KAZAN

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

DOES A DOG REASON?

Who can say whether or not a dog thinks? Cold scientists may say that a dog's thinking processes are merely the operation of instinct. Those of us who have now or have had in youth one or more dogs in the close circle of our friendship will be apt to say that an intelligent dog can be considered really intellectual—that he reasons things out for himself and quite as often follows the course of reason as the average fool man or woman! But what we started out to say was this: That "Kazan" is one of the best animal stories that has been written in many years; ranking with "Rab and His Friends," by Dr. John Watson, and old, old "Black Beauty." It has no element of obvious humor, but devotion, courage, sacrifice, resignation, love and pathos are woven into the tale with utmost skill. James Oliver Curwood is to be congratulated for his authorship of this story, and we feel that we can congratulate ourselves in the possession of it for serial use.

THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

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The Miracle.

Kazan lay mute and motionless, his gray nose between his forepaws, his eyes half closed. Yet every drop of the wild blood in his splendid body was racing in a ferment of excitement, every nerve and fiber of his wonderful muscles was tense as steel wire. Quarter-strain wolf, three-quarters "husky," he had lived the four years of his life in the wilderness. He had felt the pangs of starvation. He knew what it meant to freeze. He had listened to the wailing winds of the long Arctic night over the barrens. His throat and sides were scarred by battle, and his eyes were red with the blister of the snows. He was called Kazan, the Wild Dog, because he was a giant among his kind and as fearless, even, as the men who drove him through the perils of a frozen world.

He had never known fear—until now. He had never felt in him before the desire to run—not even on that terrible day in the forest when he had fought and killed the big gray lynx. It was his first glimpse of civilization. He wished that his master would come back into the strange room where he had left him. It was a room filled with hideous things. There were great human faces on the wall, but they did not move or speak, but stared at him in a way he had never seen people look before.

Suddenly Kazan lifted his ears a little. He heard steps, then low voices. One of them was his master's voice. But the other—it sent a little tremor through him! Once, so long ago that it must have been in his puppyhood days, he seemed to have had a dream of a laugh that was like the girl's laugh—a laugh that was all at once filled with a wonderful happiness, the thrill of a wonderful love, and a sweetness that made Kazan lift his head as they came in. He looked straight at them, his red eyes gleaming. At once he knew that she must be dear to his master, for his master's arm was about her. In the glow of the light he saw that her hair was very bright, and that there was the color of the crimson bakneesh vine in her face and the blue of the bakneesh flower in her shining eyes. Suddenly she saw him, and with a little cry darted toward him.

"Stop!" shouted the man. "He's dangerous! Kazan—"

She was on her knees beside him, all fluffy and sweet and beautiful, her eyes shining wonderfully. He saw the man running forward, pale as death. Then her hand fell upon his head, and the touch sent a thrill through him that quivered in every nerve of his body. With both hands she turned up his head. Her face was very close, and he heard her say, almost sobbingly:

"And you are Kazan—dear old Kazan, my Kazan, my hero dog—who brought him home to me when all the others had died! My Kazan—my hero!"

And then, miracle of miracles, her face was crushed down against him, and he felt her sweet, warm touch.

In those moments Kazan did not move. He scarcely breathed. It seemed a long time before the girl lifted her face from him. And when she did, there were tears in her blue eyes, and the man was standing above them, his hands gripped tight, his jaws set.

"I never knew him to let anyone touch him—with their naked hand," he said in a tense, wondering voice. "Move back quickly, Isobel. Good heaven—look at that!"

Kazan whined softly, his bloodshot eyes on the girl's face. He wanted to feel her hand again; he wanted to touch her face. Would they beat him with a club, he wondered, if he dared! He meant no harm now. He would kill for her. He cringed toward her, inch by inch, his eyes never faltering. He heard what the man said—"Good heaven! Look at that!"—and he shuddered. But no blow fell to drive him back. His cold muzzle touched her filmy dress, and she looked at him, without moving, her wet eyes blazing like stars.

"See!" she whispered. "See!"

Now his muzzle traveled slowly upward—over her foot, to her lap, and at last touched the warm little hand that lay there. His eyes were still on her face; he saw a queer throbbing in her bare white throat, and then a trembling of her lips as she looked up at the man with a wonderful look. He, too, knelt down beside them, and put his arm about the girl again, and patted the dog on his head. Kazan did not like the man's touch. He mistrusted it, as nature had taught him to mistrust the touch of all men's hands, but he permitted it because he saw that it in some way pleased the girl.

"Kazan, old boy, you wouldn't hurt her, would you?" said his master softly. "We both love her, don't we, boy? Can't help it, can we? And she's ours, Kazan, all ours! She belongs to you and to me, and we're going to take care of her all our lives, and if we ever have to, we'll fight for her like h—l—won't we? Eh, Kazan, old boy?"

For a long time after they left him where he was lying on the rug, Kazan's eyes did not leave the girl. After a time his master said something, and with a little laugh the girl jumped up and ran to a big, square, shining thing that stood crosswise in a corner, and which had a row of white teeth longer than his own body. He had wondered what those teeth were for. The girl's fingers touched them now, and all the whispering of winds that he had ever heard, all the music of the waterfalls and the rapids and the trilling of birds in springtime, could not equal the sounds they made. It was his first music. Slowly he began slinking toward the girl. He felt the eyes of the man upon him, and stopped. Then a little more—inches at a time, with his throat and jaw straight out along the floor! He was half-way to her—half-way across the room—when the wonderful sounds grew very soft and very low.

"Go on!" he heard the man urge in a low, quick voice. "Go on! Don't stop!"

The girl turned her head, saw Kazan cringing there on the floor, and continued to play. The man was still looking, but his eyes could not keep Kazan back now. He went nearer, still nearer, until at last his outreaching muzzle touched her dress where it lay piled on the floor. And then—he lay trembling, for she had begun to sing. He had heard a Cree woman crooning in front of her tepee; he had heard the wild chant of the caribou song—but he had never heard anything like this wonderful sweetness that fell from the lips of the girl. He forgot his master's presence now. Quietly, cringingly, so that she would not know, he lifted his head. He saw her looking at him; there was something in her wonderful eyes that gave him confidence, and he laid his head in her lap. For the second time he felt the touch of a woman's hand, and he closed his eyes with a long, sighing breath. The music stopped. There came a little fluttering sound above him, like a laugh and a sob in one. He heard his master cough.

"I've always loved the old rascal—but I never thought he'd do that," he said; and his voice sounded queer to Kazan.

CHAPTER II.

Into the North.

Wonderful days followed for Kazan. He missed the forests and deep snows. He missed the daily strife of keeping his teammates in trace, the yapping at his heels, the straight, long pull over the open spaces and the barrens. He missed the "Koosh—koosh—Hooyah!" of the driver, the spiteful snap of his twenty-foot caribou-gut whip, and that yelping and straining behind him that told him he had his followers in line. But something had come to take the place of that which he missed. It was in the room, in the air all about him, even when the girl or his master was not near. Wherever she had been, he found the presence of that strange thing that took away his loneliness. It was the woman scent, and sometimes it made him whine softly when the girl herself was actually with him. He was not lonely, nights, when he should have been out howling at the stars. He was not lonely, because one night he prowled about until he found a certain door, and when the girl opened that door in the morning she found him curled up tight against it. She had reached down and hugged him, the thick smother of her long hair falling all over him in a delightful perfume; thereafter she placed a rug before the door for him to sleep on. All through the long nights he knew that she was just beyond the door, and he was content. Each day he thought less and less of the wild places and more of her.

Then there came the beginning of the change. There was a strange hurry and excitement around him, and the girl paid less attention to him. He grew uneasy. He sniffed the change in the air, and he began to study his master's face. Then there came the morning, very early, when the babiche collar and the iron chain were fastened to him again. Not until he had followed his master out through the door and into the street did he begin to understand. They were sending him away! He sat suddenly back on his haunches and refused to budge.

"Come, Kazan," coaxed the man. "Come on, boy."

He hung back and showed his white fangs. He expected the lash of a whip or the blow of a club, but neither came. His master laughed and took him back

It Was His First Music.

to the house. When they left it again, the girl was with them and walked with her hand touching his head. It was she who persuaded him to leap up through a big, dark hole into the still darker interior of a car, and it was she who lured him to the darkest corner of all, where his master fastened his chain. Then they went out, laughing like two children. For hours after that Kazan lay still and tense, listening to the queer rumble of wheels under him. Several times those wheels stopped, and he heard voices outside. At last he was sure that he heard a familiar voice, and he strained at his chain and whined. The closed door slid back. A man with a lantern climbed in, followed by his master. He paid no attention to them, but glared out through the opening into the gloom of night. He almost broke loose when he leaped down upon the white snow, but when he saw no one there, he stood rigid, sniffing the air. Over him were the stars he had howled at all his life, and about him were the forests, black and silent, shutting them in like a wall. Vainly he sought for that one scent that was missing, and Thorpe heard the low note of grief in his shaggy throat. He took the lantern and held it above his head, at the same time loosening his hold on the leash. At that signal there came a voice out of the night. It came from behind them, and Kazan whirled so suddenly that the loosely held chain slipped from the man's hand. He saw the glow of other lanterns. And then, once more, the voice—

"Kaa-an-zan!"

He was off like a bolt. Thorpe laughed to himself as he followed.

"The old pirate!" he chuckled.

When he came to the lantern-lighted space back of the caboose, Thorpe found Kazan crouching down at a woman's feet. It was Thorpe's wife. She smiled triumphantly at him as he came up out of the gloom.

"You've won!" he laughed, not unhappily. "I'd have wagered my last dollar he wouldn't do that for any voice on earth. You've won! Kazan, you brute, I've lost you!"

His face suddenly sobered as Isobel stopped to pick up the end of the chain.

"He's yours, Issy," he added quickly, "but you must let me care for him until—we know. Give me the chain. I won't trust him even now. He's a wolf. I've seen him take an Indian's hand off at a single snap. I've seen him tear out another dog's jugular in one leap. He's an outlaw—a bad dog—in spite of the fact that he hung to me like a hero and brought me out alive. I can't trust him. Give me the chain—"

He did not finish. With the snarl of a wild beast, Kazan had leaped to his feet. His lips drew up and bared his long fangs. His spine stiffened, and with a sudden cry of warning, Thorpe dropped a hand to the revolver at his belt.

Kazan has good reason to hate McCready—so have the others. This dog's vision penetrates deeper than mere eyesight, and he does his best to warn his friends.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GIVE EXHIBITION OF LOYALTY

West Indian Possessions of Britain and France Have Sent Their Sons to the War.

None of these lands of the Lesser Antilles has prospered quite as much as Cuba, Porto Rico and Panama during the last 15 years, owing to the peculiar relations of these three countries to the United States. But they have prospered far more, they have infinitely better and juster governments, than most of the revolution-ridden "republics" that face on the Caribbean and the Mexican gulf; from the standpoint of life, liberty and property, they are beyond comparison better living places for rich men and especially for poor men.

They reflect honor on the nations to which they belong; the public servants are upright, fearless and efficient. The English colonies regard England, and the French colonies France, with devoted loyalty—a loyalty which in each case has been well earned by the mother country. Everywhere we found that the young white men had thronged to the support of the mother country in the war—almost every family we met had kinsmen at the front.

Even more striking was the genuine loyalty of the colored men and black men to the flags under which they had found justice. Thousands had volunteered from the British colonies. Martinique and Guadeloupe were under conscription, like France; and these two islands, with less than half a million population, had sent 15,000 soldiers across the seas.—Theodore Roosevelt in Scribner's Magazine.

Croesus.

Croesus was an ancient king of Lydia, a country in Asia, who lived about 500 B. C. No estimate ever was made of his wealth, but as he had great opportunities to accumulate, it probably was large. He seems to have been a purse-proud man and a braggart, for history relates that when Solon, the great Athenian lawgiver, visited him, Croesus made an ostentatious display of his treasures and pressed Solon to acknowledge him as the happiest of mortals. But the story goes that the wise old Athenian answered: "Count no man happy before his death," a saying which has passed into a modern proverb. Many years afterward, when Croesus was defeated in one of his long wars and was taken prisoner and was about to be burned alive, he recalled Solon's prophetic remark and saved his own life by telling the story of Solon's visit. His captors were so impressed by the story and the spectacle of his broken fortunes that they released Croesus, but he never had a chance to boast of his wealth again.

Potatoes Best Cooked in Skins.

Approximately 20 per cent of each potato pared by ordinary household methods is lost in the process. The loss includes much and sometimes all of the portion of the tuber containing important soluble salts. Potatoes that are boiled and baked in their skins lose practically none of their food value.

Cumulative Responsibilities.

"What do you think an extra session would accomplish?"

"Probably," answered Senator Sorghum, "it will dig up material for more extra sessions."—Washington Star.

She Had Had Experience of Him.

He—"My motto is, 'Always think before you speak.'" She—"You must find it very hard to carry on an animated conversation."

HIS WIFE DECIDES

American Woman Wants Hubby to Be Equal to Other Men.

Decrees When She Marries That Her Life-Partner Must Not Be Outshone by Mates of the Women She Knew.

The lawyer stopped at the small downtown fruit store to give an order for the oranges upon which he fed at humid noon, says the New York Sun.

"I've moved to the Blank building," he told the proprietor. "Got settled yesterday."

"What floor?" asked the fruit merchant.

"The fifth," said the lawyer. "Rooms 516 to 522."

"Better use 518 for yourself," said the fruit man. "It's cooler in summer and brighter in winter."

So! Perhaps Mr. Oppenheim was not far off in his game of the thoroughness of spy systems. But the lawyer asked rather baldly: "How do you know that?"

"I shined shoes in the Blank building for six years," said the trader in oranges. "My best years."

"Meaning of course," said the lawyer, "that you were young."

"Meaning that I made more money with less work," said the fruit dealer. "Thirty or forty dollars a week. No rent, no expense except a few pennies for blacking. Blacking doesn't spoil and fruit does. Now everything is expense. I pay rent for this little store and rent for my house in Brooklyn; rent for the place where we keep our motor truck in Manhattan and rent for the garage near the house where I keep the little car I take the family out in on Sundays. My partner wanted to make the fruit business a corporation, to be stylish, so we pay a stock tax to the state and a corporation tax to the government, whether we make money or not. And there are two automobile license taxes, and over home I have a water tax and a dog tax. My life insurance costs me over $100 a year."

The lawyer nodded sympathetically, but did not denounce the multiplicity of taxes. His own income was fattened by the complexity of revenue-producing methods.

"It would be simpler," he suggested, "to have continued shining shoes."

"I got married," said the fruit merchant, as if that were a complete answer.

"In a democracy," said the lawyer, not comprehending, "man has the happiness, no matter what his means of honest income may be, of being equal to other men. For instance, there's Angelo, the bootblack at the corner. He's happy and glad to have a prosperous stand."

"Angelo isn't married," said the fruit man.

"What has that to do with it?" asked the lawyer.

"Everything," said the fruit man. "In America every man has the same right as another, which is to try to make himself the equal of the other men that he is supposed to make himself equal to. That is why I must take risks and pay a lot of expenses and not go back to shining shoes."

"And who decides," asked the lawyer, "what manner of man a man shall make himself equal to?"

"His wife decides," was the answer. "He must be equal to the husbands of the women she knows."

Upon this the lawyer went away, knowing that there was no evidence in rebuttal. On arriving at his new offices he found, indeed, that room 518 faced the south.

The Point of View.

Your neighbor may have two faults to your one, but your one may seem to him more objectionable than all his put together.

A Martyr.

"Pop, what is a martyr?" spoke William, who had kept still just as long as he possibly could for one evening.

"A martyr, son," said pop, "is any woman who has to wear a hat that didn't cost a little more than the last one she had."

Had It All the Time.

"Willie, did you give Johnny Smith a black eye?"

"No, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir. He always had the eye. I just blacked it for him."

Respective Roles.

"What is the old man's occupation who came here the other day with his son?"

"He's a tiller of the soil."

"And what is his son's?"

"He's a spoiler of the till."

Find Use for Cuban Plant.

After long experimenting a way has been found to utilize the coarser textiles of the fiber of the Cuban malva plant, of which there are eleven varieties.