

The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY DINK — IRA PROBABLY BOUGHT THE WAR BABIES IN WALL STREET, MRS. DINK

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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CHAPTER XXV (Continued)

"It's a fool job — tryin' to make friends with him," he said. Then he added, with a sudden interested gleam in his eyes, "When you startin'?"

"With first frost," replied McGill, "it ought to come soon. I'm going to join Sergeant Conroy and his party at Fond du Lac by the first of October."

"And you're going up to Fond du Lac — alone?" queried Sandy. "Why don't you take a man?"

The little professor laughed softly. "Why?" he asked. "I've been through the Athabasca waterways a dozen times, and know the trail as well as I know Broadway. Besides, I like to be alone. And the work isn't too hard with the currents all flowing to the north and east."

Sandy was looking at the Dane, with his back to McGill. An exultant gleam shot for an instant into his eyes.

"You're taking the dogs?"

"Yes."

Sandy lighted his pipe, and spoke like one strangely curious.

"Must cost a heap to take these trips o'yourn don't it?"

"My last cost about seven thousand dollars. This will cost five," said McGill.

"Gawd!" breathed Sandy. "An' you carry all that alone with you! Ain't you afraid — something might happen?"

The little professor was looking the other way now. The carelessness in his face and manner changed. His blue eyes grew a shade darker. A hard smile which Sandy did not see hovered about his lips for an instant. Then he turned, laughing.

"I'm a very light sleeper," he said. "A footstep at night arouses me. Even a man's breathing awakes me, when I make up my mind that I must be on my guard. And besides," he drew from his pocket a blue steeled Savage automatic — "I know how to use this."

He pointed to a knot in the wall of the cabin. "Observe," he said. Five times he fired at twenty paces, and when Sandy went up to look at the knot he gave a gasp. There was one jagged hole where the knot had been.

"Pretty good," he grinned. "Most men couldn't do better'n that with a rifle."

When Sandy left, McGill followed him with a suspicious gleam in his eyes, and a curious smile on his lips. Then he turned to Kazan.

"Guess you've got him figured out about right, old man," he laughed softly. "I don't blame you very much for wanting to get him by the throat. Perhaps—"

He shoved his hands deep in his pockets, and went into the cabin. Kazan dropped his head between his forepaws, and lay still, with wide open eyes. It was late afternoon, early in September, and each night brought now the first chill breaths of autumn. Kazan watched the last glow of the sun as it faded out of the southern skies. Darkness always followed swiftly after that, and with darkness came more fiercely his wild longing for freedom. Night after night he had gnawed at his steel chain. Night after night he had watched the stars and the moon and had listened for Gray Wolf's call while the big Dane lay sleeping. Tonight it was colder than usual, and the keen tang of the wind that came fresh from the west stirred him strangely. It set his blood afire with what the Indians call the Frost Hunger. Lethargic summer was gone and the days and nights of hunting were at hand. He wanted to leap out into freedom and run until he was exhausted, with Gray Wolf at his side. He knew that Gray Wolf was off there — where the stars hung low in the clear sky, and that she was waiting. He strained at the end of his chain, and whined. All that night he was restless — more restless than he had been at any time before. Once in the far distance, he heard a cry that he thought was the cry of Gray Wolf, and

shoulders, and the starlight revealed the murderous face of Sandy McTrigger. Kazan crouched low. He laid his head flat between his forepaws. His long fangs gleamed. But he made no sound that betrayed his concealment under a thick banksian shrub. Step by step Sandy approached, and at last he reached the flap of the tent. He did not carry a club or a whip in his hand now. In the place of either of those was the glitter of steel. At the door to the tent he paused, and peered in, his back to Kazan.

Silently, swiftly — the wolf now in every movement, Kazan came to his feet. He forgot the chain that held him. Ten feet away stood the enemy he hated above all others he had ever known. Every ounce of strength in his splendid body gathered itself for the spring. And then he leaped. This time the chain did not pull him back, almost neck broken. Age and the elements had weakened the leather collar he had worn since the days of his slavery in the traces, and it gave way with a snap. Sandy turned, and in a second leap Kazan's fangs sank into the flesh of his arm. With a startled cry the man fell, and as they rolled over on the ground the big Dane's deep voice rolled out in thunderous alarm as he tugged at his leash. In the fall Kazan's hold was broken. In an instant he was on his feet, ready for another attack. And then the change came. He was free. The collar was gone from his neck. The forest stars, the whispering wind were all about him. Here were men, and off there was — Gray Wolf! His ears drooped, and he turned swiftly, and slipped like a shadow back into the glorious freedom of his world.

A hundred yards away something stopped him for an instant. It was not the big Dane's voice, but the sharp crack — crack — crack of the little professor's automatic. And above that sound there rose the voice of Sandy McTrigger in a weird and terrible cry.

CHAPTER XXVI
An Empty World.

Five miles after mile Kazan went on. For a time he was oppressed by the shivering note of death that had come to him in Sandy McTrigger's cry, and he slipped through the banksians like a shadow, his ears flattened, his tail trailing, his hindquarters betraying the dog stealing away from danger, and he came out upon a plain, and the vault of the sky, and the keen air that carried with it a breath of the Arctic barrens made him alert and questioning. He faced the direction of the wind. Somewhere off there, far to the south and west was Gray Wolf. For the first time in many weeks he sat back on his haunches and gave the deep and vibrant call that he had heard in the distance. Back in the distance the big Dane heard it, and whined. From over the still body of Sandy McTrigger the little professor looked up with a white tense face and listened for a second cry. But instinct told Kazan that to that first call there would be no answer, and now he struck out swiftly, galloping mile after mile, as a dog follows the trail of its master home. He did not turn back to the lake, nor was his direction toward Red Gold City. As straight as he might have followed a road blazed by the forty miles of plain and swamp and forest and rocky ridge that lay between him and the McFarlane. All that night he did not call again for Gray Wolf. With him reasoning was a process brought about by habit — by precedent — and as Gray Wolf had waited for him many times before he knew that she would be waiting for him now near the sand bar.

By dawn he had reached the river, within three miles of the sand bar. Scarcely was the sun up when he stood on the white strip of sand where he and Gray Wolf had come down to drink. Expectantly and confidently he looked about him for Gray Wolf, whining softly and wagging his tail. He began to search for her scent, but rains had washed even her footprints from the clean sand. All that day he searched for her along the river and out on the plain. He went to where they had killed their last rabbit. He sniffed at the bushes where the poison halts had hung. Again and again he sat back on his haunches and sent out his mating cry to her. And slowly, as he did these things, nature was working in him that miracle of the wild which the Crees have named the "spirit call." As it had worked in Gray Wolf, so now it stirred the blood of Kazan. With the going of the sun, and the swamping about him of shadowy night, he turned more and more to the south and east. His whole world was

made up of the trails over which he had hunted. Beyond those places he did not know that there was such a thing as existence. And in that world small in his understanding of things, was Gray Wolf. He could not miss her. That world, in his comprehension of it, ran from the McFarlane in a narrow trail through the forests and over the plains to the little valley from which the beavers had driven them. If Gray Wolf was not here — she was there, and tirelessly he resumed his quest of her.

Not until the stars were fading out of the sky again, and gray dawn was giving place to night, did exhaustion and hunger stop him. He killed a rabbit, and for hours after he had feasted he lay close to his kill and slept. Then he went on.

The fourth night he came to the little valley between the two ridges, and under the stars, more brilliant now in the chill clearness of the early autumn nights, he followed the creek down into their old swamp home. It was broad day when he reached the edge of the great beaver pond that now completely surrounded the windfall under which Gray Wolf's second born had come into the world. Broken Tooth and the other beavers had wrought a big change in what had once been his home and Gray Wolf's and for many minutes Kazan stood silent and motionless at the edge of the pond, sniffing the air heavy with the unpleasant odor of the usurpers. Until now his spirit had remained unbroken. Footsore, with thinned sides and gaunt head, he circled slowly through the swamp. All that he had searched, and he sniffed at the water, and there was a hunted look in the droop of his shoulders and in the shifting look of his eyes. Gray Wolf was gone.

Slowly nature was impinging that fact upon him. She had passed out of his world and out of his life, and he was filled with a loneliness and a grief so great that the forest seemed strange and the stillness of the wild a thing that now oppressed and frightened him. Once more the dog in him was muzzling the world. With Gray Wolf he had possessed the world of freedom. Without her, that world was so big and strange and empty that it appalled him. Late in the afternoon he came upon a little pile of crushed clamshells on the shore of the stream. He sniffed at them — turned away — went back, and sniffed again. It was where Gray Wolf had made a last feast in the swamp before continuing south. But the scent she had left behind was not strong enough to let behind with for a second time he turned away. That night he slunk under a log, and cried himself to sleep. Deep in the night he grieved in his uneasy slumber, like a child. And day after day, and night after night, Kazan remained a slinking creature of the big swamp, mourning for the one creature that had brought him out of chaos into light, who had filled his world for him, and who in going to her, had taken with her the world of things that Gray Wolf had lost in her blindness.

(To be continued.)

sturdily, "if she hasn't got any place to board, we'd like mighty well to accommodate her, Cap."

Rita lifted her pretty eyebrows and just looked as provoking as she could. The Walters' ranch was the largest on the mountain, and they had a good house in the little town besides. But she had been at school for four years down at Laramie, and Len had never gone beyond the course he had right there at Kapper's Spur. It had been part of the fun of coming home summers to tease him and show him the decided difference between a person who has studied at Laramie and one who has spent the best years of his teens herding cattle.

Miss Baxter was to arrive on a Saturday, and just for nonsense Rita went to the station to meet her. Len was lower, too. There had been some correspondence, and it was settled the teacher was to live at the Walters' house. But Rita was mighty sweet to the stranger when she stepped from the westbound train, clad in brown, with a white felt hat on her soft blonde hair. And she took her away from Len with a laugh. It was right that the chairman of the committee should meet her first. She would take her home to supper, and take her to Mrs. Walters' later. Len stood and watched them pass down the street from the station, thoroughly nonplussed and resentful.

"You're awful tame, Len," said Scotty, the bus driver, sympathetically. "Let that girl of Cap's walk right over you, don't you?"

But Len was not thinking of the captain's girl. Just for a minute he had looked into Sidney's eyes and they had been diverting. In the weeks that he knew they never lost that first charm for him. Twice a week he rode in from the ranch, and Sidney grew to look for the visits.

"You know," he told her in a burst of boyish confidence one day when they were riding together, "I never met a girl just like you. You don't flirt and you don't say a lot of fool things just to worry a fellow, and you're interested in things — like range rights and forestry and so on."

"My father was a ranger," Sidney told him. "I'm named for him. I was born in the forest, so I guess it's natural for me to feel at home there and love it best. The only why I wanted to come up here and teach school. After he died we went back east to live, and there I saw the ad for a teacher 'way out here, and I answered it more for fun, but I came."

"You've got to stay?" he blurted it out clumsily, but she did not seem to understand what lay behind his words. How could she know that he pictured her living out at the ranch, his wife, and all the world turned golden. Sidney shook her head doubtfully. Perhaps, if she could go back east sometimes. Rita had told her how tiresome Kapper's Spur became. If her brother could come out and take up ranching, that would be all right.

"Send for him, I'll take him on with me," promised Len.

And the next few weeks Kapper's Spur thrilled at the small drama enacted under the very nose of Big Al Baxter, fresh from college, with a half-back record behind him, a sense of humor and plenty of good intentions, not only came on and went after ranching as if it had been trout fishing, but also after Rita Henry.

"The trouble with you western girls is that you're trying to be like eastern girls," he told her flatly. "Why don't you drop these latest style flubbubs and get into a short skirt and flannel sweater, and let me see you with Sid? After we're married, some day, I'm going to teach you how to enjoy life."

"I wouldn't marry you for anything, Mr. Baxter, Rita told him teasingly.

"Well, maybe," said Al easily. "Did you know Len and Sid are engaged?"

"Really?"

"Certain sure." He nodded his head solemnly. "Last night, this big moon of yours does wonders. Big Al Baxter, fresh from going as soon as I came west, so I rather hurried them up. Told Sid she'd have to go back with me; that I didn't like the place, or Len or the ranch. If you want a girl to go a certain way, you pull the bride opposite."

Rita's brown eyes flashed at the big, complacent fellow. He was so serenely sure of himself and his power to win. It was fearfully slow at the spur. Somehow Rita Henry began to find interest in teaching the easterner western ways. She was hospitable to him and comradely. The captain liked him, and Rita invited him to the house often. Rita would not be married until spring.

"Then I'll be going back east," said Al. "I came west to please Sid. It's a fearful worry, this having one small brother on your mind."

"It takes courage and pluck to be a rancher," Rita told him, with a little half smile. "You're a quitter, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not, little girl. It takes more courage and pluck to buck the game of life in the cities against big odds, and I prefer the larger range. This is bully for Len, and Sid like it, too. You and Cap and the Spur is the jumping off place of endeavor and opportunity. But I'm going back."

"When?" she almost whispered it. Her back was turned from him. Not for

BEAUTY CHATS

Ease And Grace

RECENTLY, one of our large monthly magazines printed a story on the growth of the "athletic idea" for women, tracing the gradual steps by which the ma-



This is the first position to a simple, beneficial exercise

as impossible as though their wear were hooped and laced to the mode of that time.

The tendency since then, they tell us, has been to give the average girl, to give her muscle and power to the detriment of grace. This may or may not be personally, we prefer a girl who is a bit awkward, if she glows with health and vitality, to a more delicate if more graceful creature.

Few women to-day can give enough time to physical culture to over-develop their muscles, so, as far as the average goes, there is little cause to worry about. But this simple exercise, practiced daily, will help a bit to limber up the muscles and to acquire a graceful pose.

Stand with the hands back of the head, and stretch as hard as you can — as you would if you were sleepy and wanted to yawn. Raise the arms then over the head, thrust them back as far as you can, bring them forward and then drop them. Then, bend the knees, raising on the toes at the same time, till you are in a crouched position, then suddenly spring erect. Repeat this several times.

This gives full play to several important muscles in the body, giving you better control over them and consequent ease of position or posture.

Questions and Answers

I have tried several well-recommended tonics without success, and though I am not ill, I feel as though I needed something each day to invigorate me. Will you tell me of something?—Delicate.

Reply—Why not try a daily hot salt bath? This is a wonderfully invigorating tonic, and far better than filling your system with drugs. Put a large handful of sea salt—which you can purchase for one cent for a good sized bag—into your bath water, and follow this with a dash of cold water.

How can I overcome self-consciousness in my six-year-old daughter?—A Mother.

Reply—Praise her, instead of nagging at her; seem not to notice her when there are guests present, if she appears overly bashful. No one approves of a precocious child, but it is better for a small girl to be a little self-opinionated than to act like an abused animal before company.

turing girls were led from the Lydia Langush state to the present-day fully-developed, healthy woman. Physical exercises at first consisted of dumb-bells and Indian clubs, practiced without or with light stays, in gymnasium dresses that were the very soul of modesty. They had skirts quite to the ankle and very voluminous, making active exercise

worlds would she have let him see her eyes, filled with tears, after she had laughed at him and been so self-sufficient.

"Any day after the first wind of spring blows this way," he looked at her sideways as he sat on the side of the porch. The first tang of winter was in the air. It was nearly 9, and a dull orange glow showed along the edge of the timber where the harvest moon was rising. "Still, it's some time to wait until spring. I can't help looking forward though. I'm going to be married in April long about the 10th; that's my birthday."

direct the ride, which is the first to be made by militia officers under conditions prescribed for regular army officers. They plan to cover 120 miles during the trip.

The ride today took the officers toward Waukegan, Ill. The weather was clear and warm for the start of the trip.

AERO SQUADRON IS DELAYED FOR DAY

Austin, Texas, Nov. 25.—With the prospect of clear weather, the first aero squadron United States army expected early today to complete its record making overland flight from Fort Sill, Okla., to San Antonio, Tex., before noon. The journey would have been completed yesterday but after start was delayed from morning until afternoon on account of mist and then by highwind, the last leg of the journey finally was postponed until today. Plant managers are aiming to keep their operations at six days a week, but many owners continue to report regularly for duty. Two hundred owners were added to the active list this week.

PRODUCERS OF COKE ARE INEFFICIENT

Connellsville, Pa., Nov. 25.—Reports from the coke region show that while 31,700 ovens are in operation with a rated capacity of 460,000 tons per week, production was only 433,000 tons. This, the operators say, was due to the insufficiency and inefficiency of labor. Plant managers are aiming to keep their operations at six days a week, but many owners continue to report regularly for duty. Two hundred owners were added to the active list this week.

VILLA MEN RETREAT

Nogales, Ariz., Nov. 25.—With Caranza forces under Gen. Alvaro Obregon reported to be driving ahead of them the retreating Villa in army of Gen. Jose Rodriguez, which is falling back upon Nogales, Sonora, just across the line, a battle is believed to be near at hand to

Evening Story

THE CAPTAIN'S GIRL.
By ISOLA FOREESTER
(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Kapper's Spur lies on the west side of Mount Lawrence, over the Wyoming state line. And the very center of Kapper's Spur, from a social as well as a civic standpoint, was its town hall and schoolhouse.

Early in August Cap Henry began casting about for a teacher. Cap was chairman of the school committee, local justice, undertaker and hotel keeper, so his word carried authority.

"Out of the whole lot," he announced, waving his hands disdainfully over the heap of answers, "I've picked Rita Henry. She's just the girl that talks real turkey, and I'm going to send for her. Name's Sidney Baxter. Good sort of name, too."

"Where's she from?" inquired Mrs. Henry. "I suppose she'll want to board with us."

"No, she won't. She's got a good shack already for her, and a new stove in it, too. Writes a good hand and talks like she knew 'smeching'."

"Let me see, pa, please," Rita Henry begged. "It'll seem awfully good to have a girl chum up here. I hope she's nice."

"Might have taught school yourself if you'd been a mind to, Rita."

"I don't care to teach school, pa, not on Kapper's Spur," laughed Rita mischievously. "Is Len going to take book-keeping from the new teacher?"

Len Walters, waiting for the judge to sign some papers on a transfer of stock, flashed at her tone.

"I will if I have time," he retorted

CAVALRY OFFICERS OF PRACTICE RIDE

Chicago, Nov. 25.—Fifty cavalry officers of the national guard of Wisconsin, Missouri and Illinois left here today on a four day test ride under the supervision of the war department.

Major McNamee of the Fifth United States cavalry, inspection officer for this national guard division, will