

CHAFFEE

ROARING HORSE

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

"I happen to know," replied Woolfridge. He was so quietly positive about it that Dad Satterlee's red cheeks grew crimson.

"Of all the dumb fool things! By Jupiter, if I don't tear the hide off him! Three years work gone up the spout, and he's too doggone proud to ask me for a boost! Wait till I lay a tongue on the young stiff-back!"

Gay's attention was attracted elsewhere. "Who is that enormous man coming through the side gate?"

All three judges looked; all exchanged glances. "His name is Theodorik Perrine," said Woolfridge, voice changing. "What a mountain he is," breathed the girl. "What a peculiar walk!"

Theodorik Perrine marched slowly into the field; and the crowd, seeing that his course took him directly in front of Jim Chaffee, fixed its attention upon the pair and grew silent. Every soul in the Roaring Horse country understood the antagonism, bitter and profound, that lay between the two. It had existed since the first meeting years ago, and through those years the Roaring Horse country had seen the breach widen, had witnessed the tentative crossing of wills, the duels each staged at the rodeos, the slow piling up of temper in the men, arguing some tremendous and terrific struggle that one day must surely come. It was ordained. Somebody behind Gay whispered: "Those boys are pointed 't'ords each other again. Some day there'll be an almighty big explosion. It can't last much longer like this." Gay, unconsciously doubling her small fists, leaned forward and studied Jim Chaffee's fine lean face.

Chaffee had his back to the approaching Perrine. Yet he caught the silence coming over the crowd and he felt Perrine's presence. He took a final draw on the cigaret and tipped his head to the distant horizon. The cigaret veered through the air and Jim, all muscles seeming slack, turned casually about, thumbs hooking into his belt.

The man behind Gay drew a deep breath, exclaiming: "Look how slow and easy he does it. Those fellows don't make any quick motions when they meet. By the Lord, Jim Chaffee's a sight to watch. Now hold on to yourself."

Theodorik Perrine advanced, boots gliding across the soft earth with that particularly sinuous motion so much a part of him. His knees buckled with each step as if the weight of his body pressed him down, and his hands traveling back and forth were turned so that the palms brushed thigh and thigh at every swing. Theodorik Perrine was a Tennessean, of that class of mountain folk who trace their ancestors back without a break or flaw to the England of the Thirteenth Century. Yet from the hairy reaches of his mighty neck to the crown of his head his skin was burned to a brown that suggested some darker blood; and Theodorik Perrine's features were all bold and rounding and supported by massive bones that seemed too thick to be broken. His Stetson was lowered, with a braided rawhide passing from it under his chin; and his eyes were a dull, slate-colored pair of windows that clouded up and concealed the fires burning within the recesses of his vast being. Yet the plain physical impact of his glance was like a blow. A brooding, sullen, and unfathomable man.

Nature Shows Her Magic. John T. Paris in "Roaming the Rockies."

While it may be impossible to transfer to canvas the picture spread out from the rim, the visitor notes with pleasure that he can see the picture without wearisome turning and twisting and travel to many points. For from the plateau, which is 800 feet above the sea, he can take in at one sweep of the eye the graceful horseshoe canyon, which is three miles long and two miles wide.

Not that one glance is sufficient. Fascinated by the prospect, most visitors look and look and look

with a wild record behind him.

Jim Chaffee's lids drooped and his lips pinched in until they made a thin line beneath the swooping nose. And he waited while the lumbering giant came to a stand five yards away. Seldom did either man come closer of his own will. Perrine poked a thumb against the brim of his hat and shot it upward, clearing his face. He didn't immediately speak; first he took a leisureed chew of tobacco and ground it solidly between his teeth, collecting one by one the exact words he wanted to use. In the end they came out of him, freighted with a world of cold belligerence.

"Got to buck again? you this year, uh?"

"I reckon, Perrine." Silence. The summoning up of more words. The same mutter and rumble, the same dead and stony look. "I'm takin' first this year, Chaffee."

"Maybe." "To hell with yore mebbe," said Theodorik Perrine, boosting the words truculently across the interval.

"I'm repeatin' the same word," drawled Chaffee. "I'd go a thousand miles to lick yuh."

"I wouldn't go that far, speakin' for myself," said Chaffee.

"Yore trail runs too close to mine. Some day they'll cross. Ever think of that, Chaffee?"

"It's marked on the calendar," said Chaffee solemnly.

All activity seemed to have halted around the arena, the crowd was quite still, and even the three judges tarried a moment. For this was a scene that engrossed Roaring Horse, that gripped every man's imagination. One spark flashing along the bright cold morning's air and touching the explosives, Perrine's towering shoulders squared and his chest rose. His slate-colored eyes cleared for a moment, and Jim Chaffee saw the volcanic fire flickering far down. Then Theodorik Perrine moved and walked on across the arena, circling and placing behind the man he both hated and respected more profoundly than any other.

Gay Thatcher's fists ached with the pressure she had unknowingly put on them. Her throat hurt. She heard the man behind release a long held breath and at the same moment speak in a high-pitched accent. "Not this time. But blamed soon. This can't go on much longer. Chaffee's lightin' a cigaret, and I'll bet his fingers ain't shakin'. I'd give a million dollars for his nerves." Gay leaned forward, looking to Dad Satterlee. "What is it—why is it?"

Satterlee gathered his reins. "Two kinds of men—poison to each other, ma'am. Both at the top o' the heap. And in such case they ain't room for but one. Come on, boys. Time for the ball to roll."

A rider was up, high against the sun. Before the girl could adjust herself Satterlee's gun cracked and the ride was over. Action swirled out there in the bright oval. Another puncher was up and then down in the dust while hoofs flailed across his body. Pickup men streamed away, new buckers came in. Conversation boiled around her as she sat forward, chin cupped in one hand, still watching Jim Chaffee. Presently her attention was recalled by the mention of Perrine's name, and she saw the man's vast frame settling into a saddle. The judges were spreading out, each to command a different view of that ride; the horse surged away, breaking in two, it seemed to her. Yet, above

again. The hours of daylight do not suffice; night finds many on the brink, peering off into the 1,000 feet down to the floor of the canyon.

For there is so much to see in these formations of pink and white sandstone. Yonder is the Temple of Osiris. And see the Sculptor's Studio in Queen's Castle, and those structures of fairyland—the Castle of Oz, the Wizard of Oz, Dreamland Castle! Monarchy and republic stand side by side, for near the Round Tower of Windsor Castle is the Capitol of Washington, white with a red, red cupola. See that church tower, crowned by six nar-

the pounding and the spurts of dust and the dynamic thrusts of the brute, Perrine sat like a rock, heels roving fore and aft, one arm free, voice sounding over the field and striking away back in the stands. Nothing, it appeared to Gay, could ever move that giant. Partisan spirit took hold of her and she wondered how Jim Chaffee would fare. The man behind was volunteering more information.

"Chaffee up on Lovey-Dovey. There's a tough one. Perrine made a nice ride. Always does. Jim's got to show well on that double-jointed brute. Now watch the difference in style. Perrine bears down, Jim does it fancy."

Gay thought Chaffee looked directly at her, but the sun was in her eyes and she couldn't be sure. He threw away his cigaret, long arm ripping outward, and turned toward Lovey-Dovey. From that moment onward Gay saw nor heard anything around her. Chaffee's rangy body was beside the horse, and his hands were roving along the cinches. Lovey-Dovey struck with venom and danced away, dragging the anchor horse a yard along the arena. The rodeo hand bent, saying something to Chaffee; and Gay saw the latter look up and shake his head. He was unsmiling; and again he touched the cinches and seemed to be soothing the animal. A foot went cautiously into the stirrup. He was up in one lithe, graceful pull. He was looking down at the stirrups and settling his feet into them; he had the reins in his hand, free arm taking up the slack and moving sinuously here and there about Lovelovey's head. Gay gripped the stand railing, feeling the suspense of that long interval. It seemed a long while to her, yet in reality it was but a moment; then Jim Chaffee's arm was far above him and Lovelovey had reared on its hind feet and launched the fight. Thereafter her eyes were filled with a piece of weaving, raw beauty. Man and horse were one. Jim Chaffee sat securely, yet swaying to each immeasurably violent jolt. Silver flashed in the sun, the brown dust came jetting up. She saw Chaffee far over, she saw the horse curling, and then she thought the man was gone. It was a trick of eyes burdened with those swift and continuous flashes of action; Chaffee was yet riding, matching rhythm with rhythm, still touching neck and flank with his spurs. Lovelovey's four hoofs were off the ground and Chaffee was on a lonely seat above the wings of the dust. Gay caught that picture and never thereafter forgot it—Jim Chaffee with his long arm above him, black hair gleaming, rein arm crooked rigidly and his lean face looking down between the cars of Lovelovey with the expression of a man whose whole will was thrown out to battle.

"Why don't they fire the gun!" She thought somebody else said that. But she said it; nor did she know that she was on her feet, leaning far over the rail. The gun broke the spell. Pickup men streamed in and lifted Lovelovey's head.

Jim Chaffee slid neatly out of his perch and across a pickup man's horse to the ground. Gay watched him stride over the dirt, legs far apart and body still weaving a little from the fight. But he was smiling. The sharp, almost severe lines of his face were gone, giving him a reckless and exuberant air. He passed through a side gate without turning his head, leaving Gay Thatcher a little less interested in the succeeding rides. Already another man was up. The talkative individual behind her offered somebody a bet.

"It'll be the same as last year. Perrine and Chaffee battling it out this afternoon for the money. Don't he put on a pretty show?"

every instant they change, taking on new forms of beauty. Through gaps in the mighty buttresses, great windows in lofty walls, loopholes in fortresses, tunnels through jeweled ridges, come visions of glory that surpass all dreams.

Too Good. From Til-Bits. Business man (to barber): Your confounded hair-restorer has made my hair come off more than ever!

Barber: Ah, you must have put too much on, sir! Made the hair come right out instead of only half way.

Shortly before noon the girl slipped away and went back to the hotel. As she turned in she happened to glance on down the street and saw Jim Chaffee staring up at a building and striking away back in the stands. Nothing, it appeared to Gay, could ever move that giant. Partisan spirit took hold of her and she wondered how Jim Chaffee would fare. The man behind was volunteering more information.

Directly after dinner Mack Moran ran into Jim Chaffee with a message. "Dad Satterlee wants to see you now at the Gusher. Where you been?" "Investigatin' that new-fangled corporation," said Jim Chaffee, and let it ride at that. They walked down the street and found Dad Satterlee on the hotel steps, surrounded by the other two judges and lesser town dignitaries. Satterlee broke away from the Conversation to survey Chaffee with a certain truculence. "You're ridin' Mixup and Fireball this afternoon."

"I'm obliged for the news," drawled Chaffee. "Mebbe you won't be later," grunted Satterlee. "We are givin' you these horses to spike any gossip about favoritism." He grew redder and homelier. "I hear you lost yore ranch."

"Nothin' spreads like bad news." "Yuh darn, skittle-minded fool!" bellowed Satterlee. "What did I tell you away back in the beginnin' about help? Ain't I yore next door neighbor?"

"Charity is a noble thing," replied Jim Chaffee. "Who said anything about charity?" roared Satterlee. "There's some more of yore doggone pride. You always was a stiff-brimmed idiot. I take this affair as plumb unfriendly on your part, Jim. What's a neighbor for? Roaring Horse has got to a hell of a pass when it abides by the rules of seven per cent. mortgages. I'm goin' down to the bank and settle that myself."

"No. Too late. Somebody's already assumed it."

"Who?" "Crab wasn't in a position to reveal the said person," said Jim.

Satterlee revolved the information angrily around his mind. Once his eyes roamed down the street toward the sign of the Irrigation and Reclamation Corporation; then he directed his glance at William Wells Woolfridge. The latter was listening to all this and offering no comment. He met Satterlee's unspoken question with the same bland and neutral countenance. The owner of the Stirrup S moved his shoulders as if irked by an unseen pressure. "This used to be a white man's land. Looks like it's changin'. Well, Jim, you're comin' back to my outfit as peeler again. Don't consider that charity, do you?"

"I'd reckon not," answered Chaffee, smiling. "That's hard work." Chaffee turned away with Mack Moran. They traveled leisurely and silently back toward the arena and settled down against a pile of baled hay adjoining the corrals. Cigaret smoke curled into the bright crisp air. Mack Moran was not wholly pleased. "Mixup and Fireball. Two loads of grief. Why don't they give Theodorik Perrine one o' those monsters? Looks 'sif you got to ride all the outlaws to make a place. Mixup is bad enough, but this fireball brute is unhealthy distinct. I'd rather steal a hundred dollars than fork him to win it."

"Who do you figger is behind this irrigation corporation doo-ratchet?" asked Chaffee, idly scanning the azure sky. Mack only grunted. "It's peculiar," went on Chaffee. "I walked in to have a look. They's a fellow in charge. But he ain't the main push. Why? He wears a white collar, but they's a hole in it. I got a look at his shoes, and they're run down at the heels. He ain't no capitalist. He's a dummy. I've got a feelin'."

"What kind?" (TO BE CONTINUED)

Snake skin trade boosted. Taking advantage of the demand in America for snakes and alligator skins for women's shoes, purses and other articles, Venezuela is boosting its possibilities in that direction. Certain portion of the Orinoco river and its tributaries are literally crowded with alligators and crocodiles, according to official word from Caracas. While it is difficult to travel through the terrain, and malaria and other fevers infest these regions, the skins can be produced in large quantities.

He Cured 'Em. Cheatem isn't going to take any more vacations. "No. After he got back from his vacation this summer almost all his patients were well."

URGENT UTILITY ON FARM ISSUE Dakotans Launch Campaign to Join Forces on Agricultural Program

BY FRANK I. WELLER, Associated Press Farm Editor, Washington — Rumbles of discontent with certain phases of the nation's farm relief program have become more distinct. In the wake of farm belt political realignments in the November elections, 300 North Dakota republican leaders have launched a campaign to pull the party's warring factions together on a militant agricultural program. They plan to unite as "progressive" republicans the old independent voters' association and the non-partisan league, formed in 1916 as a result of dissatisfaction with both the independent and regular wings of the party. The plan reflects, says Lynn J. Frazier, non-partisan league senator from North Dakota, a growing sentiment in the wheat belt against the present method of handling the wheat surplus. Farmers, he says, believe the farm board should rescind its intention of selling stabilization corporation holdings when the price reaches that at which they were acquired, and declare against liquidation until the entire wheat surplus has been removed. Farmers fear, he continues, that the grain trade will not buy wheat in sufficient quantity to enhance the price so long as it knows stabilization grain will come on the market as soon as values advance and perhaps jeopardize their positions. The platform of the "progressive" is national in character and, it is suggested, may influence farm thought in neighboring states. It approves the farm board but recommends the application of McNary-Haugen principles in surplus control—namely to get the surplus off the market either by getting it out of the country or indefinitely into storage. It proposes that the \$75,000,000 profits of the government's war time wheat board, plus accrued interest, be used to provide long-time storage facilities under direction of the farm board, and it attacks the Smoot-Hawley tariff act as unfair to agriculture.

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Drought Cuts Danger Of Springtime Floods

Washington — (UP) — Last summer's drought, which proved so disastrous to farmers, will provide some compensation in the form of fewer floods in the larger rivers during 1931, according to M. W. Hayes, chief of the river and flood division of the U. S. Weather Bureau.

The outlook for floods this spring is less than it has been for many years. Subsoil moisture has been depleted by the drought and this supply must be replenished by a vast amount of water soaking into the ground before there will be enough water in the large rivers to cause floods.

The Mississippi river has a lower water supply now than it has had since 1925. In 1928, after the dry season of 1925 there were no floods of consequence along the Mississippi.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?" Fatigue, they say, is a disease which greatly cramps our style, and lags from off our path through life. Full many a pleasant mile.

We suffer from its onslaughts when we seek to mend our score; We writhe within its clutches when too long o'er tasks we pore.

These facts we've always known, of course, But here is something new: That tired feeling, in disguise— I pass it on to you.

When in our stomachs, cold mince pie, Home brew and cheese intrigue We suffer then, so say the ads, "Intestinal fatigue." —Sam Page.

LONDON RAPS FRENCH PLAYS

Following the presentation of "Cheri," an adaptation of a pre-war Parisian novel by Colette, London theatergoers are protesting against the production of certain French plays. The objections are strongest against sordid works which are supposed to show "life as it is," but really are only unpleasant perversions that evoke repulsion in the English mind. Plays or books which do not lend themselves to translation also are scored. One London dramatic critic declares that dialogs such as "You Are an Ass," with the answer, "That's My Profession," as given in "Cheri," may be wit, but it is not worth going to a theater to hear. "Cheri," tells of the mutual attraction of a youth and a woman old enough to be his mother, with a sordid background of old women who cackle of their triumphs in the past.


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PALM SPRINGS
California

Delay in Banking Check Costly to Cartoonist

In these days when every one is talking about the dearth of prosperity in this country, there is food for thought in the story of the cartoonist who received a three-figure check, but was so busy reading a book at the time that he forgot all about it and left it between the pages.

Some time later the artist married a widow with a son, and the boy, browsing through the books one day, found the check. Not only did he find it, but he deposited it. But in the meantime the firm that had made out the check had transferred its funds elsewhere and the check came back "No funds."

Of course the firm made the check good but informed the artist that inasmuch as he had so much money he would, in future, have the price of his work reduced 50 per cent.—Los Angeles Times.

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In making bayberry candles the ripe berries are collected from the bush and hotted in pails of water. The wax rises to the top, is skimmed off and boiled again. Regular candle wicks are cut the desired length, attached to a rod dipped in warm water and then dipped into the pail of wax several times. Allow the wax to harden between times. The wax should be kept just warm enough to be in a liquid state.

Poor Kind of "Candy"

Chewing torpedoes proved an unhealthy pastime for Charles Boone, age fifty-seven, of Cherry Hill, Md. George Boone, a son, found the torpedo, of the Fourth of July variety. While walking home with his father he gave it to him, but the latter bit into it, thinking it was candy. The next thing he knew he was on the operating table having a surgeon sew up a hole in his face.

How One Woman Lost 20 Lbs. of Fat

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Gained Physical Vigor
Gained in Vivaciousness
Gained a Shapely Figure

If you're fat—first remove the cause! Take one half teaspoonful of KRUSCHEN SALTS in a glass of hot water before breakfast every morning—cut out pastry and fatty meats—go light on potatoes, butter, cream and sugar—in 3 weeks get on the scales and note how many pounds of fat have vanished.

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Mrs. Mame Carey of Buffalo, N. Y., writes—"Since I began taking Kruschen Salts I have lost 20 pounds and I feel as if I had lost 50 pounds—I feel so good and the best part of it all is that I eat anything I like."—Adv.