

CHAFFEE

of
ROARING HORSE
BY ERNEST HAYCOX

Eagle's round cheeks never moved. Woolfridge frowned and appeared to debate another idea. Whatever it was, he suppressed it for the time and went along the street to the hotel. In his suite of rooms he relaxed. There was a map on his desk. To that map he directed his attention, erasing certain boundary lines and inserting others. And when, later that afternoon, the stage dropped a passenger from down-territory, he was still studying the map. In that posture the newcomer found him.

"You are late," said Woolfridge, neither civil nor uncivil.

"Very sorry, sir. I couldn't get away from the capital a moment earlier. There has been much ado."

"Well?" interrupted Woolfridge. "What do I care about all that chatter? Come to the point."

The newcomer looked at a vacant chair. Since no invitation to rest was forthcoming he remained on his feet. "I am afraid I have no good news. That is what delayed me. The governor has been on the war-path. The legislature is about to convene, and there have been many radical bills proposed. Also, nobody understands just how there was a repercussion in Washington. On top of that the irrigation commissioner has become unfriendly. In short, T. Q. Bangor has instructed me to say to you that his company can no longer be interested in the proposed dam up here. That is quite final."

He was somewhat nervous, having once delivered the news, and he looked apprehensively at Woolfridge. Yet if he expected an explosion of wrathful disappointment he was to be disappointed. All that marked Woolfridge's state of mind was a sardonic gleam.

"So Bangor got cold feet and threw me down?"

"No, sir, that is not the impression he wants me to convey."

"It amounts to just that," snapped Woolfridge. "He's got the courage of a jellyfish. All of those fools down below are the same. If I had stayed there I'd be the same way. Thank God, I got out of it. Now I suppose Bangor expects I'll come weeping on his shoulders. I suppose you think I mean to discard all the plans I had you draw up. Well, I do not intend any such thing. We are going ahead."

"I don't see—" began the newcomer.

"Of course not. If you did see you'd have an imagination. If you had an imagination I wouldn't be hiring you. Sit down."

The newcomer sat down, uncertain, puzzled, and distraught. He had worked for Woolfridge many years, and he thought he understood his employer. Yet here was a man he didn't know at all. Woolfridge was changing; he was hardening to internal pressures. There was a squareness to the chubby face and a cast to the lips; a suggestion of saturnine confidence that never before had been visible. The newcomer never had known when went on in Woolfridge's mind, but hitherto he always had felt more or less secure of a certain routine. He didn't feel it now. Woolfridge looked at him in a way that made him wish there were others in the room. In fact the newcomer was somehow afraid.

"All our plans were based on the fact that the dam was coming in," stated Woolfridge. "We were to sell land on that basis. We will still sell land, but on a different basis. You go back. Revise your adver-

tisements. State in them that here is a land that will grow anything with water. Dwell upon the irrigation possibilities of the canyon. Do not promise that a dam is to be built, but convey by every clever word you have that a dam is sure to go in. Don't promise—hint. Hit 'em on the head with that hint. By Saturday—two days from now—I want a copy of that advertisement on the way to all the country newspapers in the surrounding states."

"But Bangor positively states the dam isn't going in."

"What do we care? You do as I tell you. That hint will draw a class of men who are always ready to drop what they've got and rush to some other place on a shoestring prospect. The world is full of such. They will buy my land, pay something down, and wait for water to come."

"Then what?" queried the newcomer.

"Then—what do you want to know for?" Woolfridge was about to say that then he would have their money and they would go broke. In the end they would leave and he would still have the land. "Go back and get at it. Tell them that dry farming can pay them while they are waiting." Once more the newcomer saw a touch of that cynical, sardonic amusement. He rose, fumbling with his hat.

"Very well. I will take care of it. There is no stage out of here until to-morrow."

"I said you didn't have any imagination," murmured Woolfridge. "There is a livery stable here that will rent you a rig and driver. Eat a bite and get out."

The man departed, glad to be clear of Woolfridge's presence. A stouter fellow would have resigned. This man was not of that caliber. Woolfridge had known as much at the time of hiring.

For perhaps an hour after Woolfridge had gone from the bank Mark Eagle tended to business. At the end of this time he very quietly laid down his pen, removed his light coat, and slid into his heavier one. He left the cage, closed the door, and went to Craib's office. Craib was busy, so Mark Eagle waited in entire patience until the older man pulled free from a ledger.

"I'd like my money," said Eagle.

Craib solemnly figured the days and dug into his own pocket for the cash. "Your dad pretty sick?"

"Yes," replied Mark. "Thank you." It was still before closing time, yet the Indian left the bank and walked to his room in a private house over near the rodeo field. A little later he reappeared on the street again with a paper bundle beneath his arm, going directly to the stable. Will Leaver, the spare stable hand, saw Mark enter and spoke casually. "How's tricks, old-timer?"

"Fair enough. Will. It is getting colder. Winter early this year."

The stable hand nodded. Mark Eagle walked to the rear of the place and slipped into a little alley made by the high stacks of baled hay. He was gone for quite a while and the stable hand, thinking it somewhat curious, at last rose and started toward the back. Midway, he was stopped dead and struck speechless. Mark Eagle stepped out from the alley.

When Eagle entered that alley he was much like any other man in Roaring Horse—dressed in the same conventional clothes, using the same speech and owning the same manners. Possibly he was more reserved and possibly he

carried himself a little straighter, for he was proud of his education and proud of his place in a white man's society. Nothing about Mark Eagle, save the color of his skin, set him apart from the average run of townsmen, and even that was overlooked through many years of close contact. Roaring Horse spoke of him as a good man, nothing more and nothing less. Yet, as he stood now before Will Leaver, all the trappings of civilization had been flung aside. The woolen suit was gone, the derby hat and the leather shoes were cast aside. Mark Eagle was stripped to the waist; he wore a pair of leather breeches and a set of moccasins. His jet black hair stood upright, heavy with grease, and twin blotches of red paint emblazoned his cheek bones. Poising there in the half light of the stable's vault he stared at Will Leaver out of burning, haughty eyes, the perfect picture of some wild savage emerged from the past.

Will Leaver started to speak. Mark Eagle raised a hand, around the wrist of which dangled a beaded quirt. And he muttered: "Ha—me red! I go!" His body bent, he slipped around Leaver at a dog trot. Down the driveway to the door and into the open street. There he halted, copper body shining in the cold sunlight, crimson paint creating a wierd and repulsive mask of his face.

Leaver woke from his wonder and ran after Eagle, shouting: "Hey, Mark, yuh can't do that! Yuh'll get pinched. Come back here, yuh darn darn fool, before folks see yuh!"

Mark Eagle threw up his hands. A wild, exultant cry went ringing down along the building walls of Roaring Horse, waking barbaric echoes, shocking all hearers out of the afternoon drowse. Then he whirled. When Will Leaver reached the door he saw Mark Eagle leaping into the saddle of a tethered pony. Leaver yelled again, men came up on the run. But Mark Eagle, full blood, was on his way with the winds, out into the open desert, bound for the high and distant ridges he had looked at so long from the imprisoning streets of the white man's town.

CHAPTER XIV

The Beginning of a Tragedy
Within three days Roaring Horse was visibly notified of the changing times, distinctly warned that control had passed to other hands. The notification came swiftly and almost arrogantly, as if to strike a hard lesson home to those unreformed men who had fought against change.

First—and this happened the night following Miz Satterlee's surrender—was William Wells Woolfridge's public avowal of ownership. Roaring Horse woke one morning to find his name emblazoned below the sign of the land office; it proclaimed on the panels of the Gusher Hotel, on Ellsberg's Mercantile House, above the arch of the livery stable, and as far down the street as the lumber yard.

Woolfridge was shrewd enough to know that this wide-flung display would create resentment and bitterness among the discontented; Roaring Horse was not wholly won to his side. Yet he rode his high horse with a purpose. If it created anger he also believed it would create discouragement. He had established the fact of his ruthless ability to plow ahead; he hoped that the remaining dissenters would lose heart and leave the country.

The town of a sudden became a beehive of activity. Freighters rolled in, heavy laden with lumber for the yard, against the future needs of the settlers. New lodgepole corrals rose behind the stable, and a bronze peeler from Woolfridge's drove in a bunch of half-wild saddle stock and took up the business of gentling them out on the rodeo field. A man slipped of the stage and joined the clerk at

the land office. Maps outgeoned forth upon the walls of that office. Small piles of the desert's soil appeared in the window with a written analysis behind each. And there was an artist's picture of what Roaring Horse would look like five years hence—a town of brick buildings surrounded by a country of square, green farms in which great barns and fine houses and tall poplar trees stood in shapely arrangement. A crew of men began to dig out the foundation for some unknown structure beyond the rodeo field.

It all went to create a picture of optimism and growth, yet Roaring Horse looked on, half believing, half disbelieving. Even Woolfridge's flaring ad in the weekly paper failed to convince the skeptics. Roaring Horse had been exclusively a cattle country for some generations. It would remain so, believed these skeptics, after Woolfridge was dead and gone. But when on the fourth day a line of wagons drew into town and stopped abreast the land office the skeptics were silenced and an electric thrill of surprise woke the citizens from their doubt.

It was the vanguard of the homesteaders, the first answers to Woolfridge's broadcast invitation. Gay Thatcher looking down from the window of her hotel room, saw the wagons, their occupants and contents, and marveled. Somehow the spectacle was so full of pathos that it almost made her cry. On these long and clumsy vehicles was packed the assorted gathering of a lifetime—plows, stoves, kitchen cabinets, barrels of dishes, bedding rolls. The household articles overflowed and hung outward from every possible angle of suspension. The men—she counted five—were middle aged and weather beaten; the women sat silently, bonnets pulled down and hands folded. Children and dogs swarmed to the ground the very instant this queer caravan halted. Presently Woolfridge came out of the land office and shook hands with the arrivals. And the men descended and slouched back with him. These were not the prosperous farmers from which a successful project was made; they were the type who had left one hopeless stretch of land and always were ready to travel on the hint of something better.

"It is criminal!" exclaimed Gay. "Nothing less than criminal! All the money they have will go into this desert and why, those poor women!"

They looked cold and very weary. Probably they were hungry as well. A baby cried somewhere in the clutter; the men returned, all smiling broadly, and swung up to the wagon seats. As the caravan proceeded down the street and turned into the livery stable Gay Thatcher saw that the women were smiling, too. Hope had met them. The girl turned away from the window, passionately angry. "It isn't fair!"

"You are the first to enter the project," said that gentleman, pointing to the counter map. "Therefore, you have unlimited choice. Area One, as you see it here, includes the lands nearest the main canal. Area Two is that part of the project somewhat more removed. I want to impress on you, however, that the soil in Area Two is as good as any. And since you probably are not prepared to invest a great sum of money, you will find exactly what you want there. Run your wagons into the stable, settle your families, and come back. I'll have a man with horses to take you on an inspection trip."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BANDAGE WEDDING GOWN

New Haven, Conn.—(UP)—Bandages formed a large part of the wedding costume of Miss Anna McDermott, who was burned severely while cleaning her gown on the eve of her wedding. The ceremony was performed while the priest, bridegroom and witnesses gathered around her bed.

provisions for parole are perfect. It would be a mistake, however, to permit the convicts to draw the conclusion that mass action on their part can in any way advantage them. And it is a mistake on the part of legislators or the public to waste much sympathy on felons. They do not deserve it and there is no reason to believe they will reward it.

Wheat farmers near Burley Ia., killed more than 1,000 chucks in a few hours by laying out poisoned alfalfa. The chucks, about half the size of a porcupine, had caused heavy losses.

"Little North America"

in Germany Losing Out

Little North America in Germany is decreasing in population. Pennsylvania now has no school, and the parents must send the children to Maryland. Boston's population has dwindled to only a little more than 100, and Quebec has only four houses. New York and Florida are also diminishing in population. The tract of swampy country about eighty miles east of Berlin, and called Warthe Bruch, once had many thousands of people, but now there are comparatively only a few. Nearby places, such as Jamaica, Transvaal and Havana are also losing out. The tract was promoted by King Frederick the Great, who induced farmers who wished to emigrate, to settle on the swamp land which was reclaimed, and named the villages and districts after the foreign destination they had in view.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

Machine Aids Study of Sun

The Scripps institution of oceanography of the University of California is making a scientific study of sunlight, its effect on the human body, etc. For this study a new instrument, called the "thermoelectric pyranometer," has been developed. This pyranometer is more sensitive than any instruments ever used to record changes in the amount of sunshine reaching the earth. It registers changes in sunlight like the seismograph records tremblings in earthquakes. Changes in the amount of sunlight the earth gets, it has been pointed out, are due to causes within the sun itself and to shifting haze and clouds in the air.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Violin Resembles Human Ear

In an effort to improve the tone quality of the violin without detracting from resonance or volume, a German musician and inventor has made an instrument bearing a striking resemblance to a human ear, which produces sounds of great sweetness and purity. This violin, described in Popular Mechanics Magazine, has virtually been built on edge, the sounding surfaces, therefore, do not need to be curved to make room for the bow, and this, apparently, has increased the resonance of the instrument.

Too Much

Mrs. Ritzy Voo—I understand you cooked for the Heyster-Peysters. Why did you leave?

Cook Applicant—Well, mum, after their stocks went down to nothin' almost, they was always borrowin' my car!

Japs Live Strictly Up

to Auto Regulations

Mrs. L. W. Hoffeker of El Paso, in relating some of her experiences when she took her car to Japan for a motor trip, says:

"When we docked at Yokohama there was no gas in the car and I bought some before I drove into the customs yard. I then learned it was against the law to bring in gas without a manifest and if I drove the car out of the yard I would get arrested for smuggling gas."

"Then the courteous Japs, in order not to have to arrest me, helped push my car into the street and then told me to drive down to the police station for inspection."

"I was informed that I must have my tail light disconnected from the main switch so that I couldn't turn off my lights and run away in case of accident."—Los Angeles Times.

He Knew Better

"I call that new maid of your wife's a peach, don't you?"

"Not while my wife's about."

Morality, when vigorously alive, sees farther than intellect and provides unconsciously for intellectual difficulties.—Froude.

It is a happy wife who says, "My husband wants me to wear as fine clothes as he can afford."

STOP THAT COUGH!



Webster City, Iowa—"A f e e r having 'flu' I could not eat and had a very bad cough. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and started to improve while taking the first bottle. I also took two vials of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and some of Dr. Pierce's Cough Syrup. Then I could eat and sleep and felt fine. I never felt better than I do since taking Dr. Pierce's medicines. I always recommend them to anyone suffering as I did."—Mrs. Chas. Lacy, Sr., 136 Apple Ave. Druggists.

Natural "Bridge" Once Across Behring Straits?

The theory of a land connection in the North between America and Asia is not a new one. It grew out of the very palpable fact, that there is anthropological and lingual relationship between the inhabitants of the two continents. The Asiatic origin of some, if not all, our aborigines has long been a theory of students of native life in America, but theories as to how the Asiatics crossed the Pacific have differed and still do. Naturally, because Behring straits is narrow, crossing that water in dugouts or even on logs of wood has been the favorite method of accounting for the Asiatic invasion, yet some hold that through a series of years the trans-Pacific journey was made from island to island through the South sea. The weak point of these theories is the fact that their holders have not gone far enough back in years to admit of great topographical changes. They have taken geography as it now is and have had to assume a water journey as imperative. Their minds did not go deep enough into the geological past to envision such a land connection as an ancient red-wood-forested bridge, or isthmus, connecting the continents.

American Art for France

One of the most magnificent pieces of work of its type ever done in this country, a stained glass window 30 feet high and 15 feet wide, has been completed at the studio of Charles J. Connick, in Boston. It will be installed in the American church in Paris.

for Stomach and LIVER TROUBLES

Coated tongue, bad breath, constipation, biliousness, nausea, indigestion, dizziness, insomnia result from acid stomach. Avoid serious illness by taking August Flower at once. Get at any good druggist. Relieves promptly—sweetens stomach, livens liver, aids digestion, clears out poisons. You feel fine, eat anything, with

AUGUST FLOWER

Revolutionary Shaving Improvement. Shave daily 1 1/2 years for \$1. Details free. HX-GRADE, 2743 Delmar, St. Louis, Mo.

Sioux City Ptg. Co., No. 21-1931.

Departed Together

Edward Franks, a Washington (D. C.) jeweler, thought it would be a good advertising stunt to display a \$500 bill, a \$100 and a \$50 bill in the window of his store. He arranged the display and, having to do an errand, locked the door of his store, leaving a friend to watch outside. When he returned a few minutes later the lock on the door, the \$500 bill, the \$100 bill and the friend had disappeared.

Get the Particulars

"What was Mrs. Gab talking to you about?"

"Oh, business."

"I know. But whose?"

Winner

"I hear she took a blue ribbon at the horse show."

"For a horse?"

"For a gown."



Castoria corrects CHILDREN'S ailments

WHAT a relief and satisfaction it is for mothers to know that there is always Castoria to depend on when babies get fretful and uncomfortable! Whether it's teething, colic or other little upset, Castoria always brings quick comfort; and, with relief from pain, restless sleep.

And when older, fast-growing children get out of sorts and out of condition, you have only to give a more liberal dose of this pure vegetable preparation to right the disturbed condition quickly.

Because Castoria is made expressly for children, it has just the needed mildness of action. Yet you can always depend on it to be

effective. It is almost certain to clear up any minor ailment and cannot possibly do the youngest child the slightest harm. So it's the first thing to think of when a child has a coated tongue, is fretful and out of sorts. Be sure to get the genuine; with Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the package.

FARMER MAKES QUILT
Beloit, Wis.—(UP)—A pink and white "flower garden" patch work quilt which he is making for his sister keeps Andrew Rinebelder, 70-year-old farmer busy after chores are done. He can use a needle as well as a pitchfork or plow and has made dresses for children, aprons, shirts, and done fancy work.

Sympathy for Felons.
From Chicago Tribune.
The legislative committee of inquiry has concluded its hearings at the Joliet and Stateville penitentiaries. For the rest, it will examine

the records of the board of paroles at Springfield.

Thus far the committee has spent much of its time questioning convicts with a view to determining the causes of the recent prison riots. To the extent that overcrowding and lack of occupation were responsible, the testimony of the prisoners was of no importance. The prison records on these matters are far more revealing than anything the prisoners might have to say. With regard to the rigors of prison discipline and the conduct of the parole board the testimony of con-

victs may have some value, but it is easily exaggerated.

When all is said, the fact remains that the inmates of a penitentiary are, for much the most part, vicious men and women. Otherwise they would not be where they are. Many of them are liars and degenerates. As witnesses in any matter their testimony is worth little, and when they are asked about the conduct of an institution in which they are held against their wills their testimony is scarcely worth listening to. We do not take the position that the prison management is above criticism in all matters or that the original code of Illinois and the