

# CHAFFEE

## ROARING HORSE

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

"Was Perrine here when that shot went?" demanded Chaffee.

"No, he wasn't, Jim. A couple of his gang was, though. But they sifted out pritty damn' quick when they heard it. Who's dead?"

Chaffee told him, striding through the swinging doors. Where was Perrine? Earlier in the evening he had noted the big man's horse, along with those of the rest of that gang, huddled by the Red Mill hitching rack. All were gone now. If they had all left town it had been done hurriedly and quietly. Debating a moment on this he saw a part of the crowd at the stable break away and rush down upon the hotel. He understood the meaning of that and, not exactly sure of his part in this piece of retribution, followed. Every Stirrup S puncher, with a scattering of others, rushed into the place. Mack Moran was issuing orders. "Cuple of you boys watch this main stairs. Couple more go back of the place and watch he don't depart thataway. Now—"

The barkeep called through the Gold Room. "He went up thisaway, gents."

The outfit swarmed into the bar and aimed for the stairs. Jim Chaffee reached Moran. "What are you cookin' up now, you blamed fool?"

"What you figger, Jim? He's goin' to swing! He ain't got a Chinaman's chance to get away with it! Don't yuh argue none with me—hell, he's red-handed—"

The foremost men of the Stirrup S were peremptorily halted by a call from above.

"Stay there—don't climb another inch! You're not going to put me on the cross! First man that tries it is going to get killed! You hear that? I didn't shoot Satterlee! I swear I didn't! Don't come any farther!"

It was the gambler, out of sight on the upper landing, yet commanding them by his higher position.

"Cut this out, boys," urged Chaffee. "We ain't so sure he did it. There's others just as likely. He'll go to jail while we get some better dope."

"No, he don't go to no jail," contradicted Mack, so thoroughly enraged that not even the affection he felt for Chaffee would sway him. "Some o' you jaspers go around the front way. He ain't bluffin' me! I'm walking straight up this stair! Lemme through!"

"I'm warning you!" yelled the gambler, voice as shrill as the scrape of a file. "I won't be taken! Where's the sheriff—I want to talk to him."

"Stop this foolishness," said Chaffee. "We don't do no such lynching. We ain't sure."

The calm voice of William Wells Woolfridge came from behind. "Let me through this way, boys. I want to talk to Clyde."

They made a path for him reluctantly. Though the Stirrup S outfit detested Woolfridge for his Eastern airs, his position commanded a certain respect. Mack Moran was not above speaking plainly, however. "It won't do you no good. We're goin' to take him out and leave him cold."

"Let me talk to him," said Woolfridge, never varying the softness of his speech. At the foot of the stairs he called up. "Clyde."

"I won't be taken, Mr. Woolfridge," the gambler answered. The man had the sound of wild desperation about him. "I will not!"

"That's all right, Clyde," said Woolfridge soothingly. "I

want to have a talk with you. I'm coming up."

"Come alone—nobody else!" warned the gambler.

"That's right, Clyde," reassured Woolfridge. And up the stairs he went, turned the corner, and was beyond the crowd's view. Mack Moran was utterly astonished. "I never give Woolfridge no credit for nerve like that, Jim. Say, he ain't half so bad as I figgered. But he ain't stoppin' us none."

The murmur of talk drifted down; the nervous jerky tones of the gambler running into that softer speech of Woolfridge. Moran grew restless at the length of time, but Jim Chaffee shook his head, eyes narrowing. Maybe Woolfridge had cold nerve, and maybe it wasn't nerve so much as confidence in a man he secretly owned. Feed dug into the flooring above. The gambler's voice rose shrilly; a gun's report filled the upper recesses and rolled back. Mack Moran made a tremendous leap upward, hauling himself by the banister. William Wells Woolfridge walked into view and stood with his gun swinging idle in his hand; he looked down, soft cheeks a little paler than usual and his chest rising to harder breathing.

"I'm sorry boys. I've taken care of Clyde. I shall hold myself fully responsible to the sheriff. This man came here more or less at my suggestion. He went crooked and he killed my best friend. I want you to know I feel deeply about it. After all that has happened I couldn't do anything else. No man can violate my trust and get away with it. I always thought Clyde a gentleman. You'll find him lying in the hall."

He descended and passed through them. Abreast Jim Chaffee he raised his face and looked squarely into Jim's eyes. Chaffee, returning the glance, felt the full shock of personality he had never seen before. Woolfridge went out; Stirrup S men moved to see the gambler's body. Chaffee pulled Moran into the street. "You red-headed fool, some day you'll be ashamed of this party."

"The man deserved to die. I shore have advanced my opinion of this rancher dude a heap."

"Yeah. So have I. Only not in the same way. Put this in your pipe—no more dangerous man ever walked the streets of Roaring Horse. Now, if you've got some of your judgement back again, come along. We've got to have a look through that stable and around behind it."

William Wells Woolfridge walked the whole length of the street and toured the dark oval of the rodeo field, head dropped thoughtfully.

"I have violated the first law of my life. I never should have taken Clyde into my affairs; never should have revealed to him a single syllable of what I planned. What a man wishes well done he must do himself. I violated that rule. And I should have paid for it if I hadn't killed him. Woolfridge, don't do that again." But after a second rounding of the field he shook his head. "It is unfortunate. I will have to use other men in the future. Can't hope to get out of doing it. Craib is safe. I do not fear him. He is tied too closely with me. And Craib can never testify to a single move of mine that is not legitimate and above board. Perrine—he's a dangerous instrument. I will not use him except as a last resort. But if it comes to force he will serve and go out of the picture," with that he started toward

ing methods they have put into operation. But possibly the most significant reason may be found in the chains' own limitations, and particularly in the weakness of certain units.

Three large chain organizations have recently had to eat crow because of the devious methods of local managers. In a western state a manager was fined \$200 for selling turkeys one and one-half pounds short of the weight marked on the tag. In a Virginia city several managers connected with another chain were also fined for short weight.

Still another chain organization has closed up 408 local outlets because they were being operated at

the hotel. "Jim Chaffee is a man I must be careful with. I may have to deal with him later. The issue is too big to let him interfere."

The stable doors were closed when Chaffee and Moran reached the place; shouldering through a side entrance they found Doc Fancher, the town marshal, and Sheriff Luis Locklear, conducting a post-mortem examination. They had put a blanket beneath old Dad Satterlee; a lantern revealed his bulging cheeks, still somewhat florid. Moran swore bitterly. Jim Chaffee looked only once and turned aside. Sheriff Locklear stared at the pair.

"What are you two doin' in here? Don't yuh see we locked folks out? Go on—travel."

"Who are you?" grunted Chaffee. Locklear was new in the office, a stubborn unfriendly man who enjoyed his authority; the acquisition of his star had turned his head, had made him both arbitrary and unreasonable. He never had been a friend of Chaffee's.

"You know who I am," snapped the sheriff.

"Don't bark at me, Luis," said Chaffee. "You ain't big enough around the chest. What are you piddlin' away time at this for, when all the evidence is outside?"

"I know my business. Don't try to tell me what I should do. You Stirrup S lunkheads don't own Roarin' Horse."

"Mebbe yuh think you do," interposed Mack Moran. "If yore so hot about the ears, why don't yuh get out there and take hold of the excitement?"

Chaffee turned to Doc Fancher. "Where did the bullet hit him, Doc?"

"Don't tell him," commanded the sheriff. "He ain't got a right to know."

"Why hasn't he?" asked Doc Fancher mildly. "Right square in the cheek, Jim."

"Thanks," Chaffee strolled on deeper into the stable. Satterlee's calico pony was in a stall near the back end. The old man, entering the stable, had never advanced that far. If, as Fancher had said, the bullet had struck dead on, then the killer must have been stationed deep in the shadows, directly by the rear door. Satterlee had been framed in the light as he crossed the street and came to the stable. The killer had figured on that—and retreated through the corral behind the stable.

"Mack, you get another lantern out of the office."

"All right. But it ain't necessary none. We done got the gambler. The whole thing's finished."

"Maybe," was Chaffee's enigmatic answer. "Get a lantern, anyhow."

"Listen," called the sheriff. "Don't go monkeyin' around that's my business."

"When I want your advice, Luis, I'll ask for it," said Chaffee, profoundly irritated. "And that will sure be a long time from now." He thought for a moment that Locklear was going to come forward and challenge him. But the man scowled and kept his place by Doc Fancher. Mack came back with a lantern. Chaffee took it and stepped to the exit, swinging the light along the ground.

He was careful not to set foot out there. A watering trough's overflow made the whole area mucky and treacherous. The hoofs of many horses had churned it in spots to a black mud. Chaffee played the light from one side of the area to the other and presently called quite softly to Mack. "See those boot prints—creepin' along the buildin' wall? Fellow tryin' to keep out of the mud. Toes pointed this way."

"Shore, gambler fella probly made 'em."

"Said person wouldn't be so careful in makin' his departure after the shot was fired," mused Chaffee. The lantern went questing again and swooped toward the deepest mud of the area. "Yeah. He

went sloggin' through: this to make his get-away. See?"

"It don't sound unreasonable," agreed Mack. "But what difference does it make? The gent is defunct, ain't he?"

"Do me another favor, Mack. Go down to the storeroom and get me a couple handfuls of tar. Go heat it somewhere so it'll run free and come on the gallop."

"What in the name of—"

"I'm askin' a favor."

"Well," Mack departed. Fancher and the sheriff finished their examination and went out, leaving the marshal alone with the body. A group of Stirrup S punchers threw open the big doors and went about hitching up a rig. When Mack got back with a bucket of hot tar he found Chaffee smoking a very thoughtful cigaret.

"The soft ground is full of tracks, Mack. Two-three different sets. Give me that bucket. You hold the lantern and follow close." He walked gingerly through the loose dirt and bent down before one particularly clear imprint. The tar spilled into it. Mack grimaced a question, but Chaffee emptied the bucket in two other such imprints before replying. "I'm fillin' tar into 'em. When it hardens we'll have the size of somebody's boots."

Another Stirrup S man came forward. "Listen, Jim, we're all set to take Dad back home. He's in the rig. But you better come along and break the news to Miz Satterlee. It ain't a job any of us is wishful to do."

Chaffee rolled a cigaret before replying. "She's always been good to me. Here I am bringin' back a story like this. All right, Tobe." He turned to Mack. "You've got to stay here and pick up those tar models when they get hard. And be blamed sure nobody else gets 'em."

"I'd ruther do that than face Miz Satterlee," said Mack. "But what do you figger a bunch of frozen boot prints is a-goin' to do you? We got the jasper. That's enough."

Chaffee shook his head, subduing his words. "Mack I'm layin' all my money the gambler didn't kill Dad. Where was Theodorik Perrine all this time? Where is he now? And wouldn't it sort of mean something to you if you happened to see a man walkin' down the street with mud on his heels?"

"Plenty of mud around town besides here," objected Mack.

"Maybe so, but a careful man wouldn't be walkin' in it unless he was powerful excited. The name of the gentleman who had said mud on his heels right after the shot was fired is—"

The rig moved out of the stable, and one of the Stirrup S crew called back: "Come on, Jim." The sheriff, Luis Locklear, walked rapidly toward the pair.

"I'll hunt through this stable," said he, "just as a matter of formality. No doubt but what Clyde killed Satterlee. Mr. Woolfridge did a fine job."

Jim Chaffee turned and got his horse, following the rig sadly back to Stirrup S. This tragedy had been so sudden, and his own search for the murderer's identification had been so engrossing, that not until now did the full sorrow of the thing fall upon him. Nowhere in the length and breadth of this country had there been a more sturdy and uprightly man than Dad Satterlee. His wife was woven into Roaring Horse. At a dance or at a round-up—at any of those occasions where the folks of the section met—Dad Satterlee's presence had always been a certain and cheering fact. And for every dollar that Dad had in the bank, another dollar had gone into some kind of charitable help. What was he, Jim Chaffee, to tell Miz Satterlee?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Scotchman's proposal is believed to be based on the plan of an American formulated just after the World war. It was his intention to use a submarine, which was to fire torpedoes through the sunken vessel, each torpedo carrying a steel cable. The cables were to be taken from the other side up to the surface, and then the wreck was to be hauled from the depths.

UP HILL AND DOWN.  
From Harvard Lampoon.  
"Is it pretty hard sledding on Wall Street on these days?"  
"Yes, when you're one of the runners."

### Return Watch to Start

#### The New Year Out Right

Lancaster, Pa.—(UP)—J. W. Bausman, a local banker, again has possession of a watch he lost in front of his home in 1917.

The watch was returned recently by an unidentified man who said that he wanted to start the new year right by giving back property he knew was not his.

The man, who had the watch for 13 years, asked W. J. Neuhauser, of the Farmers' Trust company, as to the possible identity of the owner of the time piece. The initials on the case correspond to Bausman's and Neuhauser arranged the return on the basis of "no questions asked."

#### CARELESS WORDS.

A friend's wife had died. To let me know, He made an unexpected call before I saw that he had come in trouble sore, In words that must have been almost a blow, I tossed a careless greeting. Then, his woe, Apparent as he came within my door, I thought how now his pardon to implore—

How best recall the words that hurt him so

A moment thus; and then, with drooping head, In tired, hopeless voice, "My wife is dead,"

So taken back I know not what I said, I cannot lose, I cannot ease the fear

That to my friend it yet can but appear, I met his sorrow with a motley jeer.

I wonder if, more often than we know, We do not make such mistakes. Before

We note the friendly need to heal a sore, How oft a ribald word we speak—a blow

A little insight might have spared his woe; How often of the friend within our door,

Should we forgiveness of our words implore, Nor ever even note that that is so, So let us pause to feel a bit a-head;

For not alone to him who mourns his dead, Is sorrow brought by what is idly said;

From careless words must ever grow the fear, That to a friend it sometime may appear,

We greet his pain with nothing but a jeer.

—Sam Page

#### Advance of Women in India.

From Christian Science Monitor.  
A striking and significant incident at the round table conference in London has been the speech made by one of the two Indian women delegates, the Begum Shah Nawaz. As soon as Mrs. Shah Nawaz sat down a steady stream of congratulatory notes began to pour in from the assembled delegates.

The full meaning of this incident, in which a representative of Indian women showed herself as politically capable as the ablest of eastern or western professional statesmen, can be appreciated only when it is recalled that when the Montagu-Chelmsford report was published only 12 years ago the position of women in Indian political life was so unimportant that scarcely any reference whatever was made to them. From being politically beneath official notice to furnishing two active delegates to the recent conference is a remarkable measure of progress.

This progress of Indian women has perhaps been most marked in the political sphere, but it has by no means been confined to it. Since 1921 the various provincial councils have followed the lead of Madras and have enfranchised women on the same terms as men, while seven provinces out of nine allow women as legislative members.

To balance this political advance, Indian women are now taking an active interest in educational, legal and social questions, doing particularly useful work in connection with child welfare. Progress in education is hindered by the practice of child-marriage, for parents take little or no interest in the instruction of girls who are almost certain to be married before they are 10 years old. This custom has, however, been forbidden by the Sarda act, and when this act comes into force notable educational advances will become possible.

One social effect likely to flow from the increased prominence of women in Indian public life will be keenly welcomed by western observers. In the first All-India Women's Educational conference, held in 1927, it was noticed that no indications of communal friction were apparent. The influence of women in lessening the tension between Hindu and Muslim will do much to help India solve one of its most difficult and pressing problems, and by so doing will ultimately benefit a large part of the world.

#### CHILD DROWNS IN GARDEN POOL

Winterset, Ia.—The 15-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. James Sullivan, James, Jr., was accidentally drowned in the fish pool in the yard of the family home here late Thursday.

#### So Inconsiderate.

From Tit-Bits.  
Husband (who has just secured a job): Cheer up. The tide has turned. I've found a job as a night watchman.

Wife: Well, if that ain't aggravatin'. I've only just finished makin' ye a couple o' new nightshirts.

#### Los Angeles Revealed As "One Horse Town"

Los Angeles.—In spite of its population of more than 1,000,000, Los Angeles still is a "one horse town."

There is but one lone, solitary horse and buggy available for the young swain that would a-wooing go in the style of his grandfather. In 1910 there were 70 livery stables in Los Angeles. In 1930 the competition of automobiles and airplanes has cut this down to four

## DON'T TRIFLE WITH COLDS

Sluggish intestinal systems lower resistance to colds. Cleanse them with Feen-a-mint, the modern chewing gum laxative. Gentle, safe, non-habit-forming. More effective because you chew it.

## Feen-a-mint



### FOR CONSTIPATION

Work a National Blessing Money which comes without effort doesn't build a good life or a sound civilization.—Collier's Weekly.

## N. Y. Woman Lost 14 Pounds of Fat

One 85 Cent Bottle of Kruschen Salts Did It

"I am starting on my second bottle of Kruschen Salts and am real pleased with results. I take it for reducing and so far have lost 14 pounds and I think it is doing wonders for me. I do not feel so tired evenings when I get home from work."

A generous bottle of Kruschen Salts that lasts 4 weeks costs but 85 cents at any drugstore in America—take one half teaspoon in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast—cut out pastry and fatty meats—go light on potatoes, butter, cream and sugar—that will help Kruschen take off your fat.

Before the bottle is empty surplus fat is leaving you—indeed, changes to active—your face younger—eyes will brighten—step grows spry. Millions know this—you ought to know it. Kruschen Salts is the ideal treatment for constipation, indigestion, headaches, nervousness and acidity.

Take Kruschen every morning—it's the little daily dose that does it—if not joyfully satisfied after the first bottle—money back—Adv.

## FOR BRUISES HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

Sacred Mistletoe The Druids held the mistletoe in reverence because of its mysterious birth.

## Has Your Back Given Out?



### Backache Often Warns of Disordered Kidneys.

If miserable with backache, bladder irritations and getting up at night, 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 by dealers everywhere.



### Bolstering Up Confidence

"Clothes always give me a lot of confidence."

"Yes, you can go to a number of places with them where you could not go without them."

## AN EXCELLENT TONIC AND NERVE

Waterloo, Iowa —"Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a most excellent tonic and nerve. I have taken it and found it especially beneficial during expectancy to keep me in good physical condition, and afterward to build me up and bring back my strength. And at any time when I feel myself beginning to go down I take a bottle of the 'Prescription' and find it so helpful that I think it is the only tonic for a weak and ailing woman to take."

Mrs. Hulda Smith, 136 Black Ave. All druggists or send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial package.

#### Independents Hold Their Own.

Frank A. Fall in the Outlook and Independent.

Annihilation of the independent retailer by the chains is not proceeding at the anticipated rate of speed. In Los Angeles, for example, there are 2,737 independent grocers today, as compared with 2,722 a year ago. During the same period chain stores in the 12th federal reserve district (covering the Pacific coast states) showed a loss of more than 12 per cent in sales per store.

One reason for the slowing up of the chain "juggernaut" is the increasing unwillingness of the independents to be run over, and another is the improved merchandise

methods they have put into operation. But possibly the most significant reason may be found in the chains' own limitations, and particularly in the weakness of certain units.

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Still another chain organization has closed up 408 local outlets because they were being operated at

a loss. This particular enterprise saw the writing on the wall and was able to read, interpret and act on it. Others are likely to learn before the end of 1931 that it is possible to be too large for comfort and even too large for safety.

#### Would Raise Lusitania

Reports of the raising of treasure ships off European coasts has prompted a Scotchman to propose the salvaging of the Lusitania with its valuable thirty-ton safe. Engineers declare that it is almost a certainty that the weight of the sea at a depth of about 300 feet crushed the vessel flat years ago. The