# CHAFFEE

ROARING HORSE BY ERNEST HAYCOX

South and west he traveled, as fast as the paint horse would take him; and along down the dark vault of the desert the chill wind cleared his head to give him a clearer sight of what he was about to do. Perhaps he had 10 business setting out alone. Perhaps he should have waited for the Stirrup S men to return from their wild goose chase. But that would not be until morning-they'd range the flat land until dawn came-and morning was too late. Theodorik Perrine would be watching then. Or else the gang would be scattered. If Perrine was to be hit the hitting must be done immediately; the renegade had to be taught that there was an instant rebound to an affair like this. Once let Perrine see the range sleeping and debating over such wanton aggression and the range was lost to all security.

Such was Jim Chaffee's reasoning as he galloped arrow-straight for the southwest lava flow country where Perrine hid. Yet that was not all. There was something beyond reason that urged Chaffee headlong into certain trouble. The same unseen power that had killed Dad Satterlee also had driven the herd into the deep chasm of the Roaring Horse. Whatever different instrument might have been used for each deed, the power Lehind was the same. He was sure of it. Here was a chance to show resistance to that power, to break the machinelike sureness of it. And here was a chance to accept Theodorik Perrine's challenge of long standing. There would never come a better

"Theodorik dead will mean a whole lot to this country right now," muttered Jim Chaffee. "Me bein' dead won't make much difference.

Jim Chaffee in his normal warkaday senses would never have crossed that first lava scarp and pressed along the tortuous path leading still lower into the labyrinth of pockets and pinnacles. He would have used entirely different methods. On this night Chaffe was another man. Anger tightened his nerves and muscles. His natural kindliness, his bouyant and easy-going spirit, his law-respecting judgement—all these were wiped out for the time. To-night he was a stalking savage. So at last he turned a bend of the narrow path, passed between sentinel mounds, and commanded a view of Theodorik Perrine's hut one hundred yards farther on. Dismounting, he led the pony a little off'the trail and behind one of these mounds, let the reins fall, and stepped forward with both guns drawn.

Once upon a time that had been the home of an early settler: inevitably the settler starved and moved away and Theodorik had assumed tenancy. Nothing could grow within a mile of the hut, but it occupied an admirably strategic location. There was only the one trail leading in through the lava, easily commanded by day, easily guarded at night. So jagged and craterlike was the land on either side of the trail that no horse could travel there, and for a man to attempt approach or departure across the needlelike surface of the lava was to Invite torn flesh and clothing. The trail was the only safe way of entering. There was a rumor abroad that Perrie knew of another route behind the hut leading deeper into the volcanic wastes westward. If such a route existed he alone knew of it. Very few people

cared to explore the useless and forbidding section.

A light glimmered through the hut windows, and the sparks of a fire shot up from the chimney. Chaffee crept forward foot by foot, sweeping the shadows for a possible sentry along the path. After to-night's affair Perrine would not leave himself unguarded. Yet Chaffee found nobody opposing his approach. Arriving near the house he paused, dissatisfied. He couldn't start a play unless he was certain nobody flanked him in the rimming darkness; so, turning, he began a tedious exploration of the bowl. He skirted a corral,, seeing the vague bulk of the horses inside; and he dropped to his haunches, listening. In a few minutes he pressed on to the ramshackel barn and there waited until the very silenc of the place oppressed him. Still not sure, he completed a second circle and at last closed on the hut. Uneasiness rode his shoulders. Why wasn't a sentry somewhere around?

He slid to a side window of the hut and lifted his head until he commanded a partial view of the interior. Theodorik Perrine and Sleepy Slade were bent over a table playing cards. Three of the gang sat around the stove. That made five. One man oiled his revolver in a corner. Six. Leaving three to be accounted for, and he couldn't see those corners of the place in which the bunks were built. Ducking, he passed to the other side of the window and looked again. Two men were rolled in their blankets and he thought he saw the ninth and last of that party lying in a dim corner. But, though he tried to penetrate the dark angle of the place, he slid away, still uncertain, It might be the ninth man rolled in for the night, or it might only be a pile of blankets heaped up on the

He came quietly to the door and set the muzzle of one gun under the latch; before lifting the latch and throwing the barrier wide he debated with his better judgement and again set aside the small voice of caution. If ever he was to put the fear of the Lord into the heart of Theodirik Perrine it must be now, when the man, fresh from wanton destruction, sat relaxed and confident over the card game. The gun muzzle rose with the latch, the door flew open, and he threw both guns down upon the assembled renegades. They couldn't see him as he stood outside the place and to one side of the opening, but they heard plain enough the brittle snap of his command.

"Hit for the ceilin'-you! Up! Throw 'em high in a hustle! Sleepy-don't move out of that chair or I'll spill you all over the place! That's right-now you buzzards roll off them bunks and move back. What're you stallin' for, Red? I'm not goin' to do any countin. Get back there, you hairless Mexican pup! Keep your elbows away from that lamp, Sleepy! It won't hurt me none to send some of you lousy, putty-livered coyotes to hell and gone down the

chute!" Nobody could miss the restless, jammed-up temper of Jim Chaffee at that moment. It crackled and smashed around their heads like the beat upon them stronger and harsher with each word until it seemed he was on the very point of ripping the hut wide with bullets. All hands rose; those in the bunks dropped to the floor and marched back of the stove. Sleepy Slade and Theodorik Perrine never moved from the

table. Sleepy's gaunt and saturnine face was an evil thing to see in the lamplight; Perrine's back was turned to the door and the lifted fists were doubled tight.

Eight men in the hut, no more. Chaffee kicked the door wider and saw only a huddle of blankets on that shadow cloaked bunk. Either the ninth man was out in the bowl or he had split off from the gang earlier. It was a gamble, and he had to move fast, "One at a time-drop your belts. One at a time-startin' from the corner!"

Belts fell. Theodorik Perrine, staring at the opposite wall, threw a question over his giant shoulders. "What kind of a play do yuh think to make, Chaffee? Yore on trembly ground. I'm sayin' it. You ain't got no backin' in this country. Not any more. Yuh can't make the bluff good."

"Stand up, Theodor, ,, and slip your belt. Now sit down. Sleepy, do the same. Don't try to stall on me. I'ts just as easy to leave a few of you cattle butchers on the floor. Sit down, Sleepy! Theodorik, take off your books and throw 'em back here."

"What's the need o'-"

The first shock of surprise having passed, they sparred for time. Chaffee knew by the way Perrine bent and hauled at his boots that the renegade expected a turn of the tide. That ninth man must be in the neighborhood. Chaffee pulled himself a little more to one side of the door's opening. "Theodorik, if that boot seems tight I'll help it with a little lead. Throw it back. Other one, too." They came sailing through the door. Chaffee took one of them and slid it beneath his belt. "Rest of you imitation bad men do same. Throw 'em this way."

Perrine turned in the chair, big face grinning malevolently. "I'm plumb interested. Yuh can't make the bluff good. The jail won't held none of us. Politics have changed, Chaffee. What else do you aim to try? Stirrup S is on the slide. It don't count no more."

Boots came flying out. Chaffee kicked them on into the yard. Eight men stood in their socks, glowering. What I aim to do, Theodorik, is to string all you jack rabbits on one rope and walk you barefooted across the lava and back to the ranch. By the time you get that far you'll be halter broke. Then—" He stopped, thinking he heard a remote sound beyond the yard.

"You can't do it!" roared Theodorik Perrine. "You can't make the bluff good!"

"Barefoot," replied Chaffee grimly. "And if a jail won't hold you, then Stirrup S will. We'll break your back, Theodorik. That's the beginning. Stand up. Sleepy, get that rope and put a hitc! around your neck. You boys won't be doin' any more dirty chores for a while. Neither will your boss when we find out who he

"You'll last about as long as a snowball in-" began Perrine. The rest of it was out off by a grumbling, halfwake question from the barn. "What's all that racket over there, huh?"

Theodorik Perrine's face turned thunder black. "He went asleep again! It's the last time for him!"

'W'hat's the racket?" repeated the voice, coming nearer. Chaffee crouched as far in the shadows as he dared. Perrine began to shift weight and grumble. The whole crowd inside the hut started moveing. Chaffee warned them with a sibilant whisper. Perrine laughed. Of a sudden the ninth man out in the yard yelled. His gun smashed the silence, bullets ripped the ground by the door and Perrine shouted a warning. Chaffee fired at the ninth man point-blank. The hut trembled, the light went out and confusion turned the place upside down. Another shot plunged past Chaffee;

and ne, marking the source by the mushrooming purple point of light, matched it. He heard the man fall.

There was no time left now. Window glass broke. Perrine bellowed his wrath through the openings. Chaffee ran five yards from the house. commanding a dim view of the door and the near window. They began to find their guns and rake the doorway from the inside. Chaffee lifted his voice.

"Better light the lamp and cave in. I've got this dump covered."

"Yuh ain't broad enough to cover it!" roared Perrine. They placed him from his voice, and in a moment he heard them crawling through the window on the far side. One man raced headlong around the corner, flinging lead at each step. Chaffee dropped him. But the tide was setting out; they had gotten beyond his control and in another moment they would have him trapped in this bowl. So, with Theodorik Perrine's boot still tucked under his belt-a valuable trophy in itself—and knowing that he had in a measure shaken the gang, he raced along the path, got his horse, and threaded the lava to open country. He pointed the pony toward Roaring Horse town, dropping the spurs. He heard Theodorik Perrine following, and he knew that before the night had run its course he would collide with the giant again.

"Bad odds from now on," he murmured to himself. "If I ducked back to Stirrup S I might find the gang home. And we'd take Theodorik into camp. But if the outfit ain't back then I'm only invitin' a wholesale bonfire. That's what Theodorik would do. If I hit into the open country and try to outrun those boys I ain't doing a thing but admit I'm licked. And then I ain't of any use. I'm out. Same as havin' a price on my head. No sir, I'll track into town and see what this boot tells me. They'll follow. But I don't believe they've got nerve enough to try a wholesale battle with everybody lookin' on. Theodorik will brace me alone. If he ain't able to do it he'll shunt another of the bunch on me. I don't mind that kind of a scrap. And I can do a lot of duckin' around the buildings

in case it gets too hot." He lost sound of the pursuing party. Halfway to Roaring Horse he stopped to listen Presently he heard the drum of pursuit swelling through the soft shadows; so he raced on, into the main street of the town, and left his horse down a convenient back alley. It was late, yet the saloons were still open, a few nighthawks loitered along the building porches, and Doc Fancher's light beckoned through 8 window above Tilton's. Jir Chaffee climbed the stairs.

Hardly had he disappeared from sight when Theodorik Perrine and the rest of the renegades slipped quietly around the rodeo field and dismounted. There in the darkness they debated.

"Don't see his horse," said Sleepy Slade.

"He's here," grunted Perrine "Runnin' for a hole. Hidin' out somewhere. Red, skin down to the other end of the street and block it. Duck, you stay here with me. Sleepy, wait near the Gusher. Rest scatter along the alleys. He don't get away, see? He's makin' a payment on the damage he did back at the hut." The man's tremendous body seemed to swell. "Jupiter, but I hate to let him alone! But I got orders to keep away personal. I ain't in no shape to disobey, either. So, whichever you boys see him-he's yore game. Get that?"

"Some town dudes roamin' up the street," murmured

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Q. Who founded the University of Heidelberg? M. McC. A. It was founded by the elector Rupert 1, the bull of foundation being issued by Pope Urban VI in 1385.

traffic should stop for him. Each cane is stamped with a number to insure against misuse by persons Q. Do many Canadians who

above his head, it is a signal of

intention to cross, and that all

come to the United States to live, change their minds and return to

A. Canadians who came to the United States to reside and who re-turned to Canada in 1930 declar-ing their intention of remaining permanently in that country numbered 31.608 compared with 30,479 in 1929.

+ HENS LAY 'OLD' EGGS WHEN IMPROPERLY FED

- Not more + + than 70 per cent of the 2,000,- + 000,000 eggs laid in Iowa last + + year could qualify as "fresh" + + on the day of production.

Those which failed, says R. + ♦ G. Clark, state dairy and food ♦ + commissioner, didn't measure + + up to the Iowa standard in 4 + weight, cleanliness or in con- + + dition of the yolk because of + + incorrect feeding and careless + + handling of the eggs.

### Radio With World Range

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To Be Set Up at Geneva Geneva- -A special radio station with a world-wide range for emergency use will be established here by the League of Nations. Under ordinary conditions it is to be operated by a Swiss radio company. The Swiss government will be entitled to have an observer present when the station is run by the league.

TO HARRIET. A portrait hangs upon my wall, A vivid, girlish face, With well marked brows, determined chin. Nose, tilted just a trace.

The wide set eyes look fearless forth, 'Neath lashes long, up curled; The flashing smile a challenge is Or like a flag unfurled.

The brow is high; from hanging tam
Escape the tendrils bright;
The suit is dark, the V shaped neck Is edged with modest white.

The picture says unto the world, "I'm not afraid of you! I mean to make the most of life,

And great things I shall do." Here's to you, dauntless, happy girll And when you run your race, May you display the strength, the poise,

Now pictured in your face. -Sam Page.

Canada's Own Governor General. From Christian Science Monitor Canada has now joined its sister dominion, the commonwealth of Australia, in making history by appointing its own governor general without the intervention of the British prime minister in Downing Street. But whereas Australia broke new ground by selecting a native citizen as representative of King George, Canada has followed tradition in choosing a citizen of the mother country.

Lord Bessborough, on whom the choice of R. B. Bennett's government has fallen, is the ninth earl of a preeminently conservative family which has been connected with the British crown for centuries. Lord Bessborough sat in the house of commons for seven years as Lord Duncannon before succeeding to the tamily title. Of late he has devoted himself more particularly to business, and today is chairman of the great Unilever Margarine corpora-tion and of the Sao Paulo Railway company as well as being deputy mines, all of which posts he will of course now be called upon to re-linquish. Originally he was trained for the legal profession, while during the World war he held a number of staff posts both in Gallipoli and France. His wife, a daughter of Baron Jean de Neuflize, comes of French Protestant stock and is

no stranger to Canadian scenety. Mr. Bennett's choice solves in the happiest manner the chief out-standing difficulty of the new system of appointing governors general, namely, the task of finding an individual who is acceptable to the people of Canada and personally known to the king at the time of his appointment. Lord Bessborough may confidently be expected to justify the high hopes being placed in

Steel Studies the Consumer.
From Forbes Magazine.
"Steel," writes T. M. Girdler, presendent of the Republic Steel corporation, in Forbes Magazine, "has learned that when human needs can be located, identified, prescribed for and met production contakes." and met, production can take care of itself. It has learned also—and this is far more important—that the best trained scientific minds in the cannot locate these needs within the confines of the labora-tory; that the executive thinking today only in terms of production is likely to find himself manufacturing something for which the

world can find no use "By purchase, consolidations, and other realignments, the steel industry has been moving gradually near-er to the actual users of its merer to the actual users of its mer-chandise. In everything, from kit-chen utensils to cantilever bridges, it has been studying the current and potential uses of its products, and though this market-mindedness is only in its beginning, it has already yielded enough information to indi-cate that we are now entering the cate that we are now entering the

most far reaching cycle of industrial change in our history.

"The swing of the steel industry to merchandising has as one of its permanent aims the prevention of prescription errors, so to speak, by its customers. It recognizes that now as in the past its products must pay their way, and that to sell a manufacturer something which he may be compelled to scrap before it has paid for itself is only to limit his future purchasing power. Even the smaller corporations, therefore, not content with setting up laboraories, are also adjusting themselves or closer contact with the consumer, and for the use of their research acilities to solve consumer prob-

Passing Observation. From the Cincinnati Enquirer. Every man makes a fool of him-self at times, but the biggest fool is the one who tries to beat the rec ord of being the biggest fool.

Advertising His Business. From Forbes Magazine. The speaker was a brilliant orator

and the audience gave him proper attention, except for one man in the crowd who made things bad both for the speaker and the listeners, by shouting out "Lair! Liar!" After about a dozen repetitions of this the orator paused and pointing to the tormentor, said: "If the gentle-man who persists in his remarks will be good enough to tell us his name, instead of merely shouting out his profession, I am sure we wil be glad to make his acquaintance."



## DON'T let a Cold Settle in your Bowels!

Keep your bowels open during a cold. Only a doctor knows the importance of this. Trust a doctor to know best how it can be done.

That's why Syrup Pepsin is such a marvelous help during colds. It is the prescription of a family doctor who specialized in bowel troubles. The discomfort of colds is always lessened when it is used; your system is kept free from phlegm, mucus and acid wastes. The cold is "broken-up" more easily.

Whenever the bowels need help, Dr. Caldweil's Syrup Pepsin is sure to do the work. It does not gripe or sicken; but its action is thorough. It carries off all the souring waste and poison; helps your bowels to help themselves.

Take a spoonful of this family doctor's laxative as soon as a cold starts, or the next time coated tongue, bad breath, or a bilious, headachy, gassy condition warns of constipation. Give it to the children during colds or whenever they're feverish, cross or upset. Nothing in it to hurt anyone; it contains only laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other mild ingredients. The way it tastes and the way it acts have made it the fastest selling laxative the drugstore carries!

#### DR. W. B. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN A Doctor's Family Laxative

Train Control Extended

Operation of the automatic traincontrol system between London and Oxford has proved so satisfactory that the Great Western railway of England has decided to install the equipment on all its main lines to Plymouth, Bristol and other important centers at a cost of more than \$1,000,000, according to cabled advices received from London.

#### Are You "Hitting On All Six?" Liver-Stomach-Bowels-Nerves

Heart-Are They All 100%? Folks, the human body is just like a good car, everything must be in working order if you want real performance.
You can't expect to feel 100% if your liver and stomach are out of order, nerves jumpy or bowels tied up. You

weak, despondent people who have been trying to get back the vim and endurance of earlier years will be de-highted to see how quickly strength, and energy return thru the use of Tanlac. Go to your druggist now and get a bottle of Tanlac. Tanlac has helped millions so there is no reason why you,

too, can't begin today to revitalize your entire system. Money back guarantee.

Easy

"People keep asking the price of meats." complained the butcher. "Put in a ticker."

Many a man thinks how good he would be to a friend if he only had



# Lucky Day

Three candles! And each one represents a year of joyous living. This is Carolyn Babush, of 800 Downer Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Her mother says:

"My mother used California Fig Syrup, and when Carolyn became constipated we got some. It relieved her constipation, sweetened her breath, made her well and happy. I have since used it for all her upsets and colds. It has kept her strong and energetic."

For fifty years, mothers have used California Fig Syrup to overcome a child's bilious, headachy, feverish or fretful spells. Doctors recommend its soothing aid to keep bowels clear in colds or children's ailments; or whenever bad breath, coated tongue or listlessness warn of constipation. It assists in building up weak

The genuine always bears the name California. All drugstores.

PALIFORNIA LAXATIVE-TONIC for CHILDREN

Grandmother's Statue. Editorial in The Baptist. Among the war adventures of Gen. John Pershing which he is detailing is a visit to King George at Buckingham Palace. While there, the general relates, the king, after dinner, took him to the window and referring to a recent bombdng of London pointed to the statue
of Queen Victoria which stands opposite the palace and exclaimed,
The Kaiser, God damn him, has
even tried to destroy the statue of
his own grandmother!"

The General seems at first to have been deeply shocked at this brong language. Perhaps he re-

called that the king is the titular head of the Anglican church. But he apparently recovered for, as he writes, he "quickly realized that it was a solemn expression of profound indignation, and not profanity." Perhaps so. It sounds to us uncommonly like profanity, but we are not expert in such matters. Let it pass as indignation of a profound character.

What interests us is the subject of the indignation. The statue, as we recall it, is an imposing and impressive one. It would be rather a pity if it should be destroyed. But at the moment hundreds of young men were being shot down in

France and elsewhere and the products of the idealism of the centuries were being wrecked and destroyed beyond recovery. It is, at best, curious, the things that challenge our attention and rouse our indig-nation. The incident is illuminat-ing as a sidelight upon the psychology of war.

CANES AID BLIND Paris--The police department has issued to every blind person in the city a white cane which is a great ald in helping them safely across

the street in automobile traffic.

The department has decreed that

when a blind person raises the cane

having their sight.

Canada? G. P.