H. Rabbitt of Washington, D. C.

WOMEN TO UNITE IN DEFENSE MOVE

Washington, D. C., Nov. 16.—Efforts will be made by the newly organized women's section of the Navy League to enlist a million women members by January 1 to aid in the movement for national preparedness.

This was decided on at the first conference of the league which met after effecting permanent organization yesterday.

BLOOMFIELD.

Mrs. Fred Meier expects to start for Mitchell, S. D., in a few days to remain until some time in December. Mr. Meier is connected with the public schools at that place. In vacation times Mr. and Mrs. Meier and their two daughters will go to Texas where Mr. Meier is interested in large land interests.

When in Ottumwa eat at the Puritan, 108 South Market.

The annual Davis county teachers' institute opens in Bloomfield Thursday, November 18, in the public school.

John Hallet was born February 1, 1837, and died November 10, 1915, at his home in Drakeville, aged 78 years, 10 months and 10 days. He was married to Miss Marie Lacey in 1856 and had four children born to this union. Funeral services were conducted at the Monterey Christian church Friday, November 12, by Rev. G. E. Purdy, pastor of the Bloomfield Christian church. Interment was made in the Monterey cemetery.

FARMINGTON.

Mrs. W. O. Wood of New Sharon, who has been visiting her father James Mathias, returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. Ernest LaFevre and Mrs. E. M. Leroy of Hamilton, Ill., visited Wednesday with A. E. Leroy.

Mrs. Hootman and daughter Madeline of Stockport spent Friday with Clyde Hootman and family.

Mrs. Frank Crane was a recent Ottumwa visitor.

Mrs. Kate Flood is visiting her brother Will Lucas at Keokuk.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Jones and

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

Pop was in the setting room smooching last night, and so was I, only smooching, and I sed, Pop.
 Do I hear the voice of the perpetual interloctor, sed pop.
 Yes, sir, do you haw to wate till Noo Yeers to make good resoooloshins, I sed.
 By no means, sed pop, sum of the greatest resoooloshins in the worlds history were made in the middle of summer, wy, wats awn yure mind exsept here, are yu in any stretch of the imagination thinking of resolving to get up without being called morning more than 3 times in the morning.
 No sir, but I was thinking of 2 or 3 things I cood resolve, I sed.
 Well, far be it from me to refuse to help a good cause always, I heerby awffer wun sent for evry good resoooloshin that passes the bord of seneorship, composed of myself, sed pop.
 Do you meen youll give me a sent for evry good resoooloshin I make, I sed, and pop sed, Evvry wun, I repeat, that passes the bord of seneorship.
 Well, I sed, I resolve nevvir to let a beerd grow awn my face.
 Refused by the bord, sed pop.
 Wats the mattir with it, I sed, and pop sed, The bord is not compelled to anser questions or account for its ackshus in any way.
 I resolve nevvir to fite eny moar unles I sed, my own size or smaller, I sed.
 Refused by the bord, sed pop.
 AW, G, I sed, I resolve to take a cold bath evvry day.
 Ah, thats a regulir wun, sed pop.
 In summir, I sed.
 Refused by the bord, sed pop, fetherr applications not reeseved till the nex meeting of the bord. And he startid to read the papir and pritty soon I went out to see if eny of the fellows was erround.
 Thursday at the M. L. Reisel home. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Thompson of Dahlenega spent Sunday at the J. Lowenberg home.
 Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Cornwall and daughters Nora and Pearl spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. Hoffman in Fremont.
 E. Robertson and family and L. L. Smelser and family of Ottumwa spent Sunday at the Geo. Robertson home.
 Mr. and Mrs. J. Wycoff left Monday for their home in Atlantic, Ia., after a pleasant visit with his brother J. P. Wycoff and family.
 Mr. and Mrs. J. Lowenberg entertained a company of relatives and friends at their country home near Highland Center. About seventy-five guests were present. The evening was delightfully spent in dancing. The Highland Center orchestra furnished the music.
 Mr. and Mrs. M. Bowlin and Mr. and Mrs. F. Emery and Mrs. C. Deeds of Ottumwa attended the Robekah banquet here Tuesday evening.