

CHAFFEE

ROARING HORSE

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

"In town. He's to be judge of the rodeo to-morrow. Went early to arrange things. That's what he said, but I know Satterlee. You'll probly find him in the Gusher playin' poker."

"Ain't you afraid of him gamblin' like that? drawled Jim, smiling again."

"Why should I be? parried Miz Satterlee. "He always wins."

Chaffee gathered the reins. "Imagine me forgettin' it's rodeo time. I'm the original old man from the hills. I reckon I'll have to introduce myself all over again. So long, Miz Satterlee."

The mistress of the Stirrup S watched him canter through the yard, her bright eyes raised against the sun. And she sighed. "Chaffee don't know how good lookin' he is," she opined to herself. "Well, it's nice to be humble about yourself, but it ain't nice to be downright dumb about it. They'll be some girls sprucin' up their caps from now on, I vow."

The rodeo in Roaring Horse town explained the empty Stirrup S yard. Everybody would be crowding the county seat, primed for the morrow's excitement. Jim Chaffee grew eager to be among old friends again as he paced down the broad and hard-beaten trail. Left and right lay the leagues of Stirrup S range. In the foreground browsed a scattering of Dad Satterlee's white-faced cows—feeder stuff drawn in to weather the winter. The trail was the same, all down its winding length; far off was the outline of Melotte's Circle Open A home quarters; the twin pines still guarded the bridge by Chickman's creek; Roaring Horse town threatened the southern reaches, sharp building points breaking the sky. And about three of the afternoon he entered the place, stabled his horse, and set forth toward the bank to wind up the last sorry details of his bankrupt homestead; and feeling a great like Rip Van Winkle coming back to a different world.

He had called himself a stranger. Yet twenty times or more in the short interval between bank and stable he was called by his name and stopped to swap gossip. He was struck resoundingly on the back; he was hauled about and threatened with violence if he refused to enter and tip up a convivial glass; he was called those sort of names that are not carelessly passed around except among fine friends. The gravity left his lean face, and a sparkle invaded his deep eyes. Down by the Gusher's front he bumped into a solid delegation of Stirrup S hands, all old-time cronies, and they closed about him hilariously. One shrill, united yip split the street.

"Hi—look at this lean slab o' bacon!"

"Don't talk to the damn' nester. It's him what's been butcherin' our beef!"

"How could a man eat fat Stirrup S beef and still be so peaked around the gills?"

"Well, mebbe he's been eatin' mutton, then."

Jim Chaffee built himself a cigaret and grinned at the pack. "Boys," said he when a lull arrived, "take the advice of one that's a-father to you all. Never stray far from a steady pay check. Honor your parents, cherish the little red schoolhouse, speak respectfully of all our great institutions—and don't try to run a jack-rabbit ranch like me."

"Feel poor?" demanded one of the party.

"No, I'm too numb to feel poor," drawled Jim. "I'm froze

out. I'll be back toppin' horses for the outfit when I get rested up. Where's Mack Moran?"

"Somewhere lookin' for a scrap. You know Mack. He's been a-mournin' yore absence, Jim. Yuh know how he mourns, don't yuh? It makes him so weak he's got to have a brass rail to rest his foot on and a bar to lean his elbows against."

"He'll mourn my presence," said Jim, grinning with anticipation.

"Goin' to ride in the rodeo, Jim?"

"Forgot how."

A terrific clamor met this. Then a woman's voice, clear and musical and slightly amused, said: "If you please, gentlemen." Stirrup S, to a man, moved convulsively off the sidewalk. Jim Chaffee, wedged in the center of the group, looked over the shoulder of a friend to see a vision passing by. Her face was half hidden under a gay and wide-brimmed hat of the period; but her hazel eyes met him for a moment with a kind of curiosity in them, seeming to ask him: "What kind of a man are you that all these punchers should make so much noise about you?" The next moment she was gone, and he saw the flash of her dress down by the entrance of the hotel. Something happened then and there to Jim Chaffee. He muttered, "I've got to go, boys. Let me out of this stampede."

"Theodorik Perrine's in town, Jim. He's ridin' to-morrow."

They had all been rollicking and easy humored. Now they were very sober, watching Chaffee with the close inspection that a friend is alone able to give another friend. Jim Chaffee's attention centered on the speaker. His lids drooped. "That's interestin'. Maybe I will ride. Now I've got to hustle off to the bank. See you later."

He shouldered through and walked past the hotel. The girl was at that moment climbing the lobby stairs. One quick sidewise glance told him that. Going on, he entered the bank and tried to maintain a cheerfulness of countenance he was by no means feeling. Mark Eagle, the teller, raised a full-blooded Umatilla Indian face to Jim and spoke pleasantly. "Hello, Jim. I saw Mack Moran two-three minutes ago on the street. He was wondering if you'd come in."

"I'd better find him before he tears something apart," replied Jim Chaffee. "You're puttin' on fat, Mark. Better take some time out hunting. Craib in his office?"

Mark Eagle ducked his round cheeks. Chaffee walked to a far door and opened it without knocking. Josiah Craib sat stooped over a plain pine desk, his finger trailing along a small map; he looked up with the air of a man about to speak disapproval. But that changed when he saw his visitor. Jim said, "Hello, Craib, I'm surrenderin' the last legal relic 'o my ranch. Here's your key and God bless you. I'm busted."

Craib's bald and bony head glistened under a patch of light slanting through a high side window. "Shut the door, Jim. I'm sorry, Sit down."

"Why be sorry?" countered Jim, throwing the key on Craib's desk. "A banker can't afford to be sorry, can he?"

"I would like to give you another year—" began Craib. But Jim Chaffee broke bluntly into the other's talk.

"I'd be just as poor next year as this one. It takes three seasons to get a herd started. I banked on that. I lost. It

would take me another three to get back where I began. I can't do it. There's another tough winter hidin' up behind the peaks."

Craib seemed a clumsy figure for his profession. His lank legs were too high for the space beneath the table; his spare chest towered above it. Everything about him was bony—fists and cheeks and nose. He owned a narrow, overlong face, across which the skin lay tight, holding his features in a kind of cast. And because of this physical peculiarity he was an enigma in Roaring Horse county after twenty years' residence. Sometimes, as he strode along the street with his chin tucked against his chest and his clothes flapping on the awkward frame, it appeared as if he was a man smothered beneath solemn thoughts. From season to season there was not a shade of variance in the set expression; he talked very little, he had no friends and no family. The country made up strange and contradictory stories about him—he was as hard as flint, he was just; he was fabulously rich, he was poor and on the verge of bankruptcy; he was credited with a scheming, brilliant brain that lusted after power in the county, and at the same breath people spoke of him as nothing more than a dull and plodding man who never rose above the pettiness of penny shaving. Nobody fathomed him, and now as he faced Jim Chaffee there was nothing on his parchment face that indicated what he felt about the former's misfortune.

"I would like to give you another year," he repeated, as if not hearing Jim. "But unfortunately I am not in a position to do so. This has been a bad season. I cannot afford to hold paper. I've got to take yours over Jim and realize on it."

"May the Lord have mercy on you," drawled Jim. "I don't know how you'll get anything out of it. There she lies, idle and profitless."

"I have a man who is buying it," said Craib in the selfsame, even, expressionless tone.

That stirred Jim's curiosity. "Now who's foolish?"

"I'm bound not to say," replied Craib.

Jim got up, smiling. "The man must be ashamed of his lack 'o discretion. All right, Craib. Sorry I've been a poor customer. But I'll be tryin' again somewhere and sometime. After I get a rest." He opened the door and looked out, wistfulness clouding his eyes. "By George, I hate to lose that little place. Won't ever find another like it."

Craib rose, knocking back the chair by the force of his unwieldy legs. "Can't loan you any of the bank's money, Jim," he said, "but if a personal loan of a hundred dollars will help any I'll be glad to let you have it. No note, no security."

It was so unusual a proposal, coming from Craib, that Jim Chaffee was plainly astonished. "Well, that's handsome of you, Craib. Maybe I'll take the offer. Let you know later."

"All right," grunted Craib, busy again with his map.

Jim left the office, nodding at Mark Eagle. The teller's eyes followed the rangy cow-puncher all the way to the street. And long after, Mark Eagle tapped his counter with an idle pen, squinting at some remote vision.

Within twenty paces Jim Chaffee confronted three entirely dissimilar gentlemen whom he knew very well. Mack Moran, Dad Satterlee, and William Wells Woolfridge, who owned an outfit adjoining Satterlee, broke through the crowd. Mack Moran threw a hand over his face at sight of Jim and appeared to stagger from the shock of it. "Oh, look at the stranger from the brush! Mama, there's that face again!" He came forward,

most of their natural resources. Primitively, their location was most forbidding. Large areas of their country were originally almost uninhabitable in part because of sterile, drifting sands and in part because of encroachments of the sea. They fenced out the sea with dikes and planted forests upon the sands. And they preserved the rights of the largest number possible to land holding, by forbidding combining small holdings to make larger. Hence, the entire country is divided into farms of a few acres, each supporting its owner and his family. With extraordinary genius, energy and frugality, the Danish people have brought their agricultural in-

dustry to be a model for the world. Their agricultural co-operative societies claim in membership nearly the entire agricultural population. Their products suffice for their own support and meet competition in the greatest markets of the world. The Danish agricultural report indeed shows an off year, but the woes of the Danish farmers are nothing to cry over.

Hereditary. From Answers.

"Do you know, that if you keep on doing naughty things your children will be naughty, too?"

"Oh, mummy, now you've given yourself away."

Irish countenance split from ear to ear. "How, Jim!"

"You're drunk."

"I ain't drunk," was Moran's severe retort. "I ain't even intoxicated. Been lookin' all over hell's half acre—"

Satterlee, a stout old fellow with iron-cruled hair rumbled an abrupt question. "When did you get in?" Woolfridge contented himself with a bare nod and found something else to interest him, Jim shook hands with his old boss and before he could answer the question Satterlee shot another at him. "Enterin' the buckin' to-morrow?"

"Shore he is," chimed Mack Moran. "And there goes yore hundred dollars first money."

"I don't know," said Jim. "Ain't rode for an awful long while, Dad."

"Get in it," urged Satterlee. "Theodorik Perrine's ridin'."

All three of them watched Jim with considerable gravity. He reached for his tobacco, quite thoughtful. "I have heard the name before," he murmured. "Maybe I'll ride." Satterlee grunted and moved on with Woolfridge. But Mack Moran had, as he said, found the answer to a maiden's prayer and placed a great hand through Jim Chaffee's arm.

"We'll settle this right now Yore ridin'." He took off his hat and rubbed a tangle of fire-red hair; he looked up to Jim—for he was a short and wiry bundle of dynamite, this Mack Moran—and chuckled to himself. "I been like a chicken minus a head all day. By golly, I'm glad to see yore homely mug. Let's do somethin', let's drink somethin', let's rip up a few boards."

Jim stopped, attracted by a fresh sign painted on an adjacent building front: "Roaring Horse Irrigation and Reclamation Corporation." He pointed at it.

"How long's that been there? What is it?"

"I dunno. Some new fangled outfit come in here a few weeks back. They's a dude in charge that calls himself secretary. In plain words, a pen pusher. What's behind it I ain't able to state. They been buyin' land and doin' a good business at that. Tough year. Small folks are sellin'. What does the aforesaid corporation want with land that ain't worth four bits an acre? I dunno. Here's where you sign up."

He led Jim into a hardware store, where all the contestants applied for places in the next day's rodeo. Jim signed. But when the gentleman in charge asked for the customary ten dollars he stared rather blankly at Mack. "I forgot that. Ain't got ten dollars."

"I have," said Moran, and peeled the sum from his pocket. He slapped it down. "And I'll state I'll bring a hundred iron men back with it to-morrow night."

The gentleman behind the counter accepted the ten but not the comment. He looked curiously toward Chaffee. "Theodorik Perrine's ridin'."

"The name," replied Jim. "is not altogether strange to me."

The partners went out. Mack suggested it was time to humor the inner man, and they started through the crowd bound for the restaurant.

"Jim," was Mack's abrupt question, "have you seen Theodorik yet this aft'noon?"

"Ain't had that pleasure for a great many months."

"Well, he's ornerier than ever. If you could cross a skunk, a grizzly, and a snake you'd have a combination half as mean as Theodorik. Most men stop growin' when they get of age. Theodorik just keeps gettin' bigger and meaner."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Striking Similarity.

From Tit-Bits.

Visitor: There's nothing the matter with this country. All it requires is a better type of settler and a decent water supply.

Resident: If you come to think of it, those are the only drawbacks to Hades.

SEES IMPROVED SWINE MARKET

Oakota Specialist Advises Farmers to Increase Hog Production

Brookings, S. D.—Predicting price increases next season, W. F. Schnaidt, extension marketing specialist at South Dakota State college, suggests that farmers of the state expand their hog production.

With the hog breeding season at hand, the prospect for hog prices during the fall and winter of 1931-1932 is of pressing interest to farmers. In Schnaidt's opinion, "indications point to decidedly stronger hog prices at that time, with a possibility that feed costs may continue low enough to leave a nice profit for the successful hog producer."

Outlook Favorable Because this industry is adaptable to a large number of farms throughout the state, the marketing specialist explained, the favorable outlook for the hog enterprise "seems to offer an unusual opportunity to increase the South Dakota farm income."

Taking the country as a whole, he believes any general increase in the number of sows bred for next spring's farrowing would be surprising. Always in the past, short corn crops have been followed by short pig crops.

"A similar reaction may take place this year," Schnaidt said, "especially with the price of hogs dropping just at breeding time. Furthermore, a large area of the country which normally produces a considerable portion of the hog supply of the United States is decidedly short of feed and will undoubtedly curtail its hog production."

Feed Prices Factor Another phase of the situation which the marketing specialist said will appear later is the prospect for feed prices next summer and winter when the new hog crop is being finished for market. Indications are for a period of relatively higher feed prices next spring and summer, but should the country, next season, raise a normal corn crop, or better, corn and feed prices will likely be strongly favorable for hog production.

South Dakota produces about 6 per cent of the total United States hog supply. Even a large increase in the South Dakota hog crop would have little effect upon the country as a whole, Schnaidt said.

"It is understood, of course," he warned, "that the risks of agriculture apply also to the hog enterprise. It is possible that the favorable situation may not develop. Losses by cholera may wipe out anticipated profits, even with favorable prices."

The expected recovery of business activity, with its favorable effect on employment and consequently on purchasing power of consumers, may not develop. Crop failures may again reduce feed supplies and cause high feed prices. All these are possibilities that need to be considered.

Federal FARM FACTS

Soil surveys taken by the United States department of agriculture and its field agents are proving valuable to farmers. Maps compiled from results have aided in the regulation of crops in various parts of the country and in application of correct fertilizer on wanting soils.

The ideal farm community, in the opinion of Dr. C. J. Galpin, sociologist of the United States department of agriculture, is composed of 1,000 rural families. This number is necessary, he believes, to adequately maintain and support rural schools, libraries, hospitals, parks, playgrounds, churches, fire companies and the like.

Stockmen, dairymen, feeders, butchers, packers, hide dealers, tanners and manufacturers of leather goods lose from \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000 annually as a result of the ravages of the grub, or heel fly, in cattle.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

I happened in at school last year, 'Twas on a closing day; Next day all lessons would be done And text books tossed away.

The study hall was hushed and dim. I watched the falling snow, And heard in corridors beyond, Soft footsteps come and go.

Then all at once, far down the hall, And echoing along, I heard young voices, clear and sweet, Ring out in happy song.

"Oh Little Town of Bethlehem," The lilting voices sang; A pause, then right outside the door The great "Adeste" rang.

The Christmas carols I've heard sung, Were never so sweet before, As when I heard them from that choir,

That passed from door to door. —Sam Page

Right Back at Him.

From Pathfinder.

Lawyer (tauntingly): Were you ever in jail?

Witness: Yes, once.

Lawyer: Ah! For how long?

Witness: Just long enough to whitewash a cell which was to be occupied by a lawyer who had robbed dozens of his clients.

And What He Got!

From Answers.

"A burglar broke into my house real late last night."

"Did he get anything?"

"Rather! You see, my wife thought it was me."

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Time Is Great Healer "What's the cure for the seven-year itch?" asked an inquisitive one. "I don't know," replied the other one, "unless it is seven years of scratching."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Eminent Physician Prescribed this Tonic



As a young man Dr. R. V. Pierce practiced medicine in Pennsylvania. His prescriptions met with such great demand that he moved to Buffalo, N. Y., and put up in ready-to-use form his well-known tonic for the blood, Golden Medical Discovery. It aids digestion, acts as a tonic, and enriches the blood—clears away pimples and annoying eruptions and tends to keep the complexion fresh and clear. This medicine comes in both fluid and tablets. Ask your druggist for

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"Can't be helped."

"Eh?"

"All babies have it."

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If bothered with bladder irritations, getting up at night and constant backache, don't take chances! Help your kidneys at the first sign of disorder. Use Doan's Pills. Successful for more than 50 years. Endorsed by hundreds of thousands of grateful users. Get Doan's today. Sold everywhere.



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Write Cree & Chaffee Palm Springs CALIFORNIA

Danes Make It Go. From Detroit News.

Denmark thinks it has had a bad year agriculturally. The land economic bureau of that country reports a general falling off in agricultural production for the last year, but the substantiating figures are interesting.

The gross yield per acre for all agricultural products is reported as valued at about \$90, a slump of about 25 cents per acre from that of the previous year. There has been a decline of about 50 cents per acre in the production value of cereals but an increase of about

25 cents per acre in animal products.

But the figures for net profits will most impress those accustomed in this country to the plea that there is no profit in farming, particularly for the small farmers. On an average the net yield, according to the Danish report, was \$15 per acre, representing about 5.8 per cent on invested capital. Small farms have begun a sort of specialization in the production of bacon and poultry products and have increased their profits satisfactorily over those of last year.

An astonishingly successful people are these Danes in making this