## CHAFFEE

ROARING HORSE BY ERNEST HAYCOX

rant.

"I've got to meet her, Mack."

They passed into the restau-

Jim Chaffee thought she

hadn't seen him. But she had

clearly discovered the excite-

ment simmering in his eyes

as she passed by. And he

would have been immensely

interested if he had known

that later in the night she

stood by the window of her

hotel room and looked across

the street to where he stood.

The Melotte family was in

town; Lily Melotte and a pair

of other girls had cornered

Jim in front of Tilton's dry-

goods store. His hat was off,

and he was smiling at the

group in a manner that for

the moment made him quite

gracefully gallant. Lily Melotte

touched his arm with a certain

air of posession, and at that

Gay Thatcher drew away from

the window and lifted her

"They tell me he is a lady's

man." said she to herself. "It

would seem so. Yet I have

never seen a finer face. He

carries himself so surely-and

still without swagger. I wonder

if he will try to meet me

With that feminine question

she crossed to the table and

began to write a letter to the

governor of the territory. It

was not a social letter; is was

one of sober business with the

words sounding strangely like

those of an equal to an equal.

Gay Thatcher was in Roaring

Horse ostensibly to attend the

rodeo; in reality her presence

was for the purpose of finding

certain things about certain

people. Dress, manner, and

beauty might be feminine, but

beneath her dark and quite

lustrous hair was a sharp mind

and a store of experience sur-

passing that of many a man.

Gay Thatcher was a free

CHAPTER II

A Secret Meeting

was not an impressive man in

the open air; in fact he was

apt to take on a neutral

coloring when surrounded by

neighbors. It required four

walls and a little furniture to

draw him out. With a desk in

front of him and a few sheets

of business to trap his at-

tention he slowly acquired a

distinct personality and threw

off an atmosphere of author-

ity that his subordinates were

quick to sense and even more

quickly to obey. There is no

autocrat like the man who

feels himself lacking in out-

Perhaps it was his fact that

made him seen negative. It

was a smooth and pink face,

suggesting freckles. He wore

riding breeches and cordovan

boots, and all his clothes

matched in shade and were

scrupulously pressed. His hair

ran sleekly into his neck, his

hands were like those of a

musician; he had the air of

eating well, and indeed his

ranch kitchen was stocked

with victuals the rest of the

country never heard of, nor

would have eaten if they had.

He was thirty-five and seemed

younger; he looked like an

Easterner, which he once had

been; he looked like a business

man, which he was; he looked

nothing at all like a cattle-

man, but he owned more acres

than Dad Satterlee, hired

thirty punchers in season, and

sported a very modern ranch

house appointed with Fili-

boys in white jackets. The

rank and file of Roaring

Horse never quite got used to

him; but they didn't know,

either, the extent of his

power nor the far reaching

sources of his fortune; his

forefathers had done very well

in many lines and many

ward command.

William Wells Woolfridge

sturdy shoulders.

again?"

"Be interestin' to see him again," drawled Jim. His head mapped upward, and he gripped Mack Moran's arm so tightly that the latter jumped. "Walk slow," breathed Jim flercely. "Walk slow like you was just wastin' time."

"Yeah, but-

"Shut up!" William Wells Woolfridge came toward them; beside him walked the girl Jim had seen earlier in the afternoon. The had a parasol raised against the late afternoon's on, and her white chin was stopped toward the man. She was talking gayly, while her free hand made graceful gestures that seemed to flow into her words and add life to them. Chaffee, venturing one firect glance, saw the robust freedom about her and the assured carriage she owned. Every piece of clothing and every step stamped her as belonging to a world remote from this dusty cattle town. He muttered a word to Mack. The latter, puzzled by the sudden change in his friend, blurted out an impatient phrase loud enough to wake the dead. "Don't mumble thataway. What was it yuh tried to say?" The girl walked by, head erect and attention straight to the front. She badn't seen Jim Chaffee. At seast that was the impression be gathered.

"Who is that girl?" he demanded, far removed from ordinary calm.

"Great guns, don't bite me the neck," grumbled-Mack. "Her name's Gay Thatcher. Bhe's from the territorial capital, takin' in our rodeo as a sorter pilgrim."

"A bright spot in this gay street," murmured Jim. A thoroughbred. Gay. Ain't that pretty name, Mack? Ain't it retty now?" He turned to his partner, glowering. "Any reation to that coyote Wooltridge? The son-of-a-gun ooked like he owned her. Any

relation?" "How do I know?" protested Mack. "Don't think so. She come with a party of society colks on the special stage caravan. Town's full of them. La-de-da ladies and slickpared gents. They's to be a grand ball at the Gusher tomorrow night. Woolfridge is the high card dude around these parts with them people. You and me is only rough, rude cow persons. But Woolfridge ain't only a common connections in gentel famblies down-territory. He's rich, he uses lots of big words, and he knows the difference atween pie fork and meat fork. I heard somebody say that. What is said difference, Jim? Since when has a fellow got to use two forks to eat his wittals? Hell, I ain't used any, and it don't seem to impair my appetite none."

"Gay-by George, that's a pretty name. Mack, I've got to meet her."

"Ha!" snorted Mack, and considered that a sufficient answer. He started to pull Jim into the crowded restaurant. Josiah Craib's gaunt frame stepped around the pair. The banker had his hand clasped tightly behind him, and his long face bent forward like that of some droopy vulture. He drew Jim's attention by a slight jerk of his shoulders.

"About that personal offer, Jim. I spoke a little prematurely. I will have to withdraw the offer. Sorry."

"That's all right," said Jim soberly. "I don't-" But Craib was gone, plowing a straight furrow through the multitude. "He's crooked as a snake's

shadder," grumbled Mack. "What's he talkin about?" "Nothing," replied Jim.

Arbitration vs. Fight.

From Milwaukee Journal.

About a month ago, the officers of the Phoenix Hosiery company

met with the workers to discuss

snk was a guarantee of all-year ork by the company and the ac-

aighly dangerous situation for both

tance by the workers of a 14.5

the loss of a day's operation of thant and with both sides con-

out five months ago, the offi-of the Fried-Ostermann com-

at cut in wages. Thus was a

places. About nine o'clock in the tember, a temporary injunction, re-stricting the freedom of both em-ployer and strikers, was granted. Hearings are still being held to de-termine whether or not the injunctermine whether or not the injunction will be made permanent. When that is disposed of, there will still remain at least 15 contempt suits. There will be tried by jury. Before the whole thing can come to a complete end, spring may be here. And, when it is all over, relations be-

pany announced to their workers, | then not unionized, that a 10 per cent cut in wages would be effective immediately. A strike was preworkers' union has entered. The tration. courts were appealed to. In Sep-

The court has done what it can in trying to bring justice to a sit-uation which has become more and more complicated with the passage more complicated with the passage of time. It has taken a high stand under our progressive law. It has enjoined both sides from illegal activities and has guaranteed jury trial for all contempts. But when all is said and done, the best that any court can do in a case of this kind is to try to prevent abuses of one side by the other. No court can one side by the other. No court can

evening William Wells Woolfridge entered the hotel and walked as inconspicuously as possible up the stairs, letting himself into a room occupied by two other gentlemen. One was a visitor from down-territory, the other Josiah Craib. After a few preliminary words, preceded by an adequate measure of rye, the gentleman from down-territory, whose name was on the register as T. Q. Bangor, came to the issues.

"Fortunate thing, Woolfridge, that this rodeo gave me an excuse to come up here and see you. The less of fuss the better. Written correspondence won't do at this stage. It may interest you to know that our engineers have given me some rather favorable estimates."

"Good enough," replied Woolfridge. Though a fortune hinged on the statement he took it with urbane calm. "But why not use words that bite

a little deeper?" At this point Craib rose, gaunt body casting a grotesque shadow against the wall. "You don't need me. I'll go back to my office." With a nod to each of them he went out, closing the door softly behind him, and down the street; as he marched through the crowd, hands clasped across his back and his eyes dropped to the sidewalk, there seemed to be a deep and somber fire burning within the man. Once when he passed into the bank, he looked at the stars above. That was a rare thing for Craib to do.

In the room Bangor proceeded. "Your banker friend gives me an uneasy, insecure feeling. What does the man think about?"

"God knows," said Woolfridge. "It doesn't matter. He's tied to me. Go on."

"I didn't put the specific case before our engineers," explained Bangor. "I made it an arbitrary and theoretical proposition to keep them off the track. Until the big news breaks we want no leaks. But they assure me of this pointto divert enough water from the proposed power dam for irrigation purposes will be all right. It depends on the following factors—that the number of acres to be irrigated does not require more than so many acre-feet of water, that the dam is high enough and the back basin great enough to take care of a set minimum for the generation of electrical current. I have all the figures with me. It checks all right with the reserves we will be carrying when the Roaring Horse project goes through. I'll give you the sheets to run over. But there are a lot of angles to this thing, and I wish you'd talk to me straight out. I want

the picture in your head." Woolfridge pulled a map from his pocket and unfolded it on the bed. It covered the Roaring Horse country between peaks and western alkali wastes, between Roaring Horse canyon and town, and it had been especially drawn by surveyors for Woolfridge. He laid a finger on it. "All you see here is desert grazing land. Intrinsically worth whatever you've got to pay for it. Fifty cents an acre, ten dollars an acre. All as dry as a bone except for drilled wells and two small creeks. The Roaring Horse absorbs everything. At present this land is good for nothing but cattle. Less than eleven inches of rainfall a year on it. That's the first funda-

mental proposition. "The second proposition is that this land is astonishingly fertile; it will grow absolutely anything if irrigated. I've tested it. The third proposition is that we have had three bad cattle years with another in prospect and the ranchers discouraged and willing to sell. I have quietly bought a lot of range through my dummy company next door. I will continue to buy until I have an almost solid strip along the canyon within easy irrigating distance. The control will be absolutely mine. I will irrigate

tween employer and employe will still be strained-unless both parties, tired of wrangling, even now turn to the healing hand of arbi-

it, divide it into small farms, and sell. Ten dollar range land with water on it is worth, in this district, from fifty to a hundred and fifty dollars."

"Yes, but Woolfridge, have you given enough attention to the cost of installing an irrigation system. One unforeseen item can lay you flat on your back."

Woolfridge smiled, still the mild, soft-fleshed man. "Let's check the items of expense First, the dam. You are building it for a power dam doesn't cost me a penny. You will charge a nominal sum for the use of the water later, but that falls on the homesteader, not me. Second item is the main ditch. And outside of one small piece of digging, about three hundred yards, that won't cost anything, either. Look on the map here."

He traced a shaded line that started on the upper end of the Roaring Horse canyon and worked parallel to it, though angling away slightly as it traveled. "That's a gully which in prehistoric days was a goodsized creek. Its mouth comes within three hundred yards of the rim, and that piece had somehow been overlain with soil. It travels down grade with the general contour of the country for ten miles, sliding gradually away from the rim. When your dam is built that gully, shoveled out, will tap your basin, take the water and carry it by gravity those ten miles. Soil is hard underneath, no porous sands. And there is my main ditch."

Bangor shook his head. "You are a very lucky man, Woolfridge."

Something of the mildness went from Woolfridge. His eyes cooled, the smooth cheeks became distinctly hard. All at once he was a different individual, aggressive and slightly overbearing. "Not lucky, Bangor. I have been studying this five years. One more itemthe lateral ditches. They will go in as I sell the ranches. I've got a mechanical digger in mind that will slash them out of the ground in no time at all. There is the cost of it. Advertising will mount up, of course. Buying out the present ranchers will cost. But the whole sum is nothing when compared to what I expect to make. There is a quarter or a half million in this one angle."

"We are the means, therefore, of supplying you with a very nice fortune," said Bangor, not overenthused.

Woolfridge had been watching his man closely, gauging the latter's reactions. The coldness became more pronounced, his speech snapped more crisply, more rapidly. "I expected some such reply, Bangor. I am prepared to meet it. I said I studied this five years. It depended wholly on somebody building a dam on the Roaring Horse. A power dam with excess water for irrigating purposes. Otherwise it couldn't pay. Your company had to get a site. I called this to your attention—an ideal location from every point of view. Moreover, when you got in trouble with Bi-State power I saw to it my block of stock was instrumental in giving you a position that was not assailable. I helped you. I expect help in return."

"Your help had definite strings attached," Bangor reminded him. "It still has strings attached."

"I believe in protecting myself," was Woolfridge's quiet answer. "This isn't charity. You will make money from the deal. Not only in water rent but in the development of a whole new region. Personally I've got controlling interest in the bank, in a warehouse, and shortly also will have bought the major store here. All through the dummy corporation. I expect to build up a marketing organization in time. Long after I take my first profit there will be a steady, year by year percentage of the general prosperity

coming my way." (TO B. CONTINUED)

settle a labor dispute in the sense that it can restore the status quo ante. Arbitration, even though started late, can do just that.

BIG FARM DEBT The farm mortgage debt of the United States is estimated at between \$9,000,000,000 and \$9,500,000,-000, according to Alexander Legge. chairman of the Federal Farm

Q. Where is Empress Josephine buried? E. W.
A. Her grave is in the small church of Rueil.

board.

## For **TEETHING** troubles

FUSSY, fretful . . . . of course babies are uncomfortable at teething time! And mothers are worried because of the little upsets which come so suddenly then. But there's one sure way to comfort a restless, teething child. Castoria - made especially for babies and children! It's perfectly harmless, as the formula on the wrapper tells you. It's mild in taste and action. Yet it rights little upsets with a neverfailing effectiveness.

That's the beauty of this special children's remedy! It may be given to tiny infants-as often as there is need. In cases of colic and similar disturbances, it is invaluable. But it has every-day uses all mothers should understand. A coated tongue

Mail Speeds Compared

end only 4 minutes by naval radio.

WOMEN SHOULD

LEARN USES

To women who suffer from nausea.

or so-called "morning sickness," this

is a blessing. Most nurses know it.

It is advised by leading specialists:

cracked ice pour a teaspoonful of

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Sip slow-

ly until you are relieved. It ends

sick stomach or inclination to vomit,

Its anti-acid properties make Phil-

lips' Milk of Magnesia quick relief

in heartburn, sour stomach, gas. Its

mild laxative action assures regular

bowel movement. Used as a mouth-

wash it helps prevent tooth decay

Experience

for my husband. What do you ad-

Customer-I want a nice present

Clerk-May I ask how long you

Customer-Oh, about fifteen years.

Clerk-Bargain counter in the

In each small town there is one

basement, madam .- Leeds Mercury.

have been married, madam?

everybody for 100 years back.

improve on the setting sun.

during expectancy

England.

Over a small quantity of finely

OF MAGNESIA

In recent tests of speed in the

Memorial to First Printer

calls for a few drops to ward off

constipation; so does any suggestion

children don't eat well, don't rest

well, or have any little upset, a

more liberal dose of this pure

vegetable preparation is usually all

that's needed. Genuine Castoria has

Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the

wrapper. Doctors prescribe it.

of bad breath. Whenever older

A fund has been established at movement was initiated by the Society of Bibliophiles of Weimar.

Bad manners, in most cases, date ack to childhood.

Lantern-jawed men are not always

wearing this gag of unselfishness or silly pride. Profuse or suppressed menstruation should, never be considered necessary. Painful periods are Nature's warning that Who wrong and needs immediate atten-

Suffer in Silence .. tion. Failure to heed and correct the first painful symptoms usually leads to chronic conditions with sometimes fearful consequences. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is for women's own peculiar ailments and can be obtained at any drug store. Every package contains a Symptom Blank. Fill out the Blank and mail it to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y. for FREE medical advice. Send 10c if you want a trial package.

transmission of messages the Navy Weimar, Germany, for the erection department found that it took a of a memorial to be known as the message 4 days and 30 minutes to "Temple of the Letter" in honor of reach San Francisco from Washing- Gutenberg's discovery of movable ton via ordinary mail, 3 days and 30 type. The memorial, the cornerstone minutes via air mail, 14 to 21 min- of which it is planned to lay in 1940, utes by commercial telegraph lines, the fifth centenary of his invention, will be placed over Gutenberg's grave at Mainz. It is planned to enlist international co-operation for the building of the temple, which is intended to constitute evidence of the world's gratitude to the father of books, magazines and newspapers. The

> ight-headed. WOMEN OFTEN PAY A DOUBLE PENALTY for



This College Life

man who knows the genealogy of Intercollegiate sport has become a vested interest, representing a huge financial investment which pays ex-No jeweler has ever been able to ceedingly handsome returns.-Col-

# BAYER ASPIRIN is always

### BEWARE OF **IMITATIONS**

UNLESS you see the name Bayer and the word genuine on the package as pictured here you can never be sure that you are taking genuine Bayer Aspirin tablets which thousands of physicians have always prescribed.

The name Bayer means genuine Aspirin. It is your guarantee of purity-your protection against imitations. Millions of users have proved that it is safe.

BAYER ASPIRIN DOES NOT DEPRESS THE HEART



Genuine Bayer Aspirin promptly relieves:

HEADACHES, SORE THROAT, LUMBAGO. RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, NEURALGIA, COLDS. ACHES and PAINS

Aspirin is the trade-mark of Bayer manufacture of monoaccticacidester of salicylicacid